

SCHOOL READING
FOURTH AND FIFTH
YEARS
COMBINED



BALDWIN

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SCHOOL READING BY GRADES

FOURTH YEAR

BY

JAMES BALDWIN



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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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SCH. READ. FOURTH YEAR.

W. P. 2

PREFACE.

THE paramount object of this book, no less than of the lower numbers of the series, is to help the pupil to become a good reader. To be a good reader, one must not only be able to pronounce all the words in a given lesson, but he must have so thorough an understanding of the selection to be read that he involuntarily makes the thoughts and feelings of the author his own. An exercise in reading should, therefore, always be a pleasure to those who participate in it. It should never in any sense be regarded as a task. Children who like to read are pretty sure to become good readers; and the easiest way to teach reading is to make every recitation full of interest and a source of delight. But this is not all. Careless habits must be avoided. Distinct enunciation and correct pronunciation must be insisted upon and secured. It is not enough that the reader himself understands and is interested. He must make his hearers understand also, and that without effort, and he must give them such pleasure that they shall not soon become weary of listening to him.

The lessons in this volume have been prepared and arranged with a view towards several ends: to interest the young reader; to cultivate a taste for the best style of literature as regards both thought and expression; to point the way to an acquaintance with good books; to appeal to the pupil's sense of duty, and strengthen his desire to do right; to arouse patriotic feelings and a just pride in the achievements of our countrymen; and incidentally to add somewhat to the learner's knowledge of history and science and art.

The illustrations will prove to be valuable adjuncts to the text. Spelling, defining, and punctuation should receive special attention. Difficult words and idiomatic expressions should be carefully studied with the aid of the Word List at the end of the volume. Persistent and systematic practice in the pronunciation of these words and of other difficult combinations of sounds will aid in training the pupils' voices to habits of careful articulation and correct enunciation.

While literary biography can be of but little, if any, value in cultivating literary taste, it is desirable that pupils should acquire some slight knowledge of the writers whose productions are placed before them for study. To assist in the acquisition of this knowledge, and also to serve for ready reference, a few pages of Biographical Notes are inserted towards the end of the volume. The brief rules given on page 6 should be learned at the beginning, and carefully and constantly observed.

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TO THE YOUNG LEARNER.



To be able to read well, there are several simple rules which you should remember and try to observe:—

Before attempting to read any selection aloud, read it to yourself in order that you may acquaint yourself with its difficulties.

If there is any part of it that you do not comprehend, read it again and try to get at its meaning.

Study to understand every peculiar expression and every difficult word.

From the Word List at the end of this volume, or from a dictionary, learn the meaning of every difficult word.

Practice reading aloud to yourself at home.

Try to discover and correct your own faults.

Be sure to pronounce, clearly and properly, every syllable and every word.

If any combination of sounds is hard to articulate, practice pronouncing it until you can speak it properly and without effort.

In reading aloud try to read in the same natural tones that you use in talking. Be careful to avoid all strained, harsh, or discordant tones.

Remember that good reading is only conversation from the book, and that it should always give pleasure to both the reader and his hearers.

Avoid all careless habits of expression.

It will be easier to read well if you sit or stand with your head erect and your shoulders thrown well back; then you can breathe easily, freely, and naturally, and it will not be hard to speak each word clearly and properly.

Try so to render each thought or passage as to interpret, in the most natural and forcible manner, the meaning intended by the author.

Study to appreciate the beauty, the truthfulness, the appropriateness of that which you are reading.

Ask yourself constantly: "Am I reading this so well that my hearers are pleased and interested?"

Try to improve every day.

SCHOOL READING.

FOURTH YEAR.



DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST SPEECH.

On a farm among the hills of New Hampshire, there once lived a little boy whose name was Daniel Webster. He was a tiny fellow, with jet-black hair and eyes so dark and wonderful that nobody who
5 once saw them could ever forget them.

He was not strong enough to help much on the farm; and so he spent much of his time in playing in the woods and learning to know and love the trees and flowers, and the harmless wild creatures
10 that lived among them.

But he did not play all the time. Long before he was old enough to go to school, he learned to read; and he read so well that everybody was pleased, and no one grew tired of listening to him.
15 The neighbors, when driving past his father's house, would stop their horses in the road, and call for Dannie Webster to come out and read to them.

At that time there were no children's books, such

as you have now; and there were but very few books of any kind in the homes of the New Hampshire farmers. But Daniel read such books as he could get; and he read them over and over again till he knew all that was in them. In this way he 5 learned a great deal of the Bible so well that he could repeat verse after verse without making a mistake; and these he remembered as long as he lived.

Daniel's father was not only a farmer, but he was a judge in the county court. He had great love for 10 the law, and he hoped that Daniel when he became a man would be a lawyer.



It happened one summer that a woodchuck made its burrow in the side of a hill not far from Mr. Webster's house. 15 On warm, dark nights it would come down into the garden and eat the tender leaves of the cab-

bagés and other plants that were growing there. Nobody knew how much harm it might do in 20 the end.

Daniel and his brother Ezekiel made up their minds to catch the little thief; but for a long time it was too cunning for them. At last they built a strong trap where the woodchuck would be sure to 25 walk into it; and the next morning there he was.

"Here he is at last!" cried Ezekiel. "Now, Mr.

Woodchuck, you've done mischief enough, and I'm going to kill you."

But Daniel took pity on the poor beast. "No, don't hurt him," he said. "Let us carry him over
5 the hills far into the woods, and let him go."

Ezekiel had not so tender a heart as his brother. He was bent on killing the woodchuck, and laughed at the thought of letting it go.

"Let us ask father about it," said Daniel.

10 And so they carried the trap, with the woodchuck in it, to their father, and asked what they should do.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Webster, "we will settle the question in this way. We will hold a court right here. I will be the judge and you shall be the
15 lawyers; and you shall each plead your case for or against the prisoner."

Ezekiel opened the case. He told about the mischief which the prisoner had done, and showed that all woodchucks are very bad creatures and can not be
20 trusted. He said that a great deal of time and labor had been spent in catching this thief, and that if they should set him free he would be a worse thief than before, and too cunning to be caught again.

He then went on to say that the woodchuck's skin
25 was worth a few cents; but that, to make the most of it, it could not be sold for half enough to pay for the cabbage that had been eaten. "And so," he

said, "since this creature is only a thief and of more value dead than alive, he ought to be put out of the way at once."

Ezekiel's speech was a good one, and it pleased his father very much. What he had said was true and to the point, and the judge could not think how Daniel was going to make any answer to it.



Daniel began to plead for the life of the poor animal.

But Daniel looked up into the judge's face, and began to plead for the life of the poor animal. He said:

"God made the woodchuck. He made him to live in the bright sunlight and the pure air; to enjoy the free fields and the green woods. The woodchuck has as much right to life as any other living thing; for God gave it to him.

“God gives us our food. He gives us all that we have; and shall we not spare a little dumb creature that has as much right to his share of God’s gifts as we have to ours? Yes, more; the woodchuck has
5 never broken the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often does.

“He is not a fierce animal like the wolf or the fox. He lives in quiet and peace; a hole in the side of a hill, with a little food, is all that he wants. He has
10 harmed nothing but a few plants which he ate to keep himself alive. He has a right to life, to food, to liberty; and we have no right to say that he shall not have them.

“Look at his soft, pleading eyes. See him tremble
15 with fear. He can not speak for himself, and this is the only way in which he can plead for the life that is so sweet to him. Shall we be so selfish and cruel as to take from him that life which God gave him?”

20 By this time the tears had started in the eyes of the judge. The father’s heart was stirred within him, and he felt that God had given him a son whose name would some day be known to the world.

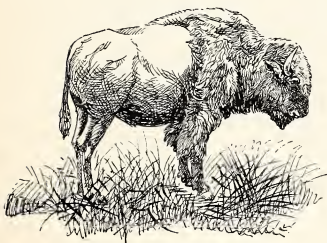
He did not wait for Daniel to finish his speech.
25 He sprang to his feet; he dashed the tears from his eyes, and cried out: “Ezekiel, let the woodchuck go!”

BISONS AND BUFFALOES.

I.

Not many years ago there lived on the grassy plains of the West great herds of animals called buffaloes. In many ways they were like wild cattle, but they were larger and stronger, and had never been tame. They were not true buffaloes, but 5 bisons. Sometimes there were thousands of these bisons in a herd. The largest herds were made up of a great many small herds which came together at certain times or places and then moved apart again.

When left to themselves, they wandered slowly 10 from place to place, eating the tall grass as they went. In the early summer their course was commonly toward the north; but when the days began to grow shorter, they turned and 15 made their way back toward the south.



The American Bison.

With their big heads and long, thick manes, bisons have not a very pleasant look. But they are not as fierce as you might think. Huge 20 as they are, they are timid animals. If they are let alone, they are not likely to hurt any one. They know their strength, but they use it only in taking care of themselves.

Their bodies are not so clumsy as they seem. On the plains they could move very quickly when they tried, and they traveled very fast. When a great herd of bisons was once set to going, nothing could
5 stop it. Over hilly and rocky country where a horse could hardly walk, these animals would move at a rapid rate. Did they come to a broad river? They would leap in and swim across. Those in front did not dare to stop, for then they would be run over
10 by those that came behind.

Every herd was commonly followed by wolves. These beasts were always on the lookout for any weak or lame straggler that might fall behind, or wander from the herd; and woe to any little bison
15 that strayed too far from its mother's side.

When white people first came to this country, the bison was the only animal of the ox kind that they found. It lived then among the great woods as well as on the prairies. But as the country became
20 settled, these timid animals fled farther and farther west, trying to find some place where they could live in peace and safety. Go where they would, however, there was not much safety for them.

As long as there were bisons on the great plains,
25 the Indians of the West would not leave off their wild, roving habits. They would rather hunt these animals for food than do any kind of work. They

killed hundreds of bisons every year; but the next year there were hundreds of young bisons to take the place of those that had been killed, and so the herds were as large as ever.

In winter, hunters and Indians often had no other 5
meat than the dried flesh of the bison. It was prepared by cutting the fresh meat into strips and hanging these strips over a fire until they were quite hard and almost black. It was very much like smoked beef, and the Indians called it "pemmican." The 10
tongue and hump of a bison were the best parts. White hunters would often kill the animals for these parts alone, and then leave the rest of the body to be eaten by the wolves. When railroads were built across the plains, it was soon all over with the bisons. 15

They were killed for their skins and their horns. They were killed for mere sport and cruelty. Men went from the cities to "hunt" them. They shot them sometimes from the car windows. They killed them, just to be killing, without any thought of the 20
suffering that was caused. The man who could shoot the largest number of bisons in a day thought himself a great hero. So many were killed that in some places the ground for miles was covered with the dead bodies or the white bones of the poor beasts. 25

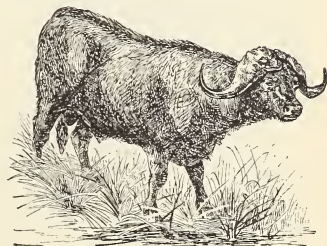
And so there are now no more great herds of bisons. They are no longer known in the places where

they once roamed. Now and then you may see a bison in a show or a menagerie; and it is said that there are two or three small herds in certain of the great parks of our country. These are all. It is
 5 likely that in a few more years not one of these animals will be left alive in all the world.

II.

The true buffalo is very different from the bison. It is found in Africa and India and in the south of Europe, but not in America. There are several
 10 kinds of buffaloes, some wild and some tame. The wild buffalo is a savage animal. He is so large and strong that he is a match for almost any other animal.

These buffaloes, like the bisons of our country, live in large herds.
 15 They like to browse in marshy ground where it is easy to find plenty of water. They are very fond of rolling in the mud. Sometimes they sink themselves until
 20 the eyes and nose are all that can be seen above the mud.

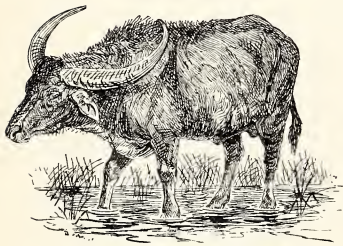


The Cape Buffalo.

In the southern part of Africa there lives another kind of buffalo, called the Cape buffalo. The horns of the Cape buffalo are large and long, sometimes
 25 measuring five feet from tip to tip. Near the head

they are so large that they cover the eyes, like the visor of a cap. On this account, an old buffalo when grazing is sometimes unable to see things just in front of him. A hunter may walk safely in the path before him, if he is careful to make no noise, 5 and does not brush against the bushes as he passes along.

The Cape buffalo is about as large as a common ox, but a great deal stronger. It is the fiercest animal of its kind. It has often been known to hide 10 among the tall grass or underbrush, and then rush suddenly out upon any passer-by.

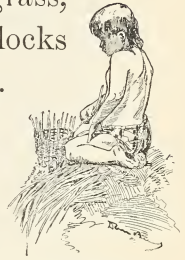


The Indian Buffalo.

This buffalo is not an easy animal to kill, for the skin is so tough that it will often turn aside a bullet. To shoot one 15 of these animals and fail to kill it instantly is a dangerous thing to do; for a wounded buffalo is a far more terrible foe than an unhurt one. In India tame buffaloes 20 are very common—as common as cows and oxen in our country. They are used to draw wagons, to carry burdens, and to do much of the work of a horse on the farms. Sometimes, also, the buffalo cow is useful for the milk which she gives. 25 From this milk the people make a kind of blue butter called ghee.

The care of the buffaloes belonging to a farm-house is often intrusted to a small boy. In the morning he climbs upon the back of the leader of the herd and rides slowly out to the pasture fields
 5 which are sometimes a long distance from the house. The other cows, seeing their leader moving, fall one by one into line, and with many groans and grunts follow her along the oft-trodden path. When at last the pasture is reached, the boy jumps from
 10 the leader's back and turns her loose to graze. For a while the herd is busy nipping the short grass, moving slowly here and there among the hillocks and stones, and always keeping close together.

The little herdsman, while keeping an eye
 15 upon the herd, amuses himself in a variety of ways. He whistles and sings. He makes little baskets of twigs and long grass in which to imprison grasshoppers, or perhaps a green lizard or two. And so he contrives to
 20 make the earlier part of the long day pass with some comfort and pleasure.



A Herdsman.

As for the buffaloes, when the noon sun grows hot, they seek out some marshy place where there is water and plenty of mud. There they lie down
 25 and roll until they have covered themselves with a thick coating of slime. Some of them bury themselves in the mud until only their heads can be seen

above the surface. Their young master, knowing that they will stay here the rest of the day, finds some shady spot and lies down to sleep, or to look up for hours together into the calm blue sky above him. But when the sun begins to sink in the west, 5



Not even a tiger is a match for them.

he calls his herd from their muddy baths, mounts the leading cow, and sets off slowly towards home. Even though he should be belated and night should set in before he reaches the house, he need have no fear of any wild beast that may be prowling around. His 10 buffaloes are afraid of nothing, and they are very strong. Not even a tiger is a match for them; and

if one should be so foolish as to venture in their way, they will use their great strength and heavy horns to such good advantage as to make short work of him.



FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR.

5 One day a ragged beggar was creeping along from house to house. He carried an old wallet in his hand, and was asking at every door for a few cents to buy something to eat. As he was grumbling at his lot, he kept wondering why it was that folks
10 who had so much money were never satisfied but were always wanting more.

“Here,” said he, “is the master of this house — I know him well. He was always a good business man, and he made himself wondrously rich a long
15 time ago. Had he been wise he would have stopped then. He would have turned over his business to some one else, and then he could have spent the rest of his life in ease. But what did he do instead? He took to building ships and sending them to sea to
20 trade with foreign lands. He thought he would get mountains of gold.

“But there were great storms on the water; his ships were wrecked, and his riches were swallowed up by the waves. Now his hopes all lie at the

bottom of the sea, and his great wealth has vanished like the dreams of a night.

“There are many such cases. Men seem to be never satisfied unless they can gain the whole world.

“As for me, if I had only enough to eat and to wear I would not want anything more.”

Just at that moment Fortune came down the street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him: “Listen! I have long wished to help you. Hold your wallet and I will pour this gold into it. But I will pour only on this condition: All that falls into the wallet shall be pure gold; but every piece that falls upon the ground shall become dust. Do you understand?”

“Oh, yes, I understand,” said the beggar. 15

“Then have a care,” said Fortune. “Your wallet is old; so do not load it too heavily.”

The beggar was so glad that he could hardly wait. He quickly opened his wallet, and a stream of yellow dollars was poured into it. The wallet soon began to grow heavy. 20

“Is that enough?” asked Fortune.

“Not yet.”

“Isn’t it cracking?”

“Never fear.” 25

The beggar’s hands began to tremble. Ah, if the golden stream would only pour forever!

“You are the richest man in the world now!”

“Just a little more,” said the beggar; “add just a handful or two.”

“There, it’s full. The wallet will burst.”



“Just a little more,” said the beggar.

5 “But it will hold a little more, just a little more!”

Another piece was added, and the wallet split. The treasure fell upon the ground and was turned to dust. Fortune had vanished. The beggar had now nothing but his empty wallet, and it was torn from
10 top to bottom. He was as poor as before.

—From the Russian of Ivan Kriloff.

THE PIPER'S SONG.

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he, laughing, said to me,

“Pipe a song about a lamb,” 5
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 “Piper, pipe that song again,”
 So I piped, he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer.” 10
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book that all may read.”
 So he vanished from my sight ; 15
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear. 20

— *William Blake.*

TWO SURPRISES.

A workman plied his clumsy spade
 As the sun was going down ;
 The German king with his cavalcade
 Was coming into town.

5 The king stopped short when he saw
 the man —

“My worthy friend,” said he
 “Why not cease work at even-
 tide,
 When the laborer
 should be free ?”

“I do not
 slave,”
 the old
 man said,

10 “And I am
 always free ;

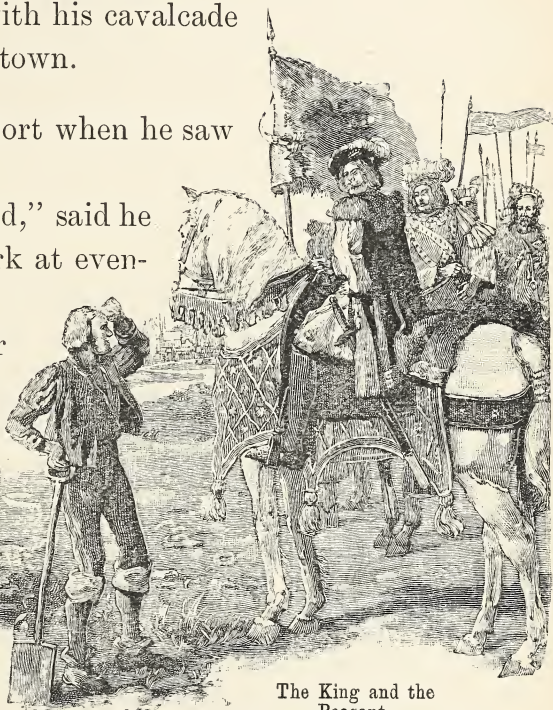
Though I work from
 the time I leave my bed
 Till I can hardly see.”

“How much,” said the king, “is thy gain in a day ?”

“Eight groschen,” the man replied.

15 “And canst thou live on this meager pay ?” —

“Like a king,” he said with pride.



The King and the
 Peasant.

“Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
 And two for a debt I owe;
 Two groschen to lend and two to spend
 For those who can't labor, you know.”

“Thy debt?” said the king. Said the toiler, “Yea, 5
 To my mother with age oppressed,
 Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
 And now hath need of rest.”

“To whom dost lend of thy daily store?”
 “To my three boys at school. You see, 10
 When I am too feeble to toil any more,
 They will care for their mother and me.”

“And thy last two groschen?” the monarch said.
 “My sisters are old and lame;
 I give them two groschen for raiment and bread, 15
 All in the Father's name.”

Tears welled up in the good king's eyes —
 “Thou knowest me not,” said he;
 “As thou hast given me one surprise,
 Here is another for thee. 20

“I am thy king; give me thy hand” —
 And he heaped it high with gold —
 “When more thou needest, I command
 That I at once be told.

“For I would bless with rich reward
 The man who can proudly say,
 That eight souls he doth keep and guard
 On eight poor groschen a day.”



FREAKS OF THE FROST.

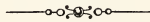
5 The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
 And whispered, “Now I shall be out of sight;
 So through the valley and over the height
 In silence I’ll take my way.
 I will not go on like that blustering train —
 10 The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain —
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
 But I’ll be as busy as they.”

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
 15 With diamond beads; and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear
 That he hung on its margin, far and near,
 20 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane, like a fairy, crept ;
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the morn were seen
 Most beautiful things : there were flowers and trees, 5
 There were be vies of birds and swarms of bees ;
 There were cities, and temples, and towers ; and these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair :
 He went to the cupboard, and finding there 10
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare —
 “ Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
 “ This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three ;
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me 15
 Shall ‘ tchick ! ’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

— *Hannah F. Gould.*



GOING EAST BY SAILING WEST.

I.

About four hundred years ago there came to Spain an Italian sailor who believed that the earth is round. Such a belief may not seem at all strange to us, but to the people of that time it appeared to 20 be very foolish and unreasonable. Almost every-

body laughed at the Italian, and called him a silly fellow.

“Have you eyes?” they asked. “If so, you need only to open them and look about you to see that
5 the earth is as flat as the top of a table.”

“You may think it is flat,” he answered, “and indeed it does appear to be so. But I know it is round; and if I had only a good ship or two, and some trusty sailors, I would prove it to you. I
10 would sail westward across the great ocean, and in the end would reach the Indies and China, which must be on the other side of the great round world.”

“Whoever heard of such nonsense!” cried the learned doctors in the university of Salamanca.
15 “Everybody knows that China and the Indies are in the far East, and that they can be reached only by a dangerous voyage through the Mediterranean Sea, and long journeys with camels across the great desert. Yet, here is Mr. Crack-brain, an Italian
20 sailor, who says he can go to the East by sailing west. One might as well try to reach the moon by going down into a deep well.”

“But you don’t understand me,” answered the man whom they had called Mr. Crack-brain. “Here
25 is an apple. Let us suppose that it is the earth. I stick a pin on this side, and call it Spain. On the other side I stick another pin, and call it the Indies.

Now suppose a fly lights upon the apple at the point which I have called Spain. By turning to the right, or eastward, he can travel round to the Indies with but little trouble; or by turning to the left, or westward, he can reach the same place with just as much ease, and in really a shorter time. Do you see?"

"Do we see?" answered the doctors. "Certainly we see the apple, and we can imagine that we see the fly. It is very hard, however, to imagine that the earth is an apple, or anything like it. For, suppose that it were so: what would become of all the water in the seas and the great ocean? Why, it would run off at the blossom end of the apple, which you call the South Pole; and all the rocks and trees and men would follow it. Or, suppose that men could stick to the lower part of the earth as the fly does to the lower part of the apple — how very silly it would be to think of them walking about with their heads hanging down!"

"And suppose," said one of the doctors who thought himself very wise — "suppose that the earth is round, and suppose that the water should not spill off, and suppose you should sail to the other side, as you want to do, how are you to get back? Did anybody ever hear of a ship sailing up hill?"

And so the learned doctors and professors dismissed the whole subject. They said it was not

worth while for wise men to spend their time in talking about such things. But the man whom they had called Mr. Crack-brain would not give up his theory. He was not the first man to believe that
 5 the earth is round — this he knew ; but he hoped to be the first to prove it by sailing westward, and thus finally reaching the Indies, and the rich countries of the far East. And yet he had no ship, he was very poor, and the few friends whom he had
 10 were not able to give him any help.

“My only hope,” he said, “is to persuade the king and queen to furnish me with a ship.”

II.

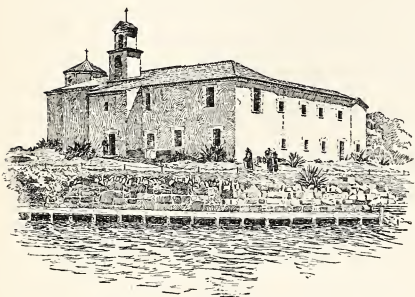
But how should an unknown Italian sailor make himself heard by the king and queen of the most
 15 powerful country in Europe ?

The great men at the king’s court ridiculed him. “You had better buy a fisherman’s boat,” they said, “and try to make an honest living with your nets. Men of your kind have no business with kings.
 20 As to your crazy theory about the shape of the earth, only think of it! How dare you, the son of an Italian wool-comber, imagine that you know more about it than the wisest men in the world ?”

But he did not despair. For years he followed
 25 the king’s court from place to place. Most people

looked upon him as a kind of harmless lunatic who had gotten a single idea in his head and was unable to think of anything else. But there were a few good and wise men who listened to his theories, and

after studying them care- 5
fully, began to believe that there was some truth in them.



Convent of La Rabida.

One of these men was Father Perez, the prior of 10
the convent of La Rabida ; and, to please this good prior, the queen at last

sent for the sailor and asked him to tell her all about his strange theories and his plans for sailing 15
west and reaching the East.

III.

“ You say that if you had the vessels and the men you would sail westward and discover new lands on the farther side of the great ocean,” said the queen. “ What reasons have you for supposing that there 20
are any such lands ? ”

“ My first reason is that, since the earth is round like a ball, the countries of China and the Indies must lie in a westward direction and can, sooner or later, be reached by sailing across the sea,” was the 25

answer. “ You, yourself, have heard the story of St. Brandon, the Scottish priest, who, eight hundred years ago, was driven by a storm far across the ocean, and how at last he landed upon a strange and unknown
 5 shore. I doubt not but that this country was one of the outlying islands of the Indies, or perhaps the eastern shore of China.

“ Not very long ago, Martin Vincent,
 10 a sea captain of Lisbon, ventured to go a distance of four hundred miles from land. There he picked up a piece of wood, with strange marks and carvings upon it, which had been drifted from the west
 15 by strong winds. Other seafaring men have found, far out in the ocean, reeds and light wood, such as travelers say are found in some parts of the Indies, but nowhere in Europe. And if any one should want more proofs than these, it would not be hard to find
 20 them. There is a story among the people of the far north which relates that, about five hundred years ago, some bold sea rovers from Iceland discovered a wild, wooded country many days’ sail to the westward. Indeed, it is said that these men tried to form a
 25 settlement there, and that they sent more than one shipload of grapes and timber back to Iceland. Now, it is very plain to me that this country of Vin-



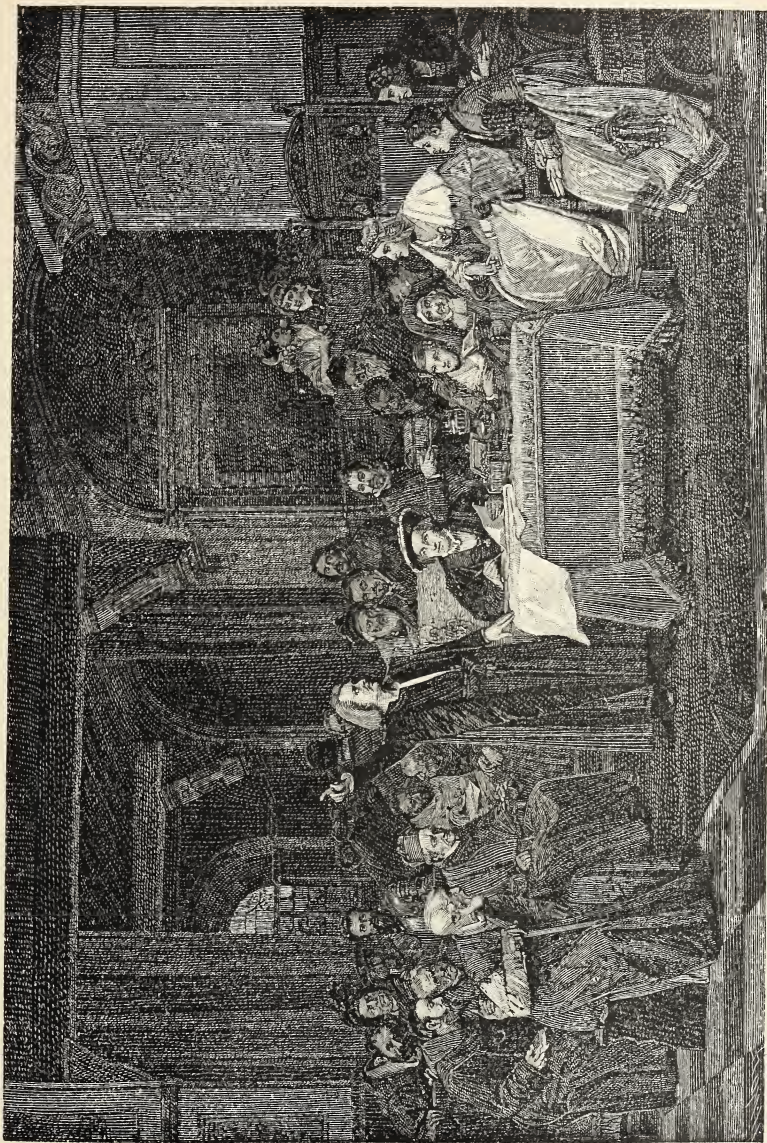
Queen Isabella.

land, as they called it, was no other than a part of the northern coast of China or Japan.”

It is not to be supposed that the queen cared whether the earth was round or flat; nor is it likely that her mind was ever troubled with questions of that kind. But she thought that if this man's theories were true, and there were lands rich in gold and spices on the other side of the ocean, it would be a fine thing for the queen and king of Spain to possess them. The Italian sailor had studied his subject well, and he certainly knew what he was talking about. He had told his story so well that the queen was almost ready to believe that he was right. But she was very busy just then, in a war with the Moors, and she had little time to think about anything else. If the Italian would wait till everything else could be settled, she would see whether a ship or two might not be fitted out for his use.

IV.

For seven years this man with a new idea kept on trying to find some one who was able and willing to help him carry out the plans which he had so much at heart. At last, broken in health and almost penniless, he gave up hope, and was about to leave Spain forever. It was then that one of his friends, Luis St. Angel, pleaded his case before the queen.



From the Painting by V. Brovik.

Columbus Asking Permission to Discover America.

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

“It will cost but little to fit out two or three ships for him. If the undertaking should prove to be a failure, you would not lose much. But if it should succeed, only think what vast riches and how great honor will be won for Spain!”

5

“I will take the risk!” cried the queen, at last. “If the money can not be had otherwise, I will sell my jewels to get it. Find him, and bring him before me; and let us lose no more time about this business.”

10

St. Angel hastened to obey.

“Do you know whether Christopher Columbus has passed out through this gate to-day?” he asked of the soldier who was standing guard at one of the gates of the old city of Granada.

15

“Christopher Columbus? Who is he?” asked the soldier.

“He is a gray-bearded man, rather tall, with a stoop in his shoulders. When last seen he was riding on a small, brown mule, and coming this way.”

20

“Oh! Do you mean the fellow who has been trying to make people believe that the earth is round?”

“Yes, that is the man.”

“He passed through here not half an hour ago. His mule is a very slow traveler, and if you follow, you can easily overtake him before he has gone far.”

25

St. Angel gave the rein to his swift horse, and

galloped onward in pursuit of Columbus. It was not long until the slow-paced mule, with its sad rider, was seen plodding along the dusty highway. The man was too busy with his own thoughts
 5 to heed the sound of the ringing hoofs behind him.

“Christopher Columbus!” cried his friend, “turn about, and come back with me. I have good news for you. Queen
 10 Isabella bids me say that she will help you, and that you shall have the ships and the men for which you ask in order to find a new way to the East, and perhaps discover unknown lands on the further side of the great ocean.
 15 Turn about, and come back with me!”



Christopher Columbus.

v.

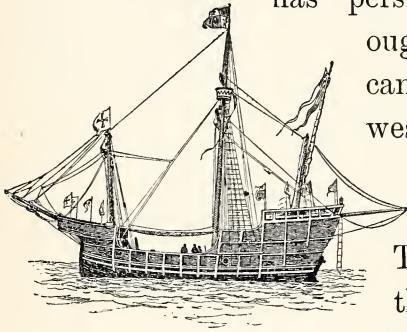
One morning in August, 1492, there was a great stir in the little seaport town of Palos in Spain. At break of day the streets were full of people. Everybody had risen early and was hurrying down toward
 20 the harbor. Long before sunrise the shore was lined with anxious men, women, and children. All were talking about the same thing; some were weeping; some appeared to be angry; some were in despair.

“Only think of it,” said one. “Think of sailing
 25 into seas where the water is always boiling hot.”

“And if you escape being scalded,” said another, “then there are those terrible sea beasts that are large enough to swallow ships and sailors at a single mouthful. Oh, why should the queen send men on such a hopeless voyage as this?”

5

“It is all on account of that Italian sailor who says that the world is round,” said a third. “He has persuaded several persons, who ought to know better, that he can reach the East by sailing 10 west.”



The Santa Maria.

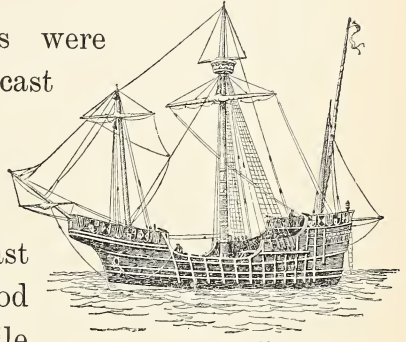
Moored near the shore were three small ships. They were but little larger than fishing boats; and in 15 these frail vessels Columbus was going to venture into the

vast unknown sea, in search of strange lands and of a new and better way to distant India.

Two of the ships, the “Niña” and the “Pinta,” 20 had no decks and were covered only at the ends where the sailors slept. The third, called the “Santa Maria,” was larger and had a deck, and from its masthead floated the flag of Columbus. It was toward these three ships that the eyes of the people 25 on shore were directed; it was about these ships and the men on board of them that all were talking.

On the deck of the largest ship stood Columbus, and by his side was good Father Perez, praying that the voyagers might be blessed with fair winds and a smooth sea, and that the brave captain might be
 5 successful in his quest.

Then the last good-byes were spoken, the moorings were cast loose, the sails were spread; and, a little before sunrise,
 10 the vessels glided slowly out of the harbor and into the vast western ocean. The people stood on the shore and watched, while the sails grew smaller and smaller
 15 and at last were lost to sight below the line of sea and sky.



The Pinta.

“Alas! We shall never see them again,” said some, returning to their homes. But others remained all day by the shore talking about the
 20 strange idea that there were unknown lands in the distant west.

VI.

Two hundred miles southwest of Palos there is a group of islands called the Canary Islands. These were well known to the people of that time, and
 25 belonged to Spain. But sailors seldom ventured be-

yond them, and no one knew of any land farther to the west. It was to these islands that Columbus first directed his course. In six days the three little vessels reached the Canary Islands. The sailing had been very slow. The rudder of one of the ships had not been well made and had soon been broken. And so, now, much time was wasted while having a new rudder made and put in place.

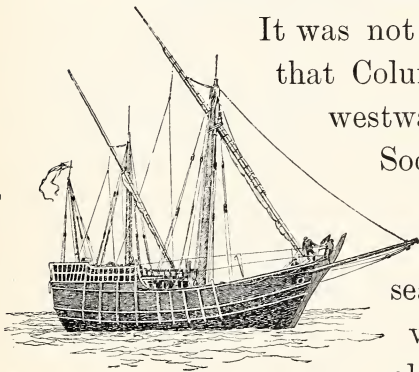
It was not until the 6th of September that Columbus again set sail, pushing westward into unknown waters.

Soon the sailors began to give way to their fears. They thought that they were on seas where no man had before ventured filled them with alarm. They remembered all the strange stories that they

had heard of dreadful monsters and of mysterious dangers, and their minds were filled with distress.

But Columbus showed them how unreasonable these stories were; and he aroused their curiosity by telling them wonderful things about India — that land of gold and precious stones, which they would surely reach if they would bravely persevere.

And so, day after day, they sailed onward, not



The Niña.

knowing where they were nor toward what unknown region their course was directed. The sea was calm, and the wind blowing from the east drove the ships steadily forward. By the first of October they had
5 sailed more than two thousand miles. Birds came from the west, and flew about the ships. The water was full of floating seaweed. But still no land could be seen.

Then the sailors began to fear that they would
10 never be able to return against the east wind that was blowing. "Why should we obey this man, Columbus?" they said. "He is surely mad. Let us throw him into the sea, and then turn the ships about while we can."

15 But Columbus was so firm and brave that they dared not lay hands on him; they dared not disobey him. Soon they began to see signs of the nearness of land. Weeds, such as grow only in rivers, were seen floating near the ships. A branch of a tree,
20 with berries on it, was picked up. Columbus offered a reward to the man who should first see land.

"We must be very near it now," he said. "Before another day we shall discover it."

That night no one could sleep. At about two
25 o'clock the man who was on the lookout on one of the smaller vessels cried: "Land! land! land!" Columbus himself had seen a distant light moving,

some hours before. There was now a great stir on board the ships.

“Where is the land?” cried every one.

“There — there! Straight before us.”

Yes, there was a low, dark mass far in front of 5 them, which might be land. In the dim starlight, it was hard to make out what it was. But one thing was certain, it was not a mere expanse of water, such as lay in every other direction. And so the sailors brought out a little old-fashioned cannon and fired it 10 off as a signal to the crews of the other vessels. Then the sails of the three ships were furled, and they waited for the light of day.

When morning dawned, Columbus and his companions saw that they were quite near to a green 15 and sunny island. It was a beautiful spot. There were pleasant groves where the songs of birds were heard. Thousands of flowers were seen on every hand, and the trees were laden with fruit. The island was inhabited, too; for strange men could be 20 seen running toward the shore and looking with wonder at the ships.

The sailors, who had lately been ready to give up all hope, were now filled with joy. They crowded around Columbus, and kissed his hands, and begged 25 him to forgive them for thinking of disobeying him. The ships cast anchor, the boats were lowered, and

Columbus, with most of the men, went on shore. Columbus was dressed in a grand robe of scarlet, and the banner of Spain was borne above him.

VII.

As soon as the boats reached the shore, Columbus
5 stepped out and knelt down upon the beach and gave thanks to God; then he took possession of the island in the name of the king and queen of Spain, and called it San Salvador. It was thus that the first land in America was discovered on the 12th of
10 October, 1492.

The natives were filled with wonder at what they saw. At first they were awed and frightened at sight of the ships and the strange men; but they soon overcame their fears and seemed delighted and
15 very friendly. They brought to Columbus gifts of all they had, — bananas, yams, oranges, and beautiful birds.

“Surely,” they said, “these wonderful beings who have come to us from the sea are not mere men like
20 ourselves. They must be messengers from heaven.”

Columbus believed that this island was near the coast of Asia, and that it was one of the islands of India; and so he called the people Indians. He did not remain here long, but sailed away to discover

other lands. In a short time the ships came to a large island where there were rivers of fresh water flowing into the sea. On every hand there were bright flowers and climbing vines and groves of palms and banana trees. The air was sweet with 5



He took possession of the island.

the breath of blossoms ; the sky was blue and clear ; the sea was calm ; the world seemed full of joy and peace. This island was Cuba.

“Let us live here always!” cried the sailors ; “for surely this is paradise.”

10

And so, for three months and more, Columbus and his companions sailed among scenes of delight, such as they had never before imagined. They visited

island after island, and everywhere saw new beauties and new pleasures. The natives were simple-hearted and kind. "They love their neighbors as themselves," said Columbus. They looked with
5 wonder upon the bright swords of the white men and upon their brilliant armor; and when the little cannon was fired, they were so filled with alarm that they fell to the ground.

It was on the 15th of the next March that Colum-
10 bus, after a stormy homeward voyage, sailed again into the little harbor of Palos, from which he had started. And now there was a greater stir in the little town than there had been before. "Christopher Columbus has come back from the unknown
15 seas!" was the cry that went from house to house.

"Did he reach the East by sailing west? Has he really been to far-off India?" asked the doubting ones.

"He has, indeed!" was the answer. "He has discovered a new world."

20 Then the bells were rung, guns were fired, and bonfires blazed on the hilltops. Everybody rejoiced. Everybody was willing now to say that the Italian was right when he declared the earth to be round.

"Make haste and carry the news to the queen!"
25 said the governor of the town. "Tell her that Columbus has returned, and that he has really found a new way to India."

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake, it is the day!"

5

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

10

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hear the chiming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

15

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

TURTLES ON THE AMAZON.

I.

The Amazon River is in South America. It is the longest and largest river in the world. During the rainy season it is not unlike a great inland sea. In the dry season, when the stream is at its lowest, 5 vast sand banks crop up, here and there, above the water, and line the shores on either side. The greater part of its course is through a wild forest, and there are no great cities upon its banks.

One pleasant evening a few years ago, a young 10 lad and an Indian guide landed from a canoe upon a great bank of white sand which stretched for miles along the river. Here they made ready to pass the night. They gathered a heap of driftwood and kindled a large fire to keep off the wild beasts, 15 of which there were many kinds in the forest. After they had eaten a slight luncheon, they agreed to keep watch by turns during the night.

The lad, whose turn came first, seated himself upon a pile of sand and did his best to keep awake. 20 But he was very tired, and, in spite of himself, fell into a nap, from which he was awakened by sliding down the sand hill, and tumbling over on his side. He jumped up quickly and looked around to see if any creature had ventured near.

25 Yes, there, on the other side of the fire, he saw

a pair of dull eyes looking at him. Close to them he saw another pair, then another, and another, until, having looked on every side, he saw that he was in the center of a circle of eyes! It is true they were quite small eyes, and some of the heads which he could see by the blaze were small. They had an ugly look, like the heads of serpents.



The boy stood for some moments uncertain what to do. He believed that the eyes belonged to snakes which had just crept out of the river; and he feared that any movement on his part would lead them to attack him. Having risen to his feet, his eyes were above the level of the blaze, and he was able in a little while to see more clearly.

He now saw that the snake-like heads belonged to creatures with large oval bodies, and that, besides the fifty or more which had come up to look at the fire, there were whole droves of them upon the sandy beach beyond. As far as he could see on all sides, the bank was covered with them. A strange sight it was, and most fearful. For his life he could not make out what it meant, or by what sort of wild animals he was surrounded.

He could see that their bodies were not larger than those of small sheep; and, from the way in which they glistened in the moonlight, he was sure

they had come out of the river. He called to the Indian guide, who awoke and started to his feet in alarm. The movement frightened the creatures round the fire; they rushed to the shore, and were
5 heard plunging by hundreds into the water.

II.

The Indian's ear caught the sounds, and his eye took in the whole thing at a glance.

"Turtles," he said.

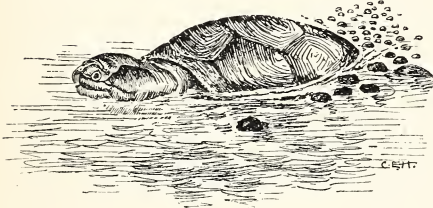
"Oh," said the lad; "turtles, is it?"

10 "Yes, master," answered the guide. "I suppose this is one of their great hatching places. They are going to lay their eggs in the sand."

There was no danger from turtles, but the fright had chased away sleep, and the two travelers sat by
15 the camp fire for some time, talking about these strange creatures. The turtles of the Amazon meet together in great herds every year. Each of the herds chooses a place for itself — some sandy island or great sand bank. They then crawl ashore at
20 night in vast multitudes, and each turtle, with the strong, crooked claws of her hind feet, digs a hole in the sand. Each hole is about three feet across and two feet deep. In this she lays her eggs — from
25 white, hard-shelled, and somewhat larger than the

eggs of a pigeon. She then fills the hole with sand, leveling the top to make the sand bank look as smooth as before; this done, her work is at an end. In a few days the great army betakes itself to the water, and scatters in every direction. 5

The sun, shining upon the sand, does the rest, and in less than six weeks the young turtles, about as broad as a silver dollar, crawl out of the sand and at once find their way to the water. They are afterwards 10 seen in shallow pools or lakes far from the place where they were hatched. How they find these pools, or whether their mothers know 15



A Mother Turtle and Little Ones.

their own young ones and lead them thither, nobody knows.

An old mother turtle is often seen swimming with as many as a hundred little ones after her. Now, are these her own, or are they a collection which 20 she has picked up here and there? Would it not be strange if each mother turtle should know her own young? Such a thing seems scarcely possible, and yet there may be some instinct which gives her the power to tell which of the little ones among the 25 millions really belong to her. Who can say?

— *Mayne Reid.*

HOW THE THRUSHES CROSSED THE SEA.

I.

In Egypt, not far from the pyramids, a mother thrush had spent a pleasant winter with a fine brood of young thrushes. But as the days began to grow warmer, a strange restlessness began to warn them
 5 that it was time to take their flight to a more northern country and a less sunny clime.

The mother thrush gathered her children together, and having joined a flock of friends from the banks of the upper Nile, they spread their wings and flut-
 10 tered away toward the Mediterranean Sea. There in due time they arrived, and alighted not far from the shore.

“Where shall we go now?” asked one of the young birds, whose name was Songful.

15 “We must cross the great sea,” said his mother.

“What!” cried another, who was called Thinklittle. “How can we do that? We shall drown before we are halfway across.”

Then a third, whom everybody knew as Grumbler, 20 began to complain. “Oh dear!” he cried. “You have brought us here only to drown us in the sea.”

Then Songful, and Thinklittle, and Thankful, the rest of Mother Thrush’s family, all joined in the cry of Grumbler. “You have brought us here only to
 25 drown us in the sea!”

“Wait a little while,” said their mother, quietly.
 “We must find a ship to carry us across.”

“Ah!” sighed Songful, “but I am afraid of ships! They often carry some of those creatures called boys, who shoot arrows and throw stones at little birds!” 5

“True enough!” said Thinklittle. “Ships are dangerous things.”

“And you brought us here only to be shot and stoned by bad ship boys!” cried Grumbler.

But the patient mother bird said, “Wait a little 10 while! Wait a little while!”

The very next day a strange sound was heard high up in the air: “Honk! honk! honk!”

“There are our ships!” cried Mother Thrush.

“What do you mean?” piped Thinklittle. And 15 he hopped upon a twig, looked up into the sky, and shook his wings. “I see nothing but a flock of those clumsy storks that wade in the mud by the river banks or sit on the high columns of the old temples. I know all about them.” 20

“Ha! ha!” laughed Songful. “Do you expect to see ships coming from the sky? Look toward the sea, brother!” And then he sang one of his happiest songs.

“What great awkward fellows those storks are!” 25 said Grumbler. “There is no more music in them than in an Egyptian water wheel.” And with that

he began to whistle a merry tune to show how much better he was than the birds he despised.

But his mother only nodded her head and said, "Wait a little while!"

II.

5 The storks settled down upon the shore, quite near to the little company of thrushes. There, for a while, they fed among the tall plants that grew by the margin of the water. But soon they began to make a great stir; and they called to one another
10 among the reeds, "Honk, creek! Honk, creek!"

"There!" said Mother Thrush. "They're going! Get ready, my children! We must go with them."

"How are we going to do that?" cried Grumbler.

"Yes, how?" said Thinklittle. "We are not
15 strong enough to keep up with those storks."

"Silence!" cried Mother Thrush, now much excited. "Say not a word, but do as I do."

The storks slowly raised their awkward bodies and spread their huge wings. Then they soared into
20 the air, trailed their legs behind them, and crying hoarsely, took their course straight across the sea.

"Now!" cried Mother Thrush. "Be quick! Follow me, and do as I do!"

She darted into the midst of the flock of storks,
25 with her four broodlings close beside her. For a

moment or two, she fluttered over a gray-winged stork, and then settled down upon the bird's broad back and nestled between her wings. All her family followed, and cuddled down beside her. For a short time they felt so strange in their odd resting place 5 that they kept very still. But after a while the young ones began to talk.

"This is a pleasant voyage, indeed," said Think-little. "How nice to ride on the backs of these big storks! The people who ride on camels, or on the 10 little donkeys that trot to and from the pyramids, have not half so pleasant a time."

"Now I understand what mother meant when she spoke of ships," said Songful. "I wonder if she thinks our stork will carry us all the way across." 15

"Indeed, she will!" said Mother Thrush.

"Yes," said Grumbler; "she may, if she doesn't shake us all off and drown us!"

III.

They rode on for many and many a mile, sometimes being a little frightened as the stork fluttered 20 to and fro, or sank and rose again. But now and then they ventured to peep out between the wide-spread wings, and look down upon the green sea that rolled beneath them.

"Mother," at last said Thankful.

“Well, my dear.”

“Don’t you think that the stork must be very tired, and that we ought to do something to comfort and cheer her as she flies?”

5 “Hush!” cried Thinklittle. “If the stork finds that we are here, she will toss us off of her back.”

10 “Oh, who cares if the stork is tired,” said Grumbler. “She can feel no worse than we do.”

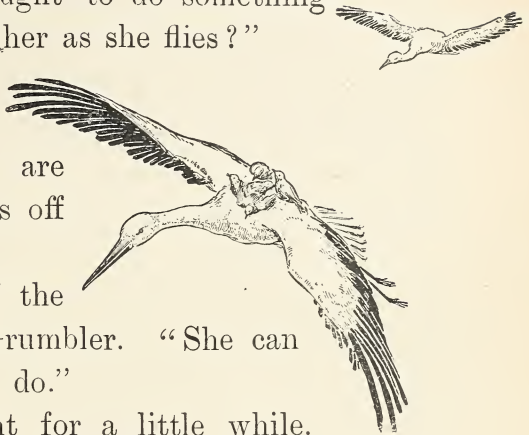
Thankful was silent for a little while.

Then she crept close to her brother Songful, and the
15 two twittered softly together for a moment. At last, without a word to the others, they lifted their heads and broke forth together into song. The notes of the duet rose sweet and clear above the fluttering of the stork’s wings and the whistling of the shrill
20 north wind.

“Ah!” cried Thinklittle, as he heard the song; “it is very sweet, indeed, and I feel almost like singing too. But what if the old stork should hear us!”

“Yes, indeed,” said Grumbler. “It is very foolish
25 ish to let her know that we are here.”

But the stork listened to the song with pleasure and was not at all angry. More than once she



turned her head backward, and out of her deep round eyes looked kindly upon the singers.

“Thank you,” she said when the song was ended. “You have cheered the way with your pleasant song. I am so glad that you chose to come with me.” 5

Thinklittle was ashamed of himself, and began to warble a pretty tune; and then Grumbler forgot to complain, and joined in the song.

From that time on, all the way across the sea, the carrier stork was made happy by the melody of the 10 grateful thrushes. At last the northern shore was reached, and the thrushes rose from the back of the great bird that had carried them so far and so safely. Then breaking into a chorus of song, with sweet words of farewell, they flew away to make the rest 15 of the journey home upon their own wings.

When they reached the green fields and broad canals of Holland, they found the good stork and her friends already at home on the tall chimneys of an old town; and after friendly greetings they set 20 to work building their own nests.

Now it happened that this story was much talked about in Holland, and so from that day to this the little song birds which cross the sea on the backs of the great storks are said to warble all the way. 25 And the storks are glad to carry them, because of their sweet songs.

— *Henry C. McCook.*

THE HAYMAKERS — OLD STYLE.

It is five o'clock. The morning is clear and fresh. A hundred birds, — yes, five hundred — are singing as birds never sing except in the morning. Will it rain to-day? The heavens overhead look
 5 like it, but the barometer says, "No." Then a few rounds with the scythe before breakfast, by way of getting the path open!

There they go, a pretty pair of mowers! The blinking dewdrops on the grass tops wink at them
 10 and pitch headlong under the stroke of the swinging scythe. How low and musical is the sound of a scythe in its passage through a thick pile of grass!

There sounds the horn! Breakfast is ready. All the children are farmer's boys for the occasion
 15 Bless their appetites! It does one good to see growing children eat with a real hearty appetite. Mountain air, a free foot in grassy fields and open groves, plain food and enough of it — these
 20 things kill the lilies in the cheek and bring forth roses.



John Dargan.

But we must hasten and make hay while the sun shines. Already John Dargan is whetting his scythe, — John, as tough as a knot,
 25 strong as steel, famous in all the region for plow-

ing, and equally skillful at mowing — turning his furrow and cutting his swath alike smoothly and evenly. The man of the farm strikes in first; John follows, and away they go uphill toward the sun. Round and round the field they go, with steady 5 swing, the grass plot growing less at every turn.

Meanwhile all the boys have been at work spreading grass. The noon hour comes on. It passes, and the sun begins to slope toward the western horizon. It is time to house the hay. The day is gone, and 10 the night comes.

With another morning, and that Saturday morning, comes up the sun without a single cloud; the air is clear as crystal. No mist on the river; no fleece on the mountains. 15



Raking — Old Style.

Yet the barometer is sinking — has been sinking all night. It has fallen more than a quarter of an inch and continues slowly to fall. Our plans must be laid accordingly. We will cut the clover, and pre- 20 pare to get in all yesterday's mowing before

two o'clock. One load we roll in before dinner. While snatching our hasty meal, affairs grow critical. The sun is hidden. The noon is dark.

Now, if you wish to see pretty working, follow the 25 cart. The long forks fairly leap among the hay; to a backward lift they spring up, poise a moment in

the air, and shoot their burdens forward upon the load, where they are caught by the nimble John, and in a twinkling are in their place.

We hear thunder and see the lightnings flash on
5 the horizon. There are no lazybones here! All the girls and ladies come forth to the fray. Delicate hands are making lively work, raking up the scattered grass, and flying with right nimble steps here and there, bent on cheating the rain of its expected
10 prey.

And now the long windrows are formed. The last load of hay from the other fields has just rolled into the barn! Down jumps John, and rolls up the windrows into huge round piles. We follow and
15 glean with the rake. The last one is finished.

A drop patters down on my face, — another, and another. Look at those baseless mountains that tower in the west, black as night at the bottom, glowing like snow at the top edges! Far in the
20 north the rain has begun to pour down upon old Greylock! But the sun is shining through the shower and turning it to a golden atmosphere.

Only a look can we spare, and all of us run for the house and in good time. Down comes the flood, and
25 every drop is musical. We pity the neighbors who, not warned by a barometer, are racing and chasing to secure their outlying crop. — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE HAYMAKERS — NEW STYLE.

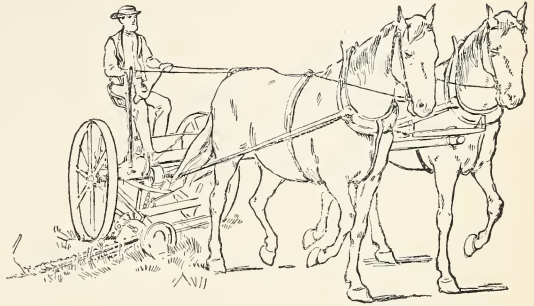
It is now nearly seven o'clock in the morning — but early enough for laboring men to be in the field. Ten hours — five before noon, and five after — is a long day's work, and nobody, save the farmer and his boys, can be expected to do more. And here come 5 the mowing machines, — one, two, three, four, — each drawn by a team of sturdy but spirited horses. What elegant pieces of mechanism these mowers are! And yet, how simple, how light, how strong! Not much like the first rude contrivances, that were 10 made for the same purpose some forty years ago.

Open the gate, Patrick, and let them drive into the field. Johnson, with the team of sprightly blacks, will take the lead; for he is a careful driver, and his fast-walking horses will keep well out of the 15 way of those that follow. Now, while they are making ready for the start, cast your eye over the sea of waving timothy before you. Thirty acres of the finest meadow land in the country — level as a floor, and not a stump or a stick or a stone in the 20 way. What would your grandfather have done in such a field, with only an old-fashioned scythe or two, and so much grass to be cut?

And now the work begins. The sickle bars are let down. The drivers, on their comfortable spring 25 seats, give the word to the horses, and they start

off gayly enough, but steadily — for they know that this is to be no holiday for them. Clicket-clicket-clicket-clicket-clicket! sings the row of sharp knives, nicknamed the sickle, as it flies back and forth faster than your eye can follow it. It spares nothing that comes in its way. The tall timothy, the straggling blue grass, the blossoming clover, fall prostrate as it passes. No need now for the boys to toss the hay with their pitchforks; for it is already spread, and much more evenly than they could spread it.

Johnson takes the lead, keeping his blacks close to the fence and driving them right over a road's width of standing grass. But never mind that. When he has gone once round, he will turn back upon it, and his machine will take up and cut all that is now being overrun. The other mowers follow in order and at short distances apart. Talk about the music of the old-fashioned scythe! Clicket-clicket-clicket-clicket! Only listen to the flying sickles of these four mowers as they cut their way through tall grass and short alike! They are the quartette.



Johnson takes the lead.

of the hayfield singing in unison the song of the harvest.

As to the blinking of dewdrops, who cares for them, nowadays? The sooner the sun disposes of them, the better. And the birds? Well, if any lark ⁵ has foolishly built her nest among the sheltering tufts of blue grass, let her make haste to leave it — for mowing machines have no hearts of pity for such creatures. And woe to the young quails whose wings are not yet strong enough to carry them out of the ¹⁰ reach of danger! It is not likely that any bird dares to sing in the midst of this destruction and terror. If he does so, his song is unheard.

Each mower has gone seven times round the field. The sun pours down scorching hot, turning the cut ¹⁵ grass into hay almost as fast as it falls. The horses are reeking with sweat. The men in their comfortable spring seats are warm and hungry, but not tired in the true sense of the word. More than half of the ²⁰ thirty acres has been mowed. In a single forenoon they have done as much as your grandfather and three of his mowers, with John Dargan besides, could have done in a week — and they have done it better, too.

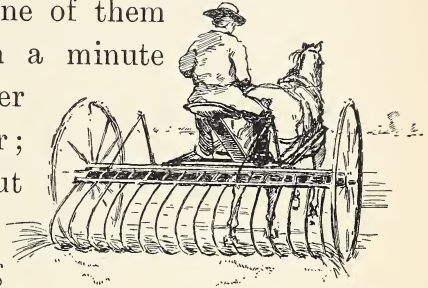
After a long noon hour they are at it again. And ²⁵ now comes Patrick and the two big boys with the rakes. No miserable hand rakes to blister your palms

and make your back and shoulders ache — but genuine horse rakes with a wheel at each end and a nice seat for the driver above. One of them will pile up more hay in a minute than you could put together with a pitchfork in an hour; and there is no labor about it except for the horse.

See how quickly the long windrows are thrown together all round the field! And neither the girls nor the ladies have helped.

What if the barometer is sinking? Let the mowers keep on with their work. With all this machinery to help us, we can snap our fingers at the rain.

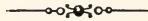
And now the great wagons come to the field. The horse pitchforks are set to work. The loading of the long windrows is the hardest work of all, but it is done with speed. The thunder clouds begin to mutter far away in the west. The mowers stop. A small square of timothy — three or four acres, more or less — is still standing in the center of the field; but it will be easy to finish that to-morrow. Johnson and the other drivers lead their teams to the barn, and leave off work for the day. What care they whether the hay which they have cut be housed or not? That is no part of their business.



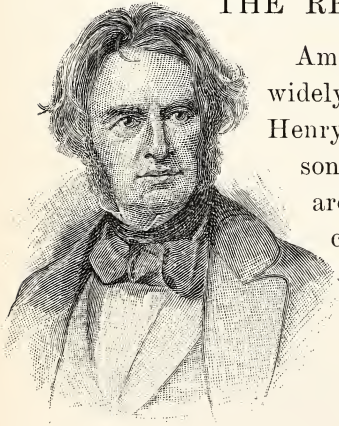
Raking — New Style.

But it is safely housed. The last monster load is driven under the great sheds just as the big drops begin to patter down from the clouds. Quick work this! But what may we not do when we have horse power and cog wheels and cold iron to help us? 5

Not much poetry in it, did you say? Ah, no! And to tell the truth there was not much poetry in the old style of haymaking, save to those who stood a good distance away and looked on. To the haymakers themselves there was more backache than romance, 10 and more weariness than music. And so the world ever changes from the old to the new, but who can tell whether the former times were better or worse than our own?



THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.



Henry W. Longfellow.

Among all our American poets no one is more 15 widely known and more generally loved than Henry W. Longfellow. The sweetness of his songs and the simple beauty of his ballads are a source of never-ceasing delight to all classes of readers. Many of his best 20 known poems were composed during the earlier part of his life, when he appeared as in this portrait. "The Reaper and the Flowers" was written in December, 1838, "with peace in my heart, 25 and not without tears in my eyes."

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

5 “Shall I have naught that is fair?” saith he;
 “Have naught but the bearded grain?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 10 He kissed their drooping leaves;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
 The Reaper said, and smiled;
 15 “Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where he was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 20 These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.



From the Painting by Kaulbach.

Engraved by E. Heinemann.

"'T was an angel visited the green earth."

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper came that day ;
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.



THE DAY IS DONE.

5 The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
 10 Gleam through the rain and mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul can not resist —
 A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akin to pain,
 15 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 20 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.
For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor; 5
And to-night I long for rest.
Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start; 10
Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet 15
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice, 20
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, 25
And as silently steal away.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

I.

It was not until more than a year after the battle of Lexington that the people of the American colonies began seriously to think of independence from Great Britain. True, the laws of the king of England had been openly opposed; an army had been
5 formed, with George Washington as commander in chief; there had been sharp fighting in more than one place, and the British soldiers had been driven out of Boston. But the Americans were contending
10 only for their liberties as British subjects. "Give us," said they, "the rights that properly belong to us, and we will submit."

But the king and his counselors refused to listen. Matters grew rapidly worse and worse. The breach
15 between the colonies and the mother country became wider and wider every day. Men were everywhere losing their feeling of attachment to England. At last the question of independence began to be openly discussed.

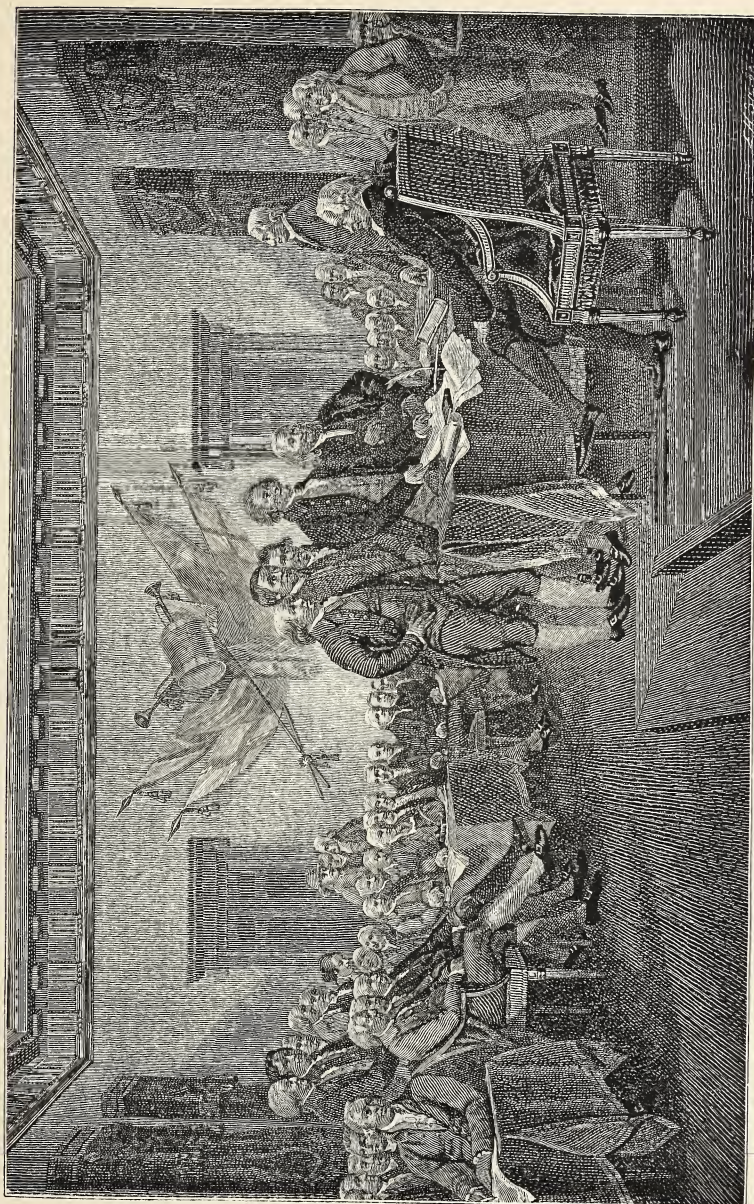
20 The Continental Congress was sitting in the old State House at Philadelphia. The men who composed it represented the people of the thirteen colonies; among them were many whose names afterwards became famous in the history of our country. They
25 pondered this question long; they discussed it in all

its bearings; they studied it from every point of view. To submit, and make peace with Great Britain now, would be but to fasten the chains of slavery upon the colonies; to go on with the conflict might result only in disaster. At last, on the 7th of June, 5
1776, Richard Henry Lee arose and, in clear, sharp tones that rang into the very street, offered this resolution: "*Resolved*, That these United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and all political connection between us and the State of 10
Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

John Adams seconded the resolution, and at the same time made a speech, so full of fervor and prophetic ardor, that every man who heard him was carried away by its eloquence. A committee was named 15
to write a Declaration of Independence, and further action upon the resolution was postponed until the 1st of July.

When the appointed day came, Mr. Lee's resolution was taken up, in committee of the whole, and 20
nine colonies agreed to it. On the following day, July 2d, the final vote was taken upon it by Congress, and all the colonies, except one, voted in favor of it.

In the meanwhile, on the 28th of June, the Declaration of Independence had been submitted. It was 25
the work chiefly of Thomas Jefferson; but the task of urging its adoption by Congress fell mainly upon



From the Painting by John Trumbull.

Signing the Declaration of Independence.

Engraved by E. Heilmann.

John Adams. No sooner was Mr. Lee's resolution disposed of than the Declaration was taken up and read. Each article was considered and separately discussed. The whole matter was bitterly opposed by some of the members; but after a debate which ⁵ lasted for nearly three days, the Declaration, as it now stands, was adopted.

It was signed on the 4th of July, by John Hancock, the president of Congress, and published on the same day; but not until the 2d of August, after it ¹⁰ had been engrossed, were the names of the other members affixed to it.

The famous painting by John Trumbull represents the interior of the hall as it was supposed to be at the moment when the Declaration was finally passed. ¹⁵ In the president's chair sits John Hancock, before him stand Jefferson and Adams and Franklin, while around the hall, in dignified silence, sit or stand the other delegates from the colonies — great men all, whose names will be remembered so long as our ²⁰ Republic shall endure.

II.

The following story, more fanciful than true, is often told of the manner in which the adoption of the Declaration was made known to the world: —

There was tumult in the city,
 In the quaint old Quaker town,
 And the streets were rife with people
 Pacing restless up and down :

5 People gathering at corners,
 Where they whispered, each to each,
 And the sweat stood on their temples,
 With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
 10 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
 So they beat against the State House,
 So they surged against the door ;
 And the mingling of their voices
 Made a harmony profound,
 15 Till the quiet street of chestnuts
 Was all turbulent with sound.

“ Will they do it ? ” “ Dare they do it ? ”

“ Who is speaking ? ” “ What’s the news ? ”

“ What of Adams ? ” “ What of Sherman ? ”

20 “ Oh, God grant they won’t refuse ! ”

“ Make some way, there ! ” “ Let me nearer ! ”

“ I am stifling ! ” “ Stifle, then ;

When a nation’s life’s at hazard

We’ve no time to think of men.”

So they beat against the portal —
 Man and woman, maid and child ;
 And the July sun in heaven
 On the scene looked down and smiled :
 The same sun that saw the Spartan 5
 Shed his patriot blood in vain,
 Now beheld the soul of freedom
 All unconquered rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple
 Sat the bellman, old and gray ; 10
 He was weary of the tyrant
 And his iron-sceptered sway ;
 So he sat with one hand ready
 On the clapper of the bell,
 When his eye should catch the signal, 15
 Very happy news to tell.

See ! see ! the dense crowd quivers
 Through all its lengthy line,
 As the boy beside the portal
 Looks forth to give the sign ! 20
 With his small hands upward lifted,
 Breezes dallying with his hair, —
 Hark ! with deep clear intonation,
 Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur—
 List the boy's strong joyous cry!
 "Ring!" he shouts aloud; "Ring Grandpa,
 Ring! Oh, ring for liberty!"
 5 And straightway, at the signal,
 The old bellman lifts his hand,
 And sends the good news, making
 Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! what rejoicing!
 10 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of freedom ruffled
 The calm gliding Delaware.
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Illumed the night's repose,
 15 And from the flames, like Phoenix,
 Fair liberty arose!

That old bell now is silent,
 And hushed its iron tongue,
 But the spirit it awakened
 20 Still lives — forever young!
 We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
 Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
 Rung out our independence;
 Which, please God, shall never die!

LITTLE JEAN.

A Christmas Story.

I.



Once upon a time, so long ago that everybody has forgotten the date, there was a little boy whose name was Jean. He lived with his aunt in a tall old house in a city whose name is so hard to pronounce that nobody can speak it. He was seven 5 years old, and he could not remember that he had ever seen his father or his mother.

The old aunt who had the care of little Jean was very selfish and cross. She gave him dry bread to eat, of which there was never enough; and not more 10 than once in the year did she speak kindly to him.

But the poor boy loved this woman, because he had no one else to love; and there was never a day so dark that he did not think of the sunlight.

Everybody knew that Jean's aunt owned a house 15 and had a stocking full of gold under her bed, and so she did not dare to send the little boy to the school for the poor, as she would have liked to do. But a schoolmaster on the next street agreed to teach him for almost nothing; and whenever there 20 was work he could do, he was kept at home.

The schoolmaster had an unkind feeling for Jean, because he brought him so little money and was

dressed so poorly. And so the boy was punished very often, and had to bear the blame for all the wrong that was done in the school.

The little fellow was often very sad; and more
5 than once he hid himself where he could not be seen and cried as though his heart would break. But at last Christmas came.

The night before Christmas there was to be singing in the church, and the schoolmaster was to be
10 there with all his boys; and everybody was to have a very happy time looking at the Christmas candles and listening to the sweet music.

The winter had set in, very cold and rough, and there was much snow on the ground; and so the
15 boys came to the schoolhouse with fur caps drawn down over their ears, and heavy coats, and warm gloves, and thick high-topped boots.

But little Jean had no warm clothes. He came shivering in the thin coat which he wore on Sundays
20 in summer; and there was nothing on his feet but coarse stockings very full of holes, and a pair of heavy wooden shoes.



The other boys made many jokes about his sad looks and his worn-out clothes. But
25 the poor child was so busy, blowing his fingers and thumping his toes to keep them warm, that he did not hear what was said. And when the hour came,

the whole company of boys, with the schoolmaster at the front, started to the church.

II.

It was very fine in the church. Hundreds of wax candles were burning in their places, and the air was so warm that Jean soon forgot his aching fingers. 5 The boys sat still for a little while; and then while the singing was going on and the organ was making loud music, they began in low voices to talk to one another; and each told about the fine things that were going to be done at his home on the morrow. 10

The mayor's son told of a monstrous goose that he had seen in the kitchen before he came away; it was stuffed, and stuck all over with cloves till it was as spotted as a leopard. Another boy whispered of a little fir tree in a wooden box in his mother's parlor; 15 its branches were full of fruits and nuts and candy and beautiful toys. And he said that he was sure of a fine dinner, for the cook had pinned the two strings of her cap behind her back, as she always did when something wonderfully good was coming. 20

Then the children talked of what Santa Claus would bring them, and of what he would put in their shoes, which, of course, they would leave by the fireplace when they went to bed. And the eyes of the little fellows danced with joy, as they thought of the 25

bags of candy and the lead soldiers, and the grand jumping jacks which they would draw out in the morning.

But little Jean said nothing. He knew that his
5 selfish old aunt would send him to bed without any supper, as she always did. But he felt in his heart that he had been all the year as good and kind as he could be; and so he hoped that kind Santa Claus would not forget him nor fail to see his wooden shoes
10 which he would put in the ashes in the corner of the fireplace.

III.

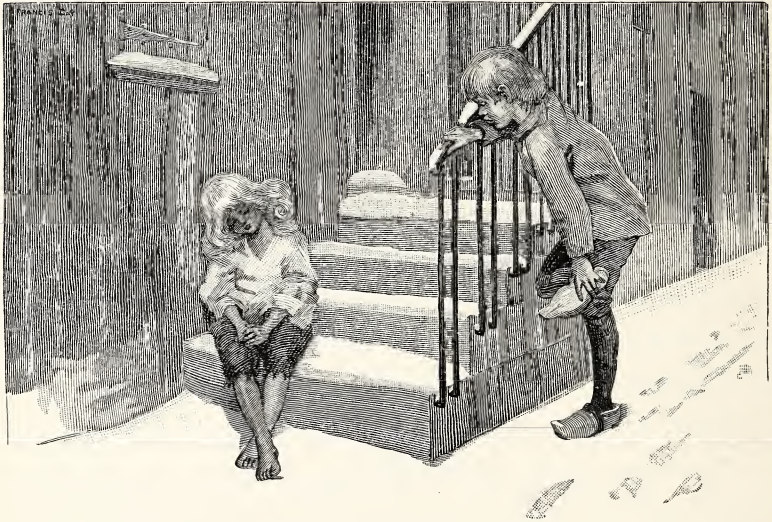
At last the singing stopped, the organ was silent, and the Christmas music was ended. The boys arose in order and left the church, two by two, as they
15 had entered it; and the teacher walked in front.

Now, as he passed through the door of the church, little Jean saw a child sitting on one of the stone steps and fast asleep in the midst of the snow. The child was thinly clad, and his feet, cold as it was,
20 were bare.

In the pale light of the moon, the face of the child, with its closed eyes, was full of a sweetness which is not of this earth, and his long locks of yellow hair seemed like a golden crown upon his head.
25 But his poor bare feet, blue in the cold of that winter night, were sad to look upon.

The scholars, so warmly clad, passed before the strange child, and did not so much as glance that way. But little Jean, who was the last to come out of the church, stopped, full of pity, before him.

“Ah, the poor child!” he said to himself. “How 5
sad it is that he must go barefoot in such weather as



His poor bare feet were sad to look upon.

this! And what is still worse, he has not a stocking, nor even a wooden shoe, to lay before him while he sleeps, so that kind Santa Claus can put something in it to make him glad when he wakens.” 10

Little Jean did not stand long to think about it; but in the goodness of his heart, he took off the wooden shoe from his right foot and laid it by the

side of the sleeping child. Then, limping along through the snow, and shivering with cold, he went down the street till he came to his cheerless home.

“You worthless fellow!” cried his aunt. “Where
5 have you been? What have you done with your other shoe?”

Little Jean trembled now with fear as well as with the cold; but he had no thought of deceiving his angry aunt. He told her how he had given the shoe
10 to a child that was poorer than himself. The woman laughed an ugly, wicked laugh.

“And so,” she said, “our fine young gentleman takes off his shoes for beggars! He gives his wooden shoe to a barefoot! Well, we shall see. You may
15 put the shoe that is left in the chimney, and, mind what I say! If anything is left in it, it will be a switch to whip you with in the morning. To-morrow, for your Christmas dinner, you shall have nothing but a hard crust of bread to eat and cold
20 water to drink. I will show you how to give away your shoes to the first beggar that comes along!”

The wicked woman struck the boy upon the cheek with her hand, and then made him climb up to his bed in the loft. Sobbing with grief and pain, little Jean
25 lay on his hard, cold bed, and did not go to sleep till the moon had gone down and the Christmas bells had rung in the glad day of peace and good will.

In the morning when the old woman arose grumbling and went downstairs, a wonderful sight met her eyes. The great chimney was full of beautiful toys and bags of candy and all kinds of pretty things; and right in the midst of these was the wooden shoe which Jean had given to the child, and near it was its mate in which the wicked aunt had meant to put a strong switch.



The woman was so amazed that she cried out and stood still as if in a fright. Little Jean heard the cry and ran downstairs as quickly as he could to see what was the matter. He, too, stopped short when he saw all the beautiful things that were in the chimney. But as he stood and looked, he heard people laughing in the street. What did it all mean?

By the side of the town pump many of the neighbors were standing. Each was telling what had happened at his home that morning. The boys who had rich parents and had been looking for beautiful gifts, had found only long switches in their shoes.

But, in the meanwhile, Jean and his aunt stood still and looked at the wonderful gifts around the two wooden shoes. Who had placed them there? And where now was the kind, good giver?

Then, as they still wondered, they heard the voice

of some one reading in the little chapel over the way: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these —" And then, in some strange way, they understood how it had all come about; and even the heart of the wicked aunt was softened. And their eyes were filled with tears and their faces with smiles, as they knelt down together and thanked the good God for what he had done to reward the kindness and love of a little child.

— *Adapted from the French of François Coppée.*



HENRY'S BREAKFAST.

Henry's father was fond of asking him puzzling questions. One day he said, "How many people do you suppose helped to get the breakfast that you ate this morning?"

"Two," answered Henry, without stopping to think. "Mother made the coffee, and Mary broiled the steak and fried the eggs and did all the rest of the work."

Mr. K. Yes, but that was only a small part of what was done in order that you might begin the day with a good, wholesome meal. Many people whom you never saw were at work weeks and months ago, helping to get that breakfast.

Henry. I don't see how that could be.

Mr. K. Well, let us begin with the coffee.

Henry. Yes. Mother made that.

Mr. K. She only made it ready for you to drink.



Away off in the southern part of Arabia, or per- 5
 haps it was in the sunny land of Brazil, a young
 man gathered and dried the berries of which
 the coffee was made. Another man carried the
 coffee berries to market; a trader in coffee
 bought them; one of his servants packed them, 10
 with more than a bushel of such grains, in a
 strong coffee sack; a sailor carried the coffee
 on board of a ship, and another sailor took it
 down into the ship's hold. The ship sailed across
 the sea, and after it had reached New York the 15
 coffee was taken out of the hold, and other men
 carried it to the shore. A truckman hauled the
 bags away from the wharf, a commission merchant's
 workmen stored them in a warehouse. By and
 by the village grocer bought some of the coffee, 20
 and among it were the very berries that were used
 for you this morning. The expressman carried it
 to the grocery store; the grocer's clerk ground the
 berries in his coffee mill; and the grocer's boy
 brought the pulverized coffee to your mother yester- 25
 day. Now, how many persons helped to make your
 coffee and get it ready for you to drink?

Henry. Fourteen or fifteen, besides mother.

Mr. K. But you have not counted all. Your coffee was made up in large part of water which somebody must have drawn up from the well or forced through the water pipes from the waterworks. It also contained milk or cream, which the milkman brought to the door.

Henry. Oh, yes, I see. And there was sugar in it, too, which came from — from —



Mr. K. The sugar came from Louisiana, or it may be from Cuba. A good many people took part in the making of that sugar. One man planted and cultivated the sugar cane; another cut it, and hauled it to the mill; a third passed it through great rollers which squeezed all the juice out of it; a fourth saw that the juice was emptied into boilers or evaporating pans; a fifth kept the fire burning underneath the boilers; a sixth drained off the sirup from the granulated sugar; a seventh put the sugar into a barrel and made it ready for shipment; an eighth rolled the barrel into a wagon; and a ninth hauled it to the wharf at the bank of the river. Indeed, it would be hard to say how many people, first and last, helped you to that spoonful of sugar. At least fifty, I should say.



Henry. And all that labor for a cup of coffee! I never thought of it before.

Mr. K. All that, and more too! If we knew the entire history of the coffee which you drank so thoughtlessly and yet with so much relish, we should find that it required the labor of several hundred persons to make it ready and bring it to you.

Henry. Mary brought it to me. But the coffee was only a small part of my breakfast.

Mr. K. True! There was the bread. It was made from wheat which I suppose grew in Dakota.

Think of the man that sowed the wheat, of him that reaped it, of him that threshed it, of him that hauled it to market—and then of the millers and merchants and grocers and bakers who ground it and bought and sold the flour and prepared it for your use. You may count them for yourself if you can.



Henry. I am sure I could never count them. But, now that I think of it, there were the baking powder and the salt. It must have taken a good many men to make them, too.

Mr. K. There is no doubt about it. Then, besides the coffee and the bread, there is the beefsteak which Mary broiled so nicely for you. A few weeks ago it was a part of a living animal roaming at will in the grassy fields. How many people do you

think were engaged, first in taking care of the ox, and then in preparing his flesh and bringing it to us, all ready for the broiling?

Henry. I should think fifty, at least.

5 *Mr. K.* Then, you had potatoes, didn't you? The gardener brought them in from his own fields, and so they did not pass through very many hands. You have already spoken of the salt. It came, no doubt, from the salt
10 wells of Michigan, or of New York, and many men found work in the making of it. The pepper with which you seasoned your potatoes was brought from the East Indies, on the other side of the world.



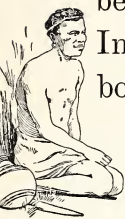
15 *Henry.* It makes me feel quite rich to think that so many people have been at work getting things for my breakfast.

Mr. K. Yes; you might say that you have servants in every part of the world, and that more
20 than a thousand persons whom you never saw are busy every day, preparing and getting together and carrying the good things that you use for food.

Henry. But they work for other people as well as for me. Indeed, it seems as if everybody is working
25 for everybody else.

Mr. K. It is just so. And if we should speak of your clothing and of your books and of your amuse-

ments, we might number your servants by the tens of thousands. Here, indeed, is the great difference between a civilized people and a barbarous people. In civilized life everybody is served by everybody else. But the savage does everything for 5 himself. He raises his own corn, he prepares his own food, he makes his own clothing, he builds his own house. His wants are few and simple. He has no servant but himself.



Henry. Haven't you forgotten his poor wife? I 10 have heard that she is his servant.

Mr. K. That is true. In fact, she does the greater part of his work, and she alone gets his breakfast. There is nobody on the other side of the world picking coffee berries for him. No ships are sailing 15 across the sea to bring him spices and sugar. No steam cars are hurrying over the land, laden with bread and meat for him. Do you think that he can enjoy his breakfast as well as you do yours?

Henry. I don't see how he can. 20

Mr. K. Well, a great deal depends upon what a person is accustomed to. The savage has never known anything about the luxuries which we have, and he would not know how to use them if he had them. He enjoys himself in his own rude way; but 25 his pleasures are few and selfish, and he knows nothing of the real joys of life.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough!

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

5

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot;

There, woodman, let it stand,

Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,

10

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,

And wouldst thou hew it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!

Cut not its earth-bound ties;

15

Oh, spare that aged oak

Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,

I sought its grateful shade;

In all their gushing joy

20

Here too my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here;

My father pressed my hand;

Forgive this foolish tear,

But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree ! the storm still brave !
 And, woodman, leave the spot ;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

5

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
 In the harbor of Mahón ;
 A dead calm rested on the bay,
 The waves to sleep had gone,
 When little Jack, the captain's son,
 With gallant hardihood,
 Climbed shroud and spar, and then upon
 The main truck rose and stood.

A shudder ran through every vein,
 All eyes were turned on high ;
 There stood the boy with dizzy brain
 Between the sea and sky.

No hold had he above, below ;
 Alone he stood in air !
 At that far height none dared to go,
 No aid could reach him there.

10

15

20

We gazed, but not a man could speak ;
 With horror all aghast,
 In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
 We watched the quivering mast.
 5 The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
 And of a lurid hue,
 As, riveted fast to the spot,
 Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped,
 10 " O God, thy will be done ! "

Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
 And aimed it at his son.

" Jump far out, boy, into the wave,
 Jump, or I fire ! " he said.

15 " That chance alone your life can save ;
 Jump ! jump, boy ! " — He obeyed.

He sank, — he rose, — he lived, — he moved, —
 He for the ship struck out.

On board we hailed the lad beloved
 20 With many a joyous shout.

His father drew, in silent joy,
 Those wet arms round his neck,
 Then folded to his heart the boy,
 And fainted on the deck.

— *George P. Morris.*

THE STAGECOACH.

I.

Eighty years ago there were no such things as railroads; and so, when Tom Brown was sent down to Rugby to the famous boys' school which is there, he had to ride in a stagecoach. The story of his



The coachmen gather up their horses and pass one another.

journey is told in a delightful book called "Tom 5
Brown's School Days." This book, which has given
pleasure to many thousands of young readers, was
written by Thomas Hughes, an Englishman; and
the story of the ride to Rugby is about as follows:

It is three o'clock in the morning of a November 10
day, and Tom Brown and his father are in a little

wayside tavern waiting for the fast coach that is expected to pass some time before daylight. Tom's father has ordered a luncheon to be served, and their last hour together has passed very pleasantly.

5 The lad has swallowed his last mouthful, and is winding his comforter round his throat and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, when the sound of the horn is heard. The next moment they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and
10 the town-made coach as they dash up to the door of the tavern.

“Anything for us, Bob?” says the burly guard, dropping down from behind and swinging his arms to keep warm.

15 “Young gentleman, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper of game, Rugby,” is the answer.

“Tell the young gent to look alive,” says the guard, throwing in the parcels. “Here, make a place for this satchel up a-top — I'll fasten it soon.
20 Now then, sir, jump up behind.”

“Good-bye, father — my love at home.”

A last shake of the hand.

Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he
25 claps the horn to his mouth.

Toot, toot, toot! the four bays plunge forward, and away goes the tallyho into the darkness.

Tom stands up on the coach and looks back at his father as long as he can see him there under the flaring tavern lamp. He wonders if the folks at home have already begun to miss him. Then he settles himself in his seat, and finishes his buttonings 5 and other preparations for facing the three hours before dawn ; — no joke for those who cared for the cold, this riding on a fast coach in chilly November.

But it had its pleasures, the old dark ride. For there was the music of the rattling harness, and the 10 ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming frost, and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, and the looking forward to daylight, and last, but not least, the delight of having the feeling return to 15 your numbed toes which you thought had certainly been frozen off your feet. Then the break of dawn, and the sunrise ; where can they ever be seen so well as from the roof of a stagecoach ?

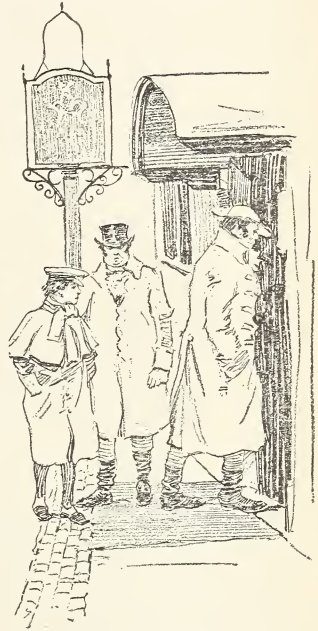
And now the tallyho is past St. Alban's, and Tom 20 is enjoying the ride, though half-frozen. The guard, who is alone with him on the back of the coach, is silent, but has muffled Tom's feet up in straw, and put the end of an oat sack over his knees. In the darkness, Tom has gone over his little past life, and 25 thought of all his doings and promises, and of his mother and sister, and his father's last words. He

has made fifty good resolutions, and means to bear himself like a brave Brown as he is, although a young one. He is full of hope and life, in spite of the cold, and kicks his heels against the
 5 back board, and would like to sing, only he doesn't know how his friend the guard might take it.

II.

And now the dawn breaks, and the coach pulls up at a little roadside inn with huge stables behind.
 10 There is a bright fire gleaming through the red curtains of the windows, and the door is open. The coachman catches his whip into a
 15 double thong and throws it aside; the steam of the horses rises straight up into the air. He has put them along fast, over the last two miles, and is two minutes before his time; he rolls down from the box and into the inn.
 20 The guard rolls off behind. "Now, sir," says he to Tom, "you just jump down and warm yourself up a bit!" . . .

But they are soon out again, and up. The coachman comes last, swinging himself up on to the box
 25 — the horses dashing off in a canter before he falls



into his seat. Toot, toot, toot! goes the horn, and away they are again, five and thirty miles on their road, and the prospect of a warm breakfast soon.

Now it is light enough to see, and the early life of the country comes out—a market cart or two, men ⁵ going to their work pipe in mouth, a pack of hounds jogging along at the heels of a huntsman.

The sun comes up, and the mist shines like silver gauze. An up coach meets them, and the coachmen gather up their horses and pass one another with a ¹⁰ lift of the elbow, each team going eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind if necessary.

And here comes breakfast.

III.

“Twenty minutes here, gentlemen!” says the coachman, as they pull up at half-past seven at ¹⁵ the inn door.



There is the low wainscoted room hung with sporting prints; the hat-stand by the door; the blazing fire; the table covered with the whitest of cloths ²⁰ and china, and bearing a pigeon pie, a ham, a round of cold boiled beef, and the great loaf of household bread on a wooden trencher. And here comes the stout head waiter puffing under a tray of hot ²⁵

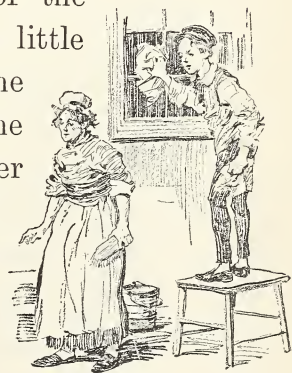
foods : chops and steaks, poached eggs, buttered toast and muffins, coffee and tea, — all smoking hot.

The table can never hold it all ; the cold meats are taken away — they were only put on for show
5 and to give us an appetite. And now fall on, gentlemen, fall on !

“Tea or coffee, sir ?” says the head waiter, coming round to Tom.

“Coffee, please,” says Tom, with his mouth full of
10 muffin and chops.

Our coachman, who breakfasts with us, is a cold-beef man, and he shuns all hot drinks. He must keep his nerves in trim for the long drive that is still before him. Tom has eaten of the
15 pigeon pie, and drank coffee, till his little skin is as tight as a drum. Then he has the further pleasure of paying the head waiter out of his own purse, after which he walks out and stands before
20 the inn door to see the horses put to the coach. No hurry about this. The coachman comes out with his waybill ; and the guard is soon there, too.



“Now, sir, please !” says the coachman. All the
25 passengers are up ; the guard is shutting the door. The horses are impatient to be going.

“Let ’em go, Dick !”

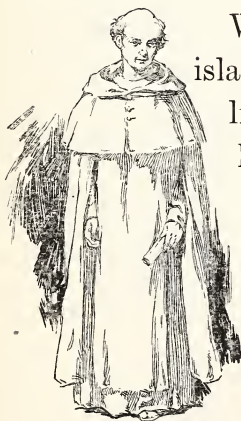
Away we fly through the market place and down the High Street, looking in at the first-floor windows, and seeing several worthy gentlemen shaving before them. And, as we rattle past, all the shopboys who are cleaning the windows, and the housemaids who are washing the steps, stop and look pleased as if we were a part of their morning's amusement.

We clear the town, and are well out between the hedgerows as the town clock strikes eight. Before noon, we shall be in Rugby.



THE ENGLISH SLAVE BOYS IN ROME.

I.



Gregory.

When the English people first settled in the island which is now called England, they were little better than savages. They were a heathen people, and worshiped Odin and Thor, and had many rude and cruel customs. This was more than fourteen hundred years ago.

It so happened that, some time later, there was living in Rome a good and kind priest whose name was Gregory. As this priest was one day walking in the market place, he stopped to see some men, women, and

children who had been brought from a distant land and were to be sold as slaves. Among them were some beautiful boys, with fair skin and long fair hair. Their looks so pleased him that he could not pass them by. He asked from what part of the world they came, and whether they were Christians or heathen. He was told that they were heathen boys from the island of Britain. Gregory was sorry to think that forms so fair without should have no light within, and he again asked what was the name of their nation.

“They are Angles,” was the answer — for that was the old form of the word English.

“Angles!” cried Gregory; “they have the faces of angels, and they ought to be made fellow heirs of the angels in heaven. But what is the name of their king?”

“He is called Ælla,” said one who stood by.

“Ælla! Surely, then, *Alleluia* must be sung in his land.”

Gregory then went to the Pope and asked if he would not let him go to England to convert the Angles who lived there. The Pope was willing; but the people loved Gregory so much that they would not agree to part with him. So nothing came of the matter for some time.



The Slave Boys.

II.

We do not know whether Gregory was ever able to do anything for the poor little English boys, but we may be sure that he did not forget his plan of converting the English people. After a while he 5 became pope himself. Of course he now no longer thought of going to Britain himself, for he had enough to do at Rome. But he could send others.

At last a company of monks was sent out, with one called Augustine at their head. This was in 10 the year 597. At that time England was not a single great nation as it is now. It was divided into several small kingdoms, and these were nearly all the time at war. One of these kingdoms was Kent, in the southeastern part of the island, and its king, 15 whose name was Ethelbert, had made himself master of nearly all the other kings.

This Ethelbert had done what no English king had done before: he had married a foreign wife, the daughter of one of the kings of the Franks, who 20 lived in the country now called France. Now the Franks had long been Christians; and when Ethelbert's young queen went over into Kent, it was agreed that she might keep her own religion. So she took with her a Frankish bishop, and she and 25 her bishop used to worship God in a little church near Canterbury, called Saint Martins.

So King Ethelbert and his people must have known something about the Christian faith before Augustine came. One would suppose that it would have been easier for the queen's bishop to convert them than
5 for Augustine to do so. But perhaps they did not think that a man who had come only as a kind of servant to the queen, was so well worth listening to as one who had come all the way from the great city of Rome.

10 Augustine and his companions landed first in the Isle of Thanet, which is close to the eastern shore of Kent, and thence they sent a message to King Ethelbert saying why they had come into his land. The king sent word back to them to stay in the
15 isle till he had fully made up his mind how to treat them ; and he gave orders that they should be well taken care of meanwhile.

After a while he came himself into the isle, and bade them tell him what they had to say. He
20 met them in the open air ; for he would not meet them in a house, as he thought they might be wizards, and might use some charm or spell, which would have less power out of doors. So they came, carrying a cross wrought in silver, and sing-
25 ing hymns as they came. And when they came before the king, they preached to him and to those who were with him, telling them, no doubt, how

there was one God, who had made all things, and how He had sent His son to die for mankind.

King Ethelbert hearkened to them, and then made answer like a good and wise man.

“Your words and promises,” said he, “sound very 5 good unto me; but they are new and strange, and I can not believe them all at once, nor can I leave all that I and my fathers have believed so long. But I see that you have come from a far country to tell us that which you believe to be true; so you may 10 stay in the land, and I will give you a house to dwell in and food to eat; and you may preach to my folk, and if any man of them will believe as you believe, I will hinder him not.”

So he gave them a house to dwell in in the royal 15 city of Canterbury, and he let them preach to the people. And, as they drew near the city, they sang hymns and said: “We pray Thee, O Lord, let Thy wrath be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house, because we have sinned. Alleluia!” 20

Thus Augustine and his companions dwelt at Canterbury, and preached to the men of the land. And many men hearkened to them, and before long King Ethelbert himself believed and was baptized; and before the year was out more than ten thousand of 25 the people had become Christians.

— *Adapted from Edward A. Freeman.*

THE UPRISING — 1775.

The first battle in the war for independence was fought at Lexington and Concord, in Massachusetts, April 19, 1775. Although there were no telegraph lines at that time, and no means of sending letters rapidly from place to place, the news
 5 of this battle spread like wildfire to all parts of the country. The patriotic spirit of the people was roused. Farmers left their plows, merchants and shopkeepers left their business — there was a general uprising throughout the land to oppose the unjust laws of the English king, and to drive his soldiers
 10 from American soil. In this poem, which is extracted from a longer poem entitled “The Wagoner of the Alleghanies,” Thomas Buchanan Read narrates an incident which is supposed to have occurred at that time in Virginia.

Out of the North the wild news came,
 15 Far flashing on its wings of flame,
 Swift as the boreal light which flies
 At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
 The fife’s shrill note, the drum’s loud beat,
 20 And through the wide land everywhere
 The answering tread of hurrying feet,
 While the first oath of Freedom’s gun
 Came on the blast from Lexington;
 And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
 25 Forgot her old baptismal name,
 Made bare her patriot arm of power,
 And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak

The church of Berkeley Manor stood :

There Sunday found the rural folk,

And some esteemed of gentle blood.

In vain their feet with loitering tread

5

Passed mid the graves where rank is naught ;

All could not read the lesson taught

In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose : the prayer was strong ;

The psalm was warrior David's song ;

10

The text, a few short words of might,—

“The Lord of hosts shall arm the right !”

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,

Of sacred rights to be secured ;

Then from his patriot tongue of flame

15

The startling words for Freedom came,

The stirring sentences he spake

Compelled the heart to glow or quake ;

And, rising on his theme's broad wing,

And grasping in his nervous hand

20

The imaginary battle brand,

In face of death he dared to fling

Defiance to a tyrant king.

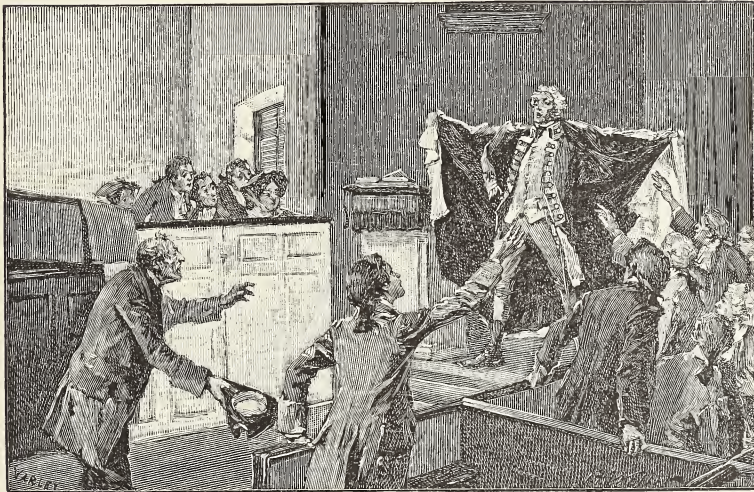
Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed

In eloquence of attitude,

25

Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;

Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir ;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside,
 5 And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.



“When God is with our righteous cause.”

A moment there was awful pause, —
 When Berkeley cried, “Cease, traitor ! cease !
 God’s temple is the house of peace !”
 10 The other shouted, “Nay, not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause :
 His holiest places then are ours,
 His temples are our forts and towers

That frown upon a tyrant foe :
 In this the dawn of Freedom's day
 There is a time to fight and pray !”

And now before the open door —

The warrior priest had ordered so — 5
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear. 10
 And then the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life ;
 While overhead with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before : 15
 It seemed as it would never cease ;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, “ War ! War ! War !”

“ Who dares ” — this was the patriot's cry, 20
 As striding from the desk he came —
 “ Come out with me in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die ? ”
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered “ I !” 25

SIF'S GOLDEN HAIR.

I. THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

This is a story which the people in the far North, a long time ago, delighted to listen to when sitting before their fires on cold winter days. It made
 5 them think of the warm spring weather that was coming by and by, of the green grass that would cover the meadows, and
 10 more than all of the golden harvest that would crown the summer time. For Sif was the queen of the fields and of the
 15 growing grain, just as her husband, rough old Thor, was the lord of the storm clouds and the thunder; and people said that she was as
 20 gentle and kind as he was rude and strong.



Sif was the queen of the fields.

Sif was very fair; and there was one thing of which she was a trifle vain. That was her long silken hair, which fell in glossy waves almost to her feet.
 25 On calm, warm days she liked to sit on the bank

of some still pool and gaze at her own beauty pictured in the water below, while she combed and braided her flowing tresses; and in all the world there was nothing so much like golden sunbeams as the hair of which she was so proud. 5

At that time there was living in the same country a cunning mischief-maker called Loki, who was never pleased save when he was plotting trouble for some one who was better than himself. He liked to meddle with business which was not his own. 10 His tricks and jokes were seldom of the harmless kind, although great good sometimes grew out of them.

When Loki saw how proud Sif was of her long hair, and how much time she spent in combing and 15 arranging it, he planned a very cruel piece of mischief. One day he hid himself among the rocks near the pool where Sif was sitting, and slyly watched her all the morning as she braided and unbraided those wonderful silken tresses. At last, 20 overcome by the warmth of the noonday sun, Sif fell asleep upon the grassy bank. Then Loki quietly crept near, and with his sharp shears cut off all that wealth of hair, and shaved her head until it was as smooth as her snow-white hand. 25 Then he hid himself again, and chuckled with great glee at the wicked thing he had done.

By and by Sif awoke, and looked into the water; but she started back with horror and affright at the image which she saw there. She felt of her shorn head; and, when she knew that that which had
5 been her joy and her pride was no longer there, she knew not what to do. Hot, scalding tears ran down her cheeks, and with sobs and shrieks she began to call loudly for Thor. Forthwith there was a terrible uproar. The lightning flashed, the
10 thunder rolled, and an earthquake shook the rocks and trees. Loki, looking out from his hiding place, saw that Thor was coming, and he trembled with fear; for he knew that should the great thunderer catch him, he would have to pay dearly
15 for his sport. He ran quickly to the river, leaped in, changed himself to a salmon, and swam away.

But Thor was not so easily deceived; for he had long known Loki, and understood all his cunning. So when he saw Sif bewailing her stolen hair and
20 beheld the salmon hurrying alone towards the deep water, he was at no loss to understand what had happened. Straightway he took upon himself the form of a sea gull, and soared high up over the water. Then, poising a moment in the air, he darted, swift
25 as an arrow, down into the river. When he rose from the water, he held the struggling salmon tightly grasped in his strong talons.

“Vile mischief-maker!” cried Thor, as he alighted upon the top of a neighboring crag. “I know thee, and I will make thee rue the work of this day.”

When Loki saw that he was known and that he could not by any means get away from his angry captor, he changed himself back to his own form, and humbly said to Thor:

“What if you should do your worst with me? Will that give back a single hair to Sif’s shorn head? What I did was only in fun, and I really meant no harm. I pray you, spare my life, and I will more than make good the mischief I have done.”

“How can that be?” asked Thor. 15

“I will hasten to the secret smithies of the dwarfs,” answered Loki; “and I will persuade those cunning little kinsmen of mine to make golden tresses for Sif, which will grow upon her head like real hair, and cause her to be an hundred-fold more beautiful than before.” 20

Thor knew that Loki did not always do as he promised, and hence he would not let him go. He called to his cousin Frey, who had just come up, and said: 25

“Come, cousin, help me to rid the world of this sly thief. While I hold fast to his hair and his

long slim arms, do you seize him by the heels, and we will give his limbs to the fishes and his body to the birds, for food.”

Loki, now terribly frightened, fell upon the
 5 ground and kissed Frey's feet and humbly prayed for mercy. He promised that, if he might go, he would bring from the dwarf's smithy, not only the golden hair for Sif, but also a mighty hammer for Thor, and a swift steed for Frey. So earnest were
 10 his words and so pitiful was his plea, that Thor at last set him free and bade him hasten with all speed upon his errand. Quickly, then, and with a light heart, did Loki hurry away in search of the smithy of the dwarfs.

II. THE SMITHY OF THE DWARFS.

Loki made his way across a vast desert moorland and came, after three days, into the barren hill country and among the rugged mountains of the South. There an earthquake had split the rocks asunder, and opened dark and bottomless gorges, and hollowed out
 20 many a low-walled cavern, where the light of day was never seen. Along deep, winding ways, Loki went, squeezing through narrow crevices, creeping under huge rocks, and gliding through crooked clefts, until he came at last into a great underground hall, where
 25 his eyes were dazzled by a light that was stronger

and brighter than the day ; for on every side were glowing fires, roaring in wonderful little forges and blown by wonderful little bellows.

The roof of the cavern was thickly set with diamonds and other precious stones, which sparkled and 5 shone like thousands of bright stars in the blue sky. And hundreds of busy dwarfs, with comical brown faces, and wearing strange leathern aprons, and carrying heavy sledge hammers or long crooked tongs, were hurrying hither and thither, each busy at his 10 own task. Some were smelting gold from the rocks ; others were making gems and jewels, such as the proudest lady in the land would have been glad to wear. Here, one was shaping pure, round pearls from dewdrops and maidens' tears ; there, another 15 wrought green emeralds from the first leaves of spring. So busy were they all, that they neither stopped nor looked up when Loki came into their midst, but all kept on hammering and blowing and working, as if their lives depended on their being 20 always in motion.

After Loki had curiously watched their movements for some time, he spoke to the dwarf whose forge was nearest to him, and made known his errand. But the little fellow was fashioning a diamond which 25 he called the Mountain of Light ; and he scarcely looked up as he answered :

“I do not work in gold. Go to Ivald’s sons; they will make whatever you wish.”

To Ivald’s sons, then, in the farthest and brightest corner of the hall, Loki went. They very readily
5 agreed to make the golden hair for Sif, and they began to work at once. A lump of purest gold was brought and thrown into the glowing furnace; and it was melted and drawn, and melted and drawn, seven times. Then it was given to a merry brown
10 elf, who carried it with all speed to another part of the hall, where the dwarfs’ pretty wives were spinning. One of the little women took the yellow lump from the elf’s hands and placed it, like flax, upon the distaff of her spinning wheel. Then she sat down
15 and began to spin; and while she span, the dwarf wives sang a strange, sweet song of the old, old days when the dwarf folk ruled the world. And tiny brown elves danced gleefully around the spinner, and the thousand little anvils rang out a merry chorus to
20 the music of the singers.

And the yellow gold was twisted into threads, and the threads ran into hair softer than silk and finer than gossamer. And at last the dwarf woman held in her hand long golden tresses ten times more beautiful than the amber locks Loki had cut from Sif’s
25 pretty head. Then Ivald’s sons, proud of their skill, gave the treasure to the mischief-maker, who smiled

as if he were well pleased ; but in his heart he was angry because the dwarfs had made so fair a piece of workmanship.



She sat down and began to spin.

“ This is indeed handsome,” said he, 5
 “ and will be very becoming to the queen of the fields. Ah, but wasn’t there an uproar about those flaxen tresses of which she was so proud ? And that reminds me that her husband, gruff 10 old Thor, wants a hammer. I promised to get him one, and if I go back without it, I fear he will be rude to me. I pray you to make a hammer, such as will be of use to him in killing giants, and allow me to take it to him as a present from you.” 15

“We can not make it now,” said the elder of Ivald’s sons. “For who would dare send a present to Thor before offering one to Odin, who is greater than he?”

5 “Make me, then, a gift for Odin,” cried Loki; “and perhaps he will save me from the Thunderer’s wrath.”

So the dwarfs put iron into their furnace, and heated it to a glowing white heat. Then they drew
10 it out and rolled it upon their anvils, and pounded it with their sledges, till they had wrought a wondrous spear, such as no man had ever seen. Then they inlaid it with priceless jewels, and plated the point with gold seven times tried.

15 “This is the spear called Gungner,” said they. “Take it to mighty Odin as the best gift that we humble earth workers can send.”

“Make now a present for gentle Frey,” said Loki. “I have promised to take him a steed that will bear
20 him swiftly wherever he wants to ride.”

Ivald’s sons again threw gold into the furnace, and blew with their bellows till the very roof of the cave hall seemed to tremble, and the smoke rolled up the wide chimney, and poured in dense black clouds from
25 the mountain top. When they left off working, and the fire died away, a fairy ship, with masts and sails and two banks of long oars, rose out of the glow-

ing coals ; and it grew in size till it filled the greater part of the hall and might have furnished room for a thousand warriors and their steeds to stand in its hold. Then, at a word from the dwarfs, it began to shrink, and it became smaller and smaller 5 till it was no broader than an oak leaf.

And the younger of Ivald's sons folded it up like a napkin, and gave it to Loki, saying :

“ Take this to Frey, the gentle. It is the ship Skidbladner. When it is wanted for a voyage, 10 it will carry Frey and all his friends. But, when it is not needed, he may fold it up, as I have done, and carry it in his pocket.”

“ But I promised him a horse,” said Loki.

“ And we send him a horse,” answered the dwarf 15 — “ a horse of the sea.”

Although much disappointed because he had gotten no present for Thor, Loki thanked the dwarfs very heartily ; and taking the golden hair and the spear and the ship, he started for home. 20

III. THE GIFTS OF THE ELVES.

Just before he reached the narrow doorway which led out of the cavern, Loki met two elves much smaller and much darker than any he had seen before.

“What have you there?” asked one of them, whose name was Brok.

“Hair for Sif, a spear for Odin, and a ship for Frey,” answered the mischief-maker.

5 “Let us see them,” said Brok.

Loki kindly showed them the strange gifts, and told them that it was his belief that there was no dwarf nor elf in all the world that had ever made anything more wonderful.

10 “Who made these things?” inquired Brok.

“Ivald’s sons.”

“Ah! Ivald’s sons sometimes do good work, but there are others among us who can do better. My brother Sindre, who stands here, can make three
15 other treasures much more wonderful than these.”

“He can not!” cried Loki.

“What will you wager that he can not?” asked Brok. “What will you wager against all the diamonds in the ceiling above us?”

20 “What will I wager? Why, I will wager my head that Sindre can do no such thing.”

The three went straightway to Sindre’s forge, and the elf began his task. When the fire was roaring hot and the sparks flew from the chimney like
25 showers of shooting stars, Sindre put a pigskin into the furnace, and bade Brok blow the bellows with all his might, and never stop until he should speak

the word. The flames leaped up white and hot, and the furnace glowed with a dazzling light, while Brok plied the bellows, and Sindre, with unblinking eyes, watched the slowly changing colors which played around the melted mass within. While the 5 brothers were thus intent upon their work, Loki changed himself to a huge horsefly, and, settling upon Brok's hand, bit him without mercy. But the brave fellow kept on blowing the bellows, and stopped not till his brother cried out: 10

“Enough!”

Then Sindre drew out of the flames a huge wild boar with long tusks of ivory, and golden bristles that glittered like the beams of the noonday sun.

“This is Golden Bristle,” said Sindre. “It is the 15 gift of Brok and his brother to the gentle Frey. The ship Skidbladner may carry him over the sea; but Golden Bristle shall be a trusty steed which will bear him with the speed of the wind over the land and through the air and whithersoever he may 20 wish to go.”

Next the elfin smiths threw gold into the furnace, and Brok plied the bellows and Sindre gazed into the flames as before. And the great horsefly buzzed in Brok's face, and darted at his eyes, and at last 25 settled upon his neck and stung him till the pain caused big drops of sweat to roll off his forehead.

But the brave fellow stopped not nor faltered, till his brother again cried out :

“Enough !”

This time Sindre drew out a wondrous ring of
5 solid gold, sparkling all over with the rarest and most costly jewels.

“This is the ring Draupner,” said he. “Every ninth day eight other rings, equal to it in every way, will drop from it. Wheresoever it is carried,
10 will enrich the earth and make the desert blossom as a rose ; and it will bring plèntiful harvests and fill the farmers’ barns with grain and their houses with good cheer. Take it, brother Brok, to Odin as the best gift of the elves to him and to mankind.”

15 Lastly the smiths took iron which had been brought from the mountains of the far North ; and after beating it upon their anvils until it glowed white and hot, Sindre threw it into the furnace.

“This shall be the gift of gifts,” said he to Brok.
20 “Ply the bellows as before, and do not for your life stop or falter until the work is finished.”

But as Brok blew the bellows, and his brother gazed into the glowing fire, the horsefly came again. This time it bit Brok’s eyelids till the blood filled
25 his eyes and ran down his cheeks, and blinded him so that he could not see. At last, in sore distress and wild with pain, Brok let go of the bellows, and

lifted his hand to drive the fly away. Then Sindre drew his work out of the furnace. It was a blue steel hammer, well made in every way, save that the handle was half an inch too short.

“This is Mjolner, or the Crusher,” said Sindre to 5 Loki, who had again taken his proper shape. “Thor, the thunderer, may have the hammer which you promised him; but it shall be our gift, and not yours. The stoutest giant can not stand against him who is armed with this hammer, nor is any shield or 10 armor proof against its lightning strokes.”

And Brok took the three treasures which Sindre had fashioned, and went back with Loki to the dwelling of Thor in the distant North. And they chose Odin and Thor and Frey to examine and judge which 15 was best, — Loki’s three gifts, the work of Ivald’s sons, or Brok’s three gifts, the work of Sindre.

When the judges were seated, Loki went forward and gave to Odin the spear Gungner, that would always hit the mark; and to Frey he gave the ship 20 Skidbladner, that would sail whithersoever he wished. Then he gave the golden hair to Thor, who placed it upon the head of fair Sif; and it grew there, and was a thousand-fold more beautiful than the silken tresses of which she had been so proud. 25

“Where is the hammer that you promised to bring me?” asked Thor angrily. But Loki did not answer.

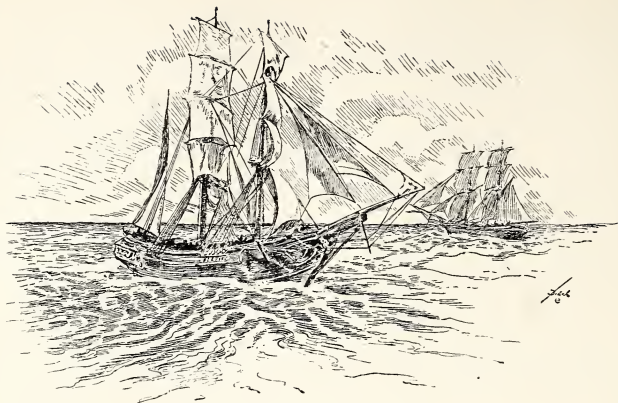
After the judges had looked carefully at these treasures and talked about the beauty and the value of each, little Brok came humbly forward and offered his gifts. To Odin he gave the ring Draupner, already dropping riches. To Frey he gave the boar Golden Bristle, telling him that wherever he chose to go, this steed would serve him well, and would carry him faster than any horse. And then to Thor he gave the Crusher, and said that it, like Odin's spear, would always hit the mark, crushing in pieces whatever it struck, and that whithersoever it might be hurled, it would always come back to its owner's hand again.

The judges declared at once that the hammer and the boar and the ring were the best gifts, and that Brok had fairly won the wager. But when the elf demanded Loki's head as the forfeit, the cunning mischief-maker laughed, and answered :

“My head is, by the terms of our agreement, yours; but my neck is my own, and you shall not on any account touch or harm it.”

So Brok went back to his brother and his glowing forge without the head of Loki; but he was loaded with rich and rare presents from Thor and golden-haired Sif.

— From “*The Story of Siegfried*,” by permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons



THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

When o'er the silent seas alone,
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
 Oh, they who've felt it know how sweet,
 Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
 "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
 While answering back the sounds we hear,
 "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?"

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
 Kind words are said of friends and home;
 And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
 To sail o'er silent seas again.

— *Thomas Moore.*

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

5 Those joyous hours are
 passed away ;
 And many a heart that
 then was gay,
 Within the tomb now
 darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those
 evening bells.

And so 'twill be when
 I am gone ;

10 That tuneful peal will
 still ring on,

While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.



Thomas Moore.

Few poets of the nineteenth century have equaled Thomas Moore in the power to combine words of a commonplace
 15 character into poetry, which charms the inner ear by its delightful cadence. The two poems here given are from his "National Airs." In reading them, observe the exquisite harmony of the words, and their perfect adaptation to the thoughts which they express and inspire.

SEARCHING FOR GOLD AND FINDING
A RIVER.

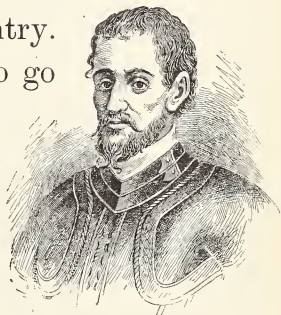
Three hundred and fifty years ago this country of ours was a wild land of woods and prairies and swamps. There were no broad farms nor busy towns nor roads from place to place; but the only inhabitants were Indians, and wild beasts were to 5 be found everywhere.

The people of Europe did not know much about America, for it had been only a few years since Columbus had shown them the way to it. They knew nothing about its great rivers or its lofty 10 mountains; nor did they know how far it reached to the north or south or west. They thought of it only as a place where there was much gold and silver, which might be had by fighting the Indians and taking it from them. 15

As the country had been discovered by the Spanish, it was said to belong to Spain; and nearly all the earliest comers were Spaniards who came in search of gold. Among them was a daring young man whose name was Ferdinand de Soto. He 20 made two or three visits to America, and each time gained a great deal of wealth. But he was not satisfied; for he wanted to explore the country north of the Gulf of Mexico, where no white man had yet

ventured, and see whether he might not win still more riches and renown.

He therefore fitted out some ships in grand style, with everything that was needed to
5 conquer this new and unknown country. Great numbers of men were anxious to go with him, for every one expected to find a land that was rich in gold and silver and precious things. The ships
10 reached the western coast of Florida early in the spring, and De Soto and his followers went on shore, full of high hopes and great expectations.



Ferdinand de Soto.

Everything was taken out of the ships: food
15 and clothing, firearms and horses, a drove of hogs— the first ever seen in this country, — dogs for chasing the Indians, and whatever else might be of use in conquering and despoiling the land. Then, in order that no one should think of running away from
20 danger, all the ships were sent back to Cuba. The men now knew that they must make the best of things or perish.

Soon the hunt for gold began. The country being unknown to the Spaniards, they were obliged
25 to trust to Indian guides whom they forced to go with them. These guides led them into all sorts of dangerous places — sometimes through dismal

swamps where they were almost buried in the boggy ground, sometimes into trackless woods where they wandered for days uncertain which way to go.

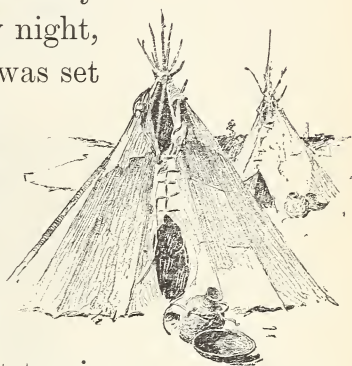
Not much gold could they find in a land like this, and they did not care for anything else. Before ⁵ the summer was fairly over, the most of the men were ready to give up the undertaking and go home. But De Soto would not listen to them. And, indeed, how could they go home, now that the ships had sailed away? 10

Early the next spring they started again. They had found a new guide, who promised to lead them to a country that was full of gold and was governed by a queen. But although they traveled far, the Spaniards never came to such a country. They passed ¹⁵ through pleasant valleys where there were wild fruits in plenty, and myriads of beautiful flowers and singing birds; then they were obliged to cross deep rivers and dangerous swamps, and to make their way through dark forests and tangled thickets, ²⁰ where many of them perished.

Instead of fine cities and stores of gold, they found only a few poor Indian wigwams and dens of savage beasts. Winter came again, and as they were now much farther north, it was longer and ²⁵ colder than any they had ever known. But they took a little Indian village from its owners, fitted

up the wigwams and built a few log huts, and made themselves as comfortable as they could until spring.

When they were ready to start again, De Soto called before him the Indian chief in whose country
5 they were, and bade him furnish a number of men to go with the Spaniards and carry their arms and goods. That very night, when all were asleep, the village was set on fire. Eleven men were burned
10 to death or were killed by the Indians; nearly all the horses perished; and the greater part of their arms and clothing was lost. But these losses only made
15 De Soto the more determined not to give up the search for gold.



At length, those of the party who had lived through the hardships of a two years' march, came to the banks of a mighty river — the largest river
20 they had ever seen. It was the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, as the Indians called it. So far as is certainly known, they were the first white men who had ever beheld it.

This was in the summer of 1541.

25 Two hundred canoes filled with Indians came from the other side of the river, bringing fish and fruits to give to the white strangers. De Soto set



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

De Soto's First View of the Mississippi.

Engraved by Walter Aikman.

up a wooden cross near the shore, and claimed all the country for the king of Spain. And here the Spaniards staid nearly a month, building a boat that would be large enough and strong enough to
5 carry the horses over to the other shore.

At last, having safely crossed the great river, they started again on the long search for gold. First they went north, then west, then south, and then back toward the river. New dangers and difficulties con-
10 fronted them at every turn. Men and horses perished, and when De Soto at last came again to the banks of the Mississippi, he was almost alone.

“I am no common man,” he said to an Indian chief who met him there. “I am a child of the
15 sun. I can do anything that I choose, and no one can hinder me.”

“Dry up the great river, and then I will believe you,” said the Indian.

The hot days of summer came, and De Soto was
20 taken sick and died. The few Spaniards who were still alive kept his death a secret; for they feared lest the Indians, knowing how little they could do without their leader, would make an attack upon them. One dark night they put his body into a boat
25 and, rowing out to the middle of the stream, dropped it overboard into the great river which he had found while searching for gold.

BEAVERS AT HOME.

A beaver is a small animal about three feet in length. It is covered with fine, glossy, dark brown fur. Its tail is nearly a foot long, and has no hair at all, but only little scales, something like a fish. This tail is of great use to the beaver, for it serves as a trowel, an alarm bell, and many other things besides.

A beaver can not bear to live alone. He is never so happy as when he has two or three hundred friends close at hand whom he can visit every day and all day; for beavers are the best and kindest neighbors in the world, always ready to help one another in building new houses or in repairing old ones.



A Beaver at Home.

Of course the first thing to be done when one is going to build a house or a village is to fix on a suitable site for it; and the spot which every beaver of sense thinks most desirable is either a large pond, or, if no pond is to be had, a low plain with a

stream running through it. For out of such a plain, a pond can be made.

It must be a very, very long time since beavers first learned that the way to make a pond out of
5 a stream is to build a dam across it. To begin with, they must know which way the stream runs, and in this they never make a mistake.

They first gather together a number of stakes about five feet long, which they fix in rows tight in
10 the ground on each side of the stream. While the older beavers are doing this, — for the safety of the village lies in the strength of the foundation, — the younger ones are fetching and heaping up many green branches of trees. These branches are woven
15 in and out among the rows of stakes, which by this time reach across the stream, and a dam is formed, perhaps a hundred feet in length.

When the foundation has been finished, the beavers pile stones, clay, and sand upon it until they
20 have built a wall ten or twelve feet thick at the bottom and two or three feet thick at the top. After all this has been done, the overseer or head beaver goes carefully over every part to see if the dam is of the right shape and is everywhere smooth
25 and even; for beavers do not like poor work, and any who are lazy or careless are sure to be punished.

When the dam has been finished and the pond made,

the beavers begin to think about their houses. As they have a great dislike to damp floors, they have to raise their dwellings quite six or eight feet above the water, so that when the stream rises during the rainy season they will still be dry and comfortable. 5

Beavers are always quite clear in their minds as to what they want, and how to get it, and they like to keep things distinct. When they are in the water, they are as happy as they can be; but when they are out of it, they like to be dry. It is some- 10 times two or three months before the village is finished. But the little round huts are to be used only for winter homes; for no beaver would think of sleeping indoors during the summer, or, indeed, of staying two days in the same place. 15

All that a beaver does is well done. The walls of his house are about two feet thick, and when he has a large family or many friends to stay with him the house is sometimes three stories high. No beaver ever thinks of keeping house alone. Sometimes 20 he will have one companion, and sometimes as many as thirty. But however full a hut may be, everything is kept in good order. Each beaver has his fixed place on the floor, which is covered with dry leaves and moss. A door is always kept open into 25 the place where their food is kept, and so they never go hungry. There they lie all through the winter,

eating the bark and tender shoots of young trees which they have carefully stored away, sleeping through the cold stormy weather, and at last getting very fat.

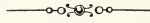
5 At one time there were many beavers in the West and the South, but now there are very few to be found there. Many years ago a Frenchman who was traveling in Louisiana spent a good deal of time in watching beavers and learning about their ways.
10 He hid himself close to a dam which the little creatures had built, and in the night he cut a hole about a foot wide right through it.

He had made no noise while cutting through the dam, but the rush of the water aroused one beaver
15 who was not sleeping as soundly as the others. This beaver left his hut quickly, and swam to the dam to see what was wrong. As soon as he saw the channel that had been dug, he struck four loud blows with his tail, and every beaver in the village
20 left his bed and rushed out in answer to the call. When they reached the dam and saw the large hole in it, they took counsel as to what they should do. Then the head beaver gave orders to the rest, and all went to the bank to make mortar.

25 When they had made as much mortar as they could carry, they loaded each other's tails, and forming in line marched to the dam. The mortar was

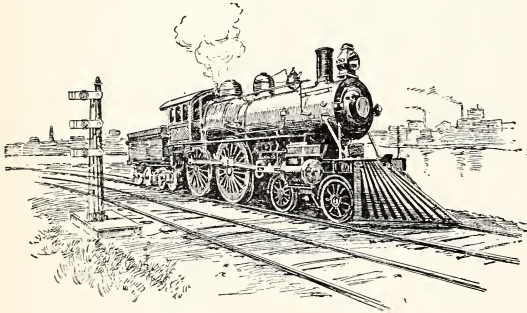
placed in the hole and driven down tight by blows from the beavers' tails. So hard did they work, and so much sense did they show, that in a short time the dam was as good as ever. Then one of the older beavers struck two blows with his tail, and in a few minutes all were in bed and asleep again. 5

—Adapted from "*Animal Biography*" by William Bingley.



THE IRON HORSE.

See him as he stands on the track, ready to begin the race! Did any war horse ever look prouder, stand firmer, brace himself so bravely for the onset? 10



He breathes short and quick, filling his lungs with air and puffing it out through his flaming nostrils. He swallows his food 15

at a gulp — black stones which become red fire in his great stomach. He drinks more water than a dozen camels making ready for a desert journey. 20 He is restive, and yet easy to be controlled. He

trembles with impatience. With his fifty tons' weight he shakes the earth around him.

See his iron sinews, how tense, how ready for action they are! and think of the wonderful power
5 that lies dormant within them, soon to be awakened to energetic life!

And now the master gives the word—it is only a motion of his hand. The steed whinnies with delight, he moves, he starts. No spur, nor whip,
10 nor guiding rein for him! If he has plenty to eat and drink, he will do whatever he is bidden.

See how steadily and with what force he moves at the beginning of the race! His momentum becomes greater with every movement of those iron muscles;
15 his speed increases; he neighs with delight as his master gives him the reins.

On, on, thou swifter than the west wind! On, thou star chaser! The fleetest steed in the world can not overtake thee!

20 Snorting, neighing, puffing, whistling, he speeds onward; he crosses rivers without slacking his pace; he rushes through villages and towns, shrieking in his pride and never pausing; he dives under mountains, and his one great eye shines like a meteor in
25 the dark caverns through which he hastens.

Out he leaps again, with a roar and a crash and a shrill scream which wakens all the countryside and

is echoed far among the hills. But now, at another motion of his master's hand, he slackens his speed; he curbs his wonderful power; his rattling pace becomes a smooth, gliding movement; he creeps; he stops.

He has carried his master, his groom, and five hundred riders a distance of sixty miles in as many minutes. Yet he is not tired. He pants and trembles, it is true, but only because he is impatient to be going again. The groom pats him on the back; he smooths his shining black side; he polishes the yellow stripes that girdle his body; he looks lovingly into his eye. Everybody admires him.

How docile is the great steed! Although his strength is equal to that of a thousand war horses, his master can control it by the movement of a single finger. How useful he is! He is your best servant. From the remotest corners of the world he brings your food and clothing; he will carry you to any place you may choose to go.

How powerful he is! He has made one neighborhood of our whole great continent; he has pretty well done away with distances; he has helped to civilize the world. Who says that he is only a mass of iron and steel, of senseless wheels and lifeless levers?

In all the world there is no horse like the iron horse.

— From "The Horse Fair," by permission of The Century Co.

LITTLE BELL.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood
spray,

“Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What’s your name?” quoth he.

“What’s your name? It surely must
be told,

Pretty maid with showery curls of gold” —
“Little Bell,” said she.



Little Bell sat down beside the rocks,
And tossed aside her gleaming, golden
locks.

“Bonny bird,” quoth she,
“Sing me your best song before I go.”
“Here’s the very finest song I know,
Little Bell,” said he.

And the blackbird piped: you never
heard

Half so gay a song from any bird; —
Full of quips and wiles,

Now so round and rich, now soft and
slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o’er with smiles.



And the while the bonny bird did pour
 His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
 'Neath the morning skies,
 In the little childish heart below
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
 And shine forth in happy overflow
 From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the
 glade

Peeped the squirrel from the hazel
 shade,

And, from out the tree,

Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void
 of fear,—

While bold blackbird piped, that
 all might hear,

“Little Bell!” piped he.



Little Bell sat down amid the fern :

“Squirrel, squirrel! to your task return ;

Bring me nuts,” quoth she.

Up, away the frisky squirrel hies,

Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes,—

And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by autumn’s sun,

In the little lap, dropped one by one ;—

Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!

“Happy Bell!” pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:

“Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,

Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid,

Come and share with me!”

Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,

Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!

Little Bell gave each his honest share;

Ah! the merry three!

And the while these woodland

playmates twain,

Piped and frisked from

bough to bough again,

'Neath the morning

skies,

In the little childish heart

below,

All the sweetness seemed

to grow and grow,

And shine out in happy

overflow

From her blue, bright eyes.



By her snow-white cot at close of day,

Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.

Very calm and clear
 Rose the childish voice to where, unseen,
 In blue heaven an angel shape serene
 Paused awhile to hear.



“What good child is this,” the
 angel said,

“That with happy heart be-
 side her bed,

Prays so lovingly?”

Low and soft, oh! very low
 and soft,

Piped the blackbird in the
 orchard croft,

“Bell, *dear* Bell!” piped he.

“Whom God’s creatures love,”
 the angel fair

Murmured, “God doth bless with angels’ care.

Child, thy bed shall be

Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,

Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,

Little Bell, for thee!”

— *Thomas Westwood.*

THE LITTLE MAN.

I once knew a little man who every day grew twenty-four hours older without becoming any larger. This vexed him a great deal, for he wished very much to be tall and large like other men,
 5 and he could not bear to hear people say, "Good morning, my little man!"

One day a bright idea came into his mind. He would go to the shoemaker's and have high heels put on his boots — that would make
 10 him taller, at least. The shoemaker was very glad to see him. "Good morning, my little man," he said; "what can I do for you?"

"Master Crispin," he answered — for that was what he called the shoemaker — "Master Crispin, I
 15 wish you would put a new pair of heels on my boots, and make them so high that people will stop calling me a little man. I am tired of such nonsense."

The shoemaker very kindly set to work, and when he had finished the boots and been paid for his work,
 20 he said: "I hope that I have pleased you so well that you will call again another day. Good-bye, my little man!"

The little gentleman took his leave, greatly vexed that the shoemaker had no more respect for his feel-
 25 ings. "It will be different with the innkeeper," he



thought; "he will open his eyes, and greet me by another name." So he went at once to the inn, and walked boldly through the front door into the hall, keeping himself all the time as straight as a young soldier on guard before the general's tent.



"Good morning, my little man," said the innkeeper; "what can I do for you to-day?"

Just think how the little man must have been vexed to find that his high heels had done him so little good. He turned about and hurried away, trying to think what further he might do in order to have people treat him with due respect.

Seeing a hat shop, he made up his mind to go in and buy the tallest hat that could be found. He was hardly inside the door when the hatter greeted him with, "Good morning, my little man! What can I do for you to-day?"

"I want to buy a hat," he said, "that will make me so tall that people will stop calling me a little man. It vexes me."

The hatter gave him a hat tall enough for a grenadier; and when he had gotten his money, he thanked his customer. "I hope you will like it. Good day, my little man!"

The little gentleman was very angry, but he said

nothing. "Now it will be different at the inn," he thought; and he hurried back, wearing his hat on the side of his head like an Englishman.

"Good morning, my little man," said the inn-keeper, smiling in a very friendly way. "What can I do for you now?"

You may imagine how the little man felt! What was the use of having such high heels and so tall a hat, when nobody seemed to notice that they had made him any larger? Up and down the street he went, asking all he met why it was that, in spite of his heels and his hat, he was still called little man. No one could or would tell him, and that vexed him all the more.



"What a dumb fellow I am!" thought he at last. "Who would expect common people like these to know anything? I will go up to the city and ask the governor. He knows everything."

And so, without loss of time, he packed his valise, and set out for the city.

On his way he stopped at a country tavern to pass the night. "A fine day to you, my little man," said the host; "where are you going at this pace?"

"I am going up to the city to talk with the governor," answered the little man, feeling very much out of humor. "I want to ask him why it is that,

in spite of my high heels and my tall hat, everybody has the ill manners to call me a little man. It makes me furious!"



"Good! good!" cried the host. "I have a mind to go along with you. I want to ask the governor why it is that everybody calls me the poor tavern keeper." Then, calling to the hostler, he said, "Here, John, you lazybones! stir yourself quickly, and pack my valise. I am going up to the city to see the governor." 10

"Master," said the hostler, "I should like to go too. I want to ask the governor why everybody calls me lazybones."

On reaching the city, the three friends went at once to the governor's house and asked to see the 15 governor. The servant led them into the parlor, where there was a very large mirror.



The governor listened to them very kindly, and then said to the tavern keeper: "Turn your back to this mirror; then look over your 20 left shoulder, and tell me what you see."

"What do I see!" cried the tavern keeper. "Why, I see a dozen women sitting round a table, and drinking tea, and talking. And there is my wife, as sure as you live!" 25

"Well, my friend," said the governor, "as long as your wife spends her time in this way, you will

not only be called a poor tavern keeper, but you will be a poor tavern keeper."

The hostler's turn came next. He stood up before the mirror, and looked over his left shoulder.

5 "Ha, ha!" he cried, "I see two dogs chasing a hare. They think to catch him, but they'll have to get up earlier in the morning if they do."

"Well, my friend," said the governor, "when you run as fast as this hare every time an order is given
10 you, people will stop calling you lazybones."

And now the little gentleman came forward.

"What do you see?" asked the governor.

"I see nothing but myself," he answered.

"Do you see yourself larger than you
15 are?"

"No, I see myself just as I am."

"Well," said the governor, "I have no doubt but that other people see you the same way. The only advice that I can
20 give you is to have yourself measured till you have really grown larger, then people will stop calling you little. Good-bye, my little man!"

The little gentleman went away not so well pleased as he wanted to be. But there are a good many
25 people who are no wiser than he. Did you never hear of any one who thought to become great by wearing fine clothes?



OUR COUNTRY.

Our country! 'tis a glorious land!

With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

Great God! we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

SOMETHING ABOUT COTTON.

Nobody knows when cotton was first used for clothing. People learned to cultivate useful plants long before they learned to write, and so none of our books are old enough to tell us who were the
5 first farmers, or bakers, or weavers. But until very recently cotton was spun into threads and woven into cloth by hand. This was a very slow process, and cotton goods, especially of the finer sort, were costly and scarce.

10 The muslins that are made in India have always been noted for their beauty. A traveler, writing more than two hundred years ago, describes some of these muslins as being "so fine that you can hardly feel them in your hand." Another gentle-
15 man describes a cotton fabric which he saw as being "so exceeding fine that when laid on the grass and dew has fallen on it, it is no longer visible."

These beautiful and delicate fabrics were not made by machinery. They were woven by hand on
20 looms of the coarsest and simplest kind. It is very seldom that such goods are made now. Since so much machinery has come into use, no one seems to care to acquire the skill that is necessary to produce work so wondrously fine.

25 When America was discovered, four hundred

years ago, cotton was found growing in the warmer parts of the country, and many of the natives knew how to weave it into cloth. Now four times as much cotton is grown in America as in all the rest of the world together.

5

Cotton is planted in the spring. The seeds are dropped into furrows and covered over with about an inch of soil. When the young plants are from six to ten inches high, they are thinned out, the stronger ones only being left standing.

10

Soon afterwards the top bud is nipped off the main shoot of each plant, so that it will send out more shoots, and thus bear more blossoms. The flowers begin to appear among the dark glossy leaves when the plant is from two to three feet high.

15



Cotton Plant.

The blossom lasts only two days. It opens in the morning a little after sunrise, and is then a pale straw color, which soon becomes white. It begins to close soon after noon, when a pale red streak may be seen running up each of its petals, and it is entirely closed by sunset.

20

Next morning, about sunrise, it opens again as fresh as ever; but it is now a beautiful pink. It lasts till sunset, when it again closes; but this time the petals wither and fall off, and leave a little pod, or boll as

25

it is called, about the size of a small bean. The blossom of the sea-island cotton does not change its color, but is always pale yellow.

The boll contains the seeds, which are surrounded
 5 by a white pulp. As the boll ripens, the pulp dries up, and the seeds become covered with long silky hairs. These hairs grow longer and longer till they completely fill the boll, and at last they burst it open and hang out in snowy tufts several inches long.

10 The sooner these tufts are picked now, the better for the strength and whiteness of the cotton.

From the middle of August to the end of September is the usual picking season.

The soft, white, fluffy cotton is gathered
 15 in bags or baskets and spread out on the ground to dry.



Picking Cotton.

The next thing to be done is to re-
 move the seeds from the fibers among which
 they have grown. This was formerly done by hand,
 20 and it took a long time. Now it is done very rapidly by a machine called a cotton gin. This machine was invented about a hundred years ago by Eli Whitney, and since then the cultivation and manufacture of cotton has increased to a wonderful extent.

25 After the cotton has been "ginned," it is pressed and packed in bales and is ready to be sent away to be made into cloth. At the cotton mills the bales

are unpacked and the cotton is cleaned very carefully. It is passed between two sets of fine wire points which comb it out straight and lay it flat. It is then spun into threads or yarn, and wound on spools.

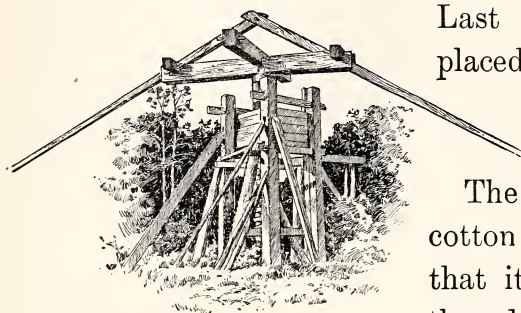
Last of all, the yarn is ⁵ placed in looms, where it is woven into different kinds of cotton cloth.

The great usefulness of the cotton fiber is due to the fact ¹⁰ that it can be twisted into a thread. Fibers that are perfectly smooth will not form

a thread when they are twisted, but will pull apart from each other. But this is not the case with cot- ¹⁵ ton fibers, which, under the microscope, appear like curling ribbons with thickened edges.

The seeds of the cotton plant, which were once thrown away as valueless, are now used for many purposes. ²⁰

Those not needed for sowing are pressed between heavy rollers, when they yield a valuable oil which is used for cooking purposes, for making soap, or for mixing paints. The crushed ²⁵ mass of seeds is ground into cotton-seed meal, and in this shape is used for feeding cattle and as a fertilizer.



Old-fashioned Cotton Press.



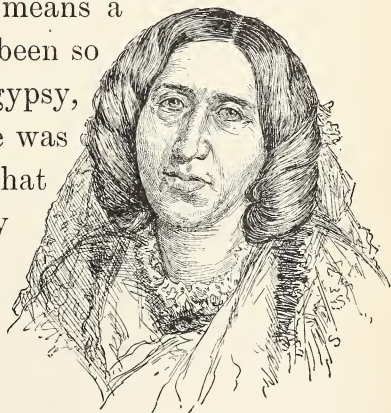
Bales of Cotton.

MAGGIE TULLIVER AND THE GYPSIES.

I.

In "The Mill on the Floss," a delightful book which you will read before you are much older, George Eliot has told us the story of Maggie Tulliver and her brother Tom. They lived at Dorlcote Mill
 5 on the river Floss. One day they had a childish quarrel, which brought about the adventure that is here narrated.

Maggie resolved that she would not go home that day. No; she would run away and go to the
 10 gypsies, and her brother Tom should never see her any more. That was by no means a new idea to Maggie; she had been so often told that she was like a gypsy, and "half wild," that when she was
 15 miserable it seemed to her that the only way ever to be happy again would be to live in a little brown tent on the commons; the gypsies, she thought,
 20 would be glad to welcome her and pay her respect on account of her superior knowledge. She had once spoken of this matter to Tom, and had gone so far as to suggest that he should stain his face brown, and they should



George Eliot.

run away together. But Tom had rejected the scheme with contempt, saying that the gypsies were thieves and that they had hardly anything to eat, and nothing to drive but a donkey.

To-day, however, Maggie thought her misery had 5 reached a point at which gypsydom was her only refuge: she would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies; and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relations who found fault with her, should never see her any 10 more. She thought of her father as she ran along — but then, she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy, and always loved him very much. 15

The road seemed indeed very long, and Maggie, as she wandered desperately on, became not only very tired, but dreadfully hungry; for she had eaten but very little that day. . . . At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and she found herself looking 20 through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. She had come this long distance for the purpose of seeking her unknown kindred, the gypsies; and now she was in this strange lane, she hardly dared look on one 25 side of her lest she should see one of the dusky tribe.

It was not without a leaping of the heart that

she caught sight of a small pair of bare legs sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hillock; and she was too much agitated at the first glance to see the ragged clothes and the dark, shaggy head attached to them. It was a boy asleep; and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly lest she should wake him; she did not once think that he was one of her friends, the gypsies, and that he might have the kindest of manners. But the fact was so; for at the next bend of the lane, Maggie actually saw the little half-round, black tent, with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge from all the trials that had pursued her in civilized life.

She even saw a female figure by the column of smoke — doubtless the gypsy mother who provided the tea and other groceries; and it was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted. But it was startling to find the gypsies in a lane, after all, and not on a common; indeed, it was rather disappointing; for a mysterious common, where there were sand pits to hide in, and one was out of everybody's reach, had always made part of Maggie's picture of gypsy life. She went on, however, and thought with some comfort that gypsies most likely knew nothing about idiots, so there was no danger of their falling into the mistake of setting her down at the first glance as an idiot.

It was plain she had attracted attention ; for the female figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up into the new face as it approached,



" My little lady, where are you going ? "

and was reassured by the thought that her Aunt 5 Pullet and the rest were right when they called her a gypsy ; for this face, with the bright, dark eyes and long hair, was really something like what she used to see in the glass before she cut her hair off.

" My little lady, where are you going ? " the 10 gypsy asked.

It was delightful, and just what Maggie expected ;

the gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

“Not any farther,” said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream.

5 “I’m come to stay with *you*, please.”

“That’s pretty ; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure,” said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, and wished she had not been so dirty.

10 There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the ground nursing her knees, and now and then poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth an odorous steam ; two small, shock-headed children
15 were lying prone and resting on their elbows, something like small sphinxes ; and a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of sweet, stolen hay. The slanting sun-
20 light fell kindly upon them, and the scene was very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the teacups. Everything would be quite charming when she had taught the gypsies to use a washing basin, and to feel an
25 interest in books. It was a little confusing, though, when the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand,

while the tall girl, who was feeding the donkey, sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation.

At last the old woman said: "What, my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down, and tell us where you come from." 5

It was just like a story; Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said: "I'm come from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you, if you like, and I can teach you a great many things." 10

"Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing the baby to crawl; "and such a pretty bonnet and frock," taking off Maggie's bonnet and looking at it, while she said something to the old woman in 15 the unknown language. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head, hind-foremost, with a grin. But Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this point, as if she cared for the bonnet. 20

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said; "I'd rather wear a red handkerchief like yours" (looking at her friend by her side). "My hair was quite long till yesterday, when I cut it off; but I dare say it will grow again very soon," she added. She had 25 forgotten even her hunger at the moment in the desire to make herself stand well in gypsy opinion.

“Oh, what a nice little lady!—and rich, I’m sure,” said the old woman. “Didn’t you live in a beautiful house at home?”

“Yes, my home is pretty, and I’m very fond of
5 the river, where we go fishing; but I’m often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books—I’ve read them so many times; and that
10 will amuse you. And I can tell you something about geography, too—that’s about the world we live in—very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?”

Maggie’s eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks
15 to flush—she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies and gaining great influence over them.

II.

The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie’s pocket, which the friend
20 at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

“Is that where you live?” said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

“Oh, no!” said Maggie, with some pity; “Colum-
25 bus was a very wonderful man, who found out half

the world, and they put chains on him, and treated him very badly, you know ; it's in my Catechism of Geography ; but perhaps it's rather too long for me to tell before tea — *I want my tea so.*"

The last words burst from Maggie, in spite of 5 herself, with a sudden drop from patronizing instruction to simple peevishness.

"Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some of the cold victual. You've been walking a good way, I'll be bound, my 10 dear. Where's your home?"

"It's Dorlcote Mill — a good way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver ; but we mustn't let him know where I am, else he'll fetch me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?" 15

"What! Do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman. The tall girl meanwhile was constantly staring at Maggie and grinning. Her manners were certainly not agreeable.

"No," said Maggie ; "I'm only thinking that if 20 she isn't a very good queen, you might be glad when she died, and you would choose another. If I was a queen, I'd be kind to everybody."

"Here's a bit of nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread 25 which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

“Thank you,” said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; “but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don’t like bacon.”

5 “We’ve got no tea nor butter,” said the old woman with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

“Oh, a little bread and treacle would do,” said Maggie.

10 “We ha’n’t got no treacle,” said the old woman crossly, whereupon there followed a sharp dialogue between the two women in their unknown tongue, and one of the small sphinxes snatched at the bread and bacon and began to eat it.

15 A little while afterwards two men came up, fierce-looking fellows, who began chattering with the women in the strange language which Maggie did not understand. From the tones of their voices it seemed that they were quarreling, and Maggie, 20 frightened at their rough manners, could scarcely keep from bursting into tears.

She felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people, or ever give them amusing and useful knowledge. At last the younger woman, 25 in her previous coaxing tone, said:

“This nice little lady’s come to live with us; aren’t you glad?”

“Ay, very glad,” said the younger, who was looking at Maggie’s silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. The woman saw she was frightened.

“We’ve got nothing nice for a lady to eat,” said the old woman in her coaxing tone, “and she’s so hungry, sweet little lady!”

“Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o’ this,” said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie.

If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giant Killer, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George who slew the dragon on the half-pennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought with a sinking heart that these heroes were never seen in this neighborhood. . . .

“What! you don’t like it, my dear!” said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not take even a spoonful of the stew. “Try a bit — come.”

“No, thank you,” said Maggie, summoning all force for a desperate effort, and trying to smile in a friendly way. “I haven’t time, I think, it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and nice things.”

Maggie rose from her seat; but her hope sank when the old gypsy woman said, “Stop a bit, stop a

bit, little lady; we'll take you home all safe, when we've done supper."

Maggie sat down again, with small faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

III.

"Now, then, little Missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "tell us 10 where you live — what's the name o' the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie eagerly.

"What! a big mill a little way this side o' St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I 15 should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark; we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be — you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the 20 donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was going home.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the young woman, putting that recently despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you was?"

“Oh, yes, thank you,” said Maggie; “I’m very much obliged to you. But I wish you’d go with me, too.”

She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone; it would be more 5 cheerful to be murdered by a larger party.

It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him, and she was as incapable of remonstrating against this arrangement as the donkey himself, though no 10 nightmare had ever seemed to her more horrible. When the woman had patted her on the back and said “Good-bye,” the donkey, at a strong hint from the man’s stick, set off at a rapid walk along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an 15 hour ago, while the tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking.

The ride was, to Maggie, a most dreadful experience. . . . At last — oh, sight of joy! — the lane, 20 the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad highroad, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger post at the corner; she had surely seen that finger post before — “To St. Ogg’s, 2 miles.” 25

The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might

have been rather hurt at the thought that she didn't like coming with him alone.

As they passed the crossroad, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.



Maggie caught sight of some one coming.

5 “Oh, stop, stop!” she cried out. “There’s my father! Oh, father, father!”

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver’s wonder, for he had made a round from
10 Basset, and had not yet been home.

“Why, what’s the meaning o’ this?” he said,

checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"The little miss lost herself, I reckon," said the gypsy. "She'd come to our tent at the far end of Dunlow lane, and I was bringing her where she said 5 her home was. It's a good way to come."

"Oh, yes, father, he's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man."

"Here then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It's the best day's work you 10 ever did. I couldn't afford to lose the little maid; here, lift her up before me." . . .

"Why, Maggie, how's this — how's this?" he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father and sobbed. 15

"Oh, father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Tulliver, soothingly, "you mustn't think o' running away from father. What would father do without his little girl?" 20

"Oh, no, I never will again, father — never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening, and the effect was seen in the remarkable fact that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother, or one taunt from 25 Tom about this foolish business of her running away to the gypsies.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.



“ Oh, where have you
 been, my Mary,
 Oh, where have you been from
 me ? ”

“ I have been to the top of the Caldon Low,
 The midsummer night to see ! ”

“ And what did you see, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon Low ? ”

“ I saw the glad sunshine come down,
 And I saw the merry winds blow. ”

“ And what did you hear, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon Low ? ”

“ I heard the drops of the water made,
 And the ears of green corn grow. ”

“Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
 All, all that ever you know;
 For you must have seen the fairies
 Last night on the Caldron Low.”

“Then take me on your knee, mother,
 And listen, mother of mine:
 A hundred fairies danced last night,
 And the harpers they were nine;

“And their harp strings rang so merrily
 To their dancing feet so small;
 But, oh! the words of their talking
 Were merrier far than all.”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
 That then you heard them say?”

“I’ll tell you all, my mother;
 But let me have my way.

“Some of them played with the water,
 And rolled it down the hill;
 ‘And this,’ they said, ‘shall speedily turn
 The poor old miller’s mill;

“‘For there has been no water
 Ever since the first of May;
 And a busy man will the miller be
 At dawning of the day.

“‘Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the water rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!’

“And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

“‘And there,’ they said, ‘the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn.

“‘Oh, the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“And then some brought the brown lint seed
And flung it down from the Low;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“‘Oh, the poor lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!’

“ And then outspoke a brownie,
 With a long beard on his chin,
‘ I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
 ‘ And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘ I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
 And I want to spin another ;
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
 And an apron for her mother.’

“ With that I could not help but laugh,
 And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldun Low
 There was no one left but me.

“ But coming down from the hilltop
 I heard afar, below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
 And how the wheels did go.

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
 And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
 All standing stout and green.

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
 To see if the flax were sprung ;
And I met the weaver at his gate
 With the good news on his tongue.

“Now this is all I heard, mother,
 And all that I did see ;
 So prithee make my bed, mother,
 For I’m tired as I can be.”



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

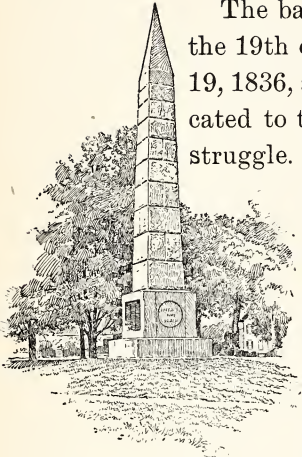
A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came
 5 down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came
 10 where he was ; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when
 15 he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, “Take care of him ; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.”

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was
 20 neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves ?

THE CONCORD HYMN.

The battle of Lexington and Concord was fought on the 19th of April, 1775. Sixty-one years later, April 19, 1836, a monument, erected near Concord, was dedicated to the memory of the patriots who fell in that struggle. The following song was written for the occasion by Ralph Waldo Emerson.



Concord Monument.

By the rude bridge that arched the
flood,
Their flag to April's breeze un-
furled,
Here once the embattled farmers
stood

And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE TWO OFFAS.

I.

A very long time ago there lived a king of the Angles whose name was Wærmund. He had but one son, whose name was Offa; he was a tall youth and fair, but he was dumb. Moreover, the lad had
 5 been born blind, and he saw nothing till he was of the age of seven years. Now when King Wærmund grew old and Offa, his son, was about thirty years old, men began to say: "Lo, Wærmund has not much longer to live, and Offa, his son, is dumb.
 10 How can a dumb man reign over the Angles?"

Now there was one of the nobles of the Angles whose name was Rigan. And Rigan went to King Wærmund and said: "O King, thou art old, and thou hast no son save this Offa, who is dumb, and a
 15 dumb man can not reign over the English people. Now behold me here, and choose me, that I may be unto thee as another son while thou livest, and that when thou diest I may be thine heir and reign in thy stead."

20 But King Wærmund said to Rigan: "Thou shalt not be my son, neither will I give my kingdom for thee to reign over."

So Rigan gathered himself together an host to fight against King Wærmund. Then King Wær-

mund gathered together his aldermen and his thanes and all his wise men, and said unto them, "What shall we do, seeing Rigan cometh with an host to fight against us?"

And they made a truce with Rigan, so that he 5 and certain of his captains came and spake with the king and his wise men. And they sat for many days doubting what they should do, and one spake on this manner and another spake on that manner. For they would not that a dumb man should reign 10 over them, and yet it pleased them not to cast aside the royal house which had so long reigned over the people of the Angles.

Now on the last day Offa, the king's son, came and sat among the wise men. For though he was 15 dumb, yet could he hear and understand the words that men spake. So when he heard men say that he was not fit to reign over the people of the Angles, it grieved him to the heart, and he wept.

And when he was greatly moved, lo, the string 20 of his tongue was loosed, and he spake among the wise men and said: "This now is wickedness, that any man should seek to drive me out of the seat of my father's, so that a stranger should reign instead of me over my people. Who is this Rigan that he 25 should rise up against his king, and come to fight against him? Now, if he will stand up against me

to battle, I will smite him and all that abide with him; but all that abide with me and fight against him, them I will greatly honor.”



Lo, the string of his tongue was loosed.

So all men greatly wondered when they heard the
 5 dumb speak, and saw that he whom they despised
 had a strong heart within him. And the most of
 those who had followed Rigan were afraid and left
 him. But Rigan still stood up and defied the king
 and his son, and then went forth. Then the wise
 10 men said to the king :

“O King, thy son is of age and hath a stout
 heart; let him be girded with the belt of a fighting

man, and let him lead us forth to battle against Rigan and those that are with him.”

So Offa was girded with the belt of a man of war, and he went forth to fight against Rigan and his followers. Now Rigan had two sons: the name of the elder was Hildebrand, and the name of the younger was Swegen. And Hildebrand came forth to fight against Offa, but Offa smote him that he died. And when Swegen came to help his brother, Offa smote him, too. 10

So when Rigan saw that both his sons were dead, he fled, and was drowned in crossing a certain river. And Offa returned to Wærmund, his father, with great joy. And Wærmund gave up his kingdom to his son, and Offa reigned over the Angles, and all the kings that were round about honored him. 15

II.

Now after many years there was a man of the Angles who dwelt in Mercia, whose name was Thingferth, and he was an alderman and a kinsman of the king. Now Thingferth had but one son, whose name was Winfrith. And the child was lame, blind, and deaf from his birth; so that his parents had great sorrow. And they made a vow to God that, if He would of His mercy make the child whole, they would build a goodly monastery to His honor. 25

Now after a while there arose in Mercia a king named Beornred, who was not of the royal line. Wherefore he sought to slay all that were kinsfolk of the kings that had reigned before him. And
5 when Thingferth heard this, he fled, and his wife with him. But the lad Winfrith was left behind, for Beornred sought not to slay him; for he counted that one who was deaf and blind and lame should never trouble his kingdom. And when Winfrith
10 was left alone, God had pity on him, and He opened his eyes and he saw. Then he stretched forth his limbs and he walked. Lastly his ears were opened, and he tried to speak, and he spake plain.

And he grew and waxed strong and became a
15 mighty man of valor. Then men said, "Lo, this youth is like Offa in the old time, who spake not till Rigan came to fight against Wærmund, his father." So his name was no longer called Winfrith, but Offa. And all men that hated Beornred and loved the
20 house of the old kings gathered themselves unto Offa, and he became their captain.

Now Beornred heard that Winfrith lived and had waxed mighty, and that men no longer called him Winfrith but Offa, and it grieved him sore, and he
25 repented that he had spared Winfrith and had not slain him when he sought to slay the house of his father. So Beornred gathered him an host to fight

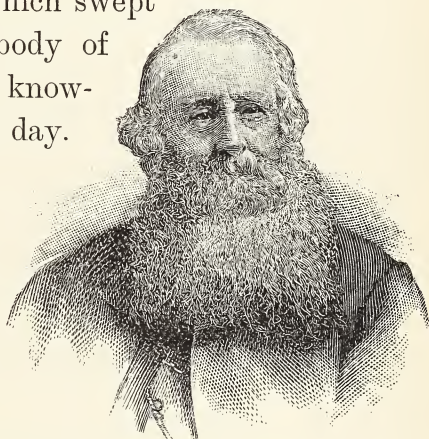
against Offa and the men that were with him. And when Offa heard of it, he gathered together all his friends and all the men that followed him, even a great host, and went forth to battle against Beornred.

And the battle waxed very sore, but towards even- 5
tide Beornred was smitten that he died, and they that were with him fled and were scattered. Then all men came to Offa and said: "Lo, thou hast vanquished Beornred the tyrant, and thou art of the house of our old kings. Reign thou therefore over 10
us, and we will serve thee and follow thee whithersoever thou ledest us." So they set the crown royal upon his head, and he reigned over all the people of the Angles that dwelt in Mercia. He sent for his parents back into the land, and when they died 15
he buried them with great honor.

So Offa was king, and he waxed mighty, and he smote the Welsh oftentimes, and he warred mightily with the other kings of the Angles and Saxons that were in Britain. Moreover, he made a league with 20
Charles, the king of the Franks, for that they two were the mightiest of all the kings that dwelt in the western lands. Moreover, he forgot not his father's vow, but he built a goodly minster and called it by the name of Alban, who was the first martyr of 25
Christ in the isle of Britain in the old time when the Romans dwelt therein. And he built the minster

hard by the town of Verulam, where Alban had died. And men came to dwell round about the minster, so that there was a new town, and men called that town no longer Verulam but St. Albans.

5 And Offa reigned thirty-nine winters, and he died, and they buried him in a chapel by the river of Ouse, hard by the town of Bedford. But there was a great flood in the river, which swept away the tomb, and the body of
10 King Offa, so that no man knoweth where he lieth to this day.



Edward A. Freeman.

This legend of the two Offas, with many others of a similar kind, is related
15 in Professor Freeman's "Old English History." "This story," he says, "is told both by English and by Danish writers, and no doubt it is one of many
20 old stories which are common to all the Teutonic nations. Or, perhaps, I should say that it is common to all the world, for you will easily see how like this story is to the tale of Crœsus and his son in Herodotus. No doubt the story is one of those which the
25 English brought with them, and for which they sometimes found a place in their new land."

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

This song, familiar to every American, was written by Francis Scott Key, while on board the British frigate "Surprise" in the harbor of Baltimore, in 1814. The War of 1812 was still in progress. The British had laid siege to Baltimore and were directing their guns upon Fort McHenry. The flag on the fort could be distinctly seen through the earlier hours of the night by the glare of the battle; but the firing finally ceased, and the prisoners anxiously waited for the morning to see whether the colors still floated from the ramparts. Key's feelings found expression in "The Star-Spangled Banner," which he wrote hastily on the back of an old letter.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there :

Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
 pollution;
 No refuge should save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and war's desolation.
 Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
 land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us
 a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust":
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AMERICA.

This song was written by Samuel F. Smith in 1832, for a children's Fourth of July celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston. It is more generally known, and has perhaps been oftener sung, than any other of our national melodies.

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee —
 Land of the noble, free —
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break, —
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing ;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

And he said, A certain man had two sons : and the younger of them said to his father, " Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living.

5 And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land ; and he began to be in
 10 want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country ; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat ; and no man gave unto
 15 him. And when he came to himself, he said, " How many hired servants of my father's have bread

enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." 5

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, "Father, I have 10 sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither 15 the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field; and as he 20 came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come; 25 and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

And he was angry and would not go in; therefore came his father out and entreated him.

And he answering, said to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I
5 at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

10 And he said unto him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

— *From the Gospel according to St. Luke.*



HOW DUKE WILLIAM MADE HIMSELF KING.

15 The conquest of England by the Normans under Duke William was one of the most remarkable events in history. The story of the manner in which it was accomplished has been told by Charles Dickens, in "A Child's History of Eng-
20 land," very nearly as I will repeat here:—



Charles Dickens.

About eight hundred and fifty years ago there lived a king of England whose name was

Edward. He was selfish and cruel, and had done many wicked things; but because he gave gifts to the church and pretended to be very pious, and because there had been several Edwards before him, he was called Edward the Confessor. 5

Now when he came to be an old man and had no son to succeed him, the English people began to feel very uneasy; for they did not know who would be their king after his death. The most of them, however, were in favor of a young man whose name 10 was Harold, and who was brother-in-law to the king. Among all the men of England there was none braver or more noble than this Harold; and there was none better fitted to rule.

By his valor he had subdued the king's enemies 15 in many bloody fights. He was vigorous against the Scotch; and he had killed the restless king of Wales and brought his head to England. But it was whispered that Edward the Confessor was no friend to Harold, and that he had in mind another man 20 to succeed him. This man was William, the duke of Normandy, a country in the northern part of France. For King Edward had lived in Normandy in his younger days, and he had great friendship for the Norman people. Moreover, it was said that Duke 25 William was, in some way, a kinsman of the king, and therefore one of his heirs.

What Harold was doing at sea when he was driven on the French coast by a storm, is not at all certain ; nor does it at all matter. That his ship was wrecked on that shore, and that he was taken prisoner, there
 5 is no doubt. In those barbarous days, all shipwrecked strangers were taken prisoners and made to pay a ransom. So a certain Count Guy, whose lands and castle
 10 were near the place where the disaster happened, seized Harold and expected to make a good thing
 15 of it.

But Harold contrived in some way to send word to Duke William, complaining
 20 of this treatment. The duke no sooner heard of it than he ordered Harold to be brought to the ancient town of Rouen, where he then was, and where he received
 25 him as an honored guest.

Now some writers tell us that Edward the Confessor had gone so far as to make a will, appointing



A Ship of that Period.

Duke William his successor, and had informed the duke of his having done so. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that William had made up his mind to be, at all hazards, the next king of England. Knowing that Harold would be his most powerful 5 rival, he called together a great assembly of his nobles and offered Harold his daughter Adele in marriage. Then he declared that he meant, on King Edward's death, to claim the English crown as his own inheritance; and he required Harold then and 10 there to swear to aid him.

Harold, being in the duke's power, took this oath upon the Missal, or Prayer Book. It is a good example of the superstitious notions of those times, that this Missal was placed, not upon a table, but 15 upon a tub; and, when Harold had sworn, the tub was uncovered and shown to be full of dead men's bones — bones, as the monks said, of the holy saints. This was supposed to make Harold's oath a great deal more binding. 20

Within a week or two after Harold's return to England, the dreary old Confessor was found to be dying. After wandering in his mind, like a very weak old man, he died.

Harold was crowned King of England on the very 25 day of the old Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached

Duke William, he was hunting in his park at Rouen. But he at once dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles together, and sent some of them with a message to Harold, calling on him to
5 keep his oath and give up the crown.

Harold would do no such thing.

Then the barons of France joined themselves with Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to divide the wealth and
10 the lands of the English among those who would help him. The Pope sent him a consecrated banner, and blessed his enterprise. He was soon at the head of a strong army of daring men, and ready to take ship across the Channel.

15 King Harold had a rebel brother who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king had joined their forces and crossed the sea into the northern part of England, where they were burning towns and carrying terror
20 before them.

When word of their doings came to Harold, he was waiting for the Normans on the coast near Hastings; for it was known that Duke William intended to land there.

25 Harold at once gave orders to his army to march against these new foes in the north. He found them near Stamford Bridge on the river Derwent. They

were drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance to survey it, Harold saw a brave figure on horseback in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him. 5

“Who is that man who has fallen?” Harold asked of one of his captains.

“The king of Norway,” he replied.

“He is a tall and stately king,” said Harold; “but his end is near.” 10

He added in a little while, “Go yonder to my brother and tell him, if he will withdraw his soldiers he shall be Earl of Northumberland and rich and powerful in England.”

The captain rode away and gave the message. 15

“What will he give to my friend, the king of Norway?” asked his brother.

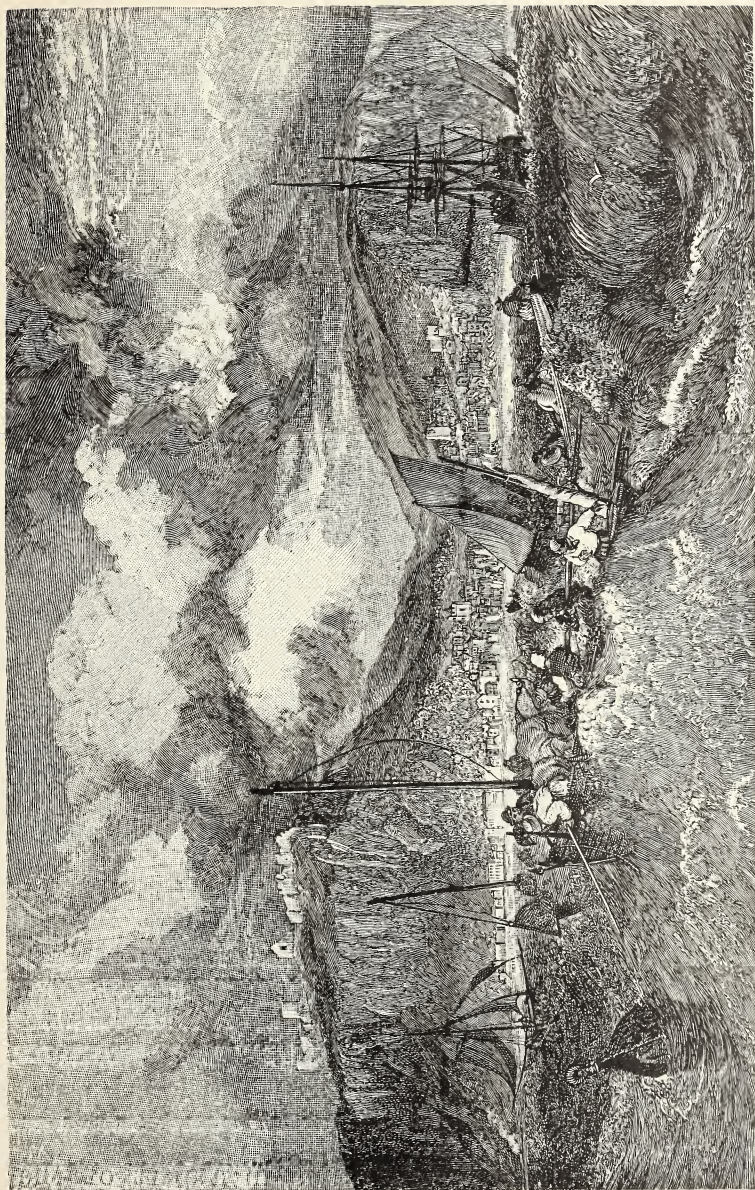
“Seven feet of earth for a grave,” was the answer.

“No more?” returned the brother with a smile. 20

“The king of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more,” replied the captain.

“Ride back,” said the brother, “and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight.”

He did so very soon. And such a fight King 25 Harold led that day, that his brother and the Norwegian king and every chief of note in all their host,



From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner

View of Hastings.

Engraved by E. Clement.

except the Norwegian king's son, were left dead upon the field.

The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers 5 all covered with mire from riding far and fast came hurrying in, to report that the Normans had landed in England.

It was true. Duke William's ships had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of them had been 10 wrecked. But now, encamped near Hastings, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out 15 spies to learn what was the strength of the Normans. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed.

"The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we are, but are 20 shorn. They are priests."

"My men will find those priests good soldiers," answered Harold, with a laugh.

In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the 25 English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other in a part of the

country then called Senlac, now called Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill. A wood lay behind them, and in their midst was the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones.

Beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army — every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand the dreaded English battle-ax.

On an opposite hill, in three lines, — archers, foot soldiers, and horsemen, — was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle cry, “God help us!” burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle cry, “God’s Rood! Holy Rood!” The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight’s hand. Another English knight rode out, and he also fell; but then a third rode out and killed the Norman.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses 5 down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the 10 line before his men. This gave them courage.

As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely. 15

The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The 20 Norman army closed again and fell upon them with great slaughter.

“Still,” said Duke William, “there are thousands of the English firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows 25 may fall down upon their faces.”

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still

raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the
5 ground.

King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights now dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and sol-
10 diers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when
15 lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell — and he and his knights were carousing within — and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold
20 among piles of dead — and Harold's banner, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood — and the duke's flag, with the three Norman Lions upon it, kept watch over the field.

25 Upon the ground where the brave Harold fell, William the Norman afterward founded an abbey, called Battle Abbey, which was a rich and splendid

place through many a troubled year. But the first work that he had to do was to conquer the English thoroughly; and you must know that this was a thing not easy for any man to do. He overran several counties; he burned many towns; he laid waste scores upon scores of miles of pleasant country; he destroyed a great number of lives. At length, on Christmas day, he was crowned in Westminster Abbey, under the title of William the First; but he is best known as William the Conqueror. 10

It was a strange coronation. One of the bishops who performed the ceremony asked the Normans, in French, if they would have Duke William for their king. They answered yes. Another of the bishops put the same question to the Saxons, in English. 15 They, too, answered yes, with a loud shout.

The noise, being heard by a guard of Norman horse soldiers outside, was mistaken for resistance on the part of the English. The guard set fire to the houses near by, and a great tumult followed. 20 Everybody was frightened, and all who could do so rushed out of the abbey. The king, being left alone with a few priests, was hurriedly crowned. When the crown was placed on his head, he swore to govern the English as well as the best of their own monarchs. 25 And, if we except Alfred the Great, this he might very easily have done.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

SOME OF THE AUTHORS AND ARTISTS WHOSE WORK
IS REPRESENTED IN THIS VOLUME.



Henry Ward Beecher: American clergyman. Born in Connecticut, 1813; died in Brooklyn, 1887. Wrote "Star Papers," "Norwood" (a novel), "Lectures to Young Men," "Yale Lectures on Preaching."

William Bingley: English writer on natural history. Died in 1832. Wrote "Animal Biography," "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds," "Useful Knowledge."

William Blake: English artist and poet. Born in London, 1757; died, 1828. Wrote "Songs of Innocence and Experience."

François Edouard Joachim Coppée: French poet. Born, 1842. Has written several volumes of short stories (*Contes en Prose*) and tales in verse, besides a few successful dramas.

Charles Dickens: The most popular of English novelists. Born at Landport, Portsmouth, 1812; died, 1870. Wrote "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Barnaby Rudge," "Dombey and Son," "The Personal History of David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "A Tale of Two Cities," "A Child's History of England," etc.

George Eliot, the assumed name of Mary Ann Evans (Cross): An English writer of remarkable power, best known by her novels. Born, 1819; died, 1880. Wrote "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Middlemarch," "Daniel Deronda," etc.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: American essayist and poet. Born in Boston, 1803; died, 1882. Wrote "English Traits," "Society and Solitude," "The Conduct of Life," "Letters and Social Aims," "Essays" (two volumes), "Poems," etc.

Edward A. Freeman: English historian. Born, 1823; died, 1892. Professor of history in the University of Oxford. Wrote "History of the Norman Conquest of England," "Old English History," "The Ottoman Power in Europe," etc.

Hannah F. Gould: American poet. Born in Massachusetts; died, 1865. Wrote "Hymns and Poems for Children," and other volumes of poetry.

Thomas Hughes: English author and lawyer. Born, 1823; died, 1896. Wrote "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Alfred the Great," etc.

Francis Scott Key: American lawyer and poet. Born in Maryland, 1779; died, 1843. Wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," and other poems.

Ivan Kriloff (Kre-löff'): A celebrated Russian fabulist. Born in Moscow, 1768; died, 1844. His "Fables" are the delight of all ages and classes in Russia, and they have been translated into many languages.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: The most popular of American poets. Born at Portland, Maine, 1807; died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1882. Wrote "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and many shorter poems.

Henry C. McCook: An American naturalist. Born in Ohio, 1837. Has written "The Tenants of an Old Farm," "Honey and Occident Ants," "Agricultural Ants of Texas." He is one of the highest living authorities on ants and spiders.

Thomas Moore: A celebrated Irish poet. Born in Dublin, 1779; died, 1852. Wrote "National Melodies," "Irish Melodies," "Lalla Rookh," and other volumes.

George P. Morris: An American poet and journalist. Born in Philadelphia, 1802; died, 1864. Wrote several popular poems, two of which are included in this volume.

Thomas Buchanan Read: An American poet and artist. Born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, 1822; died, 1872. Wrote "The House by the Sea," "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," and many short poems.

Mayne Reid: A novelist and writer of books for boys. Born in Ireland, 1818; died, 1883. Some of his books are "The Desert Home," "The Forest Exiles," "The Cliff Climbers," "Odd People."

Samuel F. Smith: An American clergyman. Born in Boston, 1808; died, 1895. He was the author of several lyrics, but is remembered chiefly for the patriotic hymn, "America."

John Trumbull: A famous American painter. Born in Connecticut, 1756; died, 1843. His most important paintings, including "Signing the Declaration of Independence," are in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Nearly all are representations of important events in American history.

Joseph M. W. Turner: One of the greatest of English landscape painters. Born in London, 1775; died, 1851. According to Ruskin, "he surpassed all former artists in the expression of the infinite redundance of natural landscape." His greatest paintings hang in the National Gallery in London.

Daniel Webster: A celebrated American statesman. Born in New Hampshire, 1782; died, 1852. He was the greatest of American orators, and one of the noblest of American patriots.

Thomas Westwood: An English poet. Born, 1814; died, 1888. He wrote "Beads from a Rosary," "The Burden of the Bell," and other volumes of poetry.

WORD LIST.

THE MOST DIFFICULT WORDS IN THE PRECEDING
LESSONS PRONOUNCED AND DEFINED.

KEY TO THE MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION.

Mark.	Name of Mark.	a	e	i	o	u	y	oo
-	Macron . .	fāte	mēte	fīne	nōte	tūbe	flȳ	mōon
˘	Breve . . .	fāt	mět	fīn	nōt	tüb	hȳmn	gōöd
^	Circumflex	fāre	thêre	...	bōrn	bārnr
˙	Dots above	ärn	...	police
˘	Dots below	all	dò	rȳde
˙	Dot above .	gráss	sòn
˘	Dot below .	whàt	wòlf	push
~	Wave	hēr	dīrt
-	Bar	they

c (unmarked) or **e**, as in **can**.

ç, as in **çent** = *s*.

ch (unmarked), as in **child**.

ç, as in **maçhine** = *sh*.

eh, as in **ehorus** = *k*.

g̃ or **g** (unmarked), as in **go**.

s (unmarked), except when used at the end of plural nouns or of verbs in the third person singular, *sharp*, as in **so**.

s, like **z**, as in **rose**.

th (unmarked), as in **thin**.

th, as in **this**.

n, as in **in̄k** = *ng*.

x̄, as in **ex̄act** = *gz*.

ph (unmarked), as in **photograph** = *f*.

qu (unmarked), as in **quit** = *kw*.

wh (unmarked), as in **white** = *hw*.

ăb'bey. A building or home for monks or nuns. A church connected with a monastery.

ac côm'plish. To do ; perform ; complete.

ac quîre'. To gain ; win ; obtain.

āc'tu al ly. Really.
 a dōp'tion. Acceptance.
 a dōrned'. Beautified.
 ad vān'tage. Benefit; service.
 ad vēn'ture. A daring enter-
 prise. [suggestion.
 ad vīcē'. An opinion given; a
 af fixed'. Added at the end.
 a ghāst'. Struck with terror.
 āg'i ta ted. Stirred up.
 a grēē'a ble. Pleasant.
 a kīn'. Related.
 a l'der man. An officer.
 a light'ed. Got down.
 al lūd'ed. Referred to.
 a māzē'ment. Astonishment.
 ān'vil. An iron block upon which
 metals are hammered.
 ānx'ious. Uneasy; disturbed.
 āp'pe tite. Desire for food.
 ārch'ers. Men who shoot with
 bows and arrows.
 ār'dor. Warmth; great desire.
 ār'mor. Arms or covering for
 defense. [substance.
 ār'ti cle. A particular object; a
 as sēm'bly. A company met
 together.
 as tōn'ish ing. Causing wonder.
 a sūn'der. Apart.
 āt'mos phere (āt'mos fēr).
 The air that surrounds us.
 at tāch'ment. Affection. [tice.
 āt tēn'tion (-shun). Heed; no-

āt'ti tude. Position.
 at trāct'ed. Drawn towards.
 a wed (ād). Filled with wonder.
 āz'ure (āzh'ūr). Sky-blue.
 bāl'lad. A simple song of the
 narrative kind.
 bap tīš'mal nāme. Name given
 to a child at christening,
 bār'bar ous. Savage; cruel.
 ba rōm'é ter. An instrument for
 determining the pressure of
 the atmosphere and proba-
 ble changes in the weather.
 bāse'less. Without bottoms.
 bēach. Shore washed by waves.
 beār'ings (bār'ingz). Mean-
 ings; relations.
 bēl'lows (bēl'lūs). An instru-
 ment for driving air through
 a tube.
 ben e dic'tion. A blessing.
 bēv'ies. Flocks.
 be wāil'ing. Grieving; weeping.
 blīnk'ing. Sparkling.
 blūs'ter ing. Boasting; noisy.
 bōll. A pod, or seed-vessel.
 bombs (būms). Shells.
 bō're al. Northern. [mined.
 bound (I'll be). I am deter-
 brēach. A breaking; dispute.
 brōōd'lings. Little birds.
 brow'se. To graze; to pasture.
 būr'row. A hole made in the
 ground by an animal.

- bŭs'tle (bŭs's'l). Noise ; great stir.
- ca noe' (ka nŏo'). A small boat driven by a paddle.
- căn'ter. An easy gallop. [tures.
- căp'tor. One who seizes, or captures.
- ca rouš'ing. Drinking ; feasting.
- căv'al cade. A procession on horseback. [room overhead.
- çeil'ing (sĕl'ing). Lining of a çel e bra'tion (-shun). Act of honoring or celebrating.
- çer'e mo ny (sĕr'e mŏ ny). A form of civility or religious observance.
- çhăp'el. A little church.
- çhărm. A magical influence.
- çhîme. A set of bells arranged to ring a tune ; to sound in harmony.
- çhoir (kwîr). A band of singers.
- çhŏrus (kŏrus). Parts of a song occurring at intervals ; the singers of such parts.
- çiv'i lized. Cultivated ; refined.
- çlăimed (klăm'd). Demanded.
- çlŭs'tered. Collected closely together.
- çŏax'ing. Persuading. [or teeth.
- çŏg'wheels. Wheels with cogs
- çŏl'o nies. Settlements made in a foreign country by persons who are still subject to the mother country.
- com'fort er (kŭm'fĕrt er). One who comforts or makes cheerful ; a woolen scarf.
- com mănd'ment. An order ; a charge. [rade ; partner.
- com păn'ion (-yon). A com-
- com păs'sion(-păsh'un). Pity
- com pĕlled'. Obliged ; forced.
- com plăin'ing. Murmuring.
- con çĕals'. Hides.
- cŏn'flict. A struggle ; contest.
- con fŭ'sion (kŏn fŭ'zhun). Disorder ; destruction.
- con nĕç'tion (-shun). Union.
- con'quer (kŏn'kĕr). To overcome. [conquering.
- con'quest (kŏn'kwĕst). A
- cŏn'se crăt ed. Set apart to the service of God.
- con sîd'ered. Examined.
- con tĕmpt'. Shame ; disgrace ; insolent behavior.
- con tĕnd'ing. Striving.
- con tĕnt'. Satisfied.
- cŏn'tents. Things contained.
- cŏn'ti nent. A grand division of land.
- cŏn trîv'ances. Things planned.
- cŏn trîved'. Planned ; invented.
- cŏn trŏlled'(kŏn trŏld'). Had charge of ; restrained.
- con vĕrt'. To change ; to turn from one belief to another.
- cŏr o nă'tion. A crowning.

- cōr'ri dors Passage-ways leading to different apartments.
- coun'sel. Advice; opinion. "Took counsel" = considered.
- coūr'age (kūr'āj). Bravery.
- crēv'ič es. Cracks.
- crīt'ic al. Dangerous; doubtful.
- crōft. A small field. [ressing.
- dāl'ly ing. Trifling with; ca-
- de bāte'. To argue; a discussion.
- de čēiv'ing (de sēv'ing).
Leading into error.
- děd'í cāt ed. Set apart solemnly for some particular purpose.
- de fī'ance. A challenge.
- deš'ert. A barren tract; wilderness.
- des o lā'tion (-shun). Ruin.
- děs'per ate. Rash; frantic; hopeless. [with dislike.
- de spīšed'. Looked down upon
- de spoil'. To plunder.
- de strūc'tion (-shun). Ruin; overthrow. [solved.
- de tēr'mined (-mīnd). Re-
- de void'. Empty; destitute.
- dī'a logue (dī'à lōg). Con-
versation between two persons.
- dis ap point'ed. Failed of expec-
tation. [fortunate event.
- diš'ās'ter (dīž'ās'tēr). An un-
- dis clōšed' (-klōzd). Opened;
made plain.
- dīs'cord. Strife; want of har-
mony.
- dis cūssed'. Talked about.
- dīš'mal (dīž'māl). Gloomy.
- dis o bey' (dīs o bā'). To neg-
lect to do what is bidden.
- diš'solved'. Melted; separated.
- dīs'taff. Staff to hold a bunch of
flax from which thread is
spun.
- dis tīnct'. Plain; separate.
- doč'ile (dōs'íl). Tame; gentle.
- dōr'mant. Sleeping.
- doubt (dout). Uncertainty.
- drěad (drěd). Fear of evil.
- dwarfs. Very small people.
- ech'oed (ěk'ōd). Answered
back; repeated. [being.
- ělf. A fairy; a small imaginary
- ěl'o quence. Effective speech;
oratory.
- em bāt'tled. In battle array.
- en ām'eled. Decorated or cov-
ered with a glossy surface.
- en dēāv'or. To try; effort.
- en er gět'ic. Determined.
- en grossed' (ěn grōst').
Copied into a book.
- en līst'ing. Enrolling; entering
on a list. [dertaking.
- ěn'ter prise (-prīze). An un-
- en tīt'led. Named; called.
- es cōrt'ing. Protecting.
- es tēemed'. Valued; regarded
highly. [vapor.
- e vāp'ó rāt ing. Passing off in

- ex äm'ine (ëg zäm'ïn). To look into.
 ex çeed'ing. More than usual.
 ex pë'ri ence. Knowledge gained by trial; practice.
 ex pres'sion (-shun). A mode of speech or utterance.
 ex tråct'ed. Taken from.
 fäl'ter. To hesitate; to totter.
 fa mil'iar (-yår). Well-known; common.
 fäm'ine. Scarcity; dearth.
 fåsh'ioned. Shaped; made.
 fër'vor. Heat; energy.
 fï'ber. A thread.
 fï'nal. Ending; last.
 fit'fully. Irregularly; by fits.
 fluff'y. Like down.
 for bear' (fö'r bâ'r'). To delay; give up; avoid.
 fõre'få thers. Ancestors.
 for'eign (fö'r'ïn). Distant; outside; strange.
 fõrge (fö'rj). A place where metals are wrought by heating and hammering.
 foun då'tion. Bottom; base.
 frig'ate. A war vessel smaller than a ship of the line.
 fûr'naçe. Place for inclosing a hot fire for melting metals, heating a house, etc.
 fûr'row. A trench made by a plow; a groove.
- gåme. Wild meats for the table; animals hunted by sportsmen.
 gauze (gāz). A thin, transparent fabric, generally silk.
 gen'er ous (jën'er ũs). Noble; open-handed.
 gïrd'ed. Encircled; clothed.
 glåde. A cleared space in woods.
 gös'sa mer. A fine, filmy substance, like cobwebs, floating in the air.
 gov'erned. Ruled. [controls.
 gov'ern or. One who rules or
 grån'deur. Vastness; greatness.
 grån'u lat ed. Made into grains.
 gråte'ful. Thankful.
 grëet'ings. Expressions of kindness or joy.
 grën a dier' (-dër'). Soldier.
 grõschen (grõ'shën). A piece of money worth about two cents. [havior.
 guise (gīz). Cover: cloak; begyp'sies (jïp'sīz). A peculiar race of people who have no settled homes, and live by theft, fortune-telling, etc.
 hām'për. A large basket for packing.
 ha'n't. Have not.
 här'di hood. Boldness; pluck.
 här'bor. A place of refuge or safety for ships.

- hār'mo ny. Agreement; concord.
 hāv'oc. Destruction.
 hāz'ard. Risk; to risk. "At all hazards" = let come what may.
 hēad'lōng. Headforemost; rashly. [place.
 heārth. Fireside; floor of a fire-
 heārt'ily. Sincerely.
 hēa'then. An idolater. [grace.
 Hēav'en-rēs'cued. Saved by
 heir (âr). One entitled to succeed to property after the death of its owner.
 hēl'met. A defensive covering for the head.
 hīl'locks. Small hills. [wages.
 hīre'ling. One who serves for his tō'ri an. A writer of history.
 hōld (of a ship). Interior of a vessel below the lower deck.
 hon'or (ōn'ur). To regard with respect; fidelity; high rank.
 ho rī'zon. The place where earth and sky seem to meet.
 hōst. A landlord; a multitude.
 hōs'tler (hōs slēr). One who has charge of horses.
 hū'mor. State of mind; pleasantry. "Out of humor" = vexed.
 hūsks. The outer covering of certain grains and fruits.
 il lūmed'. Made bright.
- im āg'ina ry (im aj'in ā rÿ).
 Not real; fancied.
 im pā'tience. Restlessness.
 im pōs'si ble. That can not be.
 in cā'pa ble. Lacking ability.
 ĩn'ci dent. Event; occurrence.
 in crease (in krēs' or ĩn'-krēs). Growth; addition; enlargement.
 in de pēnd'ence. Freedom from control.
 in dūlg'ing. Giving up to.
 in fēst'. To trouble; annoy.
 ĩn'flu ence. Moving power; authority.
 in hāb'it ants. Dwellers.
 in hāb'ited. Having inhabitants.
 in hēr'it ance. Possessions received by an heir.
 in lāid'. Ornamented by the insertion of other substances.
 ĩn'stinct. Natural impulse.
 in strūc'tion (-shun). Information; teaching.
 ĩn'ter est. Share; concern; to entertain; engage.
 ĩn'ter est ing. Entertaining.
 in to nā'tion. A sounding the tones of the musical scale.
 in vā sion (-zhun). Trespass; hostile inroad into another's possessions.
 i ron-scep'tered sway. Stern, unyielding government.

jū'bīlant. Rejoicing.

jū'dge. A magistrate appointed to determine questions at law.

kīn'dred. Relatives; members of the same family.

knīght (nīt). A title; a man admitted to military rank.

knowl'edge (nōl'ej). An acquaintance with a fact, truth, or duty.

lan'guage (lān'gwāj).

Speech; form of expression.

lēad'en (lēd'n). Made of lead.

lēague. Friendly treaty.

lēg'end (lēj'end). A story of the past; a fable.

lēop'ard. A large spotted animal of southern Asia.

līv'ing. Estate; means of subsistence; manner of life.

loī'ter ing. Lingering; delaying.

lū'na tic. An insane person.

lū'rid. Pale yellow; ghastly.

mān kīnd'. The human race.

mān'tle. A cloak.

mārsh'y. Swampy.

mār'tial (-shāl). Warlike.

mār'tyr (-tēr). One put to death for his religion.

mēa'ger (mē'gēr). Thin; lean; destitute of strength.

mēch'an ism (mēk'an ĭzm).

The arrangement of the parts of a machine.

mēl'o dy. A sweet or agreeable succession of sounds.

mēm'o ry. Remembrance.

men āg'er ie (mēn āzh'ēr ŷ). Show of wild animals.

mēs'sage. Word sent from one person to another. [sages.

mēs'sen gers. Carriers of mes-

mē'te or. A luminous body seen in or above the atmosphere.

mī'cro scōpe. An instrument for making enlarged images of small objects. [tery.

mīn'ster. A church of a monas-

mīs'sal. A Mass-book.

mōn'ās tēr y. A house or dwelling for monks.

monks (mūnks). Men who retire from the world and devote themselves to religion.

mōn'ster. Something of unnatural size, shape, or character.

mōn'u ment. Something standing in remembrance of a person, or past event.

mōored. Fastened with cables to the shore; anchored.

mōor'land. Waste land covered with patches of heath.

môr'tal. A human being.

môr'tal wound. A wound that will cause death.

môr'tar. A mixture of sand, lime, and water,

- move'ments. Motions.
 mŭf'fled. Wrapped in something to deaden sound.
 mŭr'mŭr. A low, confused sound; to grumble.
 myr'i ads (mŭr'ĩ adz). Tens of thousands.
 mys te'ri ous (mŭs tē'rĩ ũs). Hard to understand.
 nar rāt'ed. Told; related.
 ná'tion al (năsh'ŭn al). Public; belonging to the nation.
 nă'tives. People born in a country or place mentioned.
 neigh'bor ing (nă'bor ing). Near at hand.
 nĕrv'ous. Sensitive; timid.
 night'mâre. A distressing sensation in sleep.
 nŏ'bles. Men of high rank.
 nŏs'trils. The channels through the nose. [ported.
 nŭr'tured. Nourished; supported.
 ob lĭged'. "I am obliged to you" = I am indebted to you; thank you.
 oc cā'sion (ok kă'zhun). A favorable time; occurrence; opportunity.
 o pŭn'ion (-yŭn). Decision; judgment.
 op pŏse'. To resist; set against.
 op pressed' (-prĕst). Treated cruelly; overburdened.
 out'ly ing. Lying at some distance from the main body.
 ŏ'văl. Shaped like an egg.
 păll'id. Pale; wan.
 păr'a dĭse (-dĭs, not-dĭz). The abode of the blessed.
 pă'tri ot. One who loves his country.
 păt'ron ĭz ing. Aiding; acting as a guardian. [dried.
 pĕm'mĭ can. Meat cut thin and
 pĕr se vēré'. To keep on trying.
 per suăde' (-swăd). To influence; plead with.
 pĭl'grims. Wanderers; strangers.
 pĭ'ous (pĭ'ŭs). Good; religious.
 plăç'id (plăs'id). Smooth; unruffled.
 plĕad. To beg for pity; to speak by way of persuasion.
 pŏ'em. An imaginative composition beautifully written.
 poi'se. To balance; to hold up.
 po lĭt'ic al. Pertaining to public affairs.
 pol lŭ'tion (-shun). Impurity.
 pŏr'tal. A door; gateway.
 pos sĕs'sion (-shun). Ownership; something owned.
 prai'ries (pră'rĭz). Wide plains covered with grass.
 prănc'ing. Springing or bounding as a horse in high mettle.

- prě'çious (prěsh'us). Of great price or value.
- pre šerved'. Kept from injury.
- prīçeless. Precious; above price.
- prī'or. One who has charge of a priory or abbey.
- proç la mā'tion. A proclaiming.
- pro dūçé'. To bring; to yield.
- pro dūçe. That which is yielded.
- pro found'. Deep; thorough.
- pro fū'şion (-zhun). Abundance. [face on the ground.
- prōne. Prostrate; lying with the
- pro phēt'ic är'dor. Having the enthusiasm of one who speaks in God's name.
- pros'trāte. Lying at length; to level; overthrow.
- pro vid'ed. Prepared; supplied.
- pūb'lished. Made known; sent out. [vegetable matter.
- pūlp. A moist mass of animal or
- pūl'ver ized. Ground.
- pūz'zling. Hard to understand.
- pŷr'a mids. Solid bodies standing on a broad base and terminating in a point at the top.
- quāint (kwānt). Odd; fanciful.
- quar tette' (kwār tět'). A set of four persons who perform a piece of music in four parts.
- quest (kwěst). Search; pursuit.
- quips (kwīps). Taunts; jests.
- quivers (kwiv'erz). Trembles; shakes; shudders.
- quōth (kwōth). Said.
- rāged. Was furious; stormed. "The battle still raged" = continued furiously.
- rām'pärts. The main embankments or walls around a fortified place; bulwarks.
- rān'som. Redemption; payment made for freedom or pardon.
- rāp'ture. Delight; extreme joy.
- rē as sūred'. Assured again; made very sure.
- rē'çent ly. Lately. [atone for.
- re dēem'. To ransom; rescue;
- re flēct'ed. Bent or thrown back.
- rēf'uge. Place of safety.
- re fūsed' (re fūzd'). Denied a request, command, or gift.
- rē'gion (rē'jun). Country.
- re hearded' (re hērst'). Repeated; practiced.
- reign (rān). Rule.
- rein (rān). The strap of a bridle on each side; to hold in.
- re ject'ed. Refused.
- reliēved' (re lēvd'). Eased; lightened; released.
- rēl'ish. To have a pleasing taste; to taste with pleasure.
- re mōn'strāt ing. Speaking against; objecting.

re mōt'est. Farthest away.
 re nown'. Praise; state of being
 much known.
 re pāir'ing. Mending; restoring.
 re pēat'ed. Said again.
 re pēnt'ed. Felt sorrow or regret.
 re pōrt'. Account; relation; to
 give an account of.
 rep re šent'ing. Acting in place
 of; portraying; exhibiting.
 re prōach'. Blame; censure.
 re pūb'lic. A country in which
 the people make the laws.
 re quired'. Demanded.
 re šēm'bles. To be like.
 re šist' (rē zist'). To oppose.
 re šist'ance. Opposition.
 re š o lu'tion (rēz o lū'shun).
 Decision; purpose.
 re spēct'. Regard; esteem.
 rēst'ive. Stubborn; uneasy.
 re trēat'. The act of retiring; to
 withdraw. [echoing.
 re vērb'er āt'ing. Resounding;
 rē wārd'. Recompense; to give
 in return.
 rhyme (rīm). A composition in
 verse; harmony.
 rīd'i cued. Laughed at.
 rīfe'. Full.
 right'eous (rī'chus). Free
 from sin. [boisterous.
 rī'ot'ous. Running to excess;
 rī'val. One who is in pursuit of

the same object as another;
 to strive to equal or excel.
 rīv'et ed. Fastened with a rivet
 or small bolt.
 ro mānč'e'. A tale of adventure;
 a work of fiction.
 rūd'der. That by means of which
 a vessel is guided or steered.
 rū'ral. Belonging to the country.
 sal'mon (sām'mun). A kind
 of fish.
 sal ū tā'tion. A greeting.
 scēnes (sēnz). Views; exhibi-
 tions; landscapes.
 schēme (skēm). Plan; plot.
 scythe (sīth). An instrument
 for mowing grass or grain.
 sēa'fār'ing. Following the busi-
 ness of a sailor. [tion.
 sēc'ond ed. Supported the mo-
 sē'cret (sē'kret). Hidden.
 sēize (sēz). To grasp; take.
 sēns'e'less. Without feeling;
 foolish.
 sēn'ti nel. A watchman.
 se rēne'. Bright; clear; calm.
 sē'ri'ous ly. Gravely; earnestly.
 sēt'tle ment. A place newly
 settled.
 shēathed (shēthd). Inclosed
 in a long case or sheath.
 shēēn. Brightness; splendor.
 show'er y. Raining in showers.
 "Showery curls of gold"

- =yellow curls falling softly and abundantly.
- šim'ilar**. Like. [cords; muscles.
- šin'ews** (šin'ūz). Tendons;
- sīres** (sīrz). Fathers; ancestors.
- sīte**. Place; position.
- skew'er** (skū'ēr). A pin of wood or metal for fastening meat in place while it is roasting.
- slaugh'ter** (sla'ter). The act of killing; butchery.
- slēdge**. A heavy hammer.
- smēlt'ing**. Melting, as ore.
- sōoth'ing**. Calming; comforting.
- sore**. "Grieved him sore" = troubled him greatly.
- spēc'tacle**. A noteworthy sight; a glass for aiding the sight.
- spēc'ūlate**. To buy with the expectation of selling at a great advance.
- sphinx** (sfinks). An image in stone having the head of a man and the body of a lion.
- spīr'ited**. Lively; full of life.
- spōrt'ing prints**. "Room hung with" = pictures of hunting and racing hung on the walls.
- sprīght'ly**. Spiritedly; briskly.
- stāte'ly**. Noble.
- stā'tioned** (stā'shūnd). Made to stand or stay. [metal.
- stāt'ue**. An image in stone or
- stēal**. "Steal away" = to go or take away secretly.
- stīr'rup** (stēr'rup). A bent piece of metal or wood to receive the foot of a rider.
- stōres**. "Weapons and stores" = weapons and supplies of food and other necessities.
- strānd**. Shore or beach.
- sūb dūed'**. Overcame.
- sūb līme'**. Lofty; noble. [erty.
- sūb'stance**. Body; matter; prop-
- suc čeed'** (sūk sēed'). To follow in the same place; accomplish what is wished.
- suc čēs'sor**. Follower. [propose.
- sug gěst'** (sūg jěst'). To hint;
- sūit'able**. Proper; fitting.
- sūm'mon'ing**. Calling.
- su pē'rior**. Greater.
- sūper stī'tious**. Having excessive reverence or fear for that which is unknown.
- sūrged**. Moved back and forth.
- sūr vey'** (sūr vā'). To take a view of; to examine.
- swath**. Line of grass cut and thrown together by the scythe. [to direct.
- swāy** (swā). Rule; govern;
- tāl'ly hō**. A coach.
- tāl'ons**. Claws. [cule; jeer at.
- taunt** (taunt). To mock; ridicule.
- tāv'ern**. A hotel; a public house.

- tě'le grăph (tě'le grăf). An instrument for transmitting words quickly to a distance.
- těm'pled. Containing temples or churches.
- těnse. Stretched tightly.
- tĥānes. Noblemen.
- tĥĕme. Subject; text. [things.]
- tĥĕ'o ry. Doctrine; scheme of
- thor'ough ly (thŭr'o lŷ). Fully; entirely.
- thrĕshed. Beaten soundly. [ing.]
- thwăck'ing. Banging; thump-
- tĭm'o thy. A kind of grass.
- tomb (tōm). Place of burial.
- tō'tal ly. Wholly; altogether.
- tow'er ing. Very high; lofty.
- trăns gressed'. Offended; done wrong.
- trĕā'cle (trĕ'kl). Molasses.
- trĕā'sured (trĕzh'yŭrd). Laid up; highly valued.
- trĕnch'er. Large, wooden plate.
- trĕid. "Seven times tried" = purified, or refined, again and again. [to prevail.]
- trĭ'umph (trĭ'ŭmf). Victory;
- trow'el (trou'ĕl). A mason's tool for spreading mortar.
- trŭ'ce. A temporary peace.
- tŭmŭlt. Great commotion.
- tŭr'bu lent. Disturbed; agitated. [his subjects.]
- tŷ'rant. A ruler who oppresses
- ŭ'ni ŝon. Harmony; agreement.
- un ob ŝĕrved'. Not seen or noticed. [without reason.]
- un rĕā'ŝon a ble. Immoderate;
- va liŝe' (va lĕs'). A small sack or case for containing clothes of a traveler.
- văl'or. Courage.
- văn'quished. Overcame.
- văŝ'sal. Subject; servant.
- vĭc tō'ri ous. Triumphant.
- vĭg'or ous. Strong. [be seen.]
- vĭŝ i ble (vĭz'ĭ bl). That can
- vō'tive. Consecrated; devoted.
- wāin'scot ed. Lined with boards.
- wal'let (wōl'let). A knapsack; a small bag. [manner.]
- wăr'ble. To sing in a trilling
- wăr'rior (wăr'yŭr). A soldier.
- wăxed(wăkst). Grew; became.
- wĕap'ons (wĕp'unz). Instruments to fight with.
- whărf. A platform where ships take and discharge their cargo. [horse.]
- whĭn'nies. Cries or calls like a
- whĭth'er so ĕv'er. To whatever place. [huts.]
- wĭg'wams (-wōmz). Indian
- wĭnd'rows. Lines of hay raked together.
- wĭz'ards. Magicians; enchanters.
- wōod'chŭck. A ground hog.
- wrecked (rĕkt). Broken to pieces; ruined.

PROPER NAMES PRONOUNCED.

- Adele (a dē'lē).
 Ælla (ē'l'lá).
 Alban (al'ban).
 Amazon (ám'a zon).
 Arabia (á rá'bí á).
 Arabs (ár'ábz).
 Augustine (a'gūs tēn).
 Baltimore (bal'tí mōr).
 Beornred (bē ōrn'rēd).
 Berkeley Manor (bēr'k'ly mǎn'or).
 Brandon (brǎn'don).
 Brazil (brá zil').
 Britain (brít'in).
 Canterbury (cǎn'tēr bēr rý).
 Christmas (kríst'mas).
 Concord (kōnk'ērd).
 Crispin (krís'pín).
 Daniel (dǎn'y'l).
 Delaware (dēl'á wār).
 Derwent (dēr'wēnt).
 Dorlcote (dōrl'kōt).
 Draupner (drap'nēr).
 Egypt (ē'jipt).
 Egyptian (ē jip'shun).
 Ethelbert (ēth'el bērt).
 Europe (ū'rūp).
 Ezekiel (ē zē'kí el).
 Florida (flōr'í dá).
 Frey (frí).
 Galilee (gǎl'í lē).
 Granada (grá ná'dá).
 Gregory (grēg'o rý).
 Gungner (gung'nēr).
 Guy (gí).
 Hardrada (hār drá'dá).
 Hesperus (hēs'pēr ūs).
 Herodotus (hē rōd'ō tūs).
 Hildebrand (híl'dē brǎnd)
 Isabella (íz á bēl'lá)
 Italian (í tál'yan).
 Ivald (í'vald).
 Japan (já pǎn').
 La Rabida (lá ráb'í dá).
 Leicester (lēs'tēr).
 Lexington (lěx'íng tūn).
 Loki (lō'kí).
 Louisiana (lōō ē zē á'ná).
 Mahon (má hōn').
 Mercia (mēr'shēá).
 Michigan (mísh'í gan).
 Mjølner (myōl'nēr).
 Moors (mōōrz).
 Newfoundland (nū'fūnd lǎnd).
 Niña (nēn'yá).
 Normandy (nōr'mǎn dý).
 Norwegian (nōr wē jín).
 Odín (ō'dín).
 Offa (ōf'fá).
 Ouse (ōōz).
 Palos (pǎ'lōs).
 Perez (pē'rēz).
 Phœnix (fē'níks).
 Pinta (pín'tá).
 Rigan (rē'gǎn).
 Rouen (rōō ōn').
 Salamanca (sǎl á mǎn'ká).
 San Salvador (sǎn sǎl vǎ dōr').
 Santa Maria (sǎn tá má rē'á).
 Senlac (sēn'lǎk).
 Sindre (sín'dēr).
 Skidbladner (skíd'blǎd nēr).
 Swegen (swē'gen).
 Teutonic (tū tōn'ík).
 Thanet (thǎn'ēt).
 Thingferth (thíngfērth).
 Thor (thōr).
 Verulam (vēr'ōō lǎm).
 Vincent (vín'sēnt).
 Wærmund (wār'mūnd).
 Winfrith (wín'fríth).

SCHOOL READING BY GRADES

FIFTH YEAR

BY

JAMES BALDWIN



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SCH. READ. FIFTH YEAR.

W. P. 2

PREFACE.



THE pupil who has read the earlier numbers of this series is now prepared to study with some degree of care the peculiarities of style which distinguish the different selections in the present volume. Hence, while due attention must be given to the study of words merely as words, — that is to spelling, defining, and pronouncing, — considerable time should be occupied in observing and discussing the literary contents, the author's manner of narrating a story, of describing an action or an appearance, of portraying emotion, of producing an impression upon the mind of the reader or the hearer. The pupils should be encouraged to seek for and point out the particular passages or expressions in each selection which are distinguished for their beauty, their truth, or their peculiar adaptability to the purpose in view. The habit should be cultivated of looking for and enjoying the admirable qualities of any literary production, and particularly of such productions as are by common consent recognized as classical.

The lessons in this volume have been selected and arranged with a view towards several ends: to interest the young reader; to cultivate a taste for the best style of literature as regards both thought and expression; to point the way to an acquaintance with good books; to appeal to the pupil's sense of duty, and strengthen his desire to do right; to arouse patriotic feelings and a just pride in the achievements of our countrymen; and incidentally to add somewhat to the learner's knowledge of history and science and art.

The illustrations will prove to be valuable adjuncts to the text. Spelling, defining, and punctuation should continue to receive special attention. Difficult words and idiomatic expressions should be carefully studied with the aid of the dictionary and of the Word List at the end of this volume. Persistent and systematic practice in the pronunciation of these words and of other difficult combinations of sounds will aid in training the pupils' voices to habits of careful articulation and correct enunciation.

While literary biography can be of but little, if any, value in cultivating literary taste, it is desirable that pupils should acquire some knowledge of the writers whose productions are placed before them for study. To assist in the acquisition of this knowledge, and also to serve for ready reference, a few Biographical Notes are inserted towards the end of the volume. The brief suggestions given on page 6 should be read and commented upon at the beginning, and frequently referred to and practically applied in the lessons which follow.

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TO THE LEARNER.



A FAMOUS writer has said that the habit of reading is one's pass to the greatest, the purest, the most perfect pleasures that have been prepared for human beings. "But," he continued, "you cannot acquire this habit in your old age; you cannot acquire it in middle age; you must do it now, when you are young. You must learn to read, and to like reading now, or you cannot do so when you are old." Now, no one can derive very great pleasure or very great profit from reading unless he is able to read well. The boy or girl who stumbles over every hard word, or who is at a loss to know the meaning of this or that expression, is not likely to find much enjoyment in books. To read well to one's self, one must be able to read aloud in such a manner as to interest and delight those who listen to him: and this is the chief reason why we have so many reading books at school, and why your teachers are so careful that you should acquire the ability to enunciate every sound distinctly, pronounce every word properly, and read every sentence readily and with a clear understanding of its meaning.

Is the reading exercise a task to you? Try to make it a pleasure. Ask yourself: What is there in this lesson that teaches me something which I did not know before? What is there in this lesson that is beautiful, or grand, or inspiring? Has the writer said anything in a manner that is particularly pleasing—in a manner that perhaps no one else would have thought to say it? What particular thought or saying, in this lesson, is so good and true that it is worth learning by heart and remembering always. Does the selection as a whole teach anything that will tend to make me wiser, or better, or stronger than before? Or is it merely a source of temporary amusement to be soon forgotten and as though it had never been? Or does it, like fine music or a noble picture, not only give present pleasure, but enlarge my capacity for enjoyment and enable me to discover and appreciate beautiful things in literature and art and nature which I would otherwise never have known?

When you have asked yourself all these questions about any selection, and have studied it carefully to find answers to them, you will be prepared to read it aloud to your teacher and your classmates; and you will be surprised to notice how much better you have read it than would have been the case had you attempted it merely as a task or as an exercise in the pronouncing of words. It is by thus always seeking to discover things instructive and beautiful and enjoyable in books, that one acquires that right habit of reading which has been spoken of as the pass to the greatest, the purest, the most perfect of pleasures.

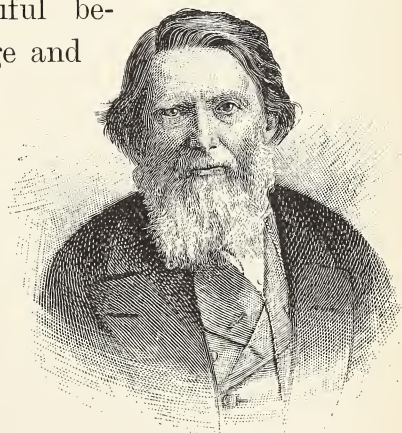
SCHOOL READING.

FIFTH YEAR.



SOMETHING ABOUT BOOKS.

A beautiful book, and one profitable to those who read it carefully, is "Sesame and Lilies" by John Ruskin. It is beautiful because of the pleasant language and
5 choice words in which it is written; for, of all our later writers, no one is the master of a style more pure and more delightful in its sim-
10 plicity than Mr. Ruskin's. It is profitable because of the lessons which it teaches; for it was written "to show somewhat the use and pre-
15 ciousness of good books, and to awaken in the minds of young people some thought of the purposes of the life into which they are entering, and the nature of the world they have to conquer." The follow-



John Ruskin.

ing pertinent words concerning the choice of books have been taken mainly from its pages :

All books may be divided into two classes, — books of the hour, and books of all time. Yet it is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good 5 one that does. There are good books for the hour and good ones for all time ; bad books for the hour and bad ones for all time.

The good book of the hour, — I do not speak of the bad ones, — is simply the useful or pleasant 10 talk of some person printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be.

These bright accounts of travels, good-humored 15 and witty discussions of questions, lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel : all these are books of the hour and are the peculiar possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make 20 no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books ; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. 25

Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary,

to-day; whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter
 5 which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you some amusing story, or relates such and such circumstances of interest, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a *book* at all, nor,
 10 in the real sense, to be *read*.

A book is not a talked thing, but a written thing. The book of *talk* is printed only because its author can not speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of the voice. You can not talk to your friend
 15 in India; if you could, you would; you write instead; that is merely a way of carrying the voice.

But a book is *written*, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The
 20 author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and in a melodious manner if he may; clearly, at all events.

25 In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine

and earth has allowed him to seize. He would set it down forever ; carve it on a rock, if he could, saying, "This is the best of me ; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated, like another ; my life was as the vapor, and is not ; but this I saw 5 and knew ; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his *writing* ; that is a *book*.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men — by great leaders, great statesmen, great thinkers. These are all at your 10 choice ; and life is short. You have heard as much before ; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities ? Do you know, if you read this, that you can not read that — that what you lose to-day you can not gain to-morrow ? 15

Will you go and gossip with the housemaid, or the stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings ? Do you ask to be the companion of nobles ? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise ? Learn to understand 20 it, and you shall hear it.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is — that is just what I think !" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is ! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true ; or if I do not 25 now, I hope I shall, some day."

But whether you feel thus or not, at least be sure

that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; nay, that at his whole meaning you
 5 may not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he can not say it all, and, what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way in order that he may be sure you want it.

10 When, therefore, you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I ready to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my
 15 temper?" For your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without these tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest carving, and
 20 the most careful melting, before you can gather one grain of the precious gold.

I can not, of course, tell you what to choose for your library, for every several mind needs different books; but there are some books which we all need,
 25 and which if you read as much as you ought, you will not need to have your shelves enlarged to right and left for purposes of study.

If you want to understand any subject whatever, read the best book upon it you can hear of. A common book will often give you amusement, but it is only a noble book that will give you dear friends.

5

Avoid that class of literature which has a knowing tone; it is the most poisonous of all. Every good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe; and it always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart.

10



OLD CHIRON'S SCHOOL.

Æson was king of Iolcus by the sea; but for all that, he was an unhappy man. For he had a stepbrother named Pelias, a fierce and lawless man who was the doer of many a fearful deed, and about whom many dark and sad tales were told. And at last 15 Pelias drove out Æson, his stepbrother, and took the kingdom for himself, and ruled over the rich town of Iolcus by the sea.

And Æson, when he was driven out, went sadly away from the town, leading his little son by the hand; 20 and he said to himself, "I must hide the child in the mountains, or Pelias will surely kill him, because he

is the heir." So he went up from the sea across the valley, through the vineyards and the olive groves, and across a foaming torrent toward Pelion, the ancient mountain, whose brows are white with
 5 snow.

He went up and up into the mountain, over marsh and crag, and down, till the boy was tired and foot-sore, and Æson had to bear him in his arms, till he came to the mouth of a lonely cave at the foot of a
 10 mighty cliff. Above the cliff the snow wreaths hung, dripping and cracking in the sun; but at its foot, around the cave's mouth, grew all fair flowers and herbs, as if in a garden arranged in order, each sort by itself. There they grew gayly in the sun-
 15 shine, and in the spray of the torrent from above; while from the cave came a sound of music, and a man's voice singing to the harp.

Then Æson put down the lad, and whispered:

"Fear not, but go in, and whomsoever you shall
 20 find, lay your hands upon his knees, and say, 'In the name of the Father of gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth.'"

Then the lad went in without trembling, for he too was a hero's son; but when he was within, he
 25 stopped in wonder, to listen to that magic song.

And there he saw the singer lying upon bearskins and fragrant boughs; Chiron, the ancient Centaur,

the wisest of all beings beneath the sky. Down to the waist he was a man; but below he was a noble horse; his white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white beard over his broad brown chest; and his eyes were wise and mild, and his 5 forehead like a mountain wall.

And in his hands he held a harp of gold, and struck it with a golden key; and as he struck he sang till his eyes glittered, and filled all the cave with light. 10

And he sang of the birth of Time, and of the heavens and the dancing stars; and of the ocean, and the ether, and the fire, and the shaping of the wondrous earth. And he sang of the treasures of the hills, and the hidden jewels of the mine, and the 15 veins of fire and metal, and the virtues of all healing herbs; and of the speech of birds, and of prophecy, and of hidden things to come.

Then he sang of health, and strength, and manhood, and a valiant heart; and of music and hunting, 20 and wrestling, and all the games which heroes love; and of travel, and wars, and sieges, and a noble death in fight; and then he sang of peace and plenty, and of equal justice in the land; and as he sang, the boy listened wide-eyed, and forgot his errand in the 25 song.

And at last Chiron was silent, and called the lad

with a soft voice. And the lad ran trembling to him, and would have laid his hands upon his knees; but Chiron smiled, and said, "Call hither your father Æson; for I know you and all that has
 5 befallen you."

Then Æson came in sadly, and Chiron asked him, "Why came you not yourself to me, Æson?"

And Æson said: "I thought, Chiron will pity the lad if he sees him come alone; and I wished to try
 10 whether he was fearless, and dare venture like a hero's son. But now I entreat you, let the boy be your guest till better times, and train him among the sons of the heroes that he may become like them, strong and brave."

15 And Chiron answered: "Go back in peace and bend before the storm like a prudent man. This boy shall not leave me till he has become a glory to you and to your house."

And Æson wept over his son and went away; but
 20 the boy did not weep, so full was his fancy of that strange cave, and the Centaur, and his song, and the playfellows whom he was to see. Then Chiron put the lyre into his hands, and taught him how to play it, till the sun sank low behind the cliff, and a shout
 25 was heard outside. And then in came the sons of the heroes, — Æneas, and Hercules, and Peleus, and many another mighty name.

And great Chiron leaped up joyfully, and his hoofs made the cave resound, as they shouted, "Come out, Father Chiron; come out and see our game." And one cried, "I have killed two deer," and an-



And then in came the sons of the heroes.

other, "I took a wild cat among the crags." And ⁵ Hercules dragged a wild goat after him by its horns; and Cæneus carried a bear cub under each arm, and laughed when they scratched and bit; for neither tooth nor steel could wound him. And Chiron praised them all, each according to his ¹⁰ deserts.

Only one walked apart and silent, Æsculapius, the

too wise child, with his bosom full of herbs and flowers, and round his wrist a spotted snake; he came with downcast eyes to Chiron, and whispered how he had watched the snake cast his old
5 skin, and grow young again before his eyes, and how he had gone down into a village in the vale, and cured a dying man with a herb which he had seen a sick goat eat. And Chiron smiled and said:

“To each there has been given his own gift, and
10 each is worthy in his place. But to this child there has been given an honor beyond all honors, — to cure while others kill.”

Then some of the lads brought in wood, and split it, and lighted a blazing fire; and others skinned
15 the deer and quartered them, and set them to roast before the fire; and while the venison was cooking they bathed in the snow torrent, and washed away the dust and sweat. And then all ate till they could eat no more — for they had tasted nothing since the
20 dawn — and drank of the clear spring water, for wine is not fit for growing lads. And when the remnants were put away, they all lay down upon the skins and leaves about the fire, and each took the lyre in turn, and sang and played with all his
25 heart.

And after a while they all went out to a plot of grass at the cave's mouth. and there they boxed, and

ran, and wrestled, and laughed till the stones fell from the cliffs.

Then Chiron took his lyre, and all the lads joined hands; and as he played, they danced to his measure, in and out, and round and round. 5 There they danced hand in hand, till the night fell over land and sea, while the black glen shone with their broad white limbs, and the gleam of their golden hair.

And the lad danced with them, delighted, and 10 then slept a wholesome sleep, upon fragrant leaves of bay, and myrtle, and marjoram, and flowers of thyme; and rose at the dawn, and bathed in the torrent, and became a schoolfellow to the heroes' sons. And in course of time he forgot Iolcus, and 15 Æson his father, and all his former life. But he grew strong, and brave, and cunning, upon the rocky heights of Pelion, in the keen, hungry, mountain air. And he learned to wrestle, and to box, and to hunt, and to play upon the harp; and, next, 20 he learned to ride, for old Chiron often allowed him to mount upon his back; and he learned the virtues of all herbs, and how to cure all wounds; and Chiron called him Jason the healer, and that is his name until this day.

25

—From "*The Heroes; or Greek Fairy Tales,*" by Charles Kingsley.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

I.

In the old castle of Montargis in France, there was once a stone mantelpiece of workmanship so rare that it was talked about by the whole country. And yet it was not altogether its beauty that caused
5 people to speak of it and remember it. It was famous rather on account of the strange scene that was carved upon it. To those who asked about its meaning, the old custodian of the castle would sometimes tell the following story.

10 It happened more than five hundred years ago, when this castle was new and strong, and people lived and thought in very different sort from what they do now. Among the young men of that time there was none more noble than Aubrey de Mont-
15 didier, the nephew of the Count of Montargis; and among all the knights who had favor at the royal court, there was none more brave than the young Sieur de Narsac, captain of the king's men at arms.

Now these two men were devoted friends, and
20 whenever their other duties allowed them, they were sure to be in each other's company. Indeed, it was a rare thing to see either of them walking the streets of Paris alone.

“I will meet you at the tournament to-morrow,”

said Aubrey gayly, one evening, as he was parting from his friend.

“Yes, at the tournament to-morrow,” said De Narsac; “and be sure that you come early.”

The tournament was to be a grand affair. A ⁵ gentleman from Provence was to run a tilt with a famous Burgundian knight. Both men were noted for their horsemanship and their skill with the lance. All Paris would be out to see them.

When the time came, De Narsac was at the place ¹⁰ appointed. But Aubrey failed to appear. What could it mean? It was not at all like Aubrey to forget his promise; it was seldom that he allowed anything to keep him away from the tournament.

“Have you seen my friend Aubrey to-day?” De ¹⁵ Narsac asked this question a hundred times. Everybody gave the same answer, and wondered what had happened.

The day passed and another day came, and still there was no news from Aubrey. De Narsac had ²⁰ called at his friend’s lodgings, but could learn nothing. The young man had not been seen since the morning before the tournament.

Three days passed, and still not a word. De Narsac was greatly troubled. He knew now that ²⁵ some accident must have happened to Aubrey. But what could it have been?

Early in the morning of the fourth day he was aroused by a strange noise at his door. He dressed himself in haste and opened it. A dog was crouching there. It was a greyhound, so poor that its
5 ribs stuck out, so weak that it could hardly stand.

De Narsac knew the animal without looking at the collar on its neck. It was Dragon, his friend Aubrey's greyhound, — the dog who went with him whenever he walked out, the dog who was never
10 seen save in its master's company.

The poor creature tried to stand. His legs trembled from weakness; he swayed from side to side. He wagged his tail feebly, and tried to put his nose in De Narsac's hand. De Narsac saw at
15 once that he was half starved; that he had not had food for a long time.

He led the dog into his room and fed him some warm milk. He bathed the poor fellow's nose and bloodshot eyes with cold water. "Tell me where is
20 your master," he said. Then he set before him a full meal that would have tempted any dog.

The greyhound ate heartily, and seemed to be much stronger. He licked De Narsac's hands. He fondled his feet. Then he ran to the door and
25 tried to make signs to his friend to follow him. He whined pitifully.

De Narsac understood. "You want to lead me to

your master, I see." He put on his hat and went out with the dog.

Through the narrow lanes and crooked streets of the old city, Dragon led the way. At each corner he would stop and look back to make sure that De Narsac was following. He went over the long bridge—the only one that spanned the river in those days. Then he trotted out through the gate of St. Martin and into the open country beyond the walls. 10

In a little while the dog left the main road and took a bypath that led into the forest of Bondy. De Narsac kept his hand on his sword now, for they were on dangerous ground. The forest was a great resort for robbers and lawless men, and more than one wild and wicked deed had been enacted there. 15

But Dragon did not go far into the woods. He stopped suddenly near a dense thicket of briars and tangled vines. He whined as though in great distress. Then he took hold of the sleeve of De Narsac's coat, and led him round to the other side of the thicket. 20

There under a low-spreading oak the grass had been trampled down; there were signs, too, of freshly turned-up earth. With moans of distress the dog stretched himself upon the ground, and with pleading eyes looked up into De Narsac's face. 25

“ Ah, my poor fellow ! ” said De Narsac, “ you have led me here to show me your master’s grave.” And with that he turned and hurried back to the city ; but the dog would not stir from his place.

5 That afternoon a company of men, led by De Narsac, rode out to the forest. They found in the ground beneath the oak what they had expected — the murdered body of young Aubrey de Montdidier.

“ Who could have done this foul deed ? ” they
10 asked of one another ; and then they wept, for they all loved Aubrey.

They made a litter of green branches, and laid the body upon it. Then, the dog following them, they carried it back to the city and buried it in the king’s
15 cemetery. And all Paris mourned the untimely end of the brave young knight.

II.

After this, the greyhound went to live with the young Sieur de Narsac. He followed the knight wherever he went. He slept in his room and ate
20 from his hand. He seemed to be as much devoted to his new master as he had been to the old.

One morning they went out for a stroll through the city. The streets were crowded ; for it was a holiday and all the fine people of Paris were enjoying

the sunlight and the fresh air. Dragon, as usual, kept close to the heels of his master.

De Narsac walked down one street and up another, meeting many of his friends, and now and then stopping to talk a little while. Suddenly, as they 5



The dog planted himself in front of his master.

were passing a corner, the dog leaped forward and planted himself in front of his master. He growled fiercely; he crouched as though ready for a spring; his eyes were fixed upon some one in the crowd.

Then, before De Narsac could speak, he leaped 10 forward upon a young man whom he had singled

out. The man threw up his arm to save his throat ; but the quickness of the attack and the weight of the dog caused him to fall to the ground. There is no telling what might have followed had not those
5 who were with him beaten the dog with their canes, and driven him away.

De Narsac knew the man. His name was Richard Macaire, and he belonged to the king's bodyguard.

Never before had the greyhound been known to
10 show anger towards any person. "What do you mean by such conduct?" asked his master as they walked homeward. Dragon's only answer was a low growl ; but it was the best that he could give. The affair had put a thought into De Narsac's mind
15 which he could not dismiss.

Within less than a week the thing happened again. This time Macaire was walking in the public garden. De Narsac and the dog were some distance away. But as soon as Dragon saw the man, he rushed at
20 him. It was all that the bystanders could do to keep him from throttling Macaire. De Narsac hurried up and called him away ; but the dog's anger was fearful to see.

It was well known in Paris that Macaire and
25 young Aubrey had not been friends. It was remembered that they had had more than one quarrel. And now the people began to talk about the dog's

strange actions, and some went so far as to put this and that together.

At last the matter reached the ears of the king. He sent for De Narsac and had a long talk with him. "Come back to-morrow and bring the dog ⁵ with you," he said. "We must find out more about this strange affair."

The next day De Narsac, with Dragon at his heels, was admitted into the king's audience room. The king was seated in his great chair, and many knights ¹⁰ and men at arms were standing around him. Hardly had De Narsac stepped inside when the dog leaped quickly forward. He had seen Macaire, and had singled him out from among all the rest. He sprang upon him. He would have torn him in pieces if no ¹⁵ one had interfered.

There was now only one way to explain the matter.

"This greyhound," said De Narsac, "is here to denounce the Chevalier Macaire as the slayer of his ²⁰ master, young Aubrey de Montdidier. He demands that justice be done, and that the murderer be punished for his crime."

The Chevalier Macaire was pale and trembling. He stammered a denial of his guilt, and declared ²⁵ that the dog was a dangerous beast, and ought to be put out of the way. "Shall a soldier in the service

of the king be accused by a dog?" he cried. "Shall he be condemned on such testimony as this? I, too, demand justice."

"Let the judgment of God decide!" cried the
5 knights who were present.

And so the king declared that there should be a trial by the judgment of God. For in those rude times it was a very common thing to determine guilt or innocence in this way — that is, by a combat
10 between the accuser and the accused. In such cases it was believed that God would always aid the cause of the innocent and bring about the defeat of the guilty.

The combat was to take place that very afternoon
15 in the great common by the riverside. The king's herald made a public announcement of it, naming the dog as the accuser and the Chevalier Macaire as the accused. A great crowd of people assembled to see this strange trial by the judgment of God.

20 The king and his officers were there to make sure that no injustice was done to either the man or the dog. The man was allowed to defend himself with a short stick; the dog was given a barrel into which he might run if too closely pressed.

25 At a signal the combat began. Macaire stood upon his guard while the dog darted swiftly around him, dodging the blows that were aimed at him, and

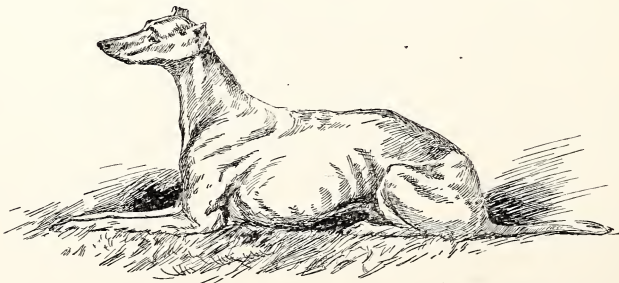
trying to get at his enemy's throat. The man seemed to have lost all his courage. His breath came short and quick. He was trembling from head to foot.

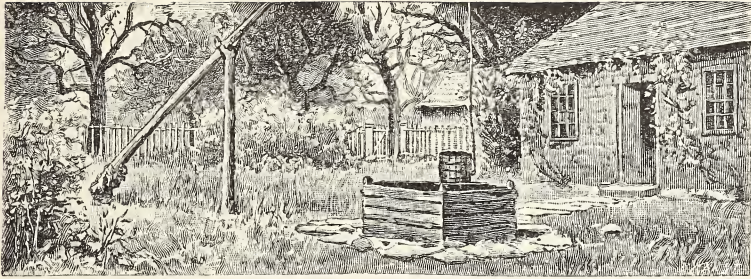
Suddenly the dog leaped upon him and threw him to the ground. In his great terror he cried to the 5 king for mercy, and acknowledged his guilt.

“It is the judgment of God!” cried the king.

The officers rushed in and dragged the dog away before he could harm the guilty man; and Macaire was hurried off to the punishment which his crimes 10 deserved.

And this is the scene that was carved on the old mantelpiece in the castle of Montargis — this strange trial by the judgment of God. Is it not fitting that a dog so faithful, devoted, and brave should have his 15 memory thus preserved in stone? He is remembered also in story and song. In France ballads have been written about him; and his strange history has been dramatized in both French and English.





THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

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 wildwood,
 And every loved spot that 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.

That moss-covered bucket 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.

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 that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
 The tear of regret will oftentimes swell,
 As fancy returns 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.

— *Samuel Woodworth.*



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees its close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
 The youth replies, "I can."

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

Engraved by Henry W. Peckwell.

The Village Blacksmith.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

One morning when Hercules was a fair-faced lad of twelve years, he was sent out to do an errand which he disliked very much. As he walked slowly along the road, his heart was full of bitter thoughts; and he murmured because others no better than him- 5 self were living in ease and pleasure, while for him there was little but labor and pain. Thinking upon these things, he came after a while to a place where two roads met; and he stopped, not quite certain which one to take. 10

The road on his right was hilly and rough, and there was no beauty in it or about it; but he saw that it led straight toward the blue mountains in the far distance. The road on his left was broad and smooth, with shade trees on either side, where 15 sang thousands of beautiful birds; and it went winding in and out, through groves and green meadows, where bloomed countless flowers; but it ended in fog and mist long before reaching the wonderful mountains of blue. 20

While the lad stood in doubt as to which way he should go, he saw two ladies coming toward him, each by a different road. The one who came down the flowery way reached him first, and Hercules saw that she was beautiful as a summer day. Her cheeks 25

were red, her eyes sparkled, her voice was like the music of morning.

“O noble youth,” she said, “this is the road which you should choose. It will lead you into pleasant
5 ways where there is neither toil, nor hard study, nor drudgery of any kind. Your ears shall always be delighted with sweet sounds, and your eyes with things beautiful and gay; and you need do nothing but play and enjoy the hours as they pass.”

10 By this time the other fair woman had drawn near, and she now spoke to the lad.

“If you take my road,” said she, “you will find that it is rocky and rough, and that it climbs many a hill and descends into many a valley and quag-
15 mire. The views which you will sometimes get from the hilltops are grand and glorious, while the deep valleys are dark and the uphill ways are toil-some; but the road leads to the blue mountains of endless fame, of which you can see faint glimpses,
20 far away. They can not be reached without labor; for, in fact, there is nothing worth having that must not be won through toil. If you would have fruits and flowers, you must plant and care for them; if you would gain the love of your fellow-men, you
25 must love them and suffer for them; if you would be a man, you must make yourself strong by the doing of manly deeds.”

Then the boy saw that this lady, although her face seemed at first very plain, was as beautiful as the dawn, or as the flowery fields after a summer rain.

“What is your name?” he asked.



“If you would be a man, you must make yourself strong.”

“Some call me Labor,” she answered, “but others 5 know me as Truth.”

“And what is your name?” he asked, turning to the first lady.

“Some call me Pleasure,” said she with a smile; “but I choose to be known as the Joyous One.” 10

“And what can you promise me at the end if I go with you?”

“I promise nothing at the end. What I give, I give at the beginning.”

“Labor,” said Hercules, “I will follow your road. I want to be strong and manly and worthy of the
 5 love of my fellows. And whether I shall ever reach the blue mountains or not, I want to have the reward of knowing that my journey has not been without some worthy aim.”



CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS'.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly
 10 in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Cratchit plunged a fork into the sauce-
 15 pan of potatoes, and getting the corner of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable
 20 Parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their

own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling 5 up knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

“What has ever got your precious father then?” said Mrs. Cratchit. “And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn’t as late last Christmas Day, by 10 half an hour!”

“Here’s Martha, mother!” said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

“Here’s Martha, mother!” cried the two young Cratchits. “Hurrah! There’s *such* a goose, 15 Martha!”

“Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!” said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal. 20

“We’d a deal of work to finish up last night,” replied the girl, “and had to clear away this morning, mother!”

“Well! never mind so long as you are come,” said Mrs. Cratchit. “Sit ye down before the fire, 25 my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!”

“No, no! There’s father coming,” cried the two



From the Painting by F. Barnard.

Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim.

Engraved by Robert Varley.

young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once.
 "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe hanging down before him; and his 5 threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, 10 looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home 15 rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, 20 and bore him off into the washhouse that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's 25 content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Some-

how he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it
5 might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.”

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was
10 growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up
15 his cuffs, — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby, — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits
20 went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course
25 — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter

mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting 5 themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. 10 Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two 15 young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the 20 themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! 25 Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and

onion to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

5 Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became
 10 livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a
 15 laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, smoking hot, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into
 20 the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind,
 25 she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small

pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. 5 The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a 10 one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob 15 served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

20

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his 25 side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

— *From "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens.*

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying: Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is
 5 the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are
 10 the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is
 15 the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in
 20 heaven.

Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is
 25 God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his foot-

stool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for ⁵ whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. ¹⁰

And if any man will sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. ¹⁵

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; ²⁰ that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them that love you, what reward ²⁵ have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more

than others? Do not even the publicans so? Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. . . .

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye
 5 shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if
 10 he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would
 15 that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat
 20 upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came,
 25 and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

—*From the Gospel according to St. Matthew.*

BETSEY HULL'S WEDDING.

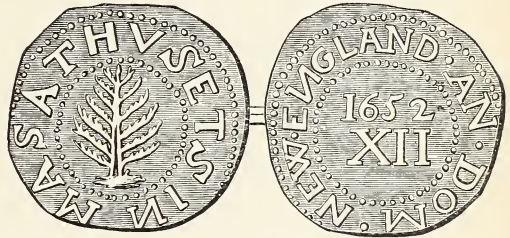
In the early days of New England all the money that was used was brought from Europe. Coins of gold and silver from England were the most plentiful; but now and then one might see a doubloon, or some piece of smaller value, that had been made in 5 Spain or Portugal. As for paper money, or bank bills, nobody had ever heard of them.

Money was so scarce that people were often obliged to barter instead of buying and selling. That is, if a lady wanted a yard of dress goods, she would per- 10 haps exchange a basket of fruit or some vegetables for it; if a farmer wanted a pair of shoes, he might give the skin of an ox for it; if he needed nails, he might buy them with potatoes. In many places there was not money enough of any kind to pay the 15 salaries of the ministers; and so, instead of gold or silver, they were obliged to take fish and corn and wood and anything else that the people could spare.

As the people became more numerous, and there was more trade among them, the want of money 20 caused much inconvenience. At last, the General Court of the colony passed a law providing for the coinage of small pieces of silver — shillings, sixpences, and threepences. They also appointed Captain John Hull to be mint-master for the colony, and 25

gave him the exclusive right to make this money. It was agreed that for every twenty shillings coined by him, he was to keep one shilling to pay him for his work.

5 And now, all the old silver in the colony was hunted up and carried to Captain Hull's mint. Battered silver cans and tankards, silver buckles, broken spoons, old sword hilts, and many other such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting
10 pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers had taken from the
15 Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts. All this old and new silver was melted down



Pine-tree Shilling.

and coined; and the result was an immense amount
20 of bright shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other; hence, the shillings were called pine-tree shillings.

When the members of the General Court saw what
25 an immense number of coins had been made, and remembered that one shilling in every twenty was to go into the pockets of Captain John Hull, they began

to think that the mint-master was having the best of the bargain. They offered him a large amount, if he would but give up his claim to that twentieth shilling. But the Captain declared that he was well satisfied to let things stand as they were. And so he might ⁵ be, for in a few years his money bags and his strong box were all overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

Now, the rich mint-master had a daughter whose name I do not know, but whom I will call Betsey. This daughter was a fine, hearty damsel, by no ¹⁰ means so slender as many young ladies of our own days. She had been fed on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, and so had grown up to be as round and plump as any lass in the colony. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, a ¹⁵ worthy young man, Samuel Sewell by name, fell in love; and as he was diligent in business, and a member of the church, the mint-master did not object to his taking her as his wife. "Oh, yes, you may have her," he said in his rough way; "but ²⁰ you will find her a heavy enough burden."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were six-²⁵ pences, and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he

sat with dignity in the huge armchair which had been brought from old England expressly for his comfort. On the other side of the room sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and
5 looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-laced waistcoat. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears.
10 But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

When the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lug-
15 ging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

“Daughter Betsey,” said the mint-master, “get
20 into one side of these scales.” Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by
25 the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

“Now,” said honest John Hull to the servants,

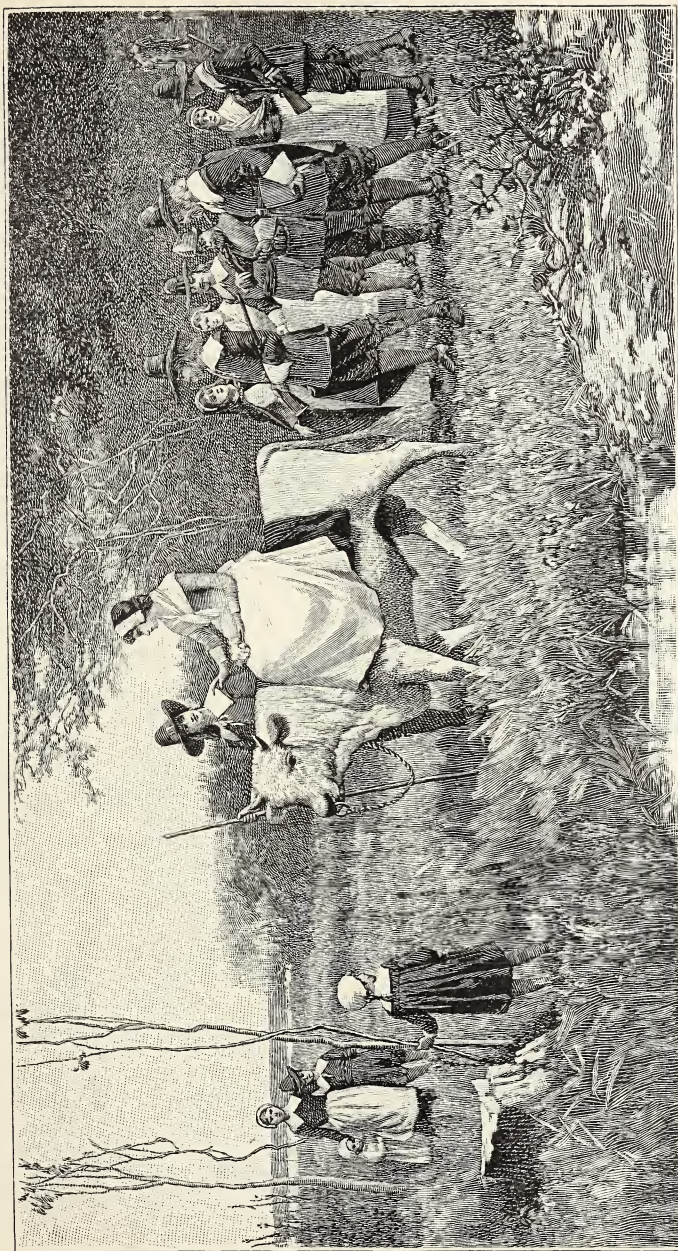
“bring that box hither.” The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, ironbound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for three or four of you to play at hide and seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but ⁵ could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid.

Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-¹⁰ tree shillings fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master’s honest share of the coinage. 15

Then the servants, at Captain Hull’s command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous ²⁰ as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

“There, son Sewell!” cried the honest mint-master, “take these shillings for my daughter’s portion. It is not every wife that is worth her weight in ²⁵ silver.”

— *Adapted from “Grandfather’s Chair” by Nathaniel Hawthorne.*



From the Painting by C. G. Turner.

A Puritan Wedding Procession.

Engraved by Angelo Negri.

ULYSSES AND THE CYCLOPS.

Among all the great poems that have ever been written none are grander or more famous than the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," of the old Greek poet Homer. They were composed and re-

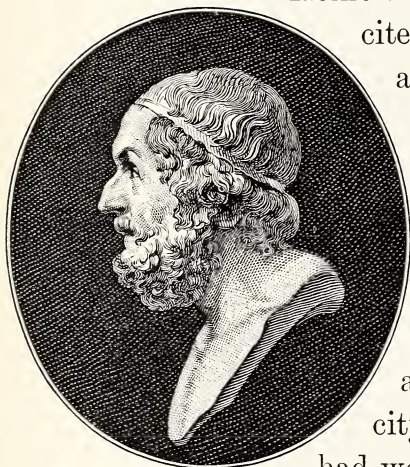
cited nearly three thousand years ago, and yet nothing that has been written in later times has so charmed and delighted mankind. In the "Iliad" the poet tells how the Greeks made war upon Troy, and how they did brave deeds around the walls of that famed city, and faltered not till they had won the stubborn fight. In the

Homer.

"Odyssey" he tells how the Greek hero

Ulysses or Odysseus, when the war was ended, set sail for his distant home in Ithaca; how he was driven from his course by the wind and waves; and how he was carried against his will through unknown seas and to strange, mysterious shores where no man had been before.

One of the most famous passages in the "Odyssey" is that in which Ulysses relates the story of his meeting with the one-eyed giant, Polyphemus. He tells it in this manner:



When we had come to the land, we saw a cave not far from the sea. It was a lofty cave roofed over with laurels, and in it large herds of sheep and goats were used to rest. About it a high outer
5 court was built with stones set deep in the ground, and with tall pines and oaks crowned with green leaves. In it was wont to sleep a man of monstrous size who shepherded his flocks alone and had no dealings with others, but dwelt apart in lawlessness of
10 mind. Indeed, he was a monstrous thing, most strangely shaped; and he was unlike any man that lives by bread, but more like the wooded top of some towering hill that stands out apart and alone from others.

15 Then I bade the rest of my well-loved company stay close by the ship and guard it; but I chose out twelve of my bravest men and sallied forth. We bore with us a bag of corn and a great skin filled with dark sweet wine; for in my lordly heart I had
20 a foreboding that we should meet a man, a strange, strong man who had little reason and cared nothing for the right.

Soon we came to the cave, but he was not within; he was shepherding his fat flocks in the pastures.
25 So we went into the cave and looked around. There we saw many folds filled with lambs and kids. Each kind was penned by itself; in one fold were the

spring lambs, in one were the summer lambs, and in one were the younglings of the flock. On one side of the cave were baskets well laden with cheeses; and the milk pails and the bowls and the well-wrought vessels into which he milked were filled with whey. 5



He came back driving his flocks.

Then my men begged me to take the cheeses and return, and afterwards to make haste and drive off the kids and lambs to the swift ship and sail without delay over the salt waves. Far better would it have been had I done as they wished; but I bade 10 them wait and see the giant himself, for perhaps he

would give me gifts as a stranger's due. Then we kindled a fire and made a burnt-offering; and we ate some of the cheeses, and sat waiting for him till he came back driving his flocks. In his arms he carried
5 a huge load of dry wood to be used in cooking supper. This he threw down with a great noise inside the cave, and we in fear hid ourselves in the dark corners behind the rocks.

As for the giant, he drove into the wide cavern all
10 those of his flock that he was wont to milk; but the males, both of the sheep and of the goats, he left outside in the high-walled yard. Then he lifted a huge door stone and set it in the mouth of the cave; it was a stone so weighty that two-and-twenty
15 good, four-wheeled wagons could scarce have borne it off the ground. Then he sat down and milked the ewes and the bleating goats, each in its turn, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. After that he curdled half of the white milk and stored it
20 in wicker baskets; and the other half he let stand in pails that he might have it for his supper.

Now, when he had done all his work busily, he kindled the fire, and as its light shone into all parts of the cave, he saw us. "Strangers, who are you?"
25 he cried. "Whence sail you over the wet ways? Are you on some trading voyage, or do you rove as sea robbers over the briny deep?"

Such were his words, and so monstrous was he and so deep was his voice that our hearts were broken within us for terror. But, for all that, I stood up and answered him, saying:

“Lo, we are Greeks, driven by all manner of winds ⁵ over the great gulf of the sea. We seek our homes, but have lost our way and know not where we go. Now we have landed on this shore, and we come to thy knees, thinking perhaps that thou wilt give us a stranger’s gift, or make any present, as is the due of ¹⁰ strangers. Think upon thy duty to the gods; for we are thy suppliants. Have regard to Jupiter, the ⁵ god of the sojourner and the friend of the stranger.”

This I said, and then the giant answered me out of his pitiless heart: “Thou art indeed a foolish ¹⁵ fellow and a stranger in this land, to think of bidding me fear the gods. We Cyclops care nothing for Jupiter, nor for any other of the gods; for we are better men than they. The fear of them will never cause me to spare either thee or thy company, ²⁰ unless I choose to do so.”

Then the giant sprang up and caught two of my companions, and dashed them to the ground so hard that they died before my eyes; and the earth was wet with their blood. Then he cut them into pieces, ²⁵ and made ready his evening meal. So he ate, as a lion of the mountains; and we wept and raised our

hands to Jupiter, and knew not what to do. And after the Cyclops had filled himself, he lay down among his sheep.

Then I considered in my great heart whether I
5 should not draw my sharp sword, and stab him in the breast. But upon second thought, I held back. For I knew that we would not be able to roll away with our hands the heavy stone which the giant had set against the door, and we would then have per-
10 ished in the cave. So, all night long, we crouched trembling in the darkness, and waited the coming of the day.

Now, when the rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, the Cyclops arose and kindled the fire. Then he
15 milked his goodly flock, and beneath each ewe he set her lamb. When he had done all his work busily, he seized two others of my men, and made ready his morning meal. And after the meal, he moved away the great door stone, and drove his fat flocks forth
20 from the cave; and when the last sheep had gone out, he set the stone in its place again, as one might set the lid of a quiver. Then, with a loud whoop, he turned his flocks toward the hills; but I was left shut up in the cave, and thinking what we should
25 do to avenge ourselves.

And at last this plan seemed to me the best. Not far from the sheepfold there lay a great club of the

Cyclops, a club of olive wood, yet green, which he had cut to carry with him when it should be fully seasoned. Now when we looked at this stick, it seemed to us as large as the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, a wide merchant vessel that sails the vast sea. I stood by it, and cut off from it a piece some six feet in length, and set it by my men, and bade them trim it down and make it smooth; and while they did this, I stood by and sharpened it to a point. Then I took it and hardened it in the bright fire; and after that, I laid it away and hid it. And I bade my men cast lots to determine which of them should help me, when the time came, to lift the sharp and heavy stick and turn it about in the Cyclops' eye. And the lots fell upon those whom I would have chosen, and I appointed myself to be the fifth among them.

II.

In the evening the Cyclops came home, bringing his well-fleeced flocks; and soon he drove the beasts, each and all, into the cave, and left not one outside in the high-walled yard. Then he lifted the huge door stone, and set it in the mouth of the cave; and after that he milked the ewes and the bleating goats, all in order, and beneath each ewe he placed her young.

Now when he had done all his work busily, he seized two others of my men, and made ready his supper. Then I stood before the Cyclops and spoke to him, holding in my hands a bowl of dark wine:

5 “Cyclops, take this wine and drink it after thy feast, that thou mayest know what kind of wine it was that our good ship carried. For, indeed, I was bringing it to thee as a drink offering, if haply thou wouldst pity us and send us on our way home; but

10 thy mad rage seems to have no bounds.”

So I spoke, and he took the cup and drank the wine; and so great was his delight that he asked me for yet a second draught.

“Kindly give me more, and tell me thy name, 15 so that I may give thee a stranger’s gift and make thee glad.”

Thus he spoke, and again I handed him the dark wine. Three times did I hand it to him, and three times did he drink it to the dregs. But when the 20 wine began to confuse his wits, then I spoke to him with soft words:

“O Cyclops, thou didst ask for my renowned name, and now I will tell it to thee; but do thou grant me a stranger’s gift, as thou hast promised. 25 My name is No-man; my father and my mother and all my companions call me No-man.”

Thus I spoke, and he answered me out of his

pitiless heart: "I will eat thee, No-man, after I have eaten all thy fellows: that shall be thy gift."

Then he sank down upon the ground with his face upturned; and there he lay with his great neck bent round; and sleep, that conquers all men, 5 overcame him. Then I thrust that stake under the burning coals until the sharpened end of it grew hot; and I spoke words of comfort to my men lest they should hang back with fear. But when the bar of olive wood began to glow and was about 10 to catch fire, even then I came nigh and drew it from the coals, and my men stood around me, and some god filled our hearts with courage.

The men seized the bar of olive wood and thrust it into the Cyclops' eye, while I from my place 15 aloft turned it around. As when a man bores a ship's beam with a drill while his fellows below spin it with a strap, which they hold at either end, and the auger runs round continually: even so did we seize the fiery-pointed brand and whirl it round 20 in his eye. And the flames singed his eyelids and brows all about, as the ball of the eye was burned away. And the Cyclops raised a great and terrible cry that made the rocks around us ring, and we fled away in fear, while he plucked the brand from 25 his bleeding eye.

Then, maddened with pain, he cast the bar from

him, and called with a loud voice to the Cyclopes, his neighbors, who dwelt near him in the caves along the cliffs. And they heard his cry, and flocked together from every side, and standing outside, at the door of the cave, asked him what was the matter :

“What troubles thee, Polyphemus, that thou criest thus in the night, and wilt not let us sleep?”

The strong Cyclops whom they thus called Polyphemus, answered them from the cave: “My friends, No-man is killing me by guile, and not by force!”

And they spoke winged words to him: “If no man is mistreating thee in thy lonely cave, then it must be some sickness, sent by Jupiter, that is giving thee pain. Pray to thy father, great Neptune, and perhaps he will cure thee.”

And when they had said this they went away; and my heart within me laughed to see how my name and cunning counsel had deceived them. But the Cyclops, groaning with pain, groped with his hands, and lifted the stone from the door of the cave. Then he sat in the doorway, with arms outstretched, to lay hold of any one that might try to go out with the sheep; for he thought that I would be thus foolish. But I began to think of all kinds of plans by which we might escape; and this was the plan which seemed to me the best :

The rams of the flock were thick-fleeced, beautiful, and large; and their wool was dark as the violet. These I quietly lashed together with the strong withes which the Cyclops had laid in heaps to sleep upon. I tied them together in threes: the 5 middle one of the three was to carry a man; but the sheep on either side went only as a shield to keep him from discovery. Thus, every three sheep carried their man. As for me, I laid hold of a young ram, the best and strongest of all the flock; 10 and I clung beneath him, face upward, grasping the wondrous fleece.

As soon as the early Dawn shone forth, the rams of the flock hastened out to the pasture, but the ewes bleated about the pens and waited to be 15 milked. As the rams passed through the doorway, their master, sore stricken with pain, felt along their backs, and guessed not in his folly that my men were bound beneath their woolly breasts. Last of all, came the young ram cumbered with his heavy 20 fleece, and the weight of me and my cunning. The strong Cyclops laid his hands on him and spoke to him:

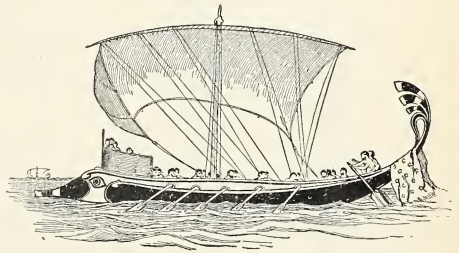
“Dear ram,” he said, “pray tell me why you are the last of all to go forth from the cave. You 25 are not wont to lag behind. Hitherto you have always been the first to pluck the tender blossoms

of the pasture, and you have been the first to go back to the fold at evening. But now you are the very last. Can it be that you are sorrowing for your master's eye which a wicked man blinded when
 5 he had overcome me with wine?

“Ah, if you could feel as I—if you could speak and tell me where he is hiding to shun my wrath—then I would smite him, and my heart would be lightened of the sorrows that he has brought upon
 10 me.”

Then he sent the ram from him; and when we had gone a little way from the cave I loosed myself from under the ram, and then set my fellows free. Swiftly we drove the flock before us, and often
 15 turned to look about, till at last we came to the ship.

Our companions greeted us with glad hearts,—us who had fled from death; and they were about to be-
 20 moan the others with tears when I forbade. I told them to make haste and take on board the well-fleeced sheep, and then sail away from that unfriendly shore.
 25 So they did as they were bidden, and when all was ready, they sat upon the benches, each man in his place, and smote the gray sea water with their oars.



Ship in the Time of Homer.

But when we had not gone so far but that a man's shout could be heard, I called to the Cyclops and taunted him :

“Cyclops, you will not eat us by main might in your hollow cave ! Your evil deeds, O cruel monster, 5 were sure to find you out ; for you shamelessly ate the guests that were within your gates, and now Jupiter and the other gods have requited you as you deserved.”

Thus I spoke, and so great became his anger that he broke off the peak of a great hill and threw it at 10 us, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea rose in waves from the fall of the rock, and drove the ship quickly back to the shore. Then I caught up a long pole in my hands, and thrust the ship from off the land ; and with a motion of the 15 head, I bade them dash in with their oars, so that we might escape from our evil plight. So they bent to their oars and rowed on.

Such is the story which Ulysses told of his adventure with the giant Cyclops. Many and strange 20 were the other adventures through which he passed before he reached his distant home ; and all are related in that wonderful poem, the “Odyssey.” This poem has been often translated into the English language. Some of the translations are in the form of 25 poetry, and of these the best are the versions by

George Chapman, by Alexander Pope, and by our American poet William Cullen Bryant. The best prose translation is that by Butcher and Lang — and this I have followed quite closely in the story which you have just read.

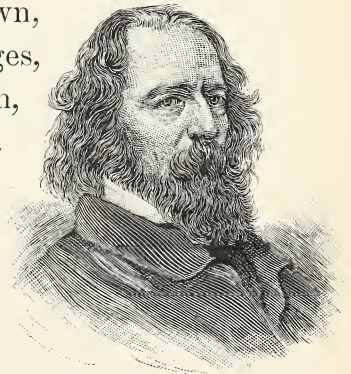


THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern :
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down the valley ;

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men
 may go,
 But I go on forever.



Alfred Tennyson.

I chatter over stony ways
 In little sharps and trebles ;
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles ;

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow ;

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

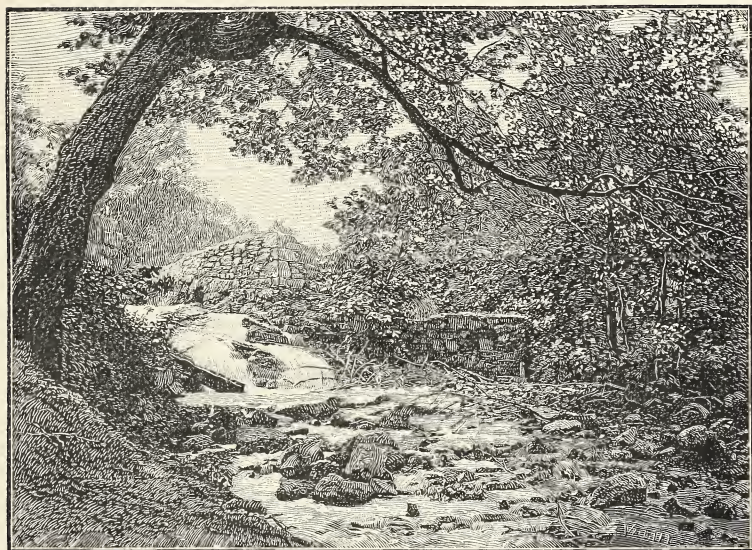
I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake,
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;

I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers ;



I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows ;

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*



THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky :
 And through the fields the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot ;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Through the wave that runs forever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot ;
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
 Slide the heavy barges, trailed
 By slow horses ; and unhailed
 The shallop flitteth silken-sailed,
 Skimming down to Camelot :
 But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
 Or at the casement seen her stand ?
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to towered Camelot :
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers, “ ’Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott.”

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colors gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,

And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear,
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.

There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot :

There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot ;
And sometimes through the mirror blue,
The knights come riding two and two : —
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirrored magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot ;

Or, when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed.
 "I am half-sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bowshot from her bower eaves,
 He rode between the barley sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever kneeled
 To a lady in his shield
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.

The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot:
 And from his blazoned baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewelled shone the saddle leather,

The helmet and the helmet feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed ;
On burnished hooves his war horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror ;
“ Tirra lirra,” by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror cracked from side to side ;
“ The curse is come upon me,” cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over towered Camelot;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse —
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance —
 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right —
 The leaves upon her falling light —
 Through the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot:
 And as the boat-head wound along

The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turned to towered Camelot ;
 For ere she reached upon the tide
 The first house by the waterside,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 A corse between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer ;

And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot ;
 But Lancelot mused a little space ;
 He said, " She has a lovely face ;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

This poem, by Alfred Tennyson, was written in 1832. Considered as a picture, or as a series of pictures, its beauty is unsurpassed. The story which is here so briefly told is founded upon a touching legend connected with the romance of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Tennyson afterwards (in 1859) expanded it into the *Idyll* called "Elaine," wherein he followed more closely the original narrative as related by Sir Thomas Malory.

Sir Lancelot was the strongest and bravest of the Knights of the Round Table, and for love of him Elaine, "the fair maid of Astolat," pined away and died. But before her death she called her brother, and having dictated a letter which he was to write, she spoke thus:

"While my body is whole, let this letter be put into my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until I be cold, and let me be put in a fair bed with all my richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my rich clothes be laid with me in a chariot to the next place whereas the Thames is, and there let me be put in a barge, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barge be covered with black samite over and over.' . . . So when she was dead, the corpse and the bed and all was led the next way unto the Thames, and there all were put in a barge on the Thames, and so the man steered the barge to Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro, or any man espied." ¹ At length the King and his Knights, coming down to the water side, and seeing the boat and the fair maid of Astolat, they uplifted the hapless body of Elaine, and bore it to the hall.

¹ Malory's "King Arthur," Book XVIII.



From the Painting by T. E. Rosenthal.

Elaine,
[See note, p. 77.]

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

LESSONS FROM NATURE'S BOOK.

Let us suppose that it is summer time, that you are in the country, and that you have fixed upon a certain day for a holiday ramble. Some of you are going to gather wild flowers, some to collect pebbles, and some without any very definite aim beyond the love of the holiday and of any sport or adventure which it may bring with it.

Soon after sunrise on the eventful day you are awake, and great is your delight to find the sky clear, and the sun shining warmly. It is arranged, however, that you do not start until after breakfast time, and meanwhile you busy yourselves in getting ready all the baskets and sticks and other gear of which you are to make use during the day. But the brightness of the morning begins to get dimmed. The few clouds which were to be seen at first have grown large, and seem evidently gathering together for a storm. And sure enough, ere breakfast is well over, the first ominous big drops are seen falling.

You cling to the hope that it is only a shower which will soon be over, and you go on with the preparations for the journey notwithstanding. But the rain shows no symptom of soon ceasing. The big drops come down thicker and faster. Little pools of water begin to form in the hollows of the

road, and the window panes are now streaming with rain. With sad hearts you have to give up all hope of holding your excursion to-day.

It is no doubt very tantalizing to be disappointed in this way when the promised pleasure was on the very point of becoming yours. But let us see if we can not derive some compensation even from the bad weather. Late in the afternoon the sky clears a little, and the rain ceases. You are glad to get outside again, and so we all sally forth for a walk. Streams of muddy water are still coursing along the sloping roadway. If you will let me be your guide, I would advise that we should take our walk by the neighboring river. We wend our way by wet paths and green lanes, where every hedgerow is still dripping with moisture, until we gain the bridge, and see the river right beneath us. What a change this one day's heavy rain has made! Yesterday you could almost count the stones in the channel, so small and clear was the current. But look at it now!

The water fills the channel from bank to bank, and rolls along swiftly. We can watch it for a little from the bridge. As it rushes past, innumerable leaves and twigs are seen floating on its surface. Now and then a larger branch, or even a whole tree trunk, comes down, tossing and rolling about on the

flood. Sheaves of straw or hay, planks of wood, pieces of wooden fence, sometimes a poor duck, unable to struggle against the current, roll past us and show how the river has risen above its banks
5 and done damage to the farms higher up its course.

We linger for a while on the bridge, watching this unceasing tumultuous rush of water and the constant variety of objects which it carries down the channel. You think it was perhaps almost worth while to lose
10 your holiday for the sake of seeing so grand a sight as this angry and swollen river, roaring and rushing with its full burden of dark water. Now, while the scene is still fresh before you, ask yourselves a few simple questions about it, and you will find perhaps
15 additional reasons for not regretting the failure of the promised excursion.

In the first place, where does all this added mass of water in the river come from? You say it was the rain that brought it. Well, but how should it
20 find its way into this broad channel? Why does not the rain run off the ground without making any river at all?

But, in the second place, where does the rain come from? In the early morning the sky was bright,
25 then clouds appeared, and then came the rain, and you answer that it was the clouds which supplied the rain. But the clouds must have derived the water

from some source. How is it that clouds gather rain, and let it descend upon the earth?

In the third place, what is it which causes the river to rush on in one direction more than another? When the water was low, and you could, perhaps, 5 almost step across the channel on the stones and gravel, the current, small though it might be, was still quite perceptible. You saw that the water was moving along the channel always from the same quarter. And now when the channel is filled with 10 this rolling torrent of dark water, you see that the direction of the current is still the same. Can you tell why this should be?

Again, yesterday the water was clear, to-day it is dark and discolored. Take a little of this dirty-15 looking water home with you, and let it stand all night in a glass. To-morrow morning you will find that it is clear, and that a fine layer of mud has sunk to the bottom. It is mud, therefore, which discolors the swollen river. But where did this mud come 20 from? Plainly, it must have something to do with the heavy rain and the flooded state of the stream.

Well, this river, whether in shallow or in flood, is always moving onward in one direction, and the mud which it bears along is carried toward the same point 25 to which the river itself is hastening. While we sit on the bridge watching the foaming water as it

eddies and whirls past us, the question comes home to us — what becomes of all this vast quantity of water and mud ?

Remember, now, that our river is only one of many
5 hundreds which flow across this country, and that there are thousands more in other countries where the same thing may be seen which we have been watching to-day. They are all flooded when heavy rains come ; they all flow downwards ; and all of
10 them carry more or less mud along with them.

As we walk homewards again, it will be well to put together some of the chief features of this day's experience. We have seen that sometimes the sky is clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly and
15 warmly in it ; that sometimes clouds come across the sky, and that, when they gather thickly, rain is apt to fall. We have seen that a river flows, that it is swollen by heavy rain, and that when swollen it is apt to be muddy. In this way we have learned
20 that there is a close connection between the sky above us and the earth under our feet. In the morning, it seemed but a little thing that clouds should be seen gathering overhead ; and yet, ere evening fell, these clouds led by degrees to the flooding
25 of the river, the sweeping down of trees and fences and farm produce ; and it might even be to the destruction of bridges, the inundation of fields and

villages and towns, and a large destruction of human life and property.

But perhaps you live in a large town and have no opportunity of seeing such country sights as I have been describing, and in that case you may naturally 5 enough imagine that these things cannot have much interest for you. You may learn a great deal, however, about rain and streams even in the streets of a town. Catch a little of the rain in a plate, and you will find it to be so much clear water. But look at it 10 as it courses along the gutters. You see how muddy it is. It has swept away the loose dust worn by wheels and feet from the stones of the street, and carried it into the gutters. Each gutter thus becomes like the flooded river. You can watch, too, 15 how chips of straw, corks, bits of wood, and other loose objects lying in the street are borne away, very much as the trunks of trees are carried by the river. Even in a town, therefore, you can see how changes in the sky lead to changes on the earth. 20

If you think for a little, you will recall many other illustrations of the way in which the common things of everyday life are connected together. As far back as you can remember, you have been familiar with such things as sunshine, clouds, wind, rain, 25 rivers, frost, and snow, and they have grown so commonplace that you never think of considering about

them. You cannot imagine them, perhaps, as in any way different from what they are; they seem, indeed, so natural and so necessary that you may even be surprised when any one asks you to give a reason
5 for them.

But if you had lived all your lives in a country where no rain ever fell, and if you were to be brought to such a country as this, and were to see such a storm of rain as you have been watching
10 to-day, would it not be very strange to you, and would you not naturally enough begin to ask the meaning of it? Or suppose that a boy from some very warm part of the world were to visit this country in winter, and see for the first time snow
15 falling, and the rivers solidly frozen over, would you be surprised if he showed great astonishment? If he asked you to tell him what snow is, and why the ground is so hard, and the air so cold, why the streams no longer flow, but have become crusted
20 with ice — could you answer his questions?

And yet these questions relate to very common, everyday things. If you think about them, you will learn, perhaps, that the answers are not quite so easily found as you had imagined. Do not suppose
25 that because a thing is common, it can have no interest for you. There is really nothing so common as not to deserve your attention.

I would fain have you not to be content with what is said in books, whether small or great, but rather to get into the habit of using your own eyes and seeing for yourselves what takes place in this wonderful world of ours. All round you there is abundant material for this most delightful inquiry. No excursion you ever made in pursuit of mere enjoyment and adventure by river, heath, or hill, could give you more hearty pleasure than a ramble, with eyes and ears alike open to note the lessons to be learned from every day and from every landscape. Remember that besides the printed books which you use at home, or at school, there is the great book of Nature, wherein each of us, young and old, may read, and go on reading all through life without exhausting even a small part of what it has to teach us.

It is this book — about Air, Earth, and Sea — that I would have you look into. Do not be content with merely noticing that such and such events take place. For instance, to return to our walk to the flooded river: do not let a fact such as a storm or a flood pass without trying to find out something about it. Get into the habit of asking Nature questions. Never rest until you get at the reasons for what you notice going on around you.

— *Sir Archibald Geikie.*

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH.

Perhaps few books of Scottish history have been more generally read than the "Tales of a Grandfather," written seventy years ago by Sir Walter Scott for the amusement of his little grandson. These "Tales" are supposed to be taken from the old Scotch chronicles, and they relate, with many touches of romance, the stirring and most graphic incidents in the early history of Scotland. They embrace the stories of William Wallace, the patriot chief, and of brave King Robert Bruce, and of many another hero of Scotch history. The following account of King James V., who was the father of Mary, Queen of Scots, is taken from these "Tales."

James the Fifth had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order to hear complaints that might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps also to enjoy amusement which he could not have partaken of in his character as King of Scotland.

When James traveled in disguise he used a name which was known only to some of his nobles and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech.¹ Ballengiech is a steep

¹ Pronounced ball'en gēek.

pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the king sent for some venison from the neighboring hills. The deer were killed and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. 5

Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company was rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough 10 of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently that if James was king in Scotland, he, Buchanan, 15 was king in Kippen, that being the name of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor lay.

On hearing what had happened, the king got on horseback and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce- 20 looking Highlander, with an ax on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the king admittance, saying that the laird was at dinner and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the 25 king, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen."

The porter went grumbling into the house and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, and said he was come to dine
5 with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the king was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet and ask forgiveness for his insolent behavior. But the king, who only meant to give him a fright,
10 forgave him freely, and going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which the chief had taken from his men. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone
15 and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the king got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself
20 with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked.

There was a poor farmer threshing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and, seeing one man defending himself
25 against numbers, gallantly took the king's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The farmer then took the king

into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way toward Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked.

On the way, the king asked his companion what and who he was. The man answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked him if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly wish to have gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a laborer.

He then asked the king in turn who *he* was, and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added that, if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and, appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The king had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same

disguise which he had formerly worn. The king, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks.

5 At length James asked his visitor if he would like to see the king; to which John replied that nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offense. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king
10 would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?" — "Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered — the king alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

15 So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled with the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant, but was still unable to distinguish the king. "I told
20 you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded."

The king laughed at John's fancy; and, that the
25 good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess.

BUGLE SONG.

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.

Oh hark ! oh hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, further going !

Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh 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.

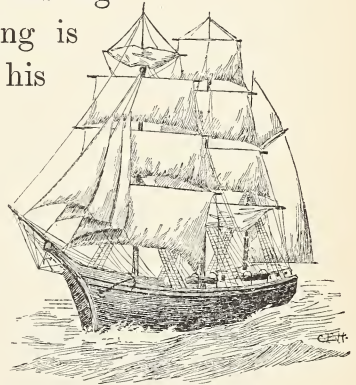
— *Alfred Tennyson.*

SOME EXPERIENCES AT SEA.

I. THE FIRST DAYS OUT.

In 1834, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., then a young man of nineteen, made a voyage to California, which was at that time almost an unknown region. He went as a common sailor "before the mast"; and
 5 on his return he wrote a narrative of his experience, depicting in its true colors the real life of the sailor at sea. This narrative was published in a volume entitled "Two Years before the Mast," and is still regarded as one of the most interesting
 10 stories of its kind. The following is Mr. Dana's account of some of his first experiences at sea:—

"With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew. We
 15 hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next morning was Saturday; and, a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a
 20 pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay.



A Full-rigged Ship.

I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city and well-known objects, as no time

is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew down into the lower harbor, we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night. 5

About midnight the wind became fair; and having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know; but I am quite sure that I did not give the true, hoarse, boatswain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-a-nds! up 10 anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee-land.

I could take but little part in these preparations. 15 My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so immediately executed, there was such a hurrying about, such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. 20 There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life.

The first day we passed at sea was the Sabbath. As we were just from port, and there was a great deal to be done on board, we were kept at work all 25 day. At night the watches were set, and everything put into sea order. I had now a fine time for reflec-

tion. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter-deck, where I had no right to go. One or two men were talking on the fore-castle, whom I had little inclination to join; so that I was left open to the full impression of everything about me.

However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did then and afterwards take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was leaving.

But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead. I could plainly see, by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes "eight bells" was struck, the watch called, and we went below.

I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage in which I lived was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and

ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon.

The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling 5 heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. I shortly heard the raindrops falling on deck, thick and fast. The watch had evidently their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, 10 the creaking of blocks, and all the indications of a coming storm.

When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience were before me. The little brig was close-hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then 15 seemed to me, nearly upon her beam ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The topsail halyards had been let go, and 20 the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and to me unintelligible, orders were constantly given, and rapidly executed; and the 25 sailors were "singing out" at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains.

In addition to all this, I had not got my “ sea legs on,” was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything ; and it was pitch dark. This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first
5 time, to reef topsails.

How I got along I cannot now remember. I “ laid out ” on the yards, and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the
10 topsail yard. Soon, however, all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below.

This I did not consider much of a favor, for the confusion of every thing below, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold, wet decks. I
15 had often read of the nautical experiences of others, but I felt as though there could be none worse than mine ; for, in addition to every other evil, I could not but remember that this was only the first night of a two-years voyage.

II. VIEW OF AN ICEBERG.

20 At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle, and told us to come on deck, and see the finest sight we had ever seen.

“ Where away, cook ? ” asked the first man who
25 came up.

“On the larboard bow.”

And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense irregular mass, its tops and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. It was an iceberg, and of the largest size. 5

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and 10 its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun.

No description can give an idea of the strangeness and splendor of the sight. Its great size — for it must have been two or three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion 15 as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the crackling mass, and the breaking and tum- 20 bling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear — all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of 25 an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the

edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north. It was in sight all the afternoon, and when we got to leeward of it the
5 wind died away, so that we lay to quite near it for the greater part of the night.

Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving mass, as its edges moved slowly
10 against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Towards
15 morning a breeze sprang up, we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

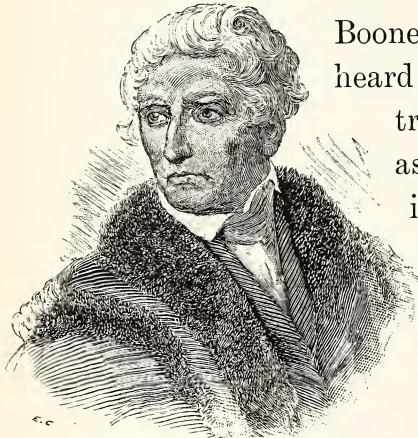
No pencil has ever yet given anything like a true effect of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge, uncouth masses stuck in the sea; while their chief
20 beauty and grandeur — their slow, stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful groaning and crackling of their parts — the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands, floating on the
25 smooth sea in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire.

— *From "Two Years before the Mast," by Richard Henry Dana.*

DANIEL BOONE.

I.

The settlement of the wilderness beyond the Alleghany Mountains was promoted by native pioneers. In his peaceful habitation on the banks of the Yadkin River in North Carolina, Daniel Boone, the illustrious hunter, had⁵ heard Finley, a trader, describe a tract of land, west of Virginia, as the richest in North America, or in the world. In May, 1769, leaving his wife and 10 offspring, having Finley as his pilot, and four others as companions, the young man, of about three and twenty, wandered forth through the 15



Daniel Boone.

wilderness of America “in quest of the country of Kentucky,” known to the savages as “the dark and bloody ground.” After a long and fatiguing journey through mountain ranges, the party found themselves in June on the Red River, a tributary of 20 the Kentucky, and from the top of an eminence surveyed with delight the beautiful plain that stretched to the northwest. Here they built their shelter and began to reconnoiter the country, and to hunt.

All the kinds of wild beasts that were natural to America — the stately elk, the timid deer, the antlered stag, the wild-cat, the bear, the panther, and the wolf — couched among the canes, or roamed
5 over the rich grasses, which even beneath the thickest shade sprung luxuriantly out of the generous soil. The buffaloes cropped fearlessly the herbage, or browsed on the leaves of the reed, and were more frequent than cattle in the settlements of Carolina.
10 Sometimes there were hundreds in a drove, and round the salt licks their numbers were amazing.

The summer in which, for the first time, a party of white men enjoyed the brilliancy of nature near and in the valley of the Elkhorn passed away in the
15 occupations of exploring parties and the chase. But, one by one, Boone's companions dropped off, till he was left alone with John Stewart. They jointly found unceasing delight in the wonders of the forest, till, one evening near the Kentucky River,
20 they were taken prisoners by a band of Indians, wanderers like themselves. They escaped, and were joined by Boone's brother; so that when Stewart was soon after killed by savages, Boone still had his brother to share with him the dangers and the
25 attractions of the wilderness, the building and occupying of the first cottage in Kentucky.

In the spring of 1770 that brother returned to the

settlements for horses and supplies of ammunition, leaving the renowned hunter "by himself, without bread, or salt, or even a horse or dog." The idea of a beloved wife anxious for his safety, tinged his thoughts with sadness; but otherwise the cheerful, 5 meditative man, careless of wealth, knowing the use of the rifle, not the plow, of a strong robust frame, in the vigorous health of early manhood, ignorant of books, but versed in the forest and in forest life, ever fond of tracking the deer on foot, away from 10 men, yet in his disposition humane, generous, and gentle, was happy in the uninterrupted succession of sylvan pleasures. He held unconscious intercourse with beauty old as creation.

One calm summer's evening, as he climbed a com- 15 manding ridge, and looked upon the remote, venerable mountains and the nearer ample plains, and caught a glimpse in the distance of the Ohio, which bounded the land of his affections with majestic grandeur, his heart exulted in the region he had 20 discovered. All things were still. Not a breeze so much as shook a leaf. He kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck. He was no more alone than a bee among flowers, but communed familiarly with the whole 25 universe of life. Nature was his intimate, and she responded to his intelligence.

For him the rocks and the fountains, the leaf and the blade of grass, had life; the cooling air laden with the wild perfume came to him as a friend; the dewy morning wrapped him in its embrace; the
5 trees stood up gloriously round about him as so many myriads of companions. All forms wore the character of desire or peril. But how could he be afraid? Triumphant over danger, he knew no fear. The perpetual howling of the wolves by night round
10 his cottage or his bivouac in the brake was his diversion; and by day he had joy in surveying the various species of animals that surrounded him. He loved the solitude better than the towered city or the hum of business.

15 Near the end of 1770, his faithful brother came back to meet him at the old camp. Shortly after they proceeded together to the Cumberland River, giving names to the different waters; and he then returned to his wife and children, fixed in his purpose, at the
20 risk of life and fortune, to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which he esteemed a second Paradise.

II.

In March, 1775, Daniel Boone, with a body of enterprising companions, proceeded to mark out a
25 path up Powell's valley, and through the mountains and canebrakes beyond. On the twenty-fifth of the

month they were waylaid by Indians, who killed two men and wounded another very severely. Two days later the savages killed and scalped two more. "Now," wrote Daniel Boone, "is the time to keep the country while we are in it. If we give way now, 5 it will ever be the case," and he pressed forward to the Kentucky River. There, on the first day of April, at the distance of about sixty yards from its west bank, near the mouth of Otter Creek, he began a stockade fort, which took the name of Boonesboro. 10

At that place, while the congress at Philadelphia was groping irresolutely in the dark, seventeen men assembled as representatives of the four "towns" that then formed the seed of the state. Among these children of nature was Daniel Boone, the pio- 15 neer of the party. His colleague, Richard Calloway, was one of the founders of Kentucky, and one of its early martyrs. The town of St. Asaph sent John Floyd, a surveyor, who emigrated from southwestern Virginia; an able writer, respected for his culture 20 and dignity of manner; of innate good breeding; ready to defend the weak; heedless of his own life if he could recover women and children who had been made captive by the savages; destined to do good service, and survive the dangers of western life till 25 American independence should be fought for and won.

From the settlement at Boiling Spring came James

Harrod, the same who, in 1774, had led a party of forty-one to Harrodsburg, and during the summer of that year had built the first log-cabin in Kentucky; a tall, erect, and resolute backwoodsman; 5 unlettered but not ignorant; intrepid yet gentle; never weary of kind offices to those around him; a skillful hunter, for whom the rifle had a companionship, and the wilderness a charm.

These and their associates, the fathers of Kentucky, seventeen in all, met on the 23d of May, beneath the great elm tree of Boonesboro, outside of the fort, on the thick sward of the fragrant white clover. The convention having been organized, prayers were read by a minister of the Church of 15 England. A speech was then delivered to the convention in behalf of the proprietary purchases of the land from the Cherokees. To it a committee, of which Calloway was the head, made reply. "Deeply impressed," they said, "with a sense of the importance 20 of the trust our constituents have reposed in us, we will attempt the task with vigor, not doubting but unanimity will insure us success. That we have a right, as a political body, without giving umbrage to Great Britain, or any of the colonies, to frame rules 25 for the government of our little society, cannot be doubted by any sensible or unbiased mind."

So reasoned the fathers of Kentucky. In their

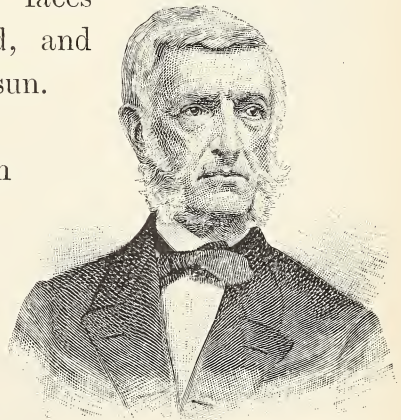
legislation, it was their chief care to copy after the happy pattern of the English laws. Their colony they called Transylvania. For defense against the savages, they organized a militia; they discountenanced profane swearing and Sabbath breaking; they took thought for preventing the waste of game, and improving the breed of horses; and by solemn agreement they established as the basis of their constitution the annual choice of delegates; taxes to be raised by the convention alone; perfect religious freedom and general toleration.

Thus a little band of hunters put themselves at the head of the countless hosts of civilization in establishing the great principle of intellectual freedom. Long as the shadows of the western mountain shall move round with the sun, long as the rivers that gush from those mountains shall flow toward the sea, long as seedtime and harvest shall return, that rule shall remain the law of the West.

The state of Kentucky honors the memory of the plain, simple-hearted man, who is best known as its pioneer. He was kindly in his nature, and never wronged a human being, not even an Indian, nor, indeed, animal life of any kind. "I with others have fought Indians," he would say; "but I do not know that I ever killed one. If I did, it was in battle, and I never knew it." In woodcraft he was

acknowledged to be the first among men. This led him to love solitude, and to hover on the frontier, with no abiding place, accompanied by the wife of his youth, who was the companion of his long life and travel. When, at last, death put them both to rest, Kentucky reclaimed their bones from their graves far up the Missouri; and now they lie buried on the hill above the cliffs of the Kentucky River, overlooking the lovely valley of the capital of that commonwealth. Around them are emblems of wilderness life; the turf of the blue grass lies lightly above them; and they are laid with their faces turned upward and westward, and their feet toward the setting sun.

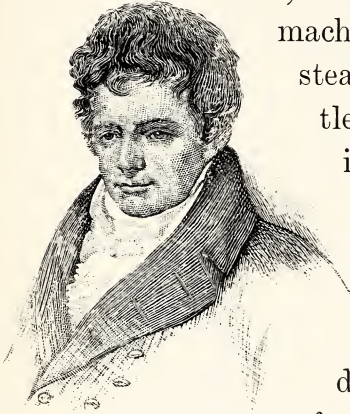
Such is the account which George Bancroft, the first of American historians, gives of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, and of the founding of the commonwealth of which Boone was the earliest and most distinguished promoter. Few other works have contributed so much to the dignity and distinction of our literature as has Bancroft's "History of the United States," from which this extract has been taken.



George Bancroft.

FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

It is common to speak of Robert Fulton as the inventor of the steamboat. Other persons before him, however, had experimented with machinery for propelling vessels by steam. They had met with but little success or encouragement, and it was left for Fulton to demonstrate the practical value of steam as a means of propulsion and to show the superiority of steamboats to vessels depending solely upon the wind for motive power. Robert Fulton was born in Pennsylvania in 1765.



Robert Fulton.

He began his experiments with steam in 1793, and his first successful steamboat, the "Clermont," was launched on the Hudson in 1807. The trip from New York to Albany occupied thirty-two hours, the rate of speed being about five miles an hour. Mr. Fulton himself has left us the following account of the trial of his boat:—

When I was building my first steamboat, the project was viewed by the public at New York either with indifference or contempt, as a vision-

ary scheme. My friends indeed were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the
 5 lamentation of the poet —

“Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land?
 All shun, none aid you, and few understand.”

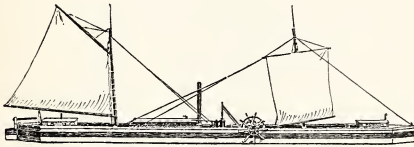
As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard while my boat was in progress, I
 10 often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense;
 15 the dry jest, the wise calculations of losses and expenditure; the dull but endless repetition of “*the Fulton folly!*” Never did an encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path.

At length the day arrived when the experiment
 20 was to be made. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted my friends to go on board and witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest
 25 they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partakers of my mortification and not of my triumph.

The moment approached in which the word was

to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short 5 distance, and then stopped and became immovable.

To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I 10 told you so — it is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it." I elevated myself on a platform, and



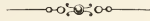
The "Clermont."

addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not 15 what was the matter; but if they would indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time.

This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and dis- 20 covered that the cause was a slight defect in a part of the work. This was soon remedied; the boat was put again in motion; she continued to move on. All were still incredulous; none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. 25

We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of

the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again.



THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

Come, let us plant the apple
tree!

Cleave the tough greensward with
the spade;

Wide let its hollow bed be
made;

There gently lay the roots,
and there

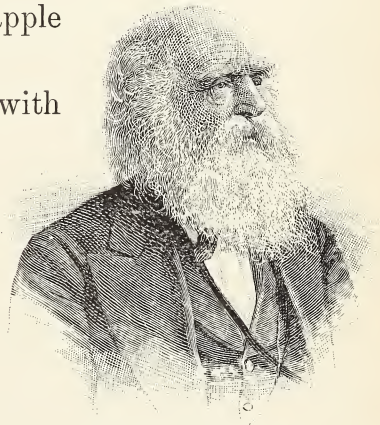
Sift the dark mold with
kindly care,

And press it o'er them tenderly,

As round the sleeping infant's feet

We softly fold the cradle sheet;

So plant we the apple tree.



William Cullen Bryant.

What plant we in this apple tree?

Buds, which the breath of summer days

Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;

Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast

Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.

We plant upon the sunny lea
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
 To load the May wind's restless wings,
 When from the orchard row he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors.

A world of blossoms for the bee,
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom
 We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
 And redden in the August noon,
 And drop when gentle airs come by
 That fan the blue September sky,

While children, wild with noisy glee,
 Shall scent their fragrance as they pass
 And search for them the tufted grass
 At the foot of the apple tree.

And when above this apple tree
 The winter stars are quivering bright,

And winds go howling through the night,
 Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth ;

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Heaped with the orange and the grape,
 As fair as they in tint and shape,
 The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 Where men shall wonder at the view
 And ask in what fair groves they grew ;

And they who roam beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day
 And long hours passed in summer play
 In the shade of the apple tree.

But time shall waste this apple tree.
 Oh ! when its aged branches throw
 Their shadows on the world below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still ?

What shall the task of mercy be
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this apple tree ?

“ Who planted this old apple tree ? ”
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say ;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them :
 “ A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times ;
 ’Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple tree.”

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

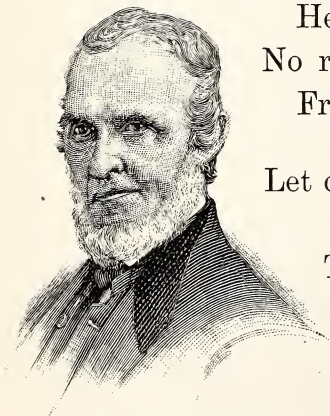


THE CORN SONG.

Heap high the farmer’s wintry hoard !
 Heap high the golden corn !
 No richer gift has Autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,



John G. Whittier.

To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot, midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
 Around their costly board ;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk
 By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
 Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
 And bless our farmer girls !

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
 Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
 Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheatfield to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod ;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God.

—*John G. Whittier.*

HUNTING THE WALRUS.

The walrus is one of the largest animals still extant, and although the element of personal danger is not so great in hunting it as in hunting some beasts of lesser bulk, yet the conditions under which



Walruses at Home.

5 the sport is pursued, as well as the nature of the sport itself, are such as will probably tempt one who has once tried this form of sport to return to it.

An average-sized four-year-old walrus will measure ten feet in length and about the same in girth. The
 10 weight is, of course, difficult to determine; but it is probably about 3000 pounds, of which 350 pounds may be reckoned as blubber, and 300 pounds as hide.

The blubber, to be utilized, is mixed with that of the seals which may be obtained, and the oil, which is extracted by heat and pressure, sold as " seal oil " ; the hide, which is from an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, and makes a soft, spongy leather, is 5 exported principally to Russia and Germany, where it is used for making harness and other heavy leather goods.

The walrus is a carnivorous animal, feeding mostly upon shellfish and worms, and is therefore generally 10 found in the shallow waters along a coast line, diving for its food on banks which lie at a depth of from two to twenty fathoms below the surface. Deeper than that the walrus does not care to go; in fact, it generally feeds in about fifteen fathoms. 15

The tusks are principally used to plow up the bottom in search of food, but are also employed as weapons, and in climbing upon the ice. They are composed of hard white ivory, set for about six inches of their length in a hard bony mass, about 20 six inches in diameter, which forms the front of the head; the breathing passage runs through this mass, and terminates in two " blow holes " between the roots of the tusks. The tusk itself is solid, except that portion which is imbedded in the bone, and this 25 is filled with a cellular structure, containing a whitish oil.

A walrus killed in the water immediately sinks; even if mortally wounded, it will in nine cases out of ten escape, and sink to the bottom. When on the ice, these animals always lie close to the water, and
5 it is therefore necessary to kill them instantly, or they will reach the water and be lost before the boat can arrive within harpooning distance. This can only be done by shooting them in such a way as to penetrate the brain, which is no easy matter. The
10 brain lies in what appears to be the neck; that which one would naturally suppose to be the head being nothing but the heavy jaw bones, and mass of bone in which the tusks are set.

What becomes of the walrus in winter it is hard
15 to say; but I have heard them blowing in an open pool of water among the ice on the north coast of Spitzbergen in the month of December. In the spring, however, when the ice begins to break up, they collect in herds on their feeding grounds around
20 the coasts, where they may be found diving for shellfish, or basking and sleeping, singly or in "heaps" of two or three, often five or six, together.

They seem to prefer to lie on small cakes of flat bay ice; a single walrus will often take his siesta on
25 a cake only just large enough to float him, and it is among such ice, therefore, rather than among rough old pack and glacier blocks, that they should be

sought, although I have seen them lying on heavy old water-worn ice, four and five feet above the water. In this case, however, they had no choice.

The boats of the walrus hunters are strongly yet lightly built. They are bow-shaped at both ends; 5 the stem and stern posts are made thick and strong in order to resist the blows of the ice, and the bow sheathed with zinc plates to prevent excessive chafing. It is most important that they should be easy and quick in turning, and this quality is obtained by 10 depressing the keel in the middle. They are painted red inside and white outside, so that they may not be conspicuous amongst ice, but the hunters stultify 15 this idea to some extent by dressing themselves in dark colors.

The harpoon, the point and edges of which are ground and whetted to a razor-like sharpness, is a simple but very effective weapon. When thrust into a walrus or seal, a large outer barb "takes up" a loop of the tough hide, whilst a small inner fishhook 20 barb prevents it from becoming disengaged, so that when once properly harpooned, it is seldom, if ever, that an animal escapes through the harpoon "drawing." The harpoon line consists of sixteen fathoms of two-inch tarred rope, very carefully made of the 25 finest hemp, "soft laid"; each line is neatly coiled in a separate box placed beneath the forward thwart.

A boat's crew consists of four or five men, and the quickness with which they can turn their boat is greatly accelerated by their method of rowing and steering. Each man rows with a pair of oars, which
5 he can handle much better than one long one when amongst ice.

The harpooner, who commands the boat's crew, rows from the bow thwart, near the weapons and telescope, which he alone uses. It is he who searches
10 for game, and decides on the method of attack when it is found. "No. 2," generally the strongest man in the boat, is called the "line man"; it is his duty to tend the line when a walrus is struck, and to assist the harpooner.

15 In such a boat, then, one lovely September morning, we are rowing easily back to the sloop, which is lying off Bird Bay, a small indentation in the east face of the northernmost point of Spitzbergen. The harpooner is balancing himself, one foot on the
20 forward locker, and one on the thwart, examining through a telescope something which appears to be a lump of dirty ice, about half a mile away. Suddenly he closes his glass and seizes the oars. "There he is!" he says, and without another word the boat
25 is headed for the black mass.

Now we are within a couple of hundred yards, and each man crouches in the bottom of the boat, the

harpooner still in the bow, his eyes intently fixed upon the walrus. Suddenly the walrus raises his head, and we are motionless. It is intensely still, and the scraping of a piece of ice along the boat seems like the roar of a railway train passing over-⁵ head on some bridge. Down goes the head, and we glide forward again. The walrus is uneasy; again and again he raises his head and looks round with a quick motion, but we have the sun right at our back, and he never notices us. 10

At last we are within a few feet, and with a shout of "Wake up, old boy!" which breaks the stillness like a shot, the harpooner is on his feet, his weapon clasped in both hands above his head. As the walrus plunges into the sea, the iron is buried in his side,¹⁵ and, with a quick twist to prevent the head from slipping out of the same slit that it has cut in the thick hide, the handle is withdrawn and thrown into the boat. Bumping and scraping amongst the floating ice, we are towed along for about five minutes,²⁰ and then stop as the wounded walrus comes to the surface to breathe.

In the old days the lance would finish the business, but now it is the rifle. He is facing the boat; I sight for one of his eyes, and let him have both²⁵ barrels, without much effect apparently, for away we rush for two or three minutes more, when he is up

again, still facing the boat. He seems to care no more for the solid "Express" bullets than if they were peas; but he is slow this time, and, as he turns to dive, exposes the fatal spot at the back of the
5 head, and dies.

Few men are likely ever to forget the first occasion on which they found themselves amongst a herd of walrus in the water. Scores of fierce-looking heads—for the long tusks, small bloodshot eyes, and
10 moustache on the upper lip (every bristle of which is as thick as a crow quill) give the walrus an expression of ferocity—gaze, perhaps in unbroken silence, from all sides upon the boat. See! the sun glints along a hundred wet backs, and they are gone.

15 Away you row at racing speed to where experience tells you they will rise again. "Here they are! Take that old one with long tusks first!" A couple of quick thrusts, right and left, and away you go again, fast to two old fellows that will want a good
20 deal of attention before you can cut their tusks out. Indeed, unless one has served his apprenticeship, he had better not meddle with the harpoon at all. The old skippers and harpooners can spin many a yarn of lost crews and boats gone under the ice through a
25 fatal moment's delay in cutting free from the diving walrus.

—From "*Big Game Shooting*."

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

I. HISTORY.

Volcanoes can never be trusted. No one knows when one will break out, or what it will do; and those who live close to them—as the city of Naples is close to Mount Vesuvius—must not be astonished if they are blown up or swallowed, as that great and beautiful city of Naples may be without a warning, any day.

For what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years ago in the old Roman times? For ages and ages it had been lying quiet, like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot—cities filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable and, I am afraid, as wicked as any people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, and olive yards covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the Paradises of the world.

As for the mountain's being a volcano, who ever thought of that? To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines full of deer and other wild animals. What sign of fire was there in that? To be sure, also, there was an ugly place

below, by the seashore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground; and a lake called Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed any one, and how
5 could it harm them?

So they all lived on, merrily and happily enough, till the year A.D. 79. At that time there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral, called Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned
10 man, and author of a famous old book on natural history. He was staying on shore with his sister; and as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in
15 shape just like a pine tree; not, of course, like the pines which grow in this country, but like an Italian stone pine, with a long straight stem and a flat parasol-shaped top.

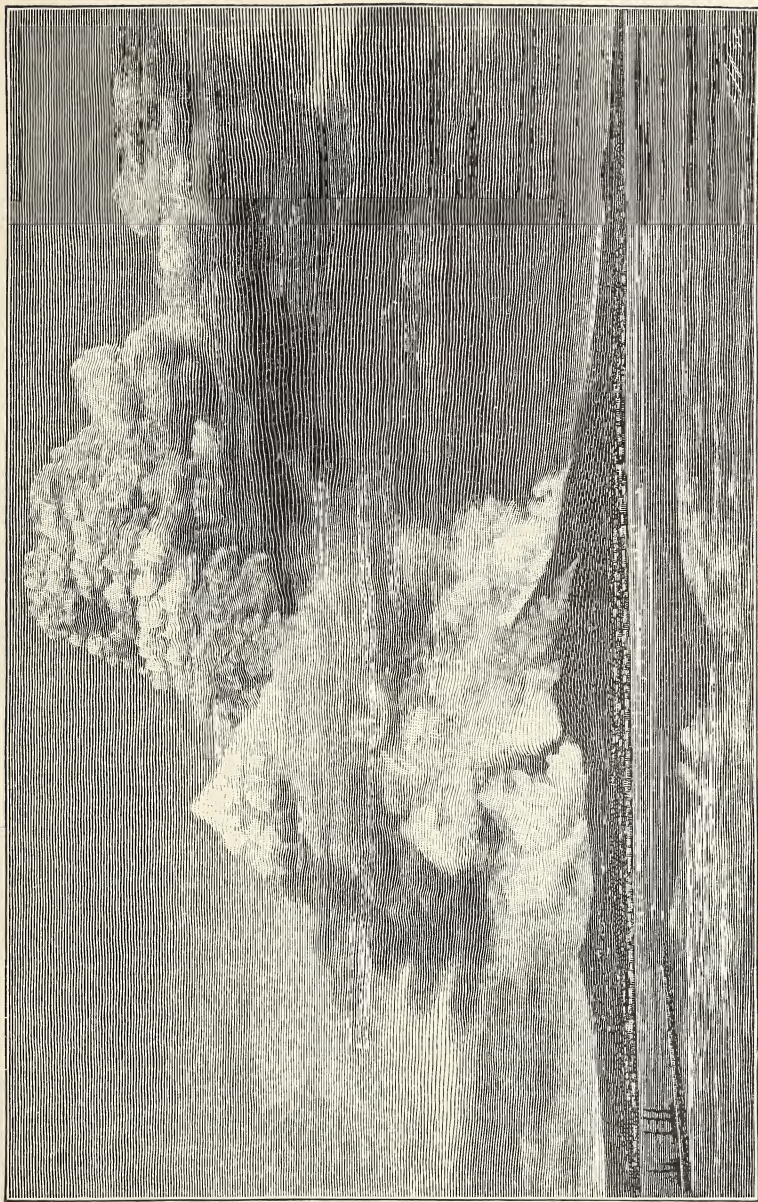
Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted;
20 and the good Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his rowboat and went away across the bay to see what it could be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days, but I do not suppose that Pliny
25 thought that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had; and to his cost. When

he was near the opposite shore, some of the sailors met him and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice stones were falling down from the sky, and flames were breaking out of the mountain above. But Pliny would go on: he said that if people were 5 in danger it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and almost left them on the 10 beach; and Pliny turned away towards a place called Stabiæ, to the house of an old friend who was just going to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid; ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and then went in to dinner with a cheer- 15 ful face. Flames came down from the mountain, nearer and nearer as the night drew on; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled; and then went to bed and slept soundly. 20

However, in the middle of the night, they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and if they had not awakened the Admiral in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house. 25

The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his



From a Photograph

Mount Vesuvius during an Eruption.

Engraved by E. Heinemann.

friend, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, having pillows over their heads to prevent their being beaten down. By this time, day had come, but not the dawn: for it was still pitch dark. They went down to their boats upon the shore; but the sea raged so horribly that there was no getting on board of them. 5

Then Pliny grew tired and made his men spread a sail for him that he might lie down upon it. But there came down upon them a rush of flames and a strong smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives. 10

Some of the slaves tried to help the Admiral; but he sank down again, overpowered by the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead; but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he had been only sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science. 15 20

But what was going on in the meantime? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities — Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ — were buried at once. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and the earthenware, often even jewels and gold behind, and here and there a human being who had not had 25

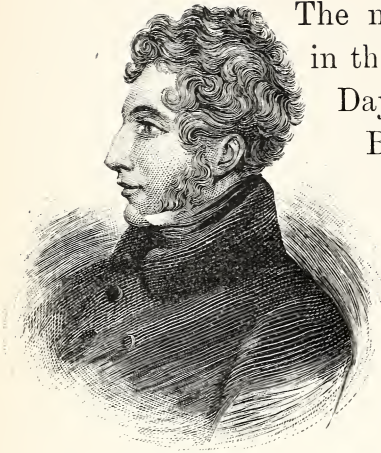
time to escape from the dreadful rain of ashes and dust.

The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been dug into since, and partly uncovered; and the paintings, especially in Pompeii, are found upon the walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which have covered them in. At Naples there is a famous museum containing the curiosities which have been dug out of the ruined cities; and one can walk along the streets in Pompeii and see the wheel tracks in the pavement along which carts and chariots rolled two thousand years ago.

And what had become of Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain? Half, or more than half, of the side of the old crater had been blown away; and what was left, which is now called the Monte Somma, stands in a half circle round the new cone and the new crater which is burning at this very day. True, after that eruption which killed Pliny, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not awake for one hundred and thirty-four years, and then again for two hundred and sixty-nine years; but it has been growing more and more restless as the ages have passed on, and now hardly a year passes without its sending out smoke and stones from its crater, and streams of lava from its sides.

— *From "Madam How and Lady Why," by Charles Kingsley.*

II. ROMANCE.



Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

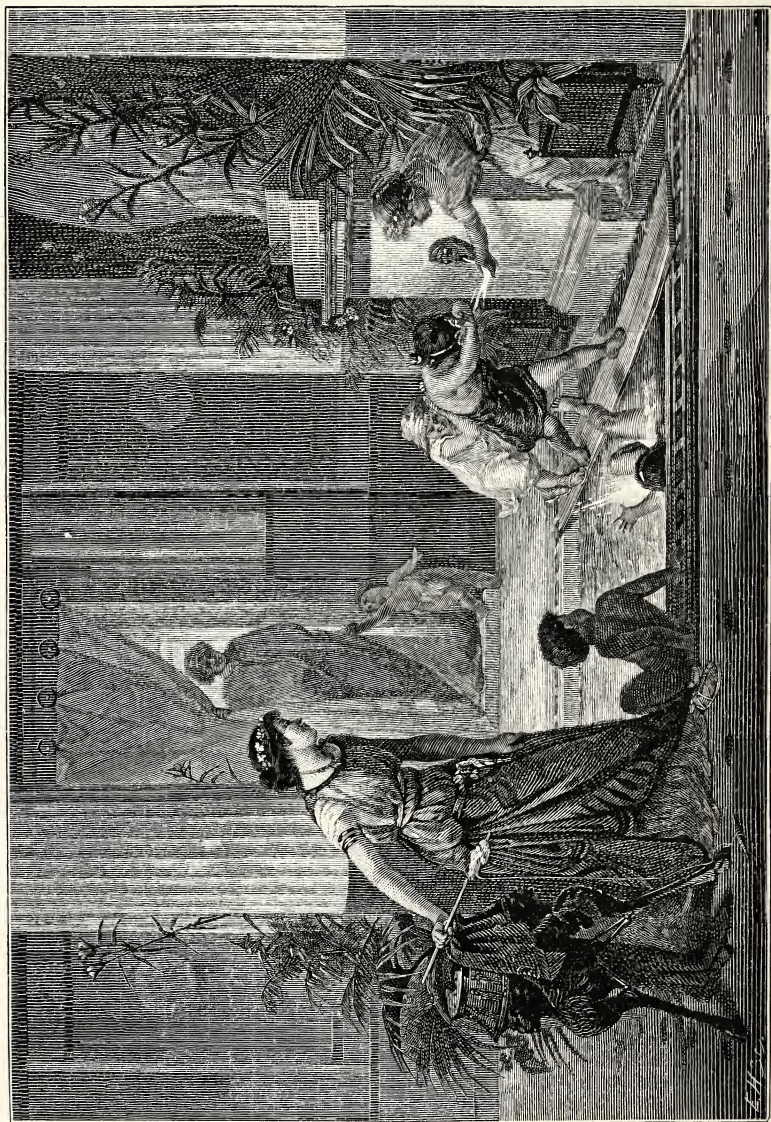
The most popular historical romance in the English language is "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. It was first published in 1834, and is a narrative depicting life and manners during the last years of the doomed city. The description of the grand catastrophe is a subject which called forth all the brilliant powers of the author. As a piece of word-painting it has seldom been surpassed.

The cloud which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigious dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depths of a southern sky, — now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent, — now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of

smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers you heard the
5 rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Some-
10 times the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the abyss of shade;
15 so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the vapors seemed like the bodily forms of gigantic foes — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steam-
20 ing breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, yet more and more,
25 with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt — the footing seemed to slide and creep



From the Painting by J. Coomans.

Interior of a House in Pompeii.

Engraved by E. Heinemann.

— nor could chariot or litter be kept steady even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach ; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses and even vineyards had been set on flames ; and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches ; but these rarely continued long ; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden

with the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life 5 was left save the primal law of self-preservation.

Through this awful scene did Glaucus wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of 10 Glaucus, who with Ione was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps, — in 15 vain: they could not discover her, — it was evident she had been swept along some other direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her 20 alone. Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly towards the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? All was rayless to them — a maze with- 25 out a clue. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their

heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, they continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress: yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts where the ashes lay dry and unmixed with the boiling torrents, cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places, cinder and rock lay matted in heaps.

The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror — now near, now distant — which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the Fatal Mountain; its rushing winds; its whirling torrents; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion.

Suddenly the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of

hell, the mountain shone — a pile of fire. Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as Demons contending for a World. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which 5 lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of 10 their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the stupendous Phlegethon. And through the stilled air 15 was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts — darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused the next in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated. 20

Glaucus turned in awe, caught Ione in his arms, and fled along the street, that was now intensely luminous. But suddenly a duller shade fell over the air. Instinctively he turned to the mountain, and behold! one of the two gigantic crests, into which 25 the summit had been divided, rocked and wavered to and fro; and then, with a sound, the mightiness of

which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain. At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke — rolling
5 on, over air, sea, and earth.

Another — and another — and another shower of ashes, far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets. Darkness once more wrapped them as a veil; and Glaucus, his bold heart
10 at last quelled and despairing, sank beneath the cover of an arch, and, clasping Ione to his heart, resigned himself to die.

Meanwhile Nydia, when separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to
15 regain them. In vain she raised that plaintive cry so peculiar to the blind; it was lost amidst a thousand shrieks of more selfish terror. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided — to find her companions gone, to seize every fugi-
20 tive — to inquire of Glaucus — to be dashed aside in the impatience of distraction. Who in that hour spared one thought to his neighbor?

At length it occurred to Nydia that, as it had been resolved to seek the seashore for escape, her most
25 probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction. Guiding her steps, then, by the staff which she always carried, she con-

tinued to avoid the masses of ruin which incumbered the path, and to take the nearest direction to the seaside.

She had gone some distance toward the seashore, when she chanced to hear from one of the fugitives 5 that Glaucus was resting beneath the arch of the forum. She at once turned her back on the sea, and retraced her steps to the city. She gained the forum—the arch; she stooped down—she felt around—she called on the name of Glaucus. 10

A weak voice answered, “Who calls on me? Is it the voice of the Shades? Lo! I am prepared!”

“Arise! follow me! Take my hand! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved!”

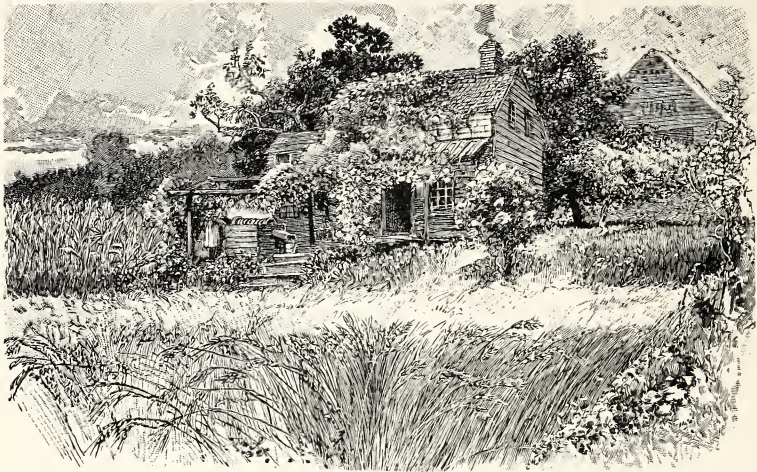
In wonder and sudden hope, Glaucus arose. 15
“Nydia still! Ah! thou, then, art safe!”

The tender joy of his voice pierced the heart of the poor Thessalian, and she blessed him for his thought of her.

Half-leading, half-carrying Ione, Glaucus followed 20 his guide. After many pauses they gained the sea, and joined a group, who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea; but, as they cleared the land and caught new aspects 25 of the mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves.

Utterly exhausted and worn out, Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus, and Nydia lay at his feet. Meanwhile the showers of dust and ashes, still borne aloft, fell into the wave, and scattered their snows over
5 the deck. Far and wide, borne by the winds, those showers descended upon the remotest climes, startling even the swarthy African, and whirled along the antique soil of Syria and Egypt.

And meekly, softly, beautifully dawned at last
10 the light over the trembling deep, — the winds were sinking into rest, — the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, their mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning. Light was about to resume her reign.
15 Yet, still, dark, and massive in the distance lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning more and more dimly, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the “Scorched Fields.” The white walls and gleaming
20 columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The darlings of the Deep were snatched from her embrace. Century after century shall the mighty
25 Mother stretch forth her azure arms, and know them not — moaning round the sepulchers of the Lost!



THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
 Is the lowly home where I was born ;
 The peach tree leans against the wall,
 And the woodbine wanders over all ;
 There is the shaded doorway still,
 But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn — and, as of yore,
 I can smell the hay from the open door,
 And see the busy swallows throng,
 And hear the pewee's mournful song ;
 But the stranger comes — oh ! painful proof —
 His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard — the very trees
 Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
 And watched the shadowy moments run
 Till my life imbibed more shade than sun ;
 The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
 But the stranger's children are swinging there.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
 Step lightly, for I love it still ;
 And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
 Then think what countless harvest sheaves
 Have passed within that scented door
 To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees ;
 And when your children crowd their knees
 Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
 As if old memories stirred their heart ;
 To youthful sport still leave the swing,
 And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
 The meadows with their lowing herds,
 The woodbine on the cottage wall —
 My heart still lingers with them all.
 Ye strangers on my native sill,
 Step lightly, for I love it still.

— *Thomas Buchanan Read.*

OUR COUNTRY.

Sweet clime of my kindred, blest land of my birth!
 The fairest, the dearest, the brightest on earth!
 Where'er I may roam — howe'er blest I may be,
 My spirit instinctively turns unto thee!

I. WHAT IS OUR COUNTRY?

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what *is* our country? 5
 It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest home, with her frontiers of the lakes and the ocean. It is not the West, with 10
 her forest sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn; with her beautiful Ohio and her verdant Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, 15
 and in the golden robes of the rice field. *What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, OUR COUNTRY?*

—Thomas Grimke.

II. LIBERTY AND UNION.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and the honor of the whole country, and the preservation of the Federal Union. I have not allowed myself to look beyond
5 the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind ; I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder ; I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion,
10 to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depths of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved,
15 but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to
20 penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind !

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining
25 ing on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States dissevered, discordant,

belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured ; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards" ; but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

III. OUR SACRED OBLIGATIONS.

Let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands.

We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and

Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the
5 spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement.

In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the re-
10 sources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we, also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered.

Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony.
15 In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas
20 over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of op-
25 pression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

—*Daniel Webster.*

A LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

“The Sketch Book” is a collection of short tales, sketches, and essays, written by Washington Irving, and published in 1820. Most of the sketches are descriptive of English manners and scenery, but the popu- 5

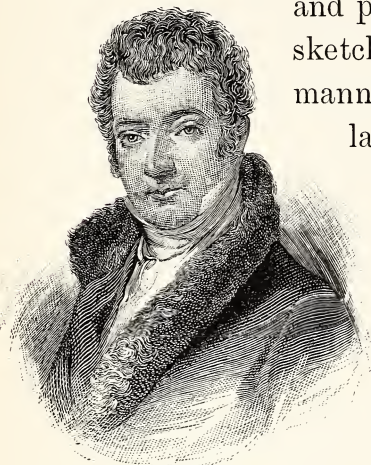
larity of the book in this country is chiefly due to two well-known stories of American life, “Rip Van Winkle” and “A Legend of Sleepy Hollow.” 10

The scenes of both stories are located in the valley of the Hudson River, not far from New York. They are most

picturesquely told, and rank high among the best 15 productions of their kind in American literature. Here is the “Legend of Sleepy Hollow,” which we have abridged in order to adapt it to the readers of this volume: —

I. THE SCHOOLMASTER.

In a remote period of American history, there 20 lived in Sleepy Hollow a worthy man whose name was Ichabod Crane. He sojourned, or, as he expressed it, “tarried” in that quiet little valley for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicin-



Washington Irving.

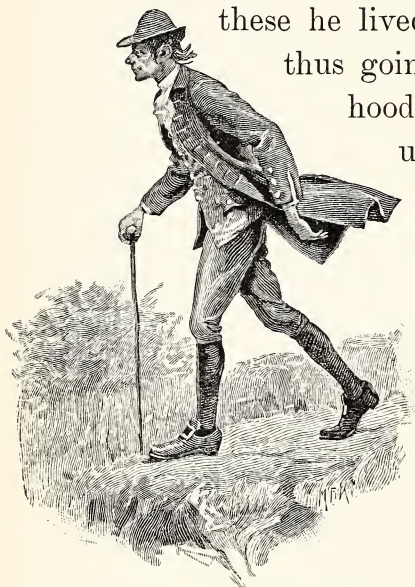
ity. He was a native of Connecticut. He was tall, but very lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, and feet that might have served as shovels. His
5 head was small, with huge ears, large glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose. To see him striding along the crest of a hill on a windy day, with his ill-fitting clothes fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for some scarecrow escaped from a cornfield.

10 His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely built of logs. It stood in a rather lonely but pleasant place, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a birch tree growing near one end of it. From this place of
15 learning the low murmur of children's voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard on a drowsy summer day like the hum of a beehive. Now and then this was interrupted by the stern voice of the master, or perhaps by the appalling sound of a birch
20 twig, as some loiterer was urged along the flowery path of knowledge.

When school hours were over, the teacher forgot that he was the master, and was even the companion and playmate of the older boys; and on holiday
25 afternoons, he liked to go home with some of the smaller ones who happened to have pretty sisters, or mothers noted for their skill in cooking. Indeed, it

was a wise thing for him to keep on good terms with his pupils. He earned so little by teaching school, that he would scarcely have had enough to eat, had he not, according to country custom, boarded at the houses of the children whom he instructed. With ⁵

these he lived, by turns, a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly goods tied up in a cotton handkerchief.



Ichabod Crane.

He had many ways of ¹⁰ making himself both useful and agreeable. He helped the farmers in the lighter labors of their farms, raked the hay at harvest time, ¹⁵ mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He found favor in ²⁰

the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and he would often sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

He was a man of some importance among the ²⁵ women of the neighborhood, being looked upon as a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage of finer tastes

and better manners than the rough young men who had been brought up in the country. He was always welcome at the tea table of a farmhouse; and his presence was almost sure to bring out an extra dish
5 of cakes or sweetmeats, or the parade of a silver teapot. He was happy, too, in the smiles of all the young ladies. He would walk with them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays; gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun
10 the surrounding trees; or sauntering with a whole bevy of them along the banks of the adjacent mill pond; while the bashful country youngsters hung sheepishly back and hated him for his fine manners.

Another of his sources of pleasure was to pass long
15 winter evenings with the wives of the Dutch farmers, as they sat spinning by the fire with a long row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth. He listened to their wondrous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and
20 haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or "Gallopings Hessian of the Hollow," as they sometimes called him. And then he would entertain them with stories of witchcraft, and would frighten them with woeful
25 speculations about comets and shooting stars, and by telling them that the world did really turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy.

There was pleasure in all this while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a room that was lighted by the ruddy glow from a crackling wood fire, and where no ghost dared show its face; but it was a pleasure dearly bought by the terrors which 5 would beset him during his walk homewards. How fearful were the shapes and shadows that fell across his way in the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, 10 beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! and how often 15 was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

II. THE INVITATION.

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive 20 mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he watched the doings of his little school. In his hand he held a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the stool, a constant terror to evil doers; 25 while on the desk were sundry contraband articles

taken from idle urchins, such as half-eaten apples, popguns, whirligigs, and fly cages. His scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon
5 the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom.

This stillness was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, who, mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-
10 broken colt, came clattering up to the schoolhouse door. He brought an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at the house of Mynheer Van Tassel; and having delivered his message, he dashed over the
15 brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons. Those who were nimble skipped over
20 half without being noticed; and those who were slow were hurried along by a smart application of the rod. Then books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down; and the whole school was turned
25 loose an hour before the usual time, the children yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early freedom.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing his best and only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance at the party in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was boarding, and, thus gallantly mounted, rode forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a slender neck, and a head like a hammer. His mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs. One eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other still gleamed with genuine wickedness. He must have had plenty of fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder.

Ichabod was a rider suited for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his elbows stuck out like a grasshopper's; and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his

black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled along the highway; and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day. The sky was clear and serene. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frost into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air.

The bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubblefields.

The small birds fluttered, chirping and frolicking from bush to bush, and tree to tree, gay and happy because of the plenty and variety around them. There were the twittering blackbirds, flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his



Ichabod and Gunpowder.

crimson crest and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail; and the blue jay, in his gay, light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bowing, and pretending to be on good 5 terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, —some still hanging on the trees, some gathered 10 into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding. 15 There, too, were multitudes of yellow pumpkins turning up their yellow sides to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies. And anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive; and as he beheld them, 20 he dreamed of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina, the daughter of Mynheer Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts 25 and “sugared suppositions,” he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some

of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was
 5 of a fine, golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep-blue of the midheaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and
 10 purple of their rocky sides.

III. THE "QUILTING FROLIC."

It was toward evening when Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel. He found it thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country, — old farmers, in homespun coats and
 15 breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk little dames, in close-crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom lasses,
 20 almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, showed signs of city innovations; the sons, in short, square-skirted coats with rows of huge brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion
 25 of the times, especially if an eel-skin could be had

for that purpose, it being esteemed as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

What a world of charms burst upon the gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion — the ample charms of a Dutch country tea table, in the sumptuous time of autumn! Such heaped-up platters of cakes, of various and indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, and the crisp, crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes; and then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; and slices of ham and smoked beef; and dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream; all mingled, higgledy-piggledy, — with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst! I want breath and time to describe this banquet as I ought, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry, but did ample justice to every dainty.

And now, supper being ended, the sound of music from the common room summoned to the dance. The musician was an old, gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood

for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, moving his head with every movement of the bow, and stamping his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself on his dancing. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? And pretty Katrina Van Tassel, the lady of his heart, was his partner in the dance, smiling graciously in reply to all his gallant remarks. When the dance was over, Ichabod joined a circle of the older folks, who, with Mynheer Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, and told stories of the war and wild and wonderful legends of ghosts and other supernatural beings. Some mention was made of a woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on wintry nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country. One man told how he had once met the horseman returning from a foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get

up behind him ; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge by the church, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw him into the brook, and sprang away over the treetops with a clap of 5 thunder. A wild, roystering young man, who was called Brom Bones, declared that the headless horseman was, after all, no rider compared with himself. He said that returning one night from the neighboring 10 village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper ; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and would have won it, too, but just as 15 they came to the church bridge, the specter bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.



Katrina Van Tassel.

The party now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered 20 together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind 25 their favorite swains ; and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along

the silent woodlands, growing fainter and fainter till they gradually died away, and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod alone lingered behind, to have a parting
5 word with the pretty Katrina. What he said to her, and what was her reply, I do not know. Something, however, must have gone wrong; for he sallied forth, after no great length of time, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen.

IV. THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

10 It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod pursued his travel homewards. In the dead hush of midnight he could hear the barking of a dog on the opposite shore of the Hudson, but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of the
15 distance between them. No signs of life occurred near, but now and then the chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

20 All the stories that Ichabod had heard about ghosts and goblins, now came crowding into his mind. The night grew darker and darker. The stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He
25 had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, more-

over, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. 5 Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large as the trunks of ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the ground, and rising again into the air.

As Ichabod approached this tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered: it 10 was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. Coming a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused, and ceased whistling, but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place 15 where the tree had been struck by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan. His teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle. It was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about 20 by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen. A few rough logs laid side by 25 side served for a bridge over this stream. To pass this bridge was the severest trial; for it was here

that the unfortunate André had been captured, and under covert of the thicket of chestnuts and vines by the side of the road, had the sturdy yeomen, who surprised him, lain concealed. The stream has ever
5 since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As Ichabod approached the stream his heart began to thump. He gave his horse half a score of kicks
10 in the ribs, and tried to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod jerked the rein on the other side, and kicked lustily with the con-
15 trary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward but
20 came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the trees, he beheld
25 something huge, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? Summoning up a show of courage, he called out in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more 5 agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood 10 at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a horse of powerful frame. He 15 made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange mid-20 night companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones and the headless horseman, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod drew up, and fell into 25 a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. There

was something in the moody and dogged silence of his companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for.

On mounting a rising ground, which brought the
5 figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless; but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pom-
10 mel of his saddle. His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip; but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through
15 thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off
20 to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile,
25 where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

Just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and Ichabod felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and tried to hold it firm, but in vain. He had just time to save himself by clasping Gunpowder 5 round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of its owner's wrath passed across his mind, for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears. He had much 10 ado to keep his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that was far from pleasant.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with 15 the hope that the church bridge was at hand. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him. He even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another kick in the 20 ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the 25 goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod tried to dodge

the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled headlong into the dust; and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

5 The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the
10 schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. An inquiry was set on foot, and after much investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road by the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt.
15 The tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and
20 close beside it a shattered pumpkin. The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered.

As Ichabod was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. It
25 is true, an old farmer, who went down to New York on a visit several years after, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that

he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and the farmer whose horse he had ridden, and partly for other reasons; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country, had kept school and studied law at the same time, had ⁵ written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after the schoolmaster's disappearance, had married the blooming Katrina Van Tassel, was observed to look very knowing ¹⁰ whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suppose that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.



THE MARINER'S DREAM.

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

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

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

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the
 wall ;

All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

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

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

Ah! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
 Ah! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear?
 'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting death in the
 sky!
 'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the
 sphere!

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

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

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

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

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

— *William Dimond.*

THE SANDS O' DEE.

“O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee!”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land —
 And never home came she.

“Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea?”

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee.

They brought her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea.

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

I. BLOCK BOOKS.

Six hundred years ago every book was written by hand; for the art of printing was then unknown. If there were pictures, they were drawn with a pen or painted with a brush. It required a great deal of labor and time to make a book; and when it was finished, it was so costly that only a very rich person could afford to own it. 5

There were no bookstores such as we have now, and books were very few. But in the great schools and large monasteries there were men called *scriptores*, or copyists, whose business it was to make written copies of such works as were in demand. There were other men called illuminators who ornamented the books with beautiful initials and chapter headings, and sometimes encircled the pages with borders made with ink of different colors. 15

At last some copyist who had several copies to make of the same book thought of a new plan. He carved a copy of each page on a block of wood. If there was a picture, he carved that too, much in the same way that wood engravings are made now. When the block was finished, it was carefully wetted with a thin, inky substance; then a sheet of paper was laid upon it and pressed down till an impression 20

of the carved block was printed upon it. Each page was treated in the same way, but the paper could be printed only on one side. When all were finished, the leaves were stitched together and made into a
 5 book. It was not as handsome a book as those written with pen and ink; but, after the block had once been engraved, the copyist could make fifty copies of it in less time than he could make one by hand.

Books made in this way were called block books.
 10 It required much time and a great deal of skill to engrave the blocks; and so this method of printing never came into very general use.

II. LAURENCE COSTER

About the beginning of the fifteenth century there lived in the old Dutch town of Haarlem a man whose
 15 name was Laurence Jaonssen. This man was much looked up to by all his neighbors; for he was honest and wealthy, and he had been in his younger days the treasurer of the town. He was the sacristan of the Church of St. Bavon, and for that reason he was
 20 called Laurence Coster, which means Laurence the Sacristan. As he grew old and gray, he became very quiet in his ways, and there was nothing that he liked so well as being alone, with the bright sun above him and the trees and flowers and birds all
 25 around him.

Every afternoon, as soon as he had dined, he threw his short black cloak over his shoulders, took his broad-brimmed hat from its peg, and with his staff in his hand sauntered out for a walk. Sometimes he strolled along the banks of the broad and sluggish 5 river, picking flowers as he went; sometimes he rambled through the fields and came home by the great road which led around to the other side of the town. But he liked best to go out to the old forest which lay beyond the flat meadow lands a mile farther 10 away. There the trees grew large and tall, and afforded a pleasant shelter on warm days from the sun, and in cooler weather from the keen winds that blow across the meadows from the sea.

When tired of walking, Laurence Coster would 15 often sit down on the spreading root of some old beech tree; and then, to pass away the time, he would split off a piece of the bark, and with his knife would shape it into one of the letters of the alphabet. This was an old habit of his—a habit 20 which he had learned when he was a boy; and afterwards, when he was just turning into manhood, it had been no uncommon thing for him to stroll into the woods and carve upon the trees the name of a young maiden whom he knew. Now, 25 old and gray and solemn, the habit still remained with him. He liked to sit and cut out alphabets for

the amusement of his little grandchildren to whom he carried them.

One day, having shaped the letters with more care than usual, he wrapped them up in a piece of parchment that he had in his pocket. “The children will be delighted with these, I know,” he said.

When he reached home and opened the package, he was surprised to see the imprint of several of the letters very clear and distinct upon the parchment. The sap, running out of the green bark, had acted as ink on the face of the letters. This accident set him to thinking.

He carved another set of letters with very great care, and then, dipping one side in ink, pressed them on a sheet of parchment. The result was a print, almost as good as the block pictures and block books which were sold in the shops, and were the only examples of printing then known.

“I really believe,” said Laurence Coster, “that with enough of these letters I could print a book. It would be better than printing by the block method; for I would not be obliged to cut a separate block for each page, but could arrange and rearrange the letters in any order that might be required.”

And so now, instead of idling his afternoons away, and instead of cutting letters merely for the children, he set earnestly to work to improve his invention.

He made a kind of ink that was thicker and more gluey than common ink, and not so likely to spread and leave an ugly blot. He carved a great many letters of various sizes, and found that with his improved ink he could make clear, distinct impressions, 5 and could print entire pages, with cuts and diagrams and fancy headings.

After a while he thought of making the letters of lead instead of wood; and finally he found that a mixture of lead and tin was better than pure lead, 10 because it was harder and more durable. And so, year after year, Laurence Coster toiled at the making of types and the printing of books. Soon his books began to attract attention, and as they were really better and cheaper than the block books, 15 there was much call for them.

Some of the good people of Haarlem were greatly troubled because the old gentleman spent so much of his time at such work.

“He is bewitched,” said some. 20

“He has sold himself to the evil one,” said others.

“No good thing will ever come out of this business,” said they all.

III. JOHN GUTENBERG.

One day when Laurence Coster was making his first experiments in printing, a young traveler, with 25

a knapsack on his back and a staff in his hand, came trudging into Haarlem.

“My name is John Gutenberg, and my home is at Mayence,” he said to the landlord of the inn where
5 he stopped.

“And pray what may be your business in our good city of Haarlem?” asked the landlord.

“I am trying to gain knowledge by seeing the world,” was the answer. “I have been to Rome
10 and Venice and Genoa; I have visited Switzerland and all the great cities in Germany; and now I am on my way through Holland to France.”

“What is the most wonderful thing that you have seen in your travels?” asked the landlord.

15 “There is nothing more wonderful to me than the general ignorance of the people,” said Gutenberg. “They seem to know nothing about the country in which they live; they know nothing about the peoples of other lands; and, what is worse, they know
20 nothing about the truths of religion. If there were only some way to make books more plentiful, so that the common people could buy them and learn to read them, a great deal of this ignorance would be dispelled. Ever since I was a mere youth at school,
25 this thought has been in my mind.”

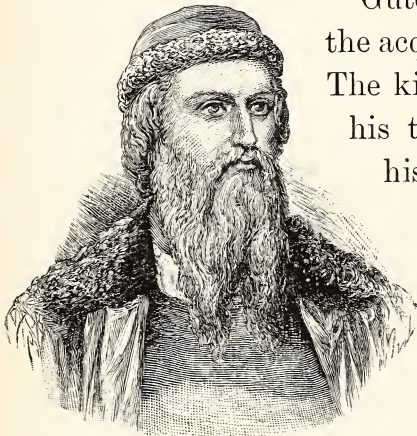
“Well,” said the landlord, “we have a man here in Haarlem who makes books; and, although I know

nothing about them myself, I have been told that he makes them by a new method, and much faster and cheaper than they have ever been made before.”

“Who is this man? Tell me where I can find him!” cried Gutenberg. 5

“His name is Laurence Coster, and he lives in the big house which you see over there close by the market place. You can find him at home at all hours of the day; for, since he got into this mad way about printing, he never walks out.” 10

Gutenberg lost no time in making the acquaintance of Laurence Coster. The kind old gentleman showed him his types, and told him all about his plans; and when he brought 15 out a Latin Grammar which he had just finished, Gutenberg was filled with wonder and delight.



John Gutenberg.

“This is what I have so 20 long hoped for,” he said. “Now knowledge will fly on the wings of truth to the uttermost parts of the earth!”

Many different stories have been told about the 25 way in which Gutenberg set to work to improve the art of printing. One relates that, after having

gained the confidence of Laurence Coster, he stole all his types and tools and carried them to Mayence, where he opened a workshop of his own. Another story is as follows :

5 After seeing Laurence Coster's work, he was so impatient to be doing something of the kind himself that he left Haarlem the next morning and hurried to Strasburg. There he shut himself up in a room which he rented, and set to work to carry out the
10 plans which he had in mind. With a knife and some pieces of wood he made several sets of movable type, and arranging them in words and sentences, strung them together upon pieces of wire. In this way he was able to print more rapidly than by
15 Laurence Coster's method, where each letter, or at most each word, was printed separately.

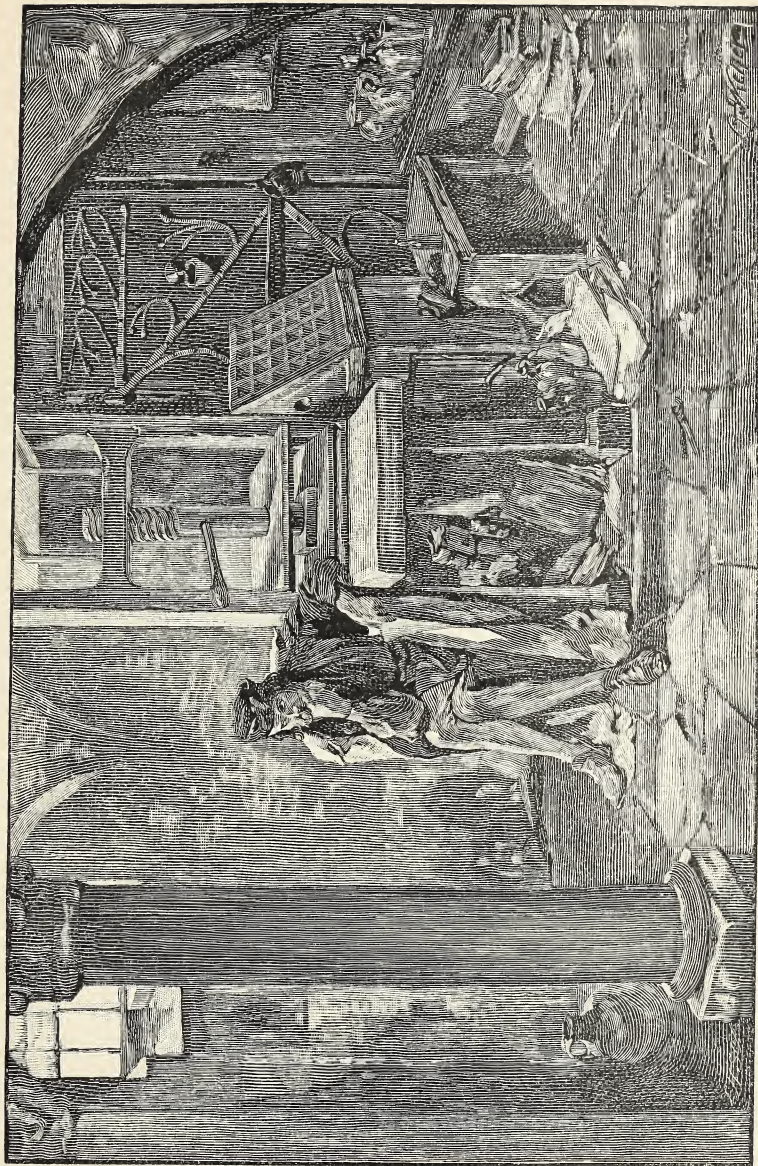
He soon set up a shop in an old ruined monastery just outside of the town, and began work as a jeweler. He polished precious stones, and he dealt
20 in mirrors which he mounted in frames of carved wood. He did this partly to earn a livelihood, and partly to conceal the greater projects which he had in hand. In a dark secluded corner of the monastery he fitted up another workshop where he could
25 secretly carry on his experiments in printing. There, behind bolts and bars and a thick oaken door, he spent all of his spare time with his types.

Little by little, Gutenberg made improvements in his art. He invented methods for making letters of metal that were better than any that Laurence Coster had used. He learned how to mix inks of various colors. He made brushes and rollers for inking the types; "forms" for keeping the letters together when arranged for printing; and at last a press for bringing the paper into contact with the inked type.

IV. THE TWO VOICES.

Whether awake or asleep, John Gutenberg's mind was always full of his great invention. One night as he sat looking at a sheet that he had printed on his first press, he thought that he heard two voices whispering near him. One of the voices was soft and musical and very pleasant to hear; the other was harsh and gruff and full of discordant tones. The gentle voice spoke first.

"Happy, happy man!" it said. "Go on with your great work, and be not discouraged. In the ages to come, men of all lands will gain knowledge and become wise by means of your great invention. Books will multiply until they are within the reach of all classes of people. Every child will learn to read. And to the end of time, the name of John Gutenberg will be remembered."



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller.

Gutenberg and his Printing Press.

Engraved by E. Heinemann.

Then the harsh voice spoke: "Beware! beware! and think twice of what you are doing. Evil as well as good will come from this invention upon which you have set your heart. Instead of being a blessing to mankind, it will prove to be a curse. 5 Pause and consider before you place in the hands of sinful and erring men another instrument of evil."

Gutenberg's mind was filled with distress. He thought of the fearful power which the art of printing would give to wicked men to corrupt and debase 10 their fellow-men. He leaped to his feet, he seized his hammer, and had almost destroyed his types and press when the gentle voice spoke again, and in accents loud enough to cause him to pause.

"Think a moment," it said. "God's gifts are all 15 good, and yet which one of them is not abused and sometimes made to serve the purposes of wicked men. What will the art of printing do? It will carry the knowledge of good into all lands; it will promote virtue; it will be a new means of giving 20 utterance to the thoughts of the wise and the good."

Gutenberg threw down his hammer and set to work to repair the mischief that he had done. But scarcely had he put his printing machine in good order when other troubles arose. He was in debt, 25 and he had difficulties with the town officers. His goods were seized upon; his types were destroyed;

and he was at last obliged to return penniless to his old home in Mayence.

V. JOHN FUST.

In Mayence, Gutenberg had an old friend named John Fust, who was a goldsmith and very rich. 5 With this man he soon formed a partnership, and a printing office much better than the one at Strasburg was set up. Several books, most of them on religious subjects, were printed and sent out, and the business was soon in a flourishing condition.

10 But Gutenberg's troubles were not yet ended. There were a great many people who were opposed to his new way of making books. The copyists who made their living by transcribing books were very bitter against it because it would destroy their busi- 15 ness. They formed a league to oppose the printers, and before long drove Gutenberg out of Mayence.

After wandering to various places in Germany, he at last gained the friendship of Adolphus, the Elector of Nassau, who took a great interest in his 20 plans. A press was set up at the court of the Elector, and there Gutenberg worked for several years, printing volume after volume with his own hands. But his invention did not bring him wealth. When he died at the age of sixty-nine years, he left 25 no property but a few books which he had printed.

His partner, John Fust, had been much more fortunate. He had set up another press at Mayence, and in spite of the copyists and their friends was printing many books, and reaping great profits from their sale. One summer he printed some Bibles and took them to Paris to sell. They looked very much like the manuscript copies made by the copyists, for it was to the interest of the printers to pass off their books as manuscripts. People were astonished when Fust offered to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, while the copyists demanded five hundred. They were still more astonished when he produced them as fast as they were wanted, and finally lowered the price. The copyists were very bitter against him.

“He is a magician!” they cried. “No one but a magician could do this.” And so the officers were sent to arrest him and search his rooms. They found a great many Bibles and some red ink.

“There is no doubt about it,” said the officers. “This is blood, and the man is a magician.”

In order to save himself from being burned as a wizard, Fust was obliged to go before the Parliament of Paris and tell all about his new method of making books, and how he used the red ink for embellishing the borders of the pages.

It was thus that the art of printing by movable types first became known to the world.

THE WANDERER

Upon a mountain height far from the sea

I found a shell,

And to my listening ear the lonely
thing

Ever a song of ocean seemed
to sing,

Ever a tale of ocean
seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that
mountain height?

Ah, who can say?

Whether there dropped by some too careless hand
Or whether there cast when Ocean left the Land
Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day.

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep
One song it sang, —

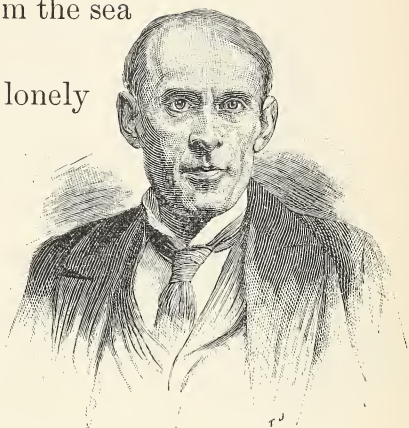
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide, —
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And, as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,

So do I ever, leagues and leagues away, —
So do I ever, wandering where I may —

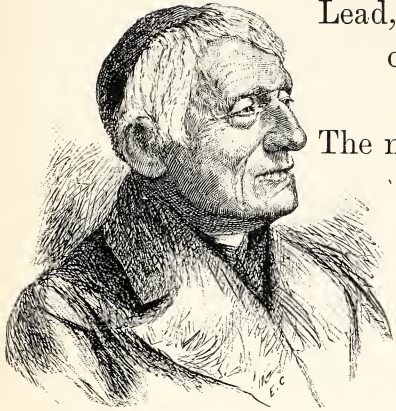
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home, of thee!

— *Eugene Field.*



Eugene Field.

LEAD THOU ME ON.



Cardinal Newman.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encir-
cling gloom,

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from
home, —

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not
ask to see

The distant scene, — one step
enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

— *John Henry Newman.*

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived
 5 and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

10 Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the
 15 echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great
 20 Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

25 He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty

behind his lonely dwelling ; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne ; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze ; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds ; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove ; 5 in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds ; in the worm that crawled at his foot ; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious Source he bent, in humble, though blind, adoration. 10

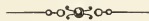
And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you ; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a 15 great continent, and blotted, forever, from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remain ; but how 20 unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors ! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone ! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us 25 how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their
 5 war cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

10 Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let
 15 these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

— *Charles Sprague.*



THE PASSING OF KING ARTHUR.

Whether there ever was a real King Arthur, or whether he lived only in the imagination of storytellers and song writers, no one can tell. This much
 20 is true, however, that the history of his exploits and those of his Knights of the Round Table has existed in poetry and song for now almost a thousand years.

Long before there were any English books worth speaking of, the story of King Arthur was sung and recited by wandering bards to delighted listeners in the halls and castles of Old England. In the course of time it was written down in poetry and in prose ; 5 it was turned into French, and from the French back into English again ; other stories were added to it, and it became the most popular romance ever composed. In 1470, a knight whose name was Sir Thomas Malory made a version of it in what was 10 then good English prose, taking it, as he said, "out of a certain book of French." This version has ever since been the one book to which all who would know the story of King Arthur have turned ; it is the mine from which later writers have derived 15 materials for their works. It is written in a style which, although old-fashioned and quaint, is wonderfully simple and beautiful.

One of the most touching passages in the story is that which tells how King Arthur, having fought 20 his last battle, lay wounded upon the ground ; and how, being deserted by all the knights except Sir Bedivere, he waited for the coming of fairy messengers to bear him away to the island valley of Avilion. Here is the passage, not in the exact words of Sir 25 Thomas Malory, but repeated, somewhat after his manner, in words of modern usage.

“My hour is near at hand,” said the king to Sir Bedivere. “Therefore, take thou my good sword Excalibur, and go with it to yonder water side; and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw it in
5 that water, and then come and tell me what thou hast seen.”

“My lord,” said Sir Bedivere, “your bidding shall be done, and I will come quickly and bring you word.”

10 So Sir Bedivere departed, and as he went he looked at that noble sword, and saw that the hilt and guard were covered with precious stones; and then he said to himself, “If I throw this rich sword into the water, no good shall ever come of it, but only harm
15 and loss.”

Then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water side, and had thrown the sword into the water.

20 “What sawest thou there?” said the king.

“Sir, I saw nothing but waves and winds.”

“Thou speakest not the truth,” said the king. “Therefore, go quickly again and do my bidding; and as thou art dear to me, spare not, but throw
25 the sword in.”

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand. But when he looked at it he

thought it a sin and a shame to throw away so noble a sword. And so, after he had hidden it again, he came back and told the king that he had been at the water and had done his bidding.

“What sawest thou there?” said the king.

5



And there came an arm and a hand above the water.

“Sir,” he said, “I saw nothing but the waves lapping on the beach, and the water rising and falling among the reeds.”

“Ah, traitor untrue,” said King Arthur, “now thou hast betrayed me twice. Who would have thought that thou, who hast been so near and dear to me and art called a noble knight, would betray

me for the riches of the sword? But now go again quickly, for I am chilled with cold, and my life is in danger through thy long delay. And if thou dost not do my bidding, and I ever see thee again, I will
5 slay thee with my own hands; for thou, for the sake of my rich sword, would see me dead.”

Then Sir Bedivere departed; and he quickly took the sword and went to the water side. Then he wrapped the belt about the hilt, and threw the
10 sword as far into the water as he could. And there came an arm and a hand above the water, and caught the sword, and shook it thrice and brandished it. Then the hand, with the sword, vanished in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again
15 to the king and told him what he had seen.

“Alas,” said the king, “help me from this place; for I fear that I have tarried too long.”

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and carried him to the water side. And when they
20 came to the water, a little barge was seen floating close by the bank; and in the barge were many fair ladies, and among them was a queen. All these wept and cried out when they saw King Arthur.

“Now put me into the barge,” said the king; and
25 this Sir Bedivere did, with tenderness and care.

And three of the fair ladies received him with great mourning. Then that one who was the queen

said: "Ah, dear brother, why have you staid so long? Alas, I fear lest this wound on your head has been chilled over much with the cold!"

Then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere watched them. And he cried: "Ah, my lord 5 Arthur! What shall become of me, now you go away and leave me here alone among my enemies?"

"Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do the best thou canst, for I can no longer give thee help. For I go now into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of 10 my grievous wound. If thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul."

But the ladies and the queen wept and cried in a way that was piteous to hear. And when Sir Bedivere lost sight of the barge, he wept bitterly; 15 and, weeping, he went into the forest, where he wandered all that long night.

"Some men yet say," continues Sir Thomas Malory, "that King Arthur is not dead, but taken by the will of our Lord into another place. And 20 men say that he shall come again and shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say that in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb a verse in Latin, which when turned into 25 English, is this: 'Here lieth Arthur, that was and is to be King.'"

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.



George Bancroft: An American historian. Born at Worcester, Massachusetts, 1800; died, 1891. Wrote "History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent" (10 vol.). Was United States Minister to Germany, 1867-1874.

Daniel Boone: The pioneer of Kentucky. Born in Pennsylvania, 1735; died in Missouri, 1820.

William Cullen Bryant: An eminent American poet. Born in Massachusetts, 1794; died, 1878. Wrote "Thanatopsis" and many other short poems. Was one of the editors of the "Evening Post" (New York) for more than fifty years. "No poet has described with more fidelity the beauties of creation, nor sung in nobler song the greatness of the Creator."

Richard Henry Dana, Jr.: An American lawyer and author. Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1815; died, 1868. Wrote "Two Years before the Mast" (1840).

Charles Dickens: An English novelist. Born at Landport, England, 1812; died, 1870. His best short stories are his "Christmas Carol" and other Christmas stories. His best novel is generally conceded to be "David Copperfield."

William Dimond: An English poet, remembered only for his "Mariner's Dream." Died, about 1837.

Eugene Field: An American journalist and author. Born in St. Louis, 1850; died in Chicago, 1895. Wrote "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," and several other volumes.

Robert Fulton: An American inventor. Born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, 1765; died, 1815.

Sir Archibald Geikie: A Scottish geologist. Born in Edinburgh, 1835. Has written "The Story of a Boulder," "A

Class Book of Physical Geography," and many other popular and scientific works on geological subjects.

Thomas Grimke: An American lawyer and philanthropist. Born in South Carolina, 1786; died, 1834.

Nathaniel Hawthorne: A distinguished American author. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1804; died, 1864. Wrote "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Wonder Book," "Tanglewood Tales," etc. His style has been said to possess "almost every excellence — elegance, simplicity, grace, clearness, and force."

Homer: The reputed author of the two great poems, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Supposed to have been born at Smyrna, or Chios, about one thousand years before Christ. The "Iliad" has been called "the beginning of all literature."

Washington Irving: An American author and humorist. Born in New York, 1783; died, 1859. Wrote "The Sketch Book," "History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker," "Tales of a Traveler," "The Alhambra," "Columbus and his Companions," "Mahomet and his Successors," and many other works.

Charles Kingsley: An English clergyman and writer. Born in Devonshire, 1819; died, 1875. Wrote "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" "The Heroes," "The Water Babies," "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," "Madame How and Lady Why," several poems, and a volume of sermons.

Sir Edwin Landseer: The most famous of modern painters of animals. Born in London, 1802; died, 1873. His pictures of dogs and horses have seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, Baron Lytton: A British novelist and poet. Born in Norfolk, England, 1803; died, 1873. Wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and many other novels; also, several volumes of poems, and two dramas, "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu."

Sir Thomas Malory: A Welsh or English Knight, remem-

bered for his noble prose epic, "Morte d'Arthur," which he translated from the French. Born, about 1430.

John Henry Newman : An eminent English theologian. Born in London, 1801; died, 1890. Wrote many religious and controversial works, and a few beautiful hymns. In 1879 he was made cardinal-deacon in the Roman Catholic Church.

John Ruskin : A distinguished English author and art critic. Born in London, 1819. Has written "The Stones of Venice," "Sesame and Lilies," "Ethics of the Dust," "The Queen of the Air," "Crown of Wild Olive," "Præterita," and many other works, chiefly on subjects connected with art.

Sir Walter Scott : A celebrated novelist and poet. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, 1771; died, 1832. Wrote the "Waverley Novels," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake," "Tales of a Grandfather," and many other works.

Charles Sprague : An American poet. Born in Boston, 1791; died 1875. Wrote several short poems, most of which are now forgotten.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson : Poet laureate of England. Born in Lincolnshire, 1809; died, 1892. Wrote "Idylls of the King," "In Memoriam," "The Princess," and many shorter poems; also the dramas "Queen Mary," "Harold," and "Becket."

Daniel Webster : American statesman and orator. Born in New Hampshire, 1782; died, 1852. His most famous orations are those on Bunker Hill, Adams and Jefferson, and his "Reply to Hayne."

John Greenleaf Whittier : A distinguished American poet. Born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, 1807; died, 1892. Wrote many volumes of poetry, including "In War Time," "Snow-Bound," "Mabel Martin," "The King's Missive," and others.

Samuel Woodworth : An American journalist and poet. Born in Massachusetts, 1785; died, 1842. He is remembered chiefly for his little poem "The Old Oaken Bucket."

WORD LIST.

THE MOST DIFFICULT WORDS IN THE PRECEDING
LESSONS PRONOUNCED AND DEFINED.

KEY TO THE MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION.

ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, long; ä, ě, i, ō, ů, ý, short; cāre, ärm, ásk, all; fěrn; fōrm, sōn; rŭde, full, ūrn; fōod, bōok; çinder; gēntle; çhasm; thīn; them; ĩnk.

a bǎn'don.	To give up; relinquish.	ǎm'ple.	Sufficient. "Ample prospects" = wide or extended views.
ǎb'bot.	The ruler of an abbey.	a nŏn'.	"Ever and anon" = frequently; often.
a brīdged'.	Shortened.	ǎn'ti quāt ed.	Old-fashioned.
a bŷss'.	A bottomless gulf. [tened.	ǎn tīque' (ǎn tēek').	Old; ancient. [deer.
ac çĕl'erated.	Quickened; hastened.	ǎn'tlered.	Having horns like a
ǎc'çi dent.	A sudden and unexpected event.	ǎp pall'ing.	Terrible; fearful.
a chiēved'.	Done; accomplished.	ǎp pâr'ent ly.	Clearly; seemingly. [pearance; a ghost.
acknowl'edged(ǎk nŏl'ějd).	Assented to; owned as a fact. [light.	ǎp pa rī'tion.	A wonderful ap-
ǎd mi rā'tion.	Wonder and de-	ǎp pli cā'tion (of the rod).	The act of laying on.
ǎf fĕct'ed.	Moved; influenced.	ǎp point'ed.	Set apart; named; established.
ǎg i tā'tion.	Emotion; excitement.	ǎp prĕn'tiçe ship.	Service under legal agreement for the purpose of learning a trade or art. [out.
a lŏof'.	Away from. [ishment.	ǎs çer tāined'.	Learned; found
a māzément.	Wonder; aston-		
ǎm'ber.	Yellowish.		
ǎm'bling.	Going at an easy gait.		
ǎm mu nŷ'tion.	Articles used in charging firearms.		

- ās'pens.** Poplar trees of a certain kind, the leaves of which are moved by the slightest breeze.
- ās sault'ed.** Attacked; set upon with violence. [part.
- à stěrn'.** At the stern or hinder at most = at the greatest estimate. [matter.
- ăt'om.** The smallest particle of
- au'di ble.** That can be heard.
- au'di ence.** An assembly of hearers.
- a věnge'.** To inflict punishment upon evil doers for an injury to one's self or friends.
- bał'dric.** A broad belt worn over one shoulder and under the opposite arm.
- bār.** The legal profession. "Admitted to the bar" = authorized to practice law in the courts.
- bā'sīs.** Foundation; groundwork.
- bāsk'ing.** Lying in a warm place.
- bāy.** "Leaves of bay" = leaves of the laurel tree.
- be dīght'.** Dressed.
- běl līg'er ent.** Warlike.
- be stōwed'.** Placed; used; imparted.
- be wīł'dered.** Greatly perplexed.
- be wītched'.** Charmed; entranced.
- bīck'er.** To move quickly.
- bīlge wa ter.** Water in the hold of a ship.
- bīrch (of jūs tice).** A tough, slender twig, used in school for punishment.
- biv'ouac (bīv'wāk).** An encampment for the night without tents or covering.
- blā'zoned.** Displayed in bright colors; published far and wide.
- blūb'ber.** The fat of whales and other large sea animals, from which oil is obtained.
- blūsh'ing gōb'let.** A goblet or glass full of red wine.
- bōat'swain (bō's'n).** An officer who has charge of the boats of a ship.
- bōnds'man.** A slave.
- bow'er.** A lady's private apartment; a shady recess.
- brāke.** A thicket; a place overgrown with shrubs.
- brām'bly.** Full of briers.
- brān'dished.** Shook or flourished.
- broād'side.** A discharge at the same time of all the guns on one side of a ship.
- būc cá nēers'.** Robbers upon the sea. [mass.
- bul'lion.** Gold or silver in the

- bûrgh'er.** Townsman ; villager.
- bûr'nished.** Polished.
- bûrnt ôf'fer ing.** Something offered and burnt on an altar as an atonement for sin.
- bûx'om.** Stout and rosy.
- câne'brakes.** Thickets of canes.
- ca prič'ious.** Changeable ; freakish.
- câr nîv'or ous.** Flesh-eating.
- câse'ment.** A window sash opening on hinges.
- căt'a răct.** A waterfall.
- çel'lu lar.** Containing cells.
- ehăsms (kăzmz).** Deep openings in the earth.
- chöp'fal len.** Dejected ; downcast.
- ehrôn'icles.** Historical account of facts arranged in regular order.
- chûrls.** Countrymen ; laborers.
- çîr cûm'fer ençe.** The distance around.
- çîr'cum stan çes.** Facts ; events.
- clêave.** Separate ; divide.
- clôse haÿled.** Moving as nearly as possible toward the wind.
- clûe.** A thread ; means of guidance.
- coin'age.** The act of making pieces of money from metal.
- côm bûs'ti ble.** That can be burned. [and sold.]
- côm mōd'i ties.** Things bought
- côm'mon wēalth.** A state ; the public.
- côm mûned'.** Talked together.
- côm mû ni cā'tion.** Inter-course ; news. [reward.]
- côm pen sâ'tion.** Payment ;
- côm'pli cat ed.** Complex ; combined in an intricate manner. [mixed.]
- côm pound'ed.** Put together ;
- côn çed'ed.** Gave up ; yielded.
- côn çep'tions.** Ideas ; notions.
- côn fêrred'.** Gave ; bestowed.
- côn frōnts'.** Meets face to face.
- con spîc'u ous.** Plain ; distinct.
- con stî'tu ents.** Component parts. [bidden.]
- côn'tra band.** Prohibited ; forbidden.
- cōōt.** A bird resembling a duck.
- cōp'y ist.** One who copies.
- cor rūpt'.** To change from good to bad ; depraved. [ance.]
- coun'te nançe.** Face ; appearance.
- crā'ni um.** The skull. [volcano.]
- crā'ter.** The opening or mouth of a
- cre dū'li ty.** Readiness of belief.
- crōpped.** Grazed. "Hair cropped close" = hair cut short.
- crouched.** Stooped low, as an animal when waiting for prey.

- cûr'dled. Coagulated ; thickened.
 "Curdling a we" = a we
 that thickens the blood in
 the veins. [ian.
- cûs tō'di an. A keeper ; guard-
- de clĕn'sion. A falling. "De-
 clension of spirits" = loss
 of cheerfulness.
- dĕm'on strāte. To explain ;
 point out.
- de nounçé'. To accuse ; threaten.
- de prĕss'ing. Pressing down ;
 humbling.
- de scriĕd'. Saw ; beheld.
- de şerts' (de zĕrts'). "Accord-
 ing to his deserts" = as he
 deserves.
- de spĕtĕ'ful ly. Maliciously.
- de spōt'ic (power). The power
 of a master ; tyranny.
- de vōlved'. Passed from one
 person to another.
- dĭ'a grāms. Drawings ; plans.
- dĭc tāt'ed. Said ; declared.
- dĭf fūşed'. Spread ; circulated.
- dĭg'ni ty. Loftiness and grace.
- dĭl'i ġent. Busy ; earnest.
- di mĕn'sions. Extent ; measure.
- dis cōrd'ant. Unmusical ; jar-
 ring.
- dis coun'te nançed. Discour-
 aged ; abashed.
- dis ġuşed'. Hidden.
- dĭsk. The face of a heavenly body.
- dis sĕv'ered. Separated.
- dōġ'ged. Sullen ; obstinate.
- doûb lōon'. A Spanish coin
 worth about \$15.00.
- drām'a tized. Represented in
 a play.
- drūdġ'er y. Hard, mean labor.
- dūe. "A stranger's due" = that
 which custom requires to
 be given to a stranger.
- dūsk. "Breezes dusk and shiver"
 = darken and cause to
 quiver.
- ĕc'sta sy. Extreme delight.
- eight-bells. On shipboard, the
 striking of a bell eight
 times at 4, 8, and 12 o'clock.
- ĕked. Increased. [of something.
- ĕl'e ment. One of several parts
- em bĕl'lish ing. Illustrating ;
 beautifying.
- ĕm'blem. Sign. [tion.
- ĕm'i nençe. High place or sta-
- e mĭt'ting. Sending out.
- en çĭr'cled. Surrounded.
- en coun'tered. Met face to face.
- ĕn'sĭgn. A banner ; one who
 carries a banner. [tive.
- ĕn'ter prĭş ing. Resolute ; ac-
- en thrōned'. Put on a throne.
- en trĕat'. To beg off.
- e rūp'tion. A breaking out.
- ĕ'ther. The air ; a light, volatile
 liquid.

- ěv er-vā'ry ing. Ever-changing.
 ěv'i dence. Proof. [on high.
 ex alt'ed (ěgz ał't'ed). Raised
 ex ěēd'ing. More than usual.
 ex ěēs'sive. Overmuch.
 ex clū'sive. Shutting out all
 others.
 ex e cū't'ed. Performed.
 ex haust'ing (ěgz ašt'ing).
 Using up; tiring out.
 ex pěr'i ments. Trials; tests.
 ex pōrt'ed. Carried out.
 ex pōs tu lā'tions.
 Remonstrances.
 ex přess'ly. Particularly.
 ěx'quis ite (ěx'kwī zīt).
 Very excellent; nice.
 ex tānt'. Still existing.
 ex ult'ed (ěgz ũlt'ed). Re-
 joiced.
 fāl'low. Land left unplowed.
 fan tās'tic. Fanciful; unreal.
 fāth'om. Six feet.
 fa tig'u ing (fa tēg'ing).
 Tiring; wearying.
 fe rōĉ'i ty. Fierceness.
 fer'ule (fēr'rīl). A short stick
 or ruler.
 feuds. Quarrels; disputes.
 flīm'sy. Weak; limp.
 fo rāy'. An attack; a raid.
 fōre'cas tle (fōr'kās'l). The
 forward part of a ship.
 fōre'land. A cape; headland.
- for swear'. To declare or deny
 on oath.
 fō'rum. A court; tribunal.
 foul. Shameful; disgraceful.
 frāg'men tā ry. In pieces.
 fra tēr'nal. Brotherly.
 frōn'tiēr. Border land. [ing.
 fūr'bish ing. Scouring; clean-
 gār'ish. Showy.
 gār'nished. Decorated.
 gäunt (gänt). Thin; lean.
 gēm'my. Full of gems.
 gīrth. Band fastening a saddle
 on a horse's back. [ice.
 glā'cier (glā'shěr). Field of
 glū'ey. Full of glue; sticky.
 gnārled (nārld). Knotty;
 twisted.
 gōb'lin. A mischievous spirit;
 phantom.
 gōōd'man. A tenant.
 gōs'sip. To tattle; talk.
 grān'deur. Vastness; nobility.
 grāph'ic. Vivid; impressive.
 grāy'ling. A kind of fish.
 grēaves. Armor for the leg be-
 low the knee.
 griēv'ous. Causing sorrow.
 guārd. Protection. "Mounting
 guard" = keeping watch.
 gūt'tur al. A sound made in the
 throat.
 hāp'less. Unfortunate.
 hāp'ly. Fortunately.

- här pōon'. A barbed spear, used in catching whales and other sea animals.
- hąunts. Places of resort.
- hęāv'ing. Hoisting; straining.
- hęr'ald ed. Proclaimed; made known. [established belief.
- hęr'ęsy. Opinion contrary to hęrn. A wading bird. [turvy.
- hig'gle dy-pig'gle dy. Topsy-hooves. Feet of horses or cattle.
- hōse'man ship. The riding of horses.
- hōve. Hoisted; came to a stop.
- hū mānē'. Kind; gentle.
- hūš'band man. Farmer.
- hūš'tled (hūš'l'd). Pushed; crowded. [embellishers.
- il lū'mi nā tors. Illustrators;
- il lūs'tri ous. Noble; grand.
- im będ'ded. Covered over.
- im pęarled'. Made look as though ornamented with pearls. [entered.
- im pęn'ętra ble. Not to be im per fęc'tions. Shortcomings; failings.
- im'po tence. Weakness; infirmity; having no power.
- im pręs'sion. Mark made by pressure.
- in'çi dents. Happenings.
- in cli nā'tion. Desire. [against.
- in clined'. Leaned toward; placed in con vē'ni ęnce. Disadvantage; awkwardness.
- in cręd'i ble. Not to be believed.
- in cred ū'li ty. Showing disbelief.
- in cręd'u lous. Unbelieving.
- in den tā'tion. Notch; dent.
- in di cā'tions. Signs; symptoms.
- in dįf'fer ęnce. Carelessness; heedlessness. [described.
- in ex pręs'si ble. Not to be in'no ęnce. Harmlessness.
- in no vā'tions. Things not customary. [ber.
- in nū'mer a ble. Without number.
- in quį'ry. Research; an inquiring.
- in sęp'ar a ble. Not to be divided.
- in'so lent ly. Rudely. [lished.
- in sti tū'tion. Something established.
- in sūrē'. To make sure.
- in tel lęc'tu al. Belonging to the mind; mental.
- in tęl'li ęnce. News.
- in tęns'est. Strictest; extreme in degree. [on the way.
- in ter ępt'ed. Cut off; stopped.
- in ter fęred'. Meddled; interposed. [gether.
- in ter mįng'ling. Mixing together.
- in un dā'tion. A flood.
- in vēn'tion. Discovery; finding out. [into.
- in ves ti gā'tion. A looking

- ir rěš'olute ly. In an undecided manner. [settled.]
- ī tīn'er ant. Wandering; not kēēl. The bottom part of a boat.
- kněll. A funeral bell.
- knīght-ēr'rant. A knight who traveled in search of adventures.
- knōll. A little round hill.
- lāird. A Scottish landholder.
- lār'board. Left-hand side of a ship. [alarums = alarms.]
- 'lār'ums. Abbreviation of lāt'er al. Sideways.
- lāunch'ing. Setting afloat.
- lāu'rel. An evergreen shrub; a symbol of honor.
- lā'vā. Melted rock from a volcano.
- lēague. About three miles; a treaty of friendship.
- lēē'wārd. The part toward which the wind blows.
- lēg'is lā'tion. Lawmaking.
- lēp'rous. Affected with a disease called leprosy.
- līt'er al ly. Word for word.
- lōck'er. A chest on shipboard.
- lū'mi nous. Shining; bright.
- lūs'ti ly. Vigorously; with strength.
- lūst'y. Stout; robust.
- lūx ū'ri ous. Dainty; expensive; pleasing to the appetite.
- lȳre (līr). A stringed musical instrument.
- ma gīč'ian (-jīsh'un). One skilled in magic. [principal.]
- māin. The sea; the mainland;
- ma jēs'tic. Stately; grand.
- mal for mā'tion. Irregular formation.
- māl'low. A kind of plant.
- mān'ī fest. Plain; clear.
- mān'ū script. Something written by hand.
- mēd'i tā tive. Thoughtful.
- mēt'tle. Spirit; temper.
- mi līt'ia (mī līsh'ā). A body of citizen soldiers. [coined.]
- mīnt. A place where money is mīs chānce'. Ill luck.
- mīs'sīle. Something thrown.
- mis trēat'ing. Abusing.
- mol es tā'tion. Troubling; annoyance.
- mōōd. Temper; humor; manner.
- mōr ti fi cā'tion. Vexation; shame.
- mō'tive. Moving; causing to move; reason.
- mūr'k'ī ness. Obscurity; darkness.
- mȳr'tle. A shrubby plant.
- mȳs tē'ri ous. Strange; unknown; unaccountable.
- nār'ra tive. Story; tale.
- nau'ti cal. Belonging to the sea.

něc'tar. A delicious drink.
 něth'er. Lower.
 no b'il'i ty. The being noble ;
 those of high rank.
 nouř'ish er. One who supports
 or feeds.
 nõv'el. A fictitious narrative.
 ob li gā'tions. Debts owing for
 a favor or kindness.
 ob šer vā'tion. View ; notice ;
 comment.
 õb'vi āt ed. Avoided.
 of fiç'ious (õf fiř'us). Med-
 dlesome.
 õm'i nous. Foreboding evil.
 õp por tū'ni ty. Chance ; fit
 time.
 õp'u lent. Rich.
 or dāined'. Set apart ; appointed.
 pād'. An easy-paced horse.
 pāge. A boy employed to attend
 a person of high rank.
 pa rāde'. Display ; show.
 pärch'ment. Skin of a sheep
 prepared for writing on.
 pās'try cõõks. Cooks who make
 pies, tarts, etc.
 pa thēt'ic. Full of tender pity.
 pa trõl'ling. Traversing ; guard-
 ing. [lar.
 pe cū'liar. Uncommon ; particu-
 pēd'a gõgue. A schoolmaster.
 pēn'sive. Thoughtful.
 pē'o ny. A big red flower.

pěr çępt'i ble. That can be seen.
 pěr pět'u al. All the time.
 pěr se cūt'ed. Punished on ac-
 count of one's belief ; har-
 assed. [presentable.
 pěr'son a ble. Well-formed ;
 pěr'ti nent. Well adapted to the
 purpose in view.
 per vēr'sé'. Contrary.
 pē wee. A small bird.
 pew'ter (pū'tēr). An alloy of
 tin and lead.
 phe nõm'é non. A remarkable
 thing or appearance.
 pic tu rēsque'ly. Vividly ; in a
 pleasing manner.
 pī'lion. Cushion behind a saddle.
 pī'lot. One who steers a vessel ;
 a guide.
 pīned. Drooped ; languished.
 pīn'ions. Wings. [peaks.
 pīn'na cles. Lofty points or
 pī o nēer'. One who goes before
 and prepares the way for
 others.
 pīt'e ous. Exciting pity.
 pīt'i a ble. Deserving pity.
 plāsh'y. Watery ; splashy.
 poiř'on ous. Full of poison.
 pol i ti'cian (-tīř'an). States-
 man ; office seeker.
 pol lūt'ed. Made impure.
 pom'mel (pūm'měl). Knob
 of a saddle or of a sword.

- põn'der ous.** Weighty.
põr'ti coes. Covered spaces before buildings.
põs si bĩ'l'i ties. Things possible.
põs'tern. Back entrance.
põ'tent. Powerful.
prẽ'çious ness. Great value.
prẽ'ma ture ly. Before the right time.
prĩ'mal. First; original.
prõd'igal dyes. Brilliant colors.
prõj'ects. Plans.
pro mõt'ed. Assisted; raised.
pro pẽll'ing. Driving.
proph'e çy (prõf'e sÿ). A foretelling. [owner.
pro prĩ'e ta ry. Pertaining to an prow. Fore part of a vessel.
pũb'li cans. Collectors of taxes; keepers of inns.
pum'ice (pũm'is). A light volcanic stone.
pũr'pos es. Aims; intentions.
quäg'mĩre. A marsh; soft, wet land.
quar'ter-dẽck. That part of the upper deck behind the mainmast.
quar'tern. A quarter of a pint; a fourth part.
queued (kũd). Hair put up into a pigtail.
quĩv'er. Case for carrying arrows.
rãck'et ing. Frolicking; playing.
- rãl'lied.** Ridiculed pleasantly.
rãm'pant. Leaping; frolicking.
rãng'ed. Roved over; wandered.
re çẽp'ta cle. Place to receive things.
rẽc ol lẽc'tion. Remembrance.
rẽc on noi'ter. To look around.
re flẽc'tion. Consideration; meditation; musing; the return of rays, sound, etc., from a surface.
re lũc'tance. Unwillingness.
rẽm'nants. Pieces remaining.
re nowned'. Celebrated; famous.
re quĩt'ed. Returned evil for evil.
re şõrt'. To go; a place to which one is in the habit of going.
rẽs'pite (rẽs'pĩt). A putting off; reprieve.
rẽv'er ençe. To treat with respect and fear.
rĩv'en. Split apart.
ro mãn'tic. Unreal; picturesque.
roÿs'ter ing. Blustering.
sãc'ris tan. Sexton; church officer.
sãl'ly. A rushing out; to go out.
sãm'ite. A kind of silk stuff interwoven with gold.
sãpph'ire (sãf'ĩr). A blue precious stone.
sea'sõned. Dried and hardened.

- sē clūd'ed. Shut up apart from others.
- sē crēt'ed. Concealed.
- sěn'ti ment. Thought ; opinion.
- shāl'lop. A boat.
- shām'bled. Shuffled along.
- shēathed. Put into a case.
- shīn'gly bars. Gravelly shal-
lows.
- shrouds of a ship. The set of
ropes that stay the masts.
- si ěs'ta. A midday nap.
- sīm'ner. To boil gently.
- sim plī'ci ty. Plainness ; truth-
fulness.
- sīn'ew y. Vigorous ; firm.
- sit u ā'tion. Location ; place.
- sīx'pence. A silver coin worth
about 12 cents.
- skĕtch'es. Short essays or stories.
- skīm'ming. Flying with a gentle
motion.
- slāp'jācks. Griddle cakes.
- slūg'gish. Slow ; lazy.
- smīth'y. A blacksmith's shop.
- snipe. A small bird having a
long, straight beak. "Snipe
nose" = a nose like a snipe's
beak. [converse.
- sō ĉi a bīl' i ty. Readiness to
- sō jōurned'. Remained awhile.
- sōle'ly. Alone ; only.
- spē'cies. Sort ; kind ; variety.
- spĕc'ter. Ghost ; phantom.
- spĕc u lā'tion. Notion ; theory.
- stātes'men. Men eminent for
their political abilities
- steer'age. Part of a vessel below
decks.
- stĕm and stĕrn. The fore part
and the hind part of a ves-
sel. [or wall.
- stōck ādē'. A strong inclosure ;
- stūb'ble fields. Fields from
which grain has recently
been cut.
- stūl'ti fy. To make a fool of.
- stū pĕnd'ous. Wonderful ;
amazing.
- suf fūsed'. Overspread.
- sūmp'tu ous. Costly ; luxurious.
- sūn'dry. Several ; various.
- su per nāt'u ral. Miraculous.
- sup po šī'tion. Something sup-
posed. [ing ; mapping out.
- sur vey'ing (-vā ĩng). View-
- swāins. Young rustics. [land.
- swārd. Turf ; grassy surface of the
- swārth'y. Dusky ; tawny.
- sŷmp'tom. Sign ; token. [sels.
- tān'kards. Large drinking ves-
- tān'tal ĩz ing. Teasing.
- thātch. Straw covering the roof
of a building.
- thĕmes. Topics on which one
writes or speaks.
- thōrps. Small villages.
- thrōt'tling. Choking ; strangling.

- thyme (tīm). A garden plant.
 tīlt. A jousting with lances; a tournament.
 tōl er ā'tion. Freedom.
 tōp'sail hāl'yards. Ropes for hoisting the topsail, or sail next above the lowermost sail on a mast.
 tōp'sy-tūr'vy. Upside down.
 tour'na ment (tōōr'nā mēnt). A mock fight between horsemen. [flax.
 tōw clōth. Cloth made of coarse traīled. Drawn; dragged.
 trānce. An unconscious condition or state of being.
 trān scrib'ing. Copying.
 trāns pōrt'. To carry; to carry away with joy.
 trāns'port. Conveyance; rapture.
 trēach'er ous. Not to be trusted.
 tre mēn'dous. Dreadful; awful.
 trēm'ulous. Trembling.
 trim the yards. Arrange the vessel for sailing. [man.
 trōōp'er. Horseman; cavalry-tu mūl'tu ous. Disorderly.
 u biq'ui tous (ū bīk'wī tūs). In many places at the same time.
 ūm'braġe. Resentment.
 ū na nīm'ity. Agreement.
 un bī'ased. Not prejudiced.
 un couth' (ŭn kōōth'). Awkward. [understood.
 ūn in tēl'li ġi ble. Can not be ū ni vēr'sal. General.
 u'ni vēr'se. All created things.
 ūn sūr pāssed'. Having no superior.
 u surp' (u zūr'p'). To seize by force; without right.
 ūt'ter most. Greatest; farthest limit.
 ū'til ized. Made useful.
 vā'grants. Wanderers; beggars.
 vāl'iant. Brave.
 vāp'id. Having lost life and spirit.
 vēn'ī šon. Flesh of the deer.
 vēr'sion. A translation; a description from a particular point of view.
 vī ġin'ity. Neighborhood.
 vī'cious ness (vīsh'ūs nēss). Wickedness.
 vict'uals (vīt'lz). Food; provisions.
 vīġ'or ous. Strong; healthy.
 vīne'yards (vīn'yērdz). Places where grapevines grow.
 vīr'tues. Good qualities.
 viš'ion a ry. Imaginary.
 vōl cā'noes. Burning mountains.
 wārd'er. A guard.
 wāy'ward ness. Willfulness.

<p>whey (whā). The watery part of milk, separated from the curd in cheese making.</p> <p>whole'some (hōl'sūm). Healthful.</p> <p>wick'er. A twig or withe, used in making baskets.</p> <p>wil'der ness. A wild tract of country; desert.</p> <p>wind'lass. Machine for raising weights by turning a crank.</p> <p>witch'craft. The art of witches. "Witching time of night" = time favorable for witchery.</p>	<p>wīthes. Long, flexible twigs.</p> <p>wīz'ard. Magician; enchanter.</p> <p>wōē'ful. Wretched; sad.</p> <p>wōld. A wood; a plain.</p> <p>wōōd'bīne. A climbing plant.</p> <p>wōōd'crafft. Skill in anything connected with the woods.</p> <p>wres'tling (rēs'ling). Struggling.</p> <p>yārd's (of a ship). The long, slender pieces which support the sails.</p> <p>yēarned. Desired very much.</p> <p>yeō'man. A freeholder; a farmer.</p> <p>yōre. Long ago.</p>
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PROPER NAMES PRONOUNCED.

<p>Æneas (ē nē'as).</p> <p>Æson (ē'son).</p> <p>Æsculapius (ēs kū lā'pī ūs).</p> <p>André (ān'dra).</p> <p>Arnpryor (ār'n'prī or).</p> <p>Aubrey de Montdidier (ō bra dū mōnt dē diā').</p> <p>Avilion (a vīl'yon).</p> <p>Ballengiech (ba'l'en gēk).</p> <p>Bedivere (bēd'ī vēr).</p> <p>Braehead (brā'hēd).</p> <p>Buchanan (būk ān'an).</p> <p>Burgundy (bēr'gūn dī).</p> <p>Cæneus (sē'nūs).</p> <p>Camelot (kām'e lōt).</p>	<p>Cherokees (chēr o kēz').</p> <p>Chiron (kī'ron).</p> <p>Coster (kōs'ter).</p> <p>Cramond (krā'mond).</p> <p>Cyclops (sī'klōps).</p> <p>Dana (dā'nā).</p> <p>Dragon (drāg'on).</p> <p>Edinburgh (ēd'in būr ro).</p> <p>Elaine (ē lān').</p> <p>Excalibur (eks kāl'ī būr).</p> <p>Finley (fīn'la).</p> <p>Floyd (floid).</p> <p>Fust (fōost).</p>
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Genoa (jĕn'o á).
 Glaucus (glə'kūs).
 Gutenberg (gōō'ten bĕrg).

Haarlem (hār'lem).
 Hercules (hĕr'kū lĕz).
 Herculaneum (hĕr kū lā'nĕ ūm).
 Holyrood (hōl'ī rōōd).

Iliad (il'ī ad).
 Iolcus (ī ōl'kūs).
 Ithaca (ith'á ká).

Jaonssen (jaōn'sen).
 Jason (jā'son).
 Jerusalem (je rōō'sa lem).
 Jupiter (jōō'pī tĕr).

Kentucky (kĕn tūk'ŷ).
 Kippen (kíp'pĕn).

Lancelot (lān'se lōt).

Macaire (ma cār').
 Mayence (mä yōōs').
 Missouri (mīs ōō'rī).
 Monte Somma (mōn'te sōm'má).
 Montargis (mōn tār zhĕ').

Naples (nā'p'lz).
 Narsac (nār sāk').
 Nassau (nās'sā).
 Neptune (nĕp'tūn).
 Nydia (nīd'īá).

Odyssey (ōd'īs sŷ).

Paris (pār'īs).
 Pelias (pe lī'as).
 Pelion (pĕ'lī ōn).
 Phlegethon (flĕg'e thōn).
 Pliny (plīn'y).
 Polyphemus (pōl y fĕ'mūs).
 Pompeii (pōm pā'yĕ).
 Portugal (pōr'tu gal).
 Provence (pro vōōs').

Roman (rō'mān).
 Russia (rūsh'á).

Saint Bavon (sānt ba vōn').
 Shalott (sha lōt').
 Solon (sō'lōn).
 Spitzbergen (spīts bĕrg'en).
 Stabiae (stāb' ī ē).
 Strasburg (strāz'bĕrg).
 Syria (sīr'ī á).

Thames (tĕmz).
 Thessaly (thĕs'a lī).

Ulysses (u līs'sĕz).

Van Tassel (vān tās'1l).
 Venetian (ve nĕ'shan).
 Venice (vĕn'īs).
 Vesuvius (ve sū'vī ūs).

Wallace (wōl'as).
 Westminster (wĕst'mīn ster).

Yadkin (yād'kīn).



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