# SHORTER GLOBE READERS

## ILLUSTRATED

## BOOK III

## STANDARD III

THE

# SHORTER GLOBE READERS.

## BOOK III.

STANDARD III.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

ALEXANDER F. MURISON, M.A.,

*Sometime English Master at the Aberdeen Grammar School.*

London:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1884.

393. - . 2.

# NOTE.

THE interest in Nature, awakened in the previous Books, is here extended and deepened.

Various quadrupeds, and several kinds of birds, as well as some other animals, engage attention to their habits and conditions of life. Certain familiar trees are surveyed in the forest, and followed to the workshop. There is tea, and coffee, and cocoa, with sugar to sweeten them. There are a few incidents from history, and a few scenes from fiction. There is a dash of adventure, and a spice of humour. The activities of youth are considered; good impulses are encouraged and strengthened; and the mind is touched with the joys and sorrows of one's fellows. The prose is lightened by alternations of poetry, and the scenes of both are rendered vivid by numerous illustrations.

The lessons are carefully graduated. After each, lists for spelling are arranged, and meanings are fully explained.

# CONTENTS OF BOOK III.

*

# MARKS.

THE system of marking pronunciation adopted here is borrowed from Professor Bain's *Higher English Grammar*. It is based on the original suggestions of Dr. Thomas Clark. It possesses the important advantage of indicating *accent* and *quality of vowel sound* together.

It is not intended that the pupils should be oppressed or distracted with much regular study of these marks. By careful attention to the cases that arise in the lessons, they will quickly and easily associate the marks and the sounds represented. An occasional reference to these explanations may be found quite sufficient.

(1) *á, é, í, ó, ú.* The *acute* mark (′) placed *over a vowel* shows that the vowel is *long* and also *accented*. For example: *mán* is for "main," or "mane"; *mén* = "mean," or "mien"; *mín* = "mine" (in any sense); *món* = "moan"; *mún* = "moon." Before the vowel *ú* the sound of "y" is often inserted; as, *tyún* = "tune."

(2) *à, è, ì, ò, ù.* The *grave* mark (`) placed *over a vowel* shows that the vowel is *short* and also *accented*. For example: *màn* = "man," *mèn* = "men"; *pìn* = "pin;" *gòn* = "gone"; *fùn* = "fun."

(3) *ê, î, û.* The *acute* and *grave* marks are combined (^) to indicate long vowels pronounced more quickly than usual. The last, *û*, is most common as *pûl* = "pull." Compare *púl* = "pool."

(4) *ā, ō.* The *horizontal* mark (¯) placed over *a* and *o* indicates the vowel sounds in "far" (*fār*) and "all" (*ōl*).

(5) *ă, ĕ, ĭ, ŏ, ŭ.* The crescent (˘) placed over a vowel shows that the vowel is *long* (1) but *unaccented;* as *rāl-wă* ("rail′-way"), *ė-jèct.*

The last of these, *ŭ,* may also express *û* out of accent; as, *hând-fŭl, fûl-fȗl-ment.*

(6) *a, e, i, o, u.* The vowels that are *not marked at all* are *short* and *unaccented.*

Frequently, however, the accented syllable alone is marked; it being assumed that in those cases no further guidance is necessary.

(7) The *acute* mark (′) placed *after a syllable* shows that the accent falls on that syllable. But it does not indicate any quality of the vowel. For example: *com-plained′, al′-most, quar′-ter.* The full marking for these words would be: *kom-plând, ōl-mŏst, kwōrt-er.*

# BOOK III.

## THROUGH THE WOOD;

### OR, THE SERVANT OF ALL.

#### 1. CARL SETS OUT FOR TOWN WITH HIS PIGS.

"CARL," said his master, "you have been my faithful swineherd these three years, and, as yet, I have given you nothing; go and sell the half of my herd in the town that lies at the other side of the forest, and the money shall be yours."

"Mine! my own!" said Carl to himself, as he drove the swine before him into the wood.

"Your own, Carl," said a voice, close to his ear.

Carl turned, and saw that an old man was walking beside him, with a book in his hand. Carl peeped over the old man's shoulder, and tried to read what was written in the book, but he could not make out much, for the letters were very curiously shaped.

"Trying to peep into my book, I see," said the old man.

"Oh, indeed I beg your pardon!" said Carl.

"No offence, no offence, I assure you," answered the other; "sit down by me, and you shall read as much as you like."

Carl's pigs were busy picking up chestnuts just then, so Carl sat down by the old man, and looked into his book.

"It is curious, but not interesting," said Carl, for it was only a list of names.

"Do you see nothing that interests you?" asked his companion.

"I see one thing," said Carl; "one of the names is written in gilt letters; what is that for?"

"That name is the name of a king," answered the old man, shutting his book.

"And what is a king, pray?" asked Carl. "I have never seen one, though I have been a swineherd these three years, and walked about a good deal."

"You may see one this evening, however," answered the old man, "for the people of yonder city to which you are going, expect to find a king to-day; they have been looking out for one a long time. The throne is

standing ready in the market-place, the crown rests before it on a crimson cushion, and all the people are waiting to bow down. They quite think the king will come to-day, and this time, I believe, they will not be disappointed."

"I will walk on then," said Carl, "for certainly I should like to see him." So Carl walked on after his pigs, and left the old man sitting there.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *half* (*hāf*) | *busy* (*bĭz-i*) | *ex-pèct* |
| *money* (*mŭn-i*) | *chèst-nuts* | *cŭsh-ion* |
| *wrĭtten* (*rĭtn*) | *com-păn-ion* | *cèr-tainly* |

*fŏr-est*, wood.
*cu'-ri-ous-ly* (*kyú-*), strangely.
*of-fènce*, fault, injury.
*as-sure'*, make sure, or certain.
*in-ter-est*, draw one's attention.
*dis-ap-point'*, not to get or to give what one expects; to fail in one's expectation.

## 2. CARL GIVES HELP ON THE ROAD.

PRESENTLY Carl overtook a thin, miserable-looking Donkey, who was trying, in vain, to drag after him a cartload of wood.

"Good Master Carl," said the Donkey, "will you not take pity on an unfortunate creature, and help me on with this load a little way? I am so tired, I shall never reach my master's cabin."

"Never despair, my good friend," said Carl to the Donkey, as he placed himself behind the cart, and began to push it vigorously along. But this was very hard

work, and Carl was not fond of hard work, so by and by he said to the Donkey, "That will do now, I think; you can go your way and I will go mine."

"But I can't go my way," said the Donkey, standing stock-still, and beginning to bray.

"Now, I really think you are a little unreasonable," said Carl to the Donkey. "Look what a long distance I have pushed your cart for you, and I positively must run after my pigs now, for they are quite on before me."

But the Donkey went on braying; there is no doubt he *was* very unreasonable.

"But that does not signify," said Carl to himself, "he can't help being an ass, and I dare say he *is* very tired;" so Carl went on pushing the Donkey's cart for him, until they came to his master's cabin.

"Thank you, thank you, good Master Carl," said the Donkey, with tears in his eyes.

"Good-bye," said Carl, as he ran after his pigs. They had found a bed of acorns, and were making a capital dinner. "So I think I may as well eat mine," said Carl, as he sat down, and pulled his bread and cheese out of his pocket.

"Master Carl," said a little voice at his elbow, and Carl saw a wee Rabbit sitting beside him.

"Now little Rabbit," said Carl, "I *do* hope you're not going to say 'Carl, give me some bread and cheese,' for indeed I am very hungry, and there's not nearly enough for us both."

"Then I must go without my dinner," remarked the little Rabbit.

"That's altogether ridiculous," answered Carl; "don't you see how many dandelions there are all about under the trees?"

"But it's so unwholesome living entirely on green food," said the Rabbit; "it gives me the heart-burn, I assure you, and I'm particularly ordered to eat bread and cheese."

"Very well, then," answered Carl, "you *shall* eat bread and cheese," and he fed the little Rabbit out of his hand, and only kept a very little piece for himself.

"I am *so* much obliged to you," said the Rabbit, when she got up to go away.

"Well, I really think you ought to be," answered Carl, "for I am very hungry yet." But the pigs were moving again, and Carl walked after them.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *crea'-ture* | *de-spair'* | *á-corn* |
| *óv-er-took'* | *vĭg-or-ous-ly* | *càp-it-al* |
| *càb-in* | *o-bliged'* | *èl-bow* |

*prè-sent-ly*, very soon, before long.
*mis-er-a-ble*, wretched, very poor and weak.
*un-fòr-tu-nate*, not fortunate, in bad luck.
*de-spair'*, give up hope.
*un-rea'-son-a-ble* (*-rézn-*), beyond reason, more than what most people would think right and just.
*pòs-it-ive-ly*, really, certainly.
*re-mārk*, state, say.
*rid-ic-ul-ous*, absurd, so droll or stupid as to make one laugh.
*dàn-de-li-on*, "*tooth-of-lion*," a common plant with yellow flower and deeply notched leaves, which look as if set round with *teeth*.
*un-whole'-some* (*un-hól-sum*), unhealthy, bad for health.
*en-tire-ly*, wholly, altogether.
*par-tic-ul-ar-ly*, specially.

### 3. CARL HELPS AGAIN, AND LOSES HIS PIGS.

IT was a delicious afternoon, just the day when it is worth while to be a swineherd, for the sake of walking in a wood. The sunbeams danced upon the leaves of the beech-trees, and glistened on their white smooth trunks. The lightest possible summer winds ran up and down amongst the blades of grass, now and then resting upon a flower. White and coloured butterflies flew heedlessly about, carrying the messages of buttercups to the stumps of old trees, instead of to the handsome poppies and dandelions, for whom they were certainly meant. The birds were not singing; only a little rustling amongst the leaves, a lazy hum from the gnats and dragon-flies, and now and then a grasshopper's chirp, were heard; these were the only sounds—except the grunting of Carl's pigs—I had almost forgotten that. On they went, through the wood, grunting, and Carl after them. But suddenly Carl stopped, he saw some one sitting under a tree: it was a Beggar, all in rags, looking so miserable, it would have made your heart ache to look at him.

Carl went up to the Beggar, and said, "I am very sorry for you, can I do anything?"

"God bless you, my dear little master!" answered the Beggar. "Look how sore my feet are, from walking so long upon the stony ground without shoes or stockings."

"You shall have mine," said Carl, sitting down, and pulling off his shoes and stockings directly.

"And from having no hat on," continued the Beggar, "the sun has made my eyes quite weak."

"I see," answered Carl, "and my eyes will very soon be weak if I give you my hat, but I will nevertheless; so here it is, and good-bye," said Carl, as he put his hat on the Beggar's head and ran on himself without one.

"Now I must really keep my eye on these pigs," said Carl, "for here we are at the mouth of the enchanted cave, and the Cobbolds will be stealing them away from me, if I don't keep a sharp look-out."

"Carl, oh! Carl," said a voice from the ground.

"Where are you?" asked Carl.

"Here, under this stone, under the—"

"Speak a little louder, will you?" said Carl. "I can't hear what you say, and I don't like to turn my head round, for I *must* look at my pigs."

"Here I am then," said the voice, "almost crushed beneath the stone just under your right foot; will you not stoop down and lift up the stone and save me?"

"Can't you wait just till I've passed the cavern, and then I'll come back to you?" said Carl, still looking at his pigs.

"And in the meantime, I shall be crushed to death," answered the Worm.

"Good-bye my pigs then," shouted Carl, as he stooped down and lifted the stone from the back of the half-dead Worm.

"I thank you, Carl," said the Worm, feebly; "now go and look after your pigs."

"But they're all gone," said Carl. And so they were.

*

In at the mouth of the enchanted cave the little Cobbolds had enticed them all, just in that very moment when Carl was lifting up the stone.

"And once gone in there, it's not a bit likely they'll ever come out again," said Carl; "but I'll go to the town at any rate, and see whether the king is come."

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *gnat* (*nàt*) | *delı̀cious* (*de-lı̀sh-us*) | *mèss-age* |
| *ache* (*ák*) | *glı̀s-ten* (*glı̀sn*) | *drà̀gon-flies* |
| *shoe* (*shú*) | *pòss-i-ble* | *cà̀v-ern* |

*heed'-less-ly*, carelessly.
*di-rèct-ly*, straight, at once.
*con-tin-ued* (*-yŭd*), kept on, went on.
*en-chànt-ed*, charmed, under a magic charm or spell.
*nèv-er-the-less*, for all that, still.
*Cŏb-bolds*, spirits, goblins.
*fee'-ble*, weak, frail.
*en-tice*, lead on, tempt, with something that one would like.

## 4. CARL FINDS HIS PIGS AND HIS REWARD.

"WHAT do you want here, Carl?" asked the porter at the gate of the city.

"I came to sell my pigs," answered Carl.

"Where are they?" said the porter.

"I've lost them all," answered Carl.

"Then come with me to the market-place," said the porter; and he led Carl to the market-place, where the throne was standing still empty—the crown before it on the crimson cushion, and the people waiting all round; but in front of the throne stood the old man who had

spoken to Carl in the morning, and beside him Carl saw the Donkey, the Rabbit, the Beggar, and the Worm, and a whole army of soldiers, who *had* been Carl's pigs.

"Carl," asked the old man, "where have you been to-day?"

"Through the wood," answered Carl.

"What have you been doing there?"

"Indeed, I hardly know," answered Carl.

"Carl helped me with my load of wood," said the Donkey.

"Carl fed me with his own dinner," said the Rabbit.

"Carl gave me his cap and shoes," said the Beggar.

"Carl saved me from being crushed to death," said the Worm.

"Citizens," said the old man, "what do you think of Carl?"

Then all the people shouted, "Carl is the king! Carl is the king!"

"And I never knew it," said Carl to the old man.

A. & E. KEARY.

*pórt-er*, gate-keeper.
*sól-diers* (*-jerz*), fighting men.
*cit-i-zens*, people of the city, townsfolk.

## SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming! spring is coming!
Birds are chirping, insects humming,
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,
Streams escaped from winter's keeping,
In delighted freedom rushing,
Dance along in music gushing;
Scenes of late in deadness sadden'd
Smile in animation gladden'd:
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth.
Shout we, then, with Nature's voice—
Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!

Spring is coming! Come, my brother,
Let us rove with one another,
To our well-remember'd wild-wood,
Flourishing in nature's childhood,
Where a thousand flowers are springing,
And a thousand birds are singing;
Where the golden sunbeams quiver
On the verdure-border'd river;
Let our youth of feeling out
To the youth of nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice—
Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!

JAMES NACK.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *es-cape'* | *de-light'-ed* | *beau'-ty* |
| *free'-dom* | *flour'-ish-ing* | *re-joice'* |

*àn-i-má-tion*, being in life, liveliness.

*quiv-er*, shake.

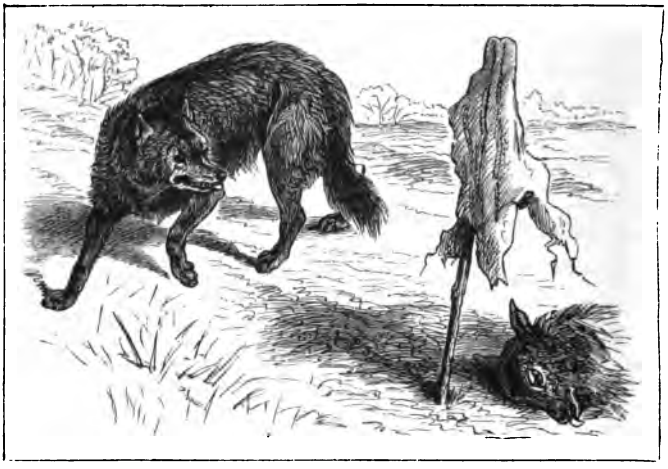
*vèrd-ure*, greenness.

## THE WOLF.

WOLVES are found in nearly all lands, whether hot or cold. In some countries where they once lived in great numbers, they are not now found at all, having been killed or driven out. There were once upon a time many of them in Britain; and some farmers are said to have paid their rent, not with money, but by bringing a number of wolves' skins. They were so destructive that people

killed them. In the parts where they still remain, they live on mountains as well as on plains, in the forest as well as in the open country.

The common wolf wears a grey coat, with a sprinkling of fawn colour, and some black hairs which are most frequent in a line along the back. The wolf is chiefly fawn-



coloured when young, and turns grey as he grows older. The under parts are almost white. From the whitish or greyish colour of the inner side of the legs, the people of Norway call the wolf "Grey-legs."

The wolf is almost always hungry, and he is ready to attack and devour any kind of living animal; and if he cannot get his teeth into a man, or a horse or a dog, he

is glad to light upon a frog, or to eat up any other living thing that comes in his way. He will even devour a brother wolf with much satisfaction. If he be very hungry, he will attack animals much bigger than himself, such as the bear or the buffalo.

Wolves like to hunt in packs. They form themselves into little armies, more or less numerous, and follow doggedly on the scent of the chase. They gallop on after it with a steady, untiring step, until they have hunted it down.

The wolf bites differently from other animals. It snaps at its prey, making the jaws meet like the jaws of a steel trap. The teeth are very sharp, and will easily cut clean through a piece of thick leather. Wolves do not hold on by the prey, as the lion and the cat do, but make fierce snaps at it till the cuts produce its death.

The wolf, when free, is commonly one of the most daring of animals. But he is extremely cautious and suspicious. Anything that he has never seen or heard or smelt before, will frighten him and keep him at a distance, till he can make up his mind about its power to harm him. If the hunter plants a stick in the ground by the side of the carcass of a deer, with a handkerchief fluttering from the top of it, the wolf will not come near the dead animal, but will leave it untouched; for he does not know what might happen to him from the stick or the handkerchief. A piece of rope dragging behind a horse or a carriage will inspire the wolf with great dread and keep him off for a long time; for this is something new, and he needs to consider whether there

may not be some terrible mischief in it. But, when he is caught in a trap, and finds it impossible to get away, he becomes a very sad coward. He will not even snap at a person; he will lie as if he were perfectly harmless or unable to stir; indeed he very frequently pretends to to be dead.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *sprĭnk-ling* | *at-tăck* | *fawn* (*fŏn*) |
| *dăr-ing* | *de-vour'* | *scent* (*sĕnt*) |
| *mĭs-chief* | *con-sĭd-er* | *grey* (*grā*) |
| *hănd-ker-chief* | *cow'-ard* | *prey* (*prā*) |

*de-strŭc-tive*, destroying, causing death, or waste.
*săt-is-făc-tion*, pleasure.
*cau'-tious* (*kō-shus*), wary, very careful.
*sus-pi-cious* (*-shus*), always suspecting; fearing some unseen danger, which may not exist at all.

*prey*, spoil, plunder.
*pray*, ask earnestly, entreat.

*scent*, smell, perfume.
*sent*, part of the verb "send."
*cent*, hundred (as five per cent); an American coin (the hundreth part of a dollar), worth about a halfpenny.

## AWAY TO THE WOLF HUNT.

UP! up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.

Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

S. T. Coleridge.

*gràn-nam*, grandam, grand-dam, grandmother.

*lamb-kin* (*làm-kin*), little lamb, young lamb.

## THE BOASTING WOLF.

A Fox was one day speaking to a Wolf of the great strength of human beings, especially men. "No animal can stand against them," he said, "unless they employ craft and cunning."

"Then," said the Wolf, "I only wish I could see a man, I know he should not escape me! I would never let him go free."

"I can help you to obtain your wish," said the Fox. "If you come to me early to-morrow morning, I will show you a man."

The Wolf took care to be early enough, and the Fox led him to a hedge through which he could see the road, and where the Fox knew huntsmen would pass during the day.

First came an old pensioner.

"Is that a man?" asked the Wolf.

"No," answered the Fox. "Not now: he was once."

Then a little child passed, who was going to school.

"Is that a man?" he asked, again.

"No, not yet," said the Fox; "but he will be one by and by."

At last a hunter appeared, with his double-barrelled gun on his shoulder, and his hunting-knife by his side.

"There!" cried the Fox, "See, there comes a man at last. I will leave him to you to manage, but I shall run back to my hole."

The Wolf rushed out upon the man at once, but the hunter was ready for him, although when he saw him, he said to himself, "What a pity my gun is not loaded with ball."

However, he fired the small shot in the animal's face as he sprang at him; but neither the pain nor the noise seemed to frighten the Wolf in the least. The hunter fired again; still the Wolf, struggling against the pain, made another spring—this time

furiously—but the hunter, hastily drawing his bowie-knife, gave him two or three such powerful stabs, that he ran back to the Fox all covered with blood.

"Well, brother Wolf, and have you succeeded in conquering a man?"

"Oh," he cried, "I had not the least idea of a man's strength; first he took a stick from his shoulder and blew something in my face, which tingled dreadfully; and before I could get closer to him, he puffed again through his stick, and there came a flash of lightning, and something struck my nose like hailstones. I would not give in, but rushed again upon him. In a moment he pulled a white rib out of his body, and gave me such dreadful cuts with it that I believe I must lie here and die."

"See now," said the Fox, "how foolish it is to boast. You have thrown your axe so far that you cannot fetch it back."

J. & W. Grimm.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *em-ploy'* | *hást-i-ly* | *school* (*skúl*) |
| *ob-tain'* | *ĭ-dé-a* | *axe* (*àx*) |
| *suc-ceed'* | *con'-quer* (*còng-ker*) | |

*pèn-sion-er*, one that receives a pension, that is, some pay in consideration of former services; a discharged soldier or sailor.

*màn-age*, deal with, control.

*bow-ie-knife* (*bo'-i-nif*), long hunting-knife.

*fu'-ri-ous-ly* (*fyú-*), with fury, with great rage.

*

## A HUNTING SONG.

'TIS the break of day, and cloudless weather
The eager dogs are all roaming together,
The moor-cock is flitting across the heather
Up, rouse from your slumbers,
Away!
No vapour encumbers the day;
Wind the echoing horn,
For the waking morn
Peeps forth in its mantle of grey.

The wild boar is shaking his dewy bristle,
The partridge is sounding his morning whistle,
The red-deer is bounding o'er the thistle,
Up, rouse from your slumbers,
Away!
No vapour encumbers the day;
Wind the echoing horn,
For the waking morn
Peeps forth in its mantle of grey.

R. Waln.

*ea'-ger* (*é-ger*) *brĭstle* (*brĭs-l*)
*ĕch-ŏ* (*ĕk-ŏ*) *whĭstle* (*hwĭs-l*)
*pār-tridge* *thĭstle* (*thĭs-l*)

*văp-our*, steam, mist, fog. *en-cŭm-ber*, burden, load.

## A JINGLING MATCH.

Now there is a rush in the crowd, and a tinkling bell is heard, and shouts of laughter; and Tom mounts on Benjy's shoulders, and behold, a jingling match in all its glory. The games are begun, and this is the opening of them. It is a quaint game, immensely amusing to look at. A large roped ring is made, into which are introduced a dozen or so of big boys and young men who mean to play; these are carefully blinded and turned loose into the ring, and then a man is introduced not blindfolded, with a bell hung round his neck, and

his two hands tied behind him. Of course every time he moves, the bell must ring, as he has no hand to hold it, and so the dozen blindfolded men have to catch him. This they cannot always manage if he is a lively fellow, but half of them always rush into the arms of the other half, or drive their heads together, or tumble over; and then the crowd laughs vehemently, and invents nicknames for them on the spur of the moment, and they, if they be choleric, tear off the handkerchiefs which blind them, and not unfrequently pitch into one another, each thinking that the other must have run against him on purpose. It is great fun to look at a jingling-match, certainly, and Tom shouts, and jumps on old Benjy's shoulders at the sight, until the old man feels weary, and shifts him to the strong young shoulders of the groom, who has just got down to the fun.

T. HUGHES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *laugh'-ter* (*lāf-ter*) | *a-mus'-ing* | *hànd-ker-chief* |
| *im-mènse-ly* | *in-tro-duce'* | *un-fre'-quent-ly* |

*be-hóld*, see, look at.
*quaint*, curious, odd.
*màn-age*, accomplish, be able to do.
*vé-he-ment-ly*, with great force, violently.
*in-vènt*, hit upon, make up.
*chòl-er-ic* (*kòl-*), apt to get angry.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee!

J. R. LOWELL.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *sùn-shine* | *mo'-tion* | *ùp-ward* |
| *moon'-light* | *clímb-ing* | *down'-ward* |
| *stār-light* | *cease'-less* | *heav'-en-ward* |
| *mìd-night* | *èl-e-ment* | *còn-stant* |

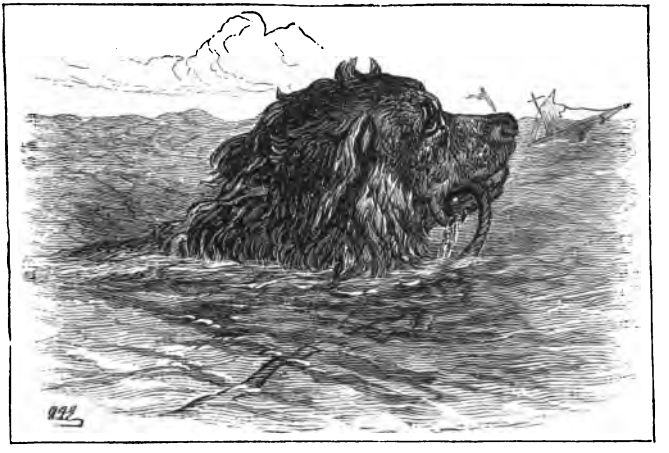
*spray*, scattered drops.
*a-spir-ing*, eager to rise higher.
*blithe'-some* (*blídh-sum*), mirthful, gay.

## THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE Newfoundland Dog is a very large and burly animal. He stands over two feet and a half high. His legs are strong; and he plants his broad paws firmly on

the ground, while he looks at you mildly and calmly. He is a very handsome fellow, and he is as wise as he is handsome.

At home in Newfoundland he has rather a bad time of it, especially in the long winter. Then his master is commonly employed in cutting wood and fetching it down from the forest to serve as fuel. The dog is strong



and willing to work; so his master yokes him into a cart and makes him drag home the fuel that he has been cutting in the forest. The load is sure enough to be heavy, perhaps much too heavy for even the dog's great strength; the weather is always very severe; and the roads are rough, or there may be no regular road at all. Besides, the food that the dog gets is by no means

enough to keep up his strength for the trying work he has to do. It is not often anything better than salt fish, and that too in a condition not fit to be eaten. We need not wonder if the dogs that happen to live through the winter break away from their masters in the fresh days of spring, and fall upon the flocks in the neighbouring fields. The Newfoundland Dog does not seem to be well treated in his native home.

When the Newfoundland Dog leaves his native country, he ceases to be the slave, and becomes the friend, of man. And a very useful friend he would wish to be. There is nothing that he likes better than to be doing something to help his master. He delights to carry his stick, or to run back to fetch some article that his master has lost or left behind him. He is not easily tired when he knows that he is expected to be working. He will search patiently for a long time, and exert himself to the utmost of his strength, in order to do what he thinks his master would like. He is a very good, faithful, and diligent animal, the Newfoundland Dog.

Perhaps the Newfoundland Dog is happiest when he is in the water; and he does not mind whether it be salt or fresh. He is a capital swimmer. His broad paws catch the water, and his strong legs propel him through it at very great speed. If a ship were in danger near the shore he would rush through such big waves as no man could meet, carrying a rope in his mouth to the vessel or to the land. If a person were drowning, he would hurry to his rescue, and support him by the neck, with as much sense and skill as any human being.

Many are the people that have been saved from death in the water, by the courage and wisdom of the Newfoundland Dog.

The Newfoundland Dog shows his wisdom and dignity in a very marked way when other smaller dogs try to annoy him. He takes no notice of them; he goes on his way calmly as if he did not know they were yelping at him; he seems to think that he is too far above them to mind what they do. But if they presume too much upon his quiet and gentle bearing he will let them know that he can easily punish their rudeness. He may seize his tormentor and place him in danger, and then when he has given him a good fright he will let him go, perhaps with a quiet laugh to himself at the other's silliness. A story is told of a little quarrelsome wretch of a bull-dog, which once fixed itself upon a Newfoundland Dog's nose and would not let go. The big dog, however, knew there was a vessel of boiling tar quite near, and rushing up to it, he dipped the bull-dog in, and at once recovered his freedom and punished his enemy.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *còm-mon-ly* | *se-vere'* | *broad* (*brōd*) |
| *règ-ul-ar* (*-yŭl-*) | *con-dĭ-tion* | *paw* (*pō*) |
| *neigh'-bour-ing* | *cour'-age* | *calm* (*kām*) |
| *pá-tient-ly* | *dĭg-ni-ty* | *wretch* (*rètsh*) |
| *tor-mènt-or* | *pùn-ish* | *fu'-el* (*fyú-*) |

*bŭr-ly*, big and rough-looking.
*ná-tive*, where he was born.
*dĭl-i-gent*, busy, steady at work.
*pro-pèl*, drive forward, push on.
*rès-cue*, deliver, save.
*un-noy'*, vex, trouble.
*pre-sume'*, act too boldly.
*quar'-rel-some* (*kwòr-rel-sum*), quick to quarrel.
*re-cov'-ered* (*-kŭv-*), got again.

## MY POOR DOG TRAY.

ON the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he licked me for kindness—my old dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,
And I played a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village so far, far away,
I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

T. Campbell.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *cheer'-i-ly* | *re-fused'* | *al-though'* |
| *còn-stant-ly* | *la-mènt* | *folk* (*fók*) |
| *pŕt-i-fŭl* | *ná-tive* | *guide* (*gíd*) |

*wal'-let* (*wòl-let*), bag.

*scànt*, having little in it, nearly empty.

## HOW CRUSOE CAUGHT THE GOATS.

As my powder and shot were now very nearly done, I set myself to study some art to trap and snare the goats to see whether I could not catch some of them alive. To this purpose, I made snares to hamper them; and I believe they were more than once taken in them; but my tackle was not good, for I had no wire, and always found them broken and my bait devoured. At length, I resolved to try a pitfall: so I dug several large pits in the earth, in places where I had observed the goats used to feed, and over these pits I placed hurdles, of my own making too, with a great weight upon them; and several times I put ears of barley and dry rice, without setting the trap; and I could easily perceive that the

goats had gone in and eaten up the corn, for I could see the marks of their feet. At length, I set three traps in one night, and going the next morning, I found them all standing, and yet the bait eaten and gone; this was very discouraging. However, I altered my traps; and, after a few trials, going one morning to see my traps, I found in one of them a large old he-goat, and in one of the others, three kids, a male and two females.

As to the old one, I knew not what to do with him; he was so fierce, I durst not go into the pit to him; that is to say, to go about to bring him away alive, which was what I wanted. I could have killed him, but that was not my business, nor would it answer my end; so I even let him out, and he ran away as if he had been frighted out of his wits; but I had forgot then, what I learned afterwards, that hunger will tame a lion. If I had let him stay there three or four days without food, and then had carried him some water to drink, and then a little corn, he would have been as tame as one of the kids; for goats are very sagacious, tractable creatures, when they are well used.

However, for the present, I let him go, knowing no better at that time. Then I went to the three kids, and, taking them one by one, I tied them with strings together, and with some difficulty brought them all home.

It was a good while before they would feed. But some sweet corn, which I threw to them, tempted them, and they began to be tame.

D. DEFOE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *pȓt-fall* (*-fōl*) | *be-lieve* (*-lév*) | *weight* (*wát*) |
| *tèmpt* (*tèmt*) | *per-ceive'* (*-sév*) | *àn-swer* (*-ser*) |
| *bȕsiness* (*bȉz-nes*) | *fierce* (*férs*) | *re-sȍlve* |
| *dȓf-fi-cul-ty* | *eas'-i-ly* (*éz-*) | *crea'-ture* |

*ob-sèrve*, see, notice.
*dis-cour'-ag-ing*, disheartening, disappointing, lowering one's spirits.
*al'-ter* (*ōl-ter*), change.
*sa-gá-cious* (*-shus*), wise, keen or quick to see or understand or find out.
*tràct-a-ble*, easy to manage or deal with.

## THE LUPRACAUN, OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!—
Only the grasshopper and the bee?—
"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.

Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"

Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lupracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height,
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?

Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!
" Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding feast,
Pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too!"
Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
Ruin and round tower, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Guarded by him;
Each of them fill'd
Full to the brim
With gold!

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the castle-ditch where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
" Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tack-tack-too!
(A grig skipp'd upon my cap,
Away the moth flew!)

Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,—
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job is done!"
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt;
I stared at him; he stared at me;
"Servant, Sir!" "Humph!" says he,
And pulled a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
The queer little Lupracaun;
Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
And, while I sneezed,
Was gone!

W. ALLINGHAM.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Lú-pra-caun* (*-cōn*) | *po-tá'-to* | *lóne-ly* |
| *quart'-er* (*kwōrt-er*) | *còr-mo-rant* | *chá-ry* |
| *daugh'-ter* (*dō-ter*) | *càr-riage* (*-rij*) | *spèc-ta-cles* |
| *sígh-ing* (*sí-ing*) | *màr-riage* (*-rij*) | *á-pron* |
| *wrìnk-led* (*rìnk-ld*) | *build* (*bìld*) | *wìz-ened* |

*rāth*, ancient earthen fort.
*mound*, hillock, rising ground, bank.
*plain'-tive*, complaining, sad.
*yèl-low-bird*, yellow-bunting, or *yorlin*.
*sùl-try*, warm and close.
*clàm-our*, outcry, great noise.
*cròck*, earthen pot or pitcher.
*brógue* (*bróg*), coarse shoe, having the sole studded with nails.
*bùskin*, half boot, of finer kind.
*whìm-sic-al*, freakish, odd, funny.

## FRESH WATER TAKEN FROM ICE.

On Friday, January 8, 1773, in the afternoon, we passed more ice islands than we had seen for several days. Indeed, they were now so familiar to us that they were often passed unnoticed; but more generally unseen on account of the thick weather. At nine o'clock in the evening we came to one which had a quantity of loose ice about it. As the wind was moderate, and the weather tolerably fair, we shortened sail, and stood on and off, with a view of taking some on board on the return of light. But, at four o'clock in the morning,

finding ourselves to leeward of this ice, we bore down to an island to leeward of us; there being about it some loose ice, part of which we saw break off. There we brought to, hoisted out three boats, and, in about five or six hours, took up as much ice as yielded fifteen tons of good fresh water. The pieces we took up were hard, and solid as a rock; some of them were so large that we were obliged to break them with pickaxes, before they could be taken into the boats.

The salt water which adhered to the ice was so trifling as not to be tasted, and, after it had lain on deck a short time, entirely drained off; and the water which the ice yielded was perfectly sweet and well-tasted. Part of the ice we broke in pieces, and put in casks; some we melted in the coppers, and filled up the casks with the water; and some we kept on deck for present use. The melting and stowing away the ice is a little tedious, and takes up some time; otherwise this is the most expeditious way of watering I ever met with.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Frí-day* | *fa-mìl-iar* | *is'-land (í-land)* |
| *Jàn-u-ar-y* | *quan'-ti-ty* | *sòl-id* |
| *un-nó-ticed* | *mòd-er-ate* | *pèr-fect-ly.* |

*tòl-er-a-bly*, pretty, moderately.
*to lee'-ward*, on the sheltered (or *lee*) side; the side away from the wind.
*trif-ling*, very small.
*té-di-ous*, slow, wearying.
*ex-ped-ì-tious* (*-shus*), quick.

## EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER.

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She looked across the sea;
She looked across the water;
And long and loud laughed she:
"The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who comes a wooing me?"

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walked along the sand;
When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Came sailing to the land.
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold,
And "Hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who saileth here so bold?"

"The locks of five princesses
I won beyond the sea;
I clipt their golden tresses,
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale."
So "Hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Furl up thy velvet sail!"

*

He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold;
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
He clipt her locks of gold.
"Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Sail westward-ho away!"

C. KINGSLEY.

*tale*, number. *tress*, lock (of hair).

## THE OAK.

### 1. WHAT THE TREE IS LIKE, AND HOW IT GROWS.

THE Oak is the king of the trees, as the lion is king of the beasts or the eagle is king of the birds. The superior greatness of the oak has always been admitted; its vast size, its grand and noble appearance, its long life, the strength of its wood, and the numerous and important uses of its leaves, fruit, and bark, have all helped it to gain and to keep the foremost place among trees.

The Oak is native to Europe, Asia, and America. It requires a temperate climate: it is stunted by the cold of the far north; it thrives in the plains of temperate countries, and on the cool slopes of the mountains of tropical regions; it dislikes intense heat as much as intense cold. While some species grow to splendid trees, others never reach beyond the rank of shrubs. In some

the leaves are deciduous,—that is, they fall off every year; in others the leaves are evergreen. Some bear fruit yearly; others take two years for a single crop, perfecting the acorns the year after flowering.

The oak most delights in a rich strong soil, in which it strikes its roots to a vast depth; a loamy soil with a little mixture of chalk brings it to its highest perfection. It forms the largest head, and spreads in the most picturesque figure, when growing singly, as in parks and ornamental grounds. It rises with a tall and straight trunk only in woods and close plantations.

Of all the two hundred and fifty species of this tree, the most interesting to us is the common British oak. In thick plantations it often reaches a height of more than one hundred feet, the gnarled or knotted trunk rising straight and clean some forty or fifty feet, and the numerous branches thereafter spreading out, thick and crooked, some fifty or sixty feet higher. The flowers and the leaves do not shoot forth on all the oaks of a plantation or a park at the very same time; for oaks feel very keenly the difference of soil and situation. They are also early or late, according as the season is mild or severe. In general, the flowers, which are yellowish or greenish-white, begin to peep forth by the end of the first week in April, and are in full bloom in the course of a fortnight. Then the leaves begin to show themselves, and are quite out early in May. These are oblong in form, getting broader towards the outer end, with sharp notches and blunt or rounded corners. They are at first of a deep green colour, but they change

to a yellowish or russet brown before they die off in the frosts of autumn. For the leaves of the British oak are not evergreen but deciduous.

The fruit and seed of the oak is the well-known acorn.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *ap-pear'-ance* | *dis-like'* | *chalk* (*chŏk*) |
| *or-na-mènt-al* | *mìx-ture* | *gnārled* (*nārld*) |
| *plan-tá-tion* | *fĭg-ure* | *knŏt-ty* (*nŏt-ti*) |
| *sìt-u-á-tion* | *im-pórt-ant* | *autumn* (*ō-tum*) |

*su-pé-ri-or*, higher, greater.
*ad-mit-ted*, granted, acknowledged.
*tèm-per-ate*, moderate; neither very hot nor very cold.
*clí-mate*, air, weather.
*trŏp-ic-al*, in the tropics, the hottest parts of the world.
*in-tènse*, stretched out, extreme, very great.
*spé-cies* (*-shĕz*), kinds.
*de-cìd-u-ous* (*-yŭ-*), falling down or off.
*pic-tu-resque* (*-resk*), like a picture; striking.
*ŏb-long*, longer than broad.

## 2. WHAT THE OAK IS GOOD FOR.

THE uses of the oak are very various; almost evely part of it can be turned to some useful end. The acorns are said to have been one of the earliest foods of mankind, and in some of the warm climates they are still in use for that purpose. The acorns of several species of Californian oak furnish a large share of the winter food of the Indians of the western coast. They are beaten to a powder, and after the bitterness has

been removed from the meal by washing, this is baked into cakes. The acorns of certain Spanish oaks are considered as finer eating than even chestnuts. With us the acorns have been valued as the food of swine, though not nearly so much now as formerly; in America, too, large droves of hogs are sent to fatten in the oak woods in autumn, when the ripe acorns fall. Squirrels and others of the small four-footed animals also claim their share, and lay up acorns for their winter store.

Every part of the oak abounds in an astringent juice, which is applied to various purposes. The bark is particularly valuable on this account, which renders it the chief material in tanning leather. The bark of the oaks that grow in hedge-rows, which seldom arrive to the size of timber-trees, is perhaps the most valuable part of them. In order to use, it is ground to powder; and the infusion of it in water is by the tanners termed ooze. The small twigs, and even the leaves of the oak, may be applied to a similar purpose. Galls, which are outgrowths upon the leaves, formed in warm countries by the action of certain insects, are some of the strongest astringents known. They are much used in dyeing, on account of their striking a deep black colour. The oak-apples, formed in the same manner upon our trees, possess a similar property, though in a smaller degree.

But it is by the use of its wood that the oak has gained its chief fame, and especially for the important purpose of shipbuilding. The war ships of England have been called her "walls of oak." Though oak-wood appears full of small pores, it has the greatest strength,

and it lasts for a very long time. It possesses the three qualities necessary in shipbuilding in a greater degree than any other kind of wood: it is very hard; it is not easy to rend or tear; and it is difficult to break across. It is not used, however, in shipbuilding so much as it was formerly. But it is turned to account in many other ways—in house-building, in machinery, in carriages and waggons, in furniture, vessels, and so forth, wherever the qualities of strength and endurance are needed.

*ma-té-ri-al fùr-ni-ture ma-chin'-er-y* (*-shén-*)

*a-strin-gent*, drawing together, contracting (the fibres of the muscles).

*in-fu'-sion* (*-fyú-*), a pouring in (of boiling water upon something in order to take out its qualities), steeping; the liquor thus obtained.

*en-dur'-ance* (*-dyúr-*), lastingness.

*dye'ing*, staining, colouring; from the verb "to *dye*."

*dy'ing*, losing life, perishing; from the verb "to *die*."

## THE FALL OF THE OAK.

A GLORIOUS tree is the old grey oak:
He has stood for a thousand years;
Has stood and frowned
On the trees around,
Like a king among his peers;
As round their king they stand, so now,
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The tall trees round him stand arrayed
In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower
Through sun and shower,
And dared the winds to battle;
He has heard the hail,
As from plates of mail,
From his own limbs shaken, rattle;

He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops
(When the storm had roused his might)
Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth
The heads of his foes in fight.

*

The autumn sun looks kindly down,
But the frost is on the lea,
And sprinkles the horn
Of the owl at morn
As she hies to the old oak tree.
Not a leaf is stirred,
Not a sound is heard
But the thump of the thresher's flail,
The low wind's sigh,
Or the distant cry
Of the hound on the fox's trail.

The forester he has whistling plunged
With his axe in the deep wood's gloom
That shrouds the hill
Where few and chill
The sunbeams struggling come:
His brawny arm he has bared, and laid
His axe at the root of the tree,
The grey old oak,
And, with lusty stroke,
He wields it merrily—

With lusty stroke,—
And the old grey oak
Through the folds of his gorgeous vest
You may see him shake,
And the night-owl break
From her perch in his leafy crest.

She will come but to find him gone from where
He stood at the break of day;
Like a cloud that peals as it melts to air
He has passed, with a crash, away.

Though the Spring in the bloom and the frost in gold
No more his limbs attire,
On the stormy wave
He shall float, and brave
The blast and the battle-fire!
Shall spread his white wings to the wind,
And thunder on the deep,
As he thundered, when
His bough was green,
On the high and stormy steep.

GEORGE HILL.

*ar-ray'*, *at-tire*, dress out.
*fŏr-est-er*, woodman.
*brawn-y* (*brŏn-i*), muscular, having good brawn or muscle, especially in the arm.
*gŏr-ge-ous*, highly-coloured, showy.
*peer* (noun), equal, one of the same rank.
*peer* (verb), to look narrowly.
*lea*, land in grass.
*lee*, shelter, the sheltered side of anything.
*hie* (*hī*), hasten, go in haste.
*high* (*hī*), tall, lofty.
*peal*, to sound loud, ring.
*peel*, skin, rind; to strip off skin or rind.

## THE FOX AND THE CAT.

ONE day a Cat met a Fox in the wood. "Ah," she thought, "he is clever and sensible, and talked of in the world a great deal; I will speak to him." So she said, quite in a friendly manner, "Good morning, dear Mr. Fox; how are you? and how do affairs go with you in these expensive times?"

The Fox, full of pride, looked at the Cat from head to foot, and knew hardly what to say to her for a long time. At last he said, "Oh, you poor little whisker-cleaner, you grey old tabby, you hungry mouse-hunter, what are

you thinking about to come to me, and to stand there and ask me how I am going on? What have you learnt, and how many tricks do you know?"

"I know only one trick," answered the Cat, meekly.

"And pray what is that?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "if the hounds are behind me, I can spring up into a tree and save myself."

"Is that all?" cried the Fox; "why, I am master of a hundred tricks, and have over and above all a sackful of cunning; but I pity you, puss; so come with me, and I will teach you how to baffle both men and hounds."

At this moment a hunter, with four hounds, was seen approaching. The Cat sprang nimbly up a tree, and seated herself on the highest branch, where, by the spreading foliage, she was quite concealed.

"Turn out the sack, Mr. Fox! turn out the sack!" cried the Cat; but the hounds had already seized him and held him fast.

"Ah, Mr. Fox," cried the Cat, "your hundred tricks are not of much use to you; now if you had only known one like mine, you would not have so quickly lost your life."

J. & W. Grimm.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *clèv-er* | *sèns-i-ble* | *ap-proach'-ing* |
| *bàff-le* | *af-fairs'* | *con-cealed'* |

*ex-pen-sive*, costly, causing one to spend much money.

*nim-bly*, quickly, lightly.

*fŏl-i-age*, leaves (collectively).

## A LAUGHING SONG.

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene:
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come live, and be merry, and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

W. BLAKE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *dĭmp-ling* | *mead'-ow* | *grăss-hop-per* |
| *laugh'-ing* | *paint'-ed* | *chĕr-ries* |

*wit*, clever sayings.
*chó-rus*, the part of the song repeated at the end of every verse.

## THE ROOK.

### 1. WHAT HE IS LIKE, AND HOW HE LIVES.

THE Rook is one of the best known of our birds. Every one has seen him either in the fields or the woods, or even in the street; or has looked up at the long string of Rooks flying homewards in the evening. Perhaps most of us have had a nearer view of the silky deep blue-black plumage of the Rook. This is especially fine and bright in the autumn; for it is in the autumn that he gets his

new suit. He is then a most respectable gentleman, so far as appearance goes; and he speaks in a deep grave tone, which is quite in keeping with his dress.

The Rook seems to think, with poor Richard, that

> "Early to bed and early to rise,
> Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

For, as he comes home before it be late in the evening, so he is up and abroad in the morning before any of the other birds. He rises before the sun himself. Long before the dew has left the grass, the Rook is in the fields diligently looking for his breakfast. He knows right well that the worms have come up out of their holes to enjoy the cool night air, to feast upon small insects, and to carry off a fresh green blade of the damp grass, or bush, or tree. And so he comes in time, before the worms have gone down into the mould, and makes a first-rate breakfast upon them. If the Rook be near a town, now is the chance for him to step along the streets, when there are very few people out of bed; there may be a good breakfast for him in the heaps of refuse not yet taken away.

The Rook has a strong bill, with which he pecks and knocks about and breaks up clods, or digs into the ground about the tufts of grass. Worms and grubs are his prey. These form nice moist soft food for him. Thus the autumn is a grand time for him; for then he can follow the ploughman, and dine at his ease upon the rich feast of worms, and grubs, and insects that the

plough sets before him. This is his holiday, when he can eat as much as he likes without doing any work. Besides those soft animals, the Rook also feeds upon seeds and berries and nuts, and indeed most kinds of fruit. He is very fond of acorns and beechnuts and walnuts, and he delights in the cones of the Scotch fir. There is no saying how many of our oak-trees the Rook has planted for us; he buries oak-nuts in the ground for a while before he eats them, and no doubt many of his buried oak-nuts have been forgotten by him and have grown up into stately trees. The winter is a time of great distress for the Rook, as it is with so many birds. Under the terrible pressure of hunger, he comes boldly up to the corn-yard and does a great deal of mischief.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *hóme-wards* | *break'-fast* | *wal'-nut* (*wòl-*) |
| *re-spèct-a-ble* | *en-joy'* | *for-gòt-ten* |
| *gèn-tle-man* | *plough'-man* | *prèss-ure* |
| *dȕl-i-gent-ly* | *hòl-i-day* | *mìs-chief* |

*plúm-age*, plumes, feathers (collectively).
*státe-ly*, lofty, grand.
*dis-trèss*, very great pain, extreme suffering.
*re-fuse'*, deny, reject, not to accept, will not. "Do not *refuse* my request." "He *refused* to come" (*would not*).
*rè-fuse*, what is *refused* or thrown away; useless or waste matter; rubbish. "The *refuse* of the streets must be swept away." "By this mode of preparation there is little *refuse*."
"He will not *refuse* to remove the *refuse* from the yard."

*

## 2. THE ROOK AND THE FARMER.

No doubt the Rook is much to blame for not a little damage to the farmer's corn-yard in the bitter days of winter. If the Rook were to eat as much corn as he requires to satisfy his hunger, the farmer would not like his visits; they would soon become rather expensive. But the Rook does a great deal worse than this; for he tears open the tops of the ricks or stacks, and shakes the heads of corn very roughly with bill and with claws, destroying many times as much as he actually devours. Then he goes away without closing up the top of the rick or stack which he has torn open, and the farmer must do this work over again, otherwise the next fall of

rain would soak the corn in the top and perhaps even go down into the heart of the rick.

In the spring time, when the farmer sows his corn and harrows it down under the black dry mould, the Rook settles upon the fields, boring down and scratching up the grain with the greatest energy. A flock of Rooks would soon thin the farmer's sowing. And no sooner do the green blades appear over the surface of the field than the Rook comes down to refresh himself with the tender shoots. He watches over the progress of the plant as it reaches its full growth and sends forth the milky ears which develop into the firm and mature grains of corn. He hovers about the reapers and rejoices to eat his fill of the loose corn that has been shaken out in the handling. He settles upon the tops of the sheaves as they stand drying in the corn-field. And he follows them, as we have seen, when they are deposited in ricks in the farmer's corn-yard.

In autumn and in early spring, when the worms keep their holes and insects are killed by the cold weather, the Rook feasts upon the farmer's turnips or digs up his potatoes. He divides his attentions between the corn-yard and the fields. If there be any eggs about, the Rook is not unwilling to supply his wants. Being hungry, he naturally helps himself to the nice things that come handiest in his way.

Now, although the Rook may plead that he is very hungry, and prefers stealing to dying, the farmer does not look at the matter in the same way at all. He thinks it better that the Rook should die. He sets up

the strangest and raggedest shapes, both in the fields and in the corn-yard, to frighten the Rook away. An upright stick with an old hat on the top of it is crossed by another stick forming two outstretched arms, and clothed with an old coat: this makes a capital scarecrow. Or, again, the farmer sets up rows of sticks alongside of the potatoes or other crops that he wishes to protect, and joins them by cords or strings: this the Rook keeps away from, with as much fear as of the scarecrow; for here there seems to be a formidable trap. Sometimes the farmer hangs up a dead Rook as a warning to his black-coated brethren; but this is not much of a fright. The other devices do keep the Rook away and prolong his fast, for he is a very cautious animal and will not rashly put his life in danger.

There are many reasons, however, why the farmer should deal somewhat less harshly with the Rook. The great services of the Rook in devouring multitudes of most destructive insects should not be forgotten when the poor fellow steals under the pangs of hunger. If it were not for the Rook, the grub of the common cockchafer beetle would eat up acres and acres of grass and corn; we can see how destructive the beetle himself is, for when once he takes up his quarters upon a tree he very soon strips every leaf off its branches. If the Rook snaps up blades of corn now and then, the farmer should remember that he has devoured thousands of wireworms lurking at the roots of the plants. And in the same way the Rook very often digs at the roots of turnips and potatoes, not for the plants, but for worms

and small insects, that prey upon their roots. But the farmer looks at the mischief that the Rook does, not at the mischief that he prevents; and when he is in danger of perishing from hunger, frightens him from his crops in field or in corn-yard, or shoots him and hangs him up for a warning to his fellow Rooks.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *doubt (dout)* | *de-stroy'-ing* | *sùr-face* |
| *sàt-is-fy* | *de-strùc-tive* | *sèr-vice* |
| *ex-pèn-sive* | *po-tá-to* | *pro-tèct* |
| *de-pòs-it-ed* | *at-tèn-tion* | *pre-vènt* |
| *cau'-ticus* | *di-víde* | *ùp-right* |

*dàm-age*, harm, injury.
*àc-tu-al-ly* (*-tyŭ-*), really, in fact.
*èn-er-gy*, force, vigour, activity.
*de-vèl-op*, to lay open, disclose, unfold.
*ma-ture'*, ripe, full grown.
*fòr-mi-da-ble*, dreadful, causing fear.
*de-vice*, contrivance.
*pro-lòng*, lengthen, extend.

## 3. HOME-COMING AND HOME.

AFTER the labours of the day are over, the Rooks begin to gather in flocks in order to return home together. Every evening in summer and autumn, just before dusk, they fly homeward in long trains; if they come earlier than usual, this is a sure sign of rain. Sometimes a meeting is held at a certain point; and as the trains from different quarters meet, and the later lines come flying up, they all wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, cawing loudly

all the time. Heard from a short distance, the cawing of the Rooks makes a confused noise or chiding, or a pleasant murmur, which has been compared to the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow echoing woods, or the rushing of wind in tall trees, or the tremblings of the tide on a pebbly shore. Are the Rooks busy discussing their affairs? What can it be that they are so earnestly talking about? When the meeting is over, they fly off in long lines again, and reach their homes in the tops of the trees as the last gleams of light are flickering in the west.

The nest of the Rook is large, consisting of a lot of sticks or twigs placed clumsily together, with a soft spot to deposit the eggs upon. The Rooks like to dwell in company, and form their nests on the top boughs of tall trees near each other. If any Rook were to retire a little and build a nest apart from the company, the rest of the Rooks would come and destroy it for him. In spring, when the nests are building and repairing, a good deal of stealing goes on among them; a lazy pair may find it easier to furnish their house by carrying off their neighbours' sticks in their absence; but such injustice seldom passes without due punishment.

The Rooks seem to think that there is a certain helpfulness to each other in living close together. In the same way, when a flock are feeding in the fields or gardens, one or several of them are required to mount guard, and watch for the approach of danger and give warning. They seem to club together with the view of obtaining some good for the whole company of them, not

for the purpose of gaining advantages for a few at the expense of all the rest. And if this is what they mean, they are wonderfully wise birds.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *quart'-er* (*kwōrt-*) | *con-fused'* | *còm-pa-ny* |
| *guārd* (*gārd*) | *com-pàred* | *re-pair'-ing* |
| *pùn-ish-ment* | *èch-ŏ-ing* | *in-jùs-tice* |
| *ad-vàn-tăj-ges* | *ear'-nest-ly* | *hèlp-fŭl-ness* |

*dis-cùss*, knock asunder; debate, argue.

*clùm-si-ly*, awkwardly, not neatly.

## THE BOISTEROUS WIND.

WHAT way does the wind come? What way does he go?
He rides o'er the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see:
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum;—but, if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.

Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard clock;
Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches and strewn them about.
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and so big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
But let him range round; he does us no harm;
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light;
Books have we to read,—hush! that half-stifled knell,
Methinks 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

Come now we'll to bed! and when we are there
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?

He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows—we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be;
Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward and me.

Miss Wordsworth.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *knèll* (*nèl*) | *èmp-ty* (*èm-*) | *òr-chard* |
| *knòck* (*nòk*) | *un-toùched* | *ùp-right* |

*bùzz-ard clock*, the buzzing clock, or beetle.

*cóz-ie* (or *cosy*, *cosey*, &c.), well-sheltered, snug.

## GIANT DESPAIR AND THE PILGRIMS.

### 1. The Pilgrims lose their Way.

Now I beheld in my dream that Christian and Hopeful had not journeyed far but the river and the way for the time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travel; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. Wherefore, still as they went on they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called By-path meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, "If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it." Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the

the other side of the fence. "'Tis according to my wish," said Christian; "here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over."

"But how if this path should lead us out of the way?"

"*That* is not likely," said the other. "Look, doth it not go along by the way-side?"

So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence: so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, "To the Celestial Gate."

"Look," said Christian, "did not I tell you so?—by this you may see we are right." So they followed, and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they that were behind lost sight of them that went before.

He therefore that went before—Vain-Confidence by name—not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall; so they called to know the matter; but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, "Where are we now?" Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore, at last lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until daybreak; but being weary they fell asleep.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *gi'-ant* | *dis-cour'-aged* | *mead'-ow* |
| *jour'-ney* | *ad-vèn-tured* | *groan'-ing* |

*pil-grim*, wanderer, one that travels a great distance to some holy or sacred place.
*be-hèld*, saw.
*per-suád-ed*, convinced, made to be of the same opinion.
*es-py'*, to see a thing at a distance.
*còn-fid-ence*, trust, faith.
*cel-èst-ial*, heavenly.
*mis-trùst-ing*, doubting, suspecting.

## 2. IN THE GIANT'S DUNGEON.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So, when he was gone to bed, he told his

wife that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crabtree cudgel, and goes into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him an unpleasant word. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: "for why," said he, "should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to

them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits, and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no. But they soon resolved to reject it; for it would be very wicked to kill themselves; and, besides, something might soon happen to enable them to make their escape.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down to the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive. And, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it, but Hopeful reminded him of the hardships and terrors he had already gone through, and said that they ought to bear up with patience as well as they could, and steadily reject the giant's wicked counsel.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners,

and if they had taken his counsel. To this he replied, "They are sturdy rogues, they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves." Then said she, "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning has come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Get you down to your den again." And with that he beat them all the way thither.

Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners. The old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor by his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied; "I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one

half amazed, brake out into a passionate speech:—"What a fool am I, thus to lie in a nasty dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too, but that lock went desperately hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway again, and so were safe.

*Wèdnes-day* (*wènz-dă*) *cùd-gel* *coup'-le* (*kŭp-l*)
*Sàt-ur-day* *with-draw'* *bos'-om* (*bŭz-om*)
*la-ment-á-tion* *con-sùlt* *prìs-on-er*
*un-der-stànd-ing* *re-jèct* *lìb-er-ty*
*be-lieve* *re-ceive*
*re-lieve* *per-ceive*

*très-passed*, gone beyond the proper bounds.
*dun-geon* (*-jun*), a close dark (underground) prison.
*ac-quaint'-ance*, people they knew, or were acquainted with.
*dif-fid-ence*, want of confidence, distrust of oneself.
*griev'-ous* (*grév-us*), causing grief, heavy, hard to be borne.
*rát-ing*, chiding, finding much fault with.
*con-dóle*, to grieve together.
*dis-o-bey'*, not to obey, to refuse to do as bidden.
*dis-course'*, talk.
*des-pàtch*, send away; kill.
*pàss-ion-ate*, full of passion or strong feeling.
*dè-sper-ate-ly*, hopelessly; very much.

## 3. THE GIANT CONQUERED AND KILLED.

So Christian and Hopeful, having got safe out of the Giant's power, went on their way and came to the Celestial country. Then Christian's wife, Christiana, and their children, also set out as pilgrims; and with them journeyed Mr. Great-heart, to guide and defend them. And some other pilgrims joined them as they went onward.

Now when they were come to By-path meadow, to the stile over which Christian went with his fellow Hopeful, when they were taken by Giant Despair and put in Doubting Castle, they sat down, and consulted what was best to be done; whether now that they were so strong, and had got such a man as Mr. Great-heart for their conductor, they had not best to make an attempt upon the giant, demolish his castle, and if there were any pilgrims in it, to set them at liberty before they went

any farther. So one said one thing, and another said the contrary. One questioned if it were lawful to go upon ground that was not the King's; another said they might, provided their end was good. But Mr. Great-heart said, "I have a commandment to resist sin, to overcome evil, to fight the good fight of faith: and, I pray, with whom should I fight this good fight, if not with Giant Despair? I will therefore attempt the taking away of his life and the demolishing of Doubting Castle." Then said he, "Who will go with me?" Then said old Honest, "I will." "And so will we too," said Christiana's four sons, Matthew, Samuel, Joseph, and James; for they were young men and strong. So they left the women in the road, and with them Mr. Feeble-mind, and Mr. Ready-to-halt with his crutches, to be their guard until they came back.

So Mr. Great-heart, old Honest, and the four young men, went to go up to Doubting Castle, to look for Giant Despair. When they came to the castle gate, they knocked for entrance with an unusual noise. At that the old giant comes to the gate, and Diffidence his wife follows. Then said he, "Who and what is he that is so hardy as after this manner to molest the Giant Despair?" Mr. Great-heart replied, "It is I, Great-heart, one of the King of the Celestial Country's conductors of pilgrims to their place; and I demand of thee that thou open thy gates for my entrance; prepare thyself also to fight, for I am come to take away thy head, and to demolish Doubting Castle."

Now Giant Despair, because he was a giant, thought

no man could overcome him; and again thought he, "Since heretofore I have made a conquest of angels, shall Great-heart make me afraid?" So he harnessed himself, and went out. He had a cap of steel upon his head, a breastplate of fire girded to him, and he came out in iron shoes, with a great club in his hand. Then these six men made up to him, and beset him behind and before: also, when Diffidence, the giantess, came up to help him, old Mr. Honest cut her down at one blow. Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought down to the ground, but was very loth to die. He struggled hard, and had, as they say, as many lives as a cat; but Great-heart was his death, for he left him not till he had severed his head from his shoulders. Then they fell to demolishing Doubting Castle, and that, you know, might with ease be done, since Giant Despair was dead. They were seven days in destroying of that; and in it of pilgrims they found one Mr. Despondency, almost starved to death, and one Much-afraid, his daughter: these two they saved alive. But it would have made you wonder to have seen the dead bodies that lay here and there in the castle-yard, and how full of dead men's bones the dungeon was.

When Mr. Great-heart and his companions had performed this exploit, they took Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid into their protection; for they were honest people, though they were prisoners in Doubting Castle to that tyrant Giant Despair. They, therefore, I say, took with them the head of the giant (for his body they had buried under a heap of stones),

and down to the road and to their companions they came, and showed them what they had done. And when they saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they were all very merry and danced with joy.

When all these things were finished, Mr. Great-heart took the head of Giant Despair and set it upon a pole by the highway-side. And then the pilgrims went forward on their journey.

JOHN BUNYAN (adapted).

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *quèst-ion* | *com-màn̈d-ment* | *per-form* |
| *law'-ful* | *pro-víd-ed* | *daugh'-ter* |
| *èn-trance* | *breast'-plate* | *ty'-rant* |

*con-dùc-tor*, leader, guide.
*de-mòl-ish*, to pull down.
*còn-tra-ry*, opposite.
*mo-lèst*, annoy, vex.
*còn-quest*, conquering, victory.
*hăr-nessed*, armed.
*sèv-er*, separate, cut away.
*des-pònd-en-cy*, down-heartedness.
*èx-ploit*, great deed, feat.

## GOOD-MORROW.

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
To give my Love good-morrow!

Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark, I'll borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin Redbreast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing birds in every furrow!

T. Heywood.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *wèl-come* | *night'-in-gale* | *sòr-row* |
| *bản-ish* | *Ròb-in Rèd-breast* | *bòr-row* |

## SHIPWRECKED.

### 1. In the Ship.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out,

in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, than the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner, that we expected we should all have perished immediately; and we were immediately driven into our close quarters, to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for any one who has not been in the like condition to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We knew nothing where we were, or upon what land it was we were driven—whether an island or the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited. As the rage of the wind was still great, though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold many minutes without breaking into pieces, unless the winds, by a kind of miracle, should turn immediately about. In a word, we sat looking upon one another, and expecting death every moment, and every man, accordingly, preparing for another world; for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this. That which was our present comfort, and all the comfort we had, was that, contrary to our expectation, the ship did not break yet, and that the master said the wind began to abate.

Now, though we thought that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as well as we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the

storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place, she broke away and either sunk, or was driven off to sea; so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no time to debate, for we fancied

the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel laid hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men, got her slung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in

number, to God's mercy and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea ran dreadfully high upon the shore, and might be well called "the wild sea," as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

And now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none, nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner; and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not. The only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation, was, if we might find some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing like this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed or rather driven about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us

expect the *coup de grâce.* In a word, it took us with such a fury, that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *dis-trèss* | *where'-a-bouts* | *pre-pár-ing* |
| *càb-in* | *ac-cord'-ing-ly* | *doubt'-ful* |
| *de-scríbe* | *ex-pec-tá-tion* | *com-mìt-ted* |
| *con-ceive* | *im-mé-di-ate-ly* | *in-hàb-it-ed* |

*con-ster-ná-tion,* great fear, fright.
*cìr-cum-stàn-ces,* events, condition of things.
*mìr-a-cle,* wonder, marvel.
*a-báte,* lessen, become or make less.
*con-sid-er-a-bly,* to a considerable extent or degree, largely.

*lea-gue (lég)* (noun), distance of 3 miles; a *sea* league is about 3½ miles.
*league* (verb), to unite, for aid or defence; (noun), a union, or combination. "The enemies of the king *leagued* themselves together against him. He had great difficulty in breaking up the *league.*"

*dìs-mal,* dreary, dull, miserable.
*in-èv-i-ta-bly,* unavoidably; certainly.
*rà-tion-al-ly,* reasonably; in accordance with reason.
*rèck-oned,* counted.
*coup-de-grâce,* French, meaning "stroke of grace, or mercy," death-stroke. Pronounce *kû-de-grās.*

*mìn-ute (mìn-it),* 60 seconds; the 60th part of an hour. "Wait a *minute.*"
*min-ute' (min-yût),* very small, exact in the smallest matters. "Those animals are very *minute*; one can hardly see them with the naked eye. Our examination of them must be *minute.*"

*

## 2. IN THE WATER.

NOTHING can describe the confusion of thought which I felt, when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave, having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that, seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with: my business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible, my greatest concern now being, that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I

held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and, finding the water had spent itself and begun to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath and till the waters went from me, and then took to my heels and ran, with what strength I had, further towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well-nigh been fatal to me, for the sea, having hurried me along, as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force that it left me senseless, and indeed helpless as to my own deliverance; for the blow, taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back.

Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took, I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, in a case wherein there was, some minutes before, scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express, to the life, what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are, when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave. I walked about on the shore lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapt up in a contemplation of my deliverance; making a thousand gestures and motions, which I cannot describe; reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when, the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off; and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

DANIEL DEFOE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *con-fu'-sion* | *près-ence* | *swi'ft-ness* |
| *en-deav'-oured* | *fu'-ri-ous* | *re-lief'* |
| *im-pòss-i-ble* | *fòr-wards* | *re-cov'-er* |
| *de-liv-er-ance* | *con-tènd* | *pre-sèrve* |

*de-liv-er*, set free, rescue.
*èc-sta-sies, tràns-ports*, delights, being beside oneself with joy.
*re-flèct*, think, consider.
*còn-tem-plà-tion*, looking at in one's mind, consideration, thinking.
*gès-tures*, motions or positions of the body.
*stràn-ed*, cast upon the strand or shore.

## THE SEA.

To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er,
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore,
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaid's pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our white-winged bark
Shall billowing cleave its watery way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Tritons' azure day,

Like mountain eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves! The ship swings free!
Our sails swell full! To sea! to sea!

T. L. BEDDOES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *pèb-bly* | *bŭl-low-ing* | *àn-chor* |
| *mèr-maid* | *àn-te-lope* | *á-zure* |

*The caved Trí-tons*, the Tritons dwelling down in the caves of the sea. According to an old fable, the first Triton was a son of Neptune, and lived with his father and mother in a palace of gold in the depths of the sea.

## THE WHALE.

### 1. BREATHING AND SWIMMING.

WHALES are very commonly regarded as fishes. For they are born in the sea, they live in the sea, they find their food in the sea; and, if they ever get into too shallow water or be cast on shore, they are unable to move back into the water, and soon perish of hunger. The tail is like the tail of a fish; and it is almost the only means of propelling the animal through the water. The limbs, which hardly give any help in swimming, but rather seem to keep the huge beast from rolling over on his back, are very like the fins of fish. But then the

whale has no gills, as fishes have; he must rise now and again to the surface of the water in order to breathe; if you could keep him under water long enough, you would drown him. A whale can be drowned! Now an animal that lives in the water and yet can be drowned is not a right fish. And if we were to consider all the qualities of whales and also all the qualities of fishes, we should see that the whale is so different that we cannot regard him as a fish at all.

When the whale comes to the surface to get fresh air, he sends forth from his nostrils or "blow-holes" a great column of mixed water and vapour. It is like a fountain playing. The water is spouted upwards with much force, and the noise is heard at a considerable distance. Sometimes the column rises as high as twenty feet. The animal cannot turn his head, because his neck is so thick, or rather he has no neck at all; so the "blow-holes" are conveniently placed in the upper part of the head, and thus the whale does not need to raise his body out of the water.

The breathing of the whale is yet more different from the breathing of horses and elephants and other such animals more or less like him. How is it that he is able to dive down to a very great depth, and to remain a long time under the surface without breathing more air? The horse or the elephant could not take a good breath and then have done with breathing for a long time; if they were to dive down with the whale, they would be drowned long before he would think of coming up for more air. The reason is this: the whale has the

means of carrying down with him an immense supply of fresh blood, while these animals have no such supply. They breathe quickly, taking into the blood only so much air as will serve for a second or two; the whale has a large reserve of blood, contained in vessels within and about his chest, which he freshens with air when he comes up, and which enables him to remain down in the water for a very long time.

The whale descends to very great depths. It has been said that if a piece of wood were to be sunk as deep, it would be so filled with water that it would be too heavy to float. The ears and the nostrils are protected by a sort of valves, which cover the openings tightly and keep out the water. The skin is also suited to resist the strong pressure of the water in the depths of the sea. It is threefold. First, there is the outer, hairless skin; second, the layer of skin that contains the matter giving colour to the animal; and third, the true skin, which is a wonderful net-work of fibres, and contains a vast quantity of oily matter. This last layer is known as the blubber. It varies in thickness from a few inches to nearly two feet. It is most elastic, and thus prevents the waves from crushing the body of the whale to pieces.

The tail of the whale is a terrible thing. In a large animal, it may be five or six feet long, and it is often more than twenty feet broad. It is set crosswise upon the body, and sweeps up and down as it propels the whale through the water. The fibres possess such immense power that they are able to lift the largest

whale clean out of the sea. It is rather amusing to think of such an enormous beast, perhaps eighty feet long, jumping up out of the water and falling into it again with a crash like thunder.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *re-gārd-ed* | *pro-pèl* | *qual'-i-ty* (*kwòl-*) |
| *con-sìd-er-a-ble* | *nòs-trils* | *quant'-i-ty* (*kwònt-*) |
| *èl-e-phant* | *e-làs-tic* | *còl-umn* (*-um*) |

*shàl-low*, not deep.
*sùr-face*, the upper face, the outer side.
*con-vén-i-ent-ly*, so as to be handy.
*re-sèrve*, what is reserved, or kept back, or saved up, for future use.
*de-scènd* (*-sènd*), go down.

## 2. WHALEBONE AND OIL.

THE Greenland whale is the kind that draws so many ships, year after year, to the northern seas, to hunt it for its bone and blubber. It is an enormous beast. At full growth it measures about seventy feet in length, and from thirty to forty feet round the middle. The colour is black above and white below; and the skin has the soft appearance of velvet, from the constant oozing of oil through the outer skin. The head makes about one-third part of the whole bulk of the animal. The open jaws resemble a cavern; within them, it has been said that a ship's jolly-boat might float; in a large whale the yawning space is about sixteen feet long, six or seven feet wide, and ten or twelve feet high.

*

The whalebone is found in the jaws. There is none of it present at birth. It appears as a number of plates, thick and solid where they spring from the jaw, and dividing into countless points at the other end, like a fringe of very coarse hair. More than three hundred such plates are found on each side. They reach ten and even twelve feet in length, and measure little less than one foot in their greatest thickness.

The whalebone plates are most helpful to the whale in feeding. He does not feed upon large animals; his throat is very narrow, and even a big herring or a mackerel might choke him. He preys upon very small animals; chiefly small shrimps, crabs, lobsters, and various soft-bodied creatures. When hungry, he opens his mouth, and dashes into a shoal of such small prey, enclosing as many of them as he can. Once his mouth is well filled, he closes his jaws, and drives out the water through the openings between the plates of whalebone. The animals, however, are now caught, and cannot escape, and the whale swallows them at his ease.

The oil is obtained from the true skin, or blubber; a large whale will yield as much as thirty tons. Oil is also taken from the tongue, which is large and soft; and it oozes freely from every pore of the bones. So rich are these in oil that the jaw-bones are hung in the ship's rigging to drain.

The natives of the northern regions eat the blubber of the whale and drink the oil. Living in a very cold climate, they need a more oily diet than the inhabitants of warmer countries; and they delight to feed upon the

fatness of the whale. The outer skin, though it does not look inviting, is said to be pleasant enough eating, when properly cooked. Better still is the substance upon the gums, in which lie the roots of the whalebone plates; it is said to taste like cream-cheese, and, according to the description of one traveller, it is "perfectly delicious."

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *e-norm'-ous* | *jaw'-bones* | *north'-ern* |
| *màck-e-rel* | *clí-mate* | *in-hàb-it-ants* |
| *re-sèm-ble* | *càv-ern* | *in-vít-ing* |
| *de-lí-cious* | *ob-tained'* | *meas'-ure* |

*oos'-ing*, draining out, through the pores.
*en-clós-ing*, shutting in.
*dí-et*, food, victuals (*vítls*).
*sùb-stance*, stuff, material.

## 3. HUNTING THE WHALE.

MANY ships sail to the northern seas every summer to fish for whales. The fishery begins in May and continues till the end of August; the ships must then get clear of the ice, otherwise they would be frozen in till next spring.

Every whaling ship is provided with six boats. For each of these there are six men to row, and one harpooner, whose business is to strike or shoot the whale with his harpoon—a long-shafted spear or dart. Two boats keep a constant watch at some distance from the

ship. As soon as a whale is observed, they both at once give chase, and if one of them reach the whale before he throws up his tail and plunges beneath the surface of the water, the harpooner discharges his weapon at him. The moment the whale is struck, the men signal the fact to the ship, by setting one of their oars upright in the middle of the boat. The watchmen on the ship shout "Fall! Fall!" and the other boats hasten off with all speed to join in the capture of the whale.

As soon as the whale finds that he is wounded, he plunges under the water, sometimes diving right down, sometimes rushing off at a small depth. In either case, if the harpoon has been well struck home, the hunters have their hand upon him. For, fastened to the harpoon is a strong rope of some two hundred fathoms in length, which runs freely off the reel as the whale dashes away with the harpoon; indeed, so fast does the rope run over the side of the boat that water must be thrown upon it to prevent it from catching fire. If more rope be needed, the other boats at once supply it; and although it is said that sometimes all the rope of the six boats has been required, less than half that quantity is generally found to be enough. After a little time, the whale wants to breathe and comes to the surface again. Hardly has he begun to blow—that is, to spout up the water through his nostrils—when the boats are down upon him and another harpoon is launched at him. Off he starts once more, but with less force; for his last dive and rush has told upon his strength, he has lost some blood, and he has not had enough time to breathe. He comes up

again much sooner than he did before, and if he is not killed this time, his pursuers very soon wear out his strength. When the water that he spouts up is deeply tinged with blood, his end is known to be at hand. In the death-struggle he lashes the sea with his fins and his tail with terrible force, causing great danger to the hunters. As he gives over the fight and dies, he turns on his back. The boats thereupon drag his carcase to the ship. There the whalebone is cut out of his jaw, and his fat is melted into train-oil.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *fĭsh-er-y* | *Au'-gust* | *sĭg-nal* |
| *con-tĭn-ue* | *whál-ing* | *watch'-men* |
| *hăr-poon'-er* | *weap'-on* | *cāp-ture* |
| *gĕn-er-al-ly* | *launched* | *pur-su'-er* |

*dis-chărge*, fire, let off.
*căr-case*, a dead body.

*hasten* (*hásn*), to make *haste*.
*fasten* (*fàsn*), to make (something) *fast*.

## A SEA SONG.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free:—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *rùst-ling* | *tèm-pest* | *horn'-ed* |
| *gàl-lant* | *lìght-ning* | *pàl-ace* |

*màr-in-er*, seaman, sailor.
*hèr-it-age*, what we inherit, or have received as heirs, from our fathers.

## TEA.

### 1. The Plant.

The tea that we drink is prepared from the leaves of a very hardy evergreen shrub, a native of China and Japan. The plant is also cultivated in other parts of the world—in Java, in Assam, and in some parts of America. It is reared, easily enough, in the greenhouses of England; in the gardens at Kew, near London, it grows well in the open air. But the world may be said to be supplied with tea from China alone, where it is cultivated in every province, except in the extreme north.

The tea plant bears a general resemblance to the myrtle. It grows from seeds, which are planted in rows. It likes, better than any other situation, a warm sloping bank. It does not thrive on low wet land, much as it delights in drenching rains; the best place for it is on the slopes of the hills, where corn would not very readily grow, and where the rain can come down upon it in refreshing showers and then pass away without settling at its roots. It is content with almost any soil, even the poorest; still if it had its own choice, it would prefer a soil of stiff blue clay. It enjoys the heat of summer and the cold of winter; but it cannot bear drought, though it does not mind wind and frost and snow and hail. The plant sometimes reaches a height of over six feet; the stem is bushy, and the numerous branches

bear a rich crop of leaves. It takes about three years to come to its full growth, and then the leaves are fit for picking.

*cùl-ti-vāt-ed* *ex-trḗme* *re-frèsh-ing*
*sit-u-a'-tion* *mỳr-tle* *show'-er*
*drought* (*drout*) *height* (*hít*)

*prò-vince*, large district. *drought*, dryness.
*re-sèm-blance*, likeness. *pre-fèr*, like better.

## 2. THE LEAVES.

The leaves of the tea plant grow alternate on short thick foot-stalks. They are longish and oval, with sharp notches all round, except at the base. There are two great classes of leaves—the black and the green.

When the plant is three years old and full grown, the first crop of leaves is ready to be gathered. For two or three years the produce is of good quality; but when the tree is six or seven years old, it becomes less and less satisfactory. At this age, therefore, the trees are taken away, and make room for younger plants.

There are usually three gatherings of the tea leaves every year—in April, at Midsummer, and in August. Sometimes there are four; the Midsummer gathering being divided into two—a May crop and a June crop. The quality of the tea depends, not merely upon the district where it grows and the mode of preparing it, but also to a very great extent upon the season when the

leaves are picked. The picking does not cost very much, being performed by women, children, and infirm people.

The youngest leaves have the best colour and the highest flavour, and therefore they are of the greatest value. "Pekoe," the best quality of black tea, consists of the leaf buds of the finest black tea plants, gathered in the early spring before they expand. This tea is sometimes named "White blossom" tea, because a few white blossoms of a kind of olive tree are added to it with a view to heighten the flavour. "Congou" and "Souchong" are less valuable teas, the leaves being picked from the same plants as the "Pekoe" in the beginning of May and about the middle of June; their flavour is sometimes heightened by adding a little Pekoe. "Bohea," the lowest quality of black tea, comes from the crop gathered in August, when the leaves are large and old and coarse, and the flavour is less abundant and delicate.

It is the same with the green teas as with the black teas. The "Gunpowder," which consists of the unexpanded buds gathered in early spring, is the best quality of green leaf. "Imperial Hyson" and "Young Hyson" are inferior qualities, the gatherings of the second and third crops in summer. "Hyson Skin" consists of the light and coarser leaves winnowed from the Hyson.

The gathered leaves are exposed to the sun and air, and turned and stirred like hay, only with very great care. They are then farther dried in a heated iron vessel or pan. In China, each leaf is rolled up separately; in some other countries the dry leaves are pressed

into small cakes. The drying and rolling reduce the bulk, and are important means of preserving the flavour.

Tea was unknown in Europe before the beginning of the seventeenth century; people in those days drank beer or ale instead. At first it was brought here in very small parcels, and only the richest persons could buy it. Some curious stories are told of the various modes in which the leaves were prepared. It is said that, in some cases, they were boiled in water, and then the water was poured out and the leaves were eaten. But this was soon found to be a very expensive way; and, besides, it gave no enjoyment to the eaters.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *sàt-is-fàc-tor-y* | *de-pènd* | *Pe'-koe* (*Pé-ko*) |
| *vàl-u-a-ble* | *gàth-er* | *Con'-gou* (*Còng-gou*) |
| *wĭn-nowed* | *ex-póse* | *Sou'-chong* (*Su'-shong*) |
| *en-joy'-ment* | *re-duce'* | *Bo-hea'* (*Bo-hé*) |
| *stalk* (*stōk*) | | *Hy'son* |

*al-tèr-nate*, one after another, time about; growing, *not opposite*, or in twos, but one higher up the stalk than another.

*óv-al*, egg-shaped.

*in-firm*, not firm or strong, weak.

*ab-ùnd-ant*, abounding, plentiful.

*dèl-i-cate*, nice, tender.

*un-ex-pànd-ed*, not opened, not spread out.

*pro-duce'* (verb), bring forth, yield. "Our farm always *produces* large crops."

*prò-duce* (noun), what is produced, or brought forth; yield. "The *produce* of the farm has been less this year than it was last year."

*base* (noun), the lower part. "The *base* of the column has been injured."

*base* (adjective), wicked, bad. "It is *base* to do an injury."

## EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo!

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippin's russet peel;
And when his juicy salads fail'd,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear;
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut shade,
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

W. COWPER.

*pur-sue'* *con-fíned* *ache (āk)*
*jeal'-ous* *haw'-thorn* *con-ceal'-ment*

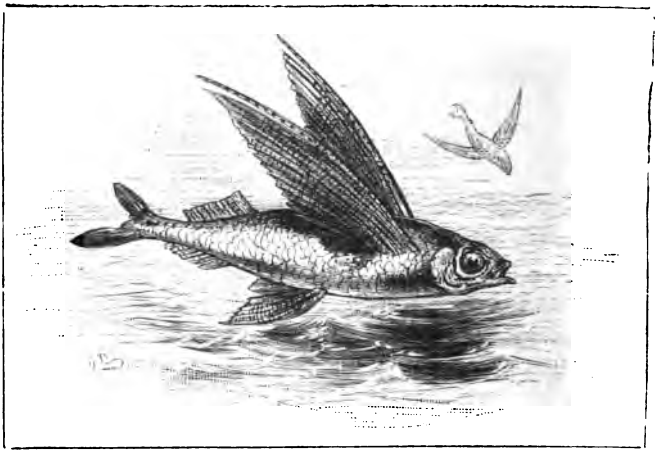
*èp-i-taph*, what is written on a tombstone.
*dom-èst-ic*, of or about the house.
*pìt-tance*, (small) portion, allowance.
*to scour his maw*, to clean thoroughly his stomach, to make his food digest.
*taint'-ed*, scented.
*re-gáled*, feasted royally.
*rùs-set*, brown-red.
*moons*, months.
*be-guile'*, cheat; draw my attention away from such thoughts without my observing it at the time.

## THE FLYING FISH (1).

THE ocean swarms with curiosities. Probably the flying fish may be considered as one of the most singular. This little scaled inhabitant of water and air seems to have been more favoured than the rest of its finny brethren. It can rise out of the waves, and on wing visit the domain of the birds. After flying two or three hundred yards, the intense heat of the sun has dried its pellucid wings, and it is obliged to wet them, in order to continue its flight. It just drops into the ocean for a moment, and then rises again and flies on, and then descends to re-moisten its wings, and then up again into the air; thus passing its life, sometimes wet, sometimes dry, sometimes in sunshine, and sometimes in the pale moon's nightly beam, as pleasure dictates, or as need requires. The additional assistance of wings is not thrown away upon it. It has full

occupation both for fins and wings, as its life is in perpetual danger.

The bonito and albicore chase it day and night; but the dolphin is its worst and swiftest foe. If it escape into the air, the dolphin pushes on with proportional velocity beneath, and is ready to snap it up the moment it descends to wet its wings.



You will often see above one hundred of these little marine aërial fugitives on the wing at once. They appear to use every exertion to prolong their flight; but vain are all their efforts, for when the last drop of water on their wings is dried up, their flight is at an end, and they must drop into the ocean. Some are instantly devoured by their merciless pursuer, part

escape by swimming, and others set out again as quick as possible, and trust once more to their wings.

It often happens that this unfortunate little creature, after alternate dips and flights, finding all its exertions of no avail, at last drops on board the vessel. There, stunned by its fall, it beats the deck with its tail and dies. When eating it, you would take it for a fresh herring. The largest measure from fourteen to fifteen inches in length.

CHARLES WATERTON.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *cu-ri-ŏs-i-ties* | *per-pĕt-u-al* | *a-ēr-i-al* |
| *bon-i'-to* (*-ē-*) | *fu'-gi-tives* | *ex-ĕr-tion* |

*pel-lū-cid*, transparent, perfect ly clear.

*dic-tates*, orders, commands.

*ve-lŏ-ci-ty*, swiftness.

## THE FLYING FISH (2).

THE Flying Fish, says the fable, had originally no wings, but being of an ambitious and discontented temper, she repined at being always confined to the waters, and wished to soar in the air. "If I could fly like the birds," said she, "I should not only see more of the beauties of nature, but I should be able to escape from those fish which are continually pursuing me, and which render my life miserable." She therefore petitioned Jupiter for a pair of wings; and immediately she perceived her fins to expand. They suddenly grew to the length of her whole body, and became at the

same time so strong as to do the office of a pinion. She was at first much pleased with her new powers, and looked with an air of disdain on all her former companions; but she soon perceived herself exposed to new dangers. When flying in the air, she was incessantly pursued by the tropic bird, the Albatross; and when for safety she dropped into the water, she was so fatigued with her flight that she was less able than ever to escape from her old enemies the fish. Finding herself more unhappy than before, she now begged of Jupiter to recall his present. But Jupiter said to her: "When I gave you your wings, I well knew that they would prove a curse; but your proud and restless disposition deserved this disappointment. Now, therefore, what you begged as a favour, keep as a punishment."

*"Evenings at Home."*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *or-i-gin-al-ly* | *beau'-ties* | *Al'-ba-tross* |
| *dis-con-tènt-ed* | *pìn-ion* | *am-bi-tious* |
| *dis-ap-point'-ment* | *trop-ic-al* | *pùn-ish-ment* |

*re-pined*, grieved, was discontented.
*pe-ti-tion*, ask, beg earnestly.
*òf-fice*, duty, work.
*dis-dain'*, contempt.
*in-cèss-ant-ly*, without ceasing or stopping; constantly.
*fa-tigued* (*-tégd*), tired, wearied.
*dis-po-si-tion*, temper, turn of mind.
*prè-sent* (noun), a gift.
*pre-sènt* (verb), to make a gift.
*prè-sent* (adjective), not absent; being in sight or at hand. "If you intend to make him a *prèsent* on his birthday, *presènt* him with a knife. He has not one at *prèsent*." "Will you be *prèsent* when I *presènt* him with the knife?"

## A MAY SONG.

Cheerful on this holiday,
Welcome we the merry May.

On every sunny hillock spread,
The pale primrose lifts her head;
Rich with sweets, the western gale
Sweeps along the cowslip'd dale;
Every bank, with violets gay,
Smiles to welcome in the May.

The linnet from the budding grove
Chirps her vernal song of love;
The copse resounds the throstle's notes,
On each wild gale sweet music floats;
And melody from every spray
Welcomes in the merry May.

Cheerful on this holiday,
Welcome we the merry May.

R. Southey.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *hȯl-i-day* | *mèl-od-y* | *cows'-lip* | *còpse* |
| *vi-o-let* | *wèst-ern* | *thrȯs-tle* | *spray* |

*vèr-nal*, spring-; belonging to spring.

*re-sound'*, to sound back, re-echo.

## THE BEECH.

### 1. THE TREE.

THE Beech is one of the most stately timber trees. It forms large forests in the northern temperate regions, both in Europe and in America.

The beech grows to its largest size in a rich moist soil, especially if containing a strong mixture of chalk. It also thrives fairly well even in rocky soil or in shaded situations. The roots, unlike the roots of the oak, stretch far away in all directions just below the surface of the ground, or even partly above it. The beech often rises to the height of one hundred feet. When growing in close plantations, it shoots up with a straight clean pillar-like shaft as high as seventy or eighty feet, when it sends forth a beautiful crown of branches. Standing singly, or at some distance from other trees, it spreads forth its branches, at from ten to thirty feet above the ground, in a dense roundish form of wide extent. Its shade is fully as deep as the shade of any other tree, and hardly permits anything to grow under it.

The massive trunk of the beech is covered with a light greyish or leaden-greenish, smooth, shining bark, which rarely cracks into rugged furrows. The lower branches start from the trunk at right angles; the higher ones lie closer to the ascending stem. The buds begin to open about the middle of April, and the leaves follow in about a week. The flowers appear before the middle of May, and early in June they are in full bloom. The leaves are small, and soft and silken

when young, they are of a delicious tender green colour, which darkens as they come to full growth. Though turned to yellow and brown in autumn, they yet hang in great numbers on the tree, dry and brittle. A beautiful variety is seen in the leaves of the purple beech, which are of a deep brown or purplish or bronze colour.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *tèm-per-ate* | *mìx-ture* | *plan-tá-tion* |
| *con-tain'-ing* | *sìt-u-á-tion* | *de-lì-cious* |
| *a-scend-ing* | *di-rèc-tion* | *whóle-some* |

*màss-ive*, forming a mass, or large body.

*brìt-tle*, apt to break.

*va-rí-e-ty*, kind, sort.

## 2. What the Beech is good for.

The beech scarcely bears fruit before its fiftieth year; and even after this age, it does not always bear every year. The mast or seed is the well-known nut, which is ripe in autumn. The nuts, when eaten raw or in too great quantity, are apt to cause giddiness and headache; but, when thoroughly dried and powdered, the meal is said to make wholesome bread. They are, however, chiefly the food of deer and swine, and of squirrels, dormice, and other small four-footed animals which live in very large numbers in the beech woods. In France and Germany, the nuts, when perfectly ripe, are made to yield an oil, which is about as good as olive oil. In some countries, such an oil is used instead of butter.

*

Young beeches make capital hedges. The tree is not hurt, as the oak is, by the trimming of the branches; and the small plants grow close to each other, forming an excellent defence or shelter. This is all the better for the withered leaves that remain on the stem through the winter.

The wood of the common beech is yellowish-white. It is very hard, and rather brittle. It can be quickly made to decay, if kept alternately dry and wet; if constantly under water, it will hardly ever decay. But, being easy to work, it is much used for various domestic purposes. The poets, who sing of the simple and frugal life of the early ages, speak much of the beechen cups and bowls; and these are even yet far from uncommon, especially in country districts. Beech is now a common material of the turner and the cabinet-maker; the former using it for his larger ware, the latter for common chairs and other articles of furniture. From its lightness, it is chosen for the handles of tools; and it is split into thin scales for band-boxes, sword-scabbards, and the like. It is also used in shipbuilding. In some places it is grown for fuel; for which purpose it ranks next to hickory, oak, and maple. The dried leaves make a very fair stuffing for mattresses.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *scárce-ly* | *thòr-ough-ly* | *wìth-ered* |
| *head'-ache* | *càp-it-al* | *al-tèr-nate-ly* |
| *dòr-mice* | *èx-cell-ent* | *dom-èst-ic* |
| *càb-in-et* | *fùr-ni-ture* | *màt-tress-es* |

*frúg-al*, thrifty, sparing. *scàb-bard*, sheath.

## THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink:
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

Nor sheep, nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tether'd to a stone;

With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seem'd to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook:
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said, in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watch'd them with delight, they were a lovely pair;
Now with her empty can the maiden turn'd away;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she look'd; and from that shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face;
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull so at thy cord?
"Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
"Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
"Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
"Thy limbs are they not strong? and beautiful thou art!
"This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
"And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears.

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain;
"This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
"For rain and mountain-storms!—the like thou need'st not fear,
"The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
"When my father found thee first in places far away;
"Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert own'd by none,
"And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
"A blessed day for thee!—then whither wouldst thou roam?
"A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean
"Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been,

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee
in this can
"Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
"And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with
dew,
"I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and
new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are
now,
"Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the
plough!
"My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is
cold
"Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy
fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
"That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in
thee?
"Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
"And dreams of things which thou canst neither see
nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
"I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there;
"The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
"When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
"Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
"Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
"Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seem'd, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was *mine.*

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong!—
"For she look'd with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
"That I almost received her heart into my own."

W. WORDSWORTH.

| *lamb* (*làm*) | | *limb* (*lim*) | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *es-pied'* | *èmp-ty* | *home'-ward* | *dàm-sel* |
| *re-ceived'* | *faith'-ful* | *re-peat'* | *bàl-lad* |
| *kneel* (*nél*) | *tongue* (*tùng*) | *draught* (*dràft*) | |

*un-ob-sèrved*, not noticed, not seen.
*meas'-ured nùm-bers*, verse.
*peers*, equals.
*cov'-ert*(*kùv-*), covering, shelter.
*be-like*, maybe, probably.
*pàs-time*, *pass-time*, amusement.
*re-tràce*, trace back, go back by the same way.
*can*, cup, vessel. *can*, to be able. "I *can* not find any water to fill the *can*."

## THE FOX AND THE HORSE.

A PEASANT once had a faithful horse who had grown old and could not serve his master any longer, and therefore he did not care to provide him with food. So he said to the old horse: "I really do not want you any more, for you are of no use to me; but, if you can prove your strength by bringing me a lion, I will keep you as long as you live. In the meantime, however, just walk out of my stable, and go and make yourself a home in the fields."

The horse, feeling very sad, wandered away till he

came to a wood, so that he might shelter himself under the trees in bad weather. Here a fox met him, and said: "Friend, why do you hang your head and look so lonely?"

"Ah," replied the horse, "avarice and fidelity cannot dwell together in one house. My master has forgotten for how many years I have served him and borne him safely from place to place, and now that I am unable to plough any longer he will not provide me with food, and has sent me away."

"Without any consolation?" asked the fox.

"The consolation was worthless," replied the horse. "He told me that if I was strong enough to bring him a lion he would take me back and keep me; but he knows very well that I could not possibly do that."

Then said the fox, "Don't be downhearted; I can help you. So just lie down here, stretch yourself out as if you were dead, and do not move."

The horse did as the fox desired him, while the fox went to a lion, whose den was not far off. Then said the fox to the lion: "Yonder lies a dead horse; come with me, and I will show you where it is, and you can have a good feast."

The lion went with the fox; but, when they reached the spot, the fox said, "You cannot make a meal comfortably here. I'll tell you what I will do; I will tie the horse on to your tail, and then you can drag him to your den and consume him at your leisure."

The lion was pleased with this advice; he placed himself near the horse, and stood quite still to enable

the fox to tie the tail securely. But, in doing so, the fox contrived to twist it round the lion's legs so tightly that with all his strength he could not move them. When the fox had accomplished this feat, he struck the horse on the shoulder, and cried, "Gee up, old horse! gee up!"

Up sprang the horse, and started off at full speed, dragging the lion with him. As they dashed through the wood the lion began to roar, and roared so loud that all the birds flew away in a fright. But the horse let him roar, and dragged him along over field and meadow to his master's door. As soon as the master saw what his horse had done, he said to him, "As you have accomplished what I required, you shall now stay with me and have food and shelter as long as you live."

J. & W. GRIMM.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *pro-vide* | *re'-al-ly* | *com'-fort-a-bly* |
| *worth'-less* | *pŏss-i-bly* | *se-cure'-ly* |

*peas'-ant* (*pèz-*), country-man.
*àv-ar-ice*, greediness.
*fid-èl-i-ty*, faithfulness.
*con-so-lá-tion*, comfort; anything to cheer one's spirits.
*con-sume'*, eat up, devour.
*leï'-sure* (*lé-zhŭr*, or *lè-zhŭr*), spare time, convenience.
*con-trived*, managed, was able to arrange.
*ac-com'-plish-ed*, performed, (did, or) done.

## ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white is his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine!

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple,—a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice, good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

*mèr-ri-ly* *pá-tient* *gdth-er-ing*
*swìng-ing* *cow'-ard-ly* *hòl-i-day*
*shoul'-ders* *be-stìrs* *gār-ment*
*knaves* (*návz*).

*Robert of Lincoln*, a humorous lengthening of "Bob-o'-link," the name of the American Robin Redbreast. The little bird gets this name from its note.

*brág-gart*, one that brags; a great boaster.

*flécked*, spotted; marked with flecks or spots.

*wánes*, dies away.

## HOW TO CATCH EELS.

A SIMPLE way to catch eels is by using a corn-sack in the following manner. Turn down a hem, and run a line round the mouth; drop a sheep's paunch into the sack, and fill up the vacant space with straw, packing it as tight as possible; then sink your sack in the pond or river. The eels work through the straw, in order to reach the paunch in the bottom of the sack. When you have reason to believe that your bait has been taken, draw the cord and pull up the sack; and there you have your eels bagged.

In the floods of autumn, the eels descend in vast numbers to the sea. By a very easy plan, you can catch them as they escape by the overflow from the pond, intending to migrate by the river. Take a tub or barrel, bore plenty of small holes in it, and place it under the fall that takes off the overflow. The holes let the water pass through, but the eels must remain behind.

The eels run best on the stormy nights of autumn, especially when there is thunder in the air. Mr. Frank Buckland tells a story of an old fisherman who lived by his eel-trap. The eels would not run freely enough to please him, so he got a drum and sat up all night tapping upon it. When people asked him what he was doing, he replied that he was tapping the drum to make the eels believe that it was thunder.

FRANK BUCKLAND (adapted).

*in-tènd-ing* *fìsh-er-man* *aú-tumn*

*vàc-ant*, empty. *mi-grate*, go to other homes.

## THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, *'weep ! 'weep ! 'weep ! 'weep !*
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
"You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet: and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins, and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,
And wash in a river and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm

W. Blake.

*

## LITTLE TOM THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

### 1. UP THE CHIMNEY AND DOWN AGAIN.

TOM and his master did not go into Harthover House by the great iron gates, as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back door, and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a

flowered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for my lady herself; and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he was going up the chimneys and not Tom. And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You 'll mind that, you little beggar!" and Tom did mind, at least all that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice: and so after a whisper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was used, but such as are to be found in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran into one another. So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney, as a mole is under ground; but at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with

aprons and dusters; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of dogs and horses. The horses he liked, but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs amongst them, not even a terrier. But of the two pictures which took his fancy the most, one was a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room; for he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture in her room? Perhaps it was some relation of hers, who had been murdered by savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *bĭsh-op* | *tĕr-ri-er* | *re-lā-tion* |
| *chĭntz* | *mis-took'* | *sāv-a-ges* |
| *hearth'-rug* | *sur-prīsed* | *re-mĕm-brance* |

*sŏl-emn* (*-em*), serious, grave.
*tre-mĕn-dous*, fearful, awful.
*pitch-y*, like pitch, black.
*the qual'-i-ty, gĕn-tle-folks*, persons of high rank.
*fŏr-eign* (*-in*), belonging to other countries.
*awe'd* (*ō-d*), filled with awe (*ō*); feeling respect, or reverence, and fear.

## 2. WHITE AND BLACK.

THE next thing Tom saw, and that too puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with jugs and basons, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath—full of clean water—"What a heap of things all for washing! She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt so well out of the way afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking towards the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or

may be a year or two older, but Tom did not think of that; he thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered if she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

"No, she cannot be dirty—she never could have been dirty"—thought Tom to himself, and then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered if it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily, "What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room?" And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which he had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty; and burst into tears of shame and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide; and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of two thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dog's tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and seeing Tom screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom

likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him; Tom would have been ashamed to face his friends for ever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman: so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough, for all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet white flowers, almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia; and down he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

*as-tòn-ish-ment* *cov'-er-let* *re-flèct-ed*
*mag-no'-lia* *an'-gri-ly* *a-shámed*
*wrist* (*rist*) *lawn* (*lōn*)

## THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

"And wherefore do the poor complain?"
The rich man asked of me.
"Come, walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bareheaded man,
His locks were thin and white;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

The cold was keen indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there,
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turned her head, and bade the child
That screamed behind, be still;—

Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

I turned me to the rich man, then,
For silently stood he—
"You asked me why the poor complain,
And these have answered thee!"

R. Southey.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *where'-fore* | *cheer'-less* | *hŭs-band* |
| *dn-swer* | *be-hóld* | *sól-dier* |

*wrapt* (*ràpt*), folded round with clothing.
*to ask for chàr-i-ty*, to ask for alms (given out of charity, or kindness); to beg.
*a-bèd*, in bed.
*loi'-tered*, hung about, delayed.
*her pàr-ish*, her district; the district where she was brought up.
*begging her way*, supporting herself and her children by begging as she went on her way.

## COFFEE.

COFFEE is prepared from the berry of a plant that grows in greatest perfection in Arabia. The coffee-tree is most largely cultivated in the province of Yemen, especially at Aden and Mocha. It is also reared in Java, Ceylon, the West Indies, and some other places.

The coffee tree is raised from seed in nurseries, and afterwards planted out in rows, the plants standing some eight feet apart. It grows to the height of about fifteen, or even twenty, feet; but it is seldom allowed to rise above five feet. This stunting of the height increases the yield of fruit, and enables the planters to gather the crop with much greater ease. The branches are long and slender, starting from the trunk in pairs opposite to each other, and bending downwards. Covering the branches are evergreen opposite leaves, resembling the leaves of the common laurel, but more sharply pointed and not so dry and thick. White blossoms spring from the angles of the leaf-stalks; and the flowers, which fade in a day or two, are replaced by the coffee berry. The plant thrives best on the slope of a hill, where the air is mild, and the soil is rocky and dry, and the rain runs off freely. In a moist and rich soil, the tree produces more and larger berries. On the low-lying ground of the plains, it is always sheltered by large trees, to prevent the burning heat of the sun from withering the fruit.

The coffee plant is two years old before it begins to

yield fruit; in a year or two it comes into full bearing; and thereafter produces good crops for some twenty years together. The blossoms open in a single night; the planter rises one morning and finds that his plantation looks as if overtaken by a snowstorm. The flowers fall away with equal suddenness, seldom remaining for longer than two days. The berry now forms, and its red colour deepens more and more as it ripens. Inside it contains two hard oval seeds or beans, each about the size of a pea, imbedded in a yellowish sticky pulp. The seeds have their outer sides rounded, the inner sides that lie together being flat, with a little straight furrow running from end to end; and they are wrapped in a layer of gristle, called the "parchment."

There are three coffee harvests, the principal of which is gathered in May. If not collected as soon as ripe, the berries at once drop to the ground. In Arabia, the reapers spread cloths under the trees, and then shake the branches with all their might, so as to bring down all the ripe berries. These are next placed upon mats, and dried in the sun; after which they are pressed with a heavy roller, to break the shells. The inner bean, thus set free from the shell, is also separated from the parchment, and further dried before being stored. In the West Indies the process is somewhat different.

The quality of the coffee varies with the soil and the climate, with the mode of culture, and perhaps with the mode of preparation. A moist and rich soil, for example, grows bigger and more berries, and yields perhaps twice the quantity of coffee that a dry and

light soil yields; but the quality is not nearly so good; the large berries are insipid, while the small berries have the most delicate flavour. The coffee of Mocha is the very finest coffee in the world. The next best qualities come from Java and Ceylon.

In eastern countries, coffee is the common drink of all classes, high and low. It was brought into use in England some two hundred years ago.

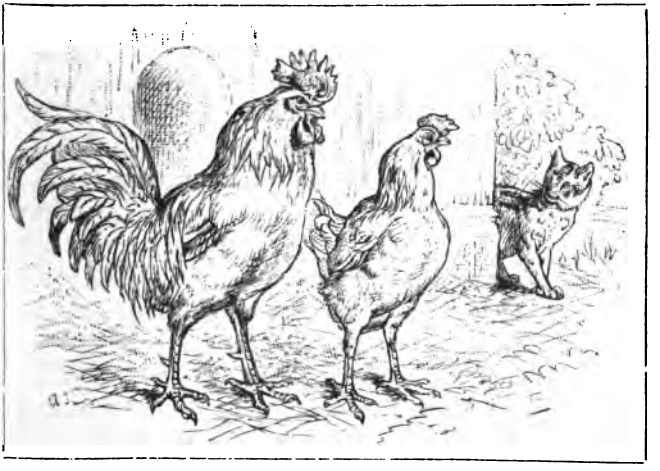
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *per-fèc-tion* | *cùl-ti-văt-ed* | *prò-vince* |
| *in-creas'-es* | *es-pè-ci-al-ly* | *with-er-ing* |
| *òp-po-site* | *pre-par-á-tion* | *sùd-den-ness* |
| *col-lèct-ed* | *nùrs-er-ies* | *óv-al* |
| *dèl-i-cate* | *hār-vest* | *pārch-ment* |
| *ex-àm-ple* | *east'-ern* | *some'-what* |

*im-bèd-ded*, laid as in a bed.
*prìn-cip-al*, chief, greatest.
*prò-cess*, way of *proceeding*.
*cùl-ture*, cultivation, rearing.
*in-sìp-id*, tasteless; without flavour.

## THE SUSPICIOUS COCK AND HEN.

A COCK and a hen
Stepped out of their pen,
And quickly beginning to chat,
Said cock to his wife,
"My dear little life,
Just look at that ugly old cat.

"She's prowling about,
There can be no doubt,
To steal our sweet chickens away."
The hen upon that
Went up to the cat
And told her no longer to stay.



Miss Puss had been bent
On no bad intent,
But merely on catching of mice;
What the silly hen said
First put in her head
To seize a poor chick in a trice.

The cock and his dame,
In sorrow and shame,
Set up a most terrible clacking;
The pigs began squeaking,
The peacock was shrieking,
The ducks in the pond fell a quacking.

The cattle hard by
Soon joined in the cry,
The gander must add to the clatter,
The turkey-cock gobbled,
The old woman hobbled,
To see what on earth was the matter.

As soon as she heard
What 'twas that had stirred
This terrible racket and riot,
She said, "Fie, for shame,
You all are to blame,
I'll beat you to make you be quiet."

The cat slunk away
And gave up her prey,
The cock and hen flew to their coop;
Each beast hung his head,
The birds quickly fled,
Their feathers beginning to droop.

This story may teach
That ill-natured speech
Provokes an ill-natured return,
And making a noise,
In birds, beasts, and boys,
It is but a silly concern.

SARA COLERIDGE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *seize* (*séz*) | *squéak-ing* | *tèr-ri-ble* |
| *ill-nà-tured* | *shriék-ing* | *re-tùrn* |

*suspicious* (*-shus*), distrusting; fearing some unseen evil.
*prowl'-ing*, stealing about in search of prey.
*in-tènt*, end, purpose.
*trice*, instant, moment.
*ràck-et*, great noise.
*droop*, hang down.
*pro-vóke*, call forth, excite.
*con-cèrn*, matter, affair, business.

## IDLENESS AND INDUSTRY.

THERE lived once a young maiden who was very beautiful, but so idle and careless that she hated work. When she was required to spin a certain quantity of flax, she was too idle to untie the little knot in it, but would break the thread and throw down whole handfuls of flax on the floor to be wasted. The idle young lady had a little servant-maid who was as industrious as her mistress was idle; she collected these little pieces of flax, disentangled them, spun them into fine thread, and had them made into a beautiful dress for herself.

Now it happened that a young gentleman in the

village had asked the idle maiden to be his wife, and the marriage day was fixed. But a few evenings before it took place the bride and bridegroom were walking together near the village green where several young people were dancing.

"Look," exclaimed the bride, with a laugh, "that is my little maidservant; how merrily she is dancing, and thinks herself so fine in my leavings."

"What do you mean?" asked the bridegroom.

Then she told him that her little servant had made that dress out of the tangled pieces of flax which she had thrown away because it was so much trouble to unravel the knots. On hearing this the bridegroom began to reflect that an industrious young maiden, although she might be poor, would make a better wife than a careless idle young lady with all her beauty. So by degrees he broke off the engagement and married the industrious servant-maid.

J. & W. GRIMM.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *ídle-ness* | *maid'-en* | *peo'-ple* |
| *beau'-ti-fŭl* | *cáre-less* | *vìll-age* |
| *mȧr-riage* | *re-quíred* | *sèrv-ant* |
| *bríde-groom* | *un-tie'* | *de-grees'* |
| *knot* (*nȯt*) | *laugh* (*lāf*) | |

*in-dus-try*, diligence, steady work.

*in-dus-tri-ous*, diligent, busy, working steadily.

*en-gáge-ment*, agreement; promise to marry.

*tàn-gled*, joined together confusedly; twisted through and through each other.

*dis-en-tàn-gle*, *un-ràv-el*, to separate the threads, and lay them out straight.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan,
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefullest ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, Tereu, by and by:
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead.
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

Richard Barnefield

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *níght-in-gale* | *bàn-ish* | *com-plain'* |
| *pleas'-ant* | *griefs* | *sènse-less* |
| *mỳr-tles* | *líve-ly* | *sòr-row-ing* |

*for-lorn'*, forsaken, left lonely.
*dóle-fŭl*, sorrowful, sad.
*dit-ty*, song.
*re-frain'*, keep myself back.
*rŭth-less*, without ruth, or pity.
*Pan-di-on*, according to an old fable, was king of Athens, and father of Philoméla, who was changed into a nightingale. Hence the nightingale is often called by the poets Philomel.
*làpped* (*làpt*), laid as in one's lap; wrapt (in a lead coffin).

## THE HEDGEHOG.

THE hedgehog is a good-natured, kindly creature, but it has a very rough and unfriendly appearance. As it lies coiled up in a corner, you might imagine it to be a ball of thorns. Its coat is covered all over the upper parts with horny spines, or bristles, about an inch long, each of which is set firmly into the skin at one end and is very sharply pointed at the other end. These spines the hedgehog can erect in groups, with all the points outwards, presenting a most formidable array of weapons. But it can also lay them all down in one direction, pointing from the head backwards; and in this position they form a carpet, which, if smoothed the right way with the hand, is as soft as velvet.

The hedgehog lives wild in the woods or the fields.

It dwells in some quiet hollow space, under the trunk of an old tree or in the cleft of a rock. It does not move about very much, during either day or night; and it goes to sleep for about four months in winter, burying itself under a great heap of leaves, grass and moss. When caught and brought into a house, it soon becomes willing to be a pet, although always somewhat timid.

Its worst enemies are foxes, dogs, and cats, especially foxes. It cannot do much in the way of fighting, but it can defend itself against almost any of its foes. It first lays its head on its breast, pulls up its legs, and curls itself round these members, so as to become a firm elastic ball with prickly spines standing out like spears all round it. Rolled up in this fashion, the hedgehog

does not mind being tossed about a good deal, and so long as it does not unroll itself its enemy cannot harm it much. You cannot compel a hedgehog to unroll itself, and you cannot pull it out of its ball form by main force; it will die before it will give in.

The young hedgehogs are strange little things; they do not look like hedgehogs at all; they might pass for birds. Like kittens and puppies, they do not see till they are some days old; nor do they hear either, though they have little hanging ears. The spines are soft and flexible, being little white dumpy spikes, not unlike the beginnings of feathers on a young bird. If the mother do not eat them up, the little hedgehogs grow fast; they soon get stiffer and darker spines, and they gradually learn to draw their skin down over their faces. It is not till they are about full grown that they can curl themselves up into prickly balls.

The hedgehog eats all kinds of animal food. He has good teeth, and he is willing to try them on any sort of game, hares, rabbits, partridges, and so forth. He is quite content with a fowl, or even with a mouse, or a frog, or a snake. He finds a dainty dish in a nest of young birds. He is fond of fish, as well as of bread and milk. He is not known to eat any kind of raw vegetable; but he digs little holes about them in search of insects, worms, snails, and such like prey. He is a great foe of all the tribe of black-beetles, whom he pursues and devours without mercy. As a hunter of the beetle he is made welcome in kitchens, bakehouses, and gardens.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *kínd-ly* | *un-friend'-ly* | *shārp-ly* | *be-comes'* |
| *crea'-ture* | *im-àg-ine (-àj-)* | *point'-ed* | *èn-em-y* |
| *a-gainst'* | *e-lds-tic* | *fdsh-ion* | *weap'-ons* |
| *pār-tridge* | *pre-sènt-ing* | *un-rôll* | *di-rèc-tion* |
| *vè-get-a-ble* | *be-gìn-nings* | *feath'-ers* | *po-sì-tion* |

*tim-id*, afraid; easily frightened.
*mèm-bers*, limbs, parts.
*com-pèl*, force, make (to do).
*flèx-i-ble*, easy to bend.
*e-rèct*, set up.
*fôr-mid-a-ble*, such as to cause fear.
*ar-ray'*, men drawn up ready for battle; thus, the spines or prickles set up against an enemy.
*gràd-u-al-ly*, by degrees; step by step.
*dainty*, nice (especially to eat).

## A LULLABY FOR THE FAIRY QUEEN.

*First Fairy.*

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blindworms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

*Chorus.*

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So good-night, with lullaby.

*Second Fairy.*

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

*Chorus.*

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So good-night, with lullaby.

SHAKESPEARE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *spŏt-ted* | *dou'-ble* | *mĕl-od-y* | *newt* |
| *love'-ly* | *thorn'-y* | *weav'-ing* | *wrong* (*rŏng*) |

***lŭll-a-by***, song to lull one asleep.
***chó-rus***, (*kó-*) the part of a song that is repeated after every verse.
***Phil-o-mel***, nightingale, so-called from Philoméla, a lady of Athens, who, according to an old fable, was turned into a nightingale. (See page 130.)

## THE SWALLOW.

The swallow is one of those birds that come and go with the warm weather. Its twitter is generally heard about our windows in the first half of April, and it stays till the middle of September, unless the weather be rather cold and cheerless.

The swallow is a very beautiful little creature. The light chestnut feathers of the forehead shade gradually into a deep blue which forms a glossy coat for the upper parts of the body and wings. The darker feathers of the tail are patched with white. The under parts are lighter, as usual, with a very deep blue sash across the top of the chest. The stockings and boots are as black as the beak.

The swallow likes to dwell with man, and often does it find shelter under the same roof. It places its nest near the eaves of our houses, where it will be quite safe from wind and rain; sometimes it builds in a disused chimney, especially if it can get the benefit of the warmth of a neighbouring flue that is not disused; sometimes it takes up its abode in the shaft of a disused mine or well. Like the eagle and the rook, the swallow is very fond of the spot where it makes its home; if it return in spring and find the house of its rearing in ruins, it laments as dolefully as the rook does over the fallen tree in the boughs of which it had built its nest and lived.

*

The nest of the swallow is not built with very great skill. It is made of a number of lumps or loads of mud or clay, which the bird brings and dots down together till the shell is at last roughly formed. The lining is made of softer materials, chiefly grasses. Such a nest we very often see sticking against the wall of a house. The little creature fixes its sharp claws upon any roughness on the bare wall, and presses its tail against the surface; and thus it clings and works in order to make a start. If any one wish to keep the bird away, he may wash the wall with soap or oil, upon which the mud or clay will not stick.

As the swallows pass to and fro between their nests and the trees and fields, you may observe how swiftly they fly and in what graceful curves they sweep through the air. Often you will see them going home with great mouthfuls of food for their young ones. They live upon insects; and these they devour as diligently during the day as the bat does during the night. If it were not for the swallows, there might soon be another plague of flies. They consider beetles a great treat, as well as drone bees, which are big plump morsels and have no sting to defend themselves.

If there be two broods in one year, which sometimes happens, the second brood is in danger of being rather unfortunate. The parent birds may stay on into the late season, if the weather be fairly good, but if the weather break before the young swallows are able to fly along, the little fledglings are left to their fate.

Before the swallows take their departure, they assemble in great numbers, as the rooks do in the evening. Are they, too, talking over their affairs? Are they speaking about their journey, about how they have enjoyed themselves through the summer, and about where they are going? Then they separate, and set out upon their southward flight, not in flocks, but in twos and threes. Powerful as their wings are, they not unfrequently are glad to rest upon the masts or yards or deck of a friendly ship, or even, with outstretched pinions, upon the face of the rolling waves. And having obtained a rest and been well fed by the sailors, they spread their wings and hasten on their flight.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *swal'-low* (*swŏl-ŏ*) | *caves* (*évz*). | *rough'-ly* |
| *un-fŏr-tu-nate* | *plague* (*plág*) | *rough'-ness* |
| *un-fre'-quent-ly* | *as-sĕm-ble* | *chief'-ly* |
| *neigh'-bour-ing* | *jour'-ney* | *friend'-ly* |
| *grăd-u-al-ly* | *dŭl-i-gent-ly* | *pĭn-ions* |

*dis-used'* (*-yúzd*), out of use; no longer used.
*bĕn-e-fit*, advantage, good.
*la-mĕnts*, complains, sorrows.
*dŏle-fŭl-ly*, sadly, sorrowfully.
*cùrve*, bend.
*mŏr-sel*, a bite; little bit.
*flĕdg-ling*, a bird newly fledged, or covered with feathers.
*de-pārt-ure*, going away.

*

## THE FIRST SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding, and, beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath, of May.

The welcomed guest of settled Spring,
The swallow, too, has come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she past.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch
At the grey dawn of day.

C. SMITH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *speed'-well* | *ràp-id* | *guest* (*gèst*) |
| *haw'-thorn* | *at-tàch* | *twit-ter-ing* |

*gòrse*, whin, furze.
*wreath* (*réth*), garland, chaplet.
*vis-it-ant*, visitor; one that comes to see another.

CRUSOE AND HIS PARROT.

[Crusoe had set out in his boat to make a tour round his island. He was carried far out of his course by a strong current, and had much difficulty in reaching the shore again.]

In about three miles, or thereabouts, coasting the shore, I came to a very good inlet or bay, about a mile over, which narrowed till it came to a very little rivulet or brook, where I found a very convenient harbour for

my boat, and where she lay as if she had been in a little dock made on purpose for her. Here I put in, and having stowed my boat very safe, I went on shore to look about me, and see where I was.

I soon found I had but a little passed by the place where I had been before, when I travelled on foot to that shore; so taking nothing out of my boat but my gun and umbrella, for it was exceedingly hot, I began my march. The way was comfortable enough after such a voyage as I had been upon, and I reached my old bower in the evening, where I found everything standing as I left it; for I always kept it in good order, being, as I said before, my country-house.

I got over the fence, and laid me down in the shade to rest my limbs, for I was very weary, and fell asleep; but judge you, if you can, that read my story, what a surprise I must be in when I was awaked out of my sleep by a voice, calling me by my name several times: "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe: poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you? Where have you been?"

I was so dead asleep at first, being fatigued with rowing, or paddling as it is called, the first part of the day, and with walking the latter part, that I did not wake thoroughly; but dozing between sleeping and waking, thought I dreamed that somebody spoke to me; but as the voice continued to repeat, "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe," at last I began to awake more perfectly, and was at first dreadfully frightened, and started up in the utmost consternation; but no sooner were my

eyes open, but I saw my Poll sitting on the top of the hedge; and immediately knew that it was he that spoke to me; for just in such bemoaning language I had used to talk to him, and teach him; and he had learned it so perfectly that he would sit upon my finger, and lay his bill close to my face and cry, "Poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been? How came you here?" and such things as I had taught him.

However, even though I knew it was the parrot, and that indeed it could be nobody else, it was a good while before I could compose myself. First I was amazed how the creature got thither; and then, how he should just keep about the place, and nowhere else; but as I was well satisfied it could be nobody but honest Poll, I got over it; and holding out my hand, and calling him by his name, "Poll," the sociable creature came to me, and sat upon my thumb, as he used to do, and continued talking to me, "Poor Robin Crusoe! and how did I come here? and where had I been?" just as if he had been overjoyed to see me again; and so I carried him home along with me.

D. DEFOE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *there'-a-bouts* | *um-brèl-la* | *pèr-fect-ly* |
| *rìv-u-let* | *cŏm-fort-a-ble* | *some'-bod-y* |
| *con-vén-i-ent* | *voy'-age* | *no'-bod-y* |
| *trd-velled* | *sur-príse* | *a-wáke* |
| *ex-ceed'-ing-ly* | *ùt-most* | *fa-tigued'* (*-tégd*) |

*hăr-bour*, a port, haven, shelter (for ships).
*dòck*, a basin, or inclosed mass of water, in which ships lie for building or repair.
*bow'-er*, a shady retreat.
*con-ster-ná-tion*, great fear, dread.
*be-moan'-ing*, lamenting over, bewailing.
*làn-guage*, speech, words.
*com-póse*, to settle, to calm.
*a-mázed*, much astonished, or surprised.
*só-ci-a-ble*, companionable; friendly.

## THE PARROT.

*A True Story.*

A PARROT from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day;
Until, with age, from green and gold
His wings grew grey.

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied;
Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

T. Campbell.

*cáged* (*cájd*) *ná-tive* *clí-mate* *strán-ger*
*plúm-age* *heath'-er-y* *chát-tered* *joy'-ous*
*dumb* (*dùm*)

*the Spàn-ish main*, the mainland of South America (east coast) belonging to Spain.
*do-main'*, region.
*Mùlla*, the island of Mull, on the west coast of Scotland.
*re-splènd-ent*, very bright, brilliant.
*hue* (*hyú*), colour.
*a-dieu'* (*a-dyú*), farewell. French *à Dieu*, "to God."—"I commend you *to God*."
*sùrf*, broken water made by waves dashing on rocks or the shore.
*pèt-ted*, made a pet of, treated very kindly.
*chànced* (*chànst*), happened.

## THE ELEPHANT.

### 1. HIS PERSON.

THE elephant is one of the largest of animals. He generally stands eight or nine feet high; sometimes he reaches about ten feet, but seldom more. The height at the shoulder is as nearly as possible the length of a cord that would go twice round the fore foot. His appearance is rather awkward and heavy, yet he moves along with wonderful ease, and performs many actions with the utmost grace. He has an enormous skull, which not merely holds his brains, but also is very useful to him for boxing down trees whose high branches he may wish to eat, or for clearing the way before him. His eyes are small; his ears are broad and hang down like flaps. His nose is several feet long, and not unlike a big tail; it is called his trunk, or proboscis; and he uses it in such and so many ways as no other nose ever was used. The tusks of the male elephant grow out on both sides of the wonderful nose or trunk. His body is thick, and his back is often somewhat arched. His legs are clumsy and shapeless; his feet are soft and elastic, and he treads the ground quietly and firmly. His thick skin is of a deep brown colour all over, approaching to black.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *sèl-dom* | *ap-péar-ance* | *usé'-ful* | *e-làs-tic* |
| *per-fòrm* | *won'-der-ful* | *ùt-most* | *quí-et-ly* |

*awk-ward, clum-sy*, not skilful or graceful.

*e-nòrm-ous, out of rule*, beyond measure, excessive, very large. Lat. *e*, "out of," and *norma*, "rule."

*pro-bòs-cis* (from Greek *pro*, "before, in front," and *bosko*, "I feed"), long nose, snout; so called because used by the animals to bring their food to their mouths.

## 2. TUSKS AND TRUNK.

WHEN the elephant is young, he has no tusks; when he is full grown, they stand out from each side of his upper lip, as much as six, seven, and even eight feet. The tusks are hollow and contain a soft pulpy substance; and in this inner hollow space is deposited the ivory, which makes the tusks of so much value. They are great means of defence; an elephant will catch an enemy on his tusks and throw him to a great distance, or rip up his body. They are also very useful in turning up trees and roots. The male elephants alone have tusks; the females have none.

The wonderful trunk of the elephant, as I have already said, is a long nose and something more. It is the nose and upper lip prolonged for several feet. There are two canals or holes running all the way through it; these are just the nostrils; a long nose must have long nostrils. Down at the very end of the trunk there is a rim, like the rim round the point of a swine's snout; and at the front this rim runs out into a kind of finger.

On the other side there is a part that acts as a thumb. Now, this finger has the nicest sense of touch, and the elephant can use the point of his trunk just as a man uses his finger and thumb. He can pluck leaves and flowers daintily one by one, he can untie knots, open and shut doors, turn keys and force back bolts; he can pick up a threepenny bit or a needle as easily and as neatly as you could do. Then he can make his trunk do all manner of wonderful things besides. He can bend it anyhow, he can shorten it, he can lengthen it, he can lay it over his back, he can turn it in any direction he likes. He can strike or lash anybody or anything with it, or he can curl it round an object. It is one of the strongest and most flexible of members. When the elephant wants to drink, he dips the end of the trunk in the water, draws up as much as to fill the inner tubes or nostrils, turns the trunk round into his mouth, and discharges the water; if you were standing by, you might hear it splashing in his stomach. Sometimes he will discharge the water from his trunk all over his body, in order to cool it or to drive away flies. When crossing rivers that are not very deep, the elephant will often cool himself by walking across on the bed of the stream, instead of swimming, and then you may not be able to see any part of him but the tip of his trunk which he holds aloft above the surface to breathe the air.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *hȯl-low* | *vȧl-ue* | *can-ȧl* | *daint'-i-ly* |
| *i-vo-ry* | *de-fènce* | *nȯs-tril* | *shȯrt-en* |
| *nee'-dle* | *ȯb-ject* | *un-tie* | *lèngth-en* |

*pùlp-y*, like pulp, soft.
*sùb-stance*, matter, stuff.
*de-pòs-it*, lay down, place.
*pro-lòng*, draw out, make longer.
*flèx-i-ble*, easily bent.
*dis-chārge*, pour out, empty.

### 3. HABITS AND CHARACTER.

THE elephant, being so big and so heavy a beast, needs a great deal of food. He crops the young shoots of trees, and plucks leaves freely. One tame elephant would eat as many leaves as two, or even three, men could cut for him. If the leaves happen to be dusty, he beats them clean against his fore legs. The elephant likes grass and grain and fruit, and you could hardly offer him a nicer treat than sugar cane. He smacks his lips with much pleasure after a drink of beer or porter or wine; and his keeper will get him to do any work, however unwilling he may be, by promising him some spirits. That is a great bribe.

The people that live near forests where there are herds of elephants, are much vexed by the visits of their huge neighbours. It is not merely that the elephants eat up corn and fruits; just imagine how much a few of those animals with their four huge feet would trample down and waste. Then the people have to watch through the night, and burn blazing torches, and hollo with all their might, as when tigers are about; and, if all this will not scare the beasts away, they try what they can do by shooting at them.

Elephants are very social animals. They go in herds of ten, twenty, or even thirty. They are very kindly and helpful in their ways towards each other. For the most part they are as gentle as they are big; the ill-tempered ones, the "rogues," are turned out of the herds to live apart by themselves. They are most wise beasts. They have good understandings, and they are as willing as they are apt to learn. They will not cross a bridge, or step upon anything that looks slender or insecure, without making quite sure that it is strong enough to bear their weight. They obey their keepers most readily; and if they never forget an injury, neither do they ever forget a kindness. They are brave and cool in danger, and they will meet any enemy with firmness, except the tiger.

The elephant is a restless creature; he has been even called fidgety. It is hopeless to get him to remain quite still for ever so short a time. He will move his feet, stoop down and rise up, sway his body this way and that way, or play with his trunk. Hence, when he is set to do work, he is a very active servant; and he plods on at his business with tireless perseverance.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *vĭs-it* | *twĕn-ty* | *spĭr-its* | *fĭdg-et-y* |
| *neigh'-bour* | *thĭr-ty* | *brĭbe* | *re-main'* |
| *im-ăg-ine* | *rogue* (*rŏg*) | *dăn-ger* | *sĕrv-ant* |

*hăb-its*, conduct, ways of doing.
*chăr-ac-ter* (*kăr-*), qualities.
*sŏ-cial* (*-shal*), liking company.
*in-se-cure'*, infirm, not strong and safe.
*ăc-tive*, busy, quick.
*tire-less*, untiring, never growing tired or weary.
*per-se-vĕr-ance*, steadily going on with one's business.

## 4. At Work and at Play.

Since the elephant is so strong and active and sensible and docile, he can be employed to do work of various kinds. He will do anything that his keeper bids him, which is possible for a beast not having hands to do. He can drag the plough. He can fetch and carry. Yet it is not well to bid him do very rough work; for his skin is tender and easily hurt. Besides, his great good sense enables him to be most helpful in higher work than mere fetching and carrying. He makes a very good workman, when his keeper takes the least trouble to teach him how to do. He will lay logs above each other, after a given plan, with as much exactness as any man could.

In India, the elephant is used less for hard work than for carrying grand people, or for sport. The driver mounts astride of the animal's neck, and guides him by voice and goad. The riders are carried in what is called a howdah—a thing like the box of a carriage fixed upon the animal's back; or they seat themselves upon a big cushion, with cross ropes to hold on by. To go about with people on his back is not so hard a task; but to carry them to hunt the tiger is a business the elephant shrinks from. He stands in great fear of the tiger, and needs much training before he can be brought to face this fierce beast in the jungle.

When the elephant has no work to do, he sets himself actively to play. He cannot rest. If nothing else be at hand, he likes to throw leaves, or bits of earth, or

lumps of sand over his body. He is very fond of waving a leafy branch gently over his back. But there is nothing that the elephant delights in more heartily than bathing. It is a fine thing to discharge his trunk over his body in a shower of water, or of mixed water and mud. He is a splendid swimmer, and he delights to plunge his big body in the water as recklessly as if he had no more use for it. And what a noise he makes in his play.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *àc-tive* | *pòss-i-ble* | *how'-dah* | *de-líght* |
| *vá-ri-ous* | *ex-àct-ness* | *càr-riage* (*-rij*) | *heārt-i-ly* |
| *en-á-ble* | *a-stríde* | *cŭsh-ion* | *dis-chārge* |
| | *plough* (*plou*) | *rough* (*rŭf*) | |

*sèns-i-ble*, having good sense.
*docile* (*dó-sĭl*, or *dòs-il*), teachable, easy to teach.
*em-ploy'*, use, set to work.
*rèck-less-ly*, carelessly.

## 5. URMPH! URMPH!

ONE evening, as a gentleman was out riding near the town of Kandy in Ceylon, his horse became excited at a noise which seemed approaching out of the thick jungle. The noise, when more nearly heard, turned out to be the sound *Urmph! Urmph!* repeated many times over, in hoarse grumbling tones. Presently a turn in the forest brought the rider face to face with the grumbler, who was found to be a tame elephant, without

an attendant. He was carrying a heavy beam of timber along the pathway, which was rather narrow; and as he bore it balanced across his tusks, he had often to turn to one side so as to allow it to pass along endways. This difficult and troublesome mode of going forward seemed to annoy the elephant and tax his patience and his

strength; so he grumbled out his *Urmph! Urmph!* by way of relieving his feelings, and thus threw the horse into a state of excitement.

As soon as the elephant saw the rider and the horse, he looked steadily at them for a moment, and at once understood what was the matter. He flung down his heavy beam of timber, and drew back into the brushwood,

which he crushed down behind him. The horse was still shy, and afraid to go along the road which the elephant had thus left open for his passage. The wise brute was not slow to observe this distrust on the part of the horse, and impatiently forced himself still farther backward into the brush-wood, at the same time cheering on the horse by repeating the cry of *Urmph! Urmph!* but now in a tone of encouragement. The horse's limbs still quivered, and he was unwilling to pass. This continued distrust made the elephant yet more impatiently crush his way further backward among the trees of the jungle, again repeating his cheering *Urmph! Urmph!* The horse now took courage enough to pass on, though not without fear and trembling. On looking back, the horseman saw the wise beast come forward from his retreat in the brushwood, pick up his heavy beam of timber, balance it upon his tusks again, and proceed to work his way on by the narrow passage, still hoarsely snorting out his discontented grumble—*Urmph! Urmph!*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *ex-cíte-ment* | *grùm-bling* | *en-cour'-age* |
| *ap-próach-ing* | *at-tènd-ant* | *fòr-ward* |
| *re-péat-ed* | *bàl-ance* | *a-fraid'* |
| *dis-con-tènt-ed* | *con-tìn-ue* | *pàss-age* |

*brùsh-wood*, thicket; close growth of small trees and bushes.

*an-noy'*, vex, bother, irritate.

*dis-trùst*, want of trust, or confidence.

## THE KING OF THE CROCODILES.

### 1. The Woman's Appeal.

"Now, woman, why without your veil?
And wherefore do you look so pale?
And, woman, why do you groan so sadly,
And wherefore beat your bosom madly?"

"Oh, I have lost my darling boy,
In whom my soul had all its joy;
And I for sorrow have torn my veil,
And sorrow hath made my very heart pale.

"Oh, I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild;
He stoop'd by the river down to drink,
And there was a Crocodile by the brink.

"He did not venture in to swim,
He only stoop'd to drink at the brim;
But under the reeds the Crocodile lay,
And struck with his tail and swept him away.

"Now take me in your boat, I pray,
For down the river lies my way,
And me to the Reed Island bring,
For I will go to the Crocodile King.

"He reigns not now in Crocodilople,
Proud as the Turk at Constantinople;
No ruins of his great city remain;
The Island of Reeds is his whole domain.

"Like a dervise there he passes his days,
Turns up his eyes, and fasts and prays;
And being grown pious and meek and mild,
He never now eats man, woman, or child.

"The King of the Crocodiles never does wrong,
He has no tail so stiff and strong,
He has no tail to strike and slay,
But he has ears to hear what I say.

"And to the King I will complain
How my poor child was wickedly slain;
The King of the Crocodiles he is good,
And I shall have the murderer's blood."

The man replied, "No, woman, no;
To the Island of Reeds I will not go
I would not for any worldly thing
See the face of the Crocodile King."

"Then lend me now your little boat,
And I will down the river float,
I tell thee that no worldly thing
Shall keep me from the Crocodile King.

"The King of the Crocodiles he is good,
And therefore will give me blood for blood;
Being so mighty and so just,
He can revenge me, he will, and he must."

The woman she leapt into the boat,
And down the river alone did she float,
And fast with the stream the boat proceeds,
And now she is come to the Island of Reeds.

The King of the Crocodiles there was seen;
He sat upon the eggs of the Queen,
And all around, a numerous rout,
The young Prince Crocodiles crawl'd about.

The woman shook every limb with fear
As she to the Crocodile King came near,
For never a man without fear and awe
The face of his Crocodile Majesty saw.

She fell upon her bended knee,
And said, "O King, have pity on me,
For I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild.

"A crocodile ate him for his food:
Now let me have the murderer's blood;
Let me have vengeance for my boy,
The only thing that can give me joy.

"I know that you, sire, never do wrong,
You have no tail so stiff and strong,
You have no tail to strike and slay,
But you have ears to hear what I say."

"You have done well," the king replies,
And fix'd on her his little eyes;
"Good woman, yes, you have done right;
But you have not described me quite.

"I have no tail to strike and slay,
And I have ears to hear what you say;
I have teeth, moreover, as you may see,
And I will make a meal of thee."

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *bos'-om (bŭz-)* | *rú-ins* | *wĭck-ed-ly* |
| *dār-ling* | *do-main'* | *mŭr-der-er* |
| *crŏc-o-dile* | *world'-ly* | *awe (ō)* |

THE KING OF THE CROCODILES. "The people at Isna, in Upper Egypt, have a superstition concerning crocodiles similar to that entertained in the West Indies. They say there is a King of them, who resides near Isna, and who has ears, but no tail; and he possesses an uncommon regal quality, that of doing no harm. Some are bold enough to assert that they have seen him."

*ap-peal'*, application to have justice done.

*why without your veil?* "Why do you come out of your house without your veil?"—contrary to the custom of women in the East.

*vèn-ture in*, venture, or risk, to go in.

*crò-o-dil-ó-ple*, crocodile-city; like *Còn-stan-tin-ó-ple*, the city of Constantine (founded by Constantine).

*dèr-vise* (*-vis*), or "dervish," a poor priest, or monk.

*pi-ous*, holy, religious.

*re-vènge*, do an injury in return for an injury; take vengeance.

*vènge-ance*, the giving of pain or punishment in return for an injury or an offence.

*pro-ceed'*, go on, go forward.

*rout*, rabble, confused crowd. "It was not easy to make one's way through the *rout*."

*rout*, the confusion and disorder following the defeat of an army. "The defeat was turned into a *rout*." "The army was *routed*."

*route* (*rút*), course, road, journey. "Which *route* will you go by?" "The army was now fairly on the *route* to Rome."

*Narrate "The Woman's Appeal" in prose.*

## 2. THE WOMAN'S REVENGE.

WICKED the word, and bootless the boast,
As cruel King Crocodile found to his cost,
And proper reward of tyrannical might;
He show'd his teeth, but he miss'd his bite.

"A meal of me!" the woman cried,
Taking wit in her anger, and courage beside;
She took him his forelegs and hind between,
And trundled him off the eggs of the Queen.

To revenge herself then she did not fail;
He was slow in his motions for want of a tail;
But well for the woman was it the while
That the Queen was gadding abroad in the Nile.

Two Crocodile Princes, as they play'd on the sand,
She caught, and grasping them one in each hand,
Thrust the head of one into the throat of the other,
And made each Prince Crocodile choke his brother.

And when she had truss'd three couple this way,
She carried them off and hasten'd away,
And plying her oars with might and main,
Cross'd the river and got to the shore again.

When the Crocodile Queen came home, she found
That her eggs were broken and scatter'd around,
And that six young princes, darlings all,
Were missing; for none of them answered her call.

Then many a not very pleasant thing
Pass'd between her and the Crocodile King;
"Is this your care of the nest?" cried she;
"It comes of your gadding abroad," said he.

The Queen had the better in this dispute,
And the Crocodile King found it best to be mute;
While a terrible peal in his ears she rung,
For the Queen had a tail as well as a tongue.

In woful patience he let her rail,
Standing less in fear of her tongue than her tail,
And knowing that all the words which were spoken,
Could not mend one of the eggs that were broken.

The woman, meantime, was very well pleased,
She had saved her life, and her heart was eased;
The justice she ask'd in vain for her son
She had taken herself, and six for one.

"Mash-Allah!" her neighbours exclaimed in delight.
She gave them a funeral supper that night,
Where they all agreed that revenge was sweet,
And young Prince Crocodiles delicate meat.

R. SOUTHEY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *crú-el* | *cour'-age* | *pâ-tience* |
| *prŏp-er* | *trŭn-dled* | *jŭs-tice* |
| *re-ward'* | *wó-ful* | *wom-an* (*wŭm-an*) |
| *neigh -bours* | *dis-pute'* | *ex-claimed'* |

*boot'-less*, fruitless, without advantage; the boast came to nothing.
*gŏd-ding*, going about, without any particular business.
*ty-răn-nic-al*, belonging to, or exercised by a tyrant; oppressive.
*ply'-ing*, working (rapidly).
*fu'-ner-al*, burial.

*Narrate "The Woman's Revenge" in prose.*

## THE OLD MAN IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

### 1. THE OLD MAN'S BARGAINS.

I HAVE no doubt that you have been in the country and seen a very old farm-house, with a thatched roof, and mosses and small plants growing wild upon it. There is a stork's nest upon the ridge of the gable, for we cannot do without the stork. The walls of

the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made to open. The baking-oven sticks out of the wall like a great knob. An elder-tree hangs over the palings; and beneath its branches, at the foot of the paling, is a pool of water, in which a few ducks are disporting themselves. There is a yard dog too, who barks at all comers. Just such a farm-house as this stood in a country lane; and in it dwelt an old couple, a peasant and his wife. Small as their possessions were, they had one article they could not do without, and that was a horse, which contrived to live upon the grass which it found by the side of the high-road. The old peasant rode into the town upon this horse, and his neighbours often borrowed it of him, and paid for the loan of it by rendering some service to the old couple. After a time they thought it would be as well to sell the horse, or exchange it for something which might be more useful to them. But what might this *something* be?

"You'll know best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair-day to-day; so ride into the town and get rid of the horse for money, or make a good exchange; whichever you do will be right to me, so ride to the fair."

And she fastened his neckerchief for him; for she could do that better than he could, and she could also tie it very prettily in a double bow. She also smoothed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. Then he rode away

upon the horse that was to be sold or bartered for something else. Yes, the old man knew what he was about. The sun shone with great heat, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for a number of people all going to the fair, were driving, riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the hot sunshine. Among the rest a man came trudging along, and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

"She gives good milk I am certain," said the peasant to himself. "That would be a very good exchange: the cow for the horse. Hallo there! you with the cow," he said, "I tell you what; I daresay a horse is of more value than a cow; but I don't care for that, a cow will be more useful to me; so, if you like, we'll exchange." "To be sure I will," said the man.

Accordingly the exchange was made; and as the matter was settled the peasant might have turned back; for he had done the business he had come to do. But, having made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to do so, if only to have a look at it; so on he went to the town with his cow. Leading the animal he strode on sturdily; and, after a short time, overtook a man, who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said the peasant to himself. "There is plenty of grass for him by our palings, and in the winter we could keep him in the

room with us. Perhaps it would be more profitable to have a sheep than a cow. Shall I exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was quickly made. And then our peasant continued his way on the high-road with his sheep. Soon after this he overtook another man, who had come into the road from a field, and was carrying a large goose under his arm.

"What a heavy creature you have there," said the peasant; "it has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, or paddling in the water at our place. That would be very useful to my old woman; she could make all sorts of profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If now we only had a goose!' Now here is an opportunity, and, if possible, I will get it for her. Shall we exchange? I will give you my sheep for your goose, and thanks into the bargain."

The other had not the least objection, and accordingly the exchange was made, and our peasant became possessor of the goose. By this time he had arrived very near the town. The crowd on the high-road had been gradually increasing, and there was quite a rush of men and cattle. The cattle walked on the path and by the palings, and at the turnpike gate they even walked into the toll-keeper's potato-field, where one fowl was strutting about with a string tied to its leg, for fear it should take fright at the crowd, and run away and get lost. The tail-feathers of this fowl were very short, and it winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning as it said, "Cluck, cluck." What were the thoughts of

the fowl as it said this I cannot tell you; but directly our good man saw it, he thought, "Why, that's the finest hen I ever saw in my life; it's finer than our parson's brood hen; upon my word, I should like to have that fowl. Fowls can always pick up a few grains that lie about, and almost keep themselves. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get it for my goose. Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-keeper.

"Exchange," repeated the man; "well, it would not be a bad thing."

And so they made an exchange; the toll-keeper at the turnpike-gate kept the goose, and the peasant carried off the fowl. Now he had really done a great deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and a glass of ale to refresh himself; so he turned his steps to an inn. He was just about to enter when the ostler came out, and they met at the door. The ostler was carrying a sack. "What have you got in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the ostler; "a whole sackful of them. They will do to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that will be terrible waste," he replied; "I should like to take them home to my old woman. Last year the old apple-tree by the grass-plot only bore one apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite withered and rotten. It was always property, my old woman said; and here she would see a great deal of property—a whole sackful; I should like to show them to her."

"What will you give me for the sackful? said the ostler.

"What will I give you? Well, I will give you my fowl in exchange."

So he gave up the fowl, and received the apples which he carried into the inn parlour. He leaned the sack carefully against the stove, and then went to the table.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *pos-sès-sions* | *ob-jèc-tion* | *oven* (*ùvn*) |
| *pos-sès-sor* | *in-creas'-ing* | *knob* (*nɔb*) |
| *nèc-ker-chief* | *bār-gain* | *ɔst-ler* (*ɔs-ler*) |
| *prò-fit-a-ble* | *pār-lour* | *fàstened* (*fàsnd*) |
| *grùd-u-al-ly* | *ār-ti-cle* | *prɔp-er-ty.* |

*in the country.* The writer is speaking of Denmark.
*dis-pórt*, sport, play, amuse.
*rèn-der*, give back, do.
*ex-chánge*, *bār-ter*, give one thing for another.
*stùrd-i-ly*, stoutly; with firm dogged steps.
*op-por-tu'-ni-ty*, favourable time or chance.
*di-rèct-ly*, as soon as, immediately.

## 2. The Old Man's Wager.

Now the stove was hot, and the old man had not thought of that. Many guests were present—horse-dealers, cattle drovers, and two Englishmen. The Englishmen were so rich that their pockets quite bulged out and were ready to burst, and they bet too,

as you shall hear. "*Hiss-s-s, hiss-s-s.*" What could that be by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast. "What is that?" asked one.

"Why, do you know—" said our peasant. And then he told them the whole story of the horse, which he had

exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

"Well your old woman will give it you well when you get home," said one of the Englishmen. "Won't there be a noise?"

"What! give me what?" said the peasant. "Why, she will kiss me, and say, *what the old man does is always right.*"

"Let us lay a wager on it," said the Englishman. "We'll wager you a ton of coined gold, a hundred pounds to the hundredweight."

"No; a bushel will be enough," replied the peasant, "I can only set a bushel of apples against it, and I'll throw myself and my old woman into the bargain; that will pile up the measure, I fancy."

"Done! taken!" and so the bet was made. Then the landlord's coach came to the door, and the two Englishmen and the peasant got in, and away they drove, and soon arrived and stopped at the peasant's hut.

"Good evening, old woman."

"Good evening, old man."

"I've made the exchange."

"Ah, well, you understand what you're about," said the woman. Then she embraced him, and paid no attention to the strangers, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse."

"Thank heaven," said she. "Now we shall have plenty of milk, and butter, and cheese on the table. That was a capital exchange."

"Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of every thing; we have just enough pasture for a sheep. Ewe's milk and cheese, woollen jackets

and stockings! The cow could not give all these, and her hairs only fall off. How you think of everything!"

"But I changed away the sheep for a goose."

"Then we shall have roast goose to eat this year. You dear old man, you are always thinking of something to please me. This is delightful. We can let the goose walk about with a string tied to her leg, so she will be fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl."

"A fowl! Well, that was a good exchange," replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall soon have a poultry-yard. Oh, this is just what I was wishing for."

"Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shrivelled apples."

"What! I must really give you a kiss for that!" exclaimed the wife." "My dear, good husband, now I'll tell you something. Do you know, almost as soon as you left this morning, I began thinking of what I could give you nice for supper this evening, and then I thought of fried eggs and bacon with sweet herbs; I had eggs and bacon but I wanted the herbs; so I went over to our neighbours: I knew they had plenty of herbs, but the mistress is very mean, although she can smile so weetly. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lend!' she exclaimed, 'I have nothing to lend, nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shrivelled apple; I could not even lend you a shrivelled apple, my dear woman.' But now

I can lend her ten, or a whole sackful, which I'm very glad of: it makes me laugh to think about it:" and then she gave him a hearty kiss.

"Well, I like all this," said both the Englishmen; "always going down the hill, and yet always merry; it's worth the money to see it." So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant, who, whatever he did, was not scolded but kissed.

HANS C. ANDERSEN.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *wá-ger* | *làn̄d-lord* | *at-tèn-tion* | *nó-tice* |
| *bûsh-el* | *ar-rîved* | *strán-gers* | *pàs-ture* |
| *aẗ-ways* | *poul'-try* | *de-lîght-fŭl* | *mìs-tress* |

*em-bráced*, took in her arms.
*shriv-elled*, shrunken, dried up, withered.

*won't*, will not. "I *won't* go."
*wont* (*wùnt*), (noun) custom; (verb) accustomed. "He is now walking in the garden, as is his *wont* every afternoon"; or "as he is *wont* to do every afternoon."

*ton*, twenty hundredweight.
*tun*, a large cask.

## ALICE FELL.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had drown'd;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

*

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound,—and more and more;
It seem'd to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy call'd out;
He stopp'd his horses at the word,
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smack'd his whip, and fast
The horses scamper'd through the rain;
But hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I made him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
"Whence comes," said I, "that piteous moan?"
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?"—she sobb'd, "Look here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night, along these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham," answer'd she, half wild—
"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She check'd herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tatter'd cloak!

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friends,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old:

"And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

W. WORDSWORTH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *threat'-en-ing* | *pìt-eous* | *chaise* (*shāz*). |
| *stārt-ling* | *en-tàn-gled* | *aught* (*ōt*). |
| *scàm-pered* | *re-lief'* | *halt* (*hōlt*). |

*ca-reer'*, course; speed.
*forth-with*, at once.
*a-light*, come down on foot.
*in-no-cent*, harmless, blameless; free from wrong-doing.
*in-sèns-i-ble*, having no sense or feeling.
*lòne-some*, lonely; dreary.
*pà-ci-fied*, persuaded to hold her peace; soothed; quietened.
*dìf-fil*, coarse woollen cloth.
*òr-phan*, a child that has lost either father or mother or both,—mostly both.

## THE CHESTNUT.

THE Chestnut tree, usually called the Spanish Chestnut, grows in great perfection in the warm air of Spain. It is considered, however, by many good judges, to be native to Britain; at any rate it reaches the bulk of a timber tree in our woods and groves.

A full-grown chestnut is a striking and majestic tree. It throws out arms equal in size to those of the oak; and they often spring from the rugged trunk at different angles, and thus cross each other, with an appearance of intricate net-work. The head of the tree is usually very massy and spreading. The leaves form a rich covering to the branches: they are long and tapering, with edges sharply notched like the teeth of a saw, and smooth surface; the colour is a pleasant light green, which assumes a darker shade as the tree grows older, fading however in autumn into a golden-yellow. The chestnut is disposed to thrive in any soil or situation; but it prefers to strike root in rich loam, and to wave its branches in warm breezes. It lives for many centuries; but it will not permit anything else to live within its shade.

The chestnut may be reckoned as the most valuable of the mast-bearing trees. Its nuts are sweet and mealy, affording good food for man as well as for beast. The trees cultivated for their fruit are usually grafted ones. In many parts of the south of Europe, they form a large portion of the food of the poor, who make bread of their flour; and they are also eaten as a delicacy at the best tables, either roasted or stewed. In this country, the fruit of the chestnut is mostly left to hogs and squirrels, for it is small and seldom comes to its full growth.

The wood of the chestnut is strong and lasts well. It is used for most of the purposes that oak is used for. The worst of it is that the tree, while to all appearance

quite sound, may yet be rotten at the heart. In working, too, it is apt to turn out brittle, and to break off in roundish masses. It is preferred to other woods in making tubs and vessels to hold liquor, as not being likely to shrink after it has once been seasoned. It makes the straightest, tallest, and toughest of hop-poles; for which purpose it is cut down at an early age.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *per-fèc-tion* | *vàl-u-a-ble* | *jùdge.* |
| *rèck-oned* | *cùl-ti-văt-ed* | *li-quor* (*-ker*). |
| *pre-fèrred* | *dèl-i-că-cy* | *tough* (*tŭf*). |
| *round'-ish* | *brìt-tle* | *é-qual.* |

*ma-jès-tic*, tall, grand.
*in-tric-ate*, involved, entangled.
*as-sumé'*, take to oneself.
*cèn-tu-ry*, a hundred years.
*af-fŏrd-ing*, yielding, granting, giving.

## THE LINNET CHOIR.

A LINNET choir sang in a chestnut crown,—
A hundred, p'r'aps, or more,—
'Till the stream of their song ran warbling down
And entered a cottage door;
And this was the burden of their lay,
As they piped in the yellow tree :—
"I love my sweet little lady-bird,
And I know that she loves me :
'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'
We linnets are a merry band,
A happy company."

It chanced a poet passed that way,
With a quick and merry thought,
And, listening to the roundelay,
His ear their language caught:
Quoth he, as he heard the minstrels sing,
"What heavenly harmony!
I shall steal that song, and carry it home
To my dear family—
'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'"
And that song they sing now every eve,
His children, wife, and he.

Next came a boy, with a curly head,
And laughter-lighted eye,
"I've a cage at home, sweet birds," he said,
"And I'll catch you by and by;
My sister would feed and love you well,
My mother would happier be;
Come, tell me," he said, "my little birds,
Shall I take you home with me?
'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'"
And all that night the little boy dreamt
He heard the birds in the tree.

EDWARD CAPERN.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *war'-bling* | *com'-pa-ny* | *lĭst-en* (*lĭsn*) |
| *cŏt-tage* | *lăn-guage* | *hèav-en-ly* |

*choir* (*kwir*), or *quire*, a body of singers.
*lay*, *round'-e-lay*, song.
*bĭr-den*, chorus, refrain.
*quŏth*, said.
*mĭn-strel*, songster, musician.
*hār-mon-y*, agreeable combination of sounds; music.

## HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

ROBINET, a peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day's work at the next market-town, was running home with a basket in his hand. "What a delicious supper I shall have," said he to himself. "This piece of kid, well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!"

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. "Ha!" thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little master! I'll try if I can get it." Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him —"Well," said he, "then I must be contented with soup-meagre—and no bad thing neither."

He travelled on, and came to a little public-house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited Robinet to take a draught. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on the bench close by him. A tame raven which was kept at the house, came slyly behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. Robinet did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. "Well," says he, "my soup will be the thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good at least."

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up to pass at the same time, Robinet gallantly offered his hand. As soon as she was got to the middle,

either through fear or sport, she shrieked out and cried she was falling. Robinet, hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it out, he perceived that all the salt was melted, and the pepper washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. "Well!" says Robinet, "then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

*Evenings at Home.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Rŏb-in-et* | *de-lĭ-cious* | *draught* (*drȧft*) |
| *mär-ket* | *in-vĭt-ed* | *gȧl-lant-ly* |
| *on'-ions* (*ŭn-*) | *sly'-ly* | *ŏf-fered* |
| *thĭck-ened* | *tĭd-ings* | *shrieked* (*shrēkt*) |
| *bär-ley* | *hȧst-en-ing* | *per-ceived* (*-sēvd*) |

*di-o-cese*, the district that a bishop has charge of in religious matters.
*fin-ish*, end.
*at-trȧct-ed*, drawn to.
*fĕr-ret-ing*, picking out, as a ferret (kind of weasel) does.
*ac-quaint'-ance*, a person he knew.
*mea'-gre* (*mē-ger*), thin, poor.
*sup-port*, hold up, sustain.
*re-cov'-ered*, got again, rescued
*sig-ni-fy*, matter; be of importance.

*climb* (*klim*), mount upwards by means of hands and feet. "We can *climb* high trees." "Tom *climbed* over the wall."
*clime* (*klim*), (*climate*, or) country. "He has gone to a foreign *clime*."

*

THE END.