SHORTER GLOBE READERS

ILLUSTRATED

BOOK IV

STANDARD IV

MACMILLAN & Co.

THE

SHORTER GLOBE READERS.

BOOK IV.

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In Book IV. the more purely literary passages are alternated with lessons on parts of one of the most commonly studied branches of easy science, as well as on historical, social, industrial, and other subjects. The lessons in Physical Geography illustrate at some length certain of the chief phenomena capable of being readily apprehended at this stage of instruction. They are not intended to supersede, but to accompany and to supplement at important points, a regular Primer on the subject. The historical lessons, which are confined to the period of English History before the Norman Conquest, are in like manner intended to illustrate the leading events of that time. The poetical pieces carry their own recommendation,—especially the longer ballads. They almost uniformly illustrate the subjects of the prose passages beside them.

Spelling lists, explanatory notes, hints for exercises, &c., have been added, as in the earlier Books. The derivations will form an easy introduction to the study of the composition of part of our vocabulary.

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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 *rál-wă* ("rail'-way"), *ĕ-jèct.*

The last of these, *ŭ*, may also express *û* out of accent; as, *hànd-fŭl, fŭl-fĭl-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) *ä* and *ö* may represent the vowel sounds in *far* (*fär*) and *all* (*öl*), when out of accent: as *ärtist*, but *ärtistic; ötum* (autumn), but *ötùmnal* (autumnal).

(8) 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, quart'-er.* The full marking for these words would be: *kom-plānd, öl-mŏst, kwōrt-er.*

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BOOK IV.

THE NORTHMEN.

1. The Coming of the Northmen.

The Northmen were a German race. Like all the nations who now people Europe, they came from Asia, and made their way along the eastern limits of our continent, till they turned aside to follow the line of route that each tribe chose for itself.

The special German nation to whom the natives of Scandinavia belong was early known as that of the Goths. These people, in very remote times—before they had any written history to fix the date, had pushed

their way northward and westward from their older homes in the East, till they reached the shores of the Baltic and the German Ocean, where they settled themselves upon the islands and coast lands of those seas, driving out the inhabitants. Whenever they found themselves strong enough to subdue the natives of the country, they made slaves of them, but if they could not do that, they generally ended by forming friendly compacts with them.

It seems to be certain that, when the Goths came to the Baltic, they found the lands peopled by older tribes of Kelts, Kimri and others, who, in their turn—but long before—had also come from beyond the shores of the Black Sea. These people were now for the most part driven by the new-comers into the more barren and colder districts, where we still find their descendants under the names of Finns and Lapps.

Some of the old Finnish tribes were much braver than their neighbours, the Lapps, and could not be so easily pushed aside by the Goths, who, therefore, were forced to try to make friends of them, and to pay respect to their gods and goddesses. In the course of time the most dreaded of these imaginary beings were placed among their deities, and worshipped as much as their chief god Odin himself. Other Finnish or Lapp tribes were held in fear by the Goths, more perhaps on account of their craft and cunning than their bravery, for we find that in the Scandinavian myths or sagas, these people are made to appear, sometimes as giants of evil repute, and sometimes as artful, hideous dwarfs.

peo'-ple (pé-pl) *known (nón)*
is'-land (í-land) *written (rìtn)*

lìm-its, boundaries, borders.

còn-tin-ent (Lat. *continens*, from *con*, "together," and *tenens*, "holding"), a large extent of land *holding* many countries *together*; the mainland.

route (*rút*), course, road, journey. Distinguish *rout* (*rout*), defeat, breaking up of an army; and *rout* (*rout*), a rabble, disorderly crowd.

Scàn-di-ná-vi-a, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

that of the Goths. Read the sentence, (1) putting a noun in place of "that," and (2) omitting "that of."

re-moté' (Lat. *remótus*, from *re*, "back," and *motus*, "moved"), far back (in space), far off, distant.

coast lands. In longer forms: "lands *on* or *near the coast*," "lands *lying along the coast*," "lands *that border on the coast.*" "Coast" is a noun used with the force of an adjective. What adjective would give the meaning?

in-hàb-it-ant (Lat. *in*, "in," and *habitans*, "dwelling"), indwellers; people dwelling in a place.

whenever they found. Put out "they" and "them" in this sentence, and put in the nouns they stand for.

do that. Do what?

còm-pact, bargain, agreement, treaty.

im-à-gin-ar-y, existing only in the imagination or fancy; not real.

dé-i-ties, gods and goddesses.

myth, a fanciful story, or fiction.

re-puté', fame. "Of evil repute," spoken ill of; of whom few people say any good.

2. THE GODS OF THE NORTHMEN.

THE religion of Scandinavia was, in ancient times, a form of the worship of Baal, in which the sun and fire were objects of great veneration as the sources of light and heat. But, after the Goths had settled in northern Germany and Scandinavia, this older religion

only lingered in the form of superstitions, for the new-comers established their own faith, which was that of Woden, or, as he is called by the Northmen, Odin.

We English retain in the days of the week the remembrance of this religion, which was brought to our shores more than 1,400 years ago by the Angles and Saxons, who came from northern Germany and western Denmark, to give us a new name and a new fate in the world. The Angles and Jutes and Saxons who landed in Kent and Sussex, first taught the people of Britain to divide the week into their *Sun*-day, *Moon*-day, *Ty's*-day (Ty being their god of War answering to the Mars of the Romans), *Woden's*-day, *Thor's*-day and *Freia's*-day.

Thor, to whom they dedicated the fifth day of the week, was the strong and brave son of Odin, or Woden, and a special favourite among the northern gods, while Freia is believed, by some, to have been a Finnish goddess adopted by the Northmen as their goddess of Beauty.

Nothing certain is known in regard to the precise time when the Goths first came to the north of Europe, or when they began to follow the religion of Odin. Some persons have thought that under the name of Odin, or Woden, men worshipped the powers of nature; others, that the fables invented in regard to him and the other northern gods, who were called *Æsir*, and were said to have dwelt in a home known as *Asgaard*, were all founded upon events that had happened to the people before they left their distant homes in the far East. Perhaps both these sources, and others besides, helped to make up the mythology of the Northmen. On the

whole, the true worshippers of Odin held a moral faith. They believed that the first duty of mortals was to fear and love the All-father, or Creator, and that the next was to love and cherish their kindred and the friends to whom they had sworn to be faithful. But they did not see any virtue in forgiving the guilty or sparing the innocent, if they had any wrongs to avenge. When a man was slain in combat with a private foe, his kindred felt bound to take vengeance on the slayer, and to kill him and as many of his relations as they could; and if they were unable to do it in any other way, they thought it quite fair to attack them by night, and either slay them or burn them alive in their houses. This act, which they called "taking a house from one," was not to be performed, however, until all the women, children, old people, and slaves had been allowed to make their escape. So, even in their worst deeds, they showed some mercy to the feeble, and proved that they were not without a natural sense of justice.

In Odin, the Northmen worshipped the Alfadír, or Father of all men and all things—the Creator. They believed that He knew all things, and, in his character of All-father, would survive, when this earth and all the lesser gods, or Æsir, had been swallowed up by time, to be regenerated according to the good or the evil that was in their nature; for the religion of Odin taught that the good would dwell in *Gimli*, or the golden, and the evil be doomed with cowards, liars, and deceivers, to remain in *Nastroend*, the low strand, in a dwelling made of serpents' bones. Before this final judgment,

Odin was believed to look down on earth from his seat in Valaskjálf, learning all that happens there and in heaven from his ravens, who sit one on either side of his head and whisper into his ear. In the hall, Valhal, with its five hundred and forty gates, each wide enough to admit eight hundred men abreast, he received all brave and good men after their death, and there the slain warriors pursued the life they had loved best on earth, fought their battles over again, listened to the songs of past victories, and feasted together without sorrow or pain to disturb them. Odin was supposed to award his special favours to those warriors who brought gold, or other precious substances, with them to Valhal, and who had led an active life and wandered far and wide; hence the Northmen very early showed the greatest eagerness to gather together riches on their distant voyages. This was not so much for the sake of spending their wealth, as in the hope of securing a welcome from the god whenever they might have to appear in his presence. They often ordered their children, or followers, on pain of severe punishment after death if they disobeyed them, to bury their riches with them; or they hid them away in places, known only to themselves, under the idea that Odin, who saw everything that passed on earth, would approve of their deed and reward them accordingly.

re-mèm-brance	*be-lieve'* (*be-lév*)
vènge-ance	*de-ceivé'* (*de-sév*)
chàr-ac-ter (*kàr-*)	*re-ceivé'* (*re-sév*)

re-li-gion (*-jun*), belief or faith in God, or some such higher power.

ân-cient (*ân-shent*), old, far back (in time).

vèn-er-â-tion, deep respect and reverence.

source (*sórs*), origin, beginning, from which something arises.

su-per-sti-tions, false or absurd religious beliefs.

es-tàb-lish, set up, fix firmly.

that of Woden. Substitute the noun that "that" stands for. Could "that of" be omitted here? Compare the example in the preceding lesson.

àn-swer-ing (*àn-ser-*), corresponding, like.

dè-dic-ate, set apart or give up solemnly for some purpose.

ad-òpt-ed (Lat. *ad*, "to," and *opto*, "I choose"), chosen; taken to one's self as one's own.

pre-cise (*-sís*), exact.

myth-ò-lo-gy, the whole body of the myths, fables, or legends of a people.

mòr-tals (Lat. *mort-āl-is*, from *mors*, "death"), beings subject to death; human beings.

còm-bat (French, *com-battre*, "to fight," "to strike together"), fight, conflict.

re-gèn-er-ât-ed, made over again, and made better; born again.

fin-al (Lat. *fin-āl-is*, from *finis*, "an end"), last.

ĭ-dé-a, thought, notion, supposition.

3. The Vikings.

The Northmen were such a wandering, restless race of people, that from the latter times of the Roman Republic till very nearly the days of our William the Conqueror, who was himself of direct Scandinavian descent, they were always swarming southward from their northern hives, like so many hungry bees, ever eager to settle on the first pleasant spot that seemed to offer them the food and shelter which they sought; and ready, like those busy insects, to throw off fresh broods whenever the new hives grew too crowded for them. Tribe after tribe appeared every year with the return of

warm weather; and when the Roman empire had ceased to exist, and Charlemagne had formed a new empire in Europe, these ancient foes of Rome, under other names perhaps, but with the same spirit as of old, hung upon every frontier, and attempted to penetrate into the interior through every stream and river

that opened a way to pillage. In the later times of their wanderings, the leaders among the Northmen were known as *Víkingar*, a name derived from *vik*, a bay, from the habit which these men had of lying under covert in some little bay, or vik, and darting out in their barks to waylay and plunder any vessel passing by. The art of

coming unawares upon others, whether singly or with a large fleet, was for this reason known as a "*viking*." After a time these vikingar joined themselves into bands, and went forth in well-manned flotillas of small vessels, or rowing-boats, to attack foreign shores. After roaming over the seas from spring to autumn, they returned to their northern homes before the frost closed the harbours, and spent their winters in feasting and in athletic sports, or in preparing their shattered barks for future *viking* cruises. But faithful to the precepts of their religion, they never failed to offer sacrifices and gifts to Odin, and their favourite gods, in gratitude for past favours, and in the earnest hope of securing, by these acts of devotion, a rich harvest of spoil for their next voyage.

In the eighth and ninth centuries the Danish vikingar first became formidable to the English, and from about the year 830 they came spring after spring to plunder the unhappy land of England, roaming over the country like pirates at sea, robbing, killing, and destroying as they went on their way, till their course might be everywhere tracked by the misery and desolation they left behind them. This state of things continued with little change till the time of our King Alfred, who, before his death, in the year 901, had, however, so completely overmastered these terrible invaders, that all who were unwilling to settle peacefully in the land, and accept Christianity for their religion, were forced to leave the kingdom.

When they could no longer carry on the course of pillage in which they took such delight, the Northmen

did not care very much about coming to England; and we find that, about the time when they ceased to torment the Anglo-Saxons, they began to appear in great numbers on the Continent. The Franks and Germans now learnt to fear their name as much as the English had once done, for in the lands where Charlemagne had reigned there was no prince strong enough to drive them out of his territories, and secure peace from their attacks as Alfred had done for his subjects.

di-rèct	*kār-bour*	*fòr-eign (-in)*
de-scènt	*kār-vest*	*reign (rán)*
at-tèmpt-ed	*voy'-age*	*Chrìs-ti-àn-i-ty*
pèn-e-trate	*earn'-est*	*in-tér-i-or*
ùn-a-wares	*mìs-er-y*	*in-vád-ers*

from the latter times ... till, &c. More than 1,000 years. The fall of the Republic and the establishment of the Empire may be dated from the battle of Actium, B.C. 31. William became king of the English in A.D. 1066.

Re-pùb-lic (Lat. *res-publica*, "the public thing, matter, or interest," "the state"), commonwealth, government without a king, the chief rulers being elected at stated times by the people.

ceased to exist. In A.D. 476.

Charle'-magne (*Shārl-maing*), or Charles the Great, king of the Franks, conquered all Germany, and most of Italy, and fought in Spain as well as against the Northmen. He was crowned Emperor of the Romans in A.D. 800.

èm-pire (Lat. *imperium*, "government," "power"), wide dominion, as of an emperor.

frònt-i-er, borders; the parts fronting one as one comes up to a country.

Vik-ing-ar, pirates. The Vikings have often been called "Sea-Kings," but the name has no connexion whatever with the word "king."

flot-ìl-las, fleets of small vessels.

ath-lèt-ic, connected with or involving trials of strength.

4. How the Northern Boys were Brought Up.

The sons of a northern chief learnt from their earliest years how to endure hunger and cold without complaining, and to practise all kinds of exercises by which their bodies could be strengthened and hardened. They were taught to trap and kill wild animals in the water and the air, and on the dry land; to throw stones, darts and javelins; wield heavy axes and clubs; to use oars, steer boats, and to keep their barks in good trim for all weathers and seasons. They could ride and swim, and scud along upon snow-shoes, or skate long distances over the ice. They wrestled and fought together, and played at being

vikingar in such good earnest when they were small boys, that they hardly had patience to wait till they were men before they clamoured to share in all the dangers of their fierce fathers, who, after having had the same training as themselves, had rushed out into the world to seek adventures. The love which for a long time the early Northmen bore to their homes, and to the religious customs and social habits of their country, brought them back to the north at the end of every summer's short cruise. They spent the winter months in repairing their shattered barks, collecting fresh crews, planning new expeditions, and feasting among their kindred upon the rich plunder they had made on their latest voyage. Sometimes the great vikingar stayed away in strange lands for many years, but when they had been so long absent they must have had all the more to tell of the strange sights they had seen, and the great deeds they had done. Thus the boys and youths who heard their wonderful tales soon began to think that there was nothing on earth so noble and charming as to become a sea-rover, and go forth like their elders to win renown, wealth, and glory—perhaps even a small kingdom all to themselves. E. OTTÉ.

en-dure	*èx-er-cise*	*pa'-tience*
com-plain'-ing	*strèngth-ened*	*ad-vèn-tures*
jàv-e-lins	*hārd-ened*	*ex-ped-ĭ-tions*

prăc-tise, to do again and again, to work at frequently. What is the noun?

clăm-oured, raised a clamour or outcry. Lat. *clamórem*, from *clămo*, I cry out, exclaim.

re-nown', fame, glory.

TUBAL CAIN.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the Spear and Sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be King and Lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said, "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;"
And he fashioned the First Ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while Oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We'll not forget the Sword!"

Charles Mackay.

fûr-nace	*hând-i-work*	*wield* (*wēld*)
scār-let	*cour-âge-ous*	*wrought* (*rōt*)
brood'-ing	*friend-ship*	*staunch* (*stōnsh*) or *stanch* (*stānsh*)
wîs-dom	*fierce* (*fērs*)	

Tu'-bal Cain, son of Lamech and Zillah, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." (Genesis iv. 22.)

brawn-y (*brōn-y*), having plenty of brawn or muscle; muscular, strong.

fàsh-ioned, formed, made. French *façon*, "form, shape, make," from Lat. *factiónem*, "act of making," from *facio*, "I make."

cārn-age, lit. heaps of flesh; slaughter, massacre. French, from Lat. *carnem*, "flesh."

smóul-dered, burnt slowly and without showing fire.

plough'-share (*plou-shăr*), the iron blade of the plough that *shears* or cuts the furrow.

op-près-sion, cruel, unjust, or severe treatment; holding down, crushing one. Lat. *op* (*ob*), "against or upon," and *pressum*, "to press, push, or crush."

tỳ-rant, harsh and oppressive ruler. Lat. *tyrannus*, Greek *turannos*. The *t* at the end of "tyrant" has been added in pronunciation, and thus passed into the spelling; the tongue is very ready to pronounce "*t*" after "*n*." Compare "tyranny," "tyrannous," &c.

Write out in prose the matter of this poem.

EYES AND NO EYES.

"WELL, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

R. I have been to Broomheath, and so round by the windwill upon Campmount, and home through the meadows by the river-side.

Mr. A. Well, that is a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high-road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together; but he lagged behind in the lane; so I walked on and left him: he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that!

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

W. O sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broomheath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of dulness.

W. I wonder at that! I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought my handkerchief full of curiosities home.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites and incantations. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of

their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been styled *parasitical*, as being hangers-on, or dependants.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air was so fresh, and the prospect on every side so unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here). There was a flock of lapwings, too, upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying *peeweet* so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird to entice you away from its nest: for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did not they draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. Well, I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I

climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave. I will go again, and take with me your county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr. A. You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying glass.

W. From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was,—a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it inhabits.

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W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well, I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. There were a great many swallows sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream, sometimes they pursued one another so quick that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high steep sandbank rose directly above the river, I observed some of them go in and out of holes, with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were sandmartins, the smallest of our four species of swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little farther I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

Mr. A. I have seen this method; it is called spearing of eels.

W. While I was looking at him a heron came flying over my head, with his large, flagging wings. He lit at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into

the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the

same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together like rooks.

W. I then turned homeward across the meadows, and I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged purple, and crimson, and yellow, of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets!

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! Did *you* see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them; I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right had you been sent a message; but, as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is, one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without making some observations useful to

mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town and country. Do *you* then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

Evenings at Home.

thought (*thōt*)	*draw* (*drō*)
sought (*sōt*)	*walk* (*wōk*)
caught (*kōt*)	*fall* (*fōl*)
straight (*strát*)	*quarter* (*kwōrt-er*)
de-light (*de-lít*)	*quality* (*kwòl-i-ti*)
meadow (*mèd-o*)	*enough* (*e-nùf*)
pleasant (*plèz-ant*)	*knowledge* (*nòl-ej*)

hòl-i-day	*com-plàin*	*hàl-cy-on*
hànd-ker-chief	*làp-wings*	*plùn-der-er*
re-lì-gious	*se-curé*	*ex-tèn-sive*
de-pènd-ants	*mìx-ture*	*ap-pár-ent*
plant-á-tions	*sùr-face*	*en-lārge-ment*
in-hàb-it	*dùl-ness*	*con-tìn-ue*

en-ter-táin-ed, *a-mused*, interested, pleased.

te'-di-ous, wearisome, dull.

cu'-ri-òs-i-ties, curious things; interesting and strange objects.

mistle-toe (*mìzl-to*), an evergreen plant that grows on apple and oak trees.

Drú-id, a priest, or wise man, among the Celts, Gauls, and Britons of old times. The Druids regarded the oak as sacred, and sacrificed under it.

rites, ceremonies, usages.

in-cant-á-tions, enchantments, singing or chanting some form of words, supposed to have a magical effect. Lat.

in, "into, towards," and *canto*, "I sing."

stýled, named, called.

par-a-sit-ic-al, parasite-like. A *parasite* is one that habitually eats beside or at the expense of another; a hanger-on. Hence an animal that lives upon another, or a plant that grows upon another. Greek, *para*, "beside," and *sitos*, "food."

prò-spect, outlook, view. Lat. *pro*, "forth, forward," and *spectum*, "to look."

ārt-i-fice, trick, dodge.

en-tice, tempt, decoy, lead away.

in-trúd-ers, persons that *intrude*, or thrust themselves in, or come where they are not wanted. Lat. *in*, "into," or "upon," and *trudo*, "I thrust."

count'-er-feit, pretended, make-believe. French, *contrefait;* Lat. *contra*, "against," and *factum*, "made" or "done," set up in place of the *real* thing.

vác-ant, empty, empty-headed.

cèl-e-brăt-ed, much praised, famous.

ăn-cients, men of old time.

spē-ci-es, kinds, sorts.

Nèp-tune, the Roman god of the sea.

trí-dent, a *three-toothed* instrument; a sceptre with three prongs. Lat. *tres*, "three," and *dent-*, "tooth."

mèth-od, plan, mode, way.

flàg-ging, tending to droop (as if tired).

so-cí-e-ty, companionship. Lat. *societatem*, from *socius*, "a companion."

ho-rí-zon, the *bounding* line, where earth and sky appear to meet.

òp-tic-al, connected with the eye.

de-cèp-tion, deceiving, cheating. "It is an optical deception" = "The eye is deceived—the eye sees the object under conditions that make it appear different from what it really is."

ac-quíre, gain, obtain.

Frànk-lin, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, a philosopher.

Give the meaning of the following expressions at greater length: "church steeples," "county map," "pocket spying glass." *Find or make six similar examples, and express them at length.*

SIGNS OF RAIN.

Forty reasons for not accepting the invitation of a friend to make an excursion:

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh;
How restless are the snorting swine;
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.

At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest.
Though June, the air is cold and still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast.
And see you rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

DR. JENNER.

spàn-iel	*pìm-per-nel*	*dis-tùrb*
spí-der	*pea'-cock*	*al'-ter*
ha'-loes	*in-cau'-tious*	*squal'-id*

il-lumed', lighted.
im-it-ate, do as some one else does.
pre-cìp-it-ate, thrown headlong.

There are forty lines, indeed, but not quite forty reasons, or signs of rain.

THE OLD RAIN-MAKER.

A TALL old man of about seventy, or perhaps eighty years, had paid us a visit. From his appearance, and the numerous spells hung about his person, I judged him to be a rain-maker. His face was smeared with wood-ashes, and there was a good deal of the ideal demon in his personal exterior.

I gave him a blue shirt, and a glass of Marsala wine, thus appealing at once to his exterior and interior.

It is always advisable to make friends with the rain-makers, as they are regarded by the natives as priests, and are considered with a certain respect. I therefore gave him another glass of wine; or, to be correct, he drank it from a tin that had contained preserved provisions.

This caused him to blink his eyes and smack his lips, and the old rain-maker grinned a ghastly smile of admiration. His wood-ash-smeared features relaxed into an expression that denoted "more wine." I thought he had enough, and there was none to spare; therefore, having opened his heart, I began to ask him questions.

That unfailing key, liquor, had established a confidential flow of conversation. The old fellow explained that he knew the entire country, and he had no objection to accompany us to Loboré for a small consideration in the shape of a cow. He assured me that if he were with us, the natives would be civil throughout the journey.

I asked him whether he would keep the rain away during the journey, as it would be very unpleasant should the soldiers' kits get wet. He immediately blew his rain-whistle that was suspended to his neck, and looked at me as though I could no longer doubt his capability. I then sent for a German horn from my cabin. This was a polished cow's horn, fitted with brass, which I think had cost a shilling. I begged the old rain-maker's acceptance of this instrument, which might be perhaps superior to his whistle.

The wine had now so far warmed his old blood, that the ancient sorcerer was just in that state of good will with all mankind which made him doubly grateful for

so interesting a present. He blew the horn!—again, and again! He grinned till the tears ran down his eyes, and at once suspended the glittering toy around his neck. He now said, "I am a great sheik; there is no rain-maker so great as I; you will travel with me, and this horn shall keep you dry. Don't trouble yourself about the Baris, they won't molest you; but start as soon as you can."

We had thus gained a valuable ally and guide. Although I knew the direction of Loboré, I should have been obliged to travel by compass, therefore I was overjoyed that we had obtained so experienced an old fellow as the rain-maker. His name was Lokko.

At 3 P.M., on 8th February, we started, old Lokko leading the way, and waving a couple of thin, peeled sticks at a refractory black cloud that appeared determined to defy his rain-ruling powers. A few loud blasts upon the new horn, and a good deal of pantomime and gesticulation on the part of old Lokko, at length had the desired effect; the cloud went off about its business, and Lokko, having given his face an extra rub of fresh wood-ashes before starting, looked ugly enough to frighten any rain-devil out of his wits.

Sir S. W. Baker.

eight'-y (át-i)	*pre-sèrved*	*ghāst-ly (gāst-)*
pèr-son-al	*pro-vìs-ions*	*vàl-u-a-ble*
ex-tér-i-or	*un-fail'-ing*	*ex-pér-i-enced*
in-tér-i-or	*ac-cèpt-ance*	*de-tèrm-ined*
cắp-a-bìl-i-ty	*ìn-stru-ment*	*con-vers-á-tion*

spèlls, charms; objects (commonly words or expressions) supposed to possess magical power.

ĭ-dē-al, imagined, conceived by the mind.

ap-peal'-ing, applying to, addressing (with the purpose of persuading).

ad-vīs-a-ble, such as one would advise; prudent.

re-lăx, loosen, become less firm or rigid.

sôr-cer-er, magician, wizard; one that professes to foretell or to influence the future by lots, magic, evil spirits, &c.

sheik (*shēk*, or *shăk*), chief.

re-frăc-tor-y, stubborn, obstinate. Lat. *re*, "back," and *fractum*, "to break."

păn-to-mime, action designed to express one's meaning.

ges-tic-ŭl-ā-tion, making gestures, or motions of the body.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the dryer grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,

And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old,
Walking the fenceless fields of air,
And from each ample fold
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not yet been wholly sung nor said.

For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colours seven,
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

chám-ber	*calm* (*kām*)	*school* (*skúl*)
tawn'-y (*tōn-i*)	*wont'-ed* (*wŭnt-*)	*chasm* (*kazm*)
beau'-ti-ful	*whŭrl-ing*	*toil'-some*
fí-er-y	*leo'-pard*	*pá-tient*
wĕl-come	*fŭr-row*	*pàs-tures*
neigh'-bour-ing	*per-pĕt-ŭ-al*	*nŭm-ber-less*

com-mó-tion, motion (of many) together; great stir and excitement.

mìm-ic fleets, imitation fleets; floating objects in imitation of real ships.

trèach-er-ous, deceitful, faithless.—Why is the pool said to be treacherous?

en-gùlf', swallow or overwhelm in a gulf. A gulf is strictly a hollow; hence a deep hole or whirlpool.

tùrb-ŭ-lent, disturbed, heaving, agitated. Lat. *turbulentus*, from *turba*, "a crowd."

yoke-encùmbered, encumbered or hampered with the yoke. Compare "clover-scented," scented with clover.—Find or make similar examples.

di-lát-ed, parted wide, spread out. Lat. *di*, "asunder," and *latus*, "brought, carried."

in-hále, breathe in, draw into the lungs.

lùs-trous, full of lustre; bright, shining.

in-cèss-ant, unceasing, never stopping.

A-quá-ri-us, the Water-bearer, one of the signs of the zodiac. The zodiac is an imaginary broad belt in the heavens, in which the sun and the larger planets appear to move. It was divided by the ancients into twelve equal parts, each of which they named after some object (usually an animal) which the group of stars in it seemed to represent. The sun is in the division called "Aquarius" in mid-winter (January 20th to February 19th). The poet seems to attribute all rainy weather, even in summer, to Aquarius. The name is Lat., from *aqua*, "water."

pro-found', deep, far down below the surface. Lat. *profundus*, from *pro*, "forth, forward," and *fundus*, "the bottom."

the bridge of colours seven. What is this? Name the seven colours.

vi-sion (*vìzhon*), seeing, sight. Lat. *visionem*, from *visum*, "to see."

mys-tè-ri-ous, of the nature of a mystery; such as no one can explain.

sub-lìme, high, lofty, elevated.

U'-ni-verse, the whole world, all created things together. Lat. *universum*, from *unum*, "one," and *versum*, "turned,"—"turned into one."

im-mèas-ŭr-a-ble, larger than can be measured.

LESSON FROM THE RAIN

Let us suppose that it is summer time, that you are in the country, and that you have fixed upon a certain day for a holiday ramble. Some of you are going to gather wild-flowers, some to collect pebbles, and some without any very definite aim beyond the love of the holiday and of any sport or adventure which it may bring with it. Soon after sunrise on the eventful day you are awake, and great is your delight to find the sky clear and the sun shining warmly. It is arranged, however, that you do not start until after breakfast-time, and meanwhile you busy yourselves in getting ready all the baskets and sticks and other gear of which you are to make use during the day. But the brightness of the morning begins to get dimmed. The few clouds which were to be seen at first have grown large, and seem evidently gathering together for a storm. And sure enough, ere breakfast is well over, the first ominous big drops are seen falling. You cling to the hope that it is only a shower which will soon be over, and you go on with the preparations for the journey notwithstanding. But the rain shows no symptom of soon ceasing. The big drops come down thicker and faster; little pools of water begin to form in the hollows of the road, and the window-panes are now streaming with rain. With sad hearts you have to give up all hope of holding your excursion to-day.

It is no doubt very tantalizing to be disappointed in this way when the promised pleasure was on the very point of becoming yours. But let us see if we cannot derive some compensation even from the bad weather. Late in the afternoon the sky clears a little, and the rain ceases. You are glad to get outside again, and so we all sally forth for a walk. Streams of muddy water are still coursing along the sloping roadway. If you will let me be your guide, I would advise that we should take our walk by the neighbouring river. We wend our way by wet paths and green lanes, where every hedgerow is still dripping with moisture, until we gain the bridge, and see the river right beneath us. What a change this one day's heavy rain has made! Yesterday you could almost count the stones in the channel, so small and clear was the current. But look at it now! The water fills the channel from bank to bank, and rolls along swiftly. We can watch it for a little from the bridge. As it rushes past, innumerable leaves and twigs are seen floating on its surface. Now and then a larger branch, or even a whole tree-trunk, comes down, tossing and rolling about on the flood. Sheaves of straw or hay, planks of wood, pieces of wooden fence, sometimes a poor duck, unable to struggle against the current, roll past us and show how the river has risen above its banks and done damage to the farms higher up its course.

We linger for a while on the bridge, watching this unceasing tumultuous rush of water and the constant

variety of objects which it carries down the channel. You think it was perhaps almost worth while to lose your holiday for the sake of seeing so grand a sight as this angry and swollen river, roaring and rushing with its full burden of dark water. Now, while the scene is still fresh before you, ask yourselves a few simple questions about it, and you will find perhaps additional reasons for not regretting the failure of the promised excursion.

In the first place, where does all this added mass of water in the river come from? You say it was the rain that brought it. Well, but how should it find its way into this broad channel? Why does not the rain run off the ground without making any river at all?

But, in the second place, where does the rain come from? In the early morning the sky was bright, then clouds appeared, and then came the rain, and you answer that it was the clouds which supplied the rain. But the clouds must have derived the water from some source. How is it that clouds gather rain, and let it descend upon the earth?

In the third place, what is it which causes the river to rush on in one direction more than another? When the water was low, and you could, perhaps, almost step across the channel on the stones and gravel, the current, small though it might be, was still quite perceptible. You saw that the water was moving along the channel always from the same quarter. And now when the channel is filled with this rolling torrent of dark water,

you see that the direction of the current is still the same. Can you tell why this should be?

Again, yesterday the water was clear, to-day it is dark and discoloured. Take a little of this dirty-looking water home with you, and let it stand all night in a glass. To-morrow morning you will find that it is clear, and that a fine layer of mud has sunk to the bottom. It is mud, therefore, which discolours the swollen river. But where did this mud come from? Plainly, it must have something to do with the heavy rain and the flooded state of the stream.

Well, this river, whether in shallow or in flood, is always moving onward in one direction, and the mud which it bears along is carried towards the same point to which the river itself is hastening. While we sit on the bridge watching the foaming water as it eddies and whirls past us, the question comes home to us—what becomes of all this vast quantity of water and mud?

Remember, now, that our river is only one of many hundreds which flow across this country, and that there are thousands more in other countries where the same thing may be seen which we have been watching to-day. They are all flooded when heavy rains come; they all flow downwards; and all of them carry more or less mud along with them.

As we walk homewards again, it will be well to put together some of the chief features of this day's experience. We have seen that sometimes the sky is clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly and warmly in it; that sometimes clouds come across the sky, and that

when they gather thickly rain is apt to fall. We have seen that a river flows; that it is swollen by heavy rain, and that when swollen it is apt to be muddy. In this way we have learnt that there is a close connection between the sky above us and the earth under our feet. In the morning, it seemed but a little thing that clouds should be seen gathering overhead; and yet, ere evening fell, these clouds led by degrees to the flooding of the river, the sweeping down of trees, and fences, and farm produce; and it might even be to the destruction of bridges, the inundation of fields and villages and towns, and a large destruction of human life and property.

But perhaps you live in a large town and have no opportunity of seeing such country sights as I have been describing, and in that case you may naturally enough imagine that these things cannot have much interest for you. You may learn a great deal, however, about rain and streams even in the streets of a town. Catch a little of the rain in a plate, and you will find it to be so much clear water. But look at it as it courses along the gutters. You see how muddy it is. It has swept away the loose dust worn by wheels and feet from the stones of the street, and carried it into the gutters. Each gutter thus becomes like the flooded river. You can watch, too, how chips of straw, corks, bits of wood, and other loose objects lying in the street are borne away, very much as the trunks of trees are carried by the river. Even in a town, therefore, you can follow how changes in the sky lead to changes on the earth.

If you think for a little, you will recall many other illustrations of the way in which the common things of everyday life are connected together. As far back as you can remember, you have been familiar with such things as sunshine, clouds, wind, rain, rivers, frost, and snow, and they have grown so commonplace that you never think of considering about them. You cannot imagine them, perhaps, as in any way different from what they are; they seem, indeed, so natural and so necessary that you may even be surprised when any one asks you to give a reason for them. But if you had lived all your lives in a country where no rain ever fell, and if you were to be brought to such a country as this, and were to see such a storm of rain as you have been watching to-day, would it not be very strange to you, and would you not naturally enough begin to ask the meaning of it? Or suppose that a boy from some very warm part of the world were to visit this country in winter, and to see for the first time snow fall, and the rivers solidly frozen-over, would you be surprised if he showed great astonishment? If he asked you to tell him what snow is, and why the ground is so hard, and the air so cold, why the streams no longer flow, but have become crusted with ice—could you answer his questions?

And yet these questions relate to very common, everyday things. If you think about them, you will learn, perhaps, that the answers are not quite so easily found as you had imagined. Do not suppose that because a thing is common, it can have no interest for

you. There is really nothing so common as not to deserve your attention, and which will not reward you for your pains.

I would fain have you not to be content with what is said in this little book, or in other books, whether small or great, but rather to get into the habit of using your own eyes and seeing for yourselves what takes place in this wonderful world of ours. All round you there is abundant material for this most delightful inquiry. No excursion you ever made in pursuit of mere enjoyment and adventure by river, heath, or hill, could give you more hearty pleasure than a ramble with eyes and ears alike open to note the lessons to be learnt from every day and from every landscape. Remember that besides the printed books which you use at home, or at school, there is the great book of Nature, wherein each of us, young and old, may read, and go on reading all through life without exhausting even a small part of what it has to teach us.

It is this great book—Air, Earth, and Sea—which I would have you look into. Do not be content with merely noticing that such and such events take place. For instance, to return to our walk to the flooded river; do not let a fact such as a storm or a flood pass without trying to find out something about it. Get into the habit of asking Nature questions, as we did in the course of our homeward walk. Never rest until you get at the reasons for what you notice going on around you. In this way even the commonest things will come to wear a new interest for you. Wherever you go there

will be something for you to notice; something that will serve to increase the pleasure which the landscape would otherwise afford. You will thus learn to use your eyes quickly and correctly; and this habit of observation will be of the utmost value to you, no matter what may be the path of life which lies before you.

A. GEIKIE.

col-lèct	*brèak-fast*	*ad-dì-tion-al*
a:l-vèn-ture	*brĭght-ness*	*op-por-tu'-ni-ty*
e-vènt-ful	*de-strùc-tion*	*fa-mìl-i-ar*
ar-ránged	*moist'-ure*	*as-tòn-ish-ment*
dàm-age	*féat-ure*	*ab-ùnd-ant*
de-scènd	*fáil-ure*	*ma-tér-i-al*
dis-ap-point'-ed	*ex-pér-i-ence*	*tŭm-ùlt-ŭ-ous*

dè-fin-ite, fixed, exact. Lat. *definítus*, having fixed limits or bounds; from *de*, "down," and *finítus*, "ended, bounded;" from *finis*, "end, limit."

è-vid-ent-ly, clearly, obviously. From Lat. *e*, "out," or "quite," and *video*, "I see."

ò-min-ous, presenting an *omen*, or sign of something that is going to happen—usually something evil; foreboding evil.

jour'-ney (*jùr-ni*), strictly *a day's* travel, a going somewhere. French, *journée*, "a day."

sỳm-ptom, sign, indication. Greek, *symptóma*, literally, "a falling together," something *that falls* or occurs *along with* something else, and whose presence indicates the existence of the other thing.

ex-cùr-sion, a *running out* or *away from* one's usual abode; a jaunt, a trip. Lat. *excursionem*, from *ex*, "out," and *cursum* "to run."

tàn-tal-ĭz-ing, vexing, teasing, giving hope and presently taking it away. According to the Greek fable, *Tantalus* was punished by being made to stand in water up to the

chin, with fruit hanging over his head, while the water and the fruit went back from him whenever he tried to satisfy his thirst or his hunger.

com-pen-sá-tion, something to make up for a loss or a disappointment. Lat. *com*, "together," and *pensátum*, "to weigh,"—"to give weight for weight"

to course, to run (swiftly), to hold on its *course* or the way it is running. Lat. *cursum*, "to run."

chàn-nel, bed (of a river), passage (for water). Another form of the same word is "canàl." Lat. *canális*, "a water-pipe," from *canna*, "a reed."

cùr-rent, the *running*, flowing, course, of water. Lat. *curro*, "I run."

per-cèp-ti-ble, capable of being perceived, seen or felt.

tòr-rent, a *boiling*, rushing current of water. Lat. *torrens*, "boiling," and hence turbulent, moving violently.

dis-col'-oured. What is the force of *dis*?

in-und-á-tion, flooding, letting the waves or water in upon. Lat. *in*, "into, upon," and *unda*, "a wave."

il-lus-trá-tion, something that throws light upon something else, an example. Lat. *il* for *in*, "into, upon," and *lustrátum*, "to throw light on."

ex-haust'ing, drawing out the whole, using up.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

OLD stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a:
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he ne'er had done it, I warrant ye:
But More of More-hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

*

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye;
Devour'd he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he ate them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon would eat,
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees:
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys;
He ate all and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise.

O save us all, More of More-hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

This being done, he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But first he went new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong,
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig:
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange, outlandish, hedge-hog.

To see this fight all people then
Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too;
But these put on their trousers,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excel;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well,
Where he did think this dragon would drink.
And so he did in truth;

And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cried, Boh!
And kick'd him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon with a deep sigh,
And turn'd six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
Out of his throat of leather:

More of More-hall, O thou rascal,
Would I had seen thee never;
With the thing at thy foot thou hast prick'd my throat,
And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cried,
Alack, alack, for grief;
Had you but miss'd that place, you could
Have done me no mischief.
Then his head he shaked, trembled and quaked,
And down he lay and cried;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he;
So groan'd, and kick'd, and died.

OLD BALLAD.

fu'-ri-ous *lŏdg-ing* *out-lănd-ish*
hĭd-e-ous *ārm-our* *chĭm-neys*
E-gўp-tian *ex-cĕl* *mĭs-chief*
shoul'-der (*shŏl-der*) *knight* (*nĭt*)
tough (*tŭf*) *night* (*nĭt*)

Hĕr-cu-les, the most famous of ancient heroes, remarkable for his strength.

drăg-on. This monster, also called a hydra, was said to have nine heads. As Hercules struck them off with his club, two new heads grew on in place of each former one; at last he burned them away. The middle head, which was immortal, Hercules buried under a huge rock.

Lĕr-na, a district in Greece.

dis-cern, see, understand.

wăr-rant (*wŏr-rant*), assure.

en-vi-ron, surround, encompass.

Trō-jan horse. When the Greeks, after ten years' siege, were unable to take Troy (*Trō-ă-a*, *Trō-ja*), they built

a huge horse of wood, and filling its belly with armed men, sent it into the city as a peace-offering to one of the deities worshipped by the Trojans. Then they pretended that they were going to give up the siege and return home. The present was accepted, and at night the armed men came out of the horse, and opened the gates of the city, which thus fell into the hands of the Greeks.

seventy. This number is given at random. The exact number is nowhere mentioned. Virgil names nine men.

de-vour', eat up. Lat. *de*, "down," and *voro*, "I eat greedily."

peer'-less, without peer or equal.

pòr-cŭ-pig, humorous for "porcupine," a small animal covered with quills. Ital. *porco spinoso;* Lat. *porcus*, "a pig," and *spinosus*, "thorny, covered with thorns or spines (*spinæ*)."

by the tale, by the reckoning or numbering; according to the account kept. Compare "the *tale* of bricks" (Exodus, chap. v.), the number *told*, or counted, or stated.

à-qua-vi'-tæ, Lat., "water of life," brandy, or other strong spirit.

quoth, said.

CRUSOE MAKING EARTHENWARE.

I HAD long studied to make, by some means or other, some earthen vessels, which, indeed, I wanted sorely, but knew not where to come at them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find out any clay, I might make some pots that might, being dried in the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry, and required to be kept so; and as this was necessary in the preparing corn, meal, &c., which

was the thing I was doing, I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars, to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste; what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing, as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how, after having laboured hard to find the clay—to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home and work it—I could not make above two large earthen ugly things (I cannot call them jars) in about two months' labour.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up, and set them down again in two great wicker-baskets, which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break; and as between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw; and these two pots, being to stand always dry, I thought would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

Though I miscarried so much in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things with better success; such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and any things my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them quite hard.

*

But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire—which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthen-ware vessels in the fire, burnt as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself, that certainly they might be made to burn whole, if they would burn broken.

This set me to study how to order my fire, so as to make it burn some pots. I had no notion of a kiln, such as the potters burn in, or of glazing them with lead, though I had some lead to do it with; but I placed three large pipkins, and two or three pots, in a pile, one upon another, and placed my firewood all round it with a great heap of embers under them. I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside, and upon the top, till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run; for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass if I had gone on; so I slacked my fire gradually till the pots began to abate of the red colour; and, watching them all night, that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good (I will not say handsome) pipkins, and two other earthen pots,

as hard burnt as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this experiment, I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must needs say as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt pies, or as a woman would make pies that never learned to raise paste.

No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine, when I found I had made an earthen pot that would bear the fire; and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold before I set one on the fire again, with some water in it, to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well; and with a piece of a kid I made some very good broth, though I wanted oatmeal, and several other ingredients requisite to make it as good as I would have had it be.

DEFOE.

èarth-en *ví-o-lent* *mis-shápen*
clí-mate *hást-i-ly* *mis-cár-ry*
hánd-ling *èm-bers* *lá-boured*
weight (*wát*) *straw* (*strō*)
wait (*wát*) *bruised* (*brúzd*)
de-sign (*de-zín*) *kiln* (*kìl*)
awk-ward (*ōk-wŏrd*)

li-quid, fluid, capable of flowing, like water. Lat. *liquidus*, from *liqueo*, "I melt."
kiln (*kìl*), large stove or oven.
gràd-ŭ-al-ly, by degrees, step by step. From Lat. *gradus*, a step.
a-báte, lessen, grow less.
ex-pèr-i-ment, trial. Lat. *experior*, "I try."
in-gréd-i-ent, element, component part; what *enters into* a compound or mixture. From Lat. *in*, "into," and *gradior*, "I go."

*

YOUNG AND THOUGHTLESS.

IN a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided.
So securely they lived on that fortunate spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day the young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden return'd with such joy in her eyes,
That her grey, sedate parent express'd some surprise.

"O Mother!" said she, "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a mouse;
And those tales can't be true which you always are telling,
For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear,
If ten cats with their kittens at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these,
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
'Twas so nice, I had put in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

"Ah child," said her mother, "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
Do not think all that trouble they took for our *good*,
They would catch us, and *kill* us all there, if they could,
As they've caught and kill'd scores; and I never could learn
That a mouse who once enter'd did ever return!"

Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.

se-cure'-ly	*èn-vied*	*ex-prèssed*
fȯr-tun-ate	*ex-cùr-sion*	*sur-prîse*
cȧt	*caught* (*kōt*)	

dain'-ties, *toothsome* things, things nice to taste, delicacies. Lat. *dent-*, "tooth."

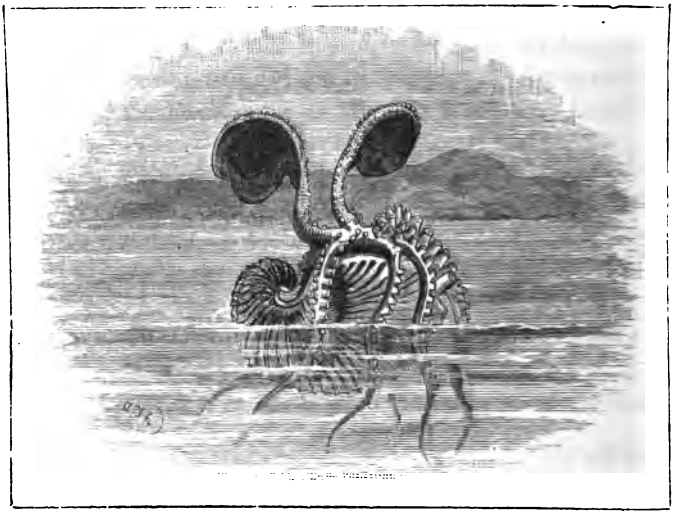
pro-vid-ed, furnished. From Lat. *pro*, "before," and *video*, "I see."

re-sid-ed, dwelt, lived. From Lat. *re*, "again," and *sedeo*, "I sit."

sed-ate, settled, quiet, grave. Lat. *sedātus*, "settled," "caused to sit."

con-vinced, persuaded, made to believe. From Lat. *con*, "together, completely," and *vinco*, "I conquer, overcome."

con-struct, build, erect. From *con*, "together," and *structum*, "to build."



THE NAUTILUS.

THE shell of the Nautilus is extremely beautiful; but, beyond this, there is little truth in the pretty fables that used to be told about it. The story, very commonly accepted, was, that the nautilus, on coming to the surface, raised two arms and spread them out as sails, at the same time applying six legs as paddles. And thus it floated, as in the figure at the top of the page, over the surface of the calm waters. Whenever it was stopped in its course, or feared danger from above, it instantly furled its sails, caught in all its oars, turned its shell mouth downwards (like a boat keel upwards), and at once dropped to the bottom like a stone.

Another animal, called the Argonaut (that is, "sailor in the *Argo*," a ship that went on a famous voyage of adventure, according to the old Greek fable), has a shell very similar to the shell of the true Nautilus. Thus it has frequently been confounded with the nautilus, and indeed is very generally known as the Paper Nautilus—its shell being as thin as paper, and exceedingly fragile; although, while the animal is living, it is elastic and yielding. Besides, two of its arms are much expanded at their extremities; they are not held up for sails, however, but are stretched back over the shell, clasping it tightly, and covering the larger portion of it. In fact, it is these arms that build up the shell, repair it when injured, and mould the substance of it into shape. The argonaut has a curious way of swimming, very different from that ascribed to the nautilus. It gathers its six arms in front of its mouth, like a long beak, so as not to resist the water very much. Then it passes the water which it breathes over its gills, into a pretty long tube, whose mouth is directed towards the head of the animal; and, by violently ejecting this water, it forces itself to move backwards.

There are three species of true Nautilus. The best-known and most abundant species is the Chambered or Pearly Nautilus. The shell is thicker than the Argonaut's, and very strong. Externally, it is like porcelain, white, and streaked with reddish chestnut. Internally, it is divided by partitions into numerous compartments or chambers. These do not exist from

the first, but are added on, one after another, as the nautilus grows larger. The animal does not occupy all the chambers, but only the outermost one. Still they are all connected together by a central membranous tube, the use of which is not certainly known.

ār-go-naut (*-nŏt*) *ex-trĕm-i-ties* *in-tẽrn-al-ly*
ví-o-lent-ly *ex-ceed'-ing-ly* *ex-tẽrn-al-ly*

Nau'-ti-lus (*nō-*), "little sailor," from Lat. *nauta*, "a sailor."
par-ti-tion, division, fence.
ex-pànd, unfold, spread out.
mĕm-bran-ous, consisting of membranes (thin, skin-like tissue).

THE NAUTILUS.

THE Nautilus ever loves to glide
Upon the crest of the radiant tide.
When the sky is clear and the wave is bright,
Look over the sea for a lovely sight!
You may watch and watch for many a mile,
And never see Nautilus all the while,
Till, just as your patience is nearly lost,
Lo! there is a bark in the sunlight tossed!

"Sail ho! and whither away so fast?"
What a curious thing she has rigged for a mast!
"Ahoy! ahoy! don't you hear our hail?"
How the breeze is swelling her gossamer sail!
The good ship Nautilus—yes, 'tis she,
Sailing over the gold of the placid sea;

And though she will never deign reply,
I could tell her hull with the glance of an eye.

Now, I wonder where Nautilus can be bound;
Or does she always sail round and round,
With the fairy queen and her court on board,
And mariner-sprites, a glittering horde?
Does she roam and roam till the evening light?
And where does she go in the deep midnight?
So crazy a vessel could hardly sail,
Or weather the blow of "a fine stiff gale."

O, the selfsame hand that holds the chain
Which the ocean binds to the rocky main—
Which guards from the wreck when the tempest raves,
And the stout ship reels on the surging waves—
Directs the course of thy little bark,
And in the light or the shadow dark,
And near the shore or far at sea,
Makes safe a billowy path for thee!

Park Benjamin.

pá-tience *re-ply'* *shàd-ow*
whì-ther *di-rècts* *bìl-low-y*

rá-di-ant, shining, bright. Strictly, sending forth rays, or lines of light, which appear to come from the same point like *spokes* of a wheel. Lat. *radius*, "a spoke."

gòs-sa-mer sail, thin, flimsy-looking sail, like gossamer.

plà-cid, pleasing, calm, tranquil. Lat. *placidus*, from *placeo*, "I please."

deign, condescend, think it worthy of her to do something. French, *daigner*, from Lat. *dignus*, "worthy."

EARLY DWELLERS IN BRITAIN.

FROM things which have been found in old graves and elsewhere, both in Britain and in other lands, it seems most likely that people once lived in Britain who must have been mere savages, without the use of metal, people who lived wholly by hunting and fishing. They had arrows and spear-heads of flint, and axes and hammers of stone. Think what trouble it must have been to do the commonest things with such tools. After them came a time when men had the use of bronze, and, last of all, the use of iron as we have now. You may have seen or heard of buildings, if we may call them buildings, made of great rough stones, which are called *cromlechs*. These have often been mistaken for altars, but they really are graves. Huge uncut stones were piled up without being joined by any mortar, and they were covered over with earth and smaller stones, so as to make a tump or barrow. These cromlechs, it seems most likely, are the graves of the first dwellers in the land, who had no use of metal. Of these very early times we can find out nothing, except from graves and such like remains, as of course we have no books that were written then. But there is every reason to think that the people who made these great and strange works were the oldest people who lived in these islands, before the Celts, that is the Welsh and Irish, came into the land.

E. A. FREEMAN.

èlse-where *bu'ild-ings* *mòr-tar*
còm-mon-est *re-mains'* *bàr-row*
whól-ly (*hól-li*) *al'-tar* (*ōl-tar*)

mére, pure, nothing but. Lat. *merus*.
sàv-age, man of the woods. French, *sauvage*, from Lat. *silvaticus*, from *silva*, "a wood."

ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

flow'-er-y *cows'-lip* *sal-úte*
boun'-teous *prìm-rose* *wèl-come*

hār-bin-ger, forerunner, one that goes before another to announce his coming.
in-spire, breathe into one. Lat. *in*, "into," and *spiro*, "I breathe."
are of thy dressing. Express this in another form.

TROUT FLY-FISHING.

BUT of all places commend me in the still of the evening to the long placid pool, shallow on one side, with deeper water and an abrupt overhanging bank opposite. Where the sun has shone all day, and legions of ephemeræ sported in its declining rays; the bloom of the rye or clover scenting the air from the adjoining field! Now light a fresh pipe, and put on a pale Ginger Hackle for a tail fly, and a little white-winged Coachman for a dropper. Then wade in cautiously—move like a shadow—don't make a ripple. Cast slowly; long, light; let your stretcher sink a little. There, he has taken the Ginger—lead him around gently to the shallow side as you reel him in, but don't move from your position—let him tug a while, put your net under him, break his neck and slip him into your creel. Draw your line through the rings—cast again; another, and another. Keep on until you can see only the ripple made by your fly; or know when it falls by the slight tremor it imparts through the whole line down to your hand—until the whip-poor-will begins his evening song, and the little water-frog tweets in the grass close by. Not till then is it time to go home.

And so my friend asked me if it was not very lonesome fishing by myself. Why, these little people of

the woods are much better company than folks who continually bore you with the weather, and the state of their stomachs and livers, and what they ate for breakfast, or the price of gold, or the stock-market, when you have forgotten whether you have a liver or not, and don't care the toss of a penny what the price of gold is, or whether this or that stock is up or down. Lonesome! It was only just now the red squirrel came down the limb of that birch, whisking his bushy tail, and chattering almost in my face. The mink, as he snuffed the fish-tainted air from my old creel, came out from his hole among the rocks and ran along within a few feet of me. Did he take my old coat to be a part of this rock, covered with lichens and gray mosses? I recollect once, in the dim twilight of evening, a doe with her fawns came down to the stream to drink; I had the wind of her, and could see into her great motherly eyes as she raised her head. A moment since the noisy kingfisher poised himself on the dead branch of the hemlock, over my left shoulder, as if he would peep into the hole of my fish-basket. The little warbler sang in the alders close by my old felt hat, as if he would burst his swelling throat with his loud, glad song. Did either of them know that I am of a race whose first impulse is to throw a stone or shoot a gun at them? And the sparrow-hawk on that leafless spray extending over the water, sitting there as grave and dignified as a bank president when you ask him for a discount; is he aware that I can tap him on the head with the tip of my rod? These are some of the simple

incidents on the stream which afterwards awaken memories,

> "That like voices from afar off
> Call to us to pause and listen,
> Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
> Scarcely can the ear distinguish
> Whether they are sung or spoken."

But I must start for the open water below. What a glorious haze there is just now, and how demurely the world's great eye peeps through it! Trout are not very shy though before the middle of May, even when the sun is bright. I have sometimes taken my best fish at high noon at this season of the year. I am as hungry as a horse-fly, though it is only "a wee short hour ayont[1] the twal."[2] So I'll unsling my creel by that big sycamore, and build my fire in the hollow of it for a trout-roast. If I burn the tree down there will be no action for trespass in a wooded country like this.

What boys are those crossing the foot-log? I'll press them into my service for a while, and make them bring wood for my fire. I know them now; the larger one has cause to remember me "with tears of gratitude," for I bestowed on him last summer a score of old flies, a used-up leader, and a limp old rod. He offered me the liberal sum of two shillings for the very implement I have in my hand now; and to buy three flies from me *at four cents a piece.* "Halloo, Paul! what have you done with the rod I gave you?—caught many trout

[1] Beyond. [2] Twelve.

with it this season? Come over the creek, you and your brother, and get me some dry wood, and gather a handful or two of the furze from that old birch to light it with. I'll give you a pair of flies—real gay ones."

THADDEUS NORRIS.

plà-cid	*ad-join'-ing*	*com'-pa-ny*
shàl-low	*cau'-tious-ly*	*con-tĭn-ŭ-al-ly*
lóne-some	*po-sĭ-tion*	*dĭg-ni-fied*
squĭr-rel	*war-bler* (*wōr-*)	*sỳc-a-more*
gló-ri-ous	*moth'-er-ly* (*mŭdh-*)	*dis-tĭn-guish*
be-stowed'	*mèm-or-ies*	*lĭb-er-al*

com-mènd, intrust, give over to. Lat. *com*, "together," and *mando*, "I order, command."

ab-rŭpt, *broken off*, steep. Lat. *ab*, "away," and *ruptus*, "broken."

eph-èm-e-ra, a fly that lives but for a day; May-fly. Greek, *epi*, "upon," and *hemera*, "a day."

de-clĭn-ing, *leaning downwards*, slanting. Lat. *de*, "down," and *clino*, "I bend, lean."

trèm-or, trembling. Lat. *tremor*, from *tremo*, "I tremble."

im-pārt, give a share, communicate. Lat. *im* (*in*), "into, towards," and *partio*, "I share, or part," from *pars*, "a part."

whip-poor-will, an American bird, so named from its cry. See p. 137. (The writer of this passage is an American.)

ĭm-pulse, the force that moves one to do anything; feeling that impels or urges one. Lat. *im* (*in*), "into, upon," and *pulsum*, "to drive."

prè-sid-ent, chairman, chief. Lat. *præ*, "before," and *sedeo*, "I sit."

in-cid-ent, something that happens, especially in the course of and alongside of a main action. Lat. *in*, and *cadens*, "falling."

de-mure'-ly, bashfully, modestly.

àc-tion, law-suit.

grăt-i-tude, thankfulness. Lat. *gratitudo*, from *gratus*, "grateful, thankful."

ĭm-ple-ment, tool; thing used to do any work with.

ON THE RIVER WITH THE ROD.

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebbed away—
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream
Descends the billowy foam—now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatched from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watery stores, prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonising folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks
The next, pursue their rocky-channelled maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots

Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The caverned bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

THOMSON.

tòr-rent	*e-làs-tic*	*dis-sèm-bled*
de-scènd	*shàd-ow-y*	*wa'-ter-y* (*wō-*)
slèn-der	*chàn-nelled*	*swal'-lowed* (*swòl-*)
cùrl-ing	*trèm-bling*	*un-com-plain'-ing*
jùdg-ing	*at-tèn-tive*	*hòl-lowed*
jèal-ous	*in-dìg-nant*	*un-re-sìst-ing*
càv-erned	*a-bàn-doned*	*pro-pór-tioned*
seize (*séz*)	*yield* (*yéld*)	*de-ceive'* (*de-cév*)

vèr-nal, spring-. Lat. *vernālis*, of or belonging to spring, from *ver*, "spring."

tìnc-tured, dyed, stained, coloured. Lat. *tinctūra*, "dyeing," from *tinctum*, "to moisten, dye, *tinge*."

prepare (line 9). What are you to prepare?

tòr-tured, extremely pained. Lat. *tortum*, "to twist, to rack with pain."

con-vùl-sive, drawing itself together violently. From Lat. *con*, "together," and *vulsum*, "to pluck or pull."

àg-on-ize, suffer agony or very great pain.

rap-à-cious, *seizing*, *grasping*, greedy, ravenous. Lat. *rapax*, from *rapio*, "I seize and carry off."

the tender hand. The hand, being the part specially engaged in removing the hook, is spoken of as feeling "pain and horror," instead of the person himself.

pót-ent, powerful. Lat. *potens*.

ĭs-sù-ing, going forth. Through French, from Lat. *ex*, "out, forth," and *ire*, "to go."

náì-ads, water-nymphs, female deities said to preside over rivers and springs. Greek, *naiades*, from *nao*, "I flow."

dù'-bì-ous, doubtful. Lat. *dubius*.

re-vèrt-ed, turned back. Lat. *re*, "back," and *verto*, "I turn."

ùnd-ul-ăt-ing, waving, rising and falling like a wave. Lat. *undula*, "a wavelet," from *unda*, "a wave."

de-lù-sive, *deluding*, cheating, deceiving, deceptive. Lat. *de*, "down," and *lusum*, "to play, sport with, mock."

plì-ant, flexible, bending easily. From French, *plier*, Lat. *plicare*, "to fold, plait."

vì-tal, life-giving, necessary to life. Lat. *vitālis*, from *vita*, "life," from *vivo*, "I live."

dis-en-gàge, release, loose, set free. Observe the force of *dis-*.

pènd-ent, hanging. Lat. *pendeo*, "I hang."

mòn-arch, sovereign, king. Greek, *monos*, "alone," and *archos*, "ruler."

ooze, slime, soft mud.

Write out in prose the substance of this passage. It may suffice for two or three compositions.

FISHING IN FORBIDDEN WATERS.

BUT now came on the may-fly season; the soft hazy summer weather lay sleepily along the rich meadows by Avon side, and the green and grey flies flickered with their graceful lazy up and down flight over the reeds and the water and the meadows, in myriads upon myriads. The may-flies must surely be the lotus-eaters of the ephemeræ; the happiest, laziest, carelessest fly that dances and dreams out his few hours of sunshiny life by English rivers.

Every little pitiful coarse fish in the Avon was on the alert for the flies, and gorging his wretched carcase

with hundreds daily, the gluttonous rogues! and every lover of the gentle craft was out to avenge the poor may-flies.

So one fine Thursday afternoon, Tom having borrowed East's new rod, started by himself to the river. He fished for some time with small success, not a fish would rise at him; but, as he prowled along the bank, he was presently aware of mighty ones feeding in a pool on the opposite side, under the shade of a huge willow-tree. The stream was deep here, but some fifty yards below was a shallow, for which he made off hot-foot; and forgetting landlords, keepers, solemn prohibitions of the Doctor, and everything else, pulled up his trousers, plunged across, and in three minutes was creeping along on all fours towards the clump of willows.

It isn't often that great chub, or any other coarse fish, are in earnest about anything, but just then they were thoroughly bent on feeding, and in half-an-hour Master Tom had deposited three thumping fellows at the foot of the giant willow. As he was baiting for a fourth pounder, and just going to throw in again, he became aware of a man coming up the bank not one hundred yards off. Another look told him that it was the under-keeper. Could he reach the shallow before him? No, not carrying his rod. Nothing for it but the tree: so Tom laid his bones to it, shinning up as fast as he could, and dragging up his rod after him. He had just time to reach and crouch along upon a huge branch some ten feet up, which stretched out over

the river, when the keeper arrived at the clump. Tom's heart beat fast as he came under the tree; two steps more and he would have passed, when, as ill-luck would have it, the gleam on the scales of the dead fish caught his eye, and he made a dead point at the foot of the tree. He picked up the fish one by one; his eye and touch told him that they had been alive and feeding within the hour. Tom crouched lower along the branch, and heard the keeper beating the clump. "If I could only get the rod hidden," thought he, and began gently shifting it to get it alongside him; "willow-trees don't throw out straight hickory shoots twelve feet long, with no leaves, worse luck." Alas! the keeper catches the rustle, and then a sight of the rod, and then of Tom's hand and arm.

"Oh, be up ther' be 'ee?" says he, running under the tree. "Now you come down this minute."

"Tree'd at last," thinks Tom, making no answer, and keeping as close as possible, but working away at the rod, which he takes to pieces: "I'm in for it, unless I can starve him out." And then he begins to meditate getting along the branch for a plunge and scramble to the other side; but the small branches are so thick, and the opposite bank so difficult, that the keeper will have lots of time to get round by the ford before he can get out, so he gives that up. And now he hears the keeper beginning to scramble up the trunk. That will never do; so he scrambles himself back to where his branch joins the trunk, and stands with lifted rod.

"Hullo, Velveteens, mind your fingers if you come any higher."

The keeper stops and looks up, and then with a grin says, "Oh! be you, be it, young measter? Well, here's luck. Now I tells 'ee to come down at once, and 't'll be best for 'ee."

"Thank 'ee, Velveteens, I'm very comfortable," said Tom, shortening the rod in his hand, and preparing for battle.

"Werry well, please yourself," says the keeper, descending however to the ground again, and taking his seat on the bank; "I bean't in no hurry, so you med take your time. I'll larn 'ee to gee honest folk names afore I've done with 'ee."

"My luck as usual," thinks Tom; "what a fool I was to give him a black. If I'd called him 'keeper' now, I might get off. The return match is all his way."

The keeper quietly proceeded to take out his pipe, fill, and light it, keeping an eye on Tom, who now sat disconsolately across the branch, looking at keeper—a pitiful sight for men and fishes. The more he thought of it, the less he liked it. "It must be getting near second calling-over," thinks he. Keeper smokes on stolidly. "If he takes me up, I shall be flogged safe enough. I can't sit here all night. Wonder if he'll rise at silver."

"I say, keeper," said he, meekly, "let me go for two bob?"

"Not for twenty neither," grunts his persecutor.

And so they sat on till long past second calling-over;

and the sun came slanting in through the willow-branches, and telling of locking-up near at hand.

"I'm coming down, keeper," said Tom at last with a sigh, fairly tired out. "Now what are you going to do?"

"Walk 'ee up to School, and give 'ee over to the Doctor; them's my orders," says Velveteens, knocking the ashes out of his fourth pipe, and standing up and shaking himself.

"Very good," said Tom; "but hands off, you know. I'll go with you quietly, so no collaring or that sort of thing."

Keeper looked at him a minute. "Werry good," said he at last; and so Tom descended, and wended his way drearily by the side of the keeper up to the School-house, where they arrived just at locking-up. As they passed the School-gates, the Tadpole and several others who were standing there caught the state of things, and rushed out, crying "Rescue!" but Tom shook his head, so they only followed to the Doctor's gate, and went back sorely puzzled.

How changed and stern the Doctor seemed from the last time that Tom was up there, as the keeper told the story, not omitting to state how Tom had called him blackguard names. "Indeed, sir," broke in the culprit, "it was only Velveteens." The Doctor only asked one question.

"You know the rule about the banks, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then wait for me to-morrow, after first lesson."

"I thought so," muttered Tom.

"And about the rod, sir?" went on the keeper; "Master's told we as we might have all the rods—"

"Oh, please, sir," broke in Tom, "the rod isn't mine."

The Doctor looked puzzled, but the keeper, who was a good-hearted fellow, and melted at Tom's evident distress, gave up his claim. Tom was flogged next morning, and a few days afterwards met Velveteens, and presented him with half-a-crown for giving up the rod claim, and they became sworn friends; and I regret to say that Tom had many more fish from under the willow that may-fly season, and was never caught again by Velveteens.

T. HUGHES.

sleep'-i-ly	*sŭn-shĭn-y*	*thôr-ough-ly*
eph-èm-er-œ	*glŭt-ton-ous*	*dréar-i-ly*
cáre-less-est	*bôr-rowed*	*blâck-guard*

mỳr-i-ad, a countless number; Greek, *murias*, the number of ten thousand.

lŏ-tus, a shrub, whose fruit caused sleepiness or forgetfulness.

sòl-emn (*sòl-em*), serious, grave.

pro-hib-i-tion, forbidding, bidding or ordering one not to do something. Lat. *pro*, "before," and *habeo*, "have or hold."

de-pò-sit, lay down. Lat. *de*, "down," and *positum*, "to place."

mèd-it-ate, think over.

hcrs's luck. Tom had chaffed this keeper a short time before, and the keeper had hitherto got no opportunity to punish him.

dis-cŏn-sol-ate-ly, without consolation, or comfort, in low spirits.

stòl-id-ly, without energy or hurry, taking it coolly.

pèr-se-cŭ-tor, one that persecutes, or follows another steadily and vexatiously. Lat. *per*, "through," and *sequor*, *secutus*, "to follow."

rès-cue, set free, deliver.

cùl-prit, person in fault. From Lat. *culpa*, "fault."

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TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring:
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

dǎf-fo-dil, a plant of the lily kind, with deep yellow flowers, also called king's spear. The name is corrupted from French (*fleur*) *d'asphodèle*, "flower of asphodel," Greek *asphòdelos*.

de-cay', *falling down, off, or away*, wasting away. Lat. *de*, "down," and *cado*, "I fall."

THE ANGLER AND THE LITTLE FISH.

A MAN was angling in the river one day, and caught a small perch. As he was taking it off the hook and going to put it into his basket, the fish opened its mouth and began to implore his pity, begging that he would throw it into the river again. "And why should I have pity on you and throw you into the river again?" asked the man. "Why," said the fish, "because at present I am but young and little, and therefore not so well worth your while as I shall be if you take me some time hence, when I am grown larger." "That may be," replied the man, "but I am not one of those fools that give up what they have for certain, in the mere hope of gaining something that is altogether uncertain." ÆSOP.

àngling (àng-gling)	*caught (kōt)*	*re-plíed*
bàsk-et	*be-cause'*	*al'-to-gèth-er*
im-plóre	*there'-fore*	*un-cèr-tain*

BEE-HUNTERS.

ONE of the most important and valuable products of the island of Timor, in the Malay Archipelago, is bees'-wax. This is formed by the wild bees, which build huge honeycombs, suspended in the open air from the under-side of the lofty branches of the highest trees. These are of a semicircular form, and often three or four feet in diameter. I once saw the natives take a bees' nest, and a very interesting sight it was. In the

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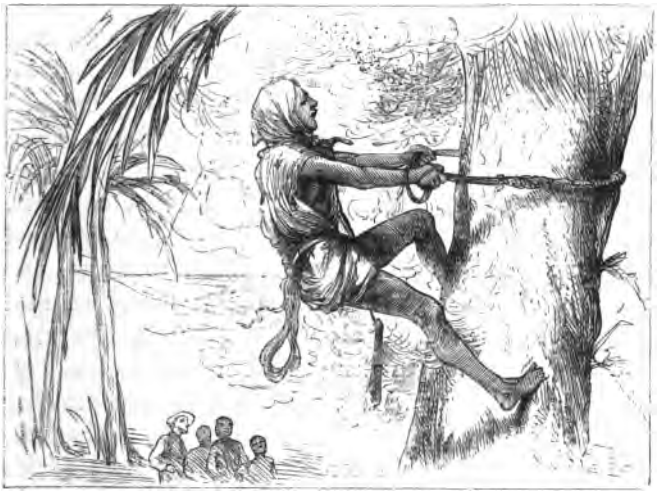
valley where I used to collect insects, I one day saw three or four Timorese men and boys under a high tree, and, looking up, saw on a very lofty horizontal branch three large bees' combs. The tree was straight and smooth-barked and without a branch, till at seventy or eighty feet from the ground it gave out the limb which the bees had chosen for their home. As the men were evidently looking after the bees, I waited to watch their operations. One of them first produced a long piece of wood, apparently the stem of a small tree or creeper, which he had brought with him, and began splitting it through in several directions, which showed that it was very tough and stringy. He then wrapped it in palm-leaves, which were secured by twisting a slender creeper round them. He then fastened his cloth tightly round his loins, and producing another cloth wrapped it round his head, neck, and body, and tied it firmly round his neck, leaving his face, arms, and legs completely bare. Slung to his girdle he carried a long thin coil of cord; and while he had been making these preparations one of his companions had cut a strong creeper or bush-rope eight or ten yards long, to one end of which the wood-torch was fastened, and lighted at the bottom, emitting a steady stream of smoke. Just above the torch a chopping-knife was fastened by a short cord.

The bee-hunter now took hold of the bush-rope just above the torch and passed the other end round the trunk of the tree, holding one end in each hand. Jerking it up the tree a little above his head, he set

his foot against the trunk, and leaning back began walking up it. It was wonderful to see the skill with which he took advantage of the slightest irregularities of the bark or obliquity of the stem to aid his ascent, jerking the stiff creeper a few feet higher when he had found a firm hold for his bare foot. It almost made



me giddy to look at him as he rapidly got up—thirty, forty, fifty feet above the ground; and I kept wondering how he could possibly mount the next few feet of straight smooth trunk. Still, however, he kept on with as much coolness and apparent certainty as if he were going up a ladder, till he had got within ten or fifteen feet of the bees. Then he stopped a moment,

and took care to swing the torch (which hung just at his feet) a little towards these dangerous insects, so as to send up the stream of smoke between him and them. Still going on, in a minute more he brought himself under the limb, and, in a manner quite unintelligible to me, seeing that both hands were occupied in supporting himself by the creeper, managed to get upon it.

By this time the bees began to be alarmed, and formed a dense buzzing swarm just over him, but he brought the torch up closer to him, and coolly brushed away those that settled on his arms or legs. Then stretching himself along the limb, he crept towards the nearest comb and swung the torch just under it. The moment the smoke touched it, its colour changed in a most curious manner from black to white, the myriads of bees that had covered it flying off and forming a dense cloud above and around. The man then lay at full length along the limb, and brushed off the remaining bees with his hand, and then drawing his knife cut off the comb at one slice close to the tree, and attaching the thin cord to it, let it down to his companions below. He was all this time enveloped in a crowd of angry bees, and how he bore their stings so coolly, and went on with his work at that giddy height so deliberately, was more than I could understand. The bees were evidently not stupefied by the smoke or driven away far by it, and it was impossible that the small stream from the torch could protect his whole body when at work. There were three other combs on

the same tree, and all were successively taken, and furnished the whole party with a luscious feast of honey and young bees, as well as a valuable lot of wax.

After two of the combs had been let down, the bees became rather numerous below, flying about wildly and stinging viciously. Several got about me, and I was soon stung, and had to run away, beating them off with my net and capturing them for specimens. Several of them followed me for at least half a mile, getting into my hair and persecuting me most pertinaciously, so that I was more astonished than ever at the immunity of the natives. I am inclined to think that slow and deliberate motion, and no attempt at escape, are perhaps the best safeguards. A bee settling on a passive native probably behaves as it would on a tree or other inanimate substance, which it does not attempt to sting. Still they must often suffer, but they are used to the pain and learn to bear it impassively, as without doing so no man could be a bee-hunter.

A. R. WALLACE.

vàl-ŭ-a-ble *Ti-mor-ése* *ìn-sects*
hon'-ey-comb (hŭn-) *o-per-á-tions* *com-plète-ly*
stu'-pe-fied *ap-pár-ent-ly* *cèr-tain-ty*
spè-ci-mens *ad-vàn-tage* *màn-aged*
pèr-se-cŭt-ing *myr'-i-ads* *fŭr-nished*
de-lĭb-er-ate *càp-tŭr-ing* *sáfe-guards*

used (yúzd) *brought (brōt)*
lĭmb (lĭm) *tight (tít)*
wrap (ràp) *slight (slít)*

prò-ducts, things produced, grown or made. Lat. *pro*, "before, forward," and *ductum*, "to draw, or bring."

Ar-chi-pèl-a-go, a sea with many islands in it, a group of islands. Greek, *archi*, "chief," and *pelagos*, "sea." The name was originally given to the "chief sea" of the Greeks, the Ægean Sea, which contains very many islands.

sus-pènd-ed, hung beneath, hanging down from. Lat. *sus* (*sub*), "under," and *pendo*, "I hang up."

sèm-i-cir-cŭl-ar, like a half circle.

di-à-me-ter, *the measure through*, or *across*, a straight line passing through the centre of a circle and touching the circumference with its two ends. Greek, *dia*, "through," and *metron*, "measure."

hor-i-zòn-tal, on a line with the horizon, level, stretching right out from the trunk. The opposite is "perpendicular," or "vertical."

e-mit, send out, give forth. Lat. *e*, "out," and *mitto*, "I send."

ir-reg-ŭl-àr-i-ties, parts jutting out, or hollow, not straight and smooth. Lat. *ir* (*in*), 'not," and *regularis*, "regular," from *regula*, "rule;" parts where the form of the tree departs from the rule, or regular shape.

ob-li-qui-ty, slant, crookedness.

un-in-tèl-li-gi-ble, not understandable. From English *un*, "not," and Lat. *intélligo*, "I understand." The meaning is expressed in other words in another part of the lesson.

en-vèl-op, to surround on all sides.

de-lib-er-ate-ly, coolly, without hurry or excitement, like one whose mind is firmly made up. Lat. *deliberatum*, "to weigh well in one's mind, consider well," from *de*, "down," and *libratum*, "to weigh, to balance," from *libra*, "a balance."

suc-cèss-ive-ly, one succeeding another, one after another. Lat. *suc* (*sub*), "under," or "after," and *cessum*, "to go."

lŭs-cious, delightfully sweet.

vi-cious-ly, wickedly, angrily and sorely. Lat. *vitium*, "vice, fault."

per-tin-á-cious-ly, obstinately, determinedly. Lat. *pertinax*, from *per*, "thoroughly," and *tenax*, "tenacious," from

teneo, "I hold,"—holding on to a thing and doggedly refusing to let go.

im-mun'-i-ty (*-myún-*), freedom from obligation, or duty; here, from harm. Lat. *immunitas*, from *in* (*in*), "not," and *munus*, "a duty," or "charge."

pàss-ive, *suffering*, making no resistance, remaining quite still. Lat. *patior*, *passus*, "to suffer."

in-àn-i-mate, without animal life, lifeless, dead. Lat. *in*, "not," and *animatus*, "endowed with life," from *anima*, "life, breath."

im-pàss-ive-ly, as if not suffering or feeling pain.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so grey,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy, bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee!

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Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee,
What is the end of thy toil!
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil;
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee!

SOUTHEY.

a-broad' (*a-brōd*)	*work'-ing*	*sil-ence*
rìsen (*rìzn*)	*hóard-ing*	*en-joy'*

be-times' (*bĕ-tímz*), early, in good time.
mí-ser, one that hoards, or lays up, as much money as ever he can. Lat. *miser*, "wretched."
em-ploy', work, business.
in-tènt, eager, with mind fixed.

THE CALIFORNIAN GRIZZLY.

THE grizzly bear is the largest and most formidable of the quadrupeds of California. He grows to be four feet high and seven feet long, with a weight, when very large and fat, of two thousand pounds, being the largest of the carnivorous animals, and much heavier than the lion or tiger ever get to be, but ordinarily does not exceed eight or nine hundred pounds in weight. In colour the body is a light greyish-brown, dark brown about the ears and along the ridge of the back, and nearly black on the legs. The hair is long, coarse, and wiry, and stiff on the top of the neck and between the

shoulders. The "grizzly," as he is usually called, is more common in California than any other kind of bear, and was at one time exceedingly numerous for so large an animal; but he offered so much meat for the hunters, and did so much damage to the farmers, that he has been industriously hunted, and his numbers have been greatly reduced. He ranges throughout the State, but prefers to make his home in the chaparral or bushes, whereas the black bear likes the heavy timber. The grizzly is very tenacious of life, and he is seldom immediately killed by a single bullet. His thick, wiry hair, tough skin, heavy coats of fat when in good condition, and large bones, go far to protect his vital organs; but he often seems to preserve all his strength and activity for an hour or more after having been shot through the lungs and liver with large rifle balls. He is one of the most dangerous animals to attack. There is much probability that when shot he will not be killed outright. When merely wounded he is ferocious; his weight and strength are so great that he bears down all opposition before him; and he is very quick, his speed in running being nearly equal to that of the horse. In attacking a man, he usually rises on his hind legs, strikes his enemy with one of his powerful fore-paws, and then commences to bite him. If the man lies still with his face down, the bear will usually content himself with biting him for a while about the arms and legs, then go off a few steps, and after watching him a short time, will go away. But let the man move, and the bear is upon him again; let him fight, and he will be in imminent

danger of being torn to pieces. About half a dozen men, on an average, are killed yearly in California by grizzly bears, and as many more are cruelly mutilated.

Fortunately the grizzly bear is not disposed to attack man, and never makes the first assault, unless driven by hunger or maternal anxiety. The dam will attack

any man who comes near her cubs, and on this account it is dangerous to go in the early summer afoot through chaparral where bears make their home. Usually a grizzly will get out of the way when he sees or hears a man, and sometimes, but rarely, will run when wounded. It is said that grizzlies, in seasons of scarcity, used to

break into the huts of the Indians and eat them. No instance of this kind, however, has been reported for some years past.

The greater portion of the food of the grizzly is vegetable, such as grass, clover, berries, acorns, and roots. The manzanita, service, salmon, and whortleberries, are all favourites with him. The roots which he eats are of many different species, and it was from him that we learned the existence of a Californian truffle, very similar to the European tuber of the same name. The grizzly is very fond of fresh pork, at least after he knows its taste, which he soon learns if swine come within his reach. The farmers in those districts where the bears are abundant shut up their hogs every night in corrals or pens, surrounded by very strong and high fences, which the bears frequently tear down. After having killed a hog, if any part of the carcase is left, the grizzly will return at night and feast upon the remains until it becomes putrid. He prefers, however, the fresh pork, if it can be had. Not unfrequently the grizzly discovers the carcases of deer, elk, and antelope, killed by hunters, who have gone off after horses to carry their game home. In such cases the hunter usually finds little left for him when he gets back. They do not like climbing, and rarely attempt to ascend trees. The grizzly, though he often moves about, and feeds in the day, prefers the night, and almost invariably selects it as the time for approaching houses, as he often does, in search of food. The cub is one of the most playful, good-humoured, and amusing

of animals. He will tumble somersaults, sit up on his haunches and box, and in some of his pranks will show a humour and intelligence scarcely inferior to that of very young children. The grizzly may easily be tamed, and it becomes very fond of its master. Adams, the Californian mountaineer and bear-hunter, trained several grizzlies so that they accompanied him in his hunting excursions, defended him against wild animals, and carried burdens for him. The meat of the young grizzly resembles pork in texture and taste, exceeding it in juiciness and greasiness; but the meat of the old he-bear is extremely strong, and to delicate stomachs it is nauseating.

J. S. HITTELL.

ôr-din-ar-i-ly	*anx-í-e-ty*	*vît-al*
im-méd-i-ate-ly	*ac-tĭv-i-ty*	*ăv-er-age*
prob-a-bĭl-i-ty	*fer-ó-cious*	*cār-case*
vè-get-a-ble	*ex-cŭr-sion*	*stŏm-ach*

fôr-mid-a-ble, fearsome, frightful; to be feared.

quad'-ru-peds, four-footed animals. Lat. *quattuor*, "four," and *pes* (*pedis*), "a foot."

cărn-i-vor-ous, flesh-eating. Lat. *carnem*, "flesh," and *voro*, "I devour."

in-dŭs-tri-ous-ly, with industry, with steady, hard work.

re-duced', brought down, made less. Lat. *re*, "back," and *duco*, "I lead."

ten-á-cious, holding firmly to anything. Lat. *tenacem*, from *teneo*, "I hold."

ĭm-min-ent, lit. projecting upon, leaning as if going to fall upon; very near, just going to happen. Lat. *im* (*in*), "in, upon," and *mineo*, "I project, or jut out."

mu'-til-ate, maim, mangle, cut or tear, or break, so as to make imperfect.

as-sault' (*as-sôlt*), attack, sudden

and violent; lit. leaping upon. Lat. *ad*, "to, upon," and *saltum*, "to leap."

ma-tèr-nal, motherly, of a mother. Lat. *mater*, "mother."

màn-za-ní-ta, lit. "little apple" (Spanish, *manzana*, "an apple"); "a dense, clump-like shrub, which grows as high as twelve feet and nearly as broad as it is high. It bears a pinkish-white blossom in clusters, and these are replaced by round, red berries about half an inch in diameter, with a pleasant acidulous taste." (Hittell).

sèr-vice, the mountain ash.

trùf-fle, a fleshy, roundish fungus growing underground.

tu'-ber, lit. a hump, swelling, or little knob; a thick, round, underground stem—as potato, turnip, &c.

pu'-trid, rotten, decayed.

in-vár-i-a-bly, without changing, regularly.

sòm-ęr-set, or "somersault," a leap, heels over head. A corrupted form from French *soubresaut*. Lat. *supra*, "over," and *saltus*, "a leap."

in-tèl-li-gence, understanding, capacity to know and to think.

nau'-se-ate, to cause disgust. "Nausea" is lit. "sea-sickness." Greek *naus*, "a ship."

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Drops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you tell me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the Angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the Husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his Wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the Wife should drink it first,
God help the Husband then!"
The stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the Cornishman said;
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me
For she took a bottle to Church."

SOUTHEY.

trà-vel-ler	*vèn-ture*	*re-ply'*
joy'-ful-ly	*crys'-tal*	*be-times*
bàch-el-or	*sùm-moned*	*sheep'-ish-ly*

draught (*drâft*) *war'-rant* (*wòr-rant*)

St. Keyne. A virgin daughter of a prince of Brecknockshire. She is said to have died in the year 490. Her festival used to be celebrated in Brecknockshire on October 8.

an if, an old form; sometimes also written "and if." "An" or "and" means "if;" so that "an if" is "if if," or "if indeed."

Tell the story in your own words.

HOW THE ROMANS CONQUERED BRITAIN.

THE first people who lived in the Isle of Britain of whom we really know anything were the Celts, that is to say, the Irish and the Welsh; and the first people of whom we know anything in that part of the island which is called England were the Welsh or Britons. But we know very little of the times when the Welsh lived in Britain as their own land, before the Romans conquered them. There are a great many strange stories told about their history, but nothing was written about these things till hundreds of years after the times when they were said to have happened. Therefore we cannot really believe anything that is told us about them.

The time when we first begin really to know anything about Britain is between fifty and sixty years before the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. At that time the greatest people in the world were the Romans. These were originally the people of the city of Rome in Italy. They were not so bold at sea as the Phœnicians, nor were they so clever and learned a people as the Greeks. They could not build such fine temples, or carve such beautiful statues, or make such eloquent speeches and poems as the Greeks could; but they were the best soldiers and the wisest law-makers that the world ever saw. Thus they were able gradually to conquer, first

all Italy, and then nearly all the world that they knew of, that is, all the countries round about the Mediterranean Sea. The people of Italy they gradually admitted to the same rights as themselves, so that at the time of which I am speaking, every Italian was reckoned as a Roman; but the lands out of Italy they made into *Provinces*, and the people of those lands were their subjects. There was no King in Rome, but the people of the Provinces had to obey the laws made by the Senate and People of Rome, and were governed by the magistrates whom the Romans sent to rule over them.

At this time the Roman governor in Gaul—that is, roughly, the country that we now know as France and Belgium—was named Caius Julius Cæsar. He is one of the most famous men in the whole history of the world. In many things he was a very bad man, and he thought more of his own greatness than of the good of his country; but there was much in him which made men love him, and as a soldier and a ruler hardly any man has ever been greater. Before his time the Roman Province of Gaul was only a small part of the country; Cæsar gradually conquered all Gaul, and he next wished to conquer Britain also, as it was so near Gaul, with only a narrow arm of the sea between them. He twice came over to Britain with his army, but he only visited the southern part of the island, and he cannot be said to have conquered any part of it. Britain did not become a Roman Province, nor did Cæsar leave any Roman governor or Roman soldiers

behind him. Still this coming over of Cæsar to Britain was a very important event. From that time Britain became much more known to the rest of the world than it had ever been before. Now that Cæsar had conquered all Gaul, parts of Britain could be seen from parts of the Roman dominions. A great deal more trade went on between Britain and other countries than had ever gone on before. And men at Rome often thought and spoke of making Britain a Roman Province as well as Gaul; but it was not till a good many years after Cæsar's time that this was really done.

Augustus, the first of the Roman Emperors and grand-nephew of Cæsar, several times spoke of conquering Britain; but he never did it, and he never really tried to do it. His successor, Tiberius, said that the Empire was large enough already. It was the third Emperor, Caius (who is sometimes called Caligula), who first professed to go and conquer the island of which men had heard so much; but Caius was a very foolish and bad prince, or rather, to speak the truth he was down-right mad. He did all sorts of silly things; he gave himself out for a god, and appointed priests to worship him—one of the priests being himself, and another his favourite horse. He was so fond of this horse that he was going to make him Consul or chief magistrate of Rome, when happily the horse died. You may suppose that such a man was not likely to conquer Britain or to do any other great thing. All that he did was to take an army to the coast of Gaul, near the town of Boulogne. There he set sail in a ship, but at once came back again.

The story says that he gave out that he had conquered the Ocean, and ordered his soldiers to fill their helmets with shells and to take them home by way of plunder. This was in the year A.D. 40, ninety-five years after the great Cæsar had first come over to Britain.

It was in the time of the fourth Emperor Claudius, that any part of Britain was first really conquered. Claudius himself came over in the year A.D. 43, and after him his generals, Plautius and Ostorius, went on with the war. There were then many tribes in Britain under

different chiefs, and sometimes some submitted while others still held out. The British chief who held out the longest and the most bravely was Caràdoc, whom the Romans called Caractacus. He was King of the Silurians, who lived in South Wales and the neighbouring parts. Caradoc and his people withstood the Romans bravely for several years, but at last he was defeated in a great battle, and he and his family were taken prisoners and led to Rome. When Caradoc saw that great and splendid city, he wondered that men who had such wealth and grandeur at home should come and meddle with him in his poor cottage in Britain. He was taken before the Emperor, who received him kindly, and gave him his liberty, and, according to some writers, allowed him still to reign in part of Britain as a prince subject to Rome. The Romans had very often before this put captive kings and generals to death, so that Claudius' kind treatment of Caradoc was really much to his honour.

After the time of Caradoc the war between the Romans and the Britons went on. Many parts of the island were still not conquered, and in those that were conquered, the ill-treatment of the Romans sometimes made the people revolt; that is, they took up arms to try and drive the Romans out of the country. In particular there was one Boadicéa, the widow of a King of the Icenians, who lived in what is now Norfolk and Suffolk, who made a great revolt against the Romans in the year 61, in the reign of the wicked Emperor Nero. The Roman governor Suetonius was

then at the other side of the island, fighting in Mona or Anglesey. Boadicea and her people were thus able to defeat the Romans for a while, and to destroy several of the towns where they lived. Among these was London, which was already a place of much trade; others were Verulam, near St. Alban's, and Camalodúnum, now called Colchester. You will understand that the Romans lived chiefly in towns, while the Britons, like all wild people, kept to the open country. So to attack and destroy the towns was to do the Romans the greatest harm that they could. Boadicea was a brave woman; she stood with a spear in her hand and a gold collar round her neck, and with her long hair streaming down, telling her people to fight well and to avenge all that they had suffered at the hands of the Romans. But though they were successful for a while, they could not stand long against the Roman soldiers, who knew how to fight so much better than they. When Suetonius came back, there was a great battle near London; the Britons were quite defeated; Boadicea killed herself, and so the war in that part of the island came to an end.

The man who at last really conquered Britain was Julius Agrĭcŏla, who was the Roman commander in the island from 78 to 84. He was a good man as well as a brave soldier, and he did all he could to civilise the people as well as to conquer them. He got further to the north than any Roman had done before him, and we may say that the Roman dominions now reached up to the line between the Firths of Forth and Clyde

in Scotland. If you look at your map, you will see that this is one of the points where the Isle of Britain is narrowest, much narrower than it is in any part of England, and narrower than most parts of Scotland. Along this line Agricola built a chain of forts, that is, a number of small castles, to defend the Roman Province against the wild people in the north of Britain, who were never fully conquered. Agricola made several campaigns further into Caledonia, as Scotland was then called, and he sailed round the north of the island and found out the Orkneys, which before were hardly known. But the part of Britain north of Agricola's forts was never really conquered; there was always fighting along the border, and the barbarians sometimes got further south into the Province itself.

Thus all Britain, except the northern part of Scotland, was conquered by the Romans, and it remained a Roman Province for more than three hundred years. The land was now ruled by Roman governors; sometimes the Roman Emperors themselves came over into Britain, and sometimes Emperors were chosen by the soldiers in Britain. The Britons soon found that it was better to submit quietly than to try to get rid of a yoke which they could not really cast off. So we may say that the whole country became Roman. Many Romans doubtless came to live in Britain, and many of the Britons tried to make themselves as much like Romans as they could. They learned to speak Latin, and to dress and live in the same way that the Romans did. Towns were built all over the country, and roads were made from one town

to another; for the Romans were amongst the best builders and the best road-makers that ever were in the world. Many remains of Roman walls and other buildings are still found, sometimes in towns which are still inhabited, and sometimes in places which are now deserted. Thus there are pieces of Roman work at Caerleon, Caerwent, Leicester, Lincoln, and many other towns, and also at places which are now forsaken, like Pevensey in Sussex and Burgh Castle in Suffolk. The Romans could not build such beautiful buildings either as the Greeks built before them or as Englishmen and Frenchmen have built since, but for building things which would last no people ever did better.

If we reckon from the first coming over of Claudius, we may say that Britain was a Roman Province from 43 to 410; that is, 367 years.

E. A. Freeman (adapted.)

cŏn-quered	*or-ì-gin-al-ly*	*péo-ple*
hìs-to-ry	*grăd-u-al-ly*	*sól-diers*
ré-al-ly	*Med-i-ter-rá-ne-an*	*south'-ern*
vìs-it-ed	*I-tăl-i-an*	*with-stood'*
suc-cèss-or	*neigh'-bour-ing*	*a-vènge*
com-mănd-er	*in-hăb-it-ed*	*ndr-row*

Phœ-nì-cians, the people of Carthage, a city and district in the north of Africa, on the Mediterranean Sea. This was the chief settlement formed by colonists from Phœnicia, a district of Syria, bordering on the Mediterranean; hence the name.

stàt-ue, a figure representing a living being, carved out of some solid substance, as marble, bronze, &c. Lat. *statua*, from *statuo*, "I set up."

è-lo-quent, able to speak powerfully. Lat. *e* (*ex*), "out," and *loquor*, "I speak."

ad-mìt-ted, received, took in, let in. Lat. *ad*, "to," and *mitto*, "I send.

rèck-oned, counted, numbered, considered.

Prò-vince, district, territory (*looked after* or *administered* from Rome). Lat. *provincia* (for *providentia*), from *pro*, "before," and *video*, "I see."

sèn-ate, the parliament. Lat. *senátus*, "the council of the elders," from *senex*, "old, aged."

mà-gis-trates, ruling officers. Lat. *magistratus*, from *magister*, "a master."

do-min-ions, territories, districts (governed or ruled). Lat. *dominium*, "the right of ownership," from *dominus*, "lord, master."

èm-per-or, sovereign. French, *empereur*. Lat. *imperatorem*, "commander," from *impero*, "I command."

sub-mìt-ted (themselves, or their power, or their persons), yielded, gave up. Lat. *sub*, "under," and *mitto*, "I send."

cìv-il-ize, to make *civil*, to render less barbarous or savage. Lat. *civilis*, "of or belonging to a *civis*, or citizen."

cam-paign (*-pán*), a fighting expedition; the time or season when an army is on service, or in the field. Lat. *campus*, "a plain, an open field."

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;

Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

COWPER.

war'-ri-or	*pro-phèt-ic*	*vènge-ance*
in-dìg-nant	*mòn-arch*	*be-stowed'*
hār-mon-y	*pìt-i-less*	*wrongs* (*ròngz*)

mien (*mén*), manner, bearing, aspect. French, *mine*, "air, look."

Drú-id, priest, or wise man, among the ancient Gauls and Britons. Lat. *druïdes*; connected with Greek *drus*, "the oak." They regarded the oak as sacred, and performed sacrifices and other religious rites under its shade, or in oak groves.

re-sènt-ment, deep feeling of injury; indignation, anger. Lat. *re*, "back, again," and *sentio*, "I feel."

ab-hòr, detest, hate, and shrink away from. Lat. *ab*, "from, away," and *horreo*, "I stand erect, shudder at."

the Gaul, &c. In the fifth century after Christ, the Roman Empire was overthrown by barbarous tribes from the north of Europe.

prò-gen-y, offspring. Lat. *progenies*, from *pro*, "before, forth," and *gen-*, "to beget, to bring forth, produce."

regions. In full: "regions *that* Cæsar never knew."

post-èr-i-ty, those that come *after*, descendants, successors. Lat. *posteritas*, from *posteri*, from *post*, "after."

sway, rule, govern. Shall sway —what?

eagles. The device on the principal Roman standards was an eagle.

"*None invincible as they*." Express this in full.

in-vìn-ci-ble, unconquerable, not to be overcome or defeated. Lat. *in*, "not," and *vincibilis*, "easy to conquer," from *vinco*, "I conquer."

prè-gnant, full of. Lat. *prægnans* (for *prægignens*), "big with young," from *præ*, "before," and *gigno*, "I beget, bring forth." Compare "progeny" above.

cel-èst-ial, heavenly. Lat. *cælum*, "heaven."

chords, strings.

RIDING TO CHURCH.

TOWARDS the end of the week we received a card from the two ladies, in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began

thus:—"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."—"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I, "though you need be under no uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon whether there be or not."—"That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?"—"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene."—"Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us."—"You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."—"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at: I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plough horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarcely done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do something as well as we? And let me

tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but, as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as I expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horseway, which was five miles round, though the footway was but two, and, when I got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted on one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred

yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. He was just recovering from this dismal situation when I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility. GOLDSMITH.

còm-pli-ments *un-éas-i-ness* *con-vey'ance*
sus-pì-cion *com-mènd-a-blè* *vì-cious*
pro-pós-al *be-háv-i-our* *pro-cèss-ion*
tòl-er-a-ble *trí-umph* *hu-mìl-i-ty*

re-céive *trùdging* *right* (*rít*)
per-céive *cùdgel* *plough* (*plou*)
siege (*séj*) *daughter* (*dōter*)

còn-se-quence, result, what follows and springs from a previous fact. Lat. *con*, "together," and *sequor*, "I follow."

còn-fer-ence, the *bringing together* of opinions, talking over a matter, discussion. Lat. *con*, "together," and *fero*, "I bring."

be-tray', to give over (to an enemy or opponent) what it is not intended that he should have or know.

lát-ent, lying hid, present but not seen, undiscovered.

dé-cent-ly, becomingly, as becomes one, in a proper manner. Lat. *decet*, "it is fitting, or proper."

pre-cau'-tions, measures taken beforehand. Lat. *præ*, "before," and *cautum*, "to take care."

*

ex-alt-ed, lifted up high. Lat. *ex*, "out," and *altus*, "high."
mòr-ti-fi-cá-tion, chagrin, great disappointment and vexation. Lat. *mortificatio*, "killing, death," from *mortem*, "death," and *facere*, "to make, cause."

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery;
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

MOORE.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND COAL-MINES.

OF all the coal-fields in England, Northumberland and Durham coal-field is the most important. It extends

as far north as the river Coquet, and as far south as the Tees. For the most part it extends quite to the margin of the sea on the east, while on the west it reaches about ten miles beyond a line drawn north and south through Newcastle. Throughout this district the coal strata "dip" or descend towards the east, and crop out or ascend towards the west. At one point a particular seam, called the High Main, lies at a depth of nearly a thousand feet; while at other spots the same seam rises nearly to the surface. Throughout the greater part of the coal-field the various beds of coal amount to upwards of eighty, consisting of alternating beds of coal, sandstone, and slate-clay. The thickness of the whole is about sixteen hundred feet—equal to nearly five times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral. All these seams of coal have different names. The two most important are called High Main and Low Main. They are each about six feet in thickness; the latter lies three or four hundred feet below the former, and eight seams of lesser thickness intervene between them. It is calculated that the entire aggregate thickness of workable coal is about thirty feet.

To those deep-lying coals we must ask the reader to pay a visit. Stepping into a basket, or a large iron tub, we are lowered by means of very strong ropes or chains. Arrived at the bottom of the pit, what do we see? Nothing, or nothing but darkness visible: all vestige of daylight is effectually shut out, and it is long before we become accustomed to the light of the candles carried by the men. Each one appears as a mere spark,

a point of light in the midst of intense darkness, for the walls or surfaces around are too dark to reflect much of the light. By degrees, however, the eye accommodates itself to the strange scene; and men are seen to be moving about in galleries or long passages, working in positions which would seem enough to break the back of an ordinary workman; while boys and horses are seen to be aiding in bringing the coal to the mouth of the pit. Some of those horses go through the whole of their career without seeing the light of day: they are born in the pit, reared in the pit, and die in the pit.

A coal-mine is not simply a pit with coal at the bottom of it. The pit is merely an entrance, from the bottom of which passages run out in every direction to a great distance. Those passages are cut in a "seam" of coal, and are a natural result of the mode of working the coal. If the whole of a seam of coal were worked away at once, the cavity left would be so large that the earthen roof, failing of support, would fall, burying all beneath it. There are portions left, therefore, called "pillars," to support the roof; and the self-interest of the coal-owner leads him to limit the size of these pillars as much as is consistent with safety. Passages lead between and around and among these pillars; and iron tramways are laid along the passages, to make it easy to move the tubs of coal from the workings to the shaft.

With regard to working the coal, the pitmen are obliged to adopt different methods according to the thickness of the seam. In ordinary cases the hewer

cuts with his pick a horizontal line at the bottom of the seam, to an extent of twelve or eighteen inches in front of him, and to this extent the coal is severed from the ground beneath. He then makes a few cuts upwards, to isolate the coal into huge blocks, which still adhere at the back and top to the general mass. The driving in

of a few wedges, or the application of gunpowder as a blast, soon brings down these blocks, in a more or less broken state.

The seams of coal, and the apertures where such seams have been, often give out gases, which, when mixed with common air, become very explosive. Hence it is important to drive these gases out of the mine as

quickly as possible, and this can be effected only by sending a constant current of air through the working. A complete system, as now adopted at the best collieries, comprises the *downcast-shaft*, for the descent of fresh air; the *upcast-shaft*, for the ascent of vitiated air; well-planned galleries, doors, and valves, throughout the whole of the mine; and a furnace at the bottom of the upcast-shaft to heat the ascending air, and make it ascend more rapidly. In some collieries the air is made to traverse an extent of thirty miles of galleries and passages. In former times, the dangerous contaminated passages were lighted only by sparks struck from a small instrument called a "steel mill," but the beautiful safety-lamp, or "Davy," as the miners familiarly term it, has superseded this. In this lamp there is a lamp-flame surrounded by a wire-gauze having very fine meshes, through which the air must pass to feed the flame; if the air be inflammable, the flame is confined within the gauze envelope. If the lamp be properly tended, it is one of the most precious boons that science ever gave to industry; if it be neglected, as it often is by the miners, those explosions take place which so frequently give rise to such fearful results.

The *hewer* is the actual coal-digger. Whether the seam be so narrow that he can hardly creep into it on hands and knees, or whether it be tall enough to stand upright in, he is the responsible workman who loosens the coal from its bed.

The *putter* drags the coal from the working to the passages, where horses are able to be employed in the

work. The crane-man manages the crane by which the great baskets of coal are transferred to the waggons. The *viewer* is the officer who is responsible for the work, and so on; for, as the reader has here means of observing, the colliers are not merely blackened-faced diggers and shovellers, who attack the coal wherever they meet with it, and roam about in a dark pit to seek their coaly fortunes. All is pre-arranged and systematic; every one knows exactly whither he is to go, and what he is to do. *The Land we Live in.*

mār-gin	*ar-ránge-ment*	*ndt-ŭr-al*
through-out'	*cir-cùm-fer-ence*	*hor-i-zòn-tal*
par-tìc-ŭl-ar	*vìs-i-ble*	*eight'-een*
con-sìst-ing	*ac-cùs-tomed*	*ìn-dus-try*
còl-li-er-y	*ac-còm-mod-ate*	*re-spòn-si-ble*
work'-a-ble	*gdll-er-y*	*trans-fèrred*

de-scènd, go down. Lat. *descendo*, from *de*, "down," and *scando*, "I climb."

a-scènd, go up. Lat. *ascendo*, from *ad*, "to," and *scando*, "I climb."

cath-éd-ral, the principal church within a bishop's see, or district. Lat. *cathedra*, from Greek, *kathedra*, "a seat, chair;" from *kata*, "down," and *hedra*, "a seat."

àg-greg-ate, total; all the parts collected into one mass. Lat. *ag* (*ad*), "to," and *gregatum*, "to flock," from *grex* (*greg-*), "a flock, herd."

vès-tige, trace, track, mark. Lat. *vestigium*, "footstep, footmark."

ef-fèct-ŭ-al-ly, successfully, so that the effect is gained; completely.

càv-i-ty, hollow, hole. Lat. *cavus*, "hollow."

con-sist-ent, agreeing with; not opposed to. Lat. *consistens*, from *con*, "together," and *sisto*, "I set, place, or stand."

mèth-od, plan, way.

i-sol-ate, separate, place apart. Strictly, "to place as in an island;" from Ital. *isola* (= Lat. *insula*), "an island."

ad-hére, stick to, cling to. Lat. *ad*, "to," and *hæreo*, "I stick."

à-per-ture, opening, hole, gap. Lat. *apertura*, from *ab*, "away, from," and *pario*, "I bring to light."

ex-pló-sive, ready to explode, bursting out with great force, and noise. Lat. *ex*, "out, forth," and *plausum* (or *plosum*), "to clap, beat, stamp."

vi-ti-ate (*vi-shi-ate*), to spoil, to render hurtful. Lat. *vitium*, "vice, fault."

con-tàm-in-ate, to come into *contact* with, and thus to spoil, vitiate, corrupt. Lat. *contaminatum*, from *contamen* (for *contagimen*), from *con*, "together," and *tango* (*tag-*), "I touch."

Davy. So called from the name of the inventor, Sir Humphrey Davy.

su-per-séde, take the place of. Lat. *super*, "over, above," and *sedeo*, "I sit."

in-flàm-ma-ble, ready to be set in flames, or to take fire. Lat. *flamma*, "flame."

A MINER HERO.

IN a certain Cornish mine, two miners, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all the assistant at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed.

Now it chanced, while they were still below, that one of them thought the match too long. He accordingly tried to break it shorter. Taking a couple of stones,

a flat and a sharp, he succeeded in cutting it the required length; but, horrible to relate, he kindled it at the same time, while both were still below! Both shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass; both sprang at the basket. The windlass man could not move it with both in it.

Here was a moment for poor Miner Jack and Miner Will! Instant, horrible death hangs over them. Will generously resigns himself. "Go aloft, Jack; sit down; away! in one minute I shall be in heaven!"

Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruising his face as he looks over; but he is safe abovo ground.

*

And what of poor Will? Descending eagerly, they find him, as if by a miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him. He is little injured. He too is brought up safe. Well done, brave Will!

CARLYLE.

(With permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

en-gáged	*hòr-ri-ble*	*ex-plo'-sion*
ìn-jured	*ea'-ger-ly*	*bruis'-ing*

as-sist-ant, helper. Lat. *as* (*ad*), "to," and *sisto*, "I place or stand."

gèn-er-ously, with noble and kind regard for his friend.

re-signs, gives up.

mir-a-cle, wonder; marvellous circumstance, beyond the power of man to do. Lat. *miror*, "I wonder."

EVENING BELLS.

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

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

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

MOORE.

HOW THE RAJAH TOOK THE CENSUS.

1. The Rajah's Difficulty.

The Rajah of Lombock was a very wise man, and he showed his wisdom greatly in the way he took the census. For my readers must know that the chief revenues of the rajah were derived from a head-tax of rice, a small measure being paid annually by every man, woman, and child in the island. There was no doubt that every one paid this tax, for it was a very light one, and the land was fertile and the people well off; but it had to pass through many hands before it reached the Government storehouses. When the harvest was over the villagers brought their rice to the Kapala kampong, or head of the village; and no doubt he sometimes had compassion on the poor or sick, and passed over their short measure, and sometimes was obliged to grant a favour to those who had complaints against him; and then he must keep up his own dignity by having his granaries better filled than his neighbours, and so the rice that he took to the "Waidono" that was over his district was generally a good deal less than it should have been. And all the "Waidonos" had of course to take care of themselves, for they were all in debt, and it was so easy to take a little of the Government rice, and there would still be a plenty for the Rajah. And the "Gustis" or princes who received the rice from the Waidonos helped themselves likewise, and so when the harvest was all over and the rice tribute

was all brought in, the quantity was found to be less each year than the one before. Sickness in one district, and fevers in another, and failure of the crops in a third, were of course alleged as the cause of this falling off; but when the Rajah went to hunt at the foot of the great mountain, or went to visit a "Gusti" on the other side of the island, he always saw the villages full of people, all looking well-fed and happy. And he noticed that the krisses of his chiefs and officers were getting handsomer and handsomer; and the handles that were of yellow wood were changed for ivory, and those of ivory were changed for gold, and diamonds and emeralds sparkled on many of them; and he knew very well which way the tribute-rice went. But as he could not prove it he kept silence, and resolved in his own heart some day to have a census taken, so that he might know the number of his people, and not be cheated out of more rice than was just and reasonable.

But the difficulty was how to get this census. He could not go himself into every village and every house, and count all the people; and if he ordered it to be done by the regular officers they would quickly understand what it was for, and the census would be sure to agree exactly with the quantity of rice he got last year. It was evident, therefore, that to answer his purpose no one must suspect why the census was taken; and to make sure of this, no one must know that there was any census taken at all. This was a very hard problem; and the Rajah thought and thought, as hard as a Malay Rajah can be expected to think, but could not solve it;

and so he was very unhappy, and did nothing but smoke and chew betel with his favourite wife, and eat scarcely anything; and even when he went to the cock-fight did not seem to care whether his best birds won or lost. For several days he remained in this sad state, and all the court were afraid some evil eye had bewitched the Rajah; and an unfortunate Irish captain who had come in for a cargo of rice, and who squinted dreadfully, was very near being krissed, but being first brought to the royal presence was graciously ordered to go on board and remain there while his ship stayed in the port.

de-rîved	*neigh'-bours*	*dî-a-mond*
gòv-ern-ment	*trî-bute*	*èm-er-ald*
stóre-house	*fail'-ure*	*rea'-son-a-ble*
com-plaints'	*hând-some*	*be-wîtched*
fáv-our-ite	*drèad-fŭl-ly*	*grá-cious-ly*

rá-jah, or *rā-jah*, king. An Indian title.

Lòm-bock, a small island in the Malay Archipelago. It is east of the small island of Bali, which lies between it and the east end of Java.

cèn-sus, a numbering (of the people). Lat. *census*, from *censeo*, "I count."

rè-ven-ue, income. Lat. *re*, "back," and *venio*, "I come."

àn-nŭ-al-ly, yearly, every year. Lat. *annus*, "a year."

fèrt-ile, bearing fruit, productive. Lat. *fero*, *fertum*, "to bear, produce."

com-pàss-ion, pity, fellow-feeling. Lat. *com*, "together with," and *patior*, *passus*, "to feel."

dìg-ni-ty, worthiness, worth; greatness, importance. Lat. *dignus*, "worthy."

gràn-ar-ies, barns, storehouses.

Lat. *granaria*, "place where corn is kept, barn;" from *granum*, "a grain, seed, corn."

debt (*dèt*), what is owed, what one is liable to pay. Lat. *debitum*, from *debeo*, "I owe."

al-lèged (*-lèjd*), brought forward, asserted, declared, said to be.

kris. "Malay crooked dagger, on the beauty and value of which the Malays greatly pride themselves. The sheaths are of ornamental wood and ivory, often covered on one side with gold. The blades are beautifully veined with white metal worked into the iron, and they are kept very carefully. Every man without exception carries a kris, stuck behind into the large waist-cloth which all wear, and it is generally the most valuable piece of property he possesses." (A. R. WALLACE.)

prò-blem, question, requiring some device or operation to solve it.

bétel is to the people of central and tropical Asia what tobacco is to other countries. The chief ingredient is the fruit of a sort of pepper plant. See further in next lesson.

2. THE RAJAH'S DEVICE.

ONE morning, however, after about a week's continuance of this unaccountable melancholy, a welcome change took place, for the Rajah sent to call together all the chiefs and priests and princes who were then in Mataram, his capital city; and when they were all assembled in anxious expectation, he thus addressed them:

"For many days my heart has been very sick and I knew not why, but now the trouble is cleared away, for I have had a dream. Last night the spirit of the 'Gunong Agong'—the great fire mountain—appeared

to me, and told me that I must go up to the top of the mountain. All of you may come with me to near the top, but then I must go up alone, and the great spirit will again appear to me and will tell me what is of great importance to me and to you and to all the people of the island. Now go all of you and make this known through the island, and let every village furnish men to make clear a road for us to go through the forest and up the great mountain."

So the news was spread over the whole island that the Rajah must go to meet the great spirit on the top of the mountain; and every village sent forth its men, and they cleared away the jungle and made bridges over the mountain streams and smoothed the rough places for the Rajah's passage. And when they came to the steep and craggy rocks of the mountain, they sought out the best paths, sometimes along the bed of a torrent, sometimes along narrow ledges of the black rocks; in one place cutting down a tall tree so as to bridge across a chasm, in another constructing ladders to mount the smooth face of a precipice. The chiefs who superintended the work fixed upon the length of each day's journey beforehand according to the nature of the road, and chose pleasant places by the banks of clear streams and in the neighbourhood of shady trees, where they built sheds and huts of bamboo well thatched with the leaves of palm trees, in which the Rajah and his attendants might eat and sleep at the close of each day.

And when all was ready, the princes and priests and

chief men came again to the Rajah, to tell him what had been done, and to ask him when he would go up the mountain. And he fixed a day, and ordered every man of rank and authority to accompany him, to do honour to the great spirit who had bid him undertake the journey, and to show how willingly they obeyed his commands. And then there was much preparation throughout the whole island. The best cattle were killed and the meat salted and sun-dried; and abundance of red peppers and sweet potatoes were gathered; and the tall pinang-trees were climbed for the spicy betel-nut, the sirih-leaf was tied up in bundles, and every man filled his tobacco-pouch and lime-box to the brim, so that he might not want any of the materials for chewing the refreshing betel during the journey. And the stores of provisions were sent on a day in advance. And on the day before that appointed for starting, all the chiefs both great and small came to Mataram, the abode of the king, with their horses and their servants, and the bearers of their sirih boxes, and their sleeping-mats, and their provisions. And they encamped under the tall Waringin trees that border all the roads about Mataram, and with blazing fires frighted away the ghouls and evil spirits that nightly haunt the gloomy avenues.

wèl-come	*ad-drèssed*	*at-tènd-ants*
as-sèm-bled	*con-strùct-ing*	*ac-com'-pa-ny*
ànx-ious	*jour'-ney*	*po-tá-toes*
ex-pec-tá-tion	*neigh'-bour-hood*	*pro-vì-sïons*

con-tin-ŭ-ance, duration, lastingness. Lat. *con*, "together," and *teneo*, "I hold."

un-ac-count'-a-ble, not to be accounted for or explained; for which no reason can be given.

mèl-an-chol-y, sadness, down heartedness.

the great fire mountain. Lombock peak, the loftiest point of the range, is 8,000 feet high.

chasm (*kàsm*), a deep gap, a hollow, yawning space.

prè-cip-ice, a very steep place, a sudden descent. From Lat. *præceps*, "head-foremost;" from *præ*, "before," and *caput*, "the head."

su-per-in-tènd, look over, watch over, have the oversight of.

au-thòr-i-ty, power, influence.

lime-box. Lime is taken with the betel fruit.

à-ven-ue, approach-road; shady passage between rows of trees. French, *avenue*, from *ad*, "to," and *venio*, "I come."

3. THE PROCESSION TO THE MOUNTAIN.

IN the morning a great procession was formed to conduct the Rajah to the mountain. And the royal princes and relations of the Rajah mounted their black horses, whose tails swept the ground; they used no saddle or stirrups, but sat upon a cloth of gay colours; the bits were of silver and the bridles of many-coloured cords. The less important people were on small strong horses of various colours, well suited to a mountain journey; and all (even the Rajah) were bare-legged to above the knee, wearing only the gay coloured cotton waist-cloth, a silk or cotton jacket, and a large handkerchief tastefully folded round the head. Every one was attended by one or two servants bearing his sirih and betel boxes, who were also mounted on ponies; and

great numbers more had gone on in advance or waited to bring up the rear. The men in authority were numbered by hundreds and their followers by thousands, and all the island wondered what great thing would come of it.

For the first two days they went along good roads and

through many villages, which were swept clean, and where bright cloths were hung out at the windows; and all the people, when the Rajah came, squatted down upon the ground in respect, and every man riding got off his horse and squatted down also, and many joined the procession at every village. At the place where they stopped for the night the people had placed

stakes along each side of the roads in front of the houses. These were split crosswise at the top, and in the cleft were fastened little clay lamps, and between them were stuck the green leaves of palm-trees, which, dripping with the evening dew, gleamed prettily with the many twinkling lights. And few went to sleep that night till the morning hours, for every house held a knot of eager talkers, and much betel-nut was consumed, and endless were the conjectures what would come of it.

On the second day they left the last village behind them and entered the wild country that surrounds the great mountain, and rested in the huts that had been prepared for them on the banks of a stream of cold and sparkling water. And the Rajah's hunters, armed with long and heavy guns, went in search of deer and wild bulls in the surrounding woods, and brought home the meat of both in the early morning, and sent it on in advance to prepare the midday meal. On the third day they advanced as far as horses could go, and encamped at the foot of high rocks, among which narrow pathways only could be found to reach the mountain-top. And on the fourth morning, when the Rajah set out, he was accompanied only by a small party of priests and princes with their immediate attendants; and they toiled wearily up the rugged way, and sometimes were carried by their servants, till they passed up above the great trees, and then among the thorny bushes, and above them again on to the black and burnt rock of the highest part of the mountain.

And when they were near the summit, the Rajah ordered them all to halt, while he alone went to meet the great spirit on the very peak of the mountain. So he went on with two boys only, who carried his sirih and betel, and soon reached the top of the mountain among great rocks, on the edge of the great gulf whence issue forth continually smoke and vapour. And the Rajah asked for sirih, and told the boys to sit down under a rock and look down the mountain, and not to move till he returned to them. And as they were tired, and the sun was warm and pleasant, and the rock sheltered them from the cold wind, the boys fell asleep. And the Rajah went a little way on under another rock; and he was tired, and the sun was warm and pleasant, and he too fell asleep.

And those who were waiting for the Rajah thought him a long time on the top of the mountain, and thought the great spirit must have much to say, or might perhaps want to keep him on the mountain always, or perhaps he had missed his way in coming down again. And they were debating whether they should go and search for him, when they saw him coming down with the two boys. And when he met them he looked very grave, but said nothing; and then all descended together, and the procession returned as it had come; and the Rajah went to his palace and the chiefs to their villages, and the people to their houses, to tell their wives and children all that had happened, and to wonder yet again what would come of it.

re-lá-tions	*con-súmed*	*de-bát-ing*
stìr-rup	*sur-round'-ing*	*ac-com'-pa-nied*
hànd-ker-chief	*twìnk-ling*	*con-tìn-ŭ-al-ly*
táste-fŭl-ly	*spārk-ling*	*shèl-tered*

pro-cès-sion, the act of going forward; a line or train of persons or vehicles moving forwards. Lat. *pro*, "before," and *cessum*, "to go."

con-jèc-tures, guesses, suppositions. Lat. *con*, "together," and *jactum*, "to throw;" putting things together and drawing an inference from them.

im-méd-i-ate, nearest. Lat. *im*, "not," and *medius*, "middle;" there being no middle parties between the priests and princes and those attendants of theirs.

sùm-mit, top.

4. What Came of It.

And three days afterwards the Rajah summoned the priests and the princes and the chief men of Mataram, to hear what the great spirit had told him on the top of the mountain. And when they were all assembled, and betel and sirih had been handed round, he told them what had happened. On the top of the mountain he had fallen into a trance, and the great spirit had appeared to him with a face like burnished gold, and had said—"O Rajah! much plague and sickness and fevers are coming upon all the earth, upon men and upon horses and upon cattle; but as you and your people have obeyed me, and have come up to my great mountain, I will teach you how you and all the people of Lombock may escape this plague." And all waited anxiously, to hear how they were to be saved from so fearful a calamity. And

after a short silence the Rajah spoke again and told them,—that the great spirit had commanded that twelve sacred krisses should be made, and that to make them every village and every district must send a bundle of needles—a needle for every head in the village. And when any grievous disease appeared in any village, one of the sacred krisses should be sent there; and if every house in that village had sent the right number of needles, the disease would immediately cease; but if the number of needles sent had not been exact, the kris would have no virtue.

So the princes and chiefs sent to all their villages and communicated the wonderful news; and all made haste to collect the needles with the greatest accuracy, for they feared that if but one were wanting the whole village would suffer. So one by one the head men of the villages brought in their bundles of needles; those who were near Mataram came first, and those who were far off came last; and the Rajah received them with his own hands, and put them away carefully in an inner chamber, in a camphor-wood chest whose hinges and clasps were of silver; and on every bundle was marked the name of the village and the district from whence it came, so that it might be known that all had heard and obeyed the commands of the great spirit.

And when it was quite certain that every village had sent in its bundle, the Rajah divided the needles into twelve equal parts, and ordered the best steel-worker in Mataram to bring his forge and his bellows and his

hammers to the palace, and to make the twelve krisses under the Rajah's eye, and in the sight of all men who chose to see it. And when they were finished they were wrapped up in new silk, and put away carefully until they might be wanted.

Now the journey to the mountain was in the time of the east wind, when no rain falls in Lombock. And soon after the krisses were made it was the time of the rice harvest, and the chiefs of districts and of villages brought in their tax to the Rajah according to the number of heads in their villages. And to those that wanted but little of the full amount, the Rajah said nothing; but when those came who brought only half or a fourth part of what was strictly due, he said to them mildly, "The needles which you sent from your village were many more than came from such-a-one's village, yet your tribute is less than his; go back and see who it is that has not paid the tax." And the next year the produce of the tax increased greatly, for they feared that the Rajah might justly kill those who a second time kept back the right tribute. And so the Rajah became very rich, and increased the number of his soldiers, and gave golden jewels to his wives, and bought fine black horses from the white-skinned Hollanders, and made great feasts when his children were born or were married; and none of the Rajahs or Sultans among the Malays were so great or so powerful as the Rajah of Lombock.

And the twelve sacred krisses had great virtue. And when any sickness appeared in a village one of them

was sent for; and sometimes the sickness went away, and then the sacred kris was taken back again with great honour, and the head men of the village came to tell the Rajah of its miraculous power, and to thank him. And sometimes the sickness would not go away, and then everybody was convinced that there had been a mistake in the number of needles sent from that village, and therefore the sacred kris had no effect, and had to be taken back again by the head men with heavy hearts, but still with all honour,—for was not the fault their own? A. R. WALLACE.

dis-ease'	*ex-àct*	*strìct-ly*
sá-cred	*fìn-ished*	*in-creased'*
won'-der-fŭl	*a-mount'*	*con-vìnced*
plague (*plág*)		*griev-ous* (*grév-us*)

trance, swoon; state in which the body is forgotten, and the mind seems *to go beyond* it. Lat. *transitus*, "a going beyond," from *trans*, "over, beyond," and *itum*, "to go."

bùrn-ished, *made brown*, made of flame colour, made bright, shining.

cal-àm-i-ty, a crushing misfortune, disaster, great unhappiness.

vìr-tue, power, force. Lat. *virtus*, "manly strength, virtue."

com-mun'-i-cate, share with others, give over to others, make common. Lat. *communis*, "common."

àc-cŭr-ă-cy, correctness, exactness. Lat. *ac* (*ad*), "to," and *cura*, "care."

mir-àc-ŭl-ous, working miracles, or wonderful cures, cures that no human being could work.

EXERCISE.—Write out the above story in your own words, without consulting the book.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke;
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kiss'd me here;
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

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

G. P. MORRIS.

bough (*bou*)	*shèl-ter*	*sìngle* (*sìng-gl*)
axe (*àx*)	*pro-tèct*	*gló-ry*
for-gìve	*fool'-ish*	*fa-mìl-i-ar*

re-nown', glory, fame.
gráte-ful, pleasant, well-liked.
for-bear' (*-bár*), withhold, keep back.

THE MISSOURI IRON MOUNTAINS.

The iron region of Missouri, eighty miles south of St. Louis, embraces Pilot Knob, Iron Mountain, and Shepherd's Mountain. These are eastern spurs of the Ozark hills or high tablelands which range from one thousand to one thousand five hundred feet above the sea level.

The St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railway terminates at Pilot Knob, a conical hill of solid ore, six hundred feet high, and covering three hundred and sixty acres. At the time of my visit, only two furnaces were in operation, turning out about thirty tons of pig-iron per day. The sides of the mountain are covered with oak, hickory, and ash saplings. The summit is a mass of enormous boulders fifty feet high, and upheaved into every conceivable position. Some stand erect, sharply-defined pillars. Two, a few feet apart, form a gigantic natural gateway. Another huge slab leaning against a solid wall constitutes a picturesque cave. Though exposed to the atmosphere for centuries, these boulders contain fifty per cent. of iron. Below the surface the rock contains sixty per cent.

The miners were digging horizontally into the mountain, drilling, blasting, and prying off great fragments of rock, which fell crashing over a little precipice. In the pit below some were breaking up these fragments with sledge-hammers; others loading them into cars

which conveyed the ore by an inclined-plane railway to furnaces at the base.

In European mines the clothing of workmen is carefully examined at night, to see that they do not carry away ore. But here, a few hundred blocks as large as a dwelling-house would not be missed. The labourers were French, German, and Irish.

Five miles further north is *the* Iron Mountain—a slight elevation over which the railway to St. Louis passes. Busy labourers were blasting out and breaking the ore within a few yards of the track. In 1833 this mountain was "entered" in the land-office at one dollar and a quarter an acre. Three years later the entire tract sold for six hundred dollars. Its present value is incalculable; for it is the largest and richest mass of iron yet found upon the globe. Its base covers five hundred acres. The ore, which contains seventy-one per cent. of pure iron, has been penetrated nearly four hundred feet below the surface, with no sign of exhaustion even at that depth.

In reducing, crude blocks one or two feet in diameter are placed upon a foundation of logs, in alternate layers of charcoal and ore, until they form a huge pile. For a month they are exposed to a fire as hot as they can endure without melting. This expels impurities, and leaves the ore brittle and easily broken into lumps three or four inches thick.

It is next hauled to the furnaces and cast into their fiery jaws, together with limestone and charcoal in proportions varying with its quality. The furnaces are

either "hot blast" or "cold blast," according to the strong currents of hot or cold air pumped into them to supply oxygen, without which the ore would turn to "cinder," yielding no iron. The heat is two thousand seven hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

The cinder, separating from the iron, rises to the surface of the molten mass, and is skimmed off. Some of it hardens into a dark mass resembling coke, coarse glass, or variegated marble. But when the charges and blasts are properly adjusted, it is white as snow, and like the most exquisite moss suddenly petrified.

The ore remains in the furnace some twelve hours. Then from the bottom of the great crucible it pours a red glowing stream into moulds of sand, where it hardens into "pigs." The workmen guide these dazzling currents of liquid fire into their proper channels with long-handled hoes.

By night the furnace buildings, with their brick arches, blackened roofs, clouds of smoke, fiery torrents, and sooty workmen darting hither and thither, catching lurid gleams on their dark faces, are grotesquely suggestive of Pandemonium, and contrast sharply with the white villages and dark wooded hills.

Shepherd's Mountain contains rich ore, but has been little mined.

All these iron hills are of volcanic origin. The State geologist reports in this vicinity sufficient deposits of ore near the surface to yield one million tons per annum of manufactured iron for the next two hundred years.

A. D. RICHARDSON.

eight'-y	*hor-i-zŏn-tal-ly*	*im-pûr-i-ties*
sŭm-mit	*cènt-ŭr-ies*	*ex-haust'-ion*
up-heaved'	*prè-cip-ice*	*di-à-me-ter*
con-ceiv'-a-ble	*con-veyed'*	*found-á-tion*
de-fíned	*Eu-ro-pé-an*	*èx-quis-ite*
gi-gànt-ic	*è-lev-á-tion*	*sug-gèst-ive*

em-bráce, fold in the arms, enclose, contain. French, *embrasser*, from *en*, "in," and *bras*, "an arm."

còn-ic-al, cone-shaped, in the form of a cone; like a sugar-loaf.

ore, metal as dug out of the earth, mixed with other substances.

e-nòrm-ous, unusually large, huge. Lat. *enormis*, from *e*, "out of, beyond," and *norma*, "rule."

boul'-ders (*ból-*), rounded, water-worn blocks of stone.

còn-sti-tute, form, make up. Lat. *constituo*, from *con*, "together," and *statuo*, "I set up."

pic-tûr-èsque (*-èsk*), of the nature of a picture, fit to form a picture; of striking appearance.

àt-mo-sphere, the *air-sphere*; the air; the whole mass of air, clouds, and vapour surrounding the earth. Greek, *atmos*, "smoke, steam, vapour," and *sphaira*, "a sphere."

per cent., contracted for Lat. *per centum*, "by the hundred." "Fifty per cent." means "fifty parts in a hundred," that is, one-half.

pry, to raise by lever, to force up or apart.

fràg-ments, bits, pieces broken off. From Lat. *frango* (*frag-*), "I break."

in-clined-plane, a *plane* or flat surface, *inclined*, or made to lean, as it were, on something. Lat. *in*, "upon," and *clino*, "I bend;" *planus*, "level, flat."

ĭn-càl-cŭl-a-ble, more than can be calculated or reckoned.

ex-pèl, drive out. Lat. *ex*, "out," and *pello*, "I drive."

òx-y-gen, lit. "acid-producer," (Greek, *oxus*, "sharp, acid," and *gennao*, "I produce"), a gas that forms the vital part of air and the principal part of water.

Fāh-ren-heit, the name of one kind of thermometer (instrument for measuring heat), so-called from the inventor of it. The freezing-point of water is marked 32°, the boiling-point 212°. In Reaumur's (*Rō-mur's*) thermometer, the freezing-point is marked 0°, and the distance up to the boiling-point is divided into 80°.

vàr-i-e-gāt-ed, of various colours, speckled.

ad-jùst-ed, arranged exactly to suit each other.

pèt-ri-fied, turned into stone." Lat. *petra*, "rock, stone."

crú-ci-ble, pot for melting metals. Lat. *crucibilum*.

grot-èsque-ly (*-èsk-*), oddly, whimsically, fantastically; after the absurdly fanciful manner of the ornamentation of *grottoes*.

Pan-de-mòn-i-um, the dwelling of all the evil spirits. Greek, *pan*, "all," and *daimon*, "a demon, or spirit."

vol-càn-ic, belonging to, or produced by, a volcano, or by fire. Lat. *Vulcanus*, Vulcan, the god of fire. Rocks made by the agency of water are called *aqueous*. Lat. *aqua*, "water."

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing-birds, that utter falsehoods,

Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.
When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.
From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"
Yes, the blue bird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"
Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"
And the whip-poor-will, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"
All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace, and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.
Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;

*

For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.
Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Nor like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,
"In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the Wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them, Yenadize!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow!
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.

*

But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow;
"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!"
Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.
Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.
Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,

Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good bye to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you.
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much, and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

H. W. Longfellow.

mu-sì-cian (*myŭ-*) *plí-ant* *for-bìd-ding*
false'-hood (*fōls-*) *èn-vi-ous* *chàl-lenge*
mìs-chief *way'-ward* *whìrl-pool*
con-trív-ing *mèl-an-cho-ly* *tri-ùmph-ant*
wrèstle (*rèsl*) *quoit* (*koit*)

clós-est, nearest. Lat. *clausum*, "to shut up."

un'-ion (*yún-yun*), oneness. Lat. *unus*, "one."

pònd-er-ing, weighing, thinking over carefully. Lat. *pondero*, "I weigh in my mind," *pondus* (*ponderis*), "a weight."

fàsh-ioned, made, formed, shaped. French, *façon*, "the make, or form of a thing," from Lat. *facio*, "I make."

paus'-ing, (*pōz-*), stopping.

frèn-zy, violent agitation of the mind, not far from madness; wild excitement. French, *frénésie*, from Greek, *phrēn*, "the *brain*, mind."

pà-thos, tender feeling. Greek, *pathos*, "feeling."

al-lied, *bound to*, united. French, *allier*, "to join, mix with," from Lat. *alligare*, from *ad*, "to," and *ligo*, "I bind."

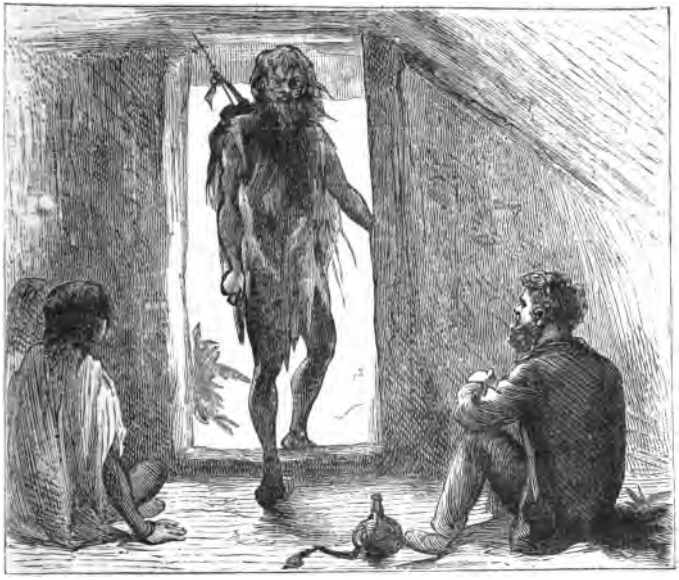
Màn-i-to, spirit.

en-tréat, beseech, ask earnestly.

A WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

ABOUT an hour above the rock of Saba, in Demerara, stands the habitation of an Indian, called Simon, on the top of a hill. The side next the river is almost perpendicular, and you may easily throw a stone over to the opposite bank. Here there was an opportunity of seeing man in his rudest state. The Indians who frequented this habitation, though living in the midst of woods, bore evident marks of attention to their persons. Their hair was neatly collected, and tied up in a knot; their bodies fancifully painted red, and the paint was scented with hayawa. This gave them a gay and animated appearance. Some of them had on necklaces, composed of the teeth of wild boars slain in the chase; many

wore rings, and others had an ornament on the left arm, midway betwixt the shoulder and the elbow. At the close of day, they regularly bathed in the river below; and the next morning seemed busy in renewing the faded colours of their faces.



One day there came into the hut a form which literally might be called the wild man of the woods. On entering, he laid down a ball of wax, which he had collected in the forest. His hammock was all ragged and torn; and his bow, though of good wood, was without any ornament

or polish. His face was meagre, his looks forbidding, and his whole appearance neglected. His long black hair hung from his head in matted confusion; nor had his body, to all appearance, ever been painted. They gave him some cassava bread and boiled fish, which he ate voraciously, and soon after left the hut. As he went out, you could observe no traces in his countenance or demeanour, which indicated that he was in the least mindful of having been benefited by the society he was just leaving.

The Indians said he had neither wife, nor child, nor friend. They had often tried to persuade him to come and live amongst them; but all was of no avail. He went roving on, plundering the wild bees of their honey, and picking up the fallen nuts and fruits of the forest. When he fell in with game, he procured fire from two sticks, and cooked it on the spot. When a hut happened to be in his way, he stepped in, and asked for something to eat, and then months elapsed ere they saw him again. They did not know what had caused him to be thus unsettled; he had been so for years; nor did they believe that even old age itself would change the habits of this poor, harmless, solitary wanderer. WATERTON.

ȯp-pos-ite	*ap-péar-ance*	*coun'-ten-ance*
op-por-tun'-i-ty	*ȯr-na-ment*	*de-mean'-our*
fre-quènt-ed	*re-new'-ing*	*ìn-dic-ate*
col-lèct-ed	*lĭt-er-al-ly*	*bèn-e-fit-ed*
fȧn-ci-fŭl-ly	*neg-lèct-ed*	*per-suȧde*
ȧn-im-ȧt-ed	*un-sèt-tled*	*wan'-der-er*

hab-it-á-tion, dwelling. Lat. *habito*, "I inhabit, dwell," from *habitum*, "to have, or hold."

per-pend-ic-úl-ar, right up and down. Lat. from *perpendiculum*, "a plummet, plumb-line," from *per-pendo*, "I weigh thoroughly."

com-pósed, made up of. Lat. *com*, "together," and *positum*, "to place."

mea'-gre (*mé-ger*), lean, hungry-looking. French *maigre*, Lat. *macer*, "lean."

con-fu'-sion, disorder, absence of arrangement. Lat. *con*, "together," and *fusum*, "to pour."

vor-á-cious-ly, ravenously, very hungrily. Lat. *vorax*, "swallowing greedily," from *voro*, "I devour."

so-ci-e-ty, company. Lat. *societas*, "fellowship," from *socius*, "a companion."

e-làpse, glide away, pass. Lat. *e*, "out, away," and *labor*, *lapsus*, "to glide, slip."

sòl-it-ar-y, lonely, living by oneself. Lat. *solitaris*, from *solus*, "alone."

THE NEW AND THE OLD SONG.

A NEW song should be sweetly sung,
  It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
  For it touches no one near:
But an old song may be roughly sung,
  The ear forgets its art,
As comes upon the rudest tongue
  The tribute to the heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
  For memory gilds it not;
It brings not back the strains that rung
  Through childhood's sunny cot.

*

But an old song may be roughly sung,
It tells of days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danced on his father's knee.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still;
'Tis sweet in the stormy sea;
In forest wild, on rocky hill,
And away on the prairie lea.
But dearer far the old song,
When friends we love are nigh,
And well-known voices, clear and strong
Unite in the chorus cry.

Of the old song, the old song,
The song of the days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danced on his father's knee!
Oh! the old song—the old song!
The song of the days of glee;
The new song may be better sung,
But the good old song for me!

JOHN K. MITCHELL.

sweet'-ly	*mèm-or-y*	*tongue* (*tùng*)
rough'-ly (*rùf-*)	*chó'-rus* (*kó-*)	*knee* (*né*)
dear'-er	*un-íte* (*yŭn-ít*)	*nigh* (*nī*)

prair'-ie (*prâr-i*), vast grassy plain. French, *prairie*, "a large meadow," Ital. *prateria*, "meadows," from Lat. *pratum*, "a meadow."

THE FLAX.

1. The First Change.

The flax was in full bloom; it had pretty little blue flowers, delicate as the wings of a moth, or even more so. The sun shone and the showers watered it; and this was just as good for the flax as it is for little children to be washed and then kissed by their mother. They look prettier for it, and so did the flax.

"People say that I look exceedingly well," said the flax, "and that I am so fine and long that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How fortunate I am; it makes me so happy; it is such a pleasant thing to know that something can be made of me. How the sunshine cheers me, and how sweet and refreshing is the rain; my happiness overpowers me, no one in the world can feel happier than I am."

"Ah, yes, no doubt," said the fern; "but you do not know the world yet as well as I do, for my sticks are knotty"; and then it sung quite mournfully—

"Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse lurre:
The song is ended."

"No, it is not ended," said the flax. "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will descend. I feel that I am growing. I feel that I am in full blossom. I am the happiest of all creatures."

*

Well; one day some people came, who took hold of the flax and pulled it up by the roots—this was painful,—then it was laid in water as if they intended to drown it, and after that it was placed near a fire as if it were to be roasted. All this was very shocking. "We cannot expect to be happy always," said the flax; "by experiencing evil as well as good, we become wise." And certainly there was plenty of evil in store for the flax. It was steeped, and roasted, and broken, and combed; indeed, it scarcely knew what was done to it. At last it was put on the spinning wheel. "Whirr, whirr," went the wheel, so quickly that the flax could not collect its thoughts. "Well; I have been very happy," he thought, in the midst of his pain, "and must be contented with the past." And contented he remained till he was put on the loom, and became a beautiful piece of white linen. All the flax, even to the last stalk, was used in making this one piece. "Well, this is quite wonderful; I could not have believed that I should be so favoured by fortune. The fern really was not wrong with its song of

'Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse lurre.'

But the song is not ended yet, I am sure; it is only just beginning. How wonderful it is that, after all I have suffered, I am made something of at last; I am the luckiest person in the world—so strong and fine; and how white; and what a length! This is something different to being a mere plant and bearing flowers.

Then, I had no attention, nor any water unless it rained; now, I am watched and taken care of. Every morning the maid turns me over, and I have a shower bath from the watering pot every evening. Yes, and the clergyman's wife noticed me, and said I was the best piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot be happier than I am now."

ex-ceed'-ing-ly	*mourn'-fŭl-ly*	*con-tènt-ed*
re-frèsh-ing	*pain'-fŭl*	*clèr-gy-man*
hàp-pi-ness	*in-tènd-ed*	*re-mained'*

dè-lic-ate, delightful, charming, soft, tender. Lat. *delicatus*, from *de*, "down, away," and *lac-*, "to draw gently, entice."

ex-pér-i-enc-ing, feeling, gaining knowledge of (by trial). Lat. *experior*, "I try."

2. The Second Change.

After some time the linen was taken into the house, placed under the scissors, and cut and torn into pieces, and then pricked with needles. This certainly was not pleasant; but at last it was made into twelve garments "See! Now, then," said the flax; I have become something of importance. This was my destiny; it is quite a blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, as every one ought to be; it is the only way to be happy. I am now divided into twelve pieces, and yet we are all one and the same in the whole dozen. It is most extraordinary good fortune."

Years passed away; and at last the linen was so

worn it could scarcely hold together. "It must end very soon," said the pieces to each other; "we would gladly have held together a little longer, but it is useless to expect impossibilities." And at length they fell into rags and tatters, and thought it was all over with them, for they were torn to shreds, and steeped in water, and made into a pulp, and dried, and they knew not what besides, till all at once they found themselves beautiful white paper. "Well, now, this is a surprise; a glorious surprise, too!" said the paper. "I am now finer than ever, and I shall be written upon, and who can tell what fine things I may have written upon me. This is wonderful luck!" And sure enough the most beautiful stories and poetry were written upon it, and only once there was a blot, which was very fortunate. Then people heard the stories and poetry read, and it made them wiser and better; for all that was written had a good and sensible meaning, and a great blessing was contained in the words on this paper.

"I never imagined anything like this," said the paper, "when I was only a little blue flower, growing in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever be the means of bringing knowledge and joy to men? I cannot understand it myself, and yet it is really so. Heaven knows that I have done nothing myself but what I was obliged to do with my weak powers for my own preservation; and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honour to another. Each time I think that the song is ended, and then something higher and better begins for me. I suppose now I shall be sent on my

travels about the world, so that people may read me. It cannot be otherwise; indeed, it is more than probable; for I have more splendid thoughts written upon me than I had pretty flowers in olden times. I am happier than ever."

But the paper did not go on its travels; it was sent to the printer, and all the words written upon it were set up in type, to make a book; or, rather, many hundreds of books; for so many more persons could derive pleasure and profit from a printed book than from the written paper; and if the paper had been sent about the world, it would have been worn out before it had got half through its journey.

"This is certainly the wisest plan," said the written paper; "I really did not think of that. I shall remain at home, and be held in honour, like some old grandfather, as I really am to all these new books. They will do some good. I could not have wandered about as they do. Yet he who wrote all this has looked at me as every word flowed from his pen upon my surface. I am the most honoured of all."

gār-ment	*plea'-sant*	*know-ledge*
sur-prise	*glō-ri-ous*	*prō-fit*
sèns-i-ble	*con-tained'*	*jour'-ney*

scis-sors, a common instrument for cutting. From Lat. ***scis-sum,*** "to cut, rend, split."

dè-stin-y, fate, appointed future, unavoidable lot. Lat. ***desti-nare,*** "to appoint, ordain, fix firmly."

ex-tra-ōrd-in-ar-y, beyond what is ordinary, usual, common. Lat. ***extra,*** "on the outside

of, beyond"; *ordinarius*, from *ordo* (*ordinis*), "order."

im-poss-i-bil-i-ties, things that cannot be done. Lat. *im* (*in*), "not," and *possum*, "I am able."

im-à-gined, thought of.

pre-serv-à-tion, keeping safe. Lat. *præ*, "before," and *servare*, "to save, deliver."

pro-mót-ed, *moved forward*, advanced, raised to higher rank or honour. Lat. *pro*, "forward," and *motum*, "to move."

3. THE THIRD CHANGE.

Then the paper was tied in a bundle with other papers, and thrown into a tub that stood in the washhouse.

"After work, it is well to rest," said the paper, "and a very good opportunity to collect one's thoughts. Now I am able, for the first time, to think of my real condition; and to know one's self is true progress. What will be done with me now, I wonder? No doubt I shall still go forward. I have always progressed hitherto, as I know quite well."

Now it happened one day that all the paper in the tub was taken out, and laid on the hearth to be burnt. People said it could not be sold at the shop, to wrap up butter and sugar, because it had been written upon. The children in the house sat down before the fire; for they wanted to see the paper burn, because it flamed up so prettily, and afterwards, among the ashes, so many red sparks could be seen running one after the other, here and there, as quick as the wind. They called it seeing the children come out of school, and the last spark was the schoolmaster. They often thought the last spark

had come; and one would cry, "There goes the schoolmaster;" but the next moment another spark would appear, shining so beautifully. How they would like to know where the sparks all went to! Perhaps we shall find out some day, but we don't know now.

The whole bundle of paper had been placed on the fire, and was soon alight. "Ugh," cried the paper, as it burst into a bright flame; "ugh." It was certainly not very pleasant to be burning; but when the whole was wrapped in flames, the flames mounted up into the

air, higher than the flax had ever been able to raise its little blue flower, and they glistened as the white linen never could have glistened. All the written letters became quite red in a moment, and all the words and thoughts turned to fire.

"Now, I am mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flames; and it was as if a thousand voices echoed the words; and the flames darted up through the chimney, and went out at the top. Then a number of tiny beings, as many in number as the flowers on the flax had been, and invisible to mortal eyes, floated above them. They were even lighter and more delicate than the flowers from which they were born; and as the flames were extinguished, and nothing remained of the paper but black ashes, these little beings danced upon it; and whenever they touched it, bright red sparks appeared.

"The children are all out of school, and the schoolmaster was the last of all," said the children. It was good fun, and they sang over the dead ashes,—

"Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse lurre:
The song is ended."

But the little invisible beings said, "The song is never ended; the most beautiful is yet to come."

But the children could neither hear nor understand this, nor should they; for children must not know everything.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

con-dì-tion	*chìm-ney*	*straight* (*strát*)
fòr-ward	*è-cho* (*èk-o*)	*bright* (*brít*)
mount'-ing	*mòr-tal*	*school* (*skúl*)

prò-gress, *going forward*, advancement. Lat. *progressus*, from *pro*, "forward," and *gradior*, *gressus*, "to walk, take steps."

in-vis-i-ble, that cannot be seen. Lat. *in*, "not," and *visum*, "to see."

pro-grèss, to make pròg'ress, to advance.

glis-ten (*glisn*), to shine, sparkle with light.

ex-tin-guish, to put out (a light, or a fire). Lat. *ex*, "out," and *stinguo*, "I scratch out, quench."

THE OWL.

In the hollow tree in the grey old tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk,—he's abroad and well:
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away;
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl!

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold
She awaiteth her ghastly groom!

Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!
O, when the moon shines, and the dogs do howl,
Then, then is the cry of the horned owl!

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark green wood!

Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate;
They are each unto each a pride—
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
Sing Ho! for the reign of the horned owl!
We know not alway who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

BARRY CORNWALL.

hát-ed	*out-right*	*reign* (*rán*)
de-spíse'd	*prìs-on-er*	*a-wait'-eth*

spèc-tral, like a spectre, or ghost.
ghàst-ly, like a ghost, deathlike, pale; foreboding death.
càr-ol, song of joy.
plight (*plít*), condition, state.

HOW THE ENGLISH CONQUERED BRITAIN.

THE land in which we live is called England, that is to say, the land of the English. But it was not always called England, because there were not always Englishmen living in it. The old name of the land was Britain. And we still call the whole island in which we live Great Britain, of which England is the southern part and Scotland the northern. We call it *Great* Britain, because there is another land also called Britain, namely, the north-western corner of Gaul; but this last we now

generally call Britanny. The two names, however, are really the same, and both are called in Latin *Britannia.*

In the old days, then, when the land was called only Britain, Englishmen had not yet begun to live in it. Our forefathers then lived in other lands, and had not yet come into the land where we now live; but there was an England even then, namely the land in which Englishmen then lived. If you look at a map of Denmark or of Northern Germany, you will see on the Baltic Sea a little land called *Angeln;* that is the same name as *England.* I do not mean that all our forefathers came out of that one little land of Angeln; but they all came from that part of the world, from the lands near the mouth of the Elbe, and that one little land has kept the English name to this day.

It is a long time, fourteen hundred years and more, since our forefathers began to come from their old land by the mouth of the Elbe and to live in the Isle of Britain. And when they came here, they did not come into a land where no men were dwelling, so that they could sit down and live in it without any trouble. They found a land in which men were already living, and they had to fight against the men whom they found in the land, and to take their land from them. The men whom our forefathers found in the Isle of Britain were not men of their own nation or their own speech. They were the men who had lived in the land for many ages, and they were called by the same name as the land itself, for they were called the Britons. But our forefathers called them by another name, for they spoke a tongue which our

forefathers did not understand, and in Old-English those who spoke a tongue which could not be understood were called *Welsh*. So our forefathers called the men whom they found in the land the Welsh. And the children of those men, the children of the men who lived in the

Isle of Britain before our forefathers came into it, we call the Welsh to this day.

Of our own people, before they came into Britain, we hear very little indeed. The first mention of the English people is in the great Roman historian Tacitus, and he simply mentions the name among a string of other German tribes. And other notices in the Greek

and Roman writers are few indeed. It is only towards the end of the fourth century, when our forefathers began to attack the coasts of Britain, that we first begin to hear something for certain about them. The Roman power in Britain was now getting weaker; the Romans had much ado to keep their province safe from the Picts and Scots in the north of the island, and the coasts now began to be ravaged by the fleets of the Saxons.

By about A.D. 410 everything in Italy was in confusion, and Rome itself was sacked by the Goths. Then the Emperor Honorius recalled the Roman legions from Britain, and left the people of the land to shift for themselves. It was now much more easy for the Angles and Saxons to come into Britain. They could now come, not merely to plunder and go away, but to settle and live in the land. Sometimes, it is said, the Britons were foolish enough to ask the Angles and Saxons to help them against the Picts and Scots who kept pouring in from the north. I need not tell you that, when our fathers were once asked to come into the land, they took care to stay there. However this may be, it is certain that, in the course of something more than a hundred years, in the course of the fifth and sixth centuries, the Teutons from beyond the sea conquered much the greater part of Britain. At the end of the sixth century the Picts and Scots remained north of the Forth, and the Welsh in the west of the island, that is, not only in what is now Wales, but in all the land west of the Severn, and again in Cumberland and the neighbouring parts, and in Cornwall, Devonshire, and part of Somerset.

But all the rest of the land was in the hands of our own forefathers.

At first the Angles and Saxons seem to have destroyed all the towns which they took; but some of the great cities they seem not to have taken for a good while, till our fathers had become somewhat more civilized. And, instead of either mixing with the people, or else leaving them their own laws and part of their lands, they always either killed or made slaves of all the people that they could. Those who could get away no doubt escaped into Wales and Cornwall and the other parts of the island which the Angles and Saxons had not yet reached. Of the others you may suppose that those who fought against our forefathers were killed, and those who submitted were made slaves. And there is every reason to believe that our forefathers often brought over women of their own people with them; so that we had English mothers as well as English fathers. Still we cannot suppose that the Welsh women were so completely killed or driven out as the men; some would be made slaves, and some might even be married to their masters. Thus there may doubtless be some little British and Roman blood in us, just as some few Welsh and Latin words crept into the English tongue from the very beginning. But we may be sure that we have not much of their blood in us, because we have so few of their words in our language. The few that there are, are mainly the sort of words which the women, whether wives or slaves, would bring in, that is, names of things in household use, such as *basket*, which is one of the few

Welsh words in English. Thus you see that our forefathers really became the people of the land in all that part of Britain which they conquered. For they had killed or driven out all the former people, save those whom they kept as mere slaves. Thus they kept their own language, their own manners, and their own religion.

Now you will perhaps say that our forefathers were cruel and wicked men thus to come into the land of another people, and to take the land to themselves and to kill or make slaves of the men to whom it belonged. And so doubtless it was. But you must remember that we were then both a heathen and a barbarous people, and that it is not fair to judge our fathers by the same rules as if they had been either Christians or civilized men. And I am afraid that men who called themselves both Christian and civilized have, even in quite late times, treated the people of distant lands quite as badly as ever our forefathers treated the Welsh. But anyhow it has turned out much better in the end that our forefathers did thus kill or drive out nearly all the people whom they found in the land. The English were thus able to grow up as a nation in Britain, and their laws, manners, and language grew up with them, and were not copied from those of other nations.

We may be sure that a great many different Teutonic tribes had a share in this great movement across the seas. But they seem to have all been nearly akin to each other, and to have spoken much the same language. Three tribes especially are spoken of above all others,

the Angles, the Saxons, and the Jutes; and of these it was that the land was mainly overspread. Of these three, the Saxons are those of whom we hear first; and this is no doubt the reason why the Celtic people in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland call all Englishmen *Saxons* to this day. But the Angles took a greater part of the land than any of the others, so that it was they who, in the end, gave their name to the land and its people. As the Teutons in Britain began to grow together into one people, they were sometimes called the *Anglo-Saxons* —that is, the people made up of the Angles and Saxons —but more commonly they were called *Angles* or *English* alone. And when so much of Britain as the Teutons lived in came to have a common name, that name was ENGLALAND or ENGLAND, that is, the land of the Angles or ENGLISH. *Saxon* by itself always meant the people of those parts only where the Saxons settled, and the whole people was never called so except by the Celts.

Thus it was that our fathers came into the land where we now dwell; and, like the men whom we read of in old times, they called the land after their own name.

E. A. FREEMAN.

fóre-fäth-ers	*con-fu'-sion*	*cìv-il-ized*
his-to'-ri-an	*èm-per-or*	*bār-bar-ous*
mèn-tions	*sub-mìt-ted*	*re-lĭ-gion*
nó-tice	*com-plète-ly*	*be-lònged*
prò-vince	*de-stroy'*	*doubt' less*
ràv-age	*crú-el*	*heath'-en*

DOWN ON THE SHORE.

DOWN on the shore, on the sunny shore!
Where the salt smell cheers the land;
Where the tide moves bright under boundless light,
And the surge on the glittering strand;
Where the children wade in the shallow pools,
Or run from the froth in play;
Where the swift little boats with milk-white wings
Are crossing the sapphire bay,
And the ship in full sail, with a fortunate gale,
Holds proudly on her way;
Where the nets are spread on the grass to dry,
And asleep, hard by, the fishermen lie,

Under the tent of the warm blue sky,
With the hushing wave on its golden floor
To sing their lullaby.

Down on the shore, on the stormy shore!
Beset by a growling sea,
Whose mad waves leap on the rocky steep
Like wolves up a traveller's tree;
Where the foam flies wide, and an angry blast
Blows the curlew off, with a screech;
Where the brown sea-wrack, torn up by the roots,
Is flung out of fishes' reach;
Where the tall ship rolls on the hidden shoals,
And scatters her planks on the beach;
Where slate and straw through the village spin,
And a cottage fronts the fiercest din,
With a sailor's wife sitting sad within,
Hearkening the wind and the water's roar,
Till at last her tears begin. W. Allingham.

glĭt-ter-ing	*trā-vel-ler*	*bound'-less*
fôr-tu-nate	*heärk-en-ing*	*gōld-en*
fĭsh-er-man	*growl'-ing*	*cûr-lew*

sûrge, large waves, great swelling masses of water. Lat. *surgere*, "to rise."

the sapphire bay (*săf-fĭr*), the bay, which appears like sapphire—a precious stone, inferior to the diamond in brilliancy, and of various shades of blue.

lŭll-a-by, song to quiet or soothe one to sleep.

be-sĕt, set or pressed upon, closely hemmed in.

wrack (*răk*), sea-plant, sea-weed.

CRUSOE AND HIS BOAT.

MY desire to venture over for the main increased rather than decreased, as the means for it seemed impossible This at length put me upon thinking whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe, such as the natives of those climates make, even without tools, or, as I might say, without hands, of the trunk of a great tree. This I not only thought possible, but easy, and pleased myself extremely with the thoughts of making it, and with my having much more convenience for it than any of the Negroes or Indians; but not at all considering the particular inconveniences which I lay under more than the Indians did, namely, want of hands to move it, when it was made, into the water—a difficulty much harder for me to surmount than all the consequences of want of tools could be to them; for what was it to me, if, when I had chosen a vast tree in the woods, and with much trouble cut it down, if I had been able with my tools to hew and dub the outside into the proper shape of a boat, and burn or cut out the inside to make it hollow, so as to make a boat of it—if, after all this, I must leave it just there where I found it, and not be able to launch it into the water?

One would have thought I could not have had the least reflection upon my mind of my circumstances while I was making this boat, but I should have immediately thought how I should get it into the sea; but my thoughts

were so intent upon my voyage over the sea in it, that I never once considered how I should get it off the land: and it was really, in its own nature, more easy for me to guide it over forty-five miles in sea, than about forty-five fathoms of land, where it lay, to set it afloat in the water.

I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design, without determining whether I was ever able to undertake it; not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head; but I put a stop to my inquiries into it, by this foolish answer, which I gave myself: "Let me first make it; I warrant I will find some way or other to get it along when it is done."

This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled a cedar-tree, and I question much whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building the Temple of Jerusalem; it was five feet ten inches diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches diameter at the end of twenty-two feet; after which it lessened for a while, and then parted into branches. It was not without infinite labour that I felled this tree; I was twenty days hacking and hewing at it at the bottom; I was fourteen more getting the branches and limbs and the vast spreading head cut off, which I hacked and hewed through with axe and hatchet, and inexpressible labour: after this, it cost me a month to shape it and dub it to a proportion, and to something like the bottom of

a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside, and work it out so as to make an exact boat of it; this I did, indeed, without fire, by mere mallet and chisel and by the dint of hard labour, till I had brought it to be a very handsome canoe and big enough to have carried six-and-twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.

When I had gone through the work, I was extremely delighted with it. The boat was really much bigger than ever I saw a canoe that was made of one tree, in my life. Many a weary stroke it had cost, you may be sure; and had I gotten it into the water, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage, and the most unlikely to be performed, that ever was undertaken.

But all my devices to get it into the water failed me; though they cost me infinite labour too. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more; but the first inconvenience was, it was up hill towards the creek. Well, to take away this discouragement, I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth, and so make a declivity: this I began, and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains (but who grudge pains who have their deliverance in view?); but when this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much the same, for I could not stir the canoe. Then I measured the distance of ground, and resolved to cut a dock or canal, to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. Well,

I began this work; and when I began to enter upon it, and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad, how the stuff was to be thrown out, I found that, by the number of hands I had, being none but my own, it must have been ten or twelve years before I could have gone through with it; for the shore lay so high, that at the upper end it must have been at least twenty feet deep; so at length, though with great reluctancy, I gave this attempt over also.

This grieved me heartily; and now I saw, though too late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost, and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it. DEFOE.

ĭn-creased }	*con-vén-i-ence* }	*pŏss-i-ble*
dé-creased }	*ĭn-con-vén-i-ence* }	*ĭm-poss-i-ble*
par-tĭc-ŭl-ar	*éa-ger-ness*	*clí-mate*
cŏn-sĕ-quen-ces	*pro-dĭ-gious*	*dĕ-sígn*
cĭr-cum-stan-ces	*de-lĭv-er-ance*	*at-tèmpt*
im-mé-di-ate-ly	*mèas-ured*	*griéved*

the main, the main-land.

to make myself a canoe. Express fully.

né-groes, black people. Spanish, *negro*, from Lat. *niger*, "black." What is the feminine word = "a *female* negro"?

sur-mount', to mount or rise above, to overcome. French *surmonter*, from *sur* (Lat. *super*), "above," and *monter* (Lat. *mont-*, "a hill"), "to rise."

re-flèc-tion, thinking, thought. Lat. *re*, "back," and *flèctum*, "to bend, or turn"; the turning of the mind back upon a thing.

in-quír-ies, askings, questionings. Lat. *in-quirere*, "to seek after, or search into"; from *in*, "into," and *quæro*, "I seek, or ask."

*

pre-pŏst-er-ous, having before, or in front, what ought properly to come last; like "putting the cart before the horse"; hence, absurd. Lat. *præposterus*, from *præ*, "before," and *posterus*, "later, coming after."

prĕ-vāiled, got the better (of my judgment); proved stronger (than my reason). Lat. *præ*, "before," and *valere*, "to be strong."

the building the Temple. This might also have been either "building the Temple," or "the building *of* the Temple." Parse "building" very carefully in each case.

diàmeter. In the minute analysis, or parsing, how would you deal with this word here?

hacking . . . hewing . . . getting. In full, "*on*, or *in* (or *a*), hacking, &c." Compare: "Forty and six years was this temple *in* building." "He set the clock *going*, or *a-going*."

in-ex-prĕss-i-ble, unutterable, harder than can be expressed or stated; very great. Elsewhere in this lesson, the meaning is otherwise expressed.

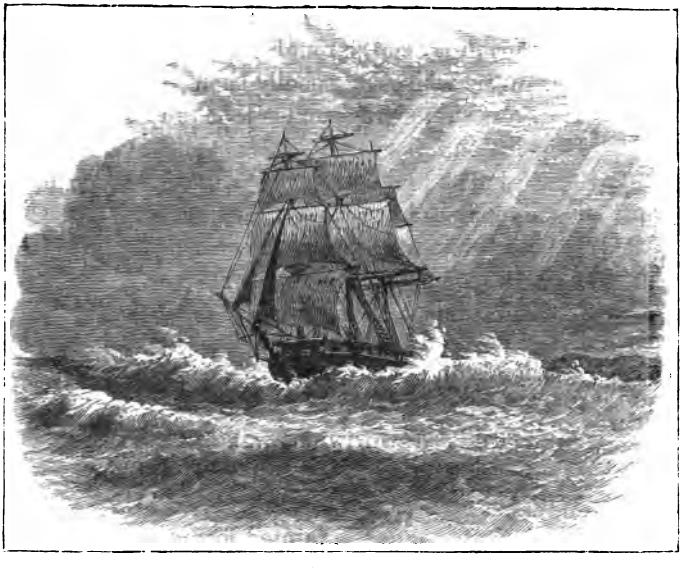
dis-cour'-age-ment, cause of being discouraged, or losing heart. Lat. *dis*, "asunder," French, *courage*, from French, *cœur*, Lat. *cor*, "heart."

de-clĭv-i-ty, slope, gradual descent. Lat. *de*, "down," and *clivus*, "a slope."

càl-cŭl-ate, reckon up, count. Lat. *calculus*, "a pebble."

re-lŭct-an-cy, reluctance, unwillingness. Lat. *re*, "back," and *luctans*, "struggling."

EXERCISE.—Vary, in several different ways, the expression of the sentence: "It was not without infinite labour that I felled this tree." Other sentences in this lesson suggest help to you. If any other form seems to you better than this, give your reasons for thinking so.



THE DEEP.

There's beauty in the deep:
The wave is bluer than the sky,
And, though the lights shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid;
The sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

*

There's music in the deep:
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering shelly shore,—
They are but earthly sounds that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves, with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earthborn whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend
With sin and sorrow, to the end:
Here, far beneath the tainted foam
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

J. G. C. BRAINARD.

beau'-ty	*whis-per-ing*	*è-choes*
mu'-sic	*earth'-born*	*whirl-wind*
qui-et	*sea'-nymphs*	*tem-pests*

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

1. The Promise.

Who was the best marksman in the Canton Valais? The chamois knew well. "Save yourselves from Rudy," they might well say. And who is the handsomest marksman? "Oh, it is Rudy," said the maidens. He was so brave and cheerful. His cheeks were brown, his teeth white, and his eyes dark and sparkling. He was now a handsome young man of twenty years. The most icy water could not deter him from swimming; he could twist and turn like a fish. None could climb like him, and he clung as firmly to the edge of the rocks as a limpet. He had strong muscular power, as could be seen when he leapt from rock to rock. He had learnt his lesson from the cat, and more lately from the chamois. Rudy was considered the best guide over the mountains; every one had great confidence in him. He might have made a great deal of money as guide. His uncle had also taught him the trade of a cooper; but he had no inclination for either, his delight was in chamois-hunting, which also brought him plenty of money. Rudy would be a very good match, as people said, if he would not look above his own station. . . . .

Down in the Valley, near Bex, among the great walnut-trees, by the side of a little rushing mountain-stream, lived a rich miller. His dwelling-house was a

large building three storeys high, with little turrets. The roof was covered with chips, bound together with tin plates that glittered in sunshine and in the moonlight. The largest of the turrets had a weathercock, representing an apple pierced by a glittering arrow, in memory of William Tell. The mill was a neat and well ordered place, that allowed itself to be sketched and written about; but the miller's daughter did not permit any to sketch or write about her. So at least Rudy would have said, for her image was pictured in his heart; her eyes shone in it so brightly, that quite a flame had been kindled there; and like all other fires, it had burst forth so suddenly, that the miller's daughter, the beautiful Babette, was quite unaware of it. Rudy had never spoken a word to her on the subject. The miller was rich, and, on that account, Babette stood very high, and was rather difficult to aspire to. But, said Rudy to himself, "Nothing is too high for a man to reach; he must climb with confidence in himself, and he will not fail." He had learnt this lesson in his youthful home.

Rudy set out to go to Bex; and when he arrived there, he found the miller and his daughter at home. They received him kindly. Babette did not say much. She seemed to have become quite silent; but her eyes spoke, and that was quite enough for Rudy. The miller had generally a great deal to talk about, and seemed to expect that every one would listen to his jokes, and laugh at them; for was not he the rich miller? But now he was more inclined to hear Rudy's adventures

while hunting and travelling, and to listen to his descriptions of the difficulties the chamois-hunter has to overcome on the mountain-tops, or of the dangerous snow drifts which the wind and weather cause to cling to the edges of the rocks, or to lie in the form of a frail bridge over the abyss beneath. The eyes of the brave Rudy sparkled as he described the life of a hunter, or spoke of the cunning of the chamois and their wonderful leaps; also of the rolling avalanche. He noticed that, the more he described, the more interested the miller became, especially when he spoke of the fierce vulture and of the royal eagle. Not far from Bex, in the Canton Valais, was an eagle's nest, most curiously built under a high, overhanging rock. In this nest was a young eagle; but who would venture to take it? A young Englishman had offered Rudy a whole handful of gold, if he would bring him the young eagle alive.

"There is a limit to everything," was Rudy's reply. "The eagle could not be taken, it would be folly to attempt it."

Not many days after this visit, Rudy was riding in the omnibus that runs between the cantons Vaud and Valais. These cantons are separated by the Rhone, over which is a bridge that unites them. Rudy, as usual, had plenty of courage, and indulged in pleasant thoughts of the favourable answer he should receive that evening.

"But she is so far above you," said the miller;

"Babette has heaps of gold, as you know. You should not attempt to reach her."

"There is nothing so high that a man cannot reach, if he will," answered Rudy; for he was a brave youth.

"Yet you could not reach the young eagle," said the miller laughing. "Babette is higher than the eagle's nest."

"I will have them both," said Rudy.

"Very well; I will give her to you when you bring me the young eaglet alive," said the miller; and he laughed till the tears stood in his eyes.

mùs-cŭl-ar	*ùn-a-ware*	*òm-ni-bus*
wèath-er-cock	*ad-vèn-tures*	*in-dùlged*
re-prĕ-sènt-ing	*de-scrìp-tions*	*piérced*
stá-tion	*bùild-ing*	*daugh'-ter*

càn-ton, district; division of a country. The usual name for the provinces or counties of Switzerland.

chà-mois (*shàm-wŏ*), a kind of antelope or goat.

dĕ-tèr, hinder or prevent by fear, frighten from doing. Lat. *de*, "down, away from," and *terreo*, "I frighten."

còn-fid-ence, faith, trust. Lat. *con*, "together," and *fido*, "I trust."

in-clin-á-tion, leaning, tendency towards, desire. Lat. *in*, "into, towards," and *clino*, "I bend."

a-spire, aim at something high or difficult to reach, desire eagerly. Lat. *ad*, "to, towards," and *spiro*, "I breathe."

a-byss (*a-bis*), a bottomless pit; a very deep place, pit, or mass of waters. Greek, *abyssos*, from *a*, "without," and *byssos*, "bottom."

à-val-anche, a mass of snow sliding down a mountain side. French, from *avaler*, "to descend," from *aval*, "downwards," from Lat. *ad*, "to," and *vallem*, "a valley."

2. The Achievement.

From the mountain-path came a joyous sound of some person whistling, and it betokened good humour and undaunted courage. It was Rudy going to meet his friend Vesinaud. "You must come and help me," said he, "I want to carry off the young eaglet from the top of the rock. We will take young Ragli with us."

"Had you not better first try to take down the moon? That would be quite as easy a task," said Vesinaud. "You seem to be in good spirits."

"Yes, indeed I am. I am thinking of my wedding. But to be serious, I will tell you all about it, and how I am situated."

Then he explained to Vesinaud and Ragli what he wished to do, and why.

"You are a daring fellow," said they; "but it is of no use; you will break your neck."

"No one falls, unless he is afraid," said Rudy.

So at midnight they set out, carrying with them poles, ladders, and ropes. The road lay amidst brushwood and underwood, over rolling stones, always upwards higher and higher in the dark night. Waters roared beneath them, or fell in cascades from above. Humid clouds were driving through the air as the hunters reached the precipitous ledge of the rock. It was even darker here, for the sides of the rock almost met, and the light penetrated only through a small opening at the top. At a little distance from the edge could be heard the sound of the roaring foaming waters in the yawning

abyss beneath them. The three seated themselves on a stone, to await in stillness the dawn of day, when the parent eagle would fly out, as it would be necessary to shoot the old bird before they could think of gaining possession of the young one. Rudy sat motionless, as if he had been part of the stone on which he sat. He held his gun ready to fire, on the highest point of the cliff, where the eagle's nest lay concealed beneath the overhanging rock.

The three hunters had a long time to wait. At last they heard a rustling, whirring sound above them, and a large hovering object darkened the air. Two guns were ready to aim at the dark body of the eagle as it rose from the nest. Then a shot was fired; for an instant the bird fluttered its wide-spreading wings, and seemed as if it would fill up the whole of the chasm, and drag down the hunters in its fall. But it was not so; the eagle sunk gradually into the abyss beneath, and the branches of trees and bushes were broken by its weight. Then the hunters roused themselves; three of the longest ladders were brought and bound together; the topmost rung of these ladders would just reach the edge of the rock which hung over the abyss, but no farther. The point beneath which the eagle's nest lay sheltered was much higher and the sides of the rock were as smooth as a wall. After consulting together, they determined to bind together two more ladders, and to hoist them over the cavity, and so form a communication with the three beneath them, by binding the upper ones to the lower. With great difficulty they contrived to drag the two

ladders over the rock, and there they hung for some moments, swaying over the abyss; but no sooner had they fastened them together, than Rudy placed his foot on the lowest step.

It was a bitterly cold morning; clouds of mist were rising from beneath, and Rudy stood on the lower step of the ladder as a fly rests on a piece of swinging straw which a bird may have dropped from the edge of the nest it was building on some tall factory chimney; but the fly could fly away, if the straw were shaken, Rudy could only break his neck. The wind whistled around him, and beneath him the waters of the abyss, swelled by the waters of the glaciers, those palaces of the Ice Maiden, foamed and roared in their rapid course. When Rudy began to ascend, the ladder trembled like the web of a spider, when it draws out the long delicate threads; but as soon as he reached the fourth of the ladders, which had been bound together, he felt more confidence, —he knew that they had been fastened securely by skilful hands. The fifth ladder, which appeared to reach the nest, was supported by the sides of the rock, yet it swung to and fro, and flapped about like a slender reed, and as if it had been bound by fishing lines. It seemed a most dangerous undertaking to ascend it, but Rudy knew how to climb; he had learnt that from the cat, and he had no fear. He did not observe Vertigo, who stood in the air behind him, trying to lay hold of him with his outstretched polypus arms.

When at length he stood on the topmost step of the ladder, he found that he was still some distance below

the nest, and not even able to see into it. Only by using his hands and climbing could he possibly reach it. He tried the strength of the stunted trees, and the thick underwood upon which the nest rested, and of which it

was formed, and finding they would support his weight, he grasped them firmly, and swung himself up from the ladders till his head and breast were above the nest, and then what an overpowering stench came from it; for in

it lay the putrid remains of lambs, chamois, and birds. Vertigo, although he could not reach him, blew the poisonous vapour in his face to make him giddy and faint; and beneath in the dark yawning deep, on the rushing waters, sat the Ice Maiden, with her long, pale, green hair falling around her, and her death-like eyes fixed upon him, like the two barrels of a gun. "I have thee now," she cried.

In a corner of the eagle's nest sat the young eagle, a large and powerful bird, though still unable to fly. Rudy fixed his eyes upon it, held on by one hand with all his strength, and with the other threw a noose round the young eagle. The string slipped to its legs, Rudy tightened it and thus secured the bird alive. Then flinging the sling over his shoulder, so that the creature hung a good way down behind him, he prepared to descend with the help of a rope, and his foot soon touched safely the highest step of the ladder. Then Rudy, remembering his early lesson in climbing, "Hold fast, and do not fear," descended carefully down the ladders, and at last stood safely on the ground with the young living eaglet, where he was received with loud shouts of joy and congratulations.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

ex-plained'	*con-céaled*	*com-mun'-i-cá-tion*
pre-cìp-it-ous	*con-sùlt-ing*	*out-strètched*
pèn-e-trate	*con-trîved*	*poi'-son-ous*
yawn'-ing (yŏn-)	*chìm-ney*	*con-grùt-ŭ-lá-tions*

a-chiéve-ment, accomplishment, performance; successful result of great exertions. French, *achever*, "to bring to a head, to complete, finish"; from *à chef*, Lat *ad caput*, "to a head."

be-tók-en, give token, sign, or indication of.

un-daunt'-ed, intrepid, fearless. French, *dompter*, Lat. *domare*, "to tame."

cas-cáde, waterfall.

hu'-mid, damp, moist.

pu'-trid, rotten, decayed.

càv-i-ty, a hollow. Lat. *cavus*, "hollow."

glá-ci-ers, fields or huge masses of snow and ice in the valleys of snow-clad mountains. French, *glacière*, from Lat. *glacies*, "ice."

Ver-ti-go, dizziness (personified). Latin, from *verto*, "I turn."

pòl-y-pus, a radiated or star-like water animal, with *many feet* or arms round the mouth. Greek, *polypous*, from *polys*, "many," and *pous*, "foot."

EXERCISE.—Vary in several ways the sentence: "Only by using his hands and climbing could he possibly reach the nest."

THE END.

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