SHORTER GLOBE READERS

ILLUSTRATED

BOOK V

STANDARD V

MACMILLAN & Co.

THE

SHORTER GLOBE READERS.

BOOK V.

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COMPILED AND EDITED BY

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In Book V. the lessons illustrate a considerable variety of good literary expression, both in prose and in verse. The matter is more miscellaneous than in the preceding books. The main expectation is to cultivate the observation of natural objects, and the feeling for Nature in diversified forms. There are passages descriptive of varied scenery, character, and conditions of life. The few lessons of a scientific cast are chiefly readings in Physical Geography and Geology. Two or three simple lessons deal with important points in Political Economy. Two or three others record important historical events. And the feelings are touched to emulation as well as to sympathy.

Spelling lists, explanatory notes, derivations, hints for exercises, &c., are still continued.

CONTENTS OF BOOK V.

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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 *pûl* = "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 *răl-wă* ("rail'-way"), *ĕ-jĕct.*

The last of these, *ŭ*, may also express *û* out of accent; as, *hănd-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* (*fār*) and *all* (*ōl*), 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-plând, ōl-mōst, kwōrt-er.*

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BOOK V.

THE STAGE COACH.

WHEN the coach came round at last, with "London" blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such a turn, that he was half disposed to run away. But he didn't do it; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four greys, felt as if he were another grey himself, or, at all events, a part of the turn-out; and was quite confused by the novelty and splendour of his situation.

And really it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next that coachman;

for of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four greys were, somehow or other, at the ends of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat, which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into his hat, and stuck it on again, as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard too! Seventy breezy miles a-day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road; he was all pace. A waggon couldn't have moved slowly, with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box, and looked about him. Such a coachman and such a guard never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place. The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated, London coach; up all night, and lying by all day, and leading a terrible life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied

the cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way; and spun along the open country-road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening. Mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four greys skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the greys; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass-work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho! past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho! past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little watercourse, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho! past streams, in which the cattle cool

their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut, slice by slice, away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho! down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!

Yoho! among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London, fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho! beside the village green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where topers congregate about the door admiring; and the last team, with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now with the clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the wold. Yoho!

See the bright moon! High up before we know it: making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves

upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him;* and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom-hunter.

Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light airy gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before: as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yoho! Why, now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapour; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the moon!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho! past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past waggons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty-seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve!

Yoho! down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London!

DICKENS.

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

dis-pósed	*floùr-ished*	*ex-ìst-ed*
con-fused'	*vàl-ŭ-a-ble*	*nois'-i-ly*
nòv-el-ty	*in-strùc-tions*	*un-cèr-tain-ty*
splènd-our	*con-vers-á-tion*	*in-dent-á-tion*
pèr-fume	*con-tèm-plate*	*con-tìn-ŭ-ous*
èm-per-or	*de-fí-ance*	*swag'-ger-ing (swòg-)*

blá-zoned (bláznd), painted ornamentally, in bright (or *blazing*) colours; as grandly as a coat of arms (French, *blason*).

pro-fès-sion-al-ly, in the practice of his profession, or business; as a matter of business. Lat. *pro*, "forth, publicly," and *fateor*, "I confess, or own."

un-lim-it-ed, not limited, having no limits or bounds; boundless, absolute.

fore-shàd-ow-ings, shadows cast in advance; dim indications beforehand.

yók-el, country bumpkin.

dis-sip-ăt-ed, given to dissipation; leading a reckless, wasteful, dissolute life; throwing away, right and left, one's property and strength.

ca-thé-dral, the church containing the bishop's chair or throne. Grk. *kathedra*, "a seat;" from *kathezomai* (*kata*, "down," and *hezomai*, "I sit,") "I sit down."

lèg-a-cy, property that is left to one by will, a bequest.

im-mèns-i-ty, immense extent hugeness. Lat. *im* (*in*), "not," and *mensus*, "measured."

càp-tiv-ăt-ing, carrying captive, charming, taking. Lat. *captum*, "to take."

òr-ches-tra (*òr-kes-tra*), the part of a theatre occupied by the musicians; hence, the musicians themselves.

rŭs-tic, of the country, plain, unadorned. Lat. *rus*, "the country." What is the other adjective from *rus* (*ruris*)?

cŏn-greg-ate, flock together. Lat. *grex* (*gregis*), "a flock."

vol-unt-eer'-ing, offering their services; proposing, of one's own free will, to do something. French, *voluntaire*, Lat. *voluntarius*, "a volunteer;" from Lat. *voluntas*, "will, choice;" from *volo*, "I am willing."

blight-ed (*blit-ed*), blasted, withered up; the opposite of "flourishing."

fan-tăs-tic, fanciful, whimsical; dressed strangely, according to one's own fancy or humour.

dow-a-ger, strictly, a widow with a dower; an old lady (of fashion).

Write out, in your own way, Tom Pinch's ride to London; or any similar journey.

KUBLA KHAN.

A Vision in a Dream.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
    Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice;
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora!
Could I revive within me

Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That, with music loud and long,

I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry Beware ! Beware

His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!

COLERIDGE.

státe-ly	*en-fóld-ing*	*mèas-ure-less*
càv-erns	*green'-e-ry*	*a-thwart' (-thwōrt)*
fèrt-ile	*tùr-moil*	*prò-phe-sy-ing*
dĕ-více	*re-bound'-ing*	*dùl-ci-mer*
haunt'-ed (hōnt-)	*mìr-a-cle*	*Pàr-a-dise*
vault'-ed (vōlt-)	*mìn-gled*	*ìn-cense-bear-ing*

de-cree', order (to be built). Lat. *decretum*, "to decide."

sin-ŭ-ous, winding, bending this way and that. Lat. *sinuosus*, from *sinus*, "a bend, curve."

ro-màn-tic, such as might be described in a romance, or fiction; strangely wild, fantastic.

chasm (*kàsm*), a deep and narrow hollow or gorge. Grk. *chasma*, "a yawning, or gaping place."

cé-darn, of cedar trees.—Compare, "silvern, golden, &c."

en-chànt-ed, under a supernatural or magical charm. French, *enchanter*, Lat. *incantare*, "to sing a magic formula over."

mó-ment-ly, every moment.

in-ter-mit-ted, stopped. Lat. *inter*, "between," and *mitto*, "I send."

me-ànd-er-ing, winding. From the very crooked river Meander in Asia Minor.

an-cès-tral, of his ancestors, or forefathers.

the mingled *measure*: musical sounds, occurring at regular intervals.

sỳm-pho-ny, accompaniment. Grk. *symphonia*, from *sym* (*syn*), "with," and *phone*, "voice."

Point out some of the chief examples of Harmony of Sound and Sense.

THREE STATES OF MATTER.

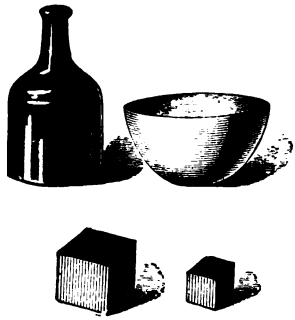
The term *matter* signifies the substance, or elements, of which all bodies are composed. Matter exists in three very different states, namely, the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous; and each of these states has certain properties which serve to distinguish it

A substance is said to be solid when its several parts unite firmly; as iron, wood, stone, or coal. A solid body, such as a piece of iron or wood, resists any attempt to alter its shape or its size, always keeping the same size or volume and the same shape, unless it be violently destroyed.

In the case of a bottle and a glass or basin, you have two vessels of different shapes, but they may be of the same size; so that, if you fill the bottle with water and pour the water into the glass or basin, you will find that the water exactly fills the glass or basin also. On the other hand, two pieces of wood, the one six inches square and the other two inches square, have both the same shape or figure, but the one is much larger than the other; their size is different.

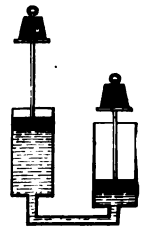
You see now what is meant by space or size or volume (for the three words mean the same thing), and what by figure or shape. Now, you cannot take a solid which has the shape of the one vessel and force it into

the shape of the other, although the size or volume of both is the same; nor can you take a solid of the size or volume of the first wooden block and squeeze it into that of the second, although the shape of both blocks is the same. A perfect solid will keep its figure, and it will also keep its size. Bear in mind, however, that, when we say we cannot do a thing, we really mean we cannot do it without very great difficulty, and then not completely, but only to a very small extent.



Liquids have a good deal of freedom of motion among their particles, readily adapting themselves to the form of the vessels that contain them; as water, beer, vinegar. A liquid, like water, when kept in a bottle or other vessel, always spreads itself out, so as to make its surface level, but yet it will always keep its proper size or volume. You cannot by any means force a quart of water into a pint measure; it will insist upon having its full volume, but it is not particular as to shape.

Let us, for example, take a quantity of water shut in at one end, while at the other there is a water-tight piston or plug. Now let us try to drive this piston down in order to force the water into smaller volume, and to do so let us put a large weight upon the piston; but, notwithstanding all this, we cannot compress the water.



A liquid, such as water, presses downwards and sideways in every direction, the surface being level or tending to become level. The surface cannot remain slanting, for the part that is high up would at once begin to slide down towards the lowest part; there would be nothing to keep it up. You may press the water in a basin on one side so as to make it rise on the other side; but as soon as you withdraw the pressure, it will begin to return to the same level all over the basin. If the withdrawal be sudden, then the water will surge back with force proportional to the pressure, but the oscillation from side to side constantly tends to decrease, and the water gradually settles down to a level surface. Even in the case where tubes of different shapes and sizes—it matters not what the shape or the size may be—rise from the upper surface of a close vessel with which they have free communication, the water poured into one tube will in the first place fill the closed vessel and presently ascend the different tubes, keeping always exactly at the same level in them all.

A gas, again, has no surface; for, if you put a

quantity of gas into a perfectly empty vessel, the gas will fill the whole vessel, and not a part only. A gas possesses freedom of motion among its particles in a more eminent degree than a liquid does; and in fact it has an intense desire to spread itself out and to fill any vacant space that is not already filled, and will strongly exert itself to do so. But a gas does not insist so violently as a liquid upon occupying a certain space; for by means of a proper amount of force, you may compress the gas which now fills a pint bottle into half a pint, or even into less space. In fact, a gas will be persuaded to go into less space, but a liquid will not be persuaded. Gases, however, on being liberated, regain their former dimensions. Hence they are called elastic fluids. Of this class are the air we breathe and the gas so extensively employed in lighting streets and dwellings.

We have now seen that, in the three different states of matter, the particles are held together with different degrees of firmness. If we take a piece of string or of wire, and try to break it into two parts, it exerts a force to prevent our doing so, and it is only when the force we exert is greater than the force with which it resists us that we succeed in breaking it. The different parts or particles of the string or of the wire are held together by a force which resists any attempt to pull them asunder. And so are the various parts or particles of all solid bodies, such as wood, stone, metals, and so on. It is often very difficult to break a substance to pieces, or bend it, or powder it, or alter its shape or size in any

way. Now this force which the neighbouring particles of a body exert to keep each other together, is called *cohesion*. But cohesion does not act except when the particles are very near each other; for, if once a thing is broken or ground to powder, its particles cannot come easily together again.

Solids, liquids, and gases all expand—that is, separate their particles more or less—under the influence of heat; and often with immense force. If you were to fill an iron ball quite full of water, shut it tightly down by means of a screw, and then heat the ball,—the force of the expansion would be great enough to burst the ball. In large iron and tubular bridges allowance must be made so that the iron has room to expand; for in the middle of summer the bridge will be somewhat longer than in the middle of winter, and if it has not room to lengthen out, it will be injured by the force tending to expand it. There is an arrangement for this purpose in the Menai Tubular Bridge. We take advantage of the force of expansion and contraction in many ways—for instance, in making carriage wheels. The iron tire is first made red-hot, and in this state is fitted on loosely upon the wheel; it is then rapidly cooled, and in so doing it contracts, grasps the wheel firmly, and becomes quite tight.

Substances when heated pass first from the solid to the liquid, and then from the liquid to the gaseous state. Ice, water, and steam have precisely the same composition; ice becomes water if it be heated, while water

becomes steam if we continue the heat. The very same change will happen to other substances if we treat them in the same way. Let us, for instance, take a piece of the metal called zinc, and heat it; after some time it will melt, and if we still continue to heat it, it will at last pass away in the shape of zinc vapour. Even hard, solid iron or steel may be made to melt, and even driven away in the shape of vapour; and by means of an agent called electricity we can probably heat any substance sufficiently to drive it away in the state of vapour or gas.

We cannot, however, cool all bodies sufficiently to bring them into the solid or even into the liquid state. Thus, for instance, pure alcohol has never been cooled into a solid; but we know very well that all we have to do is to obtain greater cold in order to succeed in freezing alcohol. In like manner, we have never been able to cool the atmospheric air sufficiently to bring it into the liquid form; but we know very well that all we require in order to succeed is to obtain greater cold. You must not, however, imagine from what has been said, that cold means anything else than the absence of heat. Platinum is so difficult to melt that we cannot tell at what temperature it does so. And carbon is still more difficult to melt—indeed in the very hottest fire the coal or carbon is always solid; and no one ever heard of the coal melting down and trickling out through the furnace bars.

We thus see that the same sort of change takes place in all bodies through heat; that is to say, if we could

reach a temperature sufficiently low, all bodies would become solid like ice, and if we could reach one sufficiently high, all would become gaseous like steam.

PROF. BALFOUR STEWART'S *Physics Primer* (adapted).

sìg-ni-fies	*pròp-er-ties*	*with-draw'-al*
èl-e-ments	*vi-o-lent-ly*	*pro-pór-tion-al*
sòl-id	*de-stroy-ed*	*di-mèn-sions*
lì-quid	*ex-àct-ly*	*al-low-ance*
gás-e-ous	*vòl-ume*	*ar-ránge-ment*
e-làs-tic	*fìg-ure*	*tèm-per-a-ture*

ad-àpt-ing, fitting, suiting. Lat. *ad*, "to," and *apto*, "I fit."

com-prèss, press together.

sùrge, to rise high, to swell. Lat. *surgo*, "I rise."

os-cill-á-tion, swinging, moving, backwards and forwards—like a pendulum.

lìb-er-ate, set free, release. Lat. *liber*, "free."

co-hè-sion, sticking together. Lat. *co*, "together," and *hæsum*, "to stick."

ex-pàn-sion, stretching out, enlargement; lessening of the cohesion, or increase of the distance between the particles. Lat. *ex*, "out," and *pansum*, "to spread."

con-tràc-tion, the opposite of expansion; "drawing together; increase of the cohesion, or lessening of the distance between the particles. Lat. *con*, "together," and *tractum*, "to draw."

e-lec-trì-ci-ty, the property of attracting light bodies; a very subtle force, the same as lightning. From Grk. *electron*, "amber," in which the property was first observed.

at-mo-sphèr-ic, belonging to, or connected with the atmosphere, or air.

ther-mo-me-ter, heat-measurer; an instrument for measuring the temperature, showing the variations of heat and cold. Grk. *therme*, "heat," (*thermos*, "hot,") and *metron*, "a measure."

*

THE RETIRED CAT.

A POET'S cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.
I know not where she caught the trick,—
  Nature perhaps herself had cast her
In such a mould philosophique,
  Or else she learned it of her master.
Sometimes ascending, debonair,
An apple tree, or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gardener at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty watering-pot;
There wanting nothing, save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan
Apparelled in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.
  But love of change, it seems, has place
Not only in our wiser race:
Cats also feel, as well as we,
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Exposed her too much to the wind,

And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within:
She therefore wished instead of those
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.
A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use,
A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there;
Puss with delight beyond expression
Surveyed the scene and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease ere long,
And lulled by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast;
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.
Awakened by the shock, cried Puss.
"Was ever cat attended thus!
The open drawer was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me,

For, soon as I was well composed,
Then came the maid, and it was closed.
How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet!
Oh what a delicate retreat!
I will resign myself to rest
Till Sol, declining in the west,
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
Susan will come and let me out."
The evening came, the sun descended,
And Puss remained still unattended.
The night rolled tardily away
(With her indeed 'twas never day),
The sprightly morn her course renewed,
The evening grey again ensued,
And Puss came into mind no more
Than if entombed the day before.
With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,
She now presaged approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink, or purred,
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.
That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—"What's that?"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped, but nothing spied;
Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
Something imprisoned in the chest,
And, doubtful what, with prudent care
Resolved it should continue there.

At length, a voice which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him and dispelled his fears:
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and without stop
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
Forth skipp'd the cat, not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond apprehension
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest
Anything rather than a chest.
Then stepp'd the poet into bed
With this reflection in his head:

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move and act for him alone,

115 Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

COWPER.

sed-áte	*còm-fort-less*	*con-vén-i-ence*
a-scènd-ing	*in-tro-duce'* (*-dyús*)	*ap-pàr-elled*
de-scènd-ed	*in-vít-ed*	*house'-wife-ly*
sur-veyed' (*-vád*)	*im-prìs-oned*	*un-còn-sci-ous*
sal-út-ing	*mèl-an-cho-ly*	*ap-próach-ing*
po-èt-ic	*ex-pec-tá-tion*	*ap-pre-hèn-sion*
scene (*sén*)	*spríght-ly* (*sprít-*)	

ad-dìct-ed, given to, inclined to, and in the habit of. Lat. *ad*, "to," and *dictum*, "to say, or declare."

phil-o-soph-ique' (*-ék*), philosophical. French form.

dè-bon-air', gracious, courteous. Fr. *débonnaire*, from *de*, "of," *bon*, "good," *air*, "air, appearance, bearing."

sòl-ace, comfort, consolation. Lat. *solatium*, from *solor*, "I console."

nymph (*nìmf*), a goddess of mountains, valleys, rivers, woods and trees, meadows, &c.; hence, a beautiful young woman.

se-dàn, a covered chair, for one person, carried on poles by two men.

ŭt-ènsil (*yŭt-*), an instrument for any use; vessels (in kitchen), tools, &c. Lat. *utor*, "I use."

im-pènd-ing, hanging over. Lat. *im* (*in*), "upon," and *pendeo*, "I hang."

beyond expression. Give the meaning in various other forms. Also vary "with delight beyond expression."

re-cùmb-ent, reclining, leaning or lying back or down. Lat. *re*, "back," and *cumbo*, "I lie."

mal-ìg-ni-ty, ill-will, evil disposition. Lat. *malignus*, from *malus*, "bad," and *genus*, "kind, nature."

en-súed, followed, came on in succession.

en-tombed' (*en-túmd*), laid in the tomb, buried.

pre-ságed, perceived beforehand, foreboded.

jeo'-par-dy (*jè-*), great danger, peril, risk.
in-cùrred, run into, fallen into. Lat. *in*, "into," and *curro*, "I run."
in-èx-plic-a-ble, that cannot be explained. Lat. *in*, "not," *ex*, "out," *plico*, "I fold."
re-plète, filled with, full of.
erst, formerly. "Erst" is the superlative of the word of which "ere" is the comparative.
hyp-er-bòl-ic-al, exaggerated; much beyond the facts of the case.
tri-bùl-á-tion, severe suffering, affliction.

Write out the story in prose.

ENGLAND SEVEN CENTURIES AGO.

THE sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches

the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright, the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West-Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar

than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following

purport: "Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swine-herd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated upon one of the fallen Druidical monu-

ments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic

appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription: "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned nightcap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached; which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance,

sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to intrust with edge-tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf, or bondsman, was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, and fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependents of the great feudal nobles. But to give their conversation in

the original would convey but little information to the modern reader, for whose benefit we beg to offer the following translation:

"The curse of St. Withold upon these porkers!" said the swine-herd, after blowing his horn obstreperously, to collect together the scattered herd of swine, which, answering his call with notes equally melodious, made, however, no haste to remove themselves from the luxurious banquet of beech-mast and acorns on which they had fattened, or to forsake the marshy banks of the rivulet, where several of them, half plunged in mud, lay stretched at their ease, altogether regardless of the voice of their keeper. "The curse of St. Withold upon them and upon me!" said Gurth; "if the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man. Here, Fangs! Fangs!" he ejaculated at the top of his voice to a ragged wolfish-looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, which ran limping about as if with the purpose of seconding his master in collecting the refractory grunters; but which, in fact, from misapprehension of the swine-herd's signals, ignorance of his own duty, or malice prepense, only drove them hither and thither, and increased the evil which he seemed to design to remedy. "A mischief draw the teeth of him," said Gurth, "and the mother of mischief confound the Ranger of the forest, that cuts the foreclaws of our dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade! Wamba, up and help me, an thou beest a man; take a turn round the back o' the hill to gain the wind on them; and when thou 'st got the weathergage, thou

mayst drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs."

"Truly," said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, "I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort!" quoth Gurth; "expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the Jester. "But how call you the sow, when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels, like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swine-herd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that too," said Wamba; "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so, when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles. What dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone; "there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speakest but sad truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board; the loveliest is for their couch; the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either the will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon.—Here, here," he exclaimed again, raising his voice, "so ho! so ho! well done, Fangs! thou hast them all before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely, lad."

Gurth had now got his herd before him, and, catching up a long quarterstaff which lay upon the grass beside him, with the aid of Fangs he drove them down one of the long dim vistas which we have endeavoured to describe. And Wamba accompanied his companion.

Scott.

wŕt-nessed	*Drŭ-ŕd-ic-al*	*fan-tàs-tic*
re-céd-ed	*sŭp-er-stĭ-tion*	*pèr-son-age*
dis-col'-oured (*-kŭl-*)	*ăr-ti-fĭ-cial*	*grot-èsque* (*-èsk*)
pār-tial-ly (*-shal-*)	*è-min-ence*	*mel-ód-i-ous*
de-mean'-our	*dráp-e-ry*	*bànd-eau* (*-o*)
il-lúm-in-ăt-ed	*lòng-i-tude* (*lòn-ji-*)	*im-pèd-i-ment*

gnārled (*nārld*), twisted in large knots, knotty.

in-ter-cèpt, stop (on the way), cut off. Lat. *inter*, "between" (two points), and *captum*, "to take."

vis-ta, view, as along an avenue of trees. Ital. and Span. *vista*; from Lat. *visum*, "to see."

in-tric-ă-cy, entangled state, entanglement.

dè-dic-ăt-ed, solemnly or religiously devoted.

prò-strate, lying flat. Lat. *pro*, "before," and *stratum*, "to strew."

Rid-ing, for "*th*riding" (or *thrithing*), a "third-ing," or third part.

prĭm-ĕv-al, of the early ages (of the world). Lat. *primus*, "first," and *ævum*, "age."

ac-coutred' (*-kùterd*), equipped, furnished.

fùb-ric-ăt-ed, made, constructed. Lat. *faber*, "a workman."

thrall (*thrōl*), serf, bondsman.

tĕ-di-um, weariness.

de-jèc-tion, *de-spònd-en-cy*, downcast feelings, downheartedness; want of hope.

còn-strŭed, interpreted, regarded as.

à-path-y, listlessness, want of interest. Grk. *a*, "without," *pathos*, "feeling."

di-a-logue (*-log*), conversation. Grk. *dialogos*, from *dia*, "through, from one to another," and *logos*, "speech."

ĕ-jàc-ŭl-ăte, cry out.

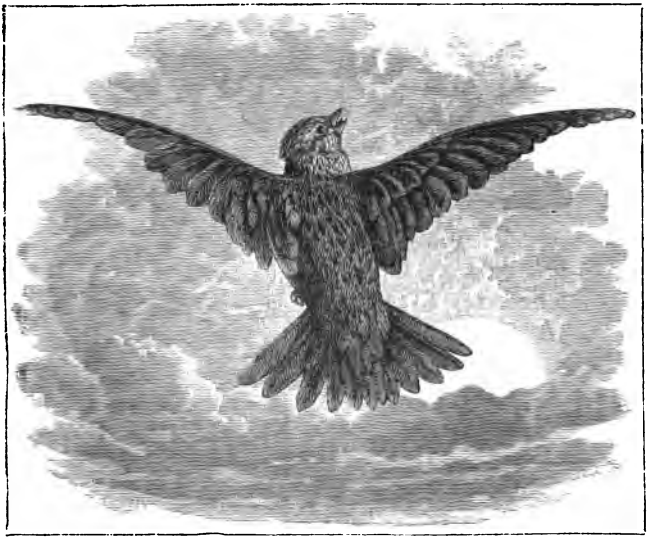
re-fràc-tor-y, obstinate, stubborn, perverse.

mis-ap-prĕ-hèn-sion, apprehending or understanding in a wrong sense.

malice *prĕ-pènse*, malice aforethought, intended. Lat. *præ*, "before," and *pensum*, "to weigh, or consider."

weather-gage, the *gage* of, or that which shows, the weather; the windward side.

slough (*slou*), deep muddy, or boggy, place.



THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth:
Where, on thy downy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

*

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away.

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome, and home of love, be;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

HOGG.

BAMBOO.

DURING my many journeys in Borneo, and especially during my various residences among the Dyaks, I first came to appreciate the admirable qualities of the bamboo. In those parts of South America which I had previously visited, these gigantic grasses were comparatively scarce; and, where found, but little used, their place being taken as to one class of uses by the great variety of palms, and as to another by calabashes and gourds. Almost all tropical countries produce bamboos, and, wherever they are found in abundance, the natives apply them to a variety of uses. Their strength, lightness, smoothness, straightness, roundness and hollowness,

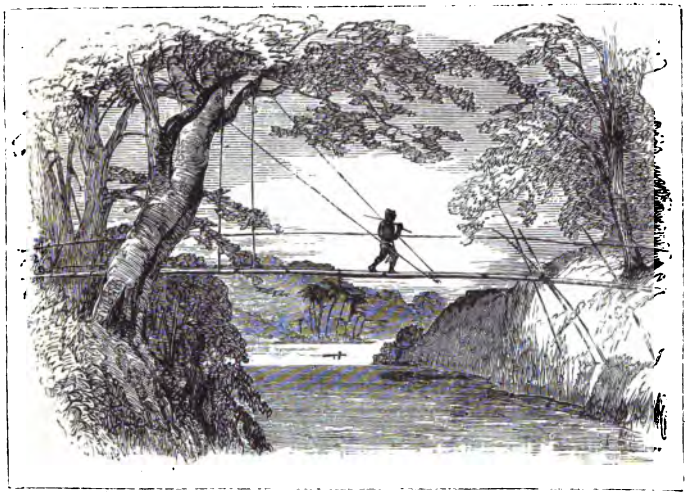
the facility and regularity with which they can be split, their many different sizes, the varying length of their joints, the ease with which they can be cut and with which holes can be made through them, their hardness outside, their freedom from any pronounced taste or smell, their great abundance, and the rapidity of their growth and increase, are all qualities which render them useful for a hundred different purposes, to serve which other materials would require much more labour and preparation. The bamboo is one of the most wonderful and most beautiful productions of the tropics, and one of nature's most valuable gifts to uncivilized man.

The Dyak houses are all raised on posts, and are often two or three hundred feet long and forty or fifty wide. The floor is always formed of strips split from large bamboos, so that each may be nearly flat and about three inches wide, and these are firmly tied down with rattan to the joists beneath. When well made, this is a delightful floor to walk upon barefooted, the rounded surfaces of the bamboo being very smooth and agreeable to the feet, while at the same time affording a firm hold. But, what is more important, they form with a mat over them an excellent bed, the elasticity of the bamboo and its rounded surface being far superior to a more rigid and a flatter floor. Here we at once find a use for bamboo which cannot be supplied so well by another material without a vast amount of labour, palms and other substitutes requiring much cutting and smoothing, and not being equally good when finished. When, however, a flat, close floor is required, excellent

boards are made by splitting open large bamboos on one side only, and flattening them out so as to form slabs eighteen inches wide and six feet long, with which some Dyaks floor their houses. These with constant rubbing of the feet and the smoke of years become dark and polished, like walnut or old oak, so that their real material can hardly be recognized. What labour is here saved to a savage whose only tools are an axe and a knife, and who, if he wants boards, must hew them out of the solid trunk of a tree, and must give days and weeks of labour to obtain a surface as smooth and beautiful as the bamboo thus treated affords him! Again, if a temporary house is wanted, either by the native in his plantation or by the traveller in the forest, nothing is so convenient as the bamboo, with which a house can be constructed with a quarter of the labour and time required if other materials are used.

The Hill Dyaks in the interior of Saráwak make paths for long distances from village to village and to their cultivated grounds, in the course of which they have to cross many gullies and ravines, and even rivers; or sometimes, to avoid a long circuit, to carry the path along the face of a precipice. In all these cases the bridges they construct are of bamboo, and so admirably adapted is the material for this purpose, that it seems doubtful whether they ever would have attempted such works if they had not possessed it. The Dyak bridge is simple but well designed. It consists merely of stout bamboos crossing each other at the roadway like the letter X. and rising a few feet above it. At the crossing

they are firmly bound together, and to a large bamboo which lies upon them and forms the only pathway, with a slender and often very shaky one to serve as a handrail. When a river is to be crossed an overhanging tree is chosen, from which the bridge is partly suspended and partly supported by diagonal struts from the banks,



so as to avoid placing posts in the stream itself, which would be liable to be carried away by floods. In carrying a path along the face of a precipice, trees and roots are made use of for suspension; struts arise from suitable notches or crevices in the rocks, and, if these are not sufficient, immense bamboos fifty or sixty feet long are fixed on the banks or on the branch of a tree below.

These bridges are traversed daily by men and women carrying heavy loads, so that any insecurity is soon discovered, and, as the materials are close at hand, immediately repaired. When a path goes over very steep ground, and becomes slippery in very wet or very dry weather, the bamboo is used in another way. Pieces are cut about a yard long, and opposite notches being made at each end, holes are formed through which pegs are driven, and firm and convenient steps are thus formed with the greatest ease and celerity. It is true that much of this will decay in one or two seasons, but it can be so quickly replaced as to make it more economical than using a harder and more durable wood.

One of the most striking uses to which bamboo is applied by the Dyaks, is to assist them in climbing lofty trees. One day I shot a Mias, which caught in a fork of the tree and remained fixed. As I was very anxious to get it, I tried to persuade two young Dyaks who were with me to cut down the tree, which was tall, perfectly straight, and smooth-barked, and without a branch for fifty or sixty feet. To my surprise, they said they would prefer climbing up it, but it would be a good deal of trouble, and, after a little talking together, they said they would try. They first went to a clump of bamboo that stood near, and cut down one of the largest stems. From this they chopped off a short piece, and splitting it, made a couple of stout pegs, about a foot long, and sharp at one end. Then cutting a thick piece of wood for a mallet, they drove one of the pegs into the tree and

hung their weight upon it. It held, and this seemed to satisfy them, for they immediately began making a quantity of pegs of the same kind, while I looked on

with great interest, wondering how they could possibly ascend such a lofty tree by merely driving pegs in it, the failure of any one of which at a good height would certainly cause their death. When about two dozen

pegs were made, one of them began cutting some very long and slender bamboo from another clump, and also prepared some cord from the bark of a small tree. They now drove in a peg very firmly at about three feet from the ground, and, bringing one of the long bamboos, stood it upright close to the tree, and bound it firmly to the two first pegs, by means of the bark cord, and small notches near the head of each peg. One of the Dyaks now stood on the first peg and drove in a third, about level with his face, to which he tied the bamboo in the same way, and then mounted another step, standing on one foot, and holding by the bamboo at the peg immediately above him, while he drove in the next one. In this manner he ascended about twenty feet, when the upright bamboo becoming thin, another was handed up by his companion, and this was joined on by tying both bamboos to three or four of the pegs. When this was also nearly ended, a third was added, and shortly after, the lowest branches of the tree were reached, along which the young Dyak scrambled, and soon sent the Mias tumbling headlong down. I was exceedingly struck by the ingenuity of this mode of climbing, and the admirable manner in which the peculiar properties of the bamboo were made available. The ladder itself was perfectly safe, since if any one peg were loose or faulty, and gave way, the strain would be thrown on several others above and below it. I now understood the use of the line of bamboo pegs sticking in trees, which I had often seen, and wondered for what purpose they could have been put there.

This method of climbing is constantly used in order to obtain wax, which is one of the most valuable products of the country. The honey-bee of Borneo very generally hangs its combs under the branches of the Tappan, a tree which towers above all others in the forest, and whose smooth cylindrical trunk often rises a hundred feet without a branch. The Dyaks climb these lofty trees at night, building up their bamboo ladder as they go, and bringing down gigantic honeycombs. These furnish them with a delicious feast of honey, and young bees, besides the wax, which they sell to traders, and with the proceeds buy the much-coveted brass wire, earrings, and gold-edged handkerchiefs with which they love to decorate themselves. In ascending Durian and other fruit trees, which branch at from thirty to fifty feet from the ground, I have seen them use the bamboo pegs only, without the upright bamboo which renders them so much more secure.

The outer rind of the bamboo, split and shaved thin, is the strongest material for baskets; hen-coops, bird-cages, and conical fish-traps are very quickly made from a single joint, by splitting off the skin in narrow strips left attached to one end, while rings of the same material or of rattan are twisted in at regular distances. Water is brought to the houses by little aqueducts formed of large bamboos split in half and supported on crossed sticks of various heights so as to give it a regular fall. Thin long-jointed bamboos form the Dyaks' only water-vessels, and a dozen of them stand in the corner of every house. They are clean, light, and easily

carried, and are in many ways superior to earthen vessels for the same purpose. They also make excellent cooking utensils; vegetables and rice can be boiled in them to perfection, and they are often used when travelling. Salted fruit or fish, sugar, vinegar, and honey are preserved in them instead of in jars or bottles. In a small bamboo case, prettily carved and ornamented, the Dyak carries his sirih and lime for betel chewing, and his little long-bladed knife has a bamboo sheath. His favourite pipe is a huge hubble-bubble, which he will construct in a few minutes, by inserting a small piece of bamboo for a bowl obliquely into a large cylinder about six inches from the bottom, containing water, through which the smoke passes to a long slender bamboo tube. There are many other small matters for which bamboo is daily used, but enough has now been mentioned to show its value. In other parts of the Archipelago I have myself seen it applied to many new uses, and it is probable that my limited means of observation did not make me acquainted with one-half the ways in which it is serviceable to the Dyaks of Saráwak.

A. R. WALLACE.

jour'-ney	*tèm-por-ar-y*	*com-pàr-a-tive-ly*
rè-sid-ence	*prè-cip-ice*	*reg-ŭl-àr-i-ty*
àd-mir-a-ble	*de-sígned*	*un-cìv-il -ĭzed*
pro-dùc-tion	*sus-pènd-ed*	*e-las-tì-ci-ty*
ma-tér-i-al	*sus-pèn-sion*	*ac-quaint'-ed*
rè-cog-nĭzed	*cyl-ìnd-ric-al*	*sèr-vice-a-ble*

hànd-ker-chiefs *Ar-chi-pèl-a-go*

Dy-aks, tribes in Borneo. The other inhabitants are Malays and Chinese.

ap-pré-ci-ate, set a (proper) value on; esteem highly. Lat. *ad*, "to," and *pretium*, "price."

càl-a-bash, a large pear-shaped fruit.

fa-cìl-i-ty, ease. Lat. *facilis*, "easy."

pro-nounced', stated, declared; strongly marked.

rav-iné' (*rav-én*), a deep hollow, or gorge, made by violent hill-streams.

cìr-cuit (*sir-kit*), roundabout way. Lat. *circuitus*, "a way round," from *circum*, "about," and *itum*, "to go."

di-à-gon-al, passing from one corner or angle to another corner or angle opposite. Grk. *dia*, "through," and *gonia*, "an angle."

in-sĕ-cur'-i-ty, want of security, firmness, or safety; weakness.

cel-èr-i-ty, speed, quickness. Lat. *celer*, "swift."

ec-o-nòm-ic-al, thrifty.

Mi-as, the native name, in Borneo, for the Orang-utan.

in-gen-u'-i-ty (*-yú-*), cleverness, skilful device.

gi-gànt-ic, giant-like, enormous.

Du'-ri-an, "emperor of fruits;" "round or slightly oval, about the size of a large cocoanut, of green colour, and covered all over with short stout spines. . . . The pulp is the eatable part, and its consistence and flavour are indescribable. A rich butter-like custard highly flavoured with almonds gives the best general idea of it, but intermingled with it come wafts of flavour that call to mind cream-cheese, onion-sauce, brown sherry, and other incongruities. . . . In fact to eat Durians is a new sensation, worth a voyage to the East to experience." (A. R. WALLACE.)

à-que-duct, course or channel along which to convey water. Lat. *aqua*, "water," and *ductum*, "to lead."

ob-liqué'-ly (*-lék-*), aslant.

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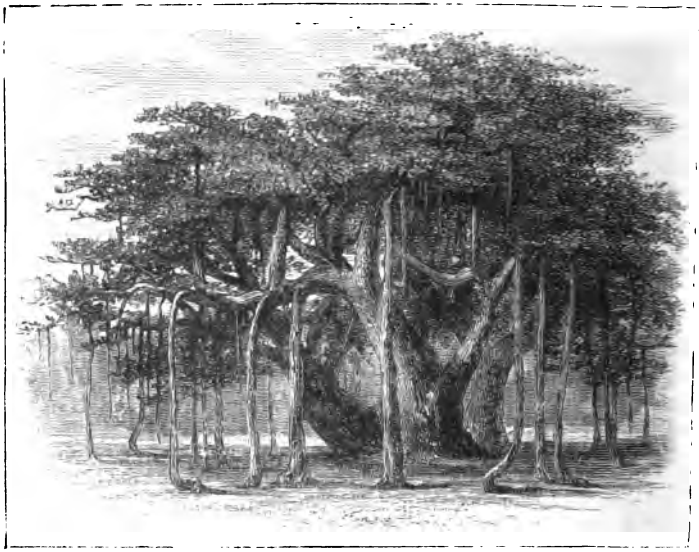

THE BANYAN TREE.

'TWAS a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged Banyan grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree,
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head;
And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight, like a plummet, grew towards the ground.

Some on the lower boughs, which crost their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others of younger growth, unmoved, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briers deformed the natural floor;
And through the leafy cope which lowered it o'er
Came gleams of chequered light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.

SOUTHEY.

ir-règ-ŭl-ar-ly	*straight*	*de-fôrmed*
còl-umn (*-um*)	*boughs*	*chèqu-ered* (*chèk-*)
un-moved' (*-múvd*)	*bow'ered*	*ĥm-pulse*

Bàn-yan, a tree of the bread fruit and mulberry order, a native of India. The Hindoos hold it in high veneration.

vèn-er-a-ble, worthy of respect, reverence, and awe—from age or religious feeling.

de-pènd-ing, hanging down. Lat. *de*, "down," and *pendeo*, "I hang."

con-tòr-tion, twist. Lat. *con*, "together," and *tortum*, "to twist, or turn forcibly round."

cope, covering overhead.

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THE TRUE FAIRY TALE.

AND now I will tell you a fairy tale. I call it a fairy tale, because it is so strange; indeed I think I ought to call it the fairy tale of all fairy tales, for, by the time we get to the end of it, I think it will explain to you how our forefathers got to believe in fairies, and trolls, and elves, and scratlings, and all the strange little people who were said to haunt the mountains and the caves.

Well, once upon a time, so long ago that no man can tell when, the land was so much higher, that between England and Ireland, and, what is more, between England and Norway, was firm dry land. The country then must have looked—at least we know it looked so in Norfolk—very like what our moors look like here. There were forests of Scotch fir, and of spruce too, which is not wild in England now, though you may see plenty in every plantation. There were oaks and alders, yews and sloes, just as there are in our woods now. There was buck-bean in the bogs, and white and yellow water-lilies, horn-wort, and pond-weeds, just as there are now in our ponds. There were wild horses, wild deer, and wild oxen, those last of an enormous size. There were little yellow roe-deer, which will not surprise you, for there are hundreds and thousands in Scotland to this day; and, as you know, they will thrive well enough in our woods now. There were beavers too: but that must not surprise you, for there were beavers in South Wales long after the Norman Conquest, and there are

beavers still in the mountain glens of the south-east of France. There were honest little water-rats too, who I dare say sat up on their hind-legs like monkeys, nibbling the water-lily pods, thousands of years ago, as they do in our ponds now. Well, so far we have come to nothing strange: but now begins the fairy tale.

Mixed with all these animals, there wandered about great herds of elephants and rhinoceroses; not smooth-skinned, mind, but covered with hair and wool, like those which are still found sticking out of the everlasting ice cliffs, at the mouth of the Lena and other Siberian rivers, with the flesh, and skin, and hair so fresh upon them, that the wild wolves tear it off, and snarl and growl over the carcase of monsters who were frozen up thousands of years ago. And with them, stranger still, were great hippopotamuses; who came, perhaps, northward in summer time along the sea-shore and down the rivers, having spread hither all the way from Africa; for in those days, you must understand, Sicily, and Italy, and Malta—look at your map—were joined to the coast of Africa: and so, it may be, was the rock of Gibraltar itself; and over the sea where the Straits of Gibraltar now flow was firm dry land, over which hyænas and leopards, elephants and rhinoceroses ranged into Spain; for their bones are found at this day in the Gibraltar caves. And this is the first chapter of my fairy tale.

Now while all this was going on, and perhaps before this began, the climate was getting colder year by year —we do not know how; and, what is more, the land was sinking; and it sank so deep, that at last nothing

was left out of the water but the tops of the mountains in Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales. It sank so deep that it left beds of shells belonging to the Arctic regions nearly two thousand feet high upon the mountain side. And so

"It grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald."

But there were no masts then to measure the icebergs by, nor any ship nor human being there. All we know is that the icebergs brought with them vast quantities of mud, which sank to the bottom, and covered up that pleasant old forest-land in what is called boulder-clay; clay full of bits of broken rock, and of blocks of stone so enormous, that nothing but an iceberg could have carried them. So all the animals were drowned or driven away, and nothing was left alive, perhaps, except a few little hardy plants which clung about cracks and gullies in the mountain tops; and whose descendants live there still. That was a dreadful time; the worst, perhaps, of all the age of Ice; and so ends the second chapter of my fairy tale.

Now for my third chapter. "When things come to the worst," says the proverb, "they commonly mend;" and so did this poor frozen and drowned land of England and France and Germany, though it mended very slowly. The land began to rise out of the sea once more, and rose till it was perhaps as high as it had been at first, and hundreds of feet higher than it

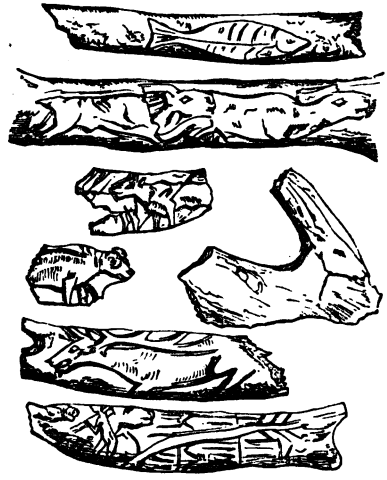
is now; but still it was very cold, covered, in Scotland at least, with one great sea of ice and glaciers descending down into the sea. But as the land rose, and grew warmer too, while it rose, the wild beasts who had been driven out by the great drowning came gradually back again. As the bottom of the old icy sea turned into dry

land, and got covered with grasses, and weeds, and shrubs once more, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, oxen—sometimes the same species, sometimes slightly different ones—returned to France, and then to England (for there was no British Channel then to stop them); and with them came other strange animals, especially

the great Irish elk, as he is called, as large as the largest horse, with horns sometimes ten feet across. You can judge what a noble animal he must have been. Enormous bears came too, and hyænas, and a tiger or lion (I cannot say which), as large as the largest Bengal tiger now to be seen in India.

And in those days—we cannot, of course, exactly say when—there came—first I suppose into the south and east of France, and then gradually onward into England and Scotland and Ireland—creatures without any hair to keep them warm, or scales to defend them, without horns or tusk to fight with, or teeth to worry and bite; the weakest you would have thought of the beasts, and yet stronger than all the animals, because they were Men, with reasonable souls. Whence they came we cannot tell, nor why; perhaps from mere hunting after food, and love of wandering and being independent and alone. Perhaps they came into that icy land for fear of stronger and cleverer people than themselves; for we have no proof, none at all, that they were the first men that trod this earth. But be that as it may, they came; and so cunning were these savage men, and so brave likewise, though they had no iron among them, only flint and sharpened bones, yet they contrived to kill and eat the mammoths, and the giant oxen, and the wild horses, and the reindeer, and to hold their own against the hyænas, and tigers, and bears, simply because they had wits, and the dumb animals had none. And that is the strangest part to me of all my fairy tale. For what a man's wits are, and why he has them, and

therefore is able to invent and to improve, while even the cleverest ape has none, and therefore can invent and improve nothing, and therefore cannot better himself, but must remain from father to son, and father to son again, a stupid, pitiful, ridiculous ape, while men can go on civilizing themselves, and growing richer and



more comfortable, wiser and happier, year by year—how that comes to pass, I say, is to me a wonder and a prodigy and a miracle, stranger than all the most fantastic marvels you ever read in fairy tales.

You may find the flint weapons which these old savages used buried in many a gravel-pit up and down France and the south of England. But most of their

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remains are found in caves which water has eaten out of the limestone rocks, like that famous cave of Kent's Hole at Torquay. In it, and in many another cave, lie the bones of animals which the savages ate, and cracked to get the marrow out of them, mixed up with their flint-weapons and bone harpoons, and sometimes with

burnt ashes and with round stones, used perhaps to heat water, as savages do now, all baked together into a hard paste or breccia by the lime. These are in the water, and are often covered with a floor of stalagmite which has dripped from the roof above and hardened into stone. In these caves, no doubt, the savages lived: for not only

have weapons been found in them, but actually drawings scratched (I suppose with flint) on bone or mammoth ivory—drawings of elk, and bull, and horse, and ibex—and one, which was found in France, of the great mammoth himself, the woolly elephant, with a mane on his shoulders like a lion's mane.

Sometimes, again, especially in Denmark, these savages have left behind upon the shore mounds of dirt, which are called there "kjökken-möddings"—"kitchen-middens" as they would say in Scotland, "kitchen-dirt-heaps" as we should say here down South—and a very good name for them that is; for they are made up of the shells of oysters, cockles, mussels, and periwinkles, and other shore-shells besides, on which those poor creatures fed; and mingled with them are broken bones of beasts, and fishes, and birds; and flint knives, and axes, and sling stones; and here and there hearths, on which they have cooked their meals in some rough way. And that is nearly all we know about them; but this we know from the size of certain of the shells, and from other reasons which you would not understand, that these mounds were made an enormous time ago, when the water of the Baltic Sea was far more salt than it is now.

But what has all this to do with my fairy tale? This:——

Suppose that these people, after all, had been fairies?

I am in earnest. Of course, I do not mean that these folk could make themselves invisible, or that they had any supernatural powers—any more, at least, than you and I have—or that they were anything but savages.

but this I do think, that out of old stories of these savages grew up the stories of fairies, elves, and trolls, and scratlings, and cluricaunes, and ogres, of which you have read so many.

When stronger and bolder people, like the Irish, and the Highlanders of Scotland, and the Gauls of France, came northward with their bronze and iron weapons; and still more, when our own forefathers, the Germans and the Norsemen, came, these poor little savages, with their flint arrows and axes, were no match for them and had to run away northward, or to be all killed out; for people were fierce and cruel in those old times, and looked on every one of a different race from themselves as a natural enemy. They had not learnt—alas! too many have not learnt it yet—that all men are brothers for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. So these poor savages were driven out, till none were left, save the little Lapps up in the north of Norway, where they live to this day.

But stories of them, and of how they dwelt in caves, and had strange customs, and used strange weapons, and how the elf-bolts (as their flint arrow-heads are still called) belonged to them, lingered on, and were told round the fire on winter nights, and added to, and played with, half in fun, till a hundred legends sprang up about them, which used once to be believed by grown-up folk, but which now only amuse children. And because some of these savages were very short, as the Lapps and Esquimaux are now, the story grew of their being so small that they could make themselves

invisible; and because others of them were (but probably only a few) very tall and terrible, the story grew that there were giants in that old world, like that famous Gogmagog, whom Brutus and his Britons met (so old fables tell), when they landed first at Plymouth, and fought him, and threw him over the cliff. Ogres, too—of whom you read in fairy tales—I am afraid that there were such people once, even here in Europe; strong and terrible savages, who ate human beings. Of course, the legends and tales about them became ridiculous and exaggerated as they passed from mouth to mouth over the Christmas fire, in the days when no one could read or write. But that the tales began by being true any one may well believe who knows how many cannibal savages there are in the world even now. I think that, if ever there was an ogre in the world, he must have been very like a certain person who lived, or was buried, in a cave in the Neanderthal, between Elberfeld and Dusseldorf, on the Lower Rhine. The skull and bones which were found there (and which are very famous now among scientific men) belonged to a personage whom I should have been very sorry to meet, and still more to let you meet, in the wild forest; to a savage of enormous strength of limb (and I suppose of jaw), likewise,

"like an ape,
With forehead villanous low;"

who could have eaten you if he would; and (I fear) also would have eaten you if he could. Such savages

may have lingered (I believe, from the old ballads and romances, that they did linger) for a long time in lonely forests and mountain caves, till they were all killed out by warriors who wore mail-armour, and carried steel sword, and battle-axe, and lance.

And so ends my fairy tale.

But is it not a wonderful tale? More wonderful, if you will think over it, than any story invented by man.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

èl-e-phant	*èm-er-ald*	*arc-tic*
leo'-pard (*lèp-ärd*)	*clèv-er-er*	*shārp-ened*
hy-æ'-na (*hĭ-é-na*)	*pìt-i-fŭl*	*hārd-ened*
rea'-son-a-ble (*ré-*)	*in-dĕ-pènd-ent*	*vìll-an-ous*
sŭp-er-nàt-ŭr-al	*rid-ìc-ŭl-ous*	*cìv-il-ĭz-ing*

The Norman Conquest. A.D. 1066.

rhĭn-ò-cer-os (*rĭn-*). From Grk. *rhis* (*rhinos*), "nose," and *keras*, "horn."

hip-po-pòt-a-mus. Grk. *hippos*, "horse," and *potamos*, "river": "the river-horse." Remark upon the order of the compounding words.

boul'-der (*ból-*), rounded, water-worn block of stone.

con-trived, found ways and means, made (successful) plans. French *controuver*, "to devise," from *con*, and *trouver*, "to find."

wonder, prodigy, miracle. The second word is stronger or more emphatic than the first, and the third than the second.

prò-dig-y (*-dij-*), a wonder; something extraordinary and astonishing. Lat. *prodigium*, from *pro*, "forth, before," and *dig* or *dic*, "point out;" objects and occurrences out of the ordinary course of things were looked upon as signs *pointing out* future events to such as could read them.

brèc-ci-a (*brèk-shi-a*), a mass of angular fragments of rock united by a cement. Ital. *breccia*, "crumb, fragment." A similar cemented mass of

rounded water-worn pebbles. is called a "conglomerate" rock.

sta-làg-mite, a cone of carbonate of lime on the floor of a cavern, formed by the water (charged with lime) dripping from the roof. Grk. *stalagmos*, "a dropping," from *stalazo*, "I drop." The cones hanging from the roof, like icicles, are called "stalàctites"; from Grk. *stalàktos*, "trickling, dropping," also from *stalazo*.

ex-àg-ger-ăt-ed (*exàjerăted*), lit. *heaped up;* hence, enlarged too much, or beyond the truth. Lat. *ex*, "out," and *agger*, "a heap."

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

Of all the Scottish conquests made
By the First Edward's ruthless blade,
His son retain'd no more,
Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,
Beleaguer'd by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce,
If England's King should not relieve
The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
To yield them to the Bruce.
England was roused—on every side
Courier and post and herald hied,
To summon prince and peer,
At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege,
Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,
With buckler, brand, and spear.
The term was nigh—they muster'd fast,
By beacon and by bugle-blast
Forth marshall'd for the field;

There rode each knight of noble name,
There England's hardy archers came,
The land they trode seem'd all on flame,
With banner, blade, and shield!
And not famed England's powers alone,
Renown'd in arms, the summons own;
For Neustria's knights obey'd,
Gascogne had lent her horsemen good,
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude,
And Connoght pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.
Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slowly on,
With menace deep and dread;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,
Suspend a while the threaten'd shower,
Till every peak and summit lower
Round the pale pilgrim's head.
Not with such pilgrim's startled eye
King Robert mark'd the tempest nigh!
Resolved the brunt to bide,
His royal summons warn'd the land,
That all who own'd their King's command
Should instant take the spear and brand,
To combat at his side.
O who may tell the sons of fame
That at King Robert's bidding came,
To battle for the right!

From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway-Sands to Marshal's-Moss,
All boun'd them for the fight.

. . . .

It was on eve of battle-day,
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode.
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,
And far as e'er the eye was borne,
The lances waved like autumn-corn.
In battles four, beneath the eye,
The forces of King Robert lie.
And one below the hill was laid,
Reserved for rescue and for aid;
And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line,
'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine.
Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh
As well might mutual aid supply.
Beyond the Southern host appears
A boundless wilderness of spears,
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.
Thick flashing in the evening beam,
Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam;
And where the heaven join'd with the hill,
Was distant armour flashing still,
So wide, so far, the boundless host
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.
Down from the hill the maiden pass'd,
At the wild show of war aghast;
And traversed first the rearward host,

Reserved for aid where needed most.
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
Lennox and Lanark too, were there,
And all the western land;
With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their Chieftains rank'd their files,
In many a plaided band.
There, in the centre, proudly raised,
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid
By these Hebrideans worn;
But O! unseen for three long years,
Dear was the garb of mountaineers
To the fair Maid of Lorn!

. . .

To centre of the vaward-line
Fitz-Louis guided Amadine.
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodon's land;
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce, though few;
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold Spears of Teviotdale;—
The dauntless Douglas these obey,

And the young Stuart's gentle sway.
North-eastward by Saint Ninian's shrine,
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine
The warriors whom the hardy North
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,
Where Bannock, with his broken bank
And deep ravine, protects the flank.
Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,
The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood:
His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,
And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.
Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and left-ward wing,
Composed his front; nor distant far
Was strong reserve to aid the war.

. . . .

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah! gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,

And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from Heaven.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
Is it the lark that carols shrill?
Is it the bittern's early hum?
No!—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were toss'd,
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
And started from the ground;
Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frown'd.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way!
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The Monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deem'd that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hests obey.
De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,
Selected champions from the train,
To wait upon his bridle-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—
—At once, before his sight amazed,
Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon point is downward sent,
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneel'd."—
"Ay!—but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours!
See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,

And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,
These men will die, or win the field."—
—"Then prove we if they die or win!
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast
Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail that storm may bide;
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,
If the fell shower may last!
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry;—
—With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,

Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gain'd the plain;
Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"
He cried: and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horsemen found.
On high their glittering crest they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
"Forth Marshal! on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!"

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,
They rush'd among the archer ranks,
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armour slight
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapon swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout!
A while, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good.
Borne down at length on every side,

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Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look, with longing glance,
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trod down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!"
To rightward of the wild affray,
The field show'd fair and level way;
But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That form'd a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,

With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,

And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field!
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge;—
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony!
They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own!

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here;
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,
Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,

And Courtenay's pride and Percy's fame—
Names known too well in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race!
Firmly they kept their ground;
As firmly England onward press'd,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And Slaughter revell'd round.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;
The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,

Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the grave!

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;
Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his vizor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;

Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard,—
"My merry-men, fight on!"

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last!"

The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore.
Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
Gathers the relics of the field,
Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,
And still makes good the line.

Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts raise
A bright but momentary blaze.
Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
Appear'd in her distracted view
To hem the Islesmen round;
"O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found?
And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
Oh! are your hearts of flesh or stone?

The multitude that watch'd afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsman and serf; even female hand
Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
But, when mute Amadine they heard
Give to their zeal his signal-word,
A frenzy fired the throng;—
"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.

To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
Our breasts as theirs—To arms! to arms!"
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a banner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain,
Or made but doubtful stay;—
But when they mark'd the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,
The boldest broke array.
O give their hapless prince his due!
In vain the Royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears,
Cried "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.

[De Argentine rode with them till the King was safe out of the field. He then returned, seeking to meet Bruce in single combat, but, after overthrowing several knights, was himself seriously wounded.]

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,

To use his conquest boldly won;
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southron's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear;
"Save, save his life," he cried, "O save
The kind, the noble, and the brave!"
The squadrons round free passage gave,
The wounded knight drew near;
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose;—
"Lord Earl, the day is thine!
My sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late:
Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,
It stiffen'd and grew cold—

"And, O farewell!" the victor cried,
"Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle bold,
The courteous mein, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face!—
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,
For late-wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said!"

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.
That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,
On broken plate and bloodied mail,
Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knew
Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due.
Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!
Though ne'er the Leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory,
When for her freeborn rights she strove;
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee!

Scott.

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còn-quests	*mount'-ain-eer'*	*un-flinch-ing*
sub-dued' (*-dyúd*)	*o'er-màtched*	*slaugh'-ter* (*slō-*)
mèn-ace	*chàl-lenge*	*court'-e-ous*
hor-íz-on	*ārch-er-y*	*mó-ment-ar-y*
a-ghàst	*dis-mount'-ed*	*dis-tràct-ed*
trà-versed	*vènge-fŭl*	*re-treat'-ed*
siege (*séj*)	*liege* (*léj*)	*re-lieve* (*-lév*)

rûth-less, pitiless, cruel; without ruth, or pity.

be-leagu'-ered (*-lég-*), besieged. Germ. *belagern*, "to place one's camp (*lager*) by (*be*)."

term of truce. A truce in this term, or condition, was agreed to between Sir Edward Bruce, the King's brother, and Sir Philip Mowbray, the English governor of Stirling. King Robert was displeased at the treaty because it gave England time to bring up a large army of relief, thus forcing on a decisive trial of strength for which he was not prepared.

John the Baptist's eve. Midsummer eve; evening of June 23.

Cambria, Wales.

de-vót-ed, doomed, set apart (for destruction). Lat. *de*, "down," and *votum*, "to vow, or wish."

boun'd, prepared, made ready.—Usually, only the participle is used: "*bound* for New York."

vā-ward, van-ward, van-guard, front line or division.

sèr-ried, close, compact. French *serré*.

plàn-et, a star that moves round the sun. Grk. *planetes*, "a wanderer;" because the planets, in their course round the sun, appear to wander among the other stars.

wàs-sail (*wòs-ăl*), rè-vel-ry, making merry in a very free manner, especially with drinking. "Wassail" is *wæs hæl*, "be hale, whole, or of good health," the old English salutation on pledging one to drink.

pre-sùmp-tion, forwardness, over-boldness, unjustifiable self-confidence. Lat. *præ*, "before," and *sumptum*, "to take."

còn-flict, struggle, battle. Lat.

con, "together," and *fligo*, "I strike, or dash."

re-spòn-sive, replying, in answer. Lat. *re*, "back, again," and *sponsum*, "to promise."

bat-tàl-ia, battalions; ranks in battle array. French *battre*, "to strike."

phá-lanx, or *phàl-anx*, compact mass in battle array. The famous "phalanx" of the Greeks was the compact formation of infantry in files usually eight deep (though often much deeper).

trùn-cheon (*-shon*), a short staff, or baton. French *tronçon*, "a stump, broken piece," from Lat. *truncare*, "to cut short, lop off"

chiv-al-ry (*shiv-*), knighthood, body of knights; here, in the literal sense, horsemen generally, cavalry. French *chevalerie*, from *cheval*, "a horse."

the shock to *let*, to hinder, prevent, resist.

yeó-man (*yó-*), countryman, farmer; a man of small estate.

wight (*wit*), sprightly, vigorous.

chùrl, countryman, fellow. Old English "ceorl," Scotch "carl."

bald-ric (*bōld-ric*), belt, girdle (of a soldier).

àc-ton, a leather (or taffeta) vest, quilted, worn under the coat of mail, to prevent bruises. It derives its name from having been originally padded with *cotton*.

vis-or, or *viz-or*, the movable part of the helmet that covers the face. French *visière*, "sight," and "visor," from Lat. *visum*, "to see;" because holes are pierced in it, to see through.

fal'-chion (*fōl-shon*), a small crooked, sickle-shaped sword, Ital. *falcione*, from Lat. *falx*, "a sickle."

pi'-broch (*pé-broch*), the music of the bag-pipes.

frèn-zy, uncontrollable agitation, wild excitement. French *frénésie*, Grk. *phrenésis*, from *phrén*, "the mind."

cai'-tiff (*cá-*), base, cowardly. Ital. *cattivo*, Lat. *captivus* ("a captive"), from *captum*, "to take, capture."

cuish (*kwish*), armour to protect the thighs; originally, of buff leather, later, of plate iron or steel. French *cuisse*, Lat. *coxa*, "the hip."

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

1. ARRIVAL AT PALOS.

IN the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain, and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment raised by this intelligence were proportioned to the scepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery; and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage the natural difficulties of which had been much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, in descrying land, on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the month of January, 1493, for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him; so that he was left alone to retrace his course across the Atlantic.

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After a most tempestuous voyage, he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, the most honourable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John the Second, who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them. After a brief delay the admiral resumed his voyage, and crossing the bar of Saltes entered the harbour of Palos about noon on the 15th of March, 1493,—being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbour. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return.

When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return, while every bell in the

village sent forth a joyous peal in honour of the glorious event.

pro-pòr-tioned	*mòn-arch* (*-ărk*)	*prosecútion*
im-pá-tience	*àd-mir-al*	*nàvigător*
pré-vi-ous-ly	*dis-ds-trous*	*tempèstŭous*
trans-mìtt-ed	*agitátion*	*inclinátion*
acclamátions	*commúnity*	*expérienced*
gratulátion	*expedítion*	*Pòrtŭguese*

Christopher Columbus is supposed to have been born, of humble parents, at Genoa, in 1436 (or 1446). He died at Valladolid in 1506.

a-chievé-ment (*-chév-*), accomplishment, carrying out, especially after long and great labour. French, *achever*, "to finish, to perfect," from Lat. *ad*, "to," and *caput*, "the head" (French, *chef*).

èn-ter-prise, undertaking; a bold and difficult attempt.

scèp-ti-cism, doubt, unbelief. Greek, *skeptomai*, "I look at carefully, consider, think over."

as-cer-tain', to establish as certain, to know, learn. Lat. *as* (*ad*) "to," *certus*, "certain, sure."

pre-lim-in-ar-y, preparatory, necessary as first steps. Lat. *præ*, "before," and *limen*, "the threshold"; "before proceeding to the main business."

aug-mènt-ed, increased, made greater. Lat. *augeo*, "I increase."

mu'-tin-ous (*myu-*), disposed to mutiny; rebellious, opposed to discipline.

found'-ered, filled with water and sunk.

he had failed to profit by them. Columbus had laid his plans before him and asked his help; but John II. sent out other navigators to test their value. These failed; and Columbus turned away from Lisbon in disgust.

re-sumed', took up again, proceeded on. Lat. *re*, "again," and *sumo*, "I take."

de-spònd-ing, despairing; losing courage, spirit, hope; cast down. Lat. *de*, "down," and

spondeo, "I promise"; "ceasing to promise, or giving up (courage or hope)."

con-signed (*-sind*), committed, delivered over. Lat. *con*, "together," and *signare*, "to sign or seal."

pré-ter-nàt-ŭr-al, beyond what is natural; raised up by superstitious fancies. Lat. *præter*, beyond," and *natura*, "nature."

which hung over the voyage; within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Express in shorter forms.

Most of them . . . joy and *gratulation.* The pronoun "they" is applied in reference to different parties; suggest changes to obviate this.

2. ARRIVAL AT BARCELONA.

THE admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that

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time—which has now lost its force from its familiarity—first revealed the existence of a "NEW WORLD." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and house-top, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators.

It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus' rank in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile.

It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, scepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honours paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

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After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which

he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural fruitfulness.

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He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal in the illumination of a race of men whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared by their extreme simplicity for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous colouring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

desírous	*sòvereigns*	*dècorated*
quad'rupeds	*spècimens*	*medìcinal*
pàgeant	*authòrities*	*familiàrity*
bàlcony	*cànopy*	*enthúsiasm*
ceremónious	*humànity*	*agricùltural*
intellèctual	*dìgnified*	*illŭmination*

*

pro-tràct, draw out, extend. Lat. *pro*, "forth," and *tractum*, "to draw."

mul-ti-fár-i-ous, of many sorts, or varieties.

crúde, raw, unprepared; not manufactured.

ex-òt-ics, foreign (plants, shrubs, trees); introduced from another country. Grk. *exo*, "outside." The opposite is "indigenous" (home-grown).

aromàtic, having aróma or sweet smell; fragrant.

im-péd-ed, delayed, hindered. Lat. *impedio*, from *im* (*in*), "into," and *pedes*, "feet"; literally, "to entangle one's feet."

em-phàt-ic, forcible, expressive.

un-prè-ced-ènt-ed, without precedent or example; not preceded by any similar marks; there had never been the like of them.

con-de-scèn-sion, coming down, stooping, from a higher rank; courtesy, done to an inferior as if an equal. Lat. *con*, "together," and *descendere*, "to come down" (from *de*, "down," and *scandere*, "to climb").

haught'y, lofty, proud. French, *haut*, from Lat. *altus*, "high."

sòph-ist-ry, reasoning, apparently sound, but really unsound; specious argument.

còn-sum-mate, or *con-sùm-mate*, finished, perfect, of the highest excellence. Lat. *con*, "together," and *summa*, "the summit, highest point."

expátiated (*ex-pá-shi-ăt-ed*), broadened out, enlarged, spoke freely and fully. Lat. *ex*, "out," and *spatior*, "I wander or walk about," from *spatium*, "space, room."

which he inferred. What does "which" refer to? What did he infer?

ĭdòlatry, worship of idols, or images. Greek, *eidólon*, "an image," and *latreia*, "service."

pre-dòm-in-ăt-ed, prevailed, was strongest, had most influence. Lat. *præ*, "before," and *dominor*, "I rule" (from *dominus*, "lord and master").

THE HIGHLAND HILLS.

1.—THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER.

THE Highland mountains occupy but a very subsidiary position among the great mountain ranges of the earth. The highest peak in which they culminate does not reach the line of perpetual snow. No avalanche thunders over their precipices to bury the villages at their base in ruins; no glacier brings eternal Winter down from his elevated throne into the midst of green cornfields and cultivated valleys, or yawns in dangerous crevasses across the traveller's path; no volcano reddens the horizon with its lurid smoke and flame. Ages innumerable have passed away since the glacier flowed down their sides, and left its polished or striated marks on the rocks, to be deciphered by the skill of the geologist; and those hills which once passed through a fiery ordeal, and poured their volcanic floods over the surrounding districts, now form the firmest foundations of the land, and afford quiet grassy pasturages for the sheep. Our mountains, indeed, possess few or none of those sublime attributes which invest the lofty ranges of other lands with gloom and terror. Their very storms

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are usually subdued, as if in harmony with their humbler forms. Though they tower to the sky, they seem nearer to the familiar earth; and a large share of the beauty and verdure of the plains do they lift up with them in their rugged arms for the blessing of heaven. Every part of their domains is free and open to the active foot of the wanderer. There are few or no inaccessible precipices or profound abysses to form barriers in his way. He can plant his foot on their highest summits with little expenditure of breath and toil; and a few hours will bring him from the stir and tumult of life in the heart of the populous city to their loneliest and wildest recesses. Well do I know and love my native hills; for I have spent some of the happiest days of my life in wandering amid their solitudes, following my fancies fearlessly wherever they led me. I have seen them in all seasons, and in all their varied aspects:—in the dim dawn, when, swathed in cold dark clouds, they seemed like awful countenances veiled, yet speaking in the tongues of a hundred unseen waterfalls; in the still noon-day, when, illumined with sunshine, every cliff and scar on their sides stood out distinctly and prominently against the pure clear sky; at sunset, when, amid the masses of burnished gold that lay piled up in the west—the glow of fire that burns without consuming—they seemed like the embers of a universal conflagration; in the holy twilight, when they appeared to melt into the purple beauty of a dream, and the

golden summer moon and the soft bright star of eve rose solemnly over their brows, lighting them up with a mystical radiance; and in the lone dark waste of midnight, when from lake and river the long trailing mists crept up their sides without hiding their far-off summits, on which twinkled, like earth-lighted watch-fires, a few uncertain stars. I have gazed upon them in the beauty of summer, when the heather was in full bloom, and for miles they glowed in masses of the loveliest purple; in the changing splendour of autumn, when the deep green of the herbage gave place to the russet hues of the fading flowers, the rich orange of the ferns, and the dark brown of the mosses; and in the dreary depth of winter, when storms during the whole twilight-day howled around them, or when, robed from foot to crown in a garment of the purest snow, they seemed meet approaches to "the great white Throne." In all these aspects they were beautiful, and in all they excited thoughts and emotions which no human language could adequately express.

per-pèt-ŭ-al	*è-lev-ăt-ed*	*gĕ-ò-log-ist* (*-loj-*)
prè-cip-ice	*cŭl-tiv-ăt-ed*	*pàs-tŭr-age* (*-tyŭr-*)
ĕ-tèr-nal	*òc-cup-y* (*-kyŭp-*)	*ex-pènd-i-ture*
vol-cá-no	*dán-ger-ous*	*sòl-i-tudes*
vol-cán-ic	*hor-íz-on*	*prò-min-ent-ly*
yawns (*yōnz*)	*lóne-li-est*	*con-fla-grá-tion*

*

sub-sìd-i-ar-y, secondary, inferior. Literally, contributing assistance; or forming a reserve. From Lat. *subsidium*, "support, help; a reserve;" from *subsìdo*, "I settle down."

cùl-min-ate, come to a point, reach the highest point. Lat. *culmen*, "top, summit."

à-val-anche (*-ansh*), a great mass of snow or ice sliding down a mountain side to the valley below. French, *avalanche*, from *à val*, Lat. *ad vallem*, "to the valley."

glaciers (*glàs-i-erz*, or *glá-shi-erz*), fields of ice in the hollows and on the slopes of mountains. Lat. *glacies*, "ice."

crev-àsse, a crack, rent, or deep crevice, in a glacier. Fr. from *crever*, "to burst, split," from Lat. *crepare*, "to crack."

stri-ăt-ed, streaked, marked with *striæ* (Lat.), or fine threadlike lines or furrows.

de-ci-phered, spelled out, read and explained.

òr-dĕ-al, severe trial.

àt-trib-utes, qualities. Lat. *at* (*ad*), "to," and *tributum*, "to give, or ascribe."

vèrd-ure, greenness. Old French, *verd* (*vert*), Lat. *viridis*, "green."

in-ac-cèss-i-ble, unapproachable, not to be come up to or reached. Lat. *in*, "not," *ac* (*ad*), "to," and *cessum*, "to go."

pro-found', very deep. Fr. *profond*, Lat. *profundus*, from *pro*, "forward," and *fundus*, "bottom."

a-bỳss, a bottomless hole, very deep water. Grk. *a*, "without," and *byssos*, "bottom."

il-lúm-ined, lighted up. Lat. *il* (*in*), "in, upon," and *lumen*, "light."

mỳst-ic-al, suggesting or having a dim religious or spiritual significance.

rá-di-ance, brightness, shining forth in brilliant rays. Lat. *radius*, "a staff, ray, or spoke of a wheel."

àd-ĕ-quate-ly, sufficiently, justly. Lat. *ad*, "to," and *æquare*, "to make equal or just" (Lat. *æquus*).

2.—THE MOUNTAIN TOPS.

Etherealized by the changing splendour of the heavens as the mountain summit appears when surveyed from below, rising up from the huge mound of rock and earth like a radiant flower above its dark foliage, it affords another illustration of the poetic adage, that "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." When you actually stand upon it, you find that the reality is very different from the ideal. The clouds that float over it, "those mountains of another element," which looked from the valley like fragments of the sun, now appear in their true character as masses of cold dull vapour; and the mountain peak, deprived of the transforming glow of light, has become one of the most desolate spots on which the eye can rest. Not a tuft of grass, not a bush of heather, is to be seen anywhere. The earth, beaten hard by the frequent footsteps of the storm, is leafless as the world on the first morning of creation. Huge fragments of rocks, the monuments of elemental wars, rise up here and there, so rugged and distorted that they seem like nightmares petrified; while the ground is frequently covered with cairns of loose hoary stones, which look like the bones which remained unused after nature had built up the great skeleton of the earth, and which she had cast aside in this solitude to blanch and crumble away unseen. When standing there during a misty storm, it requires little effort of imagination to picture yourself a shipwrecked mariner, cast ashore on one of the sublimely barren islands of the Antarctic

Ocean. You involuntarily listen to hear the moaning of the waves, and watch for the beating of the foaming surge on the rocks around. The dense writhing mists hurrying up from the profound abysses on every side imprison you within "the narrow circle of their ever-shifting walls," and penetrate every fold of your garments, and your skin itself, becoming a constituent of your blood, and chilling the very marrow of your bones. Around you there is nothing visible save the vague vacant sea of mist, with the shadowy form of some neighbouring peak looming through it like the genius of the storm; while your ears are deafened by the howling of the wind among the whirling masses of mist, by "the airy tongues that syllable men's names," the roaring of the cataracts, and the other wild sounds of the desert never dumb. And yet, dreary and desolate although the scene usually appears, it has its own periods of beauty, its own days of brightness and cheerfulness. Often in the quiet autumn noon the eye is arrested by the mute appeal of some lovely Alpine flower, sparkling like a lone star in a midnight sky, among the tufted moss and the hoary lichens, and seeming, as it issues from the stony mould, an emanation of the indwelling life, a visible token of the upholding love which pervades the wide universe. If winter and spring in that elevated region be one continued storm, the short summer of a few weeks' duration seems one enchanting festival of light. The life of earth is then born in "dithyrambic joy," blooms and bears fruit under the glowing sunshine, the balmy breezes, and the rich

dews of a few days. Scenes of life, interest, and beauty are crowded together with a seeming rapidity as if there were no time to lose. Flowers the fairest and the most fragile expand their exquisitely pencilled blossoms even amid dissolving wreaths of snow, and produce an impression all the more delightful and exhilarating from the consciousness of their short-lived beauty, and the contrast they exhibit to the desolation that immediately preceded.

splènd-our	*àc-tŭ-al-ly*	*il-lus-trá-tions*
sur-veycd'	*rĕ-àl-i-ty*	*el-e-mènt-al*
rá-di-ant	*níght-mares*	*shìp-wrecked*
po-ĕt-ic	*pèn-e-trate*	*con-stŕ-tŭ-ent*
ĕ-dé-al	*sỳl-lab-le*	*èx-quis-ite-ly*
chàr-ac-ter	*wríth-ing* (*rídh-*)	*còn-sci-ous-ness*

ĕ-thér-ĕ-al-ĭzed, refined, spiritualized, fancifully beautiful and delightful. Literally, made as the ether, or fine clear upper air.

àd-age, an old saying, very commonly repeated, till it has passed into a proverb. Thomas Campbell wrote the line, "'Tis distance... view," in *The Pleasures of Hope.*

mòn-ŭ-ment, a memorial; a structure, or other enduring object, that calls to mind some person or action. Lat. *monumentum*, from *moneo*, "I advise, warn, remind."

dis-tòrt-ed, twisted out of natural shape. Lat. *dis*, "asunder," and *tortum*, "to twist."

pèt-ri-fied, turned into stone. Fr. *pétrifier*, Lat. *petra*, "rock, stone," and *facere*, "to make."

in-vòl-unt-ar-i-ly, apart from, or against, one's will.

càt-a-ract, waterfall. Grk. *kata*, "down," and *arasso*, "I dash."

lichen (*li-ken*, or *litsh-en*), rock or tree moss.

ĕ-man-á-tion, issue, what flows or proceeds from something

(as a source). Lat. *e*, "out," and *mano*, "I flow, or issue."

dith-y-rămb-ic, wildly excited or enthusiastic. In ancient Greece, the dithyramb was a kind of lyric poetry, of a lofty and often extravagant style; first made in honour of Bacchus.

frăg-ile (*frà-jil*), easily broken, delicate. Lat. *fragilis*, from *frango*, "I break." "Frail," is the same word, through the French *frêle*.

ex-hil-ar-ăt-ing, cheering, gladdening. Lat. *ex*, "out," intensive, and *hilaris*, "joyful, merry."

3.—A NIGHT ON BEN LAWERS.

Some years ago, while botanizing with a friend over the Breadalbane mountains, we found ourselves, a little before sunset, on the summit of Ben Lawers, so exhausted with our day's work that we were utterly unable to descend the south side to the inn at the foot. In these circumstances we resolved to bivouac on the hill for the night. On the higher ridge of the hill there is a strange rocky chasm which is popularly known as the "Crater," from its shape, not, of course, from any volcanic associations. It is strewn with rocks broken up into huge rectangular masses, lying loosely on the top of each other, and leaving large cavernous openings between them. In the thin coating of dark micaceous soil covering the sides and bases of these fallen rocks, the *Saxifraga cernua* grows sparingly. It is a desolate, weird-looking place, where, according to tradition, the "Lady of Lawers," who several hundred years ago lived at the foot of the hill, and had the reputation of being a witch and a prophetess, folded her cows at night, after

feeding on the slopes of the Ben all day. In this crater-like hollow the sappers and miners of the Ordnance Survey, having to reside there for several months, had constructed square open enclosures, like sheepfolds, to shelter them from the northern blasts. In one of these roofless caravansaries we selected a spot on which to spread our couch. Fortunately, there was fuel conveniently at hand in the shape of bleached fragments of tent-pins and lumps of good English coal, proving that our military predecessors had supplied themselves in that ungenial spot with a reasonable share of the comforts of Sandhurst and Addiscombe. My companion volunteered to kindle a fire, while I went in search of materials for an extemporaneous bed. As heather, which forms the usual spring-mattress of the belated traveller, does not occur on the summits of the higher hills, we were obliged to do without it—much to our regret; for a heather-bed (I speak from experience) in the full beauty of its purple flowers, newly gathered, and skilfully packed close together, in its growing position, is as fragrant and luxurious a couch as any Sybarite could desire. I sought a substitute in the woolly-fringe moss, which I found covering the north-west shoulder of the hill in the utmost profusion. It had this disadvantage, however, that, though its upper surface was very dry and soft, it was, beneath, a mass of wet decomposing peat. My object, therefore, was so to arrange the bed that the dry upper layer would be laid uniformly uppermost; but it was frustrated by the enthusiasm excited by one of the most magnificent sunsets I had ever witnessed.

It caused me completely to forget my errand. The western gleams had entered into my soul, and etherealized me above all creature wants.

Never shall I forget that sublime spectacle; it brims with beauty even now my soul. Between me and the west, that glowed with unutterable radiance, rose a perfect chaos of wild, dark mountains, touched here

and there into reluctant splendour by the slanting sunbeams. The gloomy defiles were filled with a golden haze, revealing in flashing gleams of light the lonely lakes and streams hidden in their bosom; while, far over to the north, a fierce cataract that rushed down a rocky hill-side into a sequestered glen, frozen by the distance into the gentlest of all gentle things, reflected from its snowy waters a perfect tumult of glory. I watched in awe-struck silence the going-down of the sun amid all this pomp, behind the most distant peaks—saw the few fiery clouds that floated over the spot where he disappeared fade into the cold dead colour of autumn leaves, and finally vanish in the mist of even—saw the purple mountains darkening into the Alpine twilight, and twilight glens and streams tremulously glimmering far below, clothed with the strangest lights and shadows by the newly risen summer moon. Then, and not till then, did I recover from my trance of enthusiasm to begin in earnest my preparations for the night's rest.

I gathered a sufficient quantity of the moss to prevent our ribs suffering from too close contact with the hard ground; but, unfortunately, it was now too dark to distinguish the wet peaty side from the dry, so that the whole was laid down indiscriminately. Over this heap of moss we spread a plaid, and lying down with our feet to the blazing fire, Indian fashion, we covered ourselves with another plaid, and began earnestly to court the approaches of the balmy god. Alas! all our elaborate preparations proved futile; sleep would not be wooed.

The heavy mists began to descend, and soon penetrated our upper covering, while the moisture of the peaty moss, squeezed out by the pressure of our bodies, exuded from below; so that between the two we might as well have been in "the pack" at Ben Rhydding. To add to our discomfort, the fire smouldered and soon went out with an angry hiss, incapable of contending with the universal moisture. It was a night in the middle of July, but there were refrigerators in the form of two huge masses of hardened snow on either side of us; so the temperature of our bedchamber, when our warming-pan grew cold, may be easily conceived. For a long while we tried to amuse ourselves with the romance and novelty of our position, sleeping, as we were, in the highest attic of her Majesty's dominions, on the very top of the dome of Scotland. We gazed at the large liquid stars, which seemed unusually near and bright; not glimmering on the roof of the sky, but suspended far down in the blue concave, like silver lamps. There were the grand old constellations, Cassiopeia, Auriga, Cepheus, each evoking a world of thought, and painting, as it were, in everlasting colours on the heavens the religion and intellectual life of Greece. Our astronomical musings and the monotonous murmurings of the mountain streams at last lulled our senses into a kind of doze, for sleep it could not be called. How long we lay in this unconscious state we knew not, but we were suddenly startled out of it by the loud whirr and clucking cry of a ptarmigan close at hand, aroused perhaps by a nightmare caused by its last meal of crude whortleberries.

*

All further thoughts of sleep were now out of the question; so, painfully raising ourselves from our recumbent posture, with a cold grueing shiver, rheumatism racking in every joint, we set about rekindling the fire, and preparing our breakfast.

In attempting to converse, we found, to our dismay, that our voices were gone. We managed, however, by the help of signs, and a few hoarse croaks, to do all the talking required in our culinary conjurings; and, after thawing ourselves at the fire, and imbibing a quantity of hot coffee, boiled, it may be remarked, in a tin vasculum, we felt ourselves in a condition to descend the hill. A dense fog blotted out the whole of creation from our view, except the narrow spot on which we stood; and, just as we were about to set out, we were astonished to hear, far off through the mist, human voices shouting. While we were trying to account for this startling mystery in such an unlikely spot and hour, we were still more bewildered by suddenly seeing, on the brink of the steep rocks above us, a vague, dark shape, magnified by the fog into portentous dimensions. Here, at last, we thought, is the far-famed Spectre of the Brocken, come on a visit to the Scottish mountains. Another, and yet another appeared, with, if possible, more savage mien and gigantic proportions. We knew not what to make of it. Fortunately, our courage was saved at the critical moment by the phantoms vanishing round the rocks to appear before us in a few minutes real botanical flesh and blood, clothed, as usual, with an utter disregard of the æsthetics of dress. The enthusiasm of our new

friends for Alpine plants had caused them to anticipate the sun, for it was yet only three o'clock in the morning.

REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

ex-haust'-ed	*vol-un-teered'*	*constellátions*
pòp-ŭl-ar-ly	*lux-ur'-i-ous*	*Auríga*
càv-ern-ous	*re-lùc-tant*	*astronòmical*
dè-sol-ate	*càt-a-ract*	*whòrtleberries*
weird'-look-ing	*as-só-ci-á-tions*	*dimènsions*
re-pŭt-á-tion	*rheu'-mat-ism*	*enthúsiasm*

bòt-an-ize, gather specimens of plants.

biv-ou-ac, encamp, camp out, in the open air.

chasm (*kàzm*), deep gap or gulf, yawning space, "cavernous opening." Grk. *chasmu*, from *chaino*, "I gape, or open wide."

crá-ter, the bowl-like mouth of a volcano. Grk. *crater*, "bowl, goblet," from a verb signifying "to mix;" lit. a mixing-vessel.

strewn, scattered hither and thither.

rectàngular (*rect-àng-gyŭl-ar*), right-angled; having each side at right angles to the sides next it. Lat. *rectus*, "right, straight," and *angulus*, "angle, corner."

mi-cá-ceous, full of mica—a well-known mineral, which readily breaks up into thin glistening plates or scales. Lat. *micare*, "to sparkle, gleam."

tra-di-tion, report or story handed down, from mouth to mouth, from ancient times. Lat. *trado*, "I deliver, hand over," from *tra* (*trans*), "over, across," and *do*, "I give."

car-a-vàn-sar-y, a station for caravans; place where caravans stop, and the camels are unloaded, for the night.

un-gén-i-al (*-jén-*), not genial, not pleasant and comfortable. Lat. *genius*, "the spirit of social enjoyment."

ex-tem-por-án-e-ous, got up on the spur of the moment.

be-lát-ed, delayed too long; rendered very late or too late, benighted.

sȳb-ar-ite, effeminate, luxurious person; lit. an inhabitant of Sybaris, a town of ancient Italy, which had a reputation for voluptuous pleasure-loving ease.

chá-os (*ká-os*), space, open blank space; hence a confused disorderly mass. Grk. *chaos*, "space," from same root as *chaino*, *chasma* (above), meaning "to gape or open wide."

dĕ-file, a long narrow pass or gorge, such as troops could march through only by *defiling*—that is, by forming in a narrow long line, like a *thread*. Lat. *filum*, "a thread."

se-quèst-ered, lying apart, lonely.

trèm-ŭl-ous-ly, with a trembling or quivering motion. Lat. *tremo*, "I tremble."

ĭn-dis-crìm-in-ate-ly, without distinguishing (one side from the other), confusedly, anyhow.

fu'-tile, useless, vain, of no effect. Lat. *futilis*, "ready to pour out, that cannot contain, not to be relied on, worthless," from *fundo*, "I pour."

ex-ude, ooze out.

re-frĭg-er-ăt-ors (*-frĭj-*), coolers. Lat. *re*, "again," and *frigeratum*, "to cool," from *frigus*, "coldness."

ĕ-vók-ing, calling forth. Lat. *e*, "out," and *voco*, "I call."

mon-ò-ton-ous, of one single tone, of unvarying note. Grk. *monos*, "alone, only," and *tonos*, "tone, note."

ptār-mi-gan (*tār-*), a kind of grouse.

re-cùmb-ent, lying back or down, reclining. Lat. *re*, "back," and *cumbo*, "I lie."

grue'-ing (*grú-*), shuddering; causing or accompanying a miserable feeling.

The Brocken is the highest summit of the Hartz mountains in Prussia. Occasionally at sunrise or sunset, when the summit is clear, and the mists rise from the valley, the shapes of objects on the mountain are projected by the sun against the opposite mass of fog, and appear magnified to a monstrous size. Hence the popular fancy that the place was haunted by a spectre.

æs-thèt-ics (*ĕs-*), rules of good taste in art. Grk *aisthànomai*, "I perceive."

Describe this incident in your own words.

SCENERY IN SKYE.

With these rude seas, in weary plight,
They strove the livelong day and night,
Nor till the dawning had a sight
  Of Skye's romantic shore.
Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
They saw upon his shiver'd crest
  The sun's arising gleam;
But such the labour and delay,

Ere they were moor'd in Scavigh bay,
(For calmer Heaven compell'd to stay,)
He shot a western beam.
Then Ronald said, "If true mine eye,
These are the savage wilds that lie
North of Strathnardill and Dunskye;
No human foot comes here,
And, since these adverse breezes blow,
If my good Liege love hunter's bow,
What hinders that on land we go,
And strike a mountain-deer?"
Then each took bow and bolts in hand,
Their row-boat launch'd and leapt to land,
And left their skiff and train,
Where a wild stream with headlong shock,
Came brawling down its bed of rock,
To mingle with the main.

A while their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,—
"Saint Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,

Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happ'd to roam."

No marvel thus the Monarch spake;
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencoe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;
For from the mountain hoar,
Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when returned the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear
Are precipices sharp and sheer,

Yielding no track for goat or deer,
Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves? and how
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow
And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts,
Which seam its shiver'd head?"—
"Coriskin, call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Full oft their careless humours please
By sportive names from scenes like these.
I would old Torquil were to show
His maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!
(The Maids—tall cliffs with breakers white,
The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might,)
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvrekin's whirlpool rude,
When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood—
'Tis thus our islesmen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

Scott.

dawn'-ing (dōn-)	*trà-versed*	*con-dènsed*
ro-màn-tic	*èarth-quake*	*whìrl-pool*
àd-verse	*rav-iné' (-én)*	*ísles-men*
yield'-ing (yéld-)	*a-bỳss*	*fan-tàs-tic*

plight (*plit*), condition, usually of danger or misfortune. Old English *pliht*, a pledge, security.

clombe, old form of past tense of "climb."

hàl-i-dome, holiness. The ending "dome" is the same as in "wis*dom*, marty*rdom*," &c.

prĭm-év-al, of the first or earliest age or time. Lat. *primus*, "first," and *ævum*, "age."

but this, except this.

vèg-ĕ-tă-tive (*vèj-*), growing, or causing growth.

kèn, mark, recognise, discern.

the Druid's stone, rocking stone, or "loggan, a large mass of rock so finely balanced as to sway backwards and forwards with a slight impulse. At one time supposed to be connected with Druidical religious observances.

prec-ár-i-ous, uncertain, not to be depended on, dangerous. Lat. *precarius*, that may be obtained by entreating one (Lat. *precor*, "I pray, or entreat"); depending on the will of some one: hence depending on uncertain events.

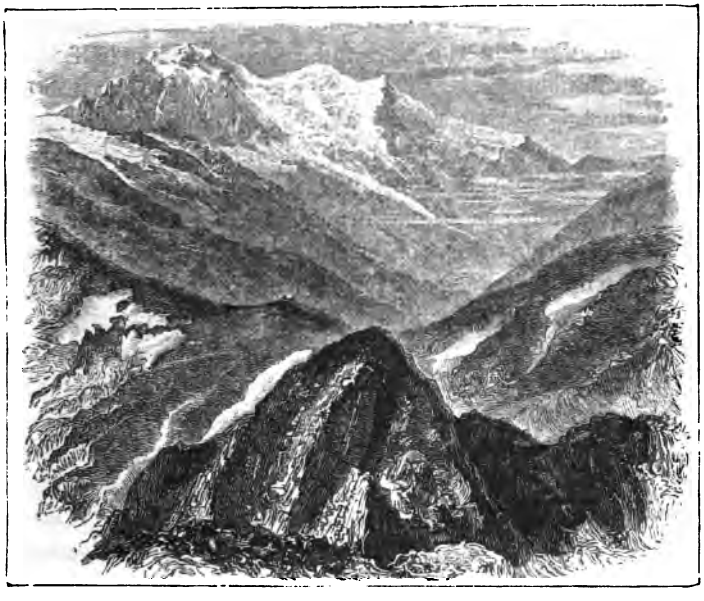
gries-ly, causing one to shudder, frightful, hideous.

Rewrite the above in prose; or describe any striking scenery that you have seen.

VARIETY OF MOUNTAINS.

EVEN among us in England, we have no adequate ideas of a mountain prospect; our hills are generally sloping from the plain, and clothed to the very top with verdure; we can scarce, therefore, lift our imaginations

to those immense piles whose tops peep up behind intervening clouds, sharp and precipitate, and reach to heights that human avarice or curiosity have never been able to ascend.



It need scarce be said that, with respect to height, there are many sizes of mountains, from the gently rising upland to the tall craggy precipice. The appearance is in general different in those of different magnitudes. The first are clothed with verdure to the very tops, and only seem to ascend to improve our prospects, or supply

us with a purer air: but the lofty mountains of the other class have a very different aspect. At a distance their tops are seen, in wavy ridges, of the very colour of the clouds, and only to be distinguished from them by their figure, which resembles the billows of the sea. As we approach, the mountain assumes a deeper colour; it gathers upon the sky, and seems to hide half the horizon behind it. Its summits also are become more distinct, and appear with a broken and perpendicular line. What at first seemed a single hill is now found to be a chain of continued mountains, whose tops, running along the ridges, are embosomed in each other, so that the curvatures of one are fitted to the prominences of the opposite side, and form a winding valley between, often of several miles in extent, and all the way continuing nearly of the same breadth. Nothing can be finer or more exact than Mr. Pope's description of a traveller straining up the Alps.[1] Every mountain he comes to he thinks will be the last; he finds, however, an unexpected hill rise before him; and that being scaled, he finds the highest summit almost at as great a distance as before. Upon quitting the plain, he might have left a green

[1] "So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last,
But those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way,
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"
Essay on Criticism, 225-232.

and a fertile soil, and a climate warm and pleasing. As he ascends, the ground assumes a more russet colour; the grass becomes more mossy; and the weather more moderate. Still, as he ascends, the weather becomes more cold, and the earth more barren. In this dreary passage he is often entertained with a little valley of surprising verdure, caused by the reflected heat of the sun collected into a narrow spot on the surrounding heights. But it much more frequently happens that he sees only frightful precipices beneath, and lakes of amazing depths; from whence rivers are formed, and fountains derive their original. On those places next the highest summits, vegetation is scarcely carried on; here and there a few plants of the most hardy kind appear. The air is intolerably cold: either continually refrigerated with frosts, or disturbed with tempests. All the ground here wears an eternal covering of ice, and snows that seem constantly accumulating. Upon emerging from this war of elements, he ascends into a purer and a serener region, where vegetation has entirely ceased; where the precipices, composed entirely of rocks, rise perpendicularly above him; while he views beneath him all the combat of the elements; clouds at his feet; and thunders darting upward from their bosoms below. A thousand meteors, which are never seen on the plain, present themselves. Circular rainbows; mock suns; the shadow of the mountain projected upon the body of the air; and the traveller's own image reflected, as in a looking-glass, upon the opposite cloud.

GOLDSMITH.

àd-ĕ-quate	*un-ex-pèct-ed*	*imaginátions*
im-mènse	*en-ter-tained'*	*distìnguished*
re-sèm-bles	*mòd-er-ate*	*precìpitate*
de-scrìp-tion	*re-flèct-ed*	*perpendìcular*
heights (*hít*s)	*dis-tùrbed*	*orìginal*
fríght-fŭl	*trà-vel-ler*	*vegetátion.*

prò-spect, view, outlook, scene. Lat. *pro*, "forward," and *spec*, "see, look." Express "a mountain prospect" at greater length.

in-ter-vén-ing, coming between. Lat. *inter*, "between," and *venio*, "I come."

àv-ar-ice, greed, covetousness. Lat. *avaritia*, from *avarus*, "greedy," from *aveo*, "I desire, or covet."

cur-i-ós-i-ty (*kyŭr-*), inquisitiveness, eagerness to see or know about. Lat. *curiositas*, from *curiosus*, "careful, thoughtful, inquisitive," from *cura*, "care, concern, anxiety."

have ever been able, &c. Could "has" be used here?

màg-ni-tudes, sizes. Lat. *magnitudo*, "greatness," from *magnus*, "great."

em-bos'-omed (*-bŭz-*), folded as if in one's bosom; inclosed.

cùr-va-tures, bends, rounded outlines. Lat. *curvatura*, "a rounding, bend," from *curvatum*, "to bend," from *curvus*, "crooked."

prò-min-ence, a prominent, outstanding, jutting portion. Lat. *pro*, "forth, forward," and *mineo*, "I project, or stand out."

a-máz-ing, putting the mind in a maze,—in a state of bewilderment or astonishment.

in-tòl-er-a-bly, unbearably, insufferably; so that it cannot be borne. Lat. *in*, "not," and *tolero*, "I endure." Rewrite the sentence—"The air is intolerably cold," changing "intolerably" into other forms.

re-frìg-er-ăt-ed (*-frij-*), made cold, cooled.

ac-cum'-ŭl-ăt-ing (*-kyŭm-yŭl-*), gathering in heaps. Lat. *ac* (*ad*), "to," and *cumulatum*, "to heap up," from *cumulus*, "a heap."

mé-tĕ-ors, shooting or falling stars.

pro-jèct-ed, thrown forward.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
  He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
  When our need was the sorest.
The fount reappearing
  From the raindrops shall borrow
But to us comes no cheering,
  To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone; and for ever!

Scott.

mount'-ain *rĕ-ap-pear'-ing* *rain'-drops*
fount'-ain *au'-tumn* (*ō-tum*) *blight-ing*

còr-o-nach, dirge, lamentation for the dead.
còr-rie, a steep hollow on a hill-side.
sére, dried-up, withered.
cùm-ber, trouble.
fòr-ay, raid, or plundering excursion.

WHAT THE AIR IS MADE OF.

ABOVE and around us, to what part soever of the earth's surface we may go, at the top of the highest mountain as well as at the bottom of the deepest mine, we find ourselves surrounded by the invisible ocean of gas and vapour which we call AIR. It must, therefore, wrap the whole planet round as an outer envelope. Considered in this light, it receives the distinctive name of the ATMOSPHERE, that is, the vapour-sphere—the region of clouds, rain, snow, hail, lightning, breezes, and tempests.

In early times men regarded the air as one of the four elements out of which the world has been made. It is not so very long since this old notion disappeared. But now it is well known that the air is not an element, but a compound of two elements—viz., the gases called *Nitrogen* and *Oxygen*.

In various ways chemists have analysed or decomposed air into its component elements, but the result is always

the same, namely, that in every hundred parts of ordinary air there are by weight about seventy-nine of nitrogen and twenty-one of oxygen.

Air, when carefully tested, is always found to contain something else than nitrogen and oxygen. Solid particles, with various gases and vapours, are invariably present, but always in exceedingly minute, though most irregular, quantities, when compared with the wonderfully constant proportions of the two chief gases. Some of these additional components of air are not less important than the nitrogen and oxygen. That they exist may be easily proved, and some light may thereby be thrown on the nature and uses of the air.

The presence of vast numbers of *solid particles* in the air may be shown by letting a beam of sunlight or of any strong artificial light fall through a hole or chink into a dark room. Thousands of minute motes are then seen driving to and fro across the beam as the movements of the air carry them hither and thither. Such particles are always present in the air, though usually too small to be seen unless when, as in the darkened room, they are made visible against surrounding darkness by the light which they reflect from their surfaces when they cross the path of any strong light-rays. They are quite as abundant in the dark parts of the room, though for want of light falling upon them they are not seen there.

Could we intercept these dancing motes and examine them with a strong microscope, we should find them to consist chiefly of little specks of dust. But among

them there sometimes occur also minute living germs, from which, when they find a fitting resting-place, lowly forms of plants or animals may spring. Some diseases appear to spread by means of the lodging and growth of these infinitesimal germs in our bodies, for they are so small as to pass with the air into our lungs, and thus to reach our blood.

It is difficult to catch these tiny motes from a sunbeam, but rain does this admirably for us. One great office of rain is to wash the air and free it from these impurities. Hence, when rain-water is carefully collected, especially in large towns, it is found to contain plenty of these solid particles, which it has brought down with it in its fall through the air. This can be clearly seen when a small quantity of rain, gathered from an open space in a town, is evaporated to dryness, and the residue is placed under a microscope. Abundant particles of dust or soot are mingled with minute crystals of such substances as sulphate of soda and common salt. Hence we learn that, besides the solid particles, there must be floating in the air the vapours or minute particles of various soluble substances which are caught up by the rain and carried down with it to the soil. In seizing these impurities and taking them with it to the ground, the rain purifies the air and makes it more healthy, while at the same time it supplies the soil with substances useful to plants.

But far more important than these solid ingredients are three invisible substances, two of them gases, called respectively ozone and carbonic acid gas, the third the

vapour of water. After a thunder-storm the air may sometimes be perceived to have a peculiar smell, which however is more distinctly given off from an electric machine. This is *ozone*, which is believed to be oxygen gas in a peculiar and very active condition. It promotes the rapid decomposition of decaying animal or vegetable matter, uniting with the noxious gases, and thus disinfecting and purifying the air. It is most abundant where sea-breezes blow, and least in the air of the crowded parts of towns. The healthiness or unhealthiness of the air seems to depend much on the quantity of ozone, which is estimated by the amount of discoloration produced by the air within a certain time upon a piece of paper prepared with starch and iodide of potassium.

Consider next the *carbonic acid gas*. When a piece of coal is set on fire it burns away until nothing but a little ash is left behind. Or when a candle is lighted it continues to burn until the whole is consumed. Now, what has become of the original substance of the coal and the candle? It seems to have been completely lost; yet in truth we have not destroyed one atom of it. We have simply, by burning, changed it into another and invisible form, but it is just as really existent as ever. We cannot put it back into the form which it had in the coal and candle, but we can at least show that it is present in the air.

The substance of a piece of coal or of a candle is composed of different elements, one of which is called *carbon*. This element forms one of the main ingredients

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out of which the substance of all plants and animals is built up. Our own bodies, for example, are in great part made of it. In burning a bit of coal, therefore (which is made of ancient vegetation compressed and altered into stone), or a candle (which is prepared from animal fat), we set free its carbon, which goes off at once to mix with the air. Some of it escapes in the form of little solid particles of soot, as we may show by holding a plate over the candle flame, when the faint column of dark smoke at once begins to deposit these minute flakes of carbon as a black coating of soot on the cool plate. The black smoke issuing from chimneys is another similar illustration of the way in which solid particles are conveyed into the air.

But the largest part of the carbon does not go off in smoke. It is in the act of burning seized by the oxygen of the air, with which it enters into chemical combination, forming the invisible carbonic acid gas. It is, indeed, this very chemical union which constitutes what we call burning, or combustion. The moment we prevent the flame from getting access of air, it drops down and soon goes out, because the supply of oxygen is cut off. All ordinary burning substances, therefore, furnish carbonic acid gas to the atmosphere.

The amount thus supplied is of course comparatively small, for the quantity of vegetable or animal substance burnt either by man or naturally must be but insignificant, when the whole mass of the atmosphere is considered. An infinitely larger quantity is furnished by living air-breathing animals. In breathing we take

air into our lungs, where it reaches our blood. A kind of burning goes on there, for the oxygen of the air unites with the carbon of the blood, carbonic acid is produced and comes away with the exhausted air, which we exhale again before taking the next breath. Just as we put out the burning of a candle by inverting a glass over it, and closing it from the air, so we put an end to our own lives if we shut ourselves off from the air. When we reflect that every air-breathing animal is continually supplying carbonic acid gas to the atmosphere, we perceive how important this source of supply must be.

Living plants in the presence of sunlight have the power of abstracting from the carbonic acid of the air the carbon of which their framework is so largely made. When they die, their decay once more sets loose the carbon, which uniting again with oxygen becomes carbonic acid gas, and is carried by rain into the soil, or taken up by the air. All decaying plants and animals which are freely exposed to the air furnish it with this gas.

Lastly, in many parts of the world, particularly in volcanic regions, this same gas is given out in large quantities from the ground. From all these various sources then, the atmosphere is continually replenished with carbonic acid gas, to supply the loss caused by the enormous demands of the vegetable world for carbon.

Nevertheless, the quantity of this gas present in the air is very small compared with the volume of the

nitrogen and oxygen. It has been found to amount to no more in ordinary pure air than four parts in every ten thousand of air. Yet this small proportion suffices to support all the luxuriant growing vegetation of the earth's surface.

By the term *water-vapour* or *aqueous-vapour*, is meant the invisible steam always present in the air. Every one is familiar with the fact, that when water is heated it passes into vapour, which becomes invisibly dissolved in the air. A vessel of water, for instance, may be placed on a table in the middle of a room, heated by means of a spirit lamp till it boils, and kept boiling till the water is entirely driven off into vapour, or evaporated. The air in the room shows no visible change, though it has had all this water-vapour added to it. But it may be easily made to yield back some of the vapour. Let an ice-cold piece of glass, metal, or any other substance be brought into the room. Though perfectly dry before, its surface instantly grows dim and damp. And if it is large and thick enough to require some minutes to get as warm as the air in the room, the dimness or mist on its surface will pass into trickling drops of water. The air of the room is chilled by the cold glass, and gives up some of its moisture. Cold air cannot retain so much dissolved vapour as warm air, so that the capacity of the air for vapour is regulated by its temperature.

It is not needful, of course, to boil water in order to get enough of water-vapour in the air of a room to be capable of being caught and shown in this way. In a

warm sitting-room, where a few persons are assembled, there is always vapour enough to be made visible on a cold glass. In frosty weather the windows may be found streaming with water inside, which has been taken out of the air by the ice-cold window-panes. Whence came this moisture? It has been for the most part breathed out into the air by the people in the room.

Each of us is every moment breathing out water-vapour into the air. As a rule, we do not see it, because the air around us is warm enough to dissolve it at once. But anything which chills our breath will make the vapour visible, such as breathing on a cold piece of glass, or metal, when a film of mist at once appears on the object, or walking outside on a very cold frosty day, when the vapour of each breath becomes visible as a little cloud of mist in the air.

No matter, therefore, how dry the air may appear to be, more or less of this invisible water-vapour is always diffused through it. Every mist or cloud which gathers in the sky—every shower of rain, snow, or hail, which falls to the ground—every little drop of dew which at nightfall gathers upon the leaves, bears witness to its presence.

The importance of this ingredient of the atmosphere in the general plan of our world, can hardly be over-estimated. It is to the vapour of the atmosphere that we owe all the water circulation of the land—rain, springs, brooks, rivers, lakes—on which the very life of plants and animals depends, and without which, as far

as we know, the land would become as barren, silent, and lifeless as the surface of the moon. It is, likewise, to the changes in the supply of this same invisible, but ever present substance, that the rise of winds and storms is largely due.

The quantity of water-vapour in the air varies from day to day, and, indeed, from hour to hour. It is always comparatively small in amount, ranging from about four to about sixteen parts by weight in 1,000 parts of air.

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

èn-vel-ope	*dis-ap-pear′-ed*	*in-vár-i-a-bly*
di-stinct-ive	*ex-pèr-i-ment*	*ad-dĭ-tion-al*
ĕ-lèc-tric	*pur′-i-fy-ing* (*pyúr-*)	*ärt-i-fĭ-ci-al*
health′-i-ness	*àd-mir-a-bly*	*im-pur′-i-ties*
căr-bòn-ic	*in-gréd-i-ents*	*pärt-ic-ŭl-ar-ly*
ex-haust′-ed	*règ-ŭl-ăt-ed*	*in-sig-nĭ-fic-ant*
ní-tro-gen	*òx-y-gen*	*phòs-phor-us*

àt-mo-sphere, vapour-sphere. Grk. *atmos*, "vapour," and *sphaira*, "a sphere."

àn-a-lysed, separated into its component parts. Grk. *ana*, "up, or away," and *luo*, "I loose, or set free."

in-ter-cèpt, stop (on one's way between two points), catch. Lat. *inter*, "between," and *captum*, "to take."

mic-ro-scope, an instrument whereby one is able to see very small objects; a magnifying glass. Grk. *mikros*, "small," and *skopeo*, "I see."

in-fin-it-ès-im-al, infinitely small, exceedingly small.

ĕ-vàp-or-ăt-ed, passed off as vapour, driven off in vapour.

rè-sid-ue, what sits down, remains, or is left behind. Lat. *residuum*, from *re*, "back," and *sedeo*, "I sit."

sòl-u-ble (*-yŭ-*), capable of being melted, of having its parts

loosened or separated. Lat. *solvo*, "I loosen."

ó-zone, from Grk. *ozo*, "I smell"; the substance being so named from the "peculiar smell" of the air when it is present.

dis-in-fect-ing, *dis-col-or-á-tion*. Consider the force of "dis."

what has become &c.? See page 78.

re-plen-ished, filled again, supplied with a fresh stock. Lat. *re*, "again," and *plenus*, "full," *-ish*, causative verb ending.

á-que-ous, watery. Lat. *aqua*, "water."

dif-fused', spread throughout. Lat. *dif* (*dis*), "asunder, in all directions," and *fusum*, "to pour."

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining—
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELLOW.

A GREAT FLOOD.

[THE scene is in the province of Moray. The summer of 1829 had been very dry, but in August heavy rains fell; and the innumerable mountain streams poured their waters into the rivers, which rapidly overflowed their banks far and wide.]

AMONG the poor people, who were for a long time in danger, was a man of the name of Sandy Smith, whose cottage stood upon a piece of furzy pasture, not far from one of the rivers which had overflowed its banks. A great number of the inhabitants of the cottages in the part of the country nearest to him escaped early in the

night of Monday to a large barn, which stood on high ground; and others were received into a gentleman's house, where they were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. All of them thought that poor Sandy Smith would never be seen by them again, for his house was in a low situation, and already surrounded by water. But, on looking in the direction of his cottage, they were very glad to see a distant gleam of light, which came from a candle placed in his cottage window. They, therefore, had lights placed in the windows of the gentleman's house just mentioned, in order that the poor people in the distant cottage might know they were not forgotten, although it was impossible to get at them

A dismal night had Sandy Smith in his cottage, in the midst of the waters. At break of day the kind people, who were looking out for him and his family, saw all the country laid under water, including many fields which had the day before been beautiful with yellow wheat, green tops of turnips, and other crops; and the surface of the flood was strewed with trees and every kind of wreck from farms, and barns, and houses. The heavy rain and the raging wind were yet continuing; the cattle were wandering about, and lowing for want of their usual food, and crowds of distressed families were crying and bewailing themselves. Afar off was seen the cottage of Sandy Smith—its roof like a speck above water;—and it was seen that the gable end had given way. With the help of a good telescope, the family were perceived to have got out of the cottage,

and to be all huddled together on a small spot of ground not more than a few feet square, and forty or fifty yards distant from their ruined dwelling. Sandy himself was seen sometimes standing up and sometimes sitting on a small cask; he seemed to be watching the large trees that swept past him and his wife and children, and which threatened to sweep them away. His wife was sitting on a bit of a log, covered with a blanket, having one child on her knee, and two leaning by her side. On the ground stood a bottle and glass, from which those who saw them hoped they had derived some little comfort in the midst of the cold rain and wind. Close to them were about a score of sheep, a small horse, and three cows, all glad, like themselves, to stand on that little spot of dry land.

The greatest fear which those who saw these poor people from distant houses had, was, that the waters would gain upon them before any boat could be procured to go and bring them away. A lady in the neighbourhood had, however, ordered her horses to be put to a boat, to drag it down to a convenient spot for being launched, and three bold men got into it, determined to save the lives of the poor people if possible. Before they reached Sandy Smith and his family, they thought it their duty to rescue another poor family, whose situation was still more dangerous, as they were in a house of which hardly anything was visible but the thatch. When they reached that house, the poor people within were obliged to duck down into the water before they could be dragged out of the windows.

But to reach the house, and then to get on to where Sandy Smith and his family were waiting, was a task of no small labour and difficulty: for, as the boat seemed to be going on fairly and well, it was more than once carried away by the currents that were to be crossed, and carried away with such violence, that those on shore thought the people in the boat would be lost. The activity of the men in the boat was their only safety; and one of them, whose name was Donald Munro, but who, on account of his dress, was that day called *Straw Hat and Yellow Waistcoat*, gained much honour for his wonderful exertions. Sometimes he went at the head of the boat, and sometimes at the stern, not unfrequently in the water up to the neck, and then again rowing with all his strength. Before they reached the spot where Sandy Smith and his family were standing in a cluster on their little spot of land, there were five raging currents to be passed. The moment the boat came to one of these, it was whirled away far down the stream; and when one current was passed, the men had to pull the boat up again all the way before they ventured to cross another. The last current which they had to cross was the worst; but Smith was so delighted to see the boat approaching, that he ran into the water to meet it, and helped to drag it towards the spot whereon his wife and children were yet remaining. They were all then safely placed in the boat, and carried back, with many difficulties, across all the currents to the shore.

It appeared that these poor people had been driven

out of their house at about eight o'clock on the Monday evening, and had fled to the only dry place they could reach. They had but just time to throw blankets over them, and Smith himself had, fortunately, presence of mind enough to take with him a small bag of meal. His cows, and his pony, and his sheep, being let out, wandered to the same spot. As the water gained upon the little space of ground they had, the poor beasts, feeling chilled with the cold, pressed inwards also upon the family. Smith caught a log which was floating past, and it made a seat for his companions; an old chest served the same purpose: and a little meal and a little whisky was all their nourishment. There they had remained all that dismal night—all dark around them; the noise of the waters roaring in their ears—great trees going crashing past them every minute, as if they would sweep them all into eternity; and all the time the wind and rain beating upon them so fiercely that it seemed as if it would be impossible for them to live long under it. Nothing was to be seen but the far-off candles placed in the house which has already been mentioned; and the light of which, as had been intended, was still some comfort to them in their desolate situation. When the light of morning broke upon them, Sandy Smith saw the little hamlet of Stripeside, where he had lived, a heap of ruins, besides all the neighbouring hamlets; and, far above them, the bridge broken by the violence of the stream. He had the attention to hide the sorrowful sight from his wife, by wrapping her head more closely from the cold, until the waters began to

fall a little, in consequence of the giving way of some embankments; and then he told her to look about her, for that now there was some hope. The Scotch peasantry are a religious people, and Sandy, who thought, when he saw the light of the candles shining across the broad and roaring water in the night, that the Providence to whom he addressed his prayers had not forgotten him and his little family, observed, after all the danger was over, that he should be grateful to God all the rest of his days.

Another family, whose cottage stood at no great distance from that of Sandy Smith, passed that terrible night in the midst of still greater dangers and struggles for life. The name of these poor people was Kerr. They left their house, which was already surrounded by water, early in the night, and tried to wade across the water to the dry ground, but the farther they waded, the deeper they found the water. Kerr's niece, a girl twelve years of age, lost heart, and began to sink: and the stream was increasing, and the darkness of night was upon them. The old man, however, did not give way; but, taking his niece on his shoulder, waded back with his wife, and by great labour regained his own cottage. It was between eight and nine o'clock in the evening when they groped their way to it; and they were obliged to clamber up into the garret. There they remained, in loneliness and darkness, until about two o'clock in the morning, when the roof of the cottage, damaged by the wet, began to fail. To avoid being

crushed to death, the old man forced his way through a partition into the next house. Fortunately for them all the partition was only made of wood and clay. There they remained till about eight o'clock in the morning, when the strength of the water on the outside became so great, that it bent the bolt of the lock of the house door inwards, until it had no more hold of the staple than about the eighth of an inch. If the door had given way, the water would have rushed in with such violence as to sweep away the back wall of the house; and Kerr rummaged the garret until he was lucky enough to find a bit of board and a few nails, with which he managed to make the door more secure. At last, the roof of this second house began to fail also; and Kerr and his wife and niece had no way of escaping but through the thatch.

Whilst the party in the cottage were undergoing all this, there were some on the shore who were very anxiously watching their fate; and among them a son of Kerr's, who had been straining his eyes towards his father's cottage all night long; unable to send help to them, and never expecting to see them alive more. Those about the young man tried to comfort him; but even whilst they were speaking to him the gable of Kerr's dwelling was seen to give way, and to fall into the raging current. But a gentleman, who was looking towards the cottage with a telescope, observed a hand thrust through the thatch of the house next to it. The hand worked busily, as if in despair of life; then a heap appeared, and, at length, Kerr was seen to drag himself

through the roof, and to drag up his wife and niece through the thatch after him. The three unfortunate people were then seen crawling along the roof towards the next house, for there were three houses built in a row: Kerr went first, and behind him the woman and girl, hardly able, from the force of the wind, to keep a blanket round them. Fortunate was it for them that old Kerr possessed so much courage and sense, exactly when courage and sense were wanting, for the tottering roof they had just left fell into the water, and was swept away. Kerr now tried in vain to force a passage through the thatch into the next house, but, finding he could not do it, he attempted one of the windows with no better success. He was then seen to drop himself down from the eaves upon a small speck of ground, a little higher than the rest, close to the back wall of the houses. To that spot of ground, where there was just room for them to stand, but not to move, he managed to get his wife and niece safely down.

Among those who could see all this going on was also a nephew of old Kerr's, the brother of the little girl who was with Kerr and his wife; and he was half distracted by the sight. "Good God! friends," he exclaimed, "will you allow human beings to perish before your eyes, and do nothing to give them help? If I had but a boat, I would try to save them. Will nobody give me a horse to go in search of one?"

It has already been mentioned that a lady in the neighbourhood lent her horses to drag a boat to the place where it was wanted; and in this boat it was that

the Kerrs were taken from the dangerous spot on which they stood, before the brave men in the boat went on to Sandy Smith and his family, who, it will be remembered, had a few more yards of ground to stand upon than the Kerrs. The skill and coolness of these men, among whom was *Straw Hat and Yellow Waistcoat*, were witnessed by those on shore with admiration; and when they saw that they had crossed the dangerous currents, just in time to save the Kerrs, who had now only about three feet of earth left to stand upon, they gave them three hearty cheers. They were in no small degree rejoiced to see Kerr, and his poor wife and the little girl, stowed safely in the boat; but when, directly after, they saw the brave *Yellow Waistcoat* wading away, and sounding the depths with a pole, until he got to one end of the building, and then beheld him lay hold of a large pig, and throw it into the boat as easily as if it had been a rabbit, they were angry to think his life should have been risked for such a saving—but he must have been a good-natured fellow, for it seems that the pig belonged to a poor widow, and was all the property she had left.

When the frail boat, crossing again all the dangerous streams, arrived at the shore with the little party, they were received by many of their friends with so much heart and rejoicing, that even old Kerr, who was known for his firmness by the name of Old Rodney, could not help shedding a few tears among the rest, exclaiming in his homely Scotch—"Hoot, toot, nonsense! What's this o't? Toots! I canna stand this mair than your bairns. Od, I maun just greet it out."

The boat next, with considerable difficulty, reached a cottage among alders, a little way above the bridge, in which were three helpless old women, one of whom had been for years bedridden. When the boat reached the hut, *Yellow Waistcoat* knocked in the window and entered with another of the boat's crew. They found the inmates sitting on chairs, immersed in water, which was four feet deep in the house. They were nearly dead with cold, and could not have existed many hours longer. They were lifted through the window, and were soon placed in safety.

To reach another family, consisting of a poor invalid old man, his infirm wife, their daughter, and grandson, it was necessary to carry the boat some distance, in order to launch it to another part of the flood. By the time the boat with its crew reached the cottage, its western side was entirely gone, and the boat was pushed in at the gap. Not a sound was heard within, and they suspected that all were drowned; but, on looking through a hole in a partition, they discovered the unhappy inmates roosted, like fowls, on the beams of the roof. They were, one by one, transferred safely to the boat, half dead with cold: but the old man's mind, unable to withstand the agonizing apprehensions he had suffered, had become utterly deranged.

A book might be filled with accounts of the wonderful escapes of the night when these families were exposed to the wind, and the rain, and the flood.

Sir T. Dick Lauder.

còm-fort-a-ble	*dis-trèssed*	*cìrcumstances*
in-clúd-ing	*rú-ined*	*impòssible*
be-wail'-ing	*thrèat-ened*	*dìfficulty*
de-tèrm-ined	*waist'-coat*	*unfréquently*
ex-èr-tions	*ví-o-lence*	*relìgious*
sòr-row-fŭl	*wìt-nessed*	*unfòrtunate*

eighth	*wrap*	*crawl'ing*

tèl-e-scope, an instrument that enables one to see objects far off. Grk. *telĕ*, "far off," and *skopeo*, "I see, or look."

pär-tì-tion, dividing, division; wall, or other erection fencing off one space from another. Lat. *partitio*, from *partio*, "I divide into parts," from *pars*, "a part."

dis-tràct-ed, out of one's mind; lit. drawn in different directions, pulled asunder. Lat. *dis*, "asunder," and *tractum*, "to draw."

was Straw Hat and Yellow Waistcoat. "Straw Hat" and "Yellow Waistcoat" are joined by "and"; ought it not, then, to be "were," not "was"? Explain fully.

maun, must.

greet, weep, cry.

im-mèrsed, dipt, plunged in water (or other liquid). Lat. *im* (*in*), "into," and *mergo*, "I plunge."

ìn-val-id, weak, infirm. Lat. *in*, "not," and *validus*, "strong," from *valeo*, "I am well, or strong."

àg-on-ĭz-ing, exceeding distressing, extremely painful. Grk. *agonia*, "a contest," "anguish."

ap-prĕ-hèn-sions, fears (of coming loss or pain). Lat. *ap* (*ad*), "to," and *prehendo*, "I take, or seize."

Write out, in your own words, the story of a rescue of people from the dangers of a sudden flood.

FLOWERS OF RIVERS AND RIVER-SIDES.

1.—Green Threads and Weeds.

Very cool on a hot day is the sweet margin of a river as we sit beneath the shadow of some overhanging bough, close beside

"The knotted water-flags,
That whistle stiff and dry about the marge."

The sense of coolness, too, is heightened by seeing how the river, as it rushes over some mass of stones in its

bed, has sprinkled the clear drops on the broad leaves, or left them hanging on the tall spiry grasses which nod beside and in the very waters, and has perchance given us a sprinkling, as it dashed past us to make a foaming waterfall.

Many a gentle odour comes up as we wander among the wet grasses, ankle-deep, and crush the wild flowers growing at the water's edge. The willows and alders which grow there make a pleasant rustling at their roots as the river winds in and out among the green mosses. A very slight air will put the flexible willow-bough in motion, and bid its red-tipped branches taste the waters, and will turn up its silvery-hued leaves. The alders which stand up thickly near them look almost gloomy in the contrast made by their deeper green foliage; and yet when the sun shines fully upon them, they, too, become leaves of light, and quiver gently and gracefully. We know that both willow and alder are holding together into firmness the very soil on which our wild flowers grow, and where they lurk among the lowly moss or arise in graceful and tall spires above the rushes. Even when are blowing the rougher winds of September, which,

> "Hollow whistling through the leaves,
> Foretell a tempest and a blustering day,"

we know that the falling multitudes of those dark, clammy leaves shall not injure, as would some foliage, either flowers or grass, nor drive away one bell or

star which gathers there. Browne had marked this, when he wrote, in one of his pastorals—

"The alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
Each plant set near to him long flourisheth."

But in thinking of aquatic vegetation, we have not to dwell only on the flowers which grow amid

"The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream;"

we look on the quiet bosom of the slowly-winding river, or the glassy lake, to see that there is a mass of vegetation, not only beside the waters, but altogether in and upon them.

It is not here that we may tell at any length of the floating slimy or green masses found more or less in all stagnant waters. They need the microscope to reveal their wonders, and none but he who is disposed to study them long and carefully can hope to know them. Slimy masses called will-o'-the-wisps, fallen stars, and flowers of heaven, are known to all who live near water. Then there are the quick-mosses, quiver-worts, and other wonderful green filmy threads of water-weeds abounding in some ponds; and the crowsilks, which are tufts of green threads found in immense abundance in some ditches, forming wide-spread strata, which sometimes come to the surface, and cover it as with a dense green scum, several inches thick. Sometimes they seem almost to fill up a lake, and country people have turned them to account, using these crowsilks instead of wadding,

weaving them into cloth, and even making them into paper. At other times the green filaments form a ball, like the globe crowsilk or moorball, which wanders about in the water, and is perhaps seized by some wanderer there, and made into a pen-wiper.

But these plants have higher services to perform. They purify the water by assimilating for their own nourishment much which renders it unwholesome, and they give out the oxygen which is to renovate the air consumed by the fish or other living animals in the stream; while those slimy jellies are considered to retain, by their viscid nature, the atmospheric air; and thus these jellies and threads tend to render the still river or pond safe to the neighbourhood. They are of use in fixing the muddy ooze, and are, as it were, the refiners and strainers of nature. Were it not for them, the mud which now filters through them, and falls down to lie at the base, would cause many a crystal rill which serves as a mirror for the flowers nodding at its border, to be a disturbed mass of muddy water, where the grasses would no longer sweep gracefully beneath the surface, nor the blue forget-me-nots look like sapphires among its herbage.

Equally common are the duckweeds, which cover the water in bright green masses, which, however, are flowering plants, though the rambler by the margin of the river sees no bright petals among the masses of green, flat, small leaves which form a bright verdure on the pool; but if he examines these during July, he may

discover the little pale-coloured, yet bright, anthers on the edge of the green leaf.

No water-plant is more plentiful than the lesser duckweed; its small, thick fronds, or leaves, as most people call them, lying in crowded numbers, with small hair-like roots hanging down from beneath them. There are other less common species too. In one, the leaves are shaped like an ivy-leaf; and in another these leaves measure half an inch across. Small as they are, they are also useful plants. Besides being relished by ducks and water-fowl, they shelter and feed the large number of living creatures to whom has been given a home in the fresh waters; and like others, the water-weeds purify the stream. Disagreeable as a green slimy mass of water, covered with duckweeds, is to the eye of the beholder, it is far better for the neighbourhood than if that stagnant pool bore no green weeds in or upon it.

There is a large number of submerged or floating plants, called especially pondweeds. We have eighteen native species growing in rivers, or still waters, or peat pits; and some of them, when just rising above the pond in spring, make it look quite pretty with their reddish young shoots. As they grow older, however, they lose the red tinge; and we can only describe them generally as having often large, thin, olive-green, almost transparent leaves, curled at the edges, and constantly waving up and down to every breath of wind; reminding us sometimes of a seaside port in which the sea-weeds float. It is for the greenness and the grace of

their movements that we must admire the pondweeds, for they have only greenish spikes of flowers of no beauty.

mùr-mur-ing	*strùc-ture*	*mārgin, mārge*
míc-ro-scope	*crow'-silks*	*rùstling*
quìv-er-worts	*knòt-ted*	*sprìnkled*
fìl-a-ments	*rough'-er*	*aquàtic*
un-whóle-some	*ov-er-hàng-ing*	*rèlished*
at-mo-sphèr-ic	*dis-a-gree'-a-ble*	*altogèther*
òx-y-gen	*sub-mèrged*	*sàpphires*

ód-our, smell, perfume. Lat. *odorem*, "odour."

flèx-i-ble, readily bent, bending easily. Lat. *flexum*, "to bend."

fól-i-age, leafage, cluster of leaves, leaves (in mass). Lat. *folium*, "a leaf."

ó-si-ers, water-willows.

stàg-nant, standing still, not flowing.

film-y, slender; lit. composed of films, or thin skins, that peel off easily.

as-sim-il-ăt-ing, making similar or like to themselves; converting into their own substance, as food. Lat. *as* (*ad*), "to," and *similis*, "like."

rè-nov-ate, make new, renew. Lat. *re*, "again," and *novatum*, "to make new," from *novus*, "new."

vis-cid, sticky, clammy

2.—RIVER BLOSSOMS.

Many of our aquatics, however, add to their green leaves the beauty of large and coloured blossoms. The pretty white flowers of the water-crowfoot often render a stream gay as it floats for miles through green meads. The flowers are shaped like that of the buttercup, but flatter. Its stems float quite under the water; and the narrow, threadlike segments of its leaves spread in all

directions, sometimes looking like an entangled ball of green fibres, though often they are only three-cleft.

But the handsomest of our water-plants, the queen of our quiet crystal streams, are the large white water-lilies, which in July lie open, showing their large golden centres, and having their numerous petals delicately tinged with cream-colour, or else white as the driven snow. The large rounded heart-shaped leaves are so glossy that the water runs off their surface, and the conical buds, half enclosed in their brownish cups, lie among them. All poets, both ancient and modern, praise this pure and lovely flower. Cowley says—

> "Such as the lovely swan appears
> When rising from the Trent or Thame,
> And as aloft his plumes he wears
> Despises the less beauteous stream;
> So when my joyful flower is born
> And does its native glory show,
> The clouded rival she does scorn;
> They're all but foils where lilies grow."

The roots lie in the soil below, and the lovely flower has suggested many a beautiful simile. Wordsworth says—

> "And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives;
> Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
> Floats on the towering wave."

The yellow water-lily, the thick golden cup of which stands up on its long floating stems, or reposes on its glossy leaves, is far more frequent than the white species,

and, though not nearly so handsome nor so sweet-scented, yet has its own beauty—

"While the prime swallow dips his wing,
While the gold lily blows, and overhead
The light cloud smoulders on the summer crag."

An odour, too, it has certainly, but it is more like that of brandy; hence, the flower is often called "brandy-bottle." Many could say with the poet—

"Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
From land and water, lilies of each hue,
Golden and white, that float upon the wave."

The margin of the river is the very gayest spot in our landscape during June, July, and August. Gleaming in the sun with large crumpled and waving petals of the most golden yellow, the tall iris, or corn-flag, is very lovely from spring till the end of summer, while in autumn the large seed-vessels are almost as conspicuous. These are at the top of the long stem where the flowers once waved, and are sometimes three or four inches long, and are full of pale yellow seeds lying in close rows. The plant was formerly called water-sedge, and its thin, sharp, sword-shaped leaves look, indeed, much like some of those which belong to the sedges, and which cluster thickly with the rushes at the water's edge.

The sedges are those plants which look so green when they fringe a river, their sharp leaves often cutting the hand of him who would fain gather some blossoms near. The flowers of those sedges are simply brown

chaffy heads, often in clusters, sometimes rendered pretty by yellow anthers dotted over them.

Many lovers of flowers consider that the flowering rush is the handsomest of all aquatics. It certainly makes more show than even the water-lily, for it stands up far above the surface of the waters, and we see it before we reach them. Its sharp three-sided leaves inflict many a wound, and cut like thin glass deep into the skin. They look very handsome in their somewhat bluish-green colour, coming up from the root, and usually twisted at the top. The lovely cluster of rose-coloured three-petalled flowers is very large, each flower on a long stalk, which is often of a reddish colour.

We could wish that our landscape could boast more often of the water-violet, for it is one of the prettiest plants of our still waters, but is not at all like a violet. Its white fibrous roots creep among the soft muddy soil; the hollow flower-stalk rises a little above the surface, having around it whorls of lilac blossoms, and the elegant feathery leaves float below. It is called feather-foil, from the foliage.

The edges of the waters are often green with the clumps of water-cresses—the "cresses glossy wet"—which are gathered often by dawn of day by the humble poor, and brought into towns for salad. The flowers are white, cross-shaped, and grow in small clusters. We are apt to leave them unnoticed when the bright blue enamel-like flowers of the forget-me-nots are studding the surface of the damp soil, having each a yellow eye with a little white rim, and which, while yet only half

expanded, are of pinkish colour and coiling round the tops of their stem, so as to have gained for the plant the name of scorpion-grass. If, however, we were to ask the name of this pretty flower of the natives of any part of Europe, we should find it synonymous with our own of forget-me-not, and we might see it everywhere given as the token of love and friendship. There is something remarkable in this fact; for, pretty as it is, there are other wild flowers equally attractive, and it seems most probable that some incident really occurred which led to the general adoption of this as an expression of sentiment. Ask the German peasant why he calls it "Vergissmeinnicht," and he will tell you of the legend, so well known also in England, that a lady, while wandering with a knight by the borders of a stream decked with these lovely flowers, asked him to reach them; and that, while doing so, the knight was borne off by the current, and could only utter the words "Forget me not," as he threw the fatal nosegay to the shore. In Germany and France this plant is often set upon tombs, but it will not flourish long without water.

ANNE PRATT (adapted).

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a-quàt-ics	*hànd-som-est*	*entàngled*
col'-oured	*whorls*	*dèlicately*
thread'-like	*at-tràct-ive*	*conspìcuous*
heart'-shaped	*beau'-ti-ful*	*enàmel*
còn-ic-al	*beau'-te-ous*	*ìncident*
en-clósed	*sug-gèst-ed*	*crùmpled*

sèg-ments, lit. a part cut off; a part cut off from a figure by a line or plane. Lat. *sectum*, "to cut."

foils, contrasts to set off to advantage the qualities of something else.

sim-il-e, comparison; expression of likeness.

rapáciously, greedily, like plunderers or robbers. Lat. *rapax*, "greedy of plunder," from *rapio*, "I seize."

syn-ón-ym-ous, having the same meaning. Grk. *syn*, "with," and *onoma*, "a name."

Ver-giss-mein-nicht (*Fer-gis-mín*[mine]-*niht*—*h* guttural), lit. "Forget-me-not."

UNDER THE WILLOW-TREE.

O SING unto my roundelay;
O drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday;
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be;

Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
O, he lies by the willow tree!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the brier'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See, the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

CHATTERTON.

hòl-i-day	*thròstle*	*nìght-mares*
wìll-ow-tree	*cùdgel*	*death'-bed*

round-e-lay, lit. a little round; a song in which parts are repeated. French, *rondelet*, "roundish," from *rond*, "round."

dèft, clever, skilful.

tá-bor, small drum, played with one stick.

the brier'd dell. Express more fully the meaning in "brier'd."

WHAT IS WEALTH?

Nassau Senior, one of the best writers on political economy, defined *wealth* in these words: *Under that term we comprehend all those things, and those things only, which are transferable, are limited in supply, and are directly or indirectly productive of pleasure, or preventive of pain.* It is necessary to understand, in the first place, exactly what Senior meant. According to him, whatever is comprehended under wealth must have three distinct qualities, and whatever has these three qualities must be a part of wealth. If these qualities are rightly chosen, we get a correct definition —that is, a precise statement of the qualities which are just sufficient to make out a class, and to tell us what things belong to it and what do not. Instead, however, of the long phrase "directly or indirectly productive of pleasure or preventive of pain," we may substitute the single word *useful*, and we may then state the definition in this simple way:—

$$\textit{Wealth} = \textit{what is} \begin{cases} (1)\ \textit{transferable.} \\ (2)\ \textit{limited in supply.} \\ (3)\ \textit{useful.} \end{cases}$$

We still need to learn exactly what is meant by the three qualities of wealth; we must learn what it is to be transferable, limited in supply, and useful.

Wealth is transferable. By being *transferable*, we mean that a thing can be passed over (Latin, *trans*,

*

across, and *fero*, I carry) from one person to another. Sometimes things can be literally handed over, like a watch or a book; sometimes they can be transferred by a written deed, or by legal possession, as in the case of land and houses; services, also, can be transferred, as when a footman hires himself to a master. Even a musician or a preacher transfers his services, when his auditors have the benefit of hearing him. But there are many desirable things which cannot be transferred from one person to another; a rich man can hire a footman, but he cannot buy the footman's good health; he can hire the services of the best physician, but if these services fail to restore health, there is no help. So, too, it is impossible really to buy or sell the love of relatives, the esteem of friends, the happiness of a good conscience. Wealth may do a great deal, but it cannot really ensure those things which are more precious than pearls and rubies. Political economy does not pretend to examine all the causes of happiness, and those moral riches which cannot be bought and sold are no part of wealth in our present use of the word. The poor man who has a good conscience, affectionate friends, and good health, may really be much happier than the rich man who is deprived of such blessings; but, on the other hand, a man need not lose his good conscience, and his other sources of happiness, when he becomes rich and enjoys all the interesting occupations and amusements which wealth can give. *Wealth, then, is far from being the only good thing: nevertheless it is good,* because it saves us from too severe labour, from the fear

of actual want, and enables us to buy such pleasant things and services as are transferable.

Wealth is limited in supply. In the second place, things cannot be called wealth unless they be *limited in supply;* if we have just as much of any substance as we want, then we shall not esteem a new supply of it. Thus the air around us is not wealth in ordinary circumstances, because we have only to open our mouths and we get as much as we can use. What air we do actually breathe is exceedingly useful, because it keeps us alive; but we usually pay nothing for it, because there is plenty for all. In a diving bell, or a deep mine, however, air becomes limited in supply, and then may be considered a part of wealth. When the tunnel under the English Channel is completed, it will be a great question how to get air to breathe in the middle of it. Even in the Metropolitan Railway tunnel a little more fresh air would be very valuable.

On the other hand diamonds, though much valued, are used for few purposes; they make beautiful ornaments and they serve to cut glass or to bore rocks. Their high value chiefly arises from the fact that they are scarce. Of course scarcity alone will not create value. There are many scarce metals, or minerals, of which only a few little bits have ever yet been seen; but such substances are not valuable, unless some special use has been found for them. The metal iridium is sold at a very high price because it is wanted for making the tips of gold pens, and can be got only in small quantities.

*

Wealth is useful. In the third place, we can easily see that everything which forms a part of wealth must be *useful*, or have *utility;* that is, it must serve some purpose, or be agreeable and desirable in some way or other. Senior said correctly that *useful things are those which directly or indirectly produce pleasure or prevent pain.* A well tuned and well played musical instrument produces pleasure; a dose of medicine prevents pain to one who is in need of it. But it is often impossible to decide whether things give more pleasure or prevent more pain; dinner saves us from the pain of hunger and gives us the pleasure of eating good things. There is utility so far as pleasure is increased and pain decreased; nor does it matter, as far as political economy is concerned, what is the nature of the pleasure.

Then, again, we need not be particular as to whether things *directly produce pleasure,* like the clothes we wear, or whether they *indirectly* do so, as in the case of the machines employed to make the clothes. Things are indirectly useful when, like tools, machines, materials, &c., they are only wanted to make other things which shall be actually consumed and enjoyed by some person. The carriage in which a person takes a pleasant drive is directly useful; the baker's cart which brings him food is indirectly useful. But sometimes we can hardly distinguish. Shall we say that the meat put into the mouth is directly, but the fork which puts it in is indirectly, useful?

W. STANLEY JEVONS.

tràns-fer-a-ble	*di-rèct-ly*	*definìtion*
ĭŭt-er-al-ly	*ìn-di-rèct-ly*	*musìcian*
af-fèc-tion-ate	*còn-science*	*physìcian*
pre-vènt-ive	*a-muse'-ment*	*prècious*
con-cèrned	*in-creased'*	*qual'ities*
àc-tŭ-al-ly	*de-creased'*	*quan'tities*

political ecònomy is the science that treats of wealth. It inquires what wealth is; how we can best consume it when we have got it; how it may be produced in the greatest quantities with the least possible labour; and how it is shared among those that have a hand in producing it.

com-prĕ-hènd, take together, include. Lat. *com* (*con*), "together," and *prehendo*, "I take, or lay hold of."

prĕ-cise (*-sís*), exact, definite.

aud'itor (*ōd-i-tor*,) hearer. Lat. *audio*, "I hear."

Me-tro-pòl-it-an, in, of, or belonging to the metropolis (London, in this case), or capital. Grk. *méter*, "mother," and *polis*, "city."

ŭtility, usefulness. Lat. *utilis*, "useful," from *utor*, "I use."

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers càll from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet,
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:
Children's voices wild with pain—
Surely she will come again.
Call her once, and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!"
The wild white horses foam and fret,
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?

Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts rang'd all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground:
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea;
And the youngest sate on her knee;
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves:
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say."
"Come!" I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town,
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small-leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear;
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.
"Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door."
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy,
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the bless'd light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,

A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back, down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

BYRON.

blòssomed	*pàradise*	*chèrished*
scàttered	*feud'al*	*enchànted*

Drāchenfels, or "Dragon's Rock," rises 900 feet above the Rhine, on its right bank, a little higher up than Bonn. The castle is in ruins; it was built in the 12th century by an Archbishop of Cologne. The fabled cavern of the dragon is half-way up the crag.

thou, the poet's sister.

haught-i-est (*hōt-*), proudest. French, *hautain*, from *haut*, "high," Lat. *altus*, "high."

THE PEASANT RISING.

[The victory of Cressy was the first of a series of successes which placed England high among military powers and forced France by the Treaty of Bretigny to grant to Edward full sovereignty of Aquitaine and the possession of Calais. But war brought with it suffering: and both countries shared in the terrible scourge of the plague which was called the Black Death. To the suffering caused by war and pestilence was added at the close of Edward's reign the shame of defeat. While England was exhausted by its victories, France woke to a fresh energy, and refusing to fulfil the terms of peace, stripped Edward of all his conquests save Calais, and in union with Castile made herself mistress of the seas and ruined English commerce. Money was squandered in desperate efforts to regain the old supremacy in the field; and the pressure of taxation drove England to despair. The death of Edward the Third left the crown to his grandson, a boy named Richard the Second; and the country felt the weakness of the government in a general disorder. Still the war called for money; and the Parliament were driven to raise money by a tax, not as of old on lands, but on every man and woman personally, "by head," which was hence called a poll-tax. This was levied from people who had till now been free from taxation, and who were just awaking to the injustice of their state as "serfs," or bondsmen, bound to do service in labour on their lords' lands. A preacher named John Ball fanned the discontent into a temper of rebellion; and in 1381 the commons rose in the Peasant Revolt.]

As the spring went by, quaint rimes passed through the country, and served as a summons to revolt. "John Ball," ran one, "greeteth you all, and doth for to understand he hath rung your bell. Now right and might will and skill, God speed every dele." "Help truth," ran another, "and truth shall help you! Now reigneth pride in price, and covetise is counted wise, and lechery

withouten shame, and gluttony withouten blame. Envy reigneth with treason, and sloth is take in great season. God do bote, for now is tyme!" We recognize Ball's hand in the yet more stirring missives of "Jack the Miller" and "Jack the Carter." "Jack Miller asketh help to turn his mill aright. He hath grounden small, small: the King's Son of Heaven he shall pay for all. Look thy mill go aright with the four sailes, and the post stand with steadfastness. With right and with might, with skill and with will; let might help right, and skill go before will, and right before might, so goeth our mill aright." "Jack Carter," ran the companion missive, "prays you all that ye make a good end of that ye have begun, and do well, and aye better and better: for at the even men heareth the day." "Falseness and guile," sang Jack Trewman, "have reigned too long, and truth hath been set under a lock, and falseness and guile reigneth in every stock. No man may come truth to, but if he sing 'si dedero.' True love is away that was so good, and clerks for wealth work them woe. God do bote, for now is time." In the rude jingle of these lines began for England the literature of political controversy; they are the first predecessors of the pamphlets of Milton and of Burke. Rough as they are, they express clearly enough the mingled passions which met in the revolt of the peasants; their longing for a right rule, for plain and simple justice; their scorn of the immorality of the nobles and the infamy of the court; their resentment at the perversion of the law to the cause of oppression.

From the eastern and midland counties the restlessness spread to all England south of the Thames. But the grounds of discontent varied with every district. The actual outbreak began on the fifth of June at Dartford, where a tiler killed one of the collectors of the poll-tax, in vengeance for a brutal outrage on his daughter. The county at once rose in arms. Canterbury, where "the whole town was of their mind," threw open its gates to the insurgents, who plundered the Archbishop's palace and dragged John Ball from his prison. A hundred thousand Kentishmen gathered round Walter Tyler of Essex and John Hales of Malling to march upon London. Their grievance was mainly a political one. Villeinage was unknown in Kent. As the peasants poured towards Blackheath, indeed, every lawyer who fell into their hands was put to death; "not till all these were killed would the land enjoy its old freedom again," the Kentishmen shouted, as they fired the houses of the stewards, and flung the rolls of the manor-courts into the flames. But this action can hardly have been due to anything more than sympathy with the rest of the realm, the sympathy which induced the same men, when pilgrims from the north brought news that John of Gaunt was setting free his bondmen, to send to the Duke an offer to make him Lord and King of England. Nor was their grievance a religious one. Lollardry can have made little way among men whose grudge against the Archbishop of Canterbury sprang from his discouragement of pilgrimages. Their discontent was simply political; they demanded the suppression of the poll-tax, and

better government; their aim was to slay the nobles and wealthier clergy, to take the King into their own hands, and pass laws which should seem good to the Commons of the realm.

The whole population joined the Kentishmen as they marched along, while the nobles were paralyzed with fear. The young King—he was but a boy of sixteen—addressed them from a boat on the river; but the refusal of his Council, under the guidance of Archbishop Sudbury, to allow him to land, kindled the peasants to fury, and with cries of "Treason" the great mass rushed on London. On the 13th of June its gates were flung open by the poorer artisans within the city, and the stately palace of John of Gaunt at the Savoy, the new inn of the lawyers at the Temple, the houses of the foreign merchants, were soon in a blaze. But the insurgents, as they proudly boasted, were "seekers of truth and justice, not thieves or robbers," and a plunderer found carrying off a silver vessel from the sack of the Savoy was flung with his spoil into the flames. Another body of insurgents encamped at the same time to the east of the city. In Essex and the eastern counties the popular discontent was more social than political. The demands of the peasants were that bondage should be abolished, that tolls and imposts on trade should be done away with, that "no acre of land which is held in bondage or villeinage be held at higher rate than 4*d.* a year," in other words, a money commutation of all villein services. Their rising had been even earlier than that of the Kentishmen. Before Whitsuntide an attempt to levy

the poll-tax gathered crowds of peasants together, armed with clubs, rusty swords, and bows. The royal commissioners who were sent to repress the tumult were driven from the field, and the Essex men marched upon London on one side of the river as the Kentishmen marched on the other. The evening of the 13th, the day on which Tyler entered the city, saw them encamped without its walls at Mile-end. At the same moment Highbury and the northern heights were occupied by the men of Hertfordshire and the villeins of St. Albans, where a strife between abbot and town had been going on since the days of Edward the Second.

The Royal Council with the young King had taken refuge in the Tower, and their aim seems to have been to divide the forces of the insurgents. On the morning of the 14th, therefore, Richard rode from the Tower to Mile-end to meet the Essex men. "I am your King and Lord, good people," the boy began with a fearlessness which marked his bearing throughout the crisis, "what will you?" "We will that you free us for ever," shouted the peasants, "us and our lands; and that we be never named nor held for serfs!" "I grant it," replied Richard; and he bade them go home, pledging himself at once to issue charters of freedom and amnesty. A shout of joy welcomed the promise. Throughout the day more than thirty clerks were busy writing letters of pardon and emancipation, and with these the mass of the Essex men and the men of Hertfordshire withdrew quietly to their homes. But while the King was successful at Mile-end, a terrible doom had fallen on the

councillors he left behind him. Richard had hardly quitted the Tower when the Kentishmen, who had spent the night within the city, appeared at its gates. The general terror was shown ludicrously enough when they burst in, and taking the panic-stricken knights of the royal household in rough horse-play by the beard, promised to be their equals and good comrades in the days to come. But the horse-play changed into dreadful earnest when they found that Richard had escaped their grasp, and the discovery of Archbishop Sudbury and other ministers in the chapel changed their fury into a cry for blood. The Primate was dragged from his sanctuary and beheaded. The same vengeance was wreaked on the Treasurer and the Chief Commissioner for the levy of the hated poll-tax, the merchant Richard Lyons, who had been impeached by the Good Parliament.

Richard meanwhile had ridden round the northern wall of the city to the Wardrobe near Blackfriars, and from this new refuge he opened his negotiations with the Kentish insurgents. Many of these dispersed at the news of the King's pledge to the men of Essex, but a body of thirty thousand still surrounded Wat Tyler when Richard on the morning of the 15th encountered that leader by a mere chance at Smithfield. Hot words passed between his train and the peasant chieftain, who advanced to confer with the King, and a threat from Tyler brought on a brief struggle in which the Mayor of London, William Walworth, struck him with his dagger to the ground. "Kill! kill!" shouted the crowd, "they have slain our captain!" But Richard

no endeavour to find them again. One only symptom will he give that he is aware of his rider, and that is when the latter is about to mount him, for on such an occasion, instead of addressing him in the style of old Balaam's more intelligent beast, "Am not I thy camel, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day?" he will bend back his long snaky neck towards his master, open his enormous jaws to bite if he dared, and roar out a tremendous sort of groan, as if to complain of some entirely new and unparalleled injustice about to be done him. In a word, he is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal, rendered serviceable by stupidity alone, without much skill on his master's part or any co-operation on his own, save that of an extreme passiveness. Neither attachment nor even habit impress him; never tame, though not wide-awake enough to be exactly wild.

One passion alone he possesses, namely revenge, of which he furnishes many a hideous example, while in carrying it out he shows an unexpected degree of far-thoughted malice, united meanwhile with all the cold stupidity of his usual character. One instance of this I well remember; it occurred hard by a small town in the plain of Ba'albec, where I was at the time residing. A lad of about fourteen had conducted a large camel laden with wood, from that very village to another at half an hour's distance or so. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way, its conductor struck it repeatedly, and harder than it seems to have thought he had a right to do. But not finding the occasion favourable for taking

immediate quits, it "bode its time;" nor was that time long in coming. A few days later, the same lad had to reconduct the beast, but unladen, to his own village. When they were about half-way on the road, and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was within sight, and, finding the road far and near clear of passers-by, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth, and lifting him up in the air flung him down again on the earth with the upper part of his skull completely torn off, and his brains scattered on the ground. Having thus satisfied its revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace towards the village as though nothing were the matter, till some men who had observed the whole, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it.

Indeed, so marked is this unamiable propensity that some philosophers have ascribed the revengeful character of the Arabs to the great share which the flesh and milk of the camel have in their sustenance, and which are supposed to communicate to those who partake of them over-largely the moral or immoral qualities of the animal to which they belonged. I do not feel myself capable of pronouncing an opinion on so intricate a question; but thus much I can say, that the camel and his Bedouin master do afford so many and such obvious points of resemblance that I did not think an Arab of Shomer far in the wrong when I once on a time heard him

say, "God created the Bedouin for the camel, and the camel for the Bedouin." W. G. PALGRAVE.

sèr-vice-a-ble	*endèavour*	*docile* (*dó-* or *dòs-*)
re-peat'-ed-ly	*sỳmptom*	*docìlity*
de-lìb-er-ate-ly	*submìssive*	*mechànically*
re-vènge-fŭl	*stupìdity*	*unpàralleled*
at-tàch-ment	*ìntricate*	*undomèsticated*
màl-ice	*Bèdouin*	*co-òperátion*

èp-i-thet, qualifying name; word expressing a quality or attribute. Grk. *epithetos*, from *epi*, "upon," and *tithémi*, "I place."

sub-òrd-in-ate, inferior; lit. ranked under another. Lat. *sub*, "under," and *ordinatum*, "to order, or arrange," from *ordo* (*ordinis*), "order."

pàss-ive-ness, inactivity, doing no action of any kind; simply suffering or receiving impressions. Lat. *patior* (*passus*), "to suffer, endure."

un-ám-i-a-ble, not lovely or likeable. Lat. *amo*, "I love."

pro-pèns-i-ty, inclination, tendency. Lat. *pro*, "forward," and *pensum*, "to hang."

EXERCISE.—Remark on the plural verbs in these sentences: (1) "Jack *or* Tom *are* all the same to him;" (2) "*Neither* attachment *nor* even habit *impress* him."

NOBLE REVENGE.

A YOUNG officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier full of personal dignity (as sometimes

happens in all ranks) and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any redress,—he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would "make him repent it!"

This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this, a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership. The party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half-hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling

musketry, and exulting hurrahs, advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return.

From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks.

That perplexes you not; mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; "high" and "low" are words without a meaning; and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? Oh, reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer who struck him! Once again they are meeting, and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divided them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed for ever.

As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted

dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: "Sir," he said, "I told you before that I would make you repent it!"

DE QUINCEY.

pèr-son-al	*ìn-jured*	*distìnguished*
dìg-ni-ty	*re-drèss*	*indignátion*
dìs-ci-pline	*pār-tial*	*dèsperate*
spec-tá-tor	*re-kìnd-led*	*mỳstery*
crìm-soned	*con-found'-ed*	*rĕ-cāptured*
re-lieved'	*vol-un-teered'*	*distìnctions*

ir-ri-tá-tion, provocation, vexation, annoyance.

in-èx-or-a-ble, stern, rigid, unbending. Lat. *in*, "not," *ex*, "out," and *oro*, "I pray, entreat"; "not to be moved or altered by any entreaty."

re-tal-i-á-tion, revenge; doing the like, in return. Lat. *re*, "back, again," and *talis*, "such, like."

mèn-ace, threat. French, *ménace*, Lat. *minaciæ*, from *minor*, "I threaten."

in-ter-cèpt-ed, cut off, stopped. Lat. *inter*, "between," and *captum*, "to take."

sènt-i-ment, feeling. Lat. *sentio*, "I feel."

mār-tial, warlike. Lat. *Mars*, the god of war.

re-doubt', a *retired* work, within other works, serving for *retreat*. French, *redoute*, Lat.

reductus, "drawn back, remote," from *re*, "back," and *ductus*, "led, drawn."

hi-er-o-glŷph-ic, like, or of the character of, hieroglyphs, or picture-writings. Grk. *hierus*, "sacred," and *glypho*, "I carve, or write."

ràn-somed, redeemed, bought back. French, *rançon*, Lat. *redemptionem*, from Lat. *re* (*d*) "back," and *emptum*, "to buy."

mu'tual recognition. Knowing each other again.

măr-tyr, one that bears witness for some cause by his death; one that is put to death for some belief. Grk. *marty(r)s*, "a witness."

in-dĭg-ni-ty, unworthy treatment; insult.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And, could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

CIBBER.

AT NIGHT ON GRASMERE.

WHEN Tita and Bell came down stairs, the boat was not only waiting, but was supplied with all manner of nice cushions, plaids, rugs, and a guitar-case. The women showed a good deal of trepidation in stepping into the frail craft, which lay under the shadow of a small jetty; but once out in the open lake, we found sufficient light around us, and Bell, pulling her grey

and woollen shawl more tightly around her, turned to look at the wonders of Grasmere, which she had not seen for many years. A yellow moon was rising over the dusky heights of Silver Home.

It was a pleasant night. All the hills and woods on the other side of the lake seemed for the most part in a black shadow; but out here the moonlight dwelt calmly on the water, and lit up the wooded island further down, and shone along the level shores. As we went out into the silent plain, the windows of the hotel grew smaller and smaller, until in the distance we could see them but as minute points of orange fire that glittered down on the black surface below. Then, in the perfect stillness of the night—as the measured sound of the rowlocks told of our progress, and the moonlight shone on the gleaming blades of the oars—we were all at once startled by a loud and hissing noise, that caused Tita to utter a slight cry of alarm.

We had run into a great bed of water-weeds, that was all—a tangled mass of water-lily leaves, with millions of straight horsetails rising from the shallow lake. We pushed on. The horsetails went down before the prow of the boat; but all around us the miniature forest remained erect. The moonlight sparkled on the ripples that we sent circling out through those perpendicular lines. And then the Lieutenant called out a note of warning, and Bell plunged her oars in the water just in time, for we had nearly run down two swans that were fast asleep in among the tall weeds.

We forsook this shallower end of the lake, and, with

some more hissing of horsetails, pushed out and into the world of moonlight and still water; and then, as Tita took the oars, and just dipped them now and again to give us a sense of motion, Bell rested her guitar on her knee, and began to sing to us. What should she sing under the solitude of the hills, when all our laughter of dinner-time was over and we were as silent as the lake itself? There was not even a breath of wind stirring; and it was in a very low voice, with something of a tremor in it, that Bell began to accompany the faint touching of the guitar.

"I've heard the lilting at our ewe-milking,"

—she sang, and her voice was so low and tremulous that Tita forgot to dip the oars into the water that she might listen to the girl—

"Lasses a lilting before the break o' day,
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away."

Had Grasmere ever listened to a more pathetic ballad, or to a tenderer voice? It was as well, perhaps, that the Lieutenant could not see Bell's face; for as she sang the last verse—

"We hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away,"

—there was a sort of indistinctness in her voice; and when the Lieutenant said that it was the finest English

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song that he had yet heard, and that the air was so very different from most of the old English tunes, she could not answer him for a minute or two. . . .

Then we pulled away over to the island, and round underneath the shadows of its firs, and back through the clear moonlight to the small jetty of the hotel.

WILLIAM BLACK.

plèas-ant *moon'-light* *tàngled*
mèas-ured *prò-gress* *plùnged*
shàl-low-er *trep-id-á-tion* *in-dis-tìnct-ness*
licu-tèn-ant (*lef-tèn-ant*)

jèt-ty, pier; point or erection, jutting or projecting into the sea (or a river). French *jetée*, "a pier," Lat. *jactus*, "cast, or thrown."
min-i-a-ture, on a very small scale; originally, applied to pictures.
lilt-ing, singing merrily.
a lilting: *a* is for *in* or *on*; in full, "engaged or occupied *in* lilting."
trèm-ŭl-ous (*-yŭl-*), trembling, shaking, quivering.
ilka, each, every.
loan'-ing, or *loan*, an open uncultivated space, either between fields or beside the house. Here the cows were frequently milked.
wede, weeded.
path-ĕt-ic, full of tender feeling. Grk. *pathos*, "feeling, suffering."
wae, woeful, sad.
English song. The Lieutenant mistakes.

FLODDEN FIELD.

1. BEFORE THE BATTLE.

NEITHER artifices, working upon the King's superstitious feelings, nor the advice and entreaty of Margaret, his Queen, could deter James IV. of Scotland from his

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unhappy expedition. He was so well beloved that he soon assembled a great army, and, placing himself at their head, he entered England near the Castle of Twisell, on the 22nd of August, 1513. He speedily obtained possession of the Border fortresses of Norham, Wark, Etall, Ford, and others of less note, and collected a great spoil. Instead, however, of advancing with his army upon the country of England, which lay defenceless before him, the King is said to have trifled away his time with Lady Heron of Ford, a beautiful woman, who contrived to divert him from the prosecution of his expedition until the approach of an English army.

While James lay thus idle on the frontier, the Earl of Surrey advanced at the head of an army of twenty-six thousand men. The earl was joined by his son Thomas, the lord high admiral, with a large body of soldiers who had been disembarked at Newcastle. As the warlike inhabitants of the northern counties gathered fast to Surrey's standard, so, on the other hand, the Scots began to return home in great numbers, because, though, according to the feudal laws, each man had brought with him provisions for forty days, these being now nearly expended, a scarcity began to be felt in James's host. Others went home to place their booty in safety.

Surrey, feeling himself the stronger party, became desirous to provoke the Scottish King to fight. He therefore sent James a message, defying him to battle. James returned for answer, that to meet the English in battle was so much his wish, that, had the message of the earl found him at Edinburgh, he would have laid

aside all other business to have met him on a pitched field.

But the Scottish nobles entertained a very different opinion from their King. They held a council, at which Lord Patrick Lindsay was made president, or chancellor. He opened the discussion by telling the council a parable of a rich merchant, who would needs go to play at dice with a common hazarder, or sharper, and stake a rose-noble of gold against a crooked halfpenny. "You, my lords," he said, "will be as unwise as the merchant, if you risk your King, whom I compare to a precious rose-noble, against the English general, who is but an old crooked churl, lying in a chariot. Though the English lose the day, they lose nothing but this old churl and a parcel of mechanics; whereas so many of our common people have gone home, that few are left with us but the prime of our nobility." He therefore gave it as his advice, that the King should withdraw from the army, for safety of his person, and that some brave nobleman should be named by the council to command in the action. The council agreed to recommend this plan to the King.

But James, who desired to gain fame by his own military skill and prowess, suddenly broke in on the council, and told them, with much heat, that they should not put such a disgrace upon him. "I will fight with the English," he said, "though you had all sworn the contrary. You may shame yourselves by flight, but you shall not shame me; and as for Lord Patrick Lindsay, who has got the first vote, I vow that, when I return to

Scotland, I will cause him to be hanged over his own gate."

In this rash and precipitate resolution to fight at all risks, the King was much supported by the French ambassador, De la Motte. This was remarked by the Earl of Angus, called Bell-the-Cat, who, though very old, had come out to the field with his sovereign. He charged the Frenchman with being willing to sacrifice the interests of Scotland to those of his own country, which required that the Scots and English should fight at all hazards; and Angus, like Lord Lindsay, alleged the difference between the parties, the English being many of them men of but mean rank, and the Scottish army being the flower of their nobility and gentry. Incensed at his opposition, James said to him scornfully, "Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home." The earl, on receiving such an insult, left the camp that night; but his two sons remained, and fell in the fatal battle, with two hundred of the name of Douglas.

While King James was in this stubborn humour, the Earl of Surrey had advanced as far as Wooler, so that only four or five miles divided the armies.

The Scottish army had fixed their camp upon a hill called Flodden, which rises to close in, as it were, the extensive flat called Millfield Plain. This eminence slopes steeply towards the plain, and there is an extended piece of level ground on the top, where the Scots might have drawn up their army, and awaited at great advantage the attack of the English. Surrey liked the idea of venturing an assault on that position so ill, that he

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resolved to try whether he could not prevail on the King to abandon it. He sent a herald to invite James to come down from the height, and join battle in the open plain of Millfield below—reminded him of the readiness with which he had accepted his former challenge, and hinted that it was the opinion of the English chivalry assembled for battle, that any delay of the encounter would sound to the King's dishonour. We have seen that James was sufficiently rash and imprudent, but his impetuosity did not reach to the pitch Surrey perhaps expected. He refused to receive the messenger into his presence, and returned for answer to the message that it was not such as it became an earl to send to a king.

Surrey, therefore, distressed for provisions, was obliged to resort to another mode of bringing the Scots to action. He moved northward, sweeping round the hill of Flodden, keeping out of the reach of the Scottish artillery, until, crossing the Till near Twisell castle, he placed himself, with his whole army, betwixt James and his own kingdom. The King suffered him to make this flank movement without interruption, though it must have afforded repeated and advantageous opportunities for attack. But when he saw the English army interposed betwixt him and his dominions, he became alarmed lest he should be cut off from Scotland. In this apprehension he was confirmed by one Giles Musgrave, an Englishman, whose counsel he used upon the occasion, and who assured him, that if he did not descend and fight with the English army, the Earl of

Surrey would enter Scotland, and lay waste the whole country. Stimulated by this apprehension, the King resolved to give signal for the fatal battle.

fòrt-ress-es	*mechànics*	*ārtifices*
dĕ-fènce-less	*nobìlity*	*superstìtious*
war'-like (*wōr-*)	*scorn'-ful-ly*	*expedìtion*
prè-sid-ent	*assault'* (*as-sōlt*)	*provìsions*
chàn-cell-or	*in-ter-rùp-tion*	*sdcrifice*
pàr-a-ble	*ad-van-tage-ous*	*impetuòsity*

pro-sec-u'-tion (*-yú-*), following out, carrying on. Lat. *pro*, "forward," and *sequor* (*secutus*), "I follow."

fròn-ier, border; lit. the part of a country that *fronts* another. Fr. *frontière*, from Lat. *frons* (*frontis*), "front."

dis-em-bārk, lit. to reverse the action of embarking, or putting on board a bark or ship; to land (from ships). Observe the force of "dis" and "em."

hàz-ard-er, one that plays games of hazard, or chance.

rose-nóble. A noble was a gold coin worth 6*s*. 8*d*.

chùrl, low or worthless fellow. Old Engl. *ceorl*, "a countryman"; Icelandic, *karl*, "a man"; Scotch, *carl*, "an (old) man."

in-cènsed, enraged, angered. Lat. *incensum*, "to burn."

è-min-ence, height, hill. Lat. *e*, "out," and *min*, "to project."

stì-mŭl-ăt-ed, pricked on, urged. Lat. *stimulus*, "a goad."

2. THE BATTLE.

WITH this view the Scots set fire to their huts, and the other refuse and litter of their camp. The smoke spread along the side of the hill, and under its cover the army of King James descended the eminence, which is much less steep on the northern than the southern

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side, while the English advanced to meet them, both concealed from each other by the clouds of smoke.

The Scots descended in four strong columns, all marching parallel to each other, having a reserve of the Lothian men commanded by Earl Bothwell. The English were also divided into four bodies, with a reserve of cavalry led by Dacre.

The battle commenced at the hour of four in the afternoon. The first which encountered was the left wing of the Scots, commanded by the Earl of Huntly and Lord Home, which overpowered and threw into disorder the right wing of the English under Sir Edmund Howard. Sir Edmund was beaten down, his standard taken, and he himself in danger of instant death, when he was relieved by the Bastard Heron, who came up at the head of a band of determined outlaws like

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himself, and extricated Howard. It is objected to the Lord Home by many Scottish writers, that he ought to have improved his advantage, by hastening to the support of the next division of the Scottish army. It is even pretended, that he replied to those who urged him to go to the assistance of the King, that "the man did well that day who stood and saved himself." But this seems invented, partly to criminate Home, and partly to account for the loss of the battle in some other way than by the superiority of the English. In reality, the English cavalry, under Dacre, which acted as a reserve, appear to have kept the victors in check; while Thomas Howard, the lord high admiral, who commanded the second division of the English, bore down, and routed the Scottish division commanded by Crawford and Montrose, who were both slain. Thus matters went on the Scottish left.

Upon the extreme right of James's army, a division of Highlanders, consisting of the clans of MacKenzie, MacLean, and others, commanded by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle, were so insufferably annoyed by the volleys of the English arrows, that they broke their ranks, and, in despite of the cries, entreaties, and signals of De la Motte, the French ambassador, who endeavoured to stop them, rushed tumultuously down hill, and being attacked at once in flank and rear by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Cheshire and Lancashire, were routed with great slaughter.

The only Scottish division which remains to be mentioned was commanded by James in person, and consisted

of the choicest of his nobles and gentry, whose armour was so good that the arrows made but slight impression upon them. They were all on foot—the King himself had parted with his horse. They engaged the Earl of Surrey, who opposed to them the division which he personally commanded. The Scots attacked with the greatest fury, and, for a time, had the better. Surrey's squadrons were disordered, his standard in great danger, Bothwell and the Scottish reserve were advancing, and the English seemed in some risk of losing the battle. But Stanley, who had defeated the Highlanders, came up on one flank of the King's division; the admiral, who had conquered Crawford and Montrose, assailed them on the other. The Scots showed the most undaunted courage. Uniting themselves with the reserve under Bothwell, they formed into a circle with their spears extended on every side, and fought obstinately. Bows being now useless, the English advanced on all sides with their bills, a huge weapon which made ghastly wounds. But they could not force the Scots either to break or retire, although the carnage among them was dreadful. James himself died amid his warlike peers and loyal gentry. He was twice wounded with arrows, and at length despatched with a bill. Night fell without the battle being absolutely decided, for the Scottish centre kept their ground, and Home and Dacre held each other at bay. But during the night, the remainder of the Scottish army drew off in silent despair from the bloody field, on which they left their King, and their choicest nobles and gentlemen.

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This great and decisive victory was gained by the Earl of Surrey on 9th September 1513. The victors had about five thousand men slain, the Scots twice that number at least. But the loss lay not so much in the number of the slain, as in their rank and quality. The English lost very few men of distinction. The Scots left on the field the King, two bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers. The number of gentlemen slain was beyond calculation;—there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there.

The Scots were much disposed to dispute the fact, that James IV. had fallen on Flodden Field. But the body which the English affirm to have been that of James was found on the field by Lord Dacre, and carried by him to Berwick, and presented to Surrey. Both of these lords knew James's person too well to be mistaken. The body was also acknowledged by his two favourite attendants, Sir William Scott and Sir John Forman, who wept at beholding it.

The fate of these relics was singular and degrading. They were not committed to the tomb, for the Pope, being at that time in alliance with England against France, had laid James under a sentence of excommunication, so that no priest dared pronounce the funeral service over them. The royal corpse was therefore embalmed, and sent to the monastery of Sheen, in Surrey. It lay there till the Reformation, when the monastery was given to the Duke of Suffolk; and, after that period, the body, which was lapped up in a sheet of lead, was

suffered to toss about the house like a piece of useless lumber. Stow, the historian, saw it flung into a waste room among old pieces of wood, lead, and other rubbish. Some idle workmen, "for their foolish pleasure," says the same writer, "hewed off the head: and one Lancelot Young, master-glazier to Queen Elizabeth, finding a sweet smell come from thence, owing doubtless to the spices used for embalming the body, carried the head home, and kept it for some time; but, in the end, caused the sexton of Saint Michael's, Wood-street, to bury it in the charnel-house."

Such was the end of that King, once so proud and powerful. The fatal battle of Flodden, in which he was slain, and his army destroyed, is justly considered as one of the most calamitous events in Scottish history.

SCOTT.

càv-al-ry	*èx-tric-ăt-ed*	*overpow'ered*
en-eoun'-tered	*un-daunt'-ed*	*insùfferably*
slaugh'-ter (*slō-*)	*dĕ-cís-ive*	*tumúltuously*
cārn-age	*dĕ-grád-ing*	*òbstinately*
des-pàtched	*at-tènd-ants*	*acknòwledged*
mòn-as-ter-y	*histórian*	*excommunication*

crìm-in-ate, to charge with crime, accuse. Lat. *crimen*, "an accusation."

mítred, wearing, or entitled to wear, a mitre, or bishop's crown. Lat. and Gr. *mitra*, "head-dress, turban."

em-balm (*-bām*), to preserve, by anointing with balm and other sweet-smelling drugs.

the Reformation, the great change in religious views in the 16th century.

cal-àm-it-ous, disastrous, most unfortunate.

THE END.

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