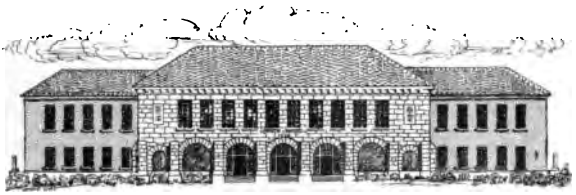
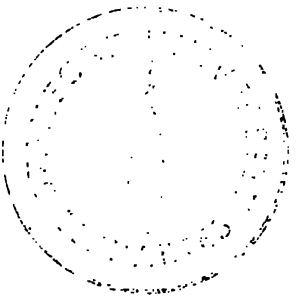
CLASSICS
OLD AND NEW

A FIFTH READER

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY





CLASSICS OLD AND NEW

A Series of School Readers

BY

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL.D.

A FIFTH READER

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

PREFACE

THE Fifth Reader in the Series "Classics, Old and New," is given to the schools in the belief that it will commend itself to teachers and pupils by reason of its literary quality, its careful grading, and its illustration of the principle of unity in variety. Great care has been taken in the choice of material to have all the selections complete literary units of thought and style. These vary in length—and while some are very short, they are by no means the least valuable. Realizing that the love of reading depends, with most boys and girls, upon the amount of interest awakened, the lessons have been chosen with a view to interest the pupil, and through his interest to cultivate his taste and to put him in the way of knowing and appreciating good literature.

Any reading book compiled for young pupils may be rated as to its excellence according to three standards: technical arrangement, literary quality, and moral purpose. Under technical arrangement is understood the proper grading of lessons, the orderly presentation of new words to be mastered, and such helps in the mechanism of reading as will call out the power of the pupil to help himself. The literary quality and the moral purpose cannot be so easily outlined. In quiet ways a perception of their meaning should grow into the youth's heart and mind. Love of country, pride of home, scorn of a lie, sympathy for the weak, love of wild life, courage to dare, and devotion to duty are some of the lessons taught in this book in myth and fable, in song and story, and in the record of human deeds told by men and women who could write with freshness and charm.

To teach a child to love to read is to give him an education. And although it is foolish to attempt to lay down formal rules

for doing this great thing, there are a few principles that a teacher may well hold in mind. The child must know what the story or the poem is all about. This involves, of course, a knowledge of the separate words that stand for the ideas, and I believe a wise use of a few minutes of each recitation would consist in questioning the class as to thought and words, and in causing pupils to reveal what their minds hold of the matter before them. All this should be done after the pupil has read the selection to himself and before oral reading begins.

Let many of the poems be learned by *heart*, and not merely by rote. There is in true poetry a power to linger in the memory, to become a part of life and to reappear after long years, fresh and helpful.

Attention is called to the suggested reading found on page 267 *et seq.* The free circulating library is destined to become a fixed part of all our school life, and its value will depend on the wisdom and literary taste used in the selection of its contents.

In addition to the acknowledgments made in the biographies, my thanks are due to the following publishers for cordial permission to use copyrighted material: to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, for "Ascent of Mt. Mitchell," by Charles D. Warner, from his "On Horseback in Virginia"; for "Dickens," by James T. Fields, from his "Yesterdays with Authors"; for "Elms and Other Trees," by Oliver Wendell Holmes," from his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"; and for "Choosing a Class of People to be Exterminated," from the prose of Edward Rowland Sill; to Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, for the extract from "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale; and to the Whitaker and Ray Company, for "The Defense of the Alamo," by Joaquin Miller. I am indebted also to Mr. William O. Partridge for permission to use the reproduction of his statue of Pocahontas.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN.

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CONTENTS

SUMMARY OF POINTS COVERED IN LANGUAGE WORK

FIFTH READER

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

King Porsena [of Tuscany] gathered together a great army and came up against Rome. When the Romans heard of his coming, there was such a fear as had never been before. Nevertheless they were steadfastly purposed to hold out.

All that were in the country fled to the city. Round about the city they set guards to keep it, part being defended by walls, and part, for so it seemed, being made safe by the river.

But here a great peril had well-nigh overtaken the city. There was a wooden bridge on the river by which the enemy could have crossed but for the courage of a certain Horatius. There was a hill which men called Janiculum on the side of the river, and this hill King Porsena took by a sudden attack.

Horatius chanced to have been set to guard the bridge. He saw how the enemy were running at full speed to the place, and how the Romans were fleeing in confusion.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
  The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
  Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.

In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand the axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

When there was but a small part of the bridge remaining, and they that brake it down called to the Three that they should come back, Horatius bade the others return. He himself remained on the farther side. For a while the enemy delayed, looking each man to his neighbor, who should first deal with this champion of the Romans. Then for very shame they all ran forward, and raising a great shout threw their javelins at him. These all he took upon his shield, nor stood less firmly

in his place on the bridge. Suddenly the men of Rome raised a great shout, for the bridge was now altogether broken down, and fell with a great crash into the river.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

And as the enemy stayed awhile for fear, Horatius turned to the river and said,

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges

They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

You may imagine such valor did not fail to receive just reward from the saved city. The citizens set up a statue of Horatius in the market place; and they gave him of the public lands so much as he could plow about in one day. Also there was this honor paid him, that each citizen took somewhat of his own store and gave it to him, for food was scarce in the city by reason of the siege.

And in the nights of winter,
  When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
  Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
  Roar louder yet within;

When the goodman mends his armor,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

ALFRED JOHN CHURCH (Abridged) and THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (Abridged).

pur'posed, determined; resolved.
odds, unequal chances.
ash'es, dead bodies.
strait, narrow.
Ram'ni-an, of the Latin colony called *Ramnes.*
Ti'tian, of the Latin colony called *Tities.*

Fa'thers, senators of ancient Rome.
crow, a bar of iron with a beak like a crow.
brake, old spelling for *broke*.
jave'lin, a kind of light spear.
con'stant, firm; immovable.
"false Sex'tus," he had committed a crime for which he was expelled from Rome.
Ti'ber, a river of Italy, worshiped by the Romans.
ween, suppose; fancy.
spent, exhausted.
Al'gi-dus, a mountain in Italy.

THE REV. ALFRED JOHN CHURCH (1829–), an English author and educator, is well-known for his translations from ancient Greek and Latin literature. The story of "Horatius at the Bridge" is translated from Livy, a famous Roman historian.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800–59), also of English birth, was a celebrated historian, essayist, and poet, as well as a distinguished statesman. He was a member of the English peerage, and so is often referred to as Lord Macaulay. The stanzas in this story are taken from "Horatius" in his "Lays of Ancient Rome"—poems whose vivid pictures and stirring action appeal strongly to the imagination of all young readers.

THE HIGH SOCIETY OF INQUIRY

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered Mr. Bird's school that, on a rainy holiday, as I was walking through one of the halls alone, I was met by two boys, who ordered me peremptorily, to "halt." Both had staves in their hands, taller than themselves, and one of them addressed me with the words:

"Arthur Bonnicastle, you are arrested in the name of The High Society of Inquiry, and ordered to appear before that august tribunal, to answer for your sins and misdemeanors. Right about face!"

Marching between the two officials, I was led directly to my

own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent.

"We have secured the offender," said one of my captors, "and now have the satisfaction of presenting him before this honorable Society."

"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room, and look

at me," said the presiding officer, in a tone of dignified severity.

I was accordingly marched to the middle of the room and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.

"Arthur Bonnicastle," said the officer before mentioned, "you are brought before The High Society of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies that no dependence can be placed

upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty. Who says I am?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Henry Hulm, advance!" said the officer.

Henry rose, and, walking by me, took a position near the officer, at the head of the room.

"Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the Society whether you know him."

"I know him well. He is my chum," replied Henry.

"What is his general character?"

"He is bright and very amiable."

"Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?"

"I do not."

"What is the character of his falsehoods?"

"He tells," replied Henry, "stunning stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds."

I now began, with great shame and confusion, to realize that I was to be exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse, either to cry, or to attempt to fly.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" said the officer.

"I will," responded Henry, "but I can do it best by asking him questions."

"Very well," said the officer, with a polite bow, "pursue the course you think best."

"Arthur," said Henry, addressing me directly, "did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on the way to this school, your horse went so fast that he ran down a black

fox in the middle of the road, and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent that tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her winter hat?"

"Yes, I did," I responded, my face flaming and painful with shame.

"Did your said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road, and cut off said tail; and did you send home said tail to said sister to be worn in said hat?" inquired the judge, with a low, grum voice. "The prisoner will answer so that all can hear."

"No," I replied; and, looking for some justification of my story, I added, "but I did see a black fox—a real black fox as plain as day."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" ran around the room in chorus. "He did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you tell me that when on the way to this school, you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear, tossed it over the fence, and broke its leg?"

"I s'pose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"Did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence, and break said leg?" inquired the officer.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," I replied doggedly, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" chimed in the chorus again. "He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf."

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries."

"Arthur, did you, or did you not tell me," Henry continued, "that you have an old friend who is soon to go to sea, and that he has promised to bring you a male and female monkey, a male and female bird-of-paradise, a barrel of pine-apples, and a Shetland pony?"

"It doesn't seem as if I told you exactly that," I replied.

"Did you, or did you not tell him so?" said the officer, severely.

"Perhaps I did," I responded.

"Did said friend, who is soon to go to sea, really promise to bring you said monkeys, said birds-of-paradise, said pine-apples, and said pony?"

"No," I replied, "but I really have an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring me anything I wish."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" swept around the room again, "he really has an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring him anything he wishes."

"Did you, or did you not," said Henry, turning to me again, "tell me one day, when dining at your Aunt's, you saw a magic portrait of a boy, upon the wall, that came and went, and came and went, like a shadow or a ghost?"

"Yes," I responded, "and it looked just like you. Oh! it did, it did, it did! There—turn your head a little more that way—so! It was a perfect picture of you, Henry. You never could imagine such a likeness."

"You are a little 'blower,'" volunteered Jack Linton, from a corner.

"Order! Order! Order!" swept around the room.

At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed toward the door, upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of the interruption.

There, in the door-way, towering above us all, and looking questioningly down upon the little assembly, stood Mr. Bird.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand. The officer who had presided, being the largest boy, explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and that they were about to order him to report to the master for confession and correction.

Then Mr. Bird took a chair, and patiently heard the whole story. Without a reproach, further than saying that he thought me much too young for experiments of the kind they had instituted in the case, he explained to them and to me the nature of my misdemeanors.

"The boy has a great deal of imagination," he said, "and a strong love of approbation. Somebody has probably flattered his power of invention, and, to secure admiration, he has exercised it, until he has acquired the habit of exaggeration. I am glad if he has learned, even by the severe means used, that, if he wishes to be loved and admired, he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have told you all about the lad, and instituted a better mode of dealing with him. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?" And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

"I don't think I shall do it any more," I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me down stairs into his own room, and charged me with kind counsel. I went out from the interview, humbled, and without a revengeful thought in my heart toward the boys who had brought me to my trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.

Jack Linton was waiting for me on the piazza, and wished to explain to me that he hadn't anything against me. "I went in with the rest of 'em, because they wanted me to," said Jack, "and because I wanted to see what it would be like; but, really, now, I don't object so much to 'blowing' myself."

I told him that I wasn't going to 'blow' any more, and that I had arranged it all with Mr. Bird. He shook hands with me, and then stooped down and whispered, "You don't catch me trying any High old Society of Inquiries on a chap of your size, again."

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

au-gust', solemn; dignified.
grum, deep in the throat.
jus"tif-i-ca'tion, defense.
dog'ged-ly, sullenly.
in'sti-tu"ted, originated; established.
ap-pro-ba'tion, approval; commendation.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND (1819–81), almost always spoken of as J. G. Holland, was an American poet and author. He was born in a little town in Massachusetts. He began his literary career by starting a small weekly newspaper, and was for many years a noted journalist. His popular "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to the Young" were first published in the *Springfield Republican*, of which newspaper Mr. Holland was at that time editor. He helped to found and afterward became the editor-in-chief of *Scribner's Magazine*, now called *The Century* magazine. It was in this magazine that many of his novels first appeared—among them, "Arthur Bonnicastle," from which this story is taken by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A ***noun*** is a word used as the name of a person, place, or thing.

A ***proper*** noun is a name used to denote a *particular* person, place, or thing. Examples: Josiah, Massachusetts, Century.

A ***common*** noun is a name used to denote one of a *class* of persons or things. Examples: son, river.

In "Horatius at the Bridge" *find and make a list of ten proper nouns; of ten common nouns.*

At last I was ushered into the presence of Powhatan, and found him seated before a fire, on a seat somewhat resembling a bedstead, covered with a great robe made of raccoon-skins, with all the tails hanging thereto.

On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along each side of the house were two rows of men, and behind them as many women, all with their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads were bedecked with the white down of birds, but every one wore something in the hair, and great chains of white beads about their necks.

When I made my entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout, and, to do me honor, the Queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring me water wherewith I might wash my hands, and another brought me a bunch of feathers wherewith to dry them, instead of a towel; and then they feasted me in the best manner they could; which, after all, was but barbarous.

Then they held a great consultation about me, which I could not altogether understand, but the conclusion was that I was to die; a fate which, in truth, was near coming to pass, but for God's goodness, as you shall hear. And, indeed, it did seem as if my last hour was at hand, for as many of the savages as could laid hold of me, and, having brought two great stones, which they placed before Powhatan, they dragged me to them, and laid my head thereon, making ready with their clubs to beat out my brains.

But now, mark the mercy of God towards me when in this evil case, for surely it was his handiwork. Their clubs were

raised, and in another moment I should have been dead, when Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, finding no entreaties could prevail to save me, darted forward, and, taking my head in her arms, laid her own upon it, and thus prevented my death. She thus claimed me as her own, and for her sake Powhatan was contented that I should live, and that I should henceforth spend my time in making him hatchets and bells and beads and copper ornaments for Pocahontas. They made no manner of doubt but that I could make all these things, for in that country the men are of all handicrafts; nay, even the king himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows and arrows, or pots; plant, hunt, and do the same as his subjects.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

POCAHONTAS

Bronze statue designed by W. O. Partridge for the Jamestown Exposition, 1907.

wench, woman.
ap-point'ed, selected; chosen.
hand'i-crafts, trades requiring skilful use of the hands.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH (1579–1631), is a familiar name to all American school boys and girls. Almost all that is known of his life has

been learned from Captain Smith's own writings. He was born in England and was educated in the free schools. Later he was apprenticed to a trade, but ran away at the age of fifteen in search of adventures in foreign lands. After many years of fighting in various countries, he was captured and sent into slavery. He escaped to Russia, however, and returned to England, where he joined an expedition sailing from London to found a colony in Virginia. This was in 1606, and Captain Smith was then about twenty-seven years old. The story of how Pocahontas, daughter of the Indian chief Powhatan, saved his life during the early days of the colony, is taken from his own account of the incident in his "General History of Virginia."

POCAHONTAS

Wearied arm and broken sword
  Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
  He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
  Through the wilderness resounds,
  As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
  And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 't is hard to die by fire!
  Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
  Wheel and dance the savage crowd;
  Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
  Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start,
  See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
  "Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
  I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
  Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
  And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
  Still 't is told by Indian fires
  How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

horde, crowd.
pyre, pile or heap of wood for burning dead bodies.
mien, aspect; manner.
a-vert', turn aside; ward off.
sires, fathers; here used as ancestors.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811–63) was a celebrated English novelist. His writings are remarkable for their true picture of life as the author saw it. His characters are real men and women who seem to the reader, after he has become acquainted with them, like old friends. In his earlier books, Thackeray delighted in holding up to ridicule the follies and vices of the time in which he lived, but his later novels show a more sympathetic view of human nature. As he himself wrote, "The laugh dies out as we get old, you see, but the love and truth don't, praised be God!" His best known novels are "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians." His poetry consists mostly of ballads.

AN INVENTORY OF THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S POCKETS

In the following story, the author tells some of his experiences in the country of "Lilliput," where, after being shipwrecked, he swam ashore for safety, and was made a prisoner by the Emperor of the tiny people whom he calls "Lilliputians."

In about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learned were to express my desire that he would be pleased to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees.

His answer, as I could comprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire by my patience and discreet behavior, the good opinion of himself and his subjects.

He desired I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person.

I said, his Majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and

justice as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them.

I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me. In one pocket there was a silver watch, and in another a quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the Emperor.

This inventory I afterward translated into English, and it is word for word as follows:

"In the right coat-pocket of the Great Man-Mountain, after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your Majesty's chief room of state.

"In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof, flying up to our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together.

"In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands.

"In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your Majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-Mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble

him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us.

" In the large pockets on the right side of his trousers, we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind.

" In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round, flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them.

" In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped; we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other, there appeared a round white substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of them, and cut his meat with the other.

" There were two pockets that we could not enter. Out of one of these hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them until we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which

made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill. And we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said that it pointed out the time for every action of his life.

"From the left pocket he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use. We found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your Majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag, or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and requiring a strong hand to lift them. The other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold about fifty of them in the palms of our hands."

When this inventory was read over to the Emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge: but I did not observe it, for my eyes were wholly fixed upon his Majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in

most parts exceedingly bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His Majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six foot from the end of my chain.

The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea, I first cautioned the Emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the Emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air.

I likewise delivered up my watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guard to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: and asked the opinions of his learned men about him, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave

up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his Majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned to me.

JONATHAN SWIFT (Slightly Abridged).

in'ven-to-ry, list.
dis-creet', prudent; cautious.
pro-di'gious, huge; enormous.
pal"i-sa'does, sharp stakes driven into the ground to form a defense.
ap-pre-hend'ed, feared.
lu'cid, clear.
in-ces'sant, continual; unceasing.
con-trived', fashioned; planned.
par-tic'u-lars, items on the list.
scim'i-tar, a curved sword.
mag-nan'i-mous, courageous.
re-mote', not close (to the truth).
yeo'men of the guard, members of the royal bodyguard.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745) though born in Dublin, Ireland, was of English parentage. He is often called Dean Swift, having been appointed, by Queen Anne, dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin. He was a man of great learning, took an active part in politics, and wrote volumes of both prose and poetry. Many of his writings are known as satires, because in them Swift tried to correct some of the absurd customs of his time by exposing them to ridicule, or by treating them with sarcasm and contempt. The story here given is from "Gulliver's Travels," a satire on the abuses of learning. Very probably the author intended the little Lilliputian Emperor to represent in some ways George I, King of England. And the ridiculous precautions taken by the Lilliputians themselves against imaginary danger were doubtless meant to ridicule the precautions taken by certain people in England against plots that they fancied were being formed to harm them.

A ***collective noun*** is the name used for a group or class of objects. Examples: horde, crowd (p. 24); council (p. 26); troops (p. 29).

Give the common name of the individual objects of which each of these groups is formed.

OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE

Far, far away, beyond a hazy height,
The turquoise skies are hung in dreamy sleep;
Below, the fields of cotton, fleecy-white,
Are spreading like a mighty flock of sheep.

Now, like Aladdin of the days of old,
October robes the weeds in purple gowns;
He sprinkles all the sterile fields with gold,
And all the rustic trees wear royal crowns.

The straggling fences all are interlaced
With pink and purple morning-glory blooms;
The starry asters glorify the waste,
While grasses stand on guard with pikes and plumes.

Yet still amid the splendor of decay
The chill winds call for blossoms that are dead,
The cricket chirps for sunshine passed away,—
The lovely summer songsters that have fled.

At last, November, like a conqueror, comes
To storm the golden city of his foe;
We hear his rude winds like the roll of drums,
Bringing their desolation and their woe.

The sunset, like a vast vermilion flood,
Splashes its giant glowing waves on high,
The forest flames with blazes red as blood,—
A conflagration sweeping to the sky.

Then all the treasures of that brilliant state
Are gathered in a mighty funeral pyre;
October, like a king resigned to fate,
Dies in the forests with their sunset fire.

WALTER MALONE (Abridged).

A-lad'din, a character in "Arabian Nights," who possesses a magic lamp. By rubbing this, he could make two slaves appear and do his bidding.

ster'ile, barren; unproductive.
pikes, a foot-soldier's weapon, something like a bayonet.
ver-mil'ion, brilliant red.

WALTER MALONE (1866–) was born in Mississippi and was educated at the University of his native State. His poems include "Songs of Dusk and Dawn" and "Songs of December and June."

NOVEMBER

The autumn air sweeps faint and chill
Across the maple-crested hill;
And on my ear
Falls, tingling clear,
A strange, mysterious, woodland thrill.

From utmost twig, from scarlet crown
Untouched with yet a tinct of brown,
Reluctant, slow,
As loath to go,
The loosened leaves come wavering down.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON (Abridged).

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON (1820–97) was born in Philadelphia, but spent most of her life in Lexington, Virginia. Her best known poems are "Stonewall Jackson's Grave" and "Slain in Battle."

PATRASCHE

In a little hut on the edge of a village near Antwerp dwelt Nello and Patrasche. It was the hut of a very old man, of a very poor man,—of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier. When he had reached the age of full eighty, his daughter had died, and had left him her little son two years old. The old man could ill contrive to support himself, but he took up the additional burden uncomplainingly, and it soon became welcome and precious to him. Little Nello, which was the pet name for Nicholas, throve with him, and the old man and the little child lived in the poor little hut contentedly.

It was a very humble little mud hut, indeed, but it was clean and white as a sea-shell, and stood in a small plot of ground, which yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins. They were very poor, terribly poor,—many a day they had nothing at all to eat. But the old man was gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was a beautiful, innocent, truthful, tender-natured creature; and they were happy on a crust and a few leaves of cabbage, and asked no more of earth or Heaven; save, indeed, that Patrasche should be always with them, since without Patrasche where would they have been?

For Patrasche was their treasury and their granary; their store of gold and wand of wealth; their only friend and comforter. Patrasche dead or gone from them, they must have laid themselves down and died likewise. Patrasche was body, brains, hands, head, and feet to both of them: Patrasche was their very life, their very soul. For Jehan Daas was old and a cripple, and Nello was but a child; and Patrasche was their dog.

A dog of Flanders—yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly—slaves of slaves, dogs of the people, beasts of the shafts and the harness. Before he was fully grown Patrasche had known the bitter gall of the cart and the collar. Before he had entered his thirteenth month he had become the property of a hardware dealer, who was accustomed to wander over the land north and south, from the blue sea to the green mountains. They sold him for a small price because he was so young.

This man was a drunkard and a brute. The life of Patrasche was hard and cruel. His purchaser heaped his cart full of pots and pans and flagons and buckets, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, while he himself lounged idly by the side in fat and sluggish ease, smoking his black pipe, and stopping at every wineshop on the road.

Happily for Patrasche—or unhappily—he was very strong; he came of an iron race, long born and bred to cruel work; so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the lashes, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, the curses, and the exhaustion; which were the only wages his hard master paid him.

One day after two years of this service, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads leading to Antwerp. It was full midsummer, and very warm. His cart was heavy, piled high with goods in metal and earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled round his body. The man had paused to drink beer himself at every wayside house, but

he had forbidden Patrasche to stop a moment for a draught from the canal. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, what was far worse for him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve, blind with dust, sore with blows, and stupefied with the merciless weight of his burden, Patrasche, for once, staggered, foamed a little at the mouth, and fell.

He was sick unto death, and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy—kicks and blows. After a while, deeming life gone in him, the heartless man dragged the dog aside in the grass, and then pushed the cart lazily off up the hill.

Patrasche lay there, flung in the grass. It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons and in carts, went by, tramping quickly and joyously on to the city. Some saw him, most did not even look; all passed on. A dead dog more or less—it was nothing to them.

After a time, there came a little old man, who was bent and lame and very feeble. He was in no guise for feasting, he was poorly clad, and dragged his silent way slowly through the dust among the pleasure-seekers. He looked at Patrasche, passed, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the grass and weeds, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a little rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child, a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes, and gazed upon the poor, great, quiet beast. Thus it was that these two first met —the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

The upshot of that day was, that old Jehan Daas, with much laborious effort, drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, and there tended him with so much care, that his sickness, which had been a brain seizure, brought on by heat and thirst

and exhaustion, passed away with time and shade and rest. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up on his four stout, tawny legs.

Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice, and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they had grown to care for him, this lonely old man and the little happy child. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived; and when he first was well enough to essay a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud, and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure restoration; and little Nello, in delighted glee, hung chains of daisies round the dog's rugged neck, and kissed him with fresh ruddy lips.

So then, when Patrasche arose, himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered once in its fidelity while life abode with him.

But Patrasche, being a dog, was grateful. Patrasche lay pondering long with grave, tender, musing brown eyes, watching the movements of his friends.

The old soldier, Jehan Daas, could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart, with which he carried daily into Antwerp the milk-cans of those happier neighbors who owned cows. The villagers gave him the employment a little out of charity,—more because it suited them well to send

their milk into the town by so honest a carrier, and bide at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, or their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

Patrasche watched the milk-cans come and go that one day when he had got well and was lying in the sun with the wreaths of daisies round his tawny neck.

The next morning, before the old man had touched the cart, Patrasche arose and walked to it and placed himself between its handles, and testified as plainly as dumb show could do his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity which he had eaten. Jehan Daas resisted long, for the old man was one of those who thought it a shame to bind dogs to labor for which nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be gainsaid: finding that they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At length Jehan Daas gave way, vanquished by the persistence and the gratitude of this creature whom he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it, and this the faithful dog did every morning of his life thenceforward.

When the winter came, Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog. The old man became feebler with each year, and he would ill have known how to pull his load of milk-cans over the snow and through the ruts, if it had not been for the strength and industry of the animal he had befriended. As for Patrasche, his home seemed Heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, at the call of the whip at every step, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to walk out with this little light green cart, by the side of the gentle old man,

who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides his work was over by four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would,—to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with Nello, or to play with other dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

A few years later, old Jehan Daas, who had always been a

cripple, became so paralyzed with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more. Then little Nello, now six years old, and knowing the town well from having accompanied his grandfather so many times, took his place beside the cart, sold the milk, received the coins in exchange, and brought them back to their respective owners with a pretty grace and seriousness charming to all who beheld him.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully

together that Jehan Daas himself, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to stir out, but could sit in the doorway in the sun and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze and dream and pray a little, and then wake again as the clock tolled three and watch for their return. On their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of glee, and Nello would recount with pride the doings of the day. Then they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain, and see the twilight veil the fair cathedral spire; and then they would lie down together to sleep peacefully while the old man said a prayer. And so the days and the years went on.

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉ.

con-trive', manage.
throve, grew strong.
slug'gish, lazy; stupid.
phar'ma-cy, a place where medicines are kept or sold; here, however, it means more 'within his intelligence.'
guise, kind of dress; garb.
up'shot, result.
es-say', attempt; try.
gaunt, lean.
van'quished, conquered; overcome.
re-spec'tive, particular.

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉ (1840–) was born in England, but is of French descent on her father's side. She is better known by her pen-name 'Ouida' — which is the way she herself pronounced 'Louisa,' when a child. "Patrasche" is taken from "A Dog of Flanders," one of the many interesting stories that the author has written for children.

An ***abstract noun*** is a name used to denote some quality, feeling, or condition of a person or of an object.

Examples: desolation (p. 32); ease (p. 35); pity, sickness (p. 36); fidelity (p. 37).

Find ten more abstract nouns in the last three pages of this story.

BROEK

Imagine the most childish eccentricity to which the name of village can be given and you will form a vague idea of Broek.

All the houses are surrounded by gardens, and separated from the street by sky-blue palings in the shape of a balustrade or a railing, with wooden fruits, apples or oranges, stuck on the points of each pale. The streets that have these palings on either side are very narrow, paved with small bricks of different colors placed sideways, and arranged in all manner of designs, so that from a distance they seem to be streets covered with Turkish shawls.

The greater number of the houses are of wood, only one story in height and very small. Some are rose-color; others black, gray, purple, light blue, or the color of mountain grass. Their roofs are covered with varnished tiles arranged like a chess-board; the gutters are ornamented with a sort of wooden festoon perforated like lace; the pointed façades are surmounted with a small weathercock, a little lance, or something which looks like a bunch of flowers; the windows have panes of red or blue glass, and are adorned with curtains, embroideries, ribbons, nets, fringes, tassels, and trifles; the doors are painted and gilded and decorated with all sorts of bas-reliefs representing flowers, figures, and trophies, in the midst of which the name and profession of the proprietor can be read. Nearly every house has two doors, one in front and one behind, the last for every-day entrance and exit, and the former opened only on great occasions, such as births, deaths, and marriages.

The gardens are as peculiar as the houses. They seem to have been laid out for dwarfs. The paths are hardly wide

enough to walk in; one could embrace the flower-beds; the arbors would barely hold two persons closely curled up; the myrtle hedges would scarcely reach to the knees of a four-year-old child.

Between the arbors and the flower-beds run little canals which seem made to float paper boats. They are crossed by superfluous wooden bridges with colored pillars and parapets; there are ponds the size of a bath, which are almost concealed by lilliputian boats tied with red cords to blue stakes; tiny stair-cases, miniature kitchen-gardens, crossways, bowers, little doors, and tiny gates. Everything could be measured with the hand, crossed at a leap, and demolished by a blow. Moreover, there are trees cut in the shape of fans, plumes, disks, trapezes, with their trunks colored white and blue, and here and there wooden kennels for the domestic animals painted and decorated like royal doll palaces.

After looking at the first houses and gardens, I entered the village. There was not a living soul in the street or at the windows. All the doors were closed, all the curtains drawn, all the canals deserted, all the boats motionless. The village is built on such a plan that one cannot see more than four or five cottages from any one spot, and as one advances, a house disappears, another is partly revealed, and a third shows itself entirely, and everywhere among the trunks of trees stripes and touches of the brightest color shine forth and vanish, like a troop of masqueraders who are playing at hide-and-seek.

At every step one discovers another stage effect, a fresh combination of hues, some new absurdity. It seems as though every moment a population of automatons must issue from the doors with Turkish cymbals and tabors in their hands, like the figures that play on the street-organs. Fifty steps take one

round a house, over a bridge, through a garden, across a street, and back where one started. A child seems a man, and a man a giant. Everything is minute, compact, affected, painted, imitated, unnatural, and childish. At first it makes one laugh; then one gets vexed at thinking that the inhabitants of the village will imagine that strangers consider it beautiful. The caricature appears odious, and one would like to accuse all the masters of the houses of imbecility; one feels a desire to declare to them that their famous Broek is an insult to art and nature, and that they have neither good sense nor good taste. But when one has let off steam in invectives, one begins to laugh again, and laughter prevails.

There was a time when all the houses and gardens in Broek were like this. But now not only the appearance of the village, but the population, is in great part changed. In former times Broek was called the village of millionaires, because nearly all its inhabitants were wealthy merchants who settled there for the love of retirement and peace. Little by little, ennui, the ridicule to which their houses and they themselves were subjected, the importunity of travelers, the desire for more beautiful places, drove away nearly all the rich families, and the few who remained ceased from the emulation which all these childish marvels had created, and allowed the old order to disappear. Now [1894] Broek has about a thousand inhabitants, of whom the greater number make cheese, and the others are shopkeepers, farmers, and mechanics who live on their incomes.

Although Broek has declined, it is still visited by almost all strangers who travel in Holland. In one room of a house I went into there was an enormous book containing thousands of cards and autographs of visitors from every country. The greatest number of the visitors were Englishmen and Ameri-

cans, the smallest number Italians, and these few were almost all members of the nobility of Southern Italy. Among many illustrious names I saw those of Victor Hugo and Walter Scott. Among the souvenirs there is a paper-weight presented by the Emperor and Empress of Russia to a citizen of Broek as a sign of their gratitude for the hospitality he had offered the Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS (Abridged).

ec″cen-tric′i-ty, oddity.
fa-çades′, fronts of buildings.
bas″re-liefs′, projecting figures.
su-per′flu-ous, useless.
au-tom′a-tons, mechanical moving figures.
ta′bors, small drums.
car′i-ca-ture, burlesque.
o′di-ous, abominable.
im″be-cil′i-ty, weakness of mind.
in-vec′tives, abuses; reproaches.
en′nui, weariness and disgust.
im″por-tu′ni-ty, persistent curiosity.
tra-di′tion, unwritten history.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS (1846–) is an Italian writer, whose books of travel have been translated into many languages. He has visited almost every country in the world and his descriptions of his various voyages are wonderfully picturesque and vivid. In addition to his writings of this character, he is the author of the popular juvenile book "Heart," in which the daily happenings of a school year are entertainingly told by one of the boy pupils. The description of Broek is taken from his "Holland" by permission of The John C. Winston Company.

BEAUTY

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS (Selected).

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC

It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, from the capitals of various nations; all of them saying in their hearts, "We will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we shall embark; we shall slide across the appeased ocean, and, in the gorgeous month of October, we shall greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes."

And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the *Arctic* borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes, the wheels revolve, the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the *Arctic* glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run.

The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence

nor whispered his errand. And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest.

Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur,—home is not far away. And, every morning, it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it, and, plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers.

At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible. At a league's distance, unconscious, and, at nearer approach, unwarned; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen, unfelt, till, in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened *Vesta* dealt her deadly stroke to the *Arctic*.

The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect!) ordered away his boat with the first officer, to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley, the first mate of the *Arctic*, went over the ship's side, oh! that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion: "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now

the waters, gaining upon the hold, and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh! had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to obey —had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will— we may believe that we should not have to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But apparently each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, then honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineer, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of the *sinking*!

Oh, what a burial was there! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

e″qui-noc′tial, happening at the time of the equinox—equal night and day.
con-ver′ging, tending toward one point.
sig′nal ball, a marine signal; a small ball with a flag attached to it.
in-stinct′, naturally moved; animated.
Mer′sey, a river in England.
ef-ful′gent, bright.
lithe, mild; pleasant.
dis-port′ed, amused or indulged itself; played without restraint.
pli′ant, flexible; plastic.
ill″-o′mened, unlucky; fated.
rec′re-an-cy, weak-heartedness; lack of spirit.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good-speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other bent out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circle of red for each eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all;

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

pos'tern, gate.
pique, point; peak.
cheek'-strap", strap on the bridle.
but'ting, pushing.
spume'-flakes", flakes of froth or foam.
stay, restrain; check.
stub'ble, stumps of grain left in the ground after mowing.
croup, hindquarters.
buff'coat", military coat made of buff leather.
hol'ster, leather case for pistol carried at the bow of the saddle.
jack'-boots", military boots reaching above the knee.
bur'gess-es, citizens.

["Browning wrote to an American inquirer about this poem: 'There is no sort of historical foundation for the poem about "Good News from Ghent." I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel, off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse "York" then in my stable at home.'"—"Browning's Complete Poetical Works," Cambridge Edition, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

By using one of the given endings (age, ce, hood, ing, ion, ism, ment, ness, or, ship, th, and ty), *form an abstract noun out of each of the following words:* splendid, pilgrim, true, astonish, learn, friend, present, eccentric, child, emulate, sick, rheumatic.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man that in each moment and emergency knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad.

Napoleon had been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigor by the extraordinary unity of his action. He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything to his aim,—money, troops, generals, and his own safety also; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendor of his own means. "Incidents ought not to govern policy," he said, "but policy incidents." "To be hurried away by every event, is to have no political system at all."

His victories were only so many doors, and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark. He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes, but he must not, therefore, be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will: not blood-thirsty, not cruel; but woe to what thing or person stood in his way!

"Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery." "Let him carry the battery." "Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?" "Forward! forward!"

From a painting by Meissonier in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

NAPOLEON REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.

In the plenitude of his resources every obstacle seemed to vanish. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France. Having decided what was to be done, he did that with might and main. He put out all his strength. He risked everything and spared nothing,—neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself. If fighting be the best mode of adjusting national differences, certainly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough.

He fought sixty battles. He had never enough. Each victory was a new weapon. "My power would fall, were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." His vigor was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. His idea of the best defence consisted in being always the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature."

Everything depended upon the nicety of his combinations; the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello, I ordered Kellerman to attack with eight hundred horse; and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action. I have observed that it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

Before he fought a battle Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he

should do in case of a reverse of fortune. The same prudence and good sense marked all his behavior. His instructions to his secretary at the palace are worth remembering: "During the night, enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no haste: but when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost." His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of man. There have been many working kings, from Ulysses to William of Orange, but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.

Those who had to deal with him found that he was not to be imposed upon, but could cipher as well as another man. When the expenses of the empress, of his household, of his palaces, had accumulated great debts, Napoleon examined the bills of the creditors himself, detected overcharges and errors, and reduced the claims by considerable sums.

His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he directed, he owed to the representative character which clothed him. He interests us as he stands for France and for Europe; and he exists as captain and king only as far as the Revolution or the interests of the industrious masses found an organ and a leader in him.

In the social interests he knew the meaning and value of labor, and threw himself naturally on that side. The principal works that have survived him are his magnificent roads. He filled his troops with his spirit, and a sort of freedom and companionship grew up between him and them, which the forms of his court never permitted between the officers and himself. They performed under his eye that which no others could do. The best document of his relation to his troops is the order

of the day on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in which Napoleon promises his troops that he will keep his person out of reach of fire. This declaration, which is the reverse of that ordinarily made by generals on the eve of battle, sufficiently explains the devotion of the army to their leader.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

pol'i-cy, worldly wisdom.
plen'i-tude, abundance.
gal'ler-ies, underground passages.
in-vul'ner-a-ble, not capable of being wounded.
nice'ty, exactness.
re-verse', (p. 54), defeat; (p. 55), opposite.
or'gan, medium; or one through whom an important action is performed.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
  You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
  Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
  We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
  And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
  Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
  Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the Mother eagle's eye
  When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
  Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
  Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Rat'is-bon, a town on the Danube river, in Bavaria.
prone, bent forward.
op-press'ive, heavy; burdened.
com-pressed', pressed together.
vans, wings.
sheathes, covers.

DICKENS

Let me speak to-day of Dickens in his youth. How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome, glowing face of the young man who was even then famous over half the globe! He came bounding into the Tremont House, fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall, as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land.

"Here we are!" he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the house, and several gentlemen came forward to greet him. Ah, how happy and buoyant he was then! Young, handsome, almost worshiped for his genius, belted round by such troops of friends as rarely ever man had, coming to a new country to make new conquests of fame and honor—surely it was a sight long to be remembered, and never wholly to be forgotten.

The splendor of his endowments and the personal interest he had won to himself called forth all the enthusiasm of old and young America, and I am glad to have been among the first to witness his arrival. You ask me what was his appearance as he ran, or rather flew up the steps of the hotel, and sprang into the hall. He seemed all on fire with curiosity, and alive as I never saw mortal before.

From top to toe every fibre of his body was unrestrained and alert. What vigor, what keenness, what freshness of spirit, possessed him! He laughed all over, and did not care who heard him! He seemed like the Emperor of Cheerfulness on a cruise of pleasure, determined to conquer a realm or two of fun

every hour of his overflowing existence. That night impressed itself on my memory for all time, so far as I am concerned with things sublunary.

It was Dickens, the true " Boz " in flesh and blood, who stood before us at last, and with my companions, three or four lads of my own age, I determined to sit up late that night. None of us then, of course, had the honor of an acquaintance with the delightful stranger, and I little thought that I should afterwards come to know him in the beaten way of friendship, and live with him day after day in years far distant; that I should ever be so near to him that he would reveal to me his joys and his sorrows, and thus that I should learn the story of his life from his own lips.

About midnight on that eventful landing, " Boz,"—everybody called him " Boz " in those days,—having finished his supper, came down into the office of the hotel, and, joining the young Earl of M——, his fellow-voyager, sallied out for a first look at Boston streets. It was a stinging night, and the moon was at the full. Every object stood out white and glittering, and " Boz," muffled up in a shaggy fur coat, ran over the shining frozen snow, wisely keeping the middle of the street for the most part. We boys followed cautiously behind, but near enough not to lose any of the fun. Dickens kept up one continual shout of laughter as he went rapidly forward, reading the signs on the shops, and observing the " architecture " of the new country into which they had dropped as if from the clouds.

The great event of Boz's first visit to Boston was the dinner of welcome tendered to him by the young men of the city. It is idle to attempt much talk about the banquet given on that Monday night in February, twenty-nine years ago. Papanti's

Hall was the scene of that festivity. It was a glorious episode in all our lives, and whoever was not there has suffered a loss not easy to estimate.

We younger members of that dinner-party sat in the seventh heaven of happiness, and were translated into other spheres. Accidentally, of course, I had a seat just in front of the honored guest; saw him take a pinch of snuff out of Washington Allston's box, and heard him joke with old President Quincy. Was there ever such a night before in our staid city? Did ever mortal preside with such felicitous success as did Mr. Quincy?

How he went on with his delicious compliments to our guest! How he reveled in quotations from "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" and "The Curiosity Shop"! And how admirably he closed his speech of welcome, calling up the young author amid a perfect volley of applause! "Health, Happiness, and a Hearty Welcome to Charles Dickens!" I can see and hear Mr. Quincy now, as he spoke the words. Were ever heard such cheers before?

And when Dickens stood up at last to answer for himself, so fresh and so handsome, with his beautiful eyes moist with feeling, and his whole frame aglow with excitement, how we did hurrah, we young fellows! Trust me, it *was* a great night; and we must have made a mighty noise at our end of the table, for I remember frequent messages came down to us from the "Choir" begging that we would hold up a little and moderate if possible the rapture of our applause.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

en-dow'ments, talents.
sub'lu-na-ry, earthly.
beat'en, made smooth by treading, or by use.
trans-lat'ed, carried away.
staid, sober; sedate.
mod'er-ate, lessen; keep within bounds.

CRÉCY AND CALAIS

It was in the month of July, in the year one thousand three hundred and forty-six, that King Edward III. embarked at Southampton for France, with an army of about thirty thousand men in all, attended by the Prince of Wales and by several of the chief nobles. He landed at La Hogue in Normandy. Burning and destroying as he went, according to custom, he advanced up the left bank of the Seine, and fired the small towns even close to Paris; but, being watched from the right bank of the river by the French king and all his army, it came to this at last, that Edward found himself, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of August, on a rising ground behind the little French village of Crécy, face to face with the French king's force. And, although the French king had an enormous army —in number more than eight times his—Edward there resolved to beat him or be beaten.

The young Prince, assisted by the Earl of Oxford and the Earl of Warwick, led the first division of the English army; two other great earls led the second; and the king, the third. When the morning dawned, the king received the sacrament and heard prayers, and then, mounted on horseback, with a white wand in his hand, rode from company to company, and rank to rank, cheering and encouraging both officers and men. Then the whole army breakfasted, each man sitting on the ground where he had stood; and then they remained quietly on the ground with their weapons ready.

Up came the French king with all his great force. It was dark and angry weather; there was an eclipse of the sun; there was a thunder-storm, accompanied with tremendous rain;

the frightened birds flew screaming above the soldiers' heads. A captain in the French army advised the French king, who was by no means cheerful, not to begin the battle until the morrow. The king, taking this advice, gave the word to halt. But, those behind not understanding it, or desiring to be foremost with the rest, came pressing on.

The roads for a great distance were covered with this immense army, and with the common people from the villages, who were flourishing their rude weapons, and making a great noise. Owing to these circumstances, the French army advanced in the greatest confusion; every French lord doing what he liked with his own men, and putting out the men of every other French lord.

Now, their king relied strongly upon a great body of cross-bowmen from Genoa; and these he ordered to the front to begin the battle. They shouted once, they shouted twice, they shouted three times, to alarm the English archers; but the English would have heard them shout three thousand times and would never have moved. At last the cross-bowmen went forward a little, and began to discharge their bolts; upon which the English let fly such a hail of arrows, that the Genoese speedily made off—for their cross-bows, besides being heavy to carry, required to be wound up with a handle, and consequently took time to reload; the English, on the other hand, could discharge their arrows almost as fast as the arrows could fly.

When the French king saw the Genoese turning, he cried out to his men to kill those scoundrels, who were doing harm instead of service. This increased the confusion. Meanwhile the English archers, continuing to shoot as fast as ever, shot down great numbers of the French soldiers and knights.

The Prince and his division were at this time so hard-pressed, that the Earl of Warwick sent a message to the king, who was overlooking the battle from a windmill, beseeching him to send more aid.

"Is my son killed?" asked the king.

"No, sire, please God," returned the messenger.

"Is he wounded?" said the king.

"No, sire."

"Is he thrown to the ground?" said the king.

"No, sire, not so; but he is very hard-pressed."

"Then," said the king, "go back to those who sent you, and tell them that I shall send no aid; because I set my heart upon my son's proving himself this day a brave knight, and because I am resolved, please God, that the honor of a great victory shall be his."

These bold words, being reported to the Prince and his division, so raised their spirits, that they fought better than ever. The king of France charged gallantly with his men many times; but it was of no use. Night closing in, his horse was killed under him by an English arrow, and the knights and nobles who had clustered thick about him early in the day were now completely scattered. At last, some of his few remaining officers led him off the field by force, since he would not retire of himself, and they journeyed away to Amiens.

The victorious English, lighting their watch-fires, made merry on the field, and the king, riding to meet his gallant son, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him that he had acted nobly, and proved himself worthy of the day and of the crown. While it was yet night, King Edward was hardly aware of the great victory that he had gained; but next day it was discovered that eleven princes, twelve hundred knights,

and thirty thousand common men lay dead upon the French side.

Among the dead in the French army was the king of Bohemia, an old blind man; who, having been told that his son was wounded in the battle, and that no force could stand against the Black Prince, called to him two knights, put himself on horseback between them, fastened the three bridles together, and dashed in among the English, where he was presently slain. He bore on his crest three white ostrich feathers, with the motto *Ich dien*, signifying in English "I serve." The crest and the motto were taken by the Prince of Wales in remembrance of that famous day, and have been borne by the Prince of Wales ever since.

Five days after this great battle, King Edward laid siege to Calais. This siege, ever afterward memorable, lasted nearly a year. In order to starve the inhabitants out, Edward built so many wooden houses for the lodgings of his troops, that, it is said, their quarters looked like a second Calais suddenly sprung around the first. Early in the siege, the governor of the town drove out what he called the useless mouths, to the number of seventeen hundred persons, men and women, young and old. King Edward allowed them to pass through his lines, and even fed them, and dismissed them with money; but, later in the siege, he was not so merciful—five hundred more, who were afterward driven out, dying of starvation and misery.

The garrison were so hard-pressed at last that they sent a letter to King Philip, telling him that they had eaten all the horses, all the dogs, and all the rats and mice that could be found in the place; and that, if he did not relieve them, they must either surrender to the English or eat one another. Philip made one effort to give them relief; but they were so hemmed

in by the English power that he could not succeed, and was fain to leave the place. Upon this they hoisted the English flag, and surrendered to King Edward. "Tell your general," said he to the humble messengers that came out of the town, "that I require to have sent here six of the most distinguished citizens, with ropes about their necks; and let those six men bring with them the keys of the castle and of the town."

When the governor of Calais related this to the people in the market-place, there was great weeping and distress; in the midst of which one worthy citizen, named Eustace de Saint Pierre, rose up and said that if the six men were not sacrificed the whole population would be; therefore he offered himself as the first. Encouraged by this bright example, five other worthy citizens rose up one after another, and offered themselves to save the rest. The governor, who was too badly wounded to be able to walk, mounted a poor old horse, and conducted these good men to the gate, while all the people cried and mourned.

Edward received them wrathfully, and ordered the heads of the whole six to be struck off. However, the good Queen Philippa fell upon her knees, and besought the king to give them up to her. The king replied, "I wish that you had been somewhere else; but I can not refuse you." So she had them properly dressed, made a feast for them, and sent them back with a handsome present, to the great rejoicing of the whole camp.

CHARLES DICKENS.

sac'ra-ment, an oath or vow; "some receive sacrament as a means to procure great graces and blessings."

cross'-bow''men, men who shoot with a crossbow, a weapon made by placing a bow crosswise on a wooden support.

fain, constrained; forced.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–70), the celebrated English novelist, was the son of parents too poor to give him a good education. What knowledge he acquired, as a boy, he gleaned through reading at home and by his keen observation of life about him. He early became a journalist and writer, signing many of his articles "Boz." These were afterward collected under the title of "Sketches by Boz." His first great success was his "Pickwick Papers," which to the present time remains unsurpassed for rollicking good humor. The titles of Dickens' books, as well as many of the books themselves, are no doubt already familiar to many of you girls and boys:—"The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Christmas Stories," "Dombey and Son," "Oliver Twist," and others. "Crécy and Calais" is taken from "A Child's History of England."

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

—*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (Selected).*

Number is the form or use of a word that denotes one, or more than one.

There are *two numbers* in the English language.

The ***singular*** number of a word is the form or use of the word that denotes *one*. Examples: year, man, army, he, his, was.

The ***plural*** number of a word is the form or use of the word that denotes *more than one*. Examples: years, men, armies, they, their, were.

Most *nouns* form their plural by adding ***s*** or ***es*** to the singular. Examples: town, towns; bush, bushes.

In "Crécy and Calais," find and make a list of ten plural nouns that have formed their plural by adding "s" to the singular.

On pages 45, 49, 50, 51 and 54, find and make a list of five plural nouns that have formed their plural by adding "es" to the singular.

ODYSSEUS AND POLYPHEMOS

I

When the blue hills of the Lotos-land had faded away in the far distance, the ships of Odysseus went on merrily with a fresh breeze: and the men thought that they would soon come to rocky Ithaca, where their homes were. But Athene was angry with Odysseus, and she asked Poseidon, the lord of the sea, to send a great storm and scatter his ships. So the wind arose, and the waters of the sea began to heave and swell, and the sky was black with clouds and rain.

Many days and many nights the storm raged fiercely; and when it was over, Odysseus could see only four or five of all the ships which had sailed with him from Troy. The ships were drenched with the waves which had broken over them, and the men were wet and cold and tired; and they were glad indeed when they saw an island far away. So they sat down on the benches, and took the great oars and rowed the ships towards the shore; and as they came near, they saw that the island was very beautiful with cliffs and rocks, and bays for ships to take shelter from the sea.

Then they rowed into one of these quiet bays, where the water was always calm, and where there was no need to let down an anchor, or to tie the ship by ropes to the seashore, for the ship lay there quite still of itself. At the head of the bay a stream of fresh water trickled down from the cliffs, and ran close to the opening of a large cave, and near the cave some willow trees drooped their branches over the stream which ran down towards the sea.

So they made haste to go on shore; and when they had landed, they saw fine large plains on which the corn might grow, but no one had taken the trouble to sow the seed; and sloping hills for the grapes to ripen on the vines, but none were planted on them. And Odysseus marveled at the people who lived there, because they had no corn and no vines, and he could see no houses, but only sheep and goats feeding on the hill-sides. So he took his bows and arrows, and shot many of the goats, and he and his men lay down on the ground and had a merry meal, and drank the rich red wine which they had brought with them from the ship. And when they had finished eating and drinking they fell asleep, and did not wake up till the morning showed its rosy light in the eastern sky.

Then Odysseus said that he would take some of his men and go to see who lived on the island, while the others remained in the ship close to the sea-shore. So they set out, and at last they came to the mouth of a great cave, where many sheep and goats were penned up in large folds; but they could see no one in the cave or anywhere near it; and they waited a long while, but no one came. So they lit a fire, and made themselves merry, as they ate the cheese and drank the milk which was stored up round the sides of the cave.

Presently they heard a great noise of heavy feet stamping on the ground, and they were so frightened that they ran inside the cave, and crouched down at the end of it. Nearer and nearer came the Cyclops, and his tread almost made the earth shake. At last in he came, with many dry logs of wood on his back; and in came all the sheep, which he milked every evening; but the rams and the goats stayed outside.

But if Odysseus and his men were afraid when they saw Polyphemos the Cyclops come in, they were much more afraid

when he took up a great stone, which was almost as big as the mouth of the cave, and set it up against it for a door. Then the men whispered to Odysseus and said, "Did we not beg and pray you not to come into the cave? but you would not listen to us; and now how are we to get out again? Why, two-and-twenty wagons would not be able to take away that huge stone from the mouth of the cave." But they were shut in now, and there was no use in thinking of their folly for coming in.

So there they lay, crouching in the corner of the cave, and trembling with fear lest Polyphemos should see them. But the Cyclops went on milking all the sheep, and then he put the milk into the bowls around the sides of the cave, and lit the fire to cook his meal. As the flames shot up from the burning wood to the roof of the cave, it showed him the forms of Odysseus and his companions, where they lay huddled together in the corner; and he cried out to them with a loud voice, "Who are you that dare to come into the cave of Polyphemos? Are you come to rob me of my sheep, or my cheese and milk that I keep here?"

Then Odysseus said, "No; we are not come to do you harm: we are Achaians who have been fighting at Troy to bring back Helen, whom Paris stole away from Sparta, and we went there with the great king Agamemnon, whom everybody knows. We are on our way home to Ithaca; but Poseidon sent a great storm, because Athene was angry with me; and almost all our ships have been sunk in the sea, or broken to pieces on the rocks."

When he had finished speaking, Polyphemos frowned savagely and said, "I know nothing of Agamemnon, or Paris, or Helen"; and he seized two of the men, and broke their heads against the stones, and cooked them for his dinner. That day

Polyphemos ate a huge meal, and drank several bowls full of milk; and after that he fell fast asleep. Then as he lay there snoring in his heavy sleep, Odysseus thought how easy it would be to plunge the sword into his breast, and kill him; and he was just going to do it, when he thought of the great stone which Polyphemos had placed at the mouth of the cave; and he knew that if Polyphemos were killed no one else could move away the stone, and so they would all die shut up in that dismal place.

So the hours of the night went wearily on, but neither Odysseus nor his friends could sleep, for they thought of the men whom Polyphemos had eaten, and how they would very likely be eaten up themselves. At last they could tell, from the dim light which came in between the top of the stone and the roof of the cave, that the morning was come; and soon Polyphemos awoke and milked all the sheep again; and when he had done this, he went to the end of the cave, and took up two more men and killed and ate them. Then he took down the great stone from the mouth of the cave, and drove all the cattle out to graze on the soft grass on the hills; and Odysseus began to hope that they might be able to get away before Polyphemos came back. But the Cyclops was not so silly as to let them go, for, as soon as the cattle were gone out, he took up the huge stone again as easily as if it had been a pebble, and put it up against the mouth of the cave; and there were Odysseus and his friends shut up again as fast as ever.

Then Odysseus began to think more and more how they were to get away, for if they stayed there they would soon be all killed, if Polyphemos went on eating four of them every day. At last, near the sheep-fold, he saw a club which Polyphemos was going to use as a walking-stick. It was the whole trunk

of an olive-tree, fresh and green, for he had only just cut it and left it to dry, that he might carry it about when it was fit for use. There it lay like the mast of a ship, which twenty men could hardly have lifted; and Odysseus cut off a bit from the end, as much as a man could carry, and told the men to bring it to a very sharp point; and when they had done this he hardened it in the fire, and then hid it away till Polyphemos should come home.

O-dys'seus, in Greek legend, was the king of Ithaca.

A-thē'nē, in Greek legend, was the goddess of wisdom.

II

By and by, when the sun was sinking down, they heard the terrible tramp of his feet, and felt the earth shake beneath his tread. Then the great stone was taken away from the mouth of the cave, and in he came, driving the sheep and goats and the rams also before him, for this time he let nothing stay outside. So he milked the sheep and the goats, as he had done the day before; and then he killed two more men, and began to eat them for his supper. Then Odysseus went towards him with a bottle full of wine, and said, "Drink this wine, Polyphemos; it will make your supper taste much nicer; I have brought it to you because I want you to do me some kindness in return."

So the Cyclops stretched out his hand to take the wine, and he drank it off greedily and asked for more. "Give me more of this honey-sweet wine," he said; "surely no grapes on this earth could ever give such wine as this: tell me your name, for I should like to do you a kindness for giving me such wine as

this." Then Odysseus said, "O Cyclops, I hope you will not forget to give me what you have promised: my name is Nobody." And Polyphemos said, "Very well, I shall eat up Nobody last of all, when I have eaten up all his companions; and this is the kindness which I mean to do for him."

But by this time he was so stupid with all he had been eating and drinking, that he could say no more, but fell on his back fast asleep; and his heavy snoring sounded through the whole of the cave. Then Odysseus cried to his friends, "Now is the time; come and help me, and we will punish this Cyclops for all that he has done." So he took the piece of the olive-tree, which had been made sharp, and put it into the fire, till it almost burst into a flame, and then he and two of his men went and stood over Polyphemos, and pushed the burning wood into his great eye as hard and as far down as they could.

It was a terrible sight to see; but the Cyclops was so stupid and heavy in sleep that at first he could scarcely stir. Presently he gave a great groan, so that Odysseus and his people started back in a fright, and crouched down at the end of the cave: and then the Cyclops put out his hand and drew the burning wood from his eye, and threw it from him in a rage, and roared out for help to his friends, who lived on the hills round about. His roar was as deep and loud as the roar of twenty lions; and the other Cyclopes wondered when they heard him shouting out so loud, and they said, "What can be the matter with Polyphemos? we never heard him make such a noise before: let us go and see if he wants any help."

So they went to the cave, and stood outside the great stone which shut it in, listening to his terrible bellowings; and when they did not stop they shouted to him, and asked him what was the matter. "Why have you waked us up in the middle

of the night with all this noise, when we were sleeping comfortably? Is any one taking away your sheep and goats, or killing you by craft and force?" And Polyphemos said, "Nobody, my friends, is killing me by craft and force." When the others heard this they were angry, and said, "Well, then, if nobody is killing you, why do you roar so? If you are ill, you must bear it as best you can, and ask our father Poseidon to make you well again"; and then they walked off to their beds, and left Polyphemos to make as much noise as he pleased.

It was of no use that he went on shouting. No one came to him any more; and Odysseus laughed because he had tricked him so cunningly by calling himself Nobody. So Polyphemos got up at last, moaning and groaning with the dreadful pain, and groped his way with his hands against the sides of the cave until he came to the door. Then he took down the great stone, and sat with his arms stretched out wide; and he said to himself, "Now I shall be sure to catch them, for no one can get out without passing me."

But Odysseus was too clever for him yet; for he went quietly, and fastened the great rams of Polyphemos together with long bands of willow. He tied them together by threes, and under the stomach of the middle one he tied one of his men, until he had fastened them all up safely. Then he went and caught hold of the largest ram of all, and clung on with his hands to the thick wool underneath his stomach; and so they waited in a great fright, lest after all the giant might catch and kill them. At last the pale light of the morning came into the eastern sky, and very soon the sheep and the goats began to go out of the cave. Then Polyphemos passed his hands over the backs of all the sheep as they went by, but he did not feel the willow bands,

because their wool was long and thick, and he never thought that any one would be tied up underneath their stomachs.

Last of all came the great ram to which Odysseus was clinging; and when Polyphemos passed his hand over his back, he stroked him gently and said, "Is there something the matter with you, too, as there is with your master? You were always the first to go out of the cave, and now to-day for the first time

you are the last. I am sure that that horrible Nobody is at the bottom of all this. Ah, old ram, perhaps it is that you are sorry for your master, whose eye Nobody has put out. I wish you could speak like a man, and tell me where he is. If I could but catch him, I would take care that he never got away again, and then I should have some comfort for all the evil which Nobody has done me."

So he sent the ram on; and when he had gone a little way from the cave, Odysseus got up from under the ram, and went and untied all his friends, and very glad they were to be free

once more, although they could not help grieving, when they thought of the men whom Polyphemos had killed. But Odysseus told them to make haste and drive as many of the sheep and goats as they could to the ships. So they drove them down to the shore and hurried them into the ships, and began to row away; and soon they would have been out of the reach of the Cyclops, if Odysseus could only have held his tongue. But he was so angry himself, that he thought he would like to make Polyphemos also still more angry; so he shouted to him, and said, "Cruel Cyclops, did you think that you would not be punished for eating up my friends? Is this the way in which you receive strangers who have been tossed about by many storms upon the sea?"

Then Polyphemos was more furious than ever, and he broke off a great rock from the mountain, and hurled it at Odysseus. On it came whizzing through the air, and fell just in front of his ship, and the water was dashed up all over it; and there was a great heaving of the sea, which almost carried them back to the land. Then they began to row again with all their might; but still, when they had got about twice as far as they were before, Odysseus could not help shouting out a few more words to Polyphemos. So he said, "If any one asks you how you lost your eye, remember, mighty Cyclops, to say that you were made blind by Odysseus, the plunderer of cities, the son of Laertes, who lives in Ithaca."

Terrible indeed was the fury of Polyphemos when he heard this, and he said: "Now I remember how the wise Telemos used to tell me that a man would come here named Odysseus, who would put my eye out. But I thought he would have been some great strong man, almost as big as myself; and this is a miserable little wretch, whom I could almost hold in my hand

if I caught him. But stay, Odysseus, and I will show you how I thank you for your kindness, and I will ask my father Poseidon to send you a pleasant storm to toss you about upon the dark sea."

Then Polyphemos took up a bigger rock than ever, and hurled it high into the air with all his might. But this time it fell just behind the ship of Odysseus: up rose the water and drenched Odysseus and all his people, and almost sank the ship under the sea. But it only sent them further out of the reach of the Cyclops; and though he hurled more rocks after them, they now fell far behind in the sea, and did them no harm. But even when they had rowed a long way, they could still see Polyphemos standing on the high cliff, and shaking his hands at them in rage and pain. But no one came to help him for all his shouting, because he had told his friends that Nobody was doing him harm.

HOMER (*From the "Odyssey"*).

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—*SHAKESPEARE* (*Selected*).

The plural form of nouns ending in *y* is ***s*** or ***ies.***

When the singular ends in *y* preceded by a *vowel*, the plural is formed by adding *s* in the regular way. Example: volley, volleys.

When the singular ends in *y* preceded by a *consonant*, the plural is formed by changing *y* to *i* and adding *es*. Example: berry, berries.

In "Napoleon Bonaparte" *find and make a list of over ten nouns ending in* "y" *and give the plural form of each.*

Write the plural form of each of the following nouns: gallery, enemy, valley, lily, journey, pulley, city, array, monkey, country, pansy.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
  "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A-zores, a group of islands in the Atlantic, 800 miles west of Portugal.

Gates of Her'cu-les, two hills on opposite sides of the strait of Gibraltar, said to have been torn apart by Hercules, a mythological hero; called also Pillars of Hercules.

swarth'y, of dark complexion.

blanched, grown white or pale.

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841–) is an American writer of both prose and poetry, whose real name, as you have already learned, is Cincinnatus Heine Miller. Mr. Miller once wrote a defense of a Mexican bandit named Joaquin, and in this way he came to use the pen-name of Joaquin. His poetry includes "Songs of the Sunland," "Songs of Italy," and "Songs of the Mexican Seas." "Columbus" is reproduced here by permission of The Whitaker & Ray Company, authorized publishers of the author's complete poetical works.

Write the plural form of child, foot, goose, man, mouse, tooth, woman.

THE RUNAWAY CANNON

A terrible thing had happened. One of the short cannons of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had got loose. This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate, resumes its course, rushes like an arrow from end to end of the ship, circles about, rears, breaks, kills. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of an ass, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. What is to be done? How to end this?

A tempest ceases, a wind falls, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, which seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction each instant. The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies.

The fault was the chief gunner's. He had neglected to fasten the gun securely in place. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about.

At the moment when the lashings gave way, the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform when expecting the command to clear for action. The cannon, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men and crushed four at the first blow; then flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it.

Then arose the cry of distress. The men rushed to the ladder; the gun deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. The whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now.

The captain and lieutenant, although both brave men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended. It was their passenger, the peasant, —the man of whom they had been speaking the moment before. When he reached the foot of the ladder he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the prophet's vision. The marine lanterns swinging from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows. The shape of the cannon could not be distinguished, so rapid was its course. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun,—mattresses, hammocks, spare-sails. But what could these rags avail? No

one dare descend to arrange them in any needful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just enough sea to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the gun upside down, and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been captured. But the destruction increased. The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured, under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the ship began to take water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the cannon menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more, and shipwreck must come. They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster; a decision must be made; but how? They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

"Do you believe in God, chevalier?" said the captain to the lieutenant.

"Yes. No. Sometimes," was the reply.

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said the captain.

All were silent. Only the cannon kept up its horrible din. The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this inaccessible circus, there

sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the accident, the gunner whose negligence caused it—the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a

handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence. Livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited. He waited for the cannon to pass near him. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he.

Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish it would turn

toward him. But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. All stared in terrified silence. No one breathed freely, except, perchance, the old man, who stood, a stern second, in his place at the foot of the ladder. He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir. Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner came near to challenge the cannon, some chance movement of the waves kept it for a moment still, as if stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it darted upon him. He avoided the shock. The struggle began—struggle unheard of; the thing of flesh attacking the brazen mute; on the one side blind force, on the other a soul. A soul; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. The monster seemed to be watching the man.

There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in the mass. It became a gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes it struck the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then, falling back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, it darted anew on the man. He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the blows; but they fell upon the vessel with continued destruction.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the gun. This chain had twisted itself—one could not tell how—about the screw of the breech button. One end of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun.

Nevertheless the man fought. Sometimes even it was the

man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it saw the snare. The man pursued. Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, " Come, we must make an end," and it paused. One felt the approach of a crisis.

It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside and cried out, with a laugh, " Try again ! " The gun, as if in a fury, broke a cannon to larboard, then seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped. Three cannon gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind, and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned back on the man, rolling from the stern to the bow, bruising the stern and making a breach in the planking of the prow.

The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching. The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a cry.

But the old passenger, until now motionless, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the cannon. The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche.

The cannon stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The

heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping noose about the bronze neck of an overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The pygmy had taken the thunder-bolt prisoner. The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

VICTOR HUGO (*From "Ninety-Three"*).

car″ron-ade′, short cannon.
lar′board″, left hand side of ship, facing bow.
star′board″, right hand side of ship, facing bow.
proph′et's vi′sion, Elisha's vision of Elijah; see II Kings ii. 11, 12.
miz′zen-mast, the hindmost mast on a three-masted vessel.
breach′es, gaps; breaks.
sum′ma-ry, brief; quick.
in″ac-cess′i-ble, not to be reached.
hand′spike, bar or lever, generally of wood.
liv′id, death-like.
breech, part of the cannon behind the chamber.
car′riage, wheeled support of the cannon.
as″si″gnats′ (ȧ″sē̆″nyȧ′), notes or bonds issued as currency by the French government.

Most nouns ending in *f*, *ff*, or *fe*, form their plural in the regular way. Example: grief, griefs.

A few nouns ending in *f* change the *f* to *v* and add *es* to form the plural. Example: half, halves.

Form the plural of the following nouns:

beef	fife	loaf	sheaf	thief
calf	knife	reef	shelf	wharf
cliff	leaf	scarf	skiff	wife
elf	life	self	strife	wolf

A few nouns have only one form for both singular and plural. Examples: cannon, cod, deer, mackerel, sheep, swine, trout, etc.

HOW I BECAME A WRITER

My mother was a great reader, and with ten minutes to spare before the starch was ready, would begin the "Decline and Fall"—and finish it, too, that winter. Foreign words in the text annoyed her and made her bemoan her want of classical education,—she had attended only a Dame's school during some easy months,—but she never passed the foreign words by until their meaning was explained to her, and when next she and they met it was as acquaintances.

Biography and exploration were her favorite reading; for choice, the biography of men who had been good to their mothers, and she liked the explorers to be alive so that she could shudder at the thought of their venturing forth again, but though she expressed a hope that they would have the sense to stay at home henceforth, she gleamed with admiration when they disappointed her.

In later years I had a friend that was an African explorer, and she was in two minds about him; he was one of the most engrossing of mortals to her, she admired him prodigiously, pictured him at the head of his caravan, now attacked by savages, now by wild beasts, and adored him for the uneasy hours he gave her, but she was also afraid that he wanted to take me with him, and then she thought that he should be put down by law.

Explorers' mothers also interested her very much; the books might tell her nothing about them, but she could create them for herself and wring her hands in sympathy with them when they had got no news of their sons for six months. Yet there were times when she grudged the explorer to his mother—as the

day when he returned victorious. Then what was before her eyes was not the son coming marching home again, but an old woman peering for him round the window curtain and trying not to look uplifted. The newspaper reports would be about the son, but my mother's comment was, " She's a proud woman this night."

We read many books together when I was a boy, " Robinson Crusoe " being the first (and the second), and the " Arabian Nights " should have been the next, for we got it out of the library (a penny for three days), but on discovering that they were " nights " when we had paid for " knights," we sent that volume packing, and I have curled my lips at it ever since.

" The Pilgrim's Progress " we had in the house, and so enamoured of it was I that I turned our garden into Sloughs of Despond, with pea-sticks to represent Christian on his travels and a buffet-stool for his burden, but when I dragged my mother out to see my handiwork she was scared, and I felt for days with a certain elation, that I had been a dark character.

Besides reading every book we could hire or borrow, I also bought one now and again, and while buying (it was the occupation of weeks) I read, standing at the counter, most of the other books in the shop, which is perhaps the most exquisite way of reading. And I took in a magazine called " Sunshine," the most delicious periodical, I am sure, of any day.

I know not whether it was owing to the loitering of this magazine on the way one month to an extent flesh and blood could not bear, or because we had exhausted the penny library, but on a day I conceived a glorious idea, or it was put into my head by my mother, then desirous of making progress with her new clouty rug.

The notion was nothing short of this, why should I not

write the tales myself? I did write them—in the garret—but they by no means helped her to get on with her work, for when I finished a chapter I bounded downstairs to read it to her, and so short were the chapters, so ready was the pen, that I was back with new manuscript before another clout had been added to the rug. They were tales of adventure, no characters were allowed within if I knew their like in the flesh, the scene lay in unknown parts, desert islands, enchanted gardens, with knights (none of your nights) on black chargers.

At twelve or thereabout I put the literary calling to bed for a time, having gone to a school where cricket and football were more esteemed, but during the year before I went to the university, it woke up, and I wrote a great part of a three-volume novel. The publisher replied that the sum for which he would print it was a hundred and—however, that was not the important point: where he wounded us both was in writing that he considered me a "clever lady." I replied stiffly that I was a gentleman, and since then I have kept that manuscript concealed.

At last my opportunity came, and I was rashly engaged as a leader-writer on an English provincial paper. At the moment I was as uplifted as the others, and was to receive what we all regarded as a prodigious salary, but I was wanted in the beginning of the week, and it suddenly struck me that the leaders were the one thing that I had always skipped.

Leaders! How were they written? My mother was already sitting triumphant among my socks, and I durst not let her see me quaking. I retired to ponder, and presently she came to me with the daily paper. Which were the leaders? she wanted to know, so evidently I could get no help from her. Had she any more newspapers? I asked, and after rummaging she pro-

duced a few with which her boxes had been lined. Others, very dusty, came from beneath carpets, and lastly a sooty bundle was dragged down the chimney. Surrounded by these I sat down, and studied how to become a journalist.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

"Decline and Fall," of the Roman Empire, a celebrated history by Edward Gibbon.
en-gross'ing, absorbing.
to send pack'ing, to dismiss without ceremony.
buf-fet'-stool", a small stool with either three or four legs, used in a cupboard or buffet.
clout'y rug, rag rug.
call'ing, profession.
lead'er, the leading or principal editorial article in a newspaper.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE (1860–), novelist and playwright, was born in a little town in Scotland. After his graduation from Edinburgh University, he became a journalist—how, he tells us in the present little sketch taken from "Margaret Ogilvy," the charming biography of his mother, copyrighted by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Almost all of Barrie's stories deal with the homely, everyday life of Scottish people, and are full of exquisite pathos and humor. Among his writings are "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," "Sentimental Tommy," its sequel "Tommy and Grizel," and "The Little White Bird" from which the popular play of "Peter Pan" is taken.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;

But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

Select the nouns in this poem that are seldom used in the plural form.

A LOUISIANA SUGAR PLANTATION OF THE OLD RÉGIME

The Boré plantation was situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, about six miles above New Orleans, taking as a point of departure the Cathedral, then the center of the city, and following the public road that ran along the river in all its windings. Indigo had been the principal staple of the colony, but at last a worm which attacked the plant and destroyed it, through consecutive years, was reducing to poverty and to the utmost despair the whole population.

Jean Étienne de Boré determined to make a bold experiment to save himself and his fellow citizens, and convert his indigo plantation into one of sugar cane. In these critical circumstances, he resolved to renew the attempt that had been made to manufacture sugar. He immediately prepared to go into all the expenses consequent on so costly an undertaking.

His wife warned him that her father had in former years vainly made a similar attempt. She represented that he was hazarding on the cast of a die all that remained of their means of existence; that if he failed, as was probable, he would reduce his family to hopeless poverty; that he was of an age, being over fifty years old, when fate was not to be tempted by doubtful experiments, as he could not reasonably entertain the hope of a sufficiently long life to rebuild his fortune if once completely shattered; and that he would not only expose himself to ruin, but also to a risk much more to be dreaded, that of falling into the grasp of creditors.

Friends and relatives joined their remonstrances to hers, but could not shake the strong resolve of his energetic mind. He

had fully matured his plan, and was determined to sink or swim with it. Purchasing a quantity of cane from two men, who cultivated it only to sell as a dainty in the New Orleans market and to make coarse syrup, he began to plant in 1794, and to make all the other necessary preparations, and in 1795 he made a crop of sugar which sold for twelve thousand dollars, a large sum at that time.

Boré's attempt had excited the keenest interest. Many people had frequently visited him during the year to witness his preparations; gloomy predictions had been set afloat, and on the day when the grinding of the cane was to begin, a large number of the most respectable inhabitants had gathered in and about the sugar house, to be present at the failure or success of the experiment.

Would the syrup granulate? Would it be converted into sugar? The crowd waited with eager impatience for the moment when the man who watched the coction of the juice of the cane should determine whether it was ready to granulate. When the moment arrived, the stillness of death came among them; each one holding his breath, and feeling that it was a matter of ruin or prosperity for them all.

Suddenly the sugar-maker cried out with exultation, "It granulates!" Inside and outside of the building one could have heard the wonderful tidings flying from mouth to mouth, and dying in the distance, as if a hundred glad echoes were telling it to one another. Each one of the bystanders pressed forward to ascertain the fact through the evidence of his own senses, and when it could no longer be doubted, there came a shout of joy, and all flocked around Étienne de Boré, overwhelming him with congratulations and almost hugging the man.

This plantation was sagaciously and tastefully laid out for

beauty and productiveness. The gardens occupied a large area, and at once astonished the eye by the magnificence of their shady avenues of orange trees. Unbroken retreats of myrtle and laurel defied the rays of the sun. Flowers of every description perfumed the air. Extensive orchards produced every fruit of which the climate was susceptible. By judicious cul-

A PLANTATION OF THE OLD RÉGIME

ture there had been obtained remarkable success in producing an abundance of juicy grapes, every branch of which, however, when they began to ripen, was enveloped in a sack of wire to protect it against the depredations of the birds.

The fields were cultivated with so careful an observance of successive seasons, that there was no such thing known as short or half crop, or no crop at all. This was reserved for much

later days. But under the administration of Étienne Boré, during a period of about twenty-five years from the first ebullition of a sugar kettle, in 1795, to the time of his death in 1820, every crop was regularly the same within a few hogsheads.

It was a self-sufficient little domain, exporting a good deal and importing but meagerly, so that the balance was very much in its favor. It was largely supplied with sheep and their wool, with geese, ducks, turkeys, Guinea fowls, and every variety of poultry, without stint. Eggs were gathered by the bushel. Pigeons clouded the sun, and when the small black cherries were ripe, those feathered epicures ate them voraciously.

A numerous herd of cattle, under the inspection of old Pompey and a black youngster, pastured luxuriously and grew fat. What a quantity of fresh butter, rich cheese, milk, cream, and clabber! Vast barns gorged with corn, rice, and hay, hives bursting with honey, vegetables without measure, and so luscious; a varied and liberal supply of carriages always ready for use, horses for the saddle or for driving, all glossy and sleek, and spirited mules, well fed and well curried, the pride of the field hands.

Boré had made of his estate both a farm and a plantation. Every day before dawn cart-loads departed for New Orleans with diversified produce, most of which was handed over, when it reached its destination, to two old women, Agathe and Marie, who were the occupants and the guardians of the town house of Boré.

They admirably understood the art of selling, and were well known to the whole population whose confidence they possessed. Going to market with baskets full, they generally brought them back empty. Josephine, a handsome mulattress, with an assistant of a darker color, sold the milk and butter with wonderful

rapidity, and both were back at the plantation at half-past ten in the morning, with the mail and daily papers, and whatever else they had to bring. It was clock work in everything on that plantation of the old régime.

CHARLES ÉTIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ.

ré'gime', government.
sta'ple, commodity.
con-sec'u-tive, successive.
haz'ard-ing, risking.
ma-tured', completed.
coc'tion, boiling.
sa-ga'cious-ly, wisely; judiciously.
sus-cep'ti-ble, capable of being acted upon.
dep"re-da'tions, despoilings.
eb"ul-li'tion, boiling up.
stint, limit.
ep'i-cures, those who delight in the luxuries of the table.
clab'ber, milk that has become thick through souring; sometimes made into a drink called bonnyclabber.
gorged, filled to the full.
di-ver'si-fied, of various kinds.

A FABLE

A wealthy ploughman drawing near his end,
Called in his sons apart from every friend,
And said, "When of your sire bereft,
The heritage our fathers left
Guard well, nor sell a single field.
A treasure in it is concealed:
The place, precisely, I don't know,
But industry will serve to show.
The harvest past, Time's forlock take,
And search with plough, and spade, and rake;
Turn over every inch of sod,
Nor leave unsearched a single clod."
The father died. The sons—and not in vain—
Turned o'er the soil, and o'er again;

That year their acres bore
More grain than e'er before.
Though hidden money found they none,
Yet had their father wisely done,
To show by such a measure,
That toil itself is treasure.

LA FONTAINE.

IN THE WHEAT-FIELD

When the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose,
When the earth is fair and the heavens are calm,
And the early breath of the wakening rose
Floats on the air in balm,
I stand breast-high in the pearly wheat
That ripples and thrills to a sportive breeze,
Borne over the field with its Hermes feet,
And its subtle odor of southern seas;
While out of the infinite azure deep
The flashing wings of the swallows sweep,
Buoyant and beautiful, wild and fleet,
Over the waves of the whispering wheat.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (Selected).

Her'mes, in Greek mythology, messenger of the gods; represented with winged sandals.

sub'tle, elusive.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830–66) belonged to a distinguished English family, who in colonial days settled in South Carolina. He was graduated from Charleston College and early entered upon a literary career. His poems are full of rare beauty of thought and expression.

THE STAMP ACT IN NORTH CAROLINA

On the 16th day of November, 1765, the people of Wilmington, North Carolina, under the lead of Colonel John Ashe and others, went to Governor Tryon's house and demanded William Houston, who had been appointed stamp-master. Upon Tryon's refusal to surrender him they made preparations to burn the house. Tryon then requested Colonel Ashe to step in and talk with the stamp-master, which he did, and Houston, realizing his danger if he refused the demand made upon him to resign his office, agreed to accompany Colonel Ashe to the street. Escorted thence by a large crowd, they went to the Court House, and there, in the presence of the Mayor and public officers, Houston took and subscribed an oath not to receive or distribute any stamp-paper. Upon the taking and signing of the oath by Houston, the crowd gave three cheers and then dispersed.

Twelve days afterward, the sloop of war *Diligence* arrived in the Cape Fear river with the stamps, and the welcome which awaited her captain must have astonished him. His name was Phipps, and his vessel was a twenty-gun sloop of war, which was cruising off the coast of Virginia and the Carolinas. He brought the stamps from Virginia whither they had been sent from England, and, doubtless, anticipated no trouble whatever in delivering them to the collector of the port of Brunswick. The idea of resistance of any kind probably never occurred to him, and a suggestion of armed defiance on the part of the people on shore would have seemed the wildest absurdity to a commander of one of His Majesty's war-ships.

Comfortably pacing his deck, as the gallant sloop, with colors

flying and all her canvas set, glided curtseying across the bar like a fine lady entering a drawing-room, the Captain was doubtless already enjoying in anticipation the sideboard and table refreshments that awaited him in the hospitable mansions of the Cape Fear planters, and eager to stand, gun in hand, by one of the tall pines of Brunswick and watch the coming of the antlered monarch of the forest before the inspiring music of the hounds.

As the *Diligence* bowled along " with a bone in her mouth " across the ruffled bosom of the beautiful bay into which the river expands opposite Fort Johnston, a puff of white smoke leaped from her port quarter, followed by a roar of salutation from one of her guns; an answering thunder of welcome came from the fort, and the proud ship walked the waters toward the town of Brunswick, eight miles farther up the river toward Wilmington. An hour later she sighted the town, and a little while afterward, with a graceful sweep and a rushing keel, she gradually put her nose in the wind as if scenting trouble; and then, at the shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle, the growling chains released the anchor from its long suspense, and the *Diligence* rested opposite the Custom House of Brunswick, with her grinning port-holes open and all her guns exposed. Then her rigging blocks chuckled as she lowered and clewed her sails, and she rode at her moorings beneath the flag of the Mistress of the Seas.

The Captain at once observed that the little town seemed to be unusually lively and expectant. He soon discovered the cause. A considerable body of armed men occupied the streets and lined the shore. Presently he was informed that Colonel Hugh Waddell, an experienced soldier, who had been on the lookout for the *Diligence* with the militia of Brunswick County,

had notified Colonel Ashe of New Hanover of his movements. These two gentlemen, with the armed militia of both counties, confronted him and informed him that they would resist the landing of the stamps and would fire on anyone attempting it. Here was one of His Majesty's twenty-gun sloops of war openly defied and threatened by British subjects armed and drawn up in battle array! Here was treason, open, flagrant and in the broad light of day—treason armed and led by the most distinguished soldier of the Province and Speaker of the Assembly!

The Captain of the *Diligence* prudently concluded that it would be folly to attempt to land the stamps in the face of such a threat, backed by such force, and promised a compliance with the demands of the people. The "Sons of Liberty," as they were afterward called, then seized one of the boats of the *Diligence*, and, leaving a guard at Brunswick, marched with it mounted on a cart to Wilmington, where there was a triumphal procession through the streets, and at night a general illumination of the town.

And this was more than ten years before the Declaration of Independence, and more than nine before the battle of Lexington, and nearly eight years before the Boston "Tea Party."

ALFRED MOORE WADDELL.

bone in her mouth, foam or spray under the bow; said only of ships.

clewed, drew sails by means of lines attached to the "clews" or lower corners.

fla'grant, actually in execution.

ALFRED MOORE WADDELL (1834–), lawyer, statesman, and author, was born in Hillsboro, North Carolina, and is a great-grandson of the Col. Hugh Waddell (afterward General) mentioned above. His family, since Colonial days, has helped to build the State of his birth.

He was a student for three years in the University of North Carolina and served as a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate army. His active life has been given to the practice of law in Wilmington, and to politics, but he is also the author of historical writings and public addresses. The present article is taken from his best known book called "A Colonial Officer and His Times."

THOMAS JEFFERSON, THE "PEN OF THE REVOLUTION"

I

On the day when Patrick Henry made his great speech against the Stamp Act, a number of students from William and Mary College were standing at the door listening. Among these was a young man of twenty-two, who drank in every word. When he was afterward asked about the debate, he said it was "most bloody." He was unknown at the time, but he was destined to become as famous as Henry himself; for the name of this youth was Thomas Jefferson.

He was the son of a wealthy farmer in Albemarle County, Virginia, and was born in the month of April, 1743. As was then the fashion, he was sent to William and Mary College at Williamsburg, and here for a part of his time he studied very hard. While not thus engaged he was visiting young ladies, and from all accounts he was very much liked by them. He was tall and not very graceful, and had sandy hair; but he was full of wit and fun, and fond of dancing and other amusements. There is no reason to believe that he neglected his studies for the society of young ladies, but he certainly had his share of the fun and frolic around him. He tells us so himself. He had

a friend named John Page, who was afterward Governor of Virginia, and wrote him a number of letters, which were published. In these he gave an account of his daily doings, and it is amusing to read them. In one, he describes a night which he spent at an old country house, where the rain leaked upon his watch, and the rats ate up his pocket-book; and in another he speaks of " dancing with Belinda in the ' Apollo,' " and tells his friend how happy he felt while doing so.

The " Apollo " was a large room in the old Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg, and became famous afterward, like Faneuil Hall in Boston, as the place of meeting of the patriots. At that early day, however, it was used only as a ball-room, and the " Belinda " the young man speaks of was a young lady with whom he had fallen in love. His letters are full of her; and it is amusing to find a person who afterward became the grave President of the United States breaking forth into exclamations at the delight he felt in dancing with her. They were never married, and young Jefferson either was, or pretended to be, very disconsolate. He meant to rig out a boat, he said, and sail to Europe, and remain absent two years; but this was probably a jest, and he turned his attention elsewhere.

Soon afterward he left college and began the practice of law, and it was not till he was nearly thirty that he was married. On this occasion an interesting little scene occurred; and as it gives us a good idea of his light-hearted disposition, I will relate it.

His bride was a beautiful young widow of Charles City County, named Mrs. Skelton. She was about twenty-three, and lived at a place called " The Forest "; and, as she was very wealthy, she had a number of admirers. Of these she preferred Mr. Thomas Jefferson, and in January, 1772, they were married

at "The Forest." It was an old Virginia party, with crowds of friends and relatives, huge roaring fires, and music and dancing, which was kept up throughout the night. On the next morning the bride and groom set out in their carriage, drawn by four horses, for the mountains, where Jefferson lived, and then their troubles began.

It was the depth of winter, and a snow-storm began to fall. They stopped at "Blenheim," the residence of Colonel Carter, not far from the end of their journey; but as the family were not at home, they determined to push on and reach "Monticello," the name of Jefferson's place, before night. They therefore continued their way, but it proved a terrible undertaking. The snow was falling steadily, and the mountain roads were full of drifts, through which they could scarcely force their way. The horses plunged and snorted, and the coach rolled from side to side, and it seemed probable that they would be compelled to spend the night in the fields or forests, without fire or food. It must have tried the young lady's courage, but she laughed and kept up her good spirits, and at last the coach plunged through and ascended the winding road to "Monticello."

MONTICELLO

The sight before them was dreary enough. The hill was covered with snow, and not a light or a fire was to be seen. But this did not affect the young married couple. Jefferson opened

a small pavilion, and led his bride in. He then kindled a fire, and brought out a bottle of wine and some biscuits from behind the books on the shelves, and they supped, and laughed, and sang, and were as gay as if they had been two children enjoying a frolic.

This is one of the small incidents which I set out with the intention of relating. They are not very important in themselves, but they afford us an idea of the persons who figured in them, and that is precisely what we wish to obtain. Jefferson's good-humor on this occasion shows one trait in his character which many persons gave him no credit for; and I have always thought of this little incident with pleasure. The snow was falling and the wind blowing outside the mountain pavilion, but within all was warmth and laughter. They were happy, for they loved each other, and did not mind the snow. None of us mind it in youth, when those we love are beside us. As we grow old they leave us sometimes, and the snow settles in our hearts—when we have a dreary time enough.

II

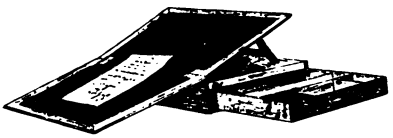
In the spring of 1773, which was the year after his marriage, Thomas Jefferson took his seat in the House of Burgesses. He was only about thirty, and therefore quite a young man still, but it soon became plain that he would be one of the greatest leaders of the Revolution. He was a very poor speaker, and it is doubtful whether he ever made a regular speech in his life; but he was an excellent writer, and this was the foundation of his fame. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject of the quarrel between England and America, which was so defiant that he was declared a traitor by the English government. But this had

no effect upon him. He said what he thought, and men like himself are always ready to support their opinions. He was heart and soul for resistance to England, and now became the author of one of the greatest of all plans for uniting the colonies. This was a "Committee of Correspondence," whose duty it was to write to similar committees to be formed in other parts of the country, by which means each colony would know what the rest were ready to do. Jefferson proposed this, and the committee was appointed. The effect was soon seen. From the North to the South the scattered colonies formed one country in their resistance to oppression; and through their committees they made an arrangement to meet in Congress at Philadelphia.

In these movements at Williamsburg, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were the great leaders. Each had his peculiar gift. Jefferson could not speak, but was a powerful writer. Henry could not write, but was a wonderful orator. Thus each did his part, and urged resistance as the only course now left. The Burgesses followed their suggestions, and the English governor dissolved them, as it was called; but they determined to meet at the Raleigh Tavern, in the "Apollo Room," and did so. Here they consulted as to the next step. Jefferson was among them. He must have looked around him, and remembered the days of his youth, when he was so well acquainted with the old apartment. He had danced many a set with "Belinda" and other young ladies in this very room when he was a thoughtless young man; and now he was a grave statesman, organizing revolution on the same floor which he had danced upon. He must have closed his eyes sometimes, and fancied he heard the music again; for even the busiest men find time to go back in this way often, and return in memory to the happy days of their youth.

I have mentioned the General Congress of the colonies which met at Philadelphia. Jefferson was one of the delegates to it, and in the year 1776 he became immortal in American history as the author of the Declaration of Independence. In May of that year, Virginia suggested that this declaration should be made, and directed Richard Henry Lee, one of her most distinguished patriots, to move the resolution. He did so, and Congress resolved that the declaration should be made; after which they looked about for a person to write it.

The choice fell upon Jefferson. He had scarcely risen in Congress since he had been a delegate, for he was nothing of a public speaker, as I have said, and left debating to others. But his powers as a writer were well known. His style was plain, vigorous, and went straight to the point. What he had to say he said clearly always, and he knew well what to say. The colonies meant in this great paper to declare themselves independent, and give the reasons for doing so; and, sitting down in an old house in Philadelphia, Jefferson wrote the Declaration.



THE LITTLE MAHOGANY DESK ON WHICH JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

It was then offered to Congress, and a hot debate took place upon it. Jefferson had no share in this; he left the struggle to the great John Adams and other friends, who fought like giants for it. Many were opposed to it, and did all they could to defeat it, but failed. The time had come to declare that the colonies were independent, and Congress resolved that this declaration should be made in the terms used by Jefferson. It was

SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

passed with a few changes which did not alter the meaning, and was the crown of Jefferson's fame as a statesman.

It was natural that he should be proud of it, and he seems to have been so. By his own request, the words "Author of the Declaration of American Independence" were cut upon his tombstone.

III

I cannot tell you, in this short story, of Jefferson's long and famous career as a statesman and ruler. He became President of the United States, and the head of a great party; and his fame as an upholder of democracy extended throughout the world. For good or evil—and there are different opinions as to that—he left a powerful impress on the country; and his name will probably last as long as its history.

He passed his last days at "Monticello," where he and his bride had spent that snowy night so long before. He was old, but still active. The University of Virginia was established by him, and he spared no exertions in these his last years to make a great institution of it, in which he succeeded. He wrote many letters, and still watched political affairs keenly; but his chief sources of happiness were literature and the society of his family.

He was happy in his home. His family loved him tenderly, for he was kind and affectionate. His neighbors liked him, for he was extremely hospitable and cordial whenever they came to see him, and he entertained so many visitors that it nearly ruined him. These came to see him from all parts of the world, and especially from France, where he had been minister and was exceedingly popular. One and all were met with a warm

welcome and smiles; and they went away and said that the "Sage of Monticello" was one of the most agreeable as well as one of the greatest men in the world.

He still remained busy. Such a man, with a mind so keen and active, never rests. He labored to establish firmly the great University of Virginia. He wrote thousands of letters to people on politics or other subjects. He read and studied, and wrote for many hours every day, and took a very deep interest in everything relating to Virginia. He had himself, you know, played a great part in her history. He and Edmund Pendleton had rewritten the laws, and Jefferson had overturned with his own hand the old order of things, and made all new. He had put everybody on a level. The old religious intolerance was swept away by his exertions, and, in spite of Edmund Pendleton's opposition, he had destroyed the old system of giving the land to the eldest son, which kept up distinctions in society. This quite altered the State, and he was not much liked by the old planters for it; but the people in general were delighted, and said he was the defender of the "rights of man."

He was very fond of farming operations, and would go into the harvest-field in the hottest part of the day to see his cradlers cut the wheat. He also took a deep interest in stock, and raised blooded horses and fine breeds of cattle. He was an excellent rider. Even when he was an old man and very feeble, he would mount the most spirited horses, and control them with ease. To the last his seat in the saddle was erect and firm, and he continued to ride out on his high-mettled horses when his servants had to lead them up to the porch for him to mount them.

These little details will give you an idea how Thomas Jefferson passed the evening of his life at "Monticello." His sun

was setting gradually, and all eyes were fixed upon it as it sank. At last it began to descend below the horizon, as you may have seen the large red orb of the real sun touch the blue mountains in the west and slowly disappear. In the year 1826, he was taken sick and went to bed. His family and friends gathered around him, and were deeply distressed, but he himself was entirely resigned. He did not seem afraid to die. But he gradually sank; and on the night of the third of July, those at his bedside saw that he was dying. Very singularly, the famous John Adams, who had been his friend and supporter in the great struggle over the Declaration of Independence, was dying at the very same time, far off in Massachusetts. He remembered his old friend in Virginia, and was heard to say to himself:

"Thomas Jefferson still lives!"

Just as midnight struck, Jefferson roused himself, and his lips moved. Those beside him bent over him, and heard him murmur, in a low voice:

"This is the fourth of July!"

He lived until twelve o'clock in the day. He then said, in a feeble voice:

"I resign myself to my God, and my child to my country!"

After uttering these words, he expired; and John Adams died on the same evening. Fifty years before, almost hour for hour, these two great men had placed their names to the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

de-moc'ra-cy, government by the people.

im'press, impression; mark of character.

in-tol'er-ance, refusal to allow others the enjoyment of their opinions.

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

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

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then;
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

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

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

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

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
  List the boy's strong joyous cry!
"Ring!" he shouts aloud; "Ring! grandpa!
  Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"

And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of Freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Shone upon the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phœnix,
Fair Liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
And hushed is now its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young.

And while we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Rang out our INDEPENDENCE,
Which, please God, shall never die!

SELECTED.

Spar'tan, a native of Sparta, whose inhabitants were noted for their great bravery.

Phœ'nix, a bird in fable supposed to be consumed by fire by its own act, and to rise again from its ashes.

WASHINGTON AT TRENTON

HEADQUARTERS, MORRISTOWN.
December 27, 1776.

To the President of Congress:

SIR: I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprise which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning.

The evening of the twenty-fifth I ordered the troops intended for this service to parade back of McKonkey's ferry, that they might begin to pass as soon as it grew dark, imagining that we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery, by twelve o'clock and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice made that night impeded the passage of the boats so much that it was three o'clock

before the artillery could all be got over and near four before the troops took up their line of march.

This made me despair of surprising the town, as I well knew that we could not reach it before the day was fairly broke, but as I was certain there was no making a retreat without being discovered, and harassed on repassing the river, I determined to push on at all events.

I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road, the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them immediately, upon forcing the out guards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form.

The upper division arrived at the enemy's advanced post exactly at eight o'clock, and in three minutes after I found from the fire on the lower road that that division had also got up. The out guards made but small opposition; though, for their numbers, they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses. We presently saw their main body formed, but from their motions, they seemed undetermined how to act.

Being hard pressed by our troops who had already got possession of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right leading to Princeton. But, perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way which immediately checked them. Finding from our disposition that they were surrounded, and that they must inevitably be cut to pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms.

The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer, and seven others were found wounded

in the town. I do not know exactly how many they had killed; but I fancy not above twenty or thirty, as they never made any regular stand. Our loss is very trifling indeed,—only two officers, and one or two privates wounded.

I find that the detachment consisted of the three Hessian

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.

regiments of Lanspach, Kniphausen, and Rahl, amounting to about fifteen hundred men, and a troop of British light horse; but immediately upon the beginning of the attack, all those who were not killed or taken pushed directly down toward Bordentown. These would have likewise fallen into our hands could my plan have been completely carried into execution.

General Ewing was to have crossed before day at Trenton ferry and taken possession of the bridge leading out of the town; but the quantity of ice was so great that though he did everything in his power to effect it, he could not get over.

This difficulty also hindered General Cadwalader from crossing with the Pennsylvania militia from Bristol. He got part of his foot soldiers over; but finding it impossible to embark his artillery, he was obliged to desist.

I am fully confident that could the troops under General Ewing and Cadwalader have passed the river, I should have been able, with their assistance, to drive the enemy from all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me being inferior to them below me, and a strong battalion of light infantry being at Princeton above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town.

In justice to the officers and men, I must add that their behavior upon this occasion reflects the highest honor upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night, and their march through a violent storm of snow and hail did not in the least abate their ardor; but, when they came to the charge, each seemed to vie with the other in pressing forward; and were I to give a preference to any particular corps, I should do great injustice to the others.

Colonel Baylor, my first aide-de-camp, will have the honor of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behavior upon every occasion requires me to recommend him to your particular notice.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

G. W.

ex'e-cu"ted, achieved; effected.
har'assed, molested; disturbed.
out guards, small bodies of troops stationed at a distance from the main army, to watch for the approach of an enemy.

WASHINGTON AND LEE

Our history is a shining sea
  Locked in by a lofty land,
And its great Pillars of Hercules,
  Above the shifting sand,
I here behold in majesty
  Uprising on each hand.

These Pillars of our history,
  In fame forever young,
Are known in every latitude
  And named in every tongue,
And down through all the ages
  Their story shall be sung.

The Father of his Country
  Stands above that shut-in sea,
A glorious symbol to the world
  Of all that's great and free;
And to-day Virginia matches him—
  And matches him with Lee.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

JAMES BARRON HOPE was born at the Gosport navy yard, near Norfolk, Virginia, in 1829. He was graduated from William and Mary College and afterward engaged for a short time in the practice of law. After serving in the Civil War, he located in Norfolk, where he founded and edited the *Landmark*. Many of his poems first appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger* during the editorship of John Reuben Thompson (see p. 246). He died September 15, 1887. A splendid monument, erected to the memory of the "Poet, Patriot, Scholar, and Journalist, and Knightly Virginia Gentleman," marks his grave in Elmwood Cemetery, Norfolk.

DEDICATION OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

No sum could now be made of Washington's character which would not exhaust language of its tributes and repeat virtue by all her names. No sum could be made of his achievements which would not unfold the history of his country and its institutions, the history of his age and its progress, the history of man and his destiny to be free. But whether character or achievement be regarded, the riches before us only expose the poverty of praise.

So clear was he in his great office that no ideal of the leader or ruler can be formed that does not shrink by the side of the reality. And so has he impressed himself upon the minds of men, that no man can justly aspire to be the chief of a great free people who does not adopt his principles and emulate his example. We look with amazement on such eccentric characters as Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Frederick, and Napoleon, but when Washington's face rises before us, instinctively mankind exclaims: "This is the man for nations to trust and reverence and for rulers to follow."

Drawing his sword from patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he wielded it without vindictiveness and sheathed it without reproach. All that humanity could conceive he did to suppress the cruelties of war and soothe its sorrows. He never struck a coward's blow. To him age, infancy, and helplessness were ever sacred. He tolerated no extremity unless to curb the excesses of his enemy, and he never poisoned the sting of defeat by the exultation of the conqueror.

Peace he welcomed as a heaven-sent herald of friendship; and no country has given him greater honor than that which he de-

feated; for England has been glad to claim him as the scion of her blood, and proud, like our sister American States, to divide with Virginia the honor of producing him.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no Veiled Prophet. He never acted a part. Simple, natural, and unaffected, his life lies before us, a fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts that wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practised the profound diplomacy of truthful speech, the consummate tact of direct attention.

Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men, by giving them high hearts and hopes, to help themselves with the means that their Creator has put at their service. There was no infirmity in his conduct over which charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from which purity averts its gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric; no subterranean passage to be trod in trembling lest there be stirred the ghost of a buried crime.

A true son of nature was George Washington—of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mold; and the difficulty, if such there be, in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled nearly half a century of his life, and of realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite to their performance; the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure, whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection of its proportions.

If his exterior—in calm, grave, and resolute repose—ever impressed the casual observer as austere and cold, it was only

because that observer did not reflect that no great heart like Washington's could have lived unbroken unless bound by iron nerves in an iron frame. The Commander of Armies, the Chief of a People, the Hope of Nations, could not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and yet his sternest will could not conceal its high and warm pulsations.

Under the enemy's guns at Boston he did not forget to instruct his agent to administer generously of charity to his needy neighbors at home. The sufferings of women and children thrown adrift by war, and of his bleeding comrades, pierced his soul. And the moist eye and trembling voice with which he bade farewell to his veterans bespoke the underlying tenderness of his nature, even as the stormwind makes music in its undertones.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

When Marathon had been fought and Greece kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor, but all agreed that Miltiades was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature of which time holds record was thus happily concluded in the monument of their preservation, whoever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first.

Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States, their President, their Senators, their Representatives, and their Judges do crown to-day with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, him whom Virginia gave to America, whom America has given to the world and to the ages, and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of the empire in the first degree of greatness; whom liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great Republic of Humanity.

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL.

vin-dic'tive-ness, revengefulness.
ex-trem'ity, extreme measures.
ex-cess'es, transgressions; behavior beyond what is usual or proper.
sci'on, descendant.
di-plo'ma-cy, tact.
con-sum'mate, perfect.
re-cess', secret place.
pan"e-gyr'ic, words of praise.
req'ui-site, necessary; essential.
cas'u-al, occasional.
suf'frage, approval; assent.

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, in 1842. He served in the Confederate army of Northern Virginia throughout the Civil War, and has since practised law in his native city. He has served in the Virginia house of delegates and senate and also in the House of Representatives and Senate of the United States. The oration here reproduced was delivered at the dedication of the Washington monument, February 21, 1885. It is taken from "Famous Orators of the World," edited by Charles Morris, and published by the John C. Winston Company of Philadelphia.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Straight soars to heaven the white magnificence,—
Free as man's thought, high as one lonely name;—
True image of his soul,—serene, immense,—
Mightiest of monuments and mightiest fame.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And the song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

THE SISTER YEARS

Last night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the Old Year was leaving her final footprints on the borders of Time's empire, she found herself in possession of a few spare moments, and sat down—of all places in the world—on the steps of our new City Hall. The wintry moonlight showed that she looked weary of body, and sad of heart, like many another wayfarer of earth. Her garments, having been exposed to much foul weather and rough usage, were in very ill condition; and as the hurry of her journey had never before allowed her to take an instant's rest, her shoes were so worn as to be scarcely worth the mending. But, after trudging only a little distance farther, this poor Old Year was destined to enjoy a long, long sleep.

I forgot to mention, that when she seated herself on the steps, she deposited by her side a very capacious bandbox, in which, as is the custom among travelers of her sex, she carried a great deal of valuable property. Besides this luggage, there was a folio book under her arm, very much resembling the annual volume of a newspaper. Placing this volume across her knees, and resting her elbows upon it, with her forehead in her hands, the weary, bedraggled, world-worn Old Year heaved a heavy sigh, and appeared to be taking no very pleasant retrospect of her past existence.

While she thus awaited the midnight knell, that was to summon her to the innumerable sisterhood of departed Years, there came a young maiden treading lightsomely on tiptoe along the street, from the direction of the Railroad Depot. She was evidently a stranger, and perhaps had come to town by the evening train of cars. There was a smiling cheerfulness in this fair

maiden's face, which bespoke her fully confident of a kind reception from the multitude of people, with whom she was soon to form acquaintance. Her dress was rather too airy for the season, and was bedizened with fluttering ribbons and other vanities, which were likely soon to be rent away by the fierce storms, or to fade in the hot sunshine, amid which she was to pursue her changeful course. But still she was a wonderfully pleasant looking figure, and had so much promise and such an indescribable hopefulness in her aspect, that hardly anybody could meet her without anticipating some very desirable thing from her kind offices.

The New Year—for this young maiden was no less a personage—carried all her goods and chattels in a basket of no great size or weight, which hung upon her arm. She greeted the disconsolate Old Year with great affection, and sat down beside her on the steps of the City Hall, waiting for the signal to begin her rambles through the world. The two were own sisters, being both granddaughters of Time; and though one looked so much older than the other, it was rather owing to hardships and trouble than to age, since there was but a twelvemonth's difference between them.

"Well, my dear sister," said the New Year, after the first salutations, "you look almost tired to death. What have you been about during your sojourn in this part of Infinite Space?"

"Oh, I have it all recorded here in my Book of Chronicles," answered the Old Year, in a heavy tone. "There is nothing that would amuse you; and you will soon get sufficient knowledge of such matters from your own personal experience. It is but tiresome reading."

Nevertheless, she turned over the leaves of the folio, and glanced at them by the light of the moon, feeling an irresistible

spell of interest in her own biography, although its incidents were remembered without pleasure.

"Have you done much for the improvement of the City?" asked the New Year. "Judging from what little I have seen, it appears to be ancient and timeworn."

"I have opened the Railroad," said the elder Year, "and half a dozen times a day you will hear the bell (which once summoned the monks of a Spanish Convent to their devotions) announcing the arrival or departure of the cars. Old Salem now wears a much livelier expression than when I first beheld her. Strangers rumble down from Boston by hundreds at a time. New faces throng in Essex Street. Railroad-hacks and omnibuses rattle over the pavement. There is a perceptible increase of oyster-shops, and other establishments for the accommodation of a transitory diurnal multitude. But a more important change awaits the venerable town. An immense accumulation of musty prejudices will be carried off by the free circulation of society. A peculiarity of character, of which the inhabitants themselves are hardly sensible, will be rubbed down and worn away by the attrition of foreign substances. Much of the result will be good. Whether for better or worse, there will be a probable diminution of the moral influence of wealth, and the sway of an aristocratic class which, from an era far beyond my memory, has held firmer dominion here than in any other New England town."

The Old Year, having talked away nearly all of her little remaining breath, now closed her Book of Chronicles, and was about to take her departure. But her sister detained her a while longer, by inquiring the contents of the huge bandbox, which she was so painfully lugging along with her.

"These are merely a few trifles," replied the Old Year,

" which I have picked up in my rambles, and am going to deposit in the receptacle of things past and forgotten. We sisterhood of Years never carry anything really valuable out of the world with us. Here are patterns of most of the fashions which I have brought into vogue, and which have already lived out their allotted term. You will supply their place with others equally ephemeral. Here, put up in little china pots, like rouge, is a considerable lot of beautiful women's bloom, which the disconsolate fair ones owe me a bitter grudge for stealing. I have likewise a quantity of men's dark hair, instead of which, I have left gray locks, or none at all. The tears of widows and other afflicted mortals, who have received comfort during the last twelve months, are preserved in some dozens of essence-bottles, well corked and sealed. Moreover, here is an assortment of many thousand broken promises, and other broken ware, all very light and packed into little space. The heaviest articles in my possession are a large parcel of disappointed hopes, which, a little while ago, were buoyant enough to have inflated a balloon."

" I have a fine lot of hopes here in my basket," remarked the New Year. " They are a sweet-smelling flower,—a species of rose."

" They soon lose their perfume," replied the sombre Old Year. " What else have you brought to insure a welcome from the discontented race of mortals?"

" Why, to say the truth, little or nothing else," said her sister, with a smile,—" save a few new Annuals and Almanacs, and some New Year's gifts for the children. But I heartily wish well to poor mortals, and mean to do all I can for their improvement and happiness."

" It is a good resolution," rejoined the Old Year; " and, by

the way, I have a plentiful assortment of good resolutions, which have now grown so stale and musty, that I am ashamed to carry them any farther. Many other matters go to make up the contents of my bandbox; but the whole lot would not fetch a single bid, even at an auction of worn-out furniture; and as they are worth nothing either to you or anybody else, I need not trouble you with a longer catalogue."

"And must I also pick up such worthless luggage in my travels?" asked the New Year.

"Most certainly; and well, if you have no heavier load to bear," replied the other. "If these ridiculous people ever see anything tolerable in you, it will be after you are gone forever."

"But I," cried the fresh-hearted New Year,—"I shall try to leave men wiser than I find them. I will offer them freely whatever good gifts Providence permits me to distribute, and will tell them to be thankful for what they have, and humbly hopeful for more; and surely, if they are not absolutely foolish, they will condescend to be happy, and will allow me to be a happy Year. For my happiness must depend on them."

"Alas for you, then, my poor sister!" said the Old Year, sighing, as she uplifted her burden. "We grandchildren of Time are born to trouble. But hark! my task is done."

The clock in the tall church steeple struck twelve; and while the strokes were yet dropping into the air the Old Year either flitted or faded away. As the clock ceased to strike, the maidenly New Year arose from the steps of the City Hall and set out rather timorously on her earthly course.

"A happy New Year!" cried a watchman, eying her figure very questionably, but without the least suspicion that he was addressing the New Year in person.

"Thank you kindly!" said the New Year; and she gave the

watchman one of the roses of hope from her basket. "May this flower keep a sweet smell long after I have bidden you good-by."

Then she stepped on more briskly through the silent streets; and such as were awake at the moment heard her footfall, and said "The New Year is come!"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*Slightly abridged*).

re'tro-spect, contemplation, or view, of things past.
be-diz'ened, dressed in tawdry manner.
tran'si-to-ry, fleeting; passing.
di-ur'nal, daily.
prej'u-dices, unreasonable opinions.
dim"i-nu'tion, reduction; lessening.
at-tri'tion, friction.
e-phem'er-al, lasting only for a brief time.
Prov'i-dence, God.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804. In this historic little town and in that of Concord he spent most of his life. From a boy he was accustomed to take long walks and to pass much time in solitude. He was full of romantic imagination and delicate fancy, ever ready "to explore dark corners." His stories, which are almost all of New England life, abound in fascinating mystery and whimsical humor. His "Grandfather's Chair," sketches of New England history, and his "Wonder Book" were written specially for children. Among his best known works are "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," "Tanglewood Tales" and "Twice-Told Tales," from which "The Sister Years" is taken. Hawthorne died in 1864, and was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord.

All nouns have ***gender.*** That is, they show by their form or use, whether they refer to a male, a female, or an object without life or sex.

Gender is of *three* kinds.

Masculine gender denotes the *male* sex. Example: man.

Feminine gender denotes the *female* sex. Example: woman.

Neuter gender denotes the *absence of sex.* Example: book.

THE NEW YEAR

Ring out, O bells, ring silver-sweet o'er hill and moor and fell!
In mellow echoes, let your chimes their hopeful story tell.
Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, this joyful glad refrain:
" A bright new year, a glad new year, hath come to us again! "

Ah, who can say how much of joy within it there may be
Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet melody?
Good-bye, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy tale at last is told.
O New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of brightest gold.

The flowers of spring must bloom at last, when gone the winter's snow;
God grant that after sorrow past, we all some joy may know;
Though tempest-tossed our bark a while on life's rough waves may be,
There comes a day of calm at last, when we the haven see.

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! There's music in the sound.
Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the echoes round,
The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom we hold dear,
That God may gracious be to us in this the bright new year.

SELECTED.

moor, heath or marsh. | **fell,** rocky hill; also, a field.

Nouns that denote either male or female are sometimes said to be of ***common*** gender. Examples: children, mortals, people, friend.

ON THE ART OF FLYING

Among the artists that had been allured into the happy valley, to labor for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. By a wheel, which the stream turned, he forced the water into a tower, whence it was distributed to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air cool by artificial showers. One of the groves appropriated to the ladies was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulet that ran through it gave a constant motion; and instruments of soft music were placed at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind, and some by the power of the stream.

This artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions would be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot; he saw that the design was practicable on a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honors.

" Sir," said he, " you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings, that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains; having seen what the mechanic had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more, yet resolved to inquire further, before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment.

"I am afraid," said he to the artist, "that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned to him; the birds have the air and man and beasts the earth."

"So," replied the mechanist, "fishes have the water in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and men by art. He that can swim need not despair to fly; to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborne by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"But the exercise of swimming," said the prince, "is very laborious, the strongest limbs are soon wearied; I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent, and wings will be of no great use unless we can fly further than we can swim."

"The labor of rising from the ground," said the artist, "will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls; but as we mount higher, the earth's attraction and the body's gravity will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall. No care will then be necessary but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the

earth and all its inhabitants rolling beneath him and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How must it amuse the pendant spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts. To survey with equal serenity the marts of trade and the field of battle, mountains infested by barbarians and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace. How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all its passage, pass over to distant regions and examine the face of Nature from one extremity of the earth to the other."

"All this," said the prince, "is much to be desired, but I am afraid no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity. I have been told that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall; therefore I suspect that from any height where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent."

"Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favor my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task tomorrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

"Why," said Rasselas, "should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others and ought to repay the kindness he has received."

"If men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against any army sailing through the clouds, neither walls nor mountains nor seas could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon a capitol of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

The prince promised secrecy and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and to unite levity and strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the prince. In a year the wings were finished, and on a morning appointed the maker appeared, furnished for flight, on a little promontory; he waved his pinions awhile to gather air, then leaped from his stand and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

re″cre-a′tion, amusement.
gross′er, thicker; denser.
grav′i-ty, weight.
pend′ant, hanging; suspended.
te-nu′i-ty, rarity.
vo′lant, having wings.
con″ti-nu′i-ty, unbroken connection.
in-gen′ious, of curious structure.
lev′i-ty, lightness.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709–84), although the most prominent man in English literature during the last twenty-five years of his life, was through

all the earlier years desperately poor. "Rasselas," from which "On the Art of Flying" is taken, was written "in the evenings of a week to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral." Dr. Johnson compiled a "Dictionary of the English Language" and wrote numerous admirable essays, including "Lives of the Poets."

"Boswell's Life of Johnson," in six volumes, contains a complete record of all his sayings and doings.

THE PERILS AND PLEASURES OF BALLOONING

When I was a small boy, it was a favorite pastime of my companions and myself to climb high up in trees and swing from branch to branch. The tender pines which grew about my Georgia home would sway as we jumped, and I could make leaps of from twenty to thirty feet. I excelled at the sport, and none of my companions could catch me. I believe that in that squirrel-like amusement were born the wishes and ambitions that have led me since to go up some twelve thousand feet in the air, sailing through the clouds, seeing the glories of the sunset, high above the land, and spending fourteen hours in the midst of a terrific storm with the lightnings playing above and below me.

There is something about the start of a balloon ascension which gives a thrill that cannot be experienced on any other occasion. This is especially true of the one who is to be the navigator. He cannot delegate to others, entirely, the responsibility of seeing that the balloon is in perfect condition before he trusts his life to it. The valves must work properly; the cords must be strong; the bag itself must not leak; the net must be on correctly; the basket must be properly attached and stored with instruments, water, and food. It would take but

a moment in the air to find out a mistake that might cost the navigator and his passengers their lives.

It takes hours to inflate the balloon, but there is plenty of work to do as the gas slowly lifts the limp bag and spreads it out into a firm sphere. When it is tense and tugs at the numerous sand-bags, the car is made ready, slipped under, and at-

A BALLOON ASCENSION AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

tached. After all is tested again, the navigator steps in, the bags are let loose, one by one, the assistants hang on for a minute, then let go, and soon the earth is far behind.

There is no fear as one sees the earth receding from under the balloon—at least, there was none with me. At the height of a few hundred feet, a sense of tranquillity comes over one, and, as the distance from the earth increases, a feeling of actual happiness is experienced. The atmospheric pressure which the man on the earth is constantly enduring, diminishes as the balloon rises in the air. Physical and mental exhilaration fol-

lows. The muscles seem harder, the heart beats with more ease, and there is a sense of lightness and freedom that cannot easily be described. At the same time there is an awakening of the mentality. The senses are keener. Perception is increased; one thinks more quickly, and the thoughts are more exalted. The amount of nervous energy which one expends while in the air is enormous. It is not appreciated, of course, until the earth is reached again. But then the effects are severe, and often lasting.

One of the strangest sensations that a balloonist experiences is that of being lost in a fog. The absolute separation which one feels at such a time cannot be duplicated in any other human experience. There is no calculating of position; the statoscope tells whether the balloon is rising or falling, but beyond that there is no way of knowing east or west, north or south. When one can see, the drag rope, extending three hundred feet below the car, will tell by its swaying which way the balloon is proceeding. But in a fog this, of course, cannot be seen. The knowledge of the direction in which the balloon is drifting is of extreme importance to those who are in it.

THE CAR OF THE "NIRVANA," SHOWING DR. THOMAS AT THE RIGHT.

The sea is the great danger of the aeronaut. It is the one dread thing that is always before him. The peril of being blown out over the ocean or other large body of water is ever in

his mind, and he is constantly calculating his position with this thought in view. To be lost in a fog, then, exposes him to his greatest enemy. The balloon has a tendency to revolve, and one cannot keep any sense of direction in his head. The compass is likewise useless, placing the aerial navigator at the mercy of the unfelt wind. In this situation there are sounds that resemble those of the sea, and occasionally the fog seems to part and open up the awful deep. It is strange how a man can face such moments with merely a fleeting sense of fear. What it would be to find oneself over the ocean can be easily imagined. Yet even when the terrible conviction comes, that below the fog is water, it is accepted, in the exalted state a man's mind is in when high in air, without disturbance, and the result is watched for with perfect tranquillity.

I remember we were lost in a fog on the long trip we took a few months ago, when we landed in Massachusetts near the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. The fog lasted for hours. At times we could hear the water under us, but did not know whether it was a river, that would be able to do us little harm if we landed in it, or the unfathomable ocean, that would mean death if we ever touched it. There is nothing for a balloonist to do in such a situation. If he fears that he is over the sea, he must stay up as long as he can or until the fog breaks and possibly relieves his suspense.

But far more wonderful than the fog or the loveliness of the cloudland, which looks like great white mountains floating around in space, and more impressive even than the broad expanse of land on a clear, sunny day, is a storm. To be in the lightning, to have it above and below, to hear the thunder crash about me, to see the clouds condense and the moisture gather on the bag of the balloon and fall down the sides until

it was a perfect spout, pouring down on my head—this was an experience I once had that lasted for fourteen and a half hours.

The storm was so grand that in its horror it failed to terrorize. The lightning was not forked nor in streaks; there was simply an opening up of blue flame which extended on all sides. The electricity was so prevalent that the ropes snapped as I touched them. Yet the very fact that I was immediately in the storm, with the lightning completely surrounding me, prevented the gas-bag from exploding, as it would have done had a match been touched to it.

But it is neither in the storm nor in the unusual manifestations of the air that the real pleasure of a balloon trip is found. It is rather in the sailing over the earth, where city and country can be seen as a bird sees them, in watching the rivers that look like threads and the mountains that seem mere playthings below, and in being, in a way, a master of space, as man in all the ages has not been. And this, after all, is the exquisite joy of the balloonist—that he can claim to have found a sport with which none other can compare.

JULIAN P. THOMAS.

del'e-gate, transfer; intrust.
men-tal'i-ty, state of mind.
du''pli-ca'ted, doubled; repeated.
stat'o-scope, a kind of barometer for registering minute variations of atmospheric pressure.
a'er-o-naut, a navigator in the air.

JULIAN P. THOMAS, a noted aeronaut, was born in Georgia. How he came to be interested in aerial navigation he hints at briefly in the description above. As he himself says, "Not in a haphazard way nor looking merely for the excitement of the ascents, but in the laboratory, by study, and by numberless experiments, and by learning the conditions that are to be met in the air, I have tried to solve the problem that is probably the greatest one confronting the intellectual world to-day." In

1906, Dr. Thomas purchased in Paris the *Nirvana*, which was, at that time, the largest balloon in the country, standing sixty feet high when ready for ascent. "The Perils and Pleasures of Ballooning" is reproduced here by courtesy of the author and of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, in which the article was published in December, 1906.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

fowl'er, sportsman.
plash'y, watery; splashy.
chafed, worn by the waves.
a-byss', unfathomed depth.

Find in "On the Art of Flying," *five masculine nouns; ten nouns of common gender.*

Make a list of the feminine nouns that correspond to the following masculine nouns:

boy	duke	heir	husband	nephew
brother	emperor	hero	king	son
count	father	host	master	uncle

The words in a sentence all bear some relation to each other.

The relation of a noun to another word in the sentence is denoted by its ***case.***

There are three cases: *nominative, possessive* and *objective.*

A noun is in the ***nominative*** case when it is the subject of the verb. Example: Thy *figure* floats along.

A noun is in the ***nominative*** case when it completes the idea of the predicate. Example: Bryant was a *poet.*

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BEAVER

I

A broad, flat tail came down on the water with a whack that sent the echoes flying back and forth across the pond, and its owner ducked his head, arched his back, and dived to the bottom. It was a very curious tail, for besides being so oddly paddle-shaped it was covered with what looked like scales, but were really sections and indentations of hard, horny, blackish-gray skin. Except its owner's relations, there was no one else in all the animal kingdom who had one like it. But the strangest thing about it was the many different ways in which he used it. Just now it was his rudder—and a very good rudder, too.

In a moment his little brown head reappeared, and he and his brothers and sisters went chasing each other round and round the pond, ducking and diving and splashing, raising such a commotion that they sent the ripples washing all along the grassy shores, and having the jolliest kind of a time. When the youngsters wanted a change, they climbed up on to a log, and nudged and hunched each other, poking their noses into one another's fat little sides, and each trying to shove his brother or sister back into the water. By and by they scrambled out on the bank, and then, when their fur had dripped a little, they set to work to comb it. Up they sat on their hind legs and tails—the tail was a stool now, you see—and scratched their heads and shoulders with the long brown claws of their small, black, hairy hands. Then the hind feet came up one at a time, and combed and stroked their sides till the moisture was gone and the fur was soft and smooth and glossy as velvet.

After that they had to have another romp. They were not

half as graceful on land as they had been in the water. In fact they were not graceful at all, and the way they stood around on their hind legs, and shuffled and pranced and wheeled like baby hippopotami, and slapped the ground with their tails, was one of the funniest sights in the heart of the woods. And the funniest and liveliest of them all was the one now whom I shall call the Beaver—with a big B.

The first year of his life was an easy one, especially the winter, when there was little for anyone to do except to eat, to sleep, and now and then to fish for the roots of the yellow water-lily in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond. During that season he probably accomplished more than his parents did, for if he could not toil he could at least grow.

But later, on a dark autumn night, behold the young Beaver working with might and main. His parents have felled a tree, and it is his business to help them cut up the best portions and carry them home. He gnaws off a small branch, seizes the butt end between his teeth, swings it over his shoulder, and makes for the water, keeping his head twisted around to the right or left so that the end of the branch may trail on the ground behind him. Sometimes he even rises on his hind legs, and walks almost upright, with his broad, strong tail for a prop to keep him from tipping over backward if his load happens to catch on something. Arrived at the canal or at the edge of the pond, he jumps in and swims for town, still carrying the branch over his shoulder, and finally leaves it on the growing pile in front of his father's lodge.

These were his first tasks. Later on he learned to fell trees himself. Standing on his hind legs and tail, with his hands braced against the trunk, he would hold his head sidewise, open his mouth wide, set his teeth against the bark, and bring his

jaws together with a savage nip that left a deep gash in the side of the tree. A second nip deepened the gash, and gave it more of a downward slant, and two or three more carried it still farther into the tough wood. Then he would choose a new spot a little farther down, and start a second gash, which was made to slant up toward the first. And when he thought that they were both deep enough he would set his teeth firmly in the wood between them, and pull and jerk and twist at it until he had wrenched out a chip—a chip perhaps two inches long, and from an inch to a quarter of an inch thick.

A LARGE BIRCH TREE SHOWING WHERE THE BEAVERS HAVE STARTED TO FELL IT

Chip after chip was torn out in this way, and gradually he would work around the tree until he had completely encircled it. Then the groove was made deeper. Little by little he dug away the tree's flesh until there was nothing left but its heart, and it began to creak and rend. The Beaver jumped aside to get out of the way, and hundreds of small, tender branches, and delicious little twigs and buds came crashing down where he could cut them off and eat them or carry them away at his leisure.

One night the Beaver came swimming down the pond, homeward bound, and as he dived and approached the submarine entrance of the lodge, he noticed some stakes driven into the mud —stakes that had never been there before. They seemed to form two rows, one on each side of his course, but as there was room enough for him to pass between them he swam straight ahead without stopping. His hands had no webs between the fingers, and were of little use in swimming, so he had folded them back against his body; but his big feet were working like the wheels of a twin-screw steamer, and he was forging along at a great rate. Suddenly, half-way down the line of stakes, his breast touched the pan of a steel trap, and the jaws flew up quick as a wink and strong as a vise. Fortunately there was nothing that they could take hold of. They struck him so hard that they lifted him bodily upward, but they caught only a few hairs.

A week later, however, he was really caught and lost his right hand. By the time the Beaver's wound was healed—Nature was good to him, and the skin soon grew over the torn stump—the pond was covered with ice. The beavers, only half as numerous as they had been a few weeks before, kept close in their lodges and burrows, and for a time they lived in peace and quiet, and their numbers suffered no further diminution. Then the trapper took to setting his traps through the ice, and before long matters were worse than ever. By spring the few beavers that remained were so thoroughly frightened that the ancient town was abandoned forever. The lodges fell to ruins, the burrows caved in, the dam gave way, the pond and canals were drained, and that was the end of the city.

in"den-ta'tions, notches. | **vise,** a sort of clamp.

II

The next city that claimed the honor of being our Beaver's home was a brand-new one. Let us see how it had its beginning. The Beaver got married about the time he left his old home.

"ONE PORTRAIT WILL ANSWER FOR BOTH"

Except for his missing hand, his wife was so like him that it would have puzzled you to tell which was which. Do you want to know what they looked like? They measured about three feet, six inches, from tip of nose to tip of tail, and they weighed perhaps thirty pounds apiece. Their bodies were heavy and clumsy, and were covered with thick, soft, grayish under-fur, which in turn was overlaid with longer hairs of a glistening chestnut-brown, making a coat that was thoroughly water-proof as well as very beautiful. Their heads were somewhat like those of gigantic rats, with small, light-brown eyes, little round ears covered with hair, and long orange-colored incisors looking out from between parted lips. One portrait will answer for both of them.

They wandered about for some time, looking for a suitable location, and examining several spots along the beds of various little rivers, none of which seemed to be just right. But at last they found, in the very heart of the wilderness, a place where a shallow stream ran over a hard stony bottom, and here they set to work. Alder bushes laid lengthwise of the current

were the first materials used, and for a time the water filtered through them with hardly a pause. Then the beavers began laying mud and stones and moss on this brush foundation, scooping them up with their hands, and holding them under their chins as they waddled or swam to the dam.

The first year the beavers did not try to raise the stream more than a foot above its original level. There was much other work to be done—a house to be built, and food to be laid in for the

A BEAVERS' LODGE

winter—and if they spent too much time on the dam they might freeze or starve before spring. A few rods upstream was a grassy point which the rising waters had transformed into an island, and here they built their lodge, a hollow mound of sticks and mud, with a small, cave-like chamber in the center, from which two tunnels led out under the pond. The walls were masses of earth and wood and stones, so thick and solid that even a man with an axe would have found it difficult to pene-

trate them. Only at the very apex of the mound there was no mud, nothing but tangled sticks through which a breath of fresh air found its way now and then. In all other respects the house was neat and clean. The floor was only two or three inches above the level of the water in the tunnels, and would naturally have been a bed of mud; but they mixed little twigs with it, and stamped and pounded it down till it was hard and smooth. With the ends of projecting sticks cut off to leave the walls even and regular, and with long grass carried in to make the beds, the lodge was finished and ready.

Five babies came in May, and they were very pretty children —about as large as rats, and covered with thick, soft, silky, reddish-brown fur, but without any of the longer, coarser, chestnut-colored hairs that formed their parents' outer coats. They were very playful, too, as the father and mother had been in their own youthful days. The old beavers brought in little twigs for them, about the size of lead-pencils; and if you had been there, and your eyes had been sharp enough to pierce the gloom, you might have seen the youngsters exercising their brand-new teeth, and learning to sit up and hold sticks in their baby hands while they ate the bark. And wouldn't you have liked to be present on the night when they first went swimming down the long, dark tunnel; and, rising to the surface, looked around on their world of woods and water—on the quiet pond, with its glassy smoothness broken only by their own ripples; on the tall trees, lifting their fingers toward the sky; and on the stars, marching silently across the heavens, and looking down with still, unwinking eyes on another family of babies that had come to live and love and be happy for a little while on God's earth?

Only once that year did a man come to town, and then he

did not do anything very dreadful. He was not a trapper, he was only an amateur naturalist who wanted to see the beavers at their work, and who thought he was smart enough to catch them at it. His plan was simple enough: he made a breach in the dam one night, and then climbed a tree and waited for them to come and mend it. It was bright moonlight, and he thought he would see the whole thing and learn some wonderful secrets.

The Beaver was at work in the woods not very far away, and presently he came down to the edge of the pond, rolling a heavy birch cutting before him. He noticed at once that the water was falling, and he started straight for the dam to see what was the matter. The amateur naturalist saw him coming, a dark speck moving swiftly down the pond, with a long V-shaped ripple spreading out behind him like the flanks of a flock of wild geese. But the Beaver was doing some thinking while he swam. He had never before known the water to fall so suddenly and rapidly; there must be a very bad break in the dam. How could it have happened? It looked suspicious. It looked very suspicious indeed; and just before he reached the dam he stopped to reconnoiter, and at once caught sight of the naturalist up in the tree. His tail rose in the air and came down with the loudest whack that had ever echoed across the pond, a stroke that sent the spray flying in every direction, and that might have been heard three-quarters of a mile away. His wife heard it, and paused in her work of felling a tree; the children heard it, and the neighbors heard it; they all knew it meant business.

The Beaver dived like a loon and swam for dear life, and he did not come to the surface again till he had reached the farther end of the pond and was out of sight behind a grassy point. There he stayed, now and then striking the water with his tail as a signal that the danger was not yet over. The naturalist

roosted in the tree till his teeth were chattering and he was fairly blue with cold, and then he scrambled down and went back to his camp. He decided that watching beavers wasn't very interesting, anyhow—hardly worth the trouble it cost.

In the following year the population was increased to eighteen, for six more babies arrived in our Beaver's lodge, and four in his neighbors'. In another twelve-month the first five were old enough to build lodges and found homes of their own; and so the city grew, and our Beaver and his wife were the original inhabitants, the first settlers, the most looked-up-to of all the citizens.

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT (Abridged).

in-ci'sors, teeth.
a'pex, topmost point.
rec''on-noi'ter, to make a survey.
am'a-teur'', one who cultivates the special study of a science or an art.

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT (1868–) was born at Mackinac Island, Michigan, and as a boy he spent much time on the water, sailing about the Straits of Mackinac in a small skiff and on his father's fishing tug. Later he lived for some years in the lumber woods in the heart of the upper peninsula of Michigan, near a beautiful little lake which he calls "the Glimmerglass." It was during this time that he began to write stories of these woods and of the wild animals that live in them—first for the *Chicago Record,* and afterwards for *McClure's* and other magazines. "The Biography of a Beaver" is taken from a collection of these stories entitled "Forest Neighbors," published by the McClure Company.

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

im-mor'tal, eternal; imperishable.
sym'me-try, proportion of the various parts of the body to each other.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827) was an English poet and engraver. Many of his poems were published with etchings of his own design. While a few of his verses are remarkably beautiful for their simplicity of expression and unusual pathos, the majority of his writings are too eccentric to be popular. "The Tiger" is one of his best known poems.

A BREAKFAST WITH ELIA

Invited to breakfast with a gentleman in the Temple to meet Charles Lamb and his sister—"Elia and Bridget Elia!" I never in my life had an invitation more to my taste. The Essays of Elia are certainly the most charming things in the world, and it has been for the last ten years my highest compliment to the literary taste of a friend to present him with a copy. Who has not smiled over the humorous description of Mrs. Battle? Who that has read Elia would not give more to see him than all the other authors of his time put together?

I arrived a half hour before Lamb, and had time to learn some of his peculiarities. He lives a little out of London, and is very much of an invalid. Some family circumstances have tended to depress him very much of late years, and unless excited, he scarcely shows a trace of what he was.

There was a rap at the door at last, and enter a gentleman in black, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful, forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with gray, beautiful deepset eyes, aquiline nose and a very indescribable mouth. Whether it expressed most humor or feeling, good nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns, I cannot in the least be certain.

His sister, whose literary reputation is associated very closely with her brother, and who, as the original of Bridget Elia, is a kind of object of literary affection, came in after him. She is a small bent figure, evidently a victim to illness, and hears with difficulty. Her face has been, I should think, a fine and handsome one, and her bright gray eyes are full of intelligence and fire.

They both seemed quite at home in our friend's chambers, and as there was to be no one else, we immediately drew around the breakfast table. I had set a large arm chair for Miss Lamb. "Don't take it, Mary," said Lamb, pulling it away from her very gravely, "it appears as if you were going to have a tooth drawn." Nothing could have been more delightful than the kindness and affection between the brother and sister, though Lamb was continually taking advantage of her deafness to mystify her with the most serious gravity upon every topic that was started.

The conversation turned upon literature after a while, and our host, the Templar, could not express himself strongly enough in admiration of Webster's speeches, which he said were exciting the greatest attention among the politicians and lawyers of England. Lamb said, "I don't know much of American authors. Mary, there, devours Cooper's novels with a ravenous appetite, with which I have no sympathy. The only American book that I ever read twice was the 'Journal of John Woolman,' a Quaker preacher and tailor, whose character is one of the finest I ever met with."

My friend spoke of buying a book of Lamb's a few days before, and I mentioned my having bought a copy of Elia the last day I was in America to send as a parting gift to one of the most lovely women in our country.

"What did you give for it?" said Lamb.

"About seven and sixpence."

"Permit me to pay you that," said he, and with the utmost earnestness he counted the money upon the table.

"I never yet wrote anything that would sell," he continued. "I am the publisher's ruin. My last poem won't sell a copy. Have you seen it, Mr. Willis?"

"I have not."

"It is only eighteen pence, and I'll give you sixpence toward it"; and he described it to me, where I should find it sticking up in a shop window in the Strand.

Lamb ate nothing and complained of the veal pie. There was a kind of potted fish, which he expected our friend would secure for him. He inquired whether there was not a morsel left, perhaps, in the bottom of the last pot. Our host was not sure.

"Send and see," said Lamb, "and if the pot has been cleaned, bring me the cover. I think that the sight of it would do me good."

The cover was brought, upon which there was a picture of the fish. Lamb kissed it with a reproachful look at his friend, and then left the table and began to wander around the room with a broken uncertain step, as if he almost forgot to put one foot before the other. His sister arose after a while, and commenced walking up and down very much in the same manner on the opposite side of the table, and in the course of half an hour they took their leave.

To any one who loves the writing of Charles Lamb with but half of my own enthusiasm, even these little particulars of an hour passed in his company will have an interest. Wreck as he certainly is and must be, of what he was, I would rather have seen him for that single hour than the hundred and one sights of London put together.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

E'li-a, pen name of Charles Lamb.
Tem'ple, one of the two Inns of Court in London, called Middle and Inner Temple, where students of law have apartments.
aq'ui-line, curving; hooked.
Strand, one of the chief thoroughfares of London.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1806–67), an American author and poet, was born in Portland, Maine. He began writing verses while a student at Yale College, and after his graduation was engaged in various journalistic enterprises. He traveled extensively abroad, and wrote many graceful and entertaining sketches of his experiences in "Loiterings of Travel," "People I Have Met," "Famous Persons and Places," and other volumes. He died at his home, "Idlewild," near Newburg, New York.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling, was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with a cottage (a sorry makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of newborn pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East,

from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement,—which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time,—as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? —not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower.

He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious. Surrendering himself to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a cudgel. Finding how affairs stood, he began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones,

which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat, the burnt pig, father, only taste!" —with such barbarous cries, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster. But the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's; and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon

the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and the father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprit stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and the jury all handled it. They all burned their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompted to each of them the same remedy. Against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the unfairness of the decision; and when the court was dismissed went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop.

People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long

time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal might be cooked (burned as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

Then first began the rude form of gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

CHARLES LAMB (*From the "Essays of Elia"*).

Ab-ys-sin'i-a, a country of eastern Africa.
Con-fu'ci-us, a celebrated Chinese philosopher and teacher.
Mun'dane Mu-ta'tions, earthly changes.
mast, acorns.
lub'ber-ly, clumsy.
boo'by, stupid.
crack'ling, brown skin of roast pig.
ob-nox'ious, offensive; hateful.
spit, a pointed rod for holding meat while roasting.
ob'vi-ous, evident; plain.

A noun is in the ***nominative*** case when it is used as the *person or thing addressed,* and also when it is used *independently.* Examples: "O *father,* do taste the burnt pig." The *mystery* having been solved, they were summoned to court.

The ***possessive*** case of a noun denotes ownership.

In the singular number, it is formed by adding an apostrophe and *s.* Example: Hoti's cottage.

In the plural number, if the noun ends in *s,* only the apostrophe is added; otherwise it is formed the same as in the singular. Examples: the pigs' loss; the children's tricks.

A noun is in the ***objective*** case when it is used as the object of a verb or of a preposition. Examples: He burned his *fingers;* he applied them to his *mouth.*

When a noun explains another noun, it is said to be in ***apposition*** with the noun that it explains and is put in the same case. Example: Bridget Elia, his *sister,* came in after him.

THE ALAMO

On the 23d of February, 1836, General Santa Anna himself, with four thousand Mexican soldiers, marched into the town of San Antonio. In the old mission of the Alamo were

THE ALAMO AT THE PRESENT TIME

the town's only defenders, one hundred and forty-five men, under Captain Travis, a young man twenty-eight years old. With him were Davy Crockett, who had crossed over from his own State to help those who were freeing theirs, and Colonel Bowie, who was wounded and lying on a cot.

The mission was their fortress, quarters, and magazine; their artillery, fourteen mounted pieces, but there was little ammunition. Santa Anna demanded unconditional surrender, and the answer was ten days of dogged defense, and skirmishes by day and sorties for food and water by night. The Mexicans lost heavily during the first days of the siege, but not one inside of the Alamo was killed.

Early in the week Travis had despatched couriers for help, and the defenders of the mission were living in the hope of re-enforcements; but four days passed, and neither couriers returned nor re-enforcements came. On the fourth day Colonel Fannin with three hundred men and four pieces of artillery started forth from Goliad, and put back again for want of food and lack of teams. The garrison of the Alamo never knew of this.

On the 1st of March, Captain John W. Smith, who had found teams and rations, brought an offering of thirty-two men from Gonzales safely into the fort. They came by forced marches to their own graves; but they did not know that, and that garrison, now one hundred and seventy-two strong, against four thousand Mexicans, continues its desperate sorties and its desperate defence.

On the 3d of March, 1836, there is a cessation in the bombardment, and Captain Travis draws his men up into single rank and takes his place in front of them.

He tells them that he has deceived them with hopes of re-enforcements—false hopes based on false promises of help from the outside—but he does not blame those who failed him; he makes excuses for them; they have tried to reach him, no doubt, but have been killed on the way. Sidney Lanier quotes this excusing of those who had deserted him at the very threshold

of death, as best showing the fineness of Travis, and the poet who has judged the soldier so truly, has touched here one of the strongest points in this story of great heroism.

Captain Travis tells them that all that remains to them is the choice of their death, and that they have but to decide in which manner of dying they will best serve their country. They can surrender and be shot down mercilessly, they can make a sortie and be butchered before they have gained twenty yards, or they can die fighting to the last, and killing their enemies until that last comes.

He gives them their choice, and then stooping, draws a line with the point of his sword in the ground from the left to the right of the rank. "And now," he says, "every man who is determined to remain here and to die with me, will come to me across that line."

Tapley Holland was the first to cross. He jumped it with a bound as though it were a Rubicon. "I am ready to die for my country," he said.

Then all but one man, named Rose, marched over to the other side. Coloned Bowie, lying wounded in his cot, raised himself on his elbow. "Boys," he said, "don't leave me. Won't some of you carry me across?"

Those of the sick who could walk rose from the bunks and tottered across the line; and those who could not walk were carried. Rose, who could speak Spanish, trusted to this chance to escape, and, scaling the wall of the Alamo, dropped into a ditch on the other side, and crawled, hidden by the cacti, to a place of safety. Through him we know what happened before that final day came.

Three days after this, on the morning of the 6th of March, Santa Anna brought forward all his infantry, supported by his

cavalry, and stormed the fortress. The infantry came up on every side at once in long, black solid rows, bearing the scaling-ladders before them, and encouraged by the press of great numbers about them.

But the band inside the mission drove them back, and those who held the ladders dropped them on the ground and ran against the bayonets of their comrades. A second time they charged into the line of bullets, and the second time they fell back, leaving as many dead as there were men standing at bay within the walls.

At the third trial the ladders are planted, and Mexicans after Mexicans scale them, and jump down into the pit inside, hundreds and hundreds of them, to be met with bullets and then by bayonet-thrusts, and at last with desperate swinging of the butt, until the little band becomes smaller and weaker, and is driven up and about and beaten down and stamped beneath the weight of overwhelming and unending numbers.

They die fighting on their knees, hacking up desperately as they are beaten and pinned down by a dozen bayonets, Bowie leaning on his elbow and shooting from his cot, Crockett fighting like a panther in the angle of the church wall, and Travis with his back against the wall to the west.

The one hundred and seventy-two men who had held four thousand men at bay for two sleepless weeks are swept away as a dam goes down that has held back a flood, and the Mexicans open the church doors from the inside and let in their comrades, and the sunshine, which shows them five hundred and twenty-two dead Mexicans, and five hundred more wounded.

There are no wounded among the Texans; of the one hundred and seventy-two who were in the Alamo there are one hundred and seventy-two dead. With an example like this to follow,

it was not difficult to gain the independence of Texas; and whenever Sam Houston rode before his men, crying, "Remember the Alamo!" the battle was already half won.

It was not a cry wholly of revenge, I like to think. It was rather the holding up of the cross to the crusaders, and crying, "By this sign we conquer." It was a watchword to remind men of those who had suffered and died that their cause might live.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

quar'ters, lodgings.
mag'a-zine, place where ammunition is stored.
sor'ties, secret excursions.
ra'tions, food.
forced, hurried.
Ru'bi-con, a river in Italy which Cæsar crossed, thereby bringing about civil war in Rome. Hence, "to cross the Rubicon," means to take a decisive step without any chance of retreating.
cac'ti, prickly plants.

THE DEFENSE OF THE ALAMO

Santa Anna came storming, as a storm might come;
  There was rumble of cannon; there was rattle of blade;
There was cavalry, infantry, bugle, and drum,—
  Full seven thousand, in pomp and parade,
The chivalry, flower of Mexico;
And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamo!

And thirty lay sick, and some were shot through;
  For the siege had been bitter, and bloody, and long.

"Surrender, or die!"—"Men, what will you do?"
And Travis, great Travis, drew sword, quick and strong;
Drew a line at his feet . . . "Will you come? Will you go?
I die with my wounded, in the Alamo."

Then Bowie gasped, "Lead me over that line!"
Then Crockett, one hand to the sick, one hand to his gun,
Crossed with him; then never a word or a sign
Till all, sick or well, all, all save but one,
One man. Then a woman stepped, praying, and slow
Across; to die at her post in the Alamo.

Then that one coward fled, in the night, in that night
When all men silently prayed and thought
Of home; of to-morrow; of God and the right,
Till dawn: and with dawn came Travis's cannon shot,
In answer to insolent Mexico,
From the old bell-tower of the Alamo.

Then came Santa Anna; a crescent of flame!
Then the red "escalade"; then the fight hand to hand;
Such an unequal fight as never had name
Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan band.
All day,—all day and all night, and the morning? so slow
Through the battle smoke mantling the Alamo.

Now silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead
In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory gashed head,
All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;

And she but a nurse. Yet when shall we know
Another like this of the Alamo?

Shout "Victory, victory, victory ho!"
I say 't is not always to the hosts that win;
I say that the victory, high or low,
Is given the hero who grapples with sin,
Or legion or single; just asking to know
When duty fronts death in his Alamo.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

es-ca-lade', an attack on a fortified place by means of ladders. The men were dressed in red; hence, "red escalade."

mant'ling, spreading over.

le'gion, great number.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

—*RALPH WALDO EMERSON* (*Selected*).

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake!

—*ROBERT BROWNING* (*Selected*).

State the case of each noun in the stanza beginning "Then that one coward fled."

MEN TO BE HONORED

Two men I honor, and no third: first, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet.

Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence! for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly laboring brother! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed.

Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he too in his duty, endeavoring toward inward harmony, revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low?

Highest of all is he when his outward and inward behavior are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker. If the poor and humble toil that we

have food, must not the high and glorious toil in return, that we have light and guidance, freedom, immortality?

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world I know nothing than a peasant saint. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor. We must all toil or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse. No faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst, but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest. In his smoky cribs, a clear, dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glimmerings of cloud-skirted dreams.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

cun'ning, skillful.
in"de-fea'si-bly, in a manner not to be defeated.
rude, untaught.
en-treat'ed, dealt with.
con'script, one chosen by lot to serve as a soldier.
ad-he'sions, accretions; that which adheres, or sticks.
de-face'ments, disfigurements; that which defaces, or mars.
in"dis-pen'sa-ble, absolutely necessary.
Naz'a-reth, the home of Jesus.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881) was born in Ecclefechan, a little village in Scotland, where he attended the common school, afterward entering Edinburgh University. From his boyhood he was immensely fond of reading, and the stories told of the amount he accomplished are almost unbelievable. It is not strange, then, that he became a famous "man of letters"—that is, a man of great learning. As historian and essayist few authors have ever equaled him in brilliancy of style. "This was Carlyle's

special gift—to bring dead things and dead people actually to life; to make the past once more the present and to show us men and women playing their part on the stage of life as real flesh-and-blood human creatures." Among his greatest works are "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," "The History of Frederick the Great," "The French Revolution," and "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

CHOOSING A CLASS OF PEOPLE TO BE EXTERMINATED

In the midst of a queer higglety-pigglety dream last night, I thought the Great Panjandrum appeared to me with the kind offer to have some one class of my fellow beings immediately exterminated; provided I could, without taking too much of his valuable time, decide which particular class it should be. Just seven minutes were given in which to make and announce the decision.

Of course I accepted with alacrity, and at once hastened to run over in my mind such of the obnoxious varieties of human nature as could most speedily be recalled. At first I thought that I would select the people who do not answer letters; but I reflected that sometimes we write letters in haste, which had better be answered at leisure, or even not at all, on the principle that the least said, soonest mended.

Then I dallied for a moment with the idea that it should be those who, hearing us say things in joke, straightway report them as things said in earnest. Surely, thought I to myself, we can't go amiss in having this venomous species obliterated! But as the genial destroyer looked at his watch a little impatiently, I hurriedly recollected other deserving candidates. There were those who always allow for everybody else's being

late at appointments, and so afflict the punctual soul with a quarter of an hour of painful fidgets.

Then there were those who send us lukewarm verses, with a request for an introduction to the favorable notice of the editors of the great magazines; and those who borrow tennis-rackets and sheet-music; and the book-store attendants who tag us around with recommendations of the latest inanities; and the brotherhood [*sic*] of locomotive engineers who agonize the ear at night with gratuitous shrieks as of whistling fiends; and the literary ladies who follow up our plainest observation with praise of how nicely, or prettily, or nobly, or something, it was said.

" Six minutes and three quarters," whispered the Great Panjandrum, punching at me with his scepter, and knocking his little round button at top against the ceiling, as he hastily rose. I made one more rapid snatch among my recollections of people who are with difficulty to be endured, and cried, " Take those who carry a perpetual countenance of cold displeasure, and contrive to make each member of the household, or the company, feel that he is at all times the special object of it! " The departing monster nodded benignly over his shoulder and winked, as who should say, " You have chosen well! "

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

ex-ter'mi-na''ted, abolished.
Great Pan-jan'drum, an imaginary person invented by the English dramatist, Samuel Foote; here used to mean a person of great importance.
a-lac'ri-ty, cheerful promptitude.
ven'om-ous, poisonous.
in-an'i-ties, useless or foolish things.
sic, a Latin word often used after an expression to call attention to its doubtful accuracy.
gra-tu'i-tous, uncalled for; without reason.
be-nign'ly, kindly; graciously.

AHAB MOHAMMED

A peasant stood before a king and said,
" My children starve, I come to thee for bread."
On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
The king, and looked on him that prayed and moaned,
Who cried again,—" For bread I come to thee."
For grief, like wine, the tongue will render free.
Then said the prince with simple truth, " Behold
I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
And wrought with skill the vessels which they bring
To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
And die for food my people in the streets.
Yet no good father hears his child complain
And gives him stones for bread; for alms, disdain.
Come, thou and I will sup together—come."
The wondering courtiers saw—saw and were dumb:
Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
With grace the humble guest, amazed, to share his bread.
Him half abashed the royal host withdrew
Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
Silent behind the folds of purple closed
In marble life the statues stood disposed;
From the high ceiling, perfume breathing, hung
Lamps, rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-swung.
Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne:
These through the Orient lattice saw the sun.
If gold there was, of meat and bread was none

Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand and took
Ahab Mohammed, prayed to God, and broke:
One half his yearning nature bid him crave,
The other gladly to his guest he gave.
"I have no more to give," he cheerily said:
"With thee I share my only loaf of bread."
Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb
Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb;
Then raised his eyes,—the wondering Ahab saw
His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned;
All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and burned.

"Ahab Mohammed," spoke the vision then,
"From this thou shalt be blessèd among men.
Go forth—thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
And Allah thank thy people on their knees.
He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed.
But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God, yea more than finest gold."

JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARÉ.

Mede, an inhabitant of Media, an ancient country of western Asia.
alms, gifts asked for.
a-bashed', confused; disconcerted.
dis-posed', arranged; distributed.
pome'gran"ate, an Oriental fruit about the size and color of an orange, but flatter in shape.
Al'lah, the name given by the Mohammedans to God.

JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARÉ (1823–59) was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He was an inventor by profession. One volume of verse is all that he published.

THE TOURNAMENT

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists.

As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying "Disinherited." He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and his ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaler's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Gilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat,

and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Gilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Gilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one.

horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Gilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau* ("Look out for the Raven!").

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon his haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolt, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter,—the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the com-

batants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dex-

A TOURNAMENT SCENE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

terity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune, as before.

In the second encounter the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Gilbert's shield, but changing his aim almost in the mo-

ment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist, "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot, or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances between them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Gilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "To all true English hearts,

and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound in defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum* ("Beware, I am present"). Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's tri-

umphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (From "Ivanhoe").

tour'na-ment, a mock battle.
Sar"a-cen'ic, of the Saracens, or Mohammedans.
lists, barriers inclosing field of combat.
Hos'pi-tal-er, one of an order of Knights by that name, who built a hospital at Jerusalem.
re-doubt'ed, valiant.
Gra-mer'cy, many thanks.
squires, attendants.
Tem'plars, a religious and military order of knights.
au'gured, anticipated.
ad-dress', skill.
dem'i-volt", movement by which a horse, with forelegs raised, makes a half turn or vault.
trun'cheon, a baton; a short staff used in giving military orders.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented,—the gallant came late;

For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter;—my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure,—drink one cup of wine.
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye;
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar;—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, where the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

brake, thicket.
lag'gard, loiterer.
das'tard, coward.
cra'ven, faint-hearted.
Sol'way, Solway Firth, an arm of the Irish Sea.
scaur, steep bank or rock.

ANOTHER TOURNAMENT

In the Bluegrass region, spring had come in earnest. Chad Buford's heart was aglow as he walked toward the pike gate through the dewy grass and among the singing of many birds. He, too, was on his way to school—in a brave new suit of clothes, for Major Buford had taken him to town and got him such clothes as Harry and Dan Dean wore.

Soon he saw the Dean children ahead of him in the road and he ran to catch up with them. All looked at him with surprise, seeing his broad white collar with ruffles, his cuffs, and his boots with red tops, but they were too polite to say anything.

In the school-room all eyes turned to scan the new "scholar." Chad's work in the mountains came in well now. The teacher was surprised at the boy's capacity, for he could read as well as Dan, and in mental arithmetic even Harry was no match for him. When in the spelling class he went from the bottom to the head in a single day, the teacher gave him a word of open praise, and Margaret looked at him proudly.

But a few mornings after that, as Chad was running along the way to school, he saw Margaret walking alone ahead of him. When he overtook her, she told him that Harry and Dan were ill, and then would say no more. Crossing the fields toward the schoolhouse, Chad stalked ahead as he had done in the mountains, but, looking back, he saw that Margaret had stopped.

He waited for her to come up, and she looked at him for a moment as though displeased. Puzzled, Chad gave back her look for a moment, and turned without a word—still stalking ahead. He looked back again presently and Margaret had stopped and was pouting.

"You aren't polite, little boy. My Mamma says that a *nice* little boy always lets a little *girl* go first." But Chad still walked ahead. He looked back a third time, and she had stopped again, whether angry or ready to cry, he could not make out. So he waited for her, and as she came slowly near, he stepped gravely from the path, and Margaret went on like a queen.

In town a few days later, he saw a little fellow take off his hat when a lady passed him, and it set Chad to thinking. He recalled once asking the school-master what was meant, when he read about a knight doffing his plume. The school-master had told him that men in those days took off their hats in the

presence of ladies just as they did in the Bluegrass now; but Chad had forgotten.

Now he understood it all, and he surprised Margaret by taking off his cap the next morning when he spoke to her. The little lady was greatly pleased, for her own brothers did not do that to her, although she had heard her mother tell them that they must. All this must be chivalry, Chad thought.

When Harry and Dan were well, Chad revived his old ideas of chivalry, but Harry laughed at him, and Dan did too, until Chad suggested that they should have a tournament with two rams that General Dean had, tied up in the stable. They would make spears and Dan and he would each get on a ram. Harry would let them out into the lot, and they would have "a real charge, sure enough."

But Margaret received the plan with disdain, until Dan, at Chad's suggestion, asked the General to read them the tournament scene in "Ivanhoe." That excited them all a great deal, and everyone thought that it would be great fun. They would make lances of ash-wood and helmets of tin buckets, and perhaps Margaret would make red sashes for them. Indeed, she would, and the tournament would take place next Saturday.

On Saturday, then, they would have the tournament. To get Mammy's help, Margaret had to tell the plan to her, and Mammy stormed against the little girl's taking part in any such proceedings. Margaret, however, persuaded her to silence, and even to make red sashes and a tent for each of the two knights.

Chad would be the "Knight of Cumberland" and Dan the "Knight of the Bluegrass." Snowball was to be Dan's squire, and black Rufus, Harry's body-servant, would be squire to

"I did it, Father, I did it," he said at the foot of the steps.

"No," said Chad sturdily, "I did it myself."

JOHN FOX, JR.

pike gate, turnpike.
var'let, servant to a knight.
vas'sals, slaves; servants.
un-seem'ly, unbecoming; improper.

JOHN FOX, JR. (1863–) was born in Kentucky, and in many of his stories he gives charming descriptions of life in his native State. Among his works are "A Mountain Europa," "The Kentuckians," "Crittenden," and "Blue Grass and Rhododendron." The story of the "Tournament" is taken, by permission, from his "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SONG IN MARCH

Now are the winds about us in their glee
Tossing the slender tree;
Whirling the sands about his furious car,
March cometh from afar;
Breaks the sealed magic of old Winter's dreams,
And rends his glassy streams;
Chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes
Their fetters from the lakes,
And, with a power by queenly Spring supplied,
Wakens the slumbering tide.

With a wild love he seeks young Summer's charms
And clasps her to his arms;
Lifting his shield between, he drives away
Old Winter from his prey;—

The ancient tyrant whom he boldly braves
Goes howling to his caves;
And, to his northern realm compelled to fly,
Yields up his victory;
Melted are all his bands, o'erthrown his towers,
And March comes bringing flowers.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

rends, bursts; splits open. | **po'tent,** strong; mighty.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806–70), poet and novelist, was born in Charleston, South Carolina. With Edgar Allan Poe he ranks first among Southern authors of the period before the Civil War. Young people find fascinating reading in his "The Yemassee," a story of Indian warfare in colonial Carolina, and also in his tales of Marmion, the "Swamp Fox," which appear under the titles "The Scout," "Katherine Walton," "Woodcraft," "The Forayers" and "Eutaw." His best short stories are entitled "The Wigwam and the Cabin, or Tales of the South." Among his well known poems are "Atalantis, a Tale of the Sea" and "Areytos, or Songs and Ballads of the South."

The arrangement of nouns according to cases and number is called the ***declension*** of nouns.

		Singular	Plural
Example:	Nominative	flower	flowers
	Possessive	flower's	flowers
	Objective	flower	flowers

Write out the declension of caves *and* victory. *Write sentences using the word* tyrant *in all its forms. Using one form in each sentence, how many sentences will you have to write?*

A ***pronoun*** is a word used instead of a noun or name. It denotes a person or thing. Examples: they, you, it, I, my.

How does a pronoun differ from a noun?

MARDI-GRAS

It was Mardi-Gras night in New Orleans. Canal Street, as far as the eye could reach in either direction—out towards the river or back in the direction of the swamp lands—was a surging mass of people. The deep balconies, the *galeries* of the old French town, overhanging the *banquettes* on either side the way, were crowded beyond their strength, and many would have fallen but for the temporary support of heavy timbers put in for the occasion.

Above the heads of the crowds little street urchins, newsboys, beggars, *gamins*—white, black, yellow, brown, and all the shades between—sat perched like chattering sparrows on every available projection of lamp-post or tree, many even clinging about the tops of street-cars. Others, mounting the granite pedestal of Henry Clay's statue at the corner, steadied themselves by embracing the statesman's legs; while one or two of the more adventurous had even scaled his lofty figure and sat astride his broad bronze shoulders.

The occasional turning of the great electric searchlight in the Pickwick Club building revealed a rippling sea of happy smiling faces along the line of *galeries* opposite, all wearing, no matter what their race or condition, the holiday expression which showed them in touch with the Carnival spirit.

The great "Mystick Krewe" had already passed along the street and disappeared, but it would soon come again in another direction. Presently there was a restless movement on all the *galeries*—a concerted bending forward of bodies and inquiring questions: "Which way?" "Where?" "Who says so?"

"Oh, pshaw!" "Nothing but some persons trying to raise an excitement."

But no! A sudden hurrying and scurrying, hither and thither, of the now loud-laughing and talking crowd afoot; now two or three mounted police slowly, carefully, clearing the way; and now—*a blaze of light*! "Ah-h-h-h!" "Oh-h-h-h!" "Ah-h-h-h!" The exclamation passes like a great wave from

one gallery to another, until its echoes are drowned by the stirring music of the band.

The Krewe has come again. The first float passes; another, and yet another, and still they come, until—what is this? Bows, hand-kisses, a shower of candies—real French *bonbons*—from the merry maskers of a special car over the shoulders and into the laps of the children. And here they come again; and once more—*dragées*, marsh-mallows, "kisses," crystallized figs,

thrown backward this time for the float has passed, and still they fall with true aim into the hats and over the faces of the now merrily laughing and waving group.

Other candies were flying in other directions to other people or to anybody. Float followed float. The procession represented "The Five Senses," and it was from the fruit-laden float following in Ceres' train that the greatest shower of candies had come. The sense of taste had been elaborately illustrated by a profusion of such things as delight the palate.

While from one float animated mushrooms, asparagus, and common vegetables without number bowed and waved to admiring multitudes, on another were gleeful figs, waddling watermelons, frisking cantaloupes, and a rollicking lot of oranges, lemons, and smaller fruits.

Presently the procession was only a pillar of fire moving slowly out Canal Street, and soon that disappeared. It had been a gorgeous pageant, but Mardi Gras, the mad festival, excepting to such as followed the maskers into theatre and ball-room, was over—over for another year. And now for getting home.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

Mar'di-Gras', "Shrove Tuesday," the last day of Carnival, a festival celebrated in New Orleans and in many foreign countries during the week before Lent.

ban-quettes', sidewalks.

tem'po-ra-ry, lasting only for a time.

scaled, climbed; clambered.

Mys'tick Krewe', body-guard of the king of the Carnival.

float, platform on wheels bearing a tableau of persons in a procession.

dra-gees', sugar plums.

Ce'res, goddess of grain and harvest.

MOUNT MITCHELL

Before we were half-way up the ascent, we realized the folly of attempting it on horseback, but then to go on seemed as easy as to go back. The way also was exceedingly steep in places, and what with roots, and logs, and slippery rocks and stones, it was a desperate climb for the horses.

What a magnificent forest! Oaks, chestnuts, poplars, hemlocks, the cucumber (magnolia), and all sorts of northern and southern growths meeting here in splendid array. And this gigantic forest, with little diminution in size of trees, continues two thirds of the way up. Half-way up, Big Tom, our guide, showed us his favorite, the biggest tree he knew. It was a poplar, or tulip. It stands more like a column than a tree, rising high into the air, with scarcely a perceptible taper, perhaps sixty, more likely a hundred, feet before it puts out a limb. Its girth six feet from the ground is thirty-two feet! It stood here, of course, a giant, when Columbus sailed from Spain.

As we approached the top, Big Tom pointed out the direction, a half mile away, of a small pond, a little mountain tarn, overlooked by a ledge of rock, where Professor Mitchell lost his life. Big Tom was the guide that found the body. That day, as we sat on the summit, he gave in great detail the story, the general outline of which we already knew.

The first effort to measure the height of the Black Mountains was made in 1835, by Professor Elisha Mitchell, professor of mathematics and chemistry in the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Mr. Mitchell was a native of Connecticut, graduated at Yale, and became a professor at Chapel Hill in 1818.

He first ascertained and published the fact that the Black Mountains are the highest land east of the Rocky Mountains. In 1844 he visited the locality again. Measurements were subsequently made by Professor Guyot and by Senator Clingmen. One of the peaks is named for the senator, and a dispute arose as to whether Mitchell had really visited and measured the highest peak.

The estimates of altitudes made by the three explorers named differed considerably. The height now fixed for Mt. Mitchell is 6,711 feet; that of Mt. Washington is 6,285 feet. There are twelve peaks in this range higher than Mt. Washington, and if we add those in the Great Smoky Mountains, which overtop it, there are some twenty in North Carolina higher than the granite giant of New Hampshire. In order to verify his statement, Professor Mitchell made a third ascent in June, 1857. He was alone, and went up from the Swannanoa side. He did not return. No anxiety was felt for two or three days, as he was a good mountaineer, and it was supposed that he had crossed the mountain and made his way out by the Caney River.

But when several days passed without tidings of him, a search party was formed. Big Tom Wilson was with it. They explored the mountains in all directions unsuccessfully. At length Big Tom separated himself from his companions and took a course in accordance with his notion of that which would be pursued by a man lost in the clouds or the darkness. He soon struck the trail of the wanderer, and following it, discovered Mitchell's body lying in a pool at the foot of a rocky precipice some thirty feet high. It was evident that Professor Mitchell, making his way along the ridge in darkness or fog, had fallen off.

There was some talk of burying him on the mountain, but the

friends decided otherwise, and the remains, with much difficulty, were taken down to Asheville and there interred. Some years afterwards, I believe at the instance of a society of scientists, it was resolved to transport the body to the summit of Mount Mitchell. The task was not easy. A road had to be cut, and the hardy mountaineers who undertook the removal, were three days in reaching the summit with their burden.

The remains were accompanied by a considerable concourse, and the last rites on the top were participated in by a hundred or more scientists and prominent men from different parts of the State. Such a strange cortége had never before broken the silence of this lonely wilderness, nor was ever burial more impressive than this wild interment above the clouds.

After a struggle of five hours, we emerged from the balsams and brier into a lovely open meadow, of lush clover, timothy, and blue grass. The meadow sloped up to a belt of balsams and firs, a steep rocky knob, and climbing that on foot we stood upon the summit of Mitchell at one o'clock.

There, in the center of the stony plot on the summit, lie the remains of Mitchell. To dig a grave in the rock was impracticable, but the loose stones were scooped away to the depth of a foot or so, the body was deposited, and the stones were replaced over it. It was the original intention to erect a monument, but the enterprise of the projectors of this royal intombment failed at that point.

The grave is surrounded by a low wall of loose stone, to which each visitor adds one, and in the course of ages the cairn may grow to a good size. The explorer lies there without name or headstone to mark his awful resting-place.

The mountain is his monument. He is alone with its majesty. He is there in the clouds, in the tempests, where the lightnings

play, and thunders leap, amid the elemental tumult, in the occasional great calm and silence and the pale sunlight. It is the most majestic, the most lonesome grave on earth.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

tarn, a mountain lake or pool.
in-terred′, buried.
con′course, gathering of people.
cor″tége′, procession.
lush, fresh; luxuriant.
tim′o-thy, a kind of grass much used for fodder.
cairn, a pile of stones heaped up for a monument.
el-e-ment′al, of the elements, that is, rains, winds, lightnings, etc.

THE MOUNTAIN TO THE PINE

Thou tall, majestic monarch of the wood,
That standeth where no wild vines dare to creep,
Men call thee old, and say that thou hast stood
A century upon my rugged steep;
Yet unto me thy life is but a day,
When I recall the things that I have seen,—
The forest monarchs that have passed away
Upon the spot where first I saw thy green;
For I am older than the age of man,
Or all the living things that crawl or creep,
Or birds of air, or creatures of the deep;
I was the first dim outline of God's plan:
Only the waters of the restless sea
And the infinite stars in heaven are old to me.

CLARENCE HAWKES.

CLARENCE HAWKES is known as the "Blind Poet of New England." He was born in Goshen, Massachusetts, in 1869, and now lives in the little town of Hadley. His works include "Idyls of Old New England," "Master Frisky," "Little Foresters," and "Stories of the Good Green Wood."

WATER—SOME PROPERTIES

One of the commonest of common natural objects is water; everybody uses it in one way or another every day; and consequently everybody possesses a store of loose information—of common knowledge—about it. But, in all probability, a great deal of this knowledge has never been attended to by its possessor; and certainly, those who have never tried to learn how much may be known about water, will be ignorant of a great many of its powers and properties and of the laws of nature which it illustrates, and consequently will be unable to account for many things of which the explanation is very easy.

Suppose that we have a tumbler half-full of water. The tumbler is an artificial object; that is to say, certain natural objects have been brought together and heated till they melted into glass, and this glass has been shaped by a workman. The water, on the other hand, is a natural object, which has come from some river, pond, or spring; or it may be from a water butt into which the rain falling on the roof has flowed.

Now the water has a vast number of peculiarities. For example, it is transparent, so that you can see through it; it feels cool; it will quench thirst and dissolve sugar. But these are not the characteristics which it is most convenient to begin with.

The water, we see, fills the cavity of the tumbler for half its height, therefore it occupies that much space, or has that bulk or volume. If you put the closed end of another tumbler of almost the same size into the first, you will find that when it reaches the water, the latter offers a resistance to its going down, and unless some of the water can get out, the end of the second tumbler will not get in. Any one that falls from

a height into water will find that he receives a severe shock when he reaches it. Water therefore offers resistance.

If the water is emptied out, the tumbler feels much lighter than it was before; water, therefore, has weight. If you throw the water out of the tumbler at any slightly supported object, the water striking against it would knock it over. That is to say, the water being put in motion is able to transfer that motion to something else.

All these phenomena, as things which happen in nature are often called, are effects of which water, under the conditions mentioned, is the cause, and they may therefore be said to be properties of water. All things that occupy space, offer resistance, possess weight, and transfer motion to other things when they strike against them, are termed material substances or bodies, or simply matter. Water, therefore, is a kind, or form, of matter.

In the next place, you will observe that, though water occupies space, it has no definite shape, but fits itself exactly to the figure of the vessel that holds it. If the tumbler is cylindrical, the contour of the surface of the water will be circular when the tumbler is held vertically, and will change, without the least break or interruption, to more and more of an oval when the tumbler is inclined; and whatever the shape of the vessel into which you pour it, the sides of the water always exactly fit against the sides of the vessel.

If you put your finger into the water you can move it in all directions with scarcely any feeling of obstacle. If you pull your finger out there is no hole left, the water on all sides rushing together to fill up the space that was occupied by the finger. You cannot take up a handful of water, for it runs away between your fingers, and you cannot raise it into a permanent

heap. All this shows that the parts of water move upon one another with great ease. The same fact is illustrated if the tumbler is inclined, so that the level of the surface rises above the edge of the tumbler on one side, and the water is therefore to some extent unsupported by the tumbler at this point. The water then flows over in a stream and falls to the ground, where it spreads out and runs to the lowest accessible place, or gradually soaks up into crevices.

Nevertheless, although the parts of water thus loosely slip and slide on one another, yet they hold together to a certain extent. If the surface of the water is touched with the finger, a little of it will adhere; and if the finger is then slowly and carefully raised, the adjacent water will be raised up into a slender column which acquires a noticeable length before it breaks. So, in the early morning, after heavy dew, you may see the water upon cabbage-leaves and blades of grass in spherical drops, the parts of which similarly hold together.

Material substances, the parts of which are so movable that they fit themselves exactly to the sides of any vessel containing them, and which flow when they are not supported, are called fluids; and fluids the parts of which fly off from one another, but hold together as those of water do, are called liquids.

Water, therefore, is a liquid.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

def'i-nite, fixed.
con-tour' (or **con'tour**), outline.
per'ma-nent, lasting.
ad-ja'cent, lying near, or close.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825–95) was a noted English scientist. After receiving a medical education, he served as assistant surgeon on the *Rattlesnake*, a vessel belonging to the Royal Navy and appointed to survey the Great Barrier Reef on the coast of Australia. While on this voyage, Huxley studied the animals in the sea and won great fame in the scientific world as a result of his discoveries. His life was devoted to scientific research and to publishing his knowledge for the education of the people.

RIVERS

Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backward, we find it joined from time to time by tributaries which swell its waters. The river of course becomes smaller as these tributaries are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream; this again divides itself into a number of streamlets, ending in mere threads of water.

These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills. Thus, the Severn has its source in the Welsh Mountains; the Thames, in the Cotswold Hills; the Missouri, in the Rocky Mountains; and the Amazon, in the Andes of Peru. But it is quite plain that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water?

A brief residence among the mountains would prove to you that the streams are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble; sometimes, indeed, quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general, these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hillsides.

Sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. But you very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day. But we cannot end here.

Whence comes the rain that forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds. But what are

clouds? Is there nothing that you are acquainted with and that they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive.

At every puff of the engine a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply. You notice that it first forms at a

"RAIN DOES NOT COME FROM A CLEAR SKY. IT COMES FROM CLOUDS."

little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing that makes the cloud must pass.

What, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud? It is the *steam* or *vapor of water* from the boiler.

Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state, a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler.

When the vapor mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel, it ceases to be vapor. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a *cloud.*

Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive; you see it becoming gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether; and if you continue your observations, you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends upon the character of the day.

In moist weather the cloud hangs long and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into true invisible vapor. The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the pipe; a cloud is formed in all respects similar to that which issues from the funnel of the locomotive. To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by chilling the steam we convert it into cloud.

Is there any fire in nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is—the fire of the sun. Thus by tracing a river backward from its end to its real beginning, we come at length to the sun.

JOHN TYNDALL.

con'sti-tute, form; make up.
per'co-la"ted, filtered; strained.
or'i-fice, an opening.
dense, thick.
re"con-vert'ed, changed back.

JOHN TYNDALL (1820–93) was a celebrated English scientist. He was particularly interested in the observation of glaciers and made many remarkable discoveries while mountain-climbing in the Alps. At the same time he made a careful study of vapors. He not only wrote many valuable and popular books on these subjects, but lectured both abroad and in the United States. Among his works are "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," "The Glaciers of the Alps" and "Mountaineering in 1861."

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*

Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold.
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,

And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

SIDNEY LANIER.

a-main', with full force.
Hab'er-sham, a county in the northeastern part of Georgia.
Hall, a county in northern Georgia.
thrall, enslaved.
lav'ing, dipping to bathe.
fond'ling, caressing.
brawl, uproar; tumult.
lures, enticements; decoys.
main, the sea.

SIDNEY LANIER, musician and poet, was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1842. He was educated at Oglethorpe College and later served as a volunteer in the Confederate Army. His life was devoted to the two things he loved best—music and poetry. For several years he was first flute in a symphony orchestra in Baltimore. All his poems are beautifully musical—among the best-known are "Corn," "The Marshes of Glynn," the "Centennial Ode" (see p. 212), which he was chosen to write for the International Exhibition of 1876, and the poem reproduced here.

His works in prose include the series beginning with "The Boy's Froissart." While on a journey for his health, which was always delicate, he died at Lynn, North Carolina, in 1881. He ranks as one of the most important poets not only of the South, but of America.

A ***personal pronoun*** is one that shows by its form whether the person is *speaking*, is *spoken to*, or is *spoken about*.

A pronoun that denotes the person who *speaks* is a pronoun of the ***first person.*** Example: *I* hurry.

A pronoun that denotes the person *spoken to* is a pronoun of the ***second person.*** Example: Will *you* hurry?

A pronoun that denotes the person or thing *spoken about* is a pronoun of the ***third person.*** Example: *It* finally melts away.

Select all the personal pronouns in the above poem and tell whether they are pronouns of the first, second, or third person. Tell also what nouns they take the place of.

Pronouns, like nouns, have *number*, *gender*, and *case*.

Give the number, gender, and case of the personal pronouns in the poem.

THE TRAGEDY OF MARTINIQUE

My first view of the unhappy island whose misfortunes have so deeply aroused the sympathies of the world was in the early morning of the 25th of May [1902], two and a half weeks after one of the greatest tragedies recorded in history had been

MONT PELÉE IN ERUPTION

enacted on its shores. The *Fontabelle* was then steering her course close in shore, but it was not until we had passed the nimbus of the great ash-cloud which Pelée was throwing out to sea that we began to distinguish the features of recognizable land.

The island in front of us was not a tropical paradise, but a withered piece of the earth which seemed to be just emerging from chaos. Everything was gray and brown, sunk behind a cloud that only the mind could penetrate; there was nothing that appealed restfully to the eye. The landscape was barren, as though it had been graven with desert tools, scarred and made ragged by floods of water and boiling mud, and hardly a vestige remained of the verdant forest that but a short time before had been the glory of the land.

Great folds of cloud and ash hung over the crown of the volcano, and from its lower flanks issued a veritable tempest of curling vapor and mud. Lying close to its southern foot, and bathed in the flame of a tropical sunshine, was all that remained of the once attractive city of Saint Pierre—miles of wreckage that reached up from the silent desert of stone and sand, showing no color but the burning grays that had been flung to them or that had formed part of mother earth.

On the evening of August 30 [1902], when Mont Pelée again swept out its fiery tongue, and laid in waste one of the most charming spots in the whole island of Martinique, Morne Rouge met the fate that overtook Saint Pierre. The city was wiped out, and the greater part of its population annihilated. Besides the church, whose noble spire still rises mockingly over the blighted landscape, only a few houses remain; gardens and woodland were swept out of existence.

The traveler who to-day visits the site of Saint Pierre sees hardly more than a mass of tumbled ruins. Where before were the Rue Victor Hugo, with its rows of two- and three-storied, pitched-roof shops and residences, and the Rue Bouillé, are heaps of concrete and bowlders, piled three and five feet, and more. Tier after tier of rubble bulwark rises up to the sur-

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rounding heights, but above, as well as below, there are only ruined walls, with heaps of decay lying between them.

Not a roof remains to indicate that any habitation ever had a cover; not a chimney to recall the cheer and welcome of the fireside. The eye follows long lines of half-standing walls, more like the arches of ancient aqueducts than parts of buildings, the greater number to-day running parallel with the ocean front. There is little that rises above two stories, and hardly anything to half that level.

Flats of ash rise up here and there to what may have been roof corners, elsewhere the covering is so light that the old paving-blocks come to the surface. At intervals bits of polished mosaic paving appear through the ash, showing where attractive house gardens had been located and a great palm that stood in the court of the Saint Pierre Club shows only a charred stump rising from its garden of desolate débris.

When I visited Saint Pierre on the 25th of May, five days after the second great eruption, the color of life had been entirely driven from it. Everything was gray or of the color of baked and mudded earth, little different from the stern landscape which adjoins on the north and northeast. There were no pinks or yellows or blues that give the life to habitations in the tropics.

Save for the small ants that were already beginning to crawl about and reconstruct for themselves new homes, the ruins gave out no evidence of the living, whether of man, of beast, or of bird. Not even the angry volcano to the northeast, with its hurling clouds of mud and ash, interfered with the general quiet of the scene.

We followed clumps of charred tree-trunks along what was the ocean promenade, and from them passed to the square or

Place Bertin, where, in the shade of its lofty trees and around its attractive fountain, the populace met for recreation and business. What is there to-day? Great tree-trunks stretched in line, their branches buried in dust and turned almost to coal,

THE RUINS OF SAINT PIERRE

their roots pointing to the mountain that brought such devastation.

We found twisted bars of iron, great masses of roof sheathing wrapped like cloth about the posts upon which they had been flung, and iron girders looped and festooned as if they had been made of rope. We climbed over and into cellars, and everywhere was the same lifeless quiet. We seemed to be wandering through a city that had been blown from the mouth of

a cannon, and not one that had been destroyed by any force of nature. All this seemed more like a dream than a reality. As bits of beautiful mosaic paving came out of the ashes, we asked ourselves, Are these never to be trod again? Are there to be no more plants and flowers in the gardens about which bits of fence-railing remain? Are the glad faces no more to be seen of those who sat on the porches and verandas, where only broken columns now stand?

The thousands of bodies that lie here have nearly all been buried by the continuing fall of ashes from the volcano. It is a strange fate that the mountain whose eruption cost the life of so many should also give to them their natural burial. Its work of activity continues as if nothing had happened, mocking the world that surrounds it. Miles high into the air it is still puffing its steam and ashes, and from its interior still issues the deep thunder such as more than once before gave warning which was not heeded.

A force of men could almost dig out this Pompeii in a day or two, so feeble in most parts is the ash that has impounded the streets, so gently soft the material that the great volcano has emitted. Yet on every side is the most hopeless wreck that can be conceived of—a picture of absolute ruin and desolation that has perhaps never before been witnessed. Whence and how? we ask ourselves, and the question still remains in a measure unanswered, and may forever remain with only a partial solution.

The force of the destroying power was stupendous, and wrought a ruin the like of which is paralleled only in the path of a violent tornado. The most massive machinery was bent, torn, and shattered; house-fronts, three and four feet thick, crumbled and were blown out as if constructed only of cards.

The great cathedral bell lay buried beneath the framework of iron which had supported it, tossed from the church to whose chimes it had so long added its sweet music.

The intensity of this early eruption of Mont Pelée will always be judged by the extent of the destruction that it wrought—the wrecking to tumbled ruins of an entire city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, or more; the annihilation of some adjoining suburbs; and the destruction of eighteen vessels that were in the roadstead at that time. The full number of the dead could not well have been less than thirty thousand. The annihilation of so large a number of lives in a very few minutes —in not more than three to five for much the larger body—renders impressively appalling the nature of this cataclysm, and suggests problems in geology that have yet to be solved.

ANGELO HEILPRIN.

nim'bus, circle; disk.
grav'en, carved.
rub'ble, rough, irregular stone.
aq'ue-ducts, bridge-like structures for conveying water in a canal or tunnel over a river.
mo-sa'ic, inlaid with colored glass, stone, or other material.
im-pound'ed, shut up; inclosed.
road'stead, an anchorage off shore.
cat'a-clysm, deluge; catastrophe.
ge-ol'o-gy, the science that treats, among other things, of the causes by which the earth's surface is changed.

ANGELO HEILPRIN (1853–1907), the famous naturalist, was born in Hungary, but came to the United States when a child. He returned to Europe for his education, making a special study of natural history. He was connected with the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia as professor and curator for several years. After the destruction of Saint Pierre, Professor Heilprin twice visited the island of Martinique and climbed several times to the crater while the volcano was in eruption. The description given above is taken from his "Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique" with the kind permission of Professor Heilprin's heirs and of his publishers, the Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS

I have sometimes fancied South Carolina and Massachusetts, those two illustrious and heroic sisters, instead of sitting apart, one under her palm-trees and the other under her pines, one with the hot gales from the tropics fanning her brow, and the other on the granite rocks by her ice-bound shores, meeting together, and comparing notes and stories as sisters born of the same mother compare notes and stories after a long separation. How the old estrangements, born of ignorance of each other, would have melted away.

They would have found much, these two sisters, to talk about of a later time. South Carolina would have talked of her boy, Christopher Gadsden, who, George Bancroft said, was like a mountain torrent dashing on an overshot wheel. And Massachusetts would try to trump the trick with James Otis, that flame of fire, who said he seemed to hear the prophetic song of the Sibyl chanting the springtime of the new empire. They might dispute a little as to which of these two sons of theirs was the greater. I do not know how that dispute could be settled, unless by Otis's own opinion. He said that "Massachusetts sounded the trumpet. But it was owing to South Carolina that it was assented to. Had it not been for South Carolina no Congress would have been appointed. She was all alive, and felt at every pore." So perhaps we will accept the verdict of the Massachusetts historian, George Bancroft. He said that "When we count those who above all others contributed to the great result of the Union, we are to name the inspired madman, James Otis, and the unwavering lover of his country, Christopher Gadsden." It is the same Massachusetts historian, George

Bancroft, who says that "the public men of South Carolina were ever ruled by their sense of honor, and felt a stain upon it as a wound."

"Did you ever hear how those wicked boys of mine threw the tea into the harbor?" Massachusetts would say. "Oh, yes," South Carolina would answer, "but not one of mine was willing to touch it. So we let it all perish in a cellar."

I should like to have a chance to hearken to their talk. Why, their gossip would almost make up the history of liberty! How they would boast to each other, as sisters do, of their children, their beautiful and brave! How many memories they would find in common! How the warm Scotch-Irish blood would stir in their veins! How the Puritan and the Presbyterian blood would quicken their pulses as they recounted the old struggles for freedom to worship God! What stories they would have to tell each other of the day of the terrible knell from the bell of the old tower of St. Germain de L'Auxerrois, when the edict of Nantes was revoked and sounded its alarm to the Huguenot exiles who found refuge, some in South Carolina and some in Massachusetts! You have heard of James Bowdoin, of Paul Revere, and Peter Faneuil, and Andrew Sigourney. These men brought to the darkened and gloomy mind of the Puritan the sunshine of beautiful France, which South Carolina did not need. They taught our Puritans the much-needed lesson that there was something other than the snare of Satan in the song of a bird or the fragrance of a flower.

The boys and girls of South Carolina and the boys and girls of Massachusetts went to the same school in the old days. Their schoolmasters were tyranny and poverty and exile and starvation. They heard the wild music of the wolves' howl, and the savages' war-cry. They learned in that school little of the

grace or the luxury of life. But they learned how to build States and how to fight tyrants.

For myself, I believe that whatever estrangements may have existed in the past, or may linger among us now, are born of ignorance and will be dispelled by knowledge. I believe that of our forty-five States there are no two who, if they could meet in the familiarity of personal intercourse, in the fulness of personal knowledge, would not only cease to entertain any bitterness, or alienation, or distrust, but each would utter to the other the words of the Jewish daughter, in that most exquisite of idyls which has come down to us almost from the beginning of time: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

The American people have learned to know, as never before, the quality of the Southern stock, and to value its noble contribution to the American character; its courage in war, its attachment to home and State, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotion, its aptness for command; above all, its constancy, that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free. After all, the fruit of this vine has a flavor not to be found in other gardens. In the great and magnificent future which is before our country, you are to contribute a large share both of strength and beauty.

Let us not be misunderstood. I am not myself a descendant from the Pilgrims. Every drop of my blood through every line of descent for three centuries has come from a Puritan

ancestor. I am ready to do battle for the name and fame of the Massachusetts Puritan in any field and against any antagonist. Let others, if they like, trace their lineage to Norman pirate or to robber baron. The children of the Puritan are not ashamed of him. The Puritan, as a distinct, vital, and predominant power, lived less than a century in England. He appeared early in the reign of Elizabeth, who came to the throne in 1558, and departed at the restoration of Charles II, in 1660. But in that brief period he was the preserver, aye, the creator of English freedom. By the confession of the historians who most dislike him, it is due to him that there is an English constitution. He created the modern House of Commons. That House, when he took his seat in it, was the feeble and timid instrument of despotism. When he left it, it was what it has ever since been —the strongest, freest, most venerable legislative body the world has ever seen. When he took his seat in it, it was little more than the register of the King's command. When he left it, it was the main depository of the national dignity and the national will. King and minister and prelate who stood in his way he brought to the bar and to the block. In the brief but crowded century he made the name of Englishman the highest title of honor upon the earth. A great historian has said: "The dread of his invincible army was on all the inhabitants of the island. He placed the name of John Milton high on the illustrious roll of the great poets of the world, and the name of Oliver Cromwell highest on the roll of English sovereigns." The historian might have added that the dread of this invincible leader was on all the inhabitants of Europe.

And so, when a son of the Puritans comes to the South, when he visits the home of the Rutledges and the Pinckneys and of John C. Calhoun, if there be any relationship in heroism or

among the lovers of constitutional liberty, he feels that he can—

Claim kindred there and have the claim allowed.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR (Abridged).

o'ver-shot" wheel, a water wheel turned by water which shoots over the top of it.
Sib'yl, prophetess.
e'dict of Nantes, edict granting toleration to Protestants.
al"ien-a'tion, estrangement of affection.
lin'e-age, line of descent.
pre-dom'i-nant, controlling.
des'po-tism, tyranny.
de-pos'i-to-ry, place of keeping.
prel'ate, a dignitary of the Church.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR (1826–1904) was born in Concord, Massachusetts. After his graduation from the Harvard Law School, he practised his profession in the city of Worcester. He held many important political offices, serving at various times as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, as a State senator, as a member of Congress, and from 1877 until his death, as a United States senator. He was deeply interested in historical subjects and was actively associated with many historical and scientific societies. The address on "South Carolina and Massachusetts," from which the above selection is taken, was delivered before the New England Society of Charleston, December 22, 1898.

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
  Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
  Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
  Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love
  Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

SIDNEY LANIER (From "The Centennial Ode").

CENTENNIAL HYMN

Our Fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (Abridged).

[Written for the opening of the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876; as was also the "Centennial Ode" by Sidney Lanier, an extract from which is given on the previous page.]

An ***interrogative*** pronoun is a pronoun that asks a question. Examples: who, which, what.

Write a sentence illustrating each of these interrogative pronouns.

A FLOWER IN THE WINDOW

Why does not every one who can afford it have a geranium in his window, or some other flower? It is very cheap; its cheapness is next to nothing, if you raise it from seed or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love.

But, pray, if you choose a geranium or possess but a few of them, let us persuade you to choose the scarlet kind, the "old original" geranium, and not a variety of it,—not one of the numerous diversities of red and white, blue and white, or ivy-leaved. Those are all beautiful, and very fit to vary a large collection; but the race is to run the hazard of preferring the curious to the beautiful, and costliness to sound taste.

It may be taken as a good general rule, that the most popular plants are the best; for otherwise they would not have become such. And what the painters call "pure colors" are preferable to mixed ones, for reasons which Nature herself has given when she painted the sky of one color, and the fields of another, and divided the rainbow itself into a few distinct colors, and made the red rose the queen of flowers.

Variations in flowers are like variations in music, often beautiful as such, but almost always inferior to the theme on which they are founded—the original air. And the rule holds good in beds of flowers, if they are not very large, or in any other small assemblage of them. Nay, the largest bed will look well, if of one beautiful color, while the most beautiful varieties may be inharmoniously mixed up.

Contrast is a good thing, but we must observe the laws of

harmonious contrast, and unless we have space enough to secure these; it is better to be content with unity and simplicity, which are always to be had. We do not, in general, love and honor any one single color enough, and we are instinctively struck with a conviction to this effect, when we see it abundantly set forth.

The other day we saw a little garden wall completely covered with nasturtiums, and felt how much more beautiful they were than if anything had been mixed with them; for the leaves and the light and shade offer variety enough. The rest is all richness and simplicity united, which is the triumph of an intense perception. Embower a cottage thickly and completely with nothing but roses, and nobody would desire the interference of another plant.

Everything is handsome about the geranium, not excepting its name; which cannot be said of all flowers, though we get to love ugly words when associated with pleasing ideas. The word "geranium" is soft and pleasant; the meaning is poor, for it comes from a Greek word that signifies *a crane*, the fruit having the form of a crane's head or bill. Cranesbill is the English word for geranium, though the learned appellation has superseded the vernacular. But what a reason for naming a flower! as if the fruit were anything in comparison, or anyone cared about it.

Such distinctions, it is true, are useful to botanists; but as a plenty of learned names are sure to be reserved for the freemasonry of the science, it would be well for the world at large to invent joyous and beautiful names for these images of joy and beauty. In some instances we have them; such as heartsease, honeysuckle, marigold, mignonette (little darling), daisy (day's eye). And many flowers are so lovely, and have asso-

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—the green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft, mute comfort of the green things growing.

DINAH MARIA CRAIK.

DINAH MARIA CRAIK (1826–87) was an English novelist, better known in the literary world as Miss Mulock. Her most successful novel was "John Halifax, Gentleman." She wrote also many popular poems.

SPRING

Now the lusty Spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Everywhere, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow;
Woodbines of sweet honey full—
All love's emblems, and all cry:
"Ladies, if not plucked, we die!"

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

lust'y, pleasant; beautiful. | **en-ti'cing**, tempting; coaxing.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584–1616) and JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625) were two English poets and dramatists, who lived and worked together so closely that it is impossible to separate their writings. Most of their poems, like the one reproduced here, are light and clever in character.

ELMS, AND OTHER TREES

I wonder how my great trees are coming on this summer.

Where are your great trees, sir?

Oh, all round about New England. I call all trees mine that I have put my wedding-ring on. What I mean by putting my wedding-ring on a tree is measuring it with my thirty-foot tape. I have worn a tape almost out on the rough barks of our New England elms and other big trees. Don't you want to hear me talk trees a little now? That is one of my specialties.

In the first place, I have a most intense, passionate fondness for trees in general, and have had several romantic attachments to certain trees in particular. I speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sunshades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge, but limited organisms,—which one sees in the brown eyes of oxen, but most in the patient posture, the outstretched arms, and the heavy drooping robes of these vast beings endowed with life, but not with soul.

There is a mother-idea in each particular kind of tree, which, if well marked, is probably embodied in the poetry of every language. Take the oak, for instance, and we always find it standing as a type of strength and endurance. I wonder if you ever thought of the single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from those around it? The others shirk the work of resisting gravity; the oak defies it.

It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs so that their whole weight may tell,—and then stretches them out fifty or

sixty feet, so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting. You will find, that, in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the weeping-willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At 90° the oak stops short; to slant upward another degree would mark infirmity of purpose; to bend downward, weakness of organization.

It won't do to be exclusive in our taste about trees. There is hardly one of them which has not peculiar beauties in some fitting place for it. I remember a tall poplar of monumental proportions and aspect, a vast pillar of glossy green, placed on the summit of a lofty hill, and a beacon to all the country round. A native of that region saw fit to build his house very near it, and, having a fancy that it might blow down some time, and exterminate himself and any incidental relatives that might be "stopping" or "tarrying" with him,—also laboring under the delusion that human life is under all circumstances to be preferred to vegetable existence,—had the great poplar cut down. It is so easy to say, "It is only a poplar," and so much harder to replace its living cone than to build a granite obelisk!

I shall never forget my ride and my introduction to the great Johnston elm [Rhode Island]. I always tremble for a celebrated tree when I approach it for the first time. Provincialism has no *scale* of excellence in man or vegetable; it never knows a first-rate article of either kind when it has it, and is constantly taking second- and third-rate ones for Nature's best. Before the measuring tape the proudest tree of them all quails and shrinks into itself. All those stories of four or five men stretching their arms around it and not touching each other's fingers, of one's pacing the shadow at noon and making it so

many hundred feet, die upon its leafy lips in the presence of the awful ribbon that has strangled so many false pretensions.

As I rode along the pleasant way, watching eagerly for the object of my journey, the rounded tops of the elms rose from time to time at the road-side. Wherever one looked taller and fuller than the rest, I asked myself,—"Is this it?" But as I drew nearer, they became smaller, or it proved perhaps that two standing in a line had looked like one, and so deceived me.

At last, all at once, when I was not thinking of it,—I declare to you it makes my flesh creep when I think of it now,—all at once I saw a great green cloud swelling in the horizon, so vast, so symmetrical, of such Olympian majesty and imperial supremacy among the lesser forest-growths, that my heart stopped short, then jumped at my ribs as a hunter springs at a five-barred gate, and I felt all through me without need of uttering the words,—"This is it!"

The largest actual girth I have ever found at five feet from the ground is in the great elm lying a stone's throw or two north of the main road in Springfield [Massachusetts]. But this has much the appearance of having been formed by the union of two trunks growing side by side. The West Springfield elm and one upon Northampton meadows belong also to the first class of trees.

What makes a first-class elm? Why, size, in the first place, and chiefly. Anything over twenty feet of clear girth, five feet above the ground, with a spread of branches a hundred feet across, may claim that title, according to my scale. Elms of the second class, generally ranging from fourteen to eighteen feet, are comparatively common. The queen of them all is that glorious tree near one of the churches in Springfield. Beautiful and stately she is beyond praise. The "great tree" on Boston

Common comes in the second rank, as does the one at Cohasset, and that at Newburyport. These last two have, perhaps, been over-celebrated. Both, however, are pleasing vegetables.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (*Abridged*).

pas'sion-ate, ardent.
pos'ture, position.
em-bod'ied, formed into.
pro-vin'cial-ism, narrowness of thought or experience; said of people who live in a small place and never go outside of it.
O-lym'pi-an, of Olympus, a mountain in Thessaly celebrated as the home of the gods.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

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

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

GEORGE POPE MORRIS.

GEORGE POPE MORRIS (1802–64) was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. but passed most of his life in New York City. He wrote prose and poetry—of his poems, the one reproduced here is the best known.

THE TREE

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
The vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames?

That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet!—Look, adown the dusk hill-side,
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come.

Quick! let me fly, and cross
Into yon farther field!—'Tis done; and see,
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

MATTHEW ARNOLD (Selected).

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–88) was a celebrated English poet and essayist. Among his most beautiful poems is "Thyrsis," from which these few lines are taken. The poem was written in memory of a dear friend, with whom the poet used to visit the "signal-elm." The "Gipsy-scholar" was a lad who had left the University of Oxford because of his poverty, and had joined a company of wandering gipsies. The poet and his friend used to imagine that the gipsy-scholar haunted the slopes of the hill crowned by their favorite tree.

IN CARLYLE'S COUNTRY

I

In crossing the sea a second time, I was more curious to see Scotland than England, partly because I had had a good glimpse of the latter country eleven years before, but largely because I had always preferred the Scotch people to the English (I had seen and known more of them in my youth), and especially because just then I was much absorbed with Carlyle, and wanted to see with my own eyes, the land and the race from which he sprang.

There was no road in Scotland or England which I should have been so glad to have walked over as that from Edinburgh to Ecclefechan,—a distance covered many times by the feet of him whose birth and burial place I was about to visit. Carlyle as a young man had walked it with Edward Irving (the Scotch say "travel" when they mean going afoot), and he had walked it alone, and as a lad with an elder boy, on his way to Edinburgh college. He says in his "Reminiscences" he nowhere else had such affectionate, sad, thoughtful, and in fact interesting and salutary journeys. "No company to you but the rustle of the grass under foot, the tinkling of the brook, or the voices of innocent, primeval things. . . . I have had days as clear as Italy; days moist and dripping, overhung with the infinite of silent gray,—and perhaps the latter were the preferable, in certain moods. You had the world and its waste imbroglios of joy and woe, of light and darkness to yourself alone. You could strip barefoot, if it suited better; carry shoes and socks over shoulder, hung on your stick; clean shirt and comb were in your pocket; *omnia mea mecum porto* [all my luggage I

carry with me]. You lodged with shepherds, who had clean, solid cottages; wholesome eggs, milk, oatmeal porridge, clean blankets to their beds, and a great deal of human sense and unadulterated natural politeness."

But how can one walk a hundred miles in cold blood without a companion, especially when the trains run every hour, and he has a surplus sovereign in his pocket? One saves time and consults his ease by riding, but he thereby misses the real savor of the land. And the roads of this compact little kingdom are so inviting, like a hard, smooth surface covered with sand-paper! How easy the foot puts them behind it! And the summer weather,—what a fresh under-stratum the air has even on the warmest days! Every breath one draws has a cool, invigorating core to it, as if there might be some unmelted, or just melted, frost not far off.

But as we did not walk, there was satisfaction in knowing that the engine which took our train down from Edinburgh was named Thomas Carlyle. The cognomen looked well on the toiling, fiery-hearted, iron-browed monster. I think its original owner would have contemplated it with grim pleasure, especially since he confesses to having spent some time, once, in trying to look up a ship-master who had named his vessel for him. Here was a hero after his own sort, a leader by the divine right of the expansive power of steam.

Not to be entirely cheated out of my walk, I left the train at Lockerby, a small Scotch market town, and accomplished the remainder of the journey to Ecclefechan on foot, a brief six-mile pull. It was the first day of June; the afternoon sun was shining brightly. It was still the honeymoon of travel with me, not yet two weeks in the bonnie land; the road was smooth and clean as the floor of a sea beach, and firmer, and my feet

devoured the distance with right good will. The first red clover had just bloomed, as I probably would have found it that day had I taken a walk at home; but, like the people I met, it had a ruddier cheek than at home. I observed it on other occasions, and later in the season, and noted that it had more color than in this country, and held its bloom longer. All grains and grasses ripen slower there than here, the season is so much longer and cooler. The pink and ruddy tints are more common in the flowers also. The bloom of the blackberry is often of a decided pink, and certain white, umbelliferous plants, like yarrows, have now and then a rosy tinge. The little white daisy ("gowan," the Scotch call it) is tipped with crimson, foretelling the scarlet poppies, with which the grain fields will by and by be splashed. Prunella (self-heal), also, is of a deeper purple than with us, and a species of crane's-bill, like our wild geranium, is of a much deeper and stronger color. On the other hand, their ripened fruits and foliage of autumn pale their ineffectual colors beside our own.

Among the farm occupations, that which most took my eye, on this and on other occasions, was the furrowing of the land for turnips and potatoes; it is done with such absolute precision. It recalled Emerson's statement that the fields in this island look as if finished with a pencil instead of a plow,—a pencil and a ruler in this case, the lines were so straight and so uniform. I asked a farmer at work by the road-side how he managed it. "Ah," said he, "a Scotchman's head is level."

Four miles from Lockerby I came to Mainhill, the name of a farm where the Carlyle family lived many years. The land drops gently away to the south and east, opening up broad views in these directions. The Carlyles were living on this farm while their son was teaching school at Annan, and later at Kir-

caldy with Irving, and they supplied him with cheese, butter, ham, oatmeal, etc., from their scanty stores. A new farm-house has been built since then, though the old one is still standing; doubtless the same Carlyle's father refers to in a letter to his son, in 1817, as being under way. The parish minister was expected at Mainhill. "Your mother was very anxious to have the house done before he came, or else she said she would run over the hill and hide herself."

From Mainhill the highway descends slowly to the village of Ecclefechan, the site of which is marked to the eye, a mile or more away, by the spire of the church rising up against a background of Scotch firs, which clothe a hill beyond. I soon entered the main street of the village, which in Carlyle's youth had an open burn, or creek, flowing through the center of it. This has been covered over by some enterprising citizen, and instead of a loitering little burn, crossed by numerous bridges, the eye is now greeted by a broad expanse of small cobble-stone. The cottages are for the most part very humble, and rise from the outer edges of the pavement, as if the latter had been turned up and shaped to make their walls. The church is a handsome brown-stone structure, of recent date, and is more in keeping with the fine fertile country about than with the little village in its front. In the cemetery back of it, Carlyle lies buried.

It seemed eminently fit that Carlyle's dust should rest here in his native soil, with that of his kindred, he was so thoroughly one of them, and that his place should be next his mother's, between whom and himself there existed such strong affection. I recall a little glimpse he gives of his mother in a letter to his brother John, while the latter was studying in Germany. His mother had visited him in Edinburgh. "I had her," he writes, "at the pier of Leith, and showed her

where your ship vanished; and she looked over the blue waters eastward with wettish eyes, and asked the dumb waves 'when he would be back again.' Good mother."

sal'u-ta-ry, wholesome; healthful.
in'fi-nite, boundless space.
im-brogl'ios, entanglements.
sa'vor, quality; delight.
un'der-stra''tum, under layer.
cog-no'men, surname.
um''bel-lif'er-ous, with clustered flowers.

II

To see more of Ecclefechan and its people, and to browse more at my leisure about the country, I brought my wife and child down from Lockerby; and we spent several days there, putting up at the quiet and cleanly little Bush Inn. I tramped much about the neighborhood, noting the birds, the wild flowers, the people, the farm occupations, etc.; going one afternoon to Scotsbrig, where the Carlyles lived after they left Mainhill, and where both father and mother died; one day to Annan, another to Repentance Hill, another over the hill toward Kirtlebridge, tasting the land, and finding it good. It is an evidence of how permanent and unchanging things are here that the house where Carlyle was born, eighty-seven years ago, and which his father built, stands just as it did then, and looks good for several hundred years more. In going up to the little room where he first saw the light, one ascends the much-worn but original stone stairs, and treads upon the original stone floors. I suspect that even the window panes in the little window remain the same.

The village is a very quiet and humble one, paved with small cobble-stone, over which one hears the clatter of wooden clogs, the same as in Carlyle's early days. The pavement comes quite

up to the low, modest, stone-floored houses, and one steps from the street directly into most of them. When an Englishman or a Scotchman of the humbler ranks builds a house in the country, he either turns its back upon the highway, or places it several rods distant from it, with sheds or stables between;

CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE IN ECCLEFECHAN

or else he surrounds it with a high, massive fence, shutting out your view entirely. In the village he crowds it to the front; continues the street pavement into his hall, if he can; allows no fence or screen between it and the street, but makes the communication between the two as easy and open as possible. At least this is the case with most of the older houses. Hence village houses and cottages in Britain are far less private and secluded than ours, and country houses far less public.

The only feature of Ecclefechan, besides the church, that dis-

tinguishes it from the humblest peasant village of an hundred years ago, is the large, fine, stone structure used for the public school. It confers a sort of distinction upon the place, as if it were in some way connected with the memory of its famous son. I think I was informed that he had some hand in founding it. The building in which he first attended school is a low, humble dwelling, that now stands behind the church, and forms part of the boundary between the cemetery and the Annan road.

The Ecclefechan boys, with some of whom I tried, not very successfully, to scrape an acquaintance, I found a sober, quiet, modest set, shy of strangers, and, like all country boys, incipient naturalists. If you want to know where the birds'-nests are, ask the boys. Hence, one Sunday afternoon, meeting a couple of them on the Annan road, I put the inquiry. They looked rather blank and unresponsive at first; but I made them understand I was in earnest, and wished to be shown some nests. To stimulate their ornithology I offered a penny for the first nest, twopence for the second, threepence for the third, etc.—a reward that, as it turned out, lightened my burden of British copper considerably; for these boys appeared to know every nest in the neighborhood, and I suspect had just then been making Sunday calls upon their feathered friends. They turned about, with a bashful smile, but without a word, and marched me a few paces along the road, when they stepped to the hedge, and showed me a hedge-sparrow's nest with young. The mother-bird was near, with food in her beak. This nest is a great favorite of the cuckoo, and is the one to which Shakespeare refers:—

> The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
> That it had its head bit off by its young.

The bird is not a sparrow at all, but is a warbler, closely related to the nightingale.

Then they conducted me along a pretty by-road, and parted away the branches, and showed me a sparrow's nest with eggs in it. A group of wild pansies, the first I had seen, made bright the bank near it. Next, after conferring a moment soberly together, they took me to a robin's nest,—a warm, mossy structure in the side of the bank. Then we wheeled up another road, and they disclosed the nest of the yellow yite, or yellow-hammer, a bird of the sparrow kind, also upon the ground. It seemed to have a little platform of coarse, dry stalks, like a door-stone, in front of it. In the meantime they had showed me several nests of the hedge-sparrow, and one of the shelfa, or chaffinch, that had been "harried," as the boys said, or robbed. These were gratuitous and merely by the way. Then they pointed out to me the nest of a tomtit in a disused pump that stood near the cemetery; after which they proposed to conduct me to a chaffinch's nest and a blackbird's nest; but I said I had already seen several of these and my curiosity was satisfied. Did they know any others? Yes, several of them; beyond the village, on the Middlebie road, they knew a wren's nest with eighteen eggs in it. Well, I could see that, and that would be enough; the coppers were changing pockets too fast.

So through the village we went, and along the Middlebie road for nearly a mile. The boys were as grave and silent as if they were attending a funeral; not a remark, not a smile. We walked rapidly. The afternoon was warm, for Scotland, and the tips of their ears glowed through their locks, as they wiped their brows. I began to feel as if I had had about enough walking myself. "Boys, how much farther is it?" I said. "A wee bit farther, sir"; and presently, by their in-

creasing pace, I knew we were nearing it. It proved to be the nest of a willow wren, or willow warbler, an exquisite structure, with a dome or canopy above it, the cavity lined with feathers and crowded with eggs. But it did not contain eighteen. The boys said they had been told that the bird would lay as many as eighteen eggs; but it is the common wren that lays this number,—even more. What struck me most was the gravity and silent earnestness of the boys. As we walked back they showed me more nests that had been harried. The elder boy's name was Thomas. He had heard of Thomas Carlyle; but when I asked him what he thought of him, he only looked awkwardly upon the ground.

JOHN BURROUGHS (Abridged).

clogs, shoes with thick soles.
in-cip'i-ent, beginning to be.
stim'u-late, encourage.
or''ni-thol'o-gy, knowledge of the natural history of birds.

JOHN BURROUGHS, naturalist and author, was born in Roxbury, New York, in 1837. He spent his early years in work upon his father's farm and in study and reading. At the age of fourteen he began to write essays, and at nineteen had the pleasure of seeing one of his literary productions in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Since 1874 he has given all his time to writing, to nature study, and to fruit-culture on his farm near West Park, New York. His stories of the lives of birds, fishes, flowers, animals, and even insects, have a fascination about them that all people, young and old, thoroughly enjoy.

Among his most popular works are "Wake Robin," "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Pepacton," "Indoor Studies," "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers," and "Fresh Fields," from which the selection "In Carlyle's Country" is taken by permission of the author's publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

The noun or name for which a pronoun stands or to which it refers is called its ***antecedent.***

THE SCARLET TANAGER

A flame went flitting through the wood;
The neighboring birds all understood
  Here was a marvel of their kind;
And silent was each feathered throat
To catch the brilliant stranger's note,
And folded every songster's wing
To hide its sober coloring.
  Against the tender green outlined,
He bore himself with splendid ease,
As though alone among the trees.
The glory passed from bough to bough—
The maple was in blossom now,
And then the oak, remembering
The crimson hint it gave in spring,
And every tree its branches swayed
And offered its inviting shade;
Where'er a bough detained him long,
A slender, silver thread of song
Was lightly, merrily unspun.
From early morn till day was done
  The vision flitted to and fro.
At last the wood was all alone;
But, ere the restless flame had flown,
He left a secret with each bough,
And in the Fall, where one is now,
  A thousand tanagers will glow.

MARY AUGUSTA MASON.

MARY AUGUSTA MASON was born in Windsor, N. Y. She contributes both prose and poetry to many of the leading magazines. Her collected poems are entitled "With the Seasons."

WEBSTER'S SCHOOL DAYS

In 1791, when Daniel had just turned nine, a new honor, which deeply affected his later career, came to his father. The many evidences of confidence and esteem a gratified community had bestowed on Ebenezer Webster in the dark days of the Revolution did not cease with the war. The leader in strife remained a leader in peace, was sent year after year first to one and then to the other branch of the Assembly, was a delegate to the convention which ratified the Federal Constitution, and finally, in 1791, was placed on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas for the county in which he resided.

These courts were composed of a presiding judge, always an able lawyer, and of two side justices, usually laymen of hard common sense and sterling integrity; and it was to one of these side justiceships that Ebenezer Webster was appointed. The office was one of honor and dignity, and carried with it an annual salary of several hundred dollars, just enough to enable the father to go on with his long meditated plan for the education of Daniel.

Of his five sons, Ebenezer, David, and Joseph had grown to manhood, were settled in life, and long past the school age. To educate the two remaining, Ezekiel and Daniel, was beyond his means. But if his longing to see at least one son rise above the humble calling of a farmer was to be gratified, it must be one of these, and to choose which cost the father a bitter struggle. He met it with the unfaltering courage that marked the man, made his decision, and one day in 1795 announced his determination.

"On a hot day in July," said Webster, describing the scene

many years later, "it must have been in one of the years of Washington's administration, I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm-tree. About the middle of the forenoon the Hon. Abiel Foster, M.C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house and came into the field to see my father. When he was gone, my father called me to him and we sat down beneath the elm.

"He said: 'My son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education which I never had. If I had had his education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here.'

"'My dear father,' said I, 'you shall not work; brother and I will work for you, and we will wear our hands out, and you shall rest.' And I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection.

"'My child,' said he, 'it is of no importance to me. I now live but for my children. I could not give your elder brothers the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities, learn, learn, and when I am gone you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.'"

Almost a year passed, however, before the plan so long cherished was fairly started, and Daniel, dressed in a brand-new, home-made suit and astride a side-saddle, rode with his father to Exeter to be entered at the famous academy founded by John Phillips. The principal then and forty years thereafter was Dr. Benjamin Abbot, one of the greatest teachers our country has yet produced. As the doctor was ill, the duty of exam-

ining the new pupil fell to Joseph S. Buckminster, then an usher at the academy, but destined to influence strongly the religious life of New England.

It was the custom of the doctor, we are told, to conduct the examination of applicants with pompous ceremony, and that, imitating him, young Buckminster summoned Webster to his presence, put on his hat, and said, "Well, sir, what is your age?"

"Fourteen," was the reply.

"Take this Bible, my lad, and read that chapter."

Young Webster was equal to the test, and read the whole passage to the end in a voice and with a fervor such as Master Buckminster had never listened to before.

"Young man," said he, "you are qualified to enter this institution," and no more questions were put to him.

The voice and manner so famous in later life were even then strikingly manifest. But one other gift of nature still lay dormant—he could not declaim. Long after he had become the greatest orator of the day, he said to a friend: "I could not speak before the school. Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse in my room over and over again, but when the day came, and the school-master called my name, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. When the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

His stay at the academy was short. At the close of the year he was at home again, teaching a small class of boys and girls at his uncle's house on the North Road, and while so engaged he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Samuel Wood, minister at Boscawen. Dr. Wood was also an educator, and took charge of Webster's Latin. A young senior from Dartmouth taught

him some Greek, and in August, 1797, Webster became a freshman in Dartmouth College.

He had now reached a turning point in his career. Save during the nine months spent at Phillips Exeter, he had never been so far from home, had never been so completely thrown upon his own resources, nor brought in close contact with so many young men of his own age and generation. He was free to make of himself what he pleased. He read widely in English literature and in history, acquired a familiarity with Latin and with Latin authors, never forgot anything once acquired, was always able to display his knowledge to the best advantage, was in no sense a student or a scholar, but became the best-informed man in college, and impressed all who met him as a youth of uncommon parts, with promise of being a great man.

"So much as I read," says he, "I made my own. When a half-hour, or an hour at most, had elapsed, I closed my book, and thought over what I had read. If there was anything peculiarly interesting or striking in the passage, I endeavored to recall it and lay it up in memory, and commonly could effect my object. Then if, in debate or conversation afterward, any subject came up on which I had read something, I could talk very easily so far as I had read, and there I was careful to stop."

As time passed, this wide reading stood him in good stead, and for a year he paid his board by aiding in editing a weekly newspaper for which he made selections from books and contemporary publications, now and then writing a few paragraphs himself. Nor were his physical characteristics less striking. College-mates never forgot his deep-set eyes, the solemn tones of his voice, the dignity of his carriage, and, above all, his

eloquence. The old shyness that tormented him so at the academy was gone. At last the greatest of his natural gifts was developing rapidly and was used freely.

JOHN BACH MCMASTER.

M. C., member of Congress.
dor'mant, not developed.
con-tem'po-ra-ry, occurring at the same time.

JOHN BACH McMASTER, historian, was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1852. After his graduation from the College of the City of New York, he practised civil engineering, becoming instructor in the subject at Princeton University in 1877. In 1883 he accepted the professorship of American history in the University of Pennsylvania. His writings include many histories of the United States, "Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters," and "Daniel Webster," from which, with the kind permission of the author and of The Century Company, by whom the book is copyrighted, the present selection is taken.

WEBSTER DEFENDING HIS ALMA MATER

[The charter of Dartmouth College was granted by the British crown in 1769. It was under the government of twelve trustees and was virtually a private institution. In 1816 the legislature of New Hampshire amended this charter, making the college a public institution governed by officials appointed by the state. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, where Daniel Webster made the principal argument in favor of the old charter being retained, and won the case.]

Mr. Webster went on for more than four hours with a statement so luminous, and a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood, and yet approaching so nearly to absolute demonstration, that he seemed to carry with him every man of his audience without the slightest effort or uneasiness on either side. A single circumstance will show you the clearness and absorbing power of his argument.

I observed that Judge Story, at the opening of the case, had prepared himself, pen in hand, as if to take copious minutes. Hour after hour I saw him fixed in the same attitude, but, so far as I could perceive, with not a note on his paper. The argument closed, and I could not discover that he had taken a single note. Others around me remarked the same thing, and it was among the *on dits* [" They say's "] of Washington, that a friend spoke to him of the fact with surprise, when the Judge remarked, " Everything was so clear, and so easy to remember, that not a note seemed necessary, and, in fact, I thought little or nothing about my notes."

The argument ended, Mr. Webster stood for some moments silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Chief Justice, he proceeded thus: " This, Sir, is my case. It is the case not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in the land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout our country,—of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors, to alleviate human misery, and scatter blessings along the pathway of life.

" It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped; for the question is merely this: Shall our State Legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends or purposes as they in their discretion shall see fit?

" Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know that it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But, if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those greater lights of science

which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land! It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it——"

Here, the feelings, which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down, broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears, his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from a burst of feeling. I shall not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the privations and trials through which he had made his way into life. Every one saw that it was entirely unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in words and tears.

The court-room during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall and gaunt figure bent over, as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheeks expanded with emotion, and his eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington at his side, leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the court at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, toward a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench, to catch each look and every movement of the speaker.

If a painter could give us the scene on canvas,—those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster as he stood there in the midst,—it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. One thing it taught me, that the Pathetic depends not merely on the words uttered, but still more on the estimate we put upon him who utters them. There was not

one among the strong-minded men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep, when he saw standing before him the man, who had made such an argument, melted into the tenderness of a child.

Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and, fixing his keen eye on the Chief Justice, said, in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience,—.

"Sir, I know not how others may feel," (glancing at the opponents of the college before him), "but for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the Senate-house, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me, and say, '*Et tu quoque, mi fili,*' And thou too, my son!"

He sat down. There was a death-like stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself, and coming gradually back to his ordinary range of thoughts and feeling.

CHAUNCEY ALLEN GOODRICH.

lu'mi-nous, clear; intelligent.
dem"on-stra'tion, proof.
co'pi-ous, abundant; full.
min'utes, records; notes.
el"ee-mos'y-na-ry, supported or founded by charity.
al-le'vi-ate, relieve; lessen.
re-it'er-a-ting, repeating again and again.

CHAUNCEY ALLEN GOODRICH (1790–1860), an American scholar, was born in New Haven, Connecticut. He was graduated from Yale and afterward held professorships of rhetoric and theology there. His own close association with college interests made him keenly appreciative of Webster's eager eloquence in defending his "Alma Mater."

A ***relative pronoun*** is used to introduce a clause and refers directly to its antecedent.

The relative pronouns are *who, which, that* and *what.*

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
  Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
  Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in its embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
  No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
  Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
  With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
  The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
  A strain—now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
  With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
  Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
  And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
  Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
  And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
  With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
  Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
  Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
  With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
  The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
  To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
  To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
  Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
  Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
  There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
  Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
  And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
  That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply " Home, Sweet Home " had stirred
  The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees
  As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
  Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
That bright celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON.

Rap"pa-han'nock, a river in Virginia. It was of great strategic importance in the Civil War.
meads, meadows.
az'ure, clear blue color.
em-bra'sure, the opening in a wall or parapet through which cannon are pointed and discharged.
so-no'rous, loud and clear.
plain'tive, sad; mournful.
i'ris, rainbow. In mythology, Iris is the goddess of the rainbow.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1823, and was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1844. He gave up the practice of law to engage in literary pursuits, and at different times edited the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the *Southern Field and Fireside*, and the *Evening Post*, of New York. During the Civil War he lived in London, where he wrote for various English magazines in defense of the Confederacy. The best known of his poems are "The Burial of Latane," "The Death of Stuart," and the one reproduced here. He died in 1873, and lies buried in Hollywood Cemetery in his native State.

A CAVALRY CHARGE

The introduction of gunpowder and bullets and of long-range repeating rifles has, in modern warfare, greatly lessened the effectiveness of cavalry in general battle with infantry, and deprived that great arm of the service of the terror which its charges once inspired. In wars of the early centuries, the swift horseman rode down the comparatively helpless infantry and trampled its ranks under the horses' feet. For ages after the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, it was the vast bodies of cavalry that checked and changed the currents of battles and

settled the fate of armies and empires. This is not true now—can never be true again; but a cavalry charge, met by a counter-charge of cavalry is still, perhaps, the most terrible spectacle witnessed in war. If the reader has never seen such a charge, he can form little conception of its awe-inspiring fury.

Imagine yourself looking down from Gettysburg heights upon the open, wide-spreading plain below, where five thousand horses are marshaled in battle line. Standing beside them are five thousand riders, armed, booted and spurred, and ready to mount. The bugles sound the "Mount!" and instantly five thousand plumes rise above the horses as the riders spring into their saddles. In front of the respective squadrons the daring leaders take their places. The fluttering pennants or streaming guidons, ten to each regiment, mark the left of the companies. On the opposite slope of the same plain are five thousand hostile horsemen clad in different uniforms, ready to meet these in counter-charge.

Under those ten thousand horses are their hoofs, iron-shod and pitiless, beneath whose furious tread the plain is soon to quiver. Again on each slope of the open field the bugles sound. Ten thousand sabers leap from scabbards and glisten in the sun. The trained horses chafe their restraining bits, and, as the bugle notes sound the charge, their nostrils dilate and their flanks swell in sympathy with their dashing riders.

"Forward!" shouts the commander. Down the lines and through the columns in quick succession ring the echoing commands, "Forward, forward!" As this order thrills through eager ears, sabers flash, and spurs are planted in palpitating flanks. The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles.

Their iron-rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread crush the stones

"THE MADLY FLYING HORSES THUNDER ACROSS THE TREMBLING FIELD"

to powder and crash through the flesh and bones of hapless riders who chance to fall. As front against front these furious riders plunge, their sweeping sabers slashing edge against edge, cutting a way through opposing ranks, gashing faces, breaking arms, and splitting heads, it is a scene of wildest war, a whirling tempest of battle, short-lived but terrible.

JOHN BROWN GORDON.

gui'dons, small flags with pennants; one is carried by each company of cavalry.

pal'pi-ta"ting, trembling.
re-morse'less, pitiless; merciless.
hap'less, unfortunate.

JOHN BROWN GORDON (1832–1904) was a famous American soldier and politician. He was born in Georgia and educated at the State University, following the profession of law after his graduation. In 1861, at the beginning of the Civil War, he entered the Confederate Army as a captain of infantry. He rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and commanded one wing of the army at Appomattox at the time of General Lee's surrender. He was a member of the United States Senate for many years, served as governor of Georgia, 1887–90, and was commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans. "A Cavalry Charge" is taken from his "Reminiscences of the Civil War," copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE OLD CONFEDERATE VETERAN

The Old Confederate Veteran, we know him as he stands
And listens for the thunder of the far-off battle lands.
He hears the crash of musketry, the smoke rolls like a sea,
For he tramped the fields with Stonewall, and he climbed the heights with Lee.

The Old Confederate Veteran, his life is in the past,
And the war-cloud, like a mantle, round his rugged form is cast.
He hears the bugle calling o'er the far and mystic sea,
For he tramped the fields with Stonewall, and he climbed the heights with Lee.

FRANK L. STANTON (Selected).

AT GETTYSBURG

'T was past the hour of nooning; the Summer skies were blue;
Behind the covering timber the foe was hid from view;
So fair and sweet with waving wheat the pleasant valley lay,
It brought to mind our Northern homes and meadows far away;
When the whole western ridge at once was fringed with fire and smoke,
Against our lines from seven score guns the dreadful tempest broke!
Then loud our batteries answer, and far along the crest,
And to and fro the roaring bolts are driven east and west;
Heavy and dark around us glooms the stifling sulphur cloud,
And the cries of mangled men and horse go up beneath its shroud.

The guns are still: the end is nigh: we grasp our arms anew;
Oh, now let every heart be stanch and every aim be true!
For look! from yonder wood that skirts the valley's further marge,
The flower of all the Southern host move to the final charge.
By heaven! it is a fearful sight to see their double rank
Come with a hundred battle-flags—a mile from flank to flank!
Tramping the grain to earth, they come, ten thousand men abreast;
Their standards wave—their hearts are brave—they hasten not, nor rest,
But close the gaps our cannon make, and onward press, and nigher,
And, yelling at our very front, again pour in their fire.

God send us peace! and where for aye the loved and lost recline,
Let fall, O South, your leaves of palm—O North, your sprigs of pine!
But when, with every ripened year, we keep the harvest home,
And to the dear Thanksgiving-feast our sons and daughters come,—
When children's children throng the board in the old homestead spread,
And the bent soldier of these wars is seated at the head,
Long, long the lads shall listen to hear the gray-beard tell
Of those who fought at Gettysburg and stood their ground so well.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (Abridged).

bolts, missiles shot from batteries.
sul'phur, powder of a yellowish hue.
skirts, borders.
marge, margin; edge.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1833. He was for many years connected with newspaper work and served as war correspondent of the New York *World* from 1861 to 1863. He is famous as a poet and as a lecturer on poetry.

The selection from his poem "At Gettysburg" is here reproduced by the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

What kinds of pronouns do you find in the following sentences?

1. We know him as he stands.
2. The battle, which the poem describes, is the battle of Gettysburg.
3. Who was John Brown Gordon?
4. A great palm that stood in the court shows only a charred stump.
5. Which story in this book do you like best?
6. He surrounds it with a fence shutting out your view entirely.

Name the antecedents of all the personal and relative pronouns; tell the person of the personal pronouns.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will:
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN was born in West Hills, Long Island, New York, in 1819. He was of Dutch descent. While he was still a child, his parents moved to Brooklyn, and there he attended the public schools and learned the printer's trade. He afterward taught school, practised his trade, and began writing poetry. For three years during the Civil War he served as a volunteer army nurse in the hospitals near Washington. Later he held a government clerkship until his health failed in 1873. He then continued to live in Camden, New Jersey, until his death in 1892. "O Captain! My Captain!" was written upon hearing of President Lincoln's assassination and represents some of the poet's finest work.

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

I went to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty. I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days afterward, I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed, in steady measure, every newcomer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead, and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds, and the old, open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, holding the simple annals of the family, and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door, the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep, patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man—while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees were shrill with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky

—got the family around him, and taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's benediction on that family and on that home. And while I gazed, the vision of that marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said, Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic.

HENRY WOODFEN GRADY.

ark of the cov'e-nant, see Deut. x. 1–5.
re-gen″er-a'tion, new life; spiritual rebirth.
un″pre-ten'tious, humble; modest.
res'o-nant, resounding.
re'qui-em, mass said or sung for the repose of the dead.
lien, claim for debt.
buc'kler, shield; here used figuratively.

HENRY WOODFEN GRADY was born in Athens, Georgia, in 1851. After receiving his education at the University of Georgia, he engaged in journalistic work, finally becoming editor of the Atlanta *Constitution,* which office he held until his death in 1889. In addition to his contributions to various magazines on topics relating to the South, Mr. Grady won considerable fame as an orator. His most famous addresses are "The New South" and "The Future of the Negro."

A ***demonstrative pronoun*** points out the noun or name to which it refers.

The demonstrative pronouns are, *this, that, these, those. This* and *these* point out persons or objects near at hand; *that* and *those,* persons or objects more distant. Examples: *This* is my book. *That* is your book. *These* are beautiful trees; *those* are beginning to die.

Pronouns that do not point out a particular person or object are called ***indefinite pronouns.***

Any, each, none, one, some, etc., are indefinite pronouns.

THE "OLD, OLD SONG"

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,—
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,—
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

maimed, crippled; disabled.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819–75) was an English author and clergyman. He was deeply interested in religion and in science and made a careful study into the conditions of the working classes of England, doing much for their uplifting and improvement. His writings, like his life, cover a wide range of interest. In addition to his religious publications, his works include the historical novels, "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" and "Hereward the Wake"; "At Last," a charming description of his visit to the West Indies; and the juvenile works "The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales," "Madam How and Lady Why," and "The Water Babies," from which the above verses are taken.

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
  Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
  A river-ark on the ocean's brine,
Long I've been toss'd like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come:
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,—
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

fawn'ing, servile; cringing.
gri-mace', smirk; distorted countenance.
syl'van, abounding in forests or trees.
lore, knowledge.
soph'ist, of false philosophy.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

"WASHINGTON (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

"SIR: You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his coun-

try or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care that in the various indulgences which may be granted this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the government that he shall never again see his country, which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise, you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,

"W. SOUTHARD, for the

"Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose that the commander of the *Levant* has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system.

He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. Ac-

cording to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom, which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone.

Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe that the theory was, that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country that he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party, and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (we went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America, and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over

them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America.

This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap of the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterward I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something that happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage.

They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, was quite a windfall. Among them was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which all of them had heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long.

Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck, smoking and reading aloud. It so happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began without a thought of what was coming—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said——

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he, expecting to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand.
If such there be, go, mark him well.

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages, but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he coughed a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,—

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self——

and here the poor fellow choked, and could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And," said Phillips, "we did not see him again for two months."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came

out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not merely that. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward when I knew him—very seldom spoke unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

trans-mit'ted, handed down.
He'si-od, a Greek poet.
can'to, a division of a long poem.
con-cen'tred, concentrated (referring to his thoughts).
brag'ga-do'cio, empty boasting.

WHAT IS OUR COUNTRY?

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose, or a faithfulness of zeal, too steadfast and ardent. And what *is* our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest home, with her frontiers of the lakes and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn; with her beautiful Ohio and her verdant Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice field. *What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family,* OUR COUNTRY?

THOMAS S. GRIMKÉ.

FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP"

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS

KEY

[The diacritical marks correspond to those of Webster's International Dictionary.]

ā, as in fāte.	ē, as in fērn.	ū, as in ūse.
â, as in pref'âce.	e, as in re'cent.	û, as in hû-mane'.
â, as in câre.		ụ, as in rụde.
ă, as in ăm.	ī, as in īce.	ŭ, as in ŭp.
ä, as in ärm.	ĭ, as in pĭn.	û, as in bûrn.
å, as in so'få.		
ą, as in ąll.	ō, as in ōld.	ȳ, as in pit'ȳ.
	ô, as in ô-bey'.	
ĕ, as in ĕve.	ô, as in ôrb.	o͞o, as in fo͞od.
ê, as in êvent'.	ŏ, as in ŏdd.	
ĕ, as in ĕnd.	ọ, as in whọ.	ou, as in out.

N represents the nasal tone (as in French) of the preceding vowel.
n like n before the sound of k or hard *g*.

LIST OF WORDS

Ā'bĭ-ĕl or A-bī'el.
Achaians (å-kā'yåns).
Aersbot (ār'skŏt).
Agathe (å''gät').
Ä'lä-mō.
amateur (ăm''å-tēr' or ăm'å-tūr'').
Ăp''på-măt'ŭck.
Assignats (å''sē''nyä' or ăs'ĭg-năts).

banquettes (băn̲-kĕt').
Blenheim (blĕn'hīm).
bonbons (bôɴ'bôɴ'').
Boscawen (bŏs'kwen).
Bowdoin (bō'd'n).

Brian de Bois-Gilbert (brē-ăɴ' de bwä gĕl''bĕr').
Broek (brọk).

Căd-wăl'å-dēr.
Cairo (kī'rō).
Calais (kå''lå').
chevalier (shŭ-vă-lĭ-å')
Crecy (krā'sē).

Dalhem (dăl'm).
dragées (drå''zhā').
Dŭf'feld.

Ecclefechan (ĕk'l-fĕċh'*ạn).
Edinburgh (ĕd''n-bŭr-ō).

Faneuil (făn'ū-ĕl).
Front-de-Bœuf (frôN dᵉ bûf).

galeries (găl-rē').
gamins (gȧ'măN').
Gĕn'ō-ȧ.
Gonzales (gŏn-thā'lâth).
Gourley (goor'ley).
Grantmesnil, de (grăN''menᵉn'ēl).
Greenwich (grĭn'ĭj or grēn'ĭj).
Guyot (gē''yō').

Hăb'ᵉr-shᵃm.

Jean de Boré (zhŏn dᵉ bō-rā').
Jehan Daas (yā'hŏn dās).
Joris (yō'rĭs).
Junot (zhū''nō').

Kircaldy (kēr-kạ'dĭ).
Kniphausen (knĭp'hou-zᵉn).

La Hogue (lȧ ōg').
Lannes (lăns).
Lanspach (lăn'păx).
(de) L'Auxerrois (l'ō-sȧr-wȧ').
Legaré (lᵉ-grē').
Lê-văn't'.
Lochinvar (lŏk''ĭn-vär').
Lokeren (lō'kēr-ᵉn).
Looz (lōs).

Mardi-Gras (mär'dê''-grȧ').
Martinique (măr''tĭ-nēk').
Mecheln (mĕk'ᵉln).
Monticello (mŏn''tê-sĕl'lō).

Nantes (năNts).

Odysseus (ōdĭs'ūs).

Pȧ-pȧn'tĭ.
Paraguay (pä''rȧ-gwī' or păr'ȧ-gwā)
Patrasche (pă-trŏsh').
Pelée (pᵉ-lȧ').
Phœnix (fē'nĭks).
Place Bertin (plȧs bâr''tăN').
Pō''cȧ-hŏn'tȧs.
Pŏl''y̆-phē'mŏs.
Pôr'sĕ-nȧ.
Poseidon (pō-sĭ'dŏn).
Powhatan (pou''hȧ-tăn').

Rahl (rȧl).
(de la) Ramé (dᵉ lȧ rȧ-mā').
Răt'ĭs-bŏn.
régime (rā''zhēm').
Roos (rōs).
Rue Bouillé (rū bōō''yā').

St. Germain (sȧN zhâr''măN').
(de) Saint Pierre (sȧN py̆-ȧr').
Sān'tȧ Ä'nȧ.
Seine (sān).
Sĕv'ērn.
Sigourney (sĭg'ēr-nĭ).

Telemos (tĕl'ĕ-mŭs).
Thames (tĕmz).
Tongres (tôN'gr').
Trăv'ĭs.
Trê-mŏnt'.

Vipont, Ralph de (vē'pôN).

* The *ch* should be pronounced as nearly like the German ch as possible.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

*A Selected List of 150 Titles.**

[The Key to Publishers will be found on page 271.]

AMUSEMENTS, HANDICRAFTS, AND REFERENCE

Beard, Daniel C. (S) . . . . . American Boy's Handy Book
Beard, Lina *and* Adelia B. (S) . . . . . American Girl's Handy Book
Champlin, John D. (Ho) . Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things
Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Games and Sports
Seton-Thompson, Ernest (Do) . . . . . Two Little Savages

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

Andrews, Jane (Lot) . . . . Ten Boys Who Lived Upon the Road from Long Ago to Now
Baldwin, James (A B C) . . . . . Old Stories of the East (Ancient)
Thirty More Famous Stories Retold
Besant, Sir Walter (Mac) . . . . . Life of Captain Cook (England)
Bolton, Sarah K. (Cr) . . . . . Girls Who Became Famous
Bulwer-Lytton, Sir Edward (Cr) . . . . . Last Days of Pompeii
Church, Alfred J. (D) . . . . . Stories from Homer (Greece)
Stories from Livy (Rome)
Clemens, Samuel L., "Mark Twain" (H) . The Prince and the Pauper (England—16th Century)
Coffin, Charles Carleton (H) . . . . . Boys of '76 (American Revolution)
Building the Nation (French and Indian Wars)
Cooper, James Fenimore (Mac) . . The Deerslayer, The Last of the Mohicans, The Pathfinder (America—14th Century)
Doyle, A. Conan (H) . . . . The White Company (France—14th Century)
Drake, Samuel A. (S) . . . . The Making of the Great West (American)
Hale, Edward Everett (Li) . . . The Man Without a Country (American Revolution to Civil War)
Harris, Joel Chandler (Ap) . . . On the Plantation (Before the Civil War)
Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Hou) . Biographical Stories, bound with Grandfather's Chair (General)

* Following in greater part the classification in the Selected List compiled by Caroline M. Hewins (Librarian of Hartford, Conn., Public Library) and published by the American Library Association of Boston.

Henty, G. A. (S) . . . . . Beric the Briton (England—Julius Cæsar)
The Dragon and the Raven (England—King Alfred)
In the Reign of Terror (French Revolution)
True to the Old Flag (American Revolution)
With Clive in India (England—18th Century)
Kingsley, Charles (Mac) . . . . Westward Ho! (England—16th Century)
Lanier, Sidney (S) . . . Boy's Troissart (Eng., France, Spain—14th Century)
Munroe, Kirk (H) . Flamingo Feather (Huguenots and Spaniards in Florida)
Page, Thomas Nelson (S) . . . . Two Little Confederates (Civil War)
Porter, Jane (Du) . . . . . Scottish Chiefs (England—14th Century)
Scott, Sir Walter (A B C) . . . . . Ivanhoe (England—12th Century)
Quentin Durward (France—15th Century)
Talisman (England—12th Century)
Stoddard, William O. (Lot) . Guert Ten Eyck (New York in the Revolution)

INDIANS AND RANCH LIFE

Custer, Elizabeth Bacon (H) . . . . . Tenting on the Plains
Grinnel, George Bird (St) . . . . . Jack Among the Indians
Jack the Young Ranchman
Janvier, Thomas A. (H) . . . . . Aztec Treasure House
Judd, Mary C. (G) . . . . . Wigwam Stories
Wilson, Gilbert H. (G) . . . . . Myths of the Red Children

JUST STORIES

Alcott, Louisa M. (C) . . . . . An Old-Fashioned Girl
Little Women
Little Men
Jo's Boys
Aldrich, Thomas B. (Hou) . . . . . Story of a Bad Boy
Barbour, Ralph H. (Ap) . . . . . For the Honor of the School
Half-Back
Baylor, Frances Courtenay (Hou) . . . . . Juan and Juanita
Brooks, Noah (S) . . . . . Boy Emigrants
Boy Settlers
Burnett, Frances Hodgson (S) . . . . . Little Lord Fauntleroy
Catherwood, Mary Hartwell (Lot) . . . . . Rocky Fork
Connor, Ralph (Re) . . . . . Glengarry School Days
"**Coolidge,** Susan" (Li) . . . . . What Katy Did
What Katy Did at School
Eggleston, Edward (S) . . . . . The Hoosier Schoolboy

Ewing, Juliana Horatia (Li) . . . . . **Mary's Meadow**
Six to Sixteen
Hoppin, Augustus (Hou) . . . . . **Two Compton Boys**
Hughes, Thomas (Hou) . . . . . **Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby**
Jackson, Helen, "H. H." (Li) . . . . . **Nelly's Silver Mine**
Jewett, Sarah Orne (Hou) . . . . . **Betty Leicester**
Johnson, Rossiter (S) . . . . . **Phaeton Rogers**
King, Charles (H) . . . . . **Cadet Days**
Munroe, Kirk (H) . . . . . **Dorymates**
"Ouida" (Louise de Ramé) (L) . . . . . **Bimbi**
Stockton, Frank R. (S) . . . . . **Jolly Fellowship**
Stoddard, William O. (S) . . . . . **Dab Kinzer**
Trowbridge, John T. (W) . . . . . **Jack Hazard and His Fortunes**
Young Surveyor
Warner, Charles Dudley (Hou) . . . . . **Being a Boy**
Wiggin, Kate Douglas (Hou) . . . . . **Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm**
Yonge, Charlotte W. (Mac) . . . . . **Daisy Chain**
Trial
Pillars of the House

MYTHS AND WONDER STORIES

Andersen, Hans Christian (Mac) . . . . . **Fairy Tales**
Baldwin, James . . . . . **(A B C) Golden Fleece**
(A B C) Old Greek Stories
(S) Story of Siegfried
Church, Alfred J. (Mac) . . . . . **Story of the Iliad**
Crothers, Samuel McChord (Hou) . . . . **Miss Muffet's Christmas Party**
Harris, Joel Chandler (Ap) . . **Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings**
Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Hou) . . . . . **Wonder-Book**
Kingsley, Charles (Mac) . . . . . **The Water-Babies**
Lang, Andrew (Lo) . . . . . **Arabian Nights Entertainments**
Marvin, F. S., *and others* (Du) . . . . . **Adventures of Odysseus**
Pyle, Howard (S) . . . . . **Story of King Arthur and His Knights**
Ruskin, John (G) . . . . . **King of the Golden River**
Scudder, Horace E. (Hou) . . . . . **Book of Legends**
Thackeray, William M. (Pu) . . . . . **The Rose and the Ring**

OUT-OF-DOOR BOOKS AND ANIMAL STORIES

Brown, John (Hou) . . . . . **Rab and His Friends**
Burroughs, John (Hou) . . . . . **Locusts and Wild Honey**
Squirrel and Other Fur-bearers

Cram, William Everett (Sm) . . . . Little Beasts of Field and Wood
Hornaday, William T. (S) . . . . . American Natural History
Hulbert, William Davenport (M) . . . . . Forest Neighbors
Mathews, Ferdinand S. (Ap) . . . . Familiar Trees and Their Leaves
Saunders, Marshall (A) . . . . . Beautiful Joe
Serviss, Garrett P. (Ap) . . . . . Astronomy with an Opera Glass
Seton-Thompson, Ernest (S) . . . . . Trail of the Sandhill Stag
Sewell, Anna (R) . . . . . Black Beauty

POETRY AND SELECTIONS FROM LITERATURE

Bellamy, Bertha W. (G) . . . . . Open Sesame (3 vols.)
Browning, Robert (Hou) . . . . . The Pied Piper of Hamelin
Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Hou) . . . . . The Great Stone Face
Irving, Washington (A B C) . . . . . The Sketch Book
Lamb, Charles and Mary (Mac) . . . . . Tales from Shakespeare
Longfellow, Henry W. (Hou) . . . . . Courtship of Miles Standish
Evangeline
Hiawatha
Macaulay, T. B., *Lord* (A B C) . . . . . Lays of Ancient Rome
Montgomery, D. H. (G) . . . . . Heroic Ballads
Norton, Charles Eliot (Hou) . . . . . Heart of Oak Books (later vols.)
Scott, Sir Walter (A B C) . . . . . Lady of the Lake
Lay of the Last Minstrel
Swift, Jonathan (G) . . . . . Gulliver's Travels
Whittier, John G., *compiler* (Hou) . . . . . Child-Life in Verse

SCIENCE

Baker, Ray Stannard (M) . . . . . Boy's Book of Inventions
Boy's Second Book of Inventions
Black, Alexander (Lot) . . . . . Captain Kodak
Buckley, Arabella B. (Ap) . . . . . Life and Her Children
Faraday, Michael (H) . . . . . Chemical History of a Candle
Green, Homer (Hou) . . . . . Coal and the Coal Mines
Kingsley, Charles . . . . . (Mac) Madam How and Lady Why
(Ap) Town Geology
Meadowcroft, W. H. (E) . . . . . The A. B. C. of Electricity
Moffett, Cleveland (C) . . . . . Careers of Danger and Daring
Santos-Dumont, Alberto (C) . . . . . My Air-Ships

TRAVEL AND CHILD-LIFE IN OTHER COUNTRIES

Amicis, Edmondo de (Cr) . . . . . Heart
Andrews, Jane (Lot) . . . . . Seven Little Sisters
Black, William (H) . . . . . The Four Macnicols
Dodge, Mary Mapes (S) . . . . . Hans Brinker
DuChaillu, Paul (S) . . . . . Life of the Long Night
Kingston, W. H. G. (Ri) . . . . . Great African Travelers
Martineau, Harriet (P) . . . . . Feats on the Fiord
Raspe, R. E. (Cr) . . . . . Adventures of Baron Munchausen
Stockton, Frank R. (S) . . . . . Personally Conducted

VOYAGES AND SEA STORIES

Baker, Sir Samuel W. (H) . . . . . Cast Up by the Sea
Dana, Richard H. (Hou) . . . . . Two Years Before the Mast
Defoe, Daniel (A B C) . . . . . Robinson Crusoe
Marryat, Frederick (Du) . . . . . Masterman Ready
Nordhoff, Charles (D) . . . . . Sailor Life
Stevenson, Robert L. (Li) . . . . . Treasure Island
Stockton, Frank R. (Mac) . . . Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast
Verne, Jules . . . . . (P) Around the World in Eighty Days
(Cr) Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea
Wyss, J. R. von (Hou) . . . . . Swiss Family Robinson

KEY TO PUBLISHERS

A	= Amer. Baptist Pub. Society.	Li	= Little, Brown & Co.
A B C	= American Book Co.	Lo	= Longmans, Green & Co.
Ap	= D. Appleton & Co.	Lot	= Lothrop, Lee, Shepard & Co.
C	= Century Co.	M	= McClure Co.
Cr	= Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.	Mac	= Macmillan Co.
D	= Dodd, Mead & Co.	P	= L. C. Page & Co.
Do	= Doubleday, Page & Co.	Pu	= G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Du	= E. P. Dutton & Co.	R	= Rand, McNally & Co.
E	= Excelsior Pub. House.	Re	= Fleming H. Revell & Co.
G	= Ginn & Co.	Ri	= George Rice & Sons.
H	= Harper & Bros.	S	= Charles Scribner's Sons.
Ho	= Henry Holt & Co.	Sm	= Small, Maynard & Co.
Hou	= Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	St	= Frederick A. Stokes Co.
L	= J. B. Lippincott Co.	W	= John C. Winston Co.