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# LECTOR ING

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## LECTURAS GRADUADA

### DE TROZOS SELECTOS

DE LA



# LITERATURA CLÁSICA INGLESA

### MÉTODO PRÁCTICO ENTERAMENTE NUEVO

PARA APRENDER Á

DELETREAR, ACENTUAR, PRONUNCIAR Y LEER

## LA LENGUA INGLESA

POR

### G. HUDSON-MONTAGUE

DE LA UNIVERSIDAD DE OXFORD, INGLATERRA

Profesor del Idioma Inglés

Autor del «VADE MECUM: ó el Compañero indispensable del Estudiante y Viajero Español.»

He that knows no other tongue  
Knows little of his own.—GÖETHE.



## BARCELONA

### LIBRERÍA DE A. VERDAGUER

RAMBLA DEL CENTRO, NÚM. 5.

1877.

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# LECTOR INGLÉS

LECTURAS GRADUADAS

DE TERCER GRADO

## LITERATURA CLÁSICA INGLESA

MÉTODO PRÁCTICO ESTERAMENTE BUENO

DE LA LIBRERÍA DE A. VERDAGUER, PROMOTOR DE LIBROS

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LA LECTURA INGLESA

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DE LA UNIVERSIDAD DE OXFORD, INGLATERRA

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BARCELONA

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CALLE DEL TEATRO, N.º 21

## PRÓLOGO.

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Aun cuando parezca extraño, es sin embargo un hecho reconocido que, para los españoles que intentan aprender la Lengua Inglesa, no existe obra alguna que pueda serles útil; ni como libro de texto digno de confianza, ni como una bien ordenada y sucinta introducción al estudio de la Literatura Inglesa. Ninguna obra de esta clase ha sido trazada hasta aquí con el especial objeto de reunir todos los requisitos necesarios. Una vez dominados los rudimentos de la gramática inglesa, y sintiéndose con fuerzas para principiar á traducir, todo el que se dedicaba á este idioma se encontraba hasta ahora totalmente abandonado, ó por lo ménos entregado á sus propias fuerzas, sin guía, amigo, ni consejero, para luchar como mejor pudiese por entre las nieblas de la duda y la inseguridad que suele acompañar á un mal digerido é incompleto estudio.

Hasta aquí, las obras, entre las que el profesor se veía obligado á elegir, ninguna guardaba relación con la enseñanza del arte de leer correctamente, y de pronunciar con propiedad: ninguna habia que pudiera servir para guiarle cuidadosamente por medio de lecciones graduadas, á vencer primero las pequeñas y despues las grandes dificultades de la versión de un idioma á otro. Las fuentes de

## PRÉFACE.

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Il n'y a pas le moindre doute qu'il existe en France des ouvrages élémentaires destinés à instruire les élèves dans l'art de lire correctement l'anglais, et adaptés à servir comme livre de texte dans la traduction pratique de cette langue au français. Cependant, peut-être serait-ce un problème à résoudre que ces livres embrassent tous les éléments essentiellement propres à écarter quelques-unes des difficultés bien connues qui se rencontrent ordinairement à chaque pas dans l'étude de cette langue. Ces défauts qui, dans ces sortes d'ouvrage, peuvent plutôt être considérés comme des insuffisances, l'auteur du livre dont il est question a fait un effort pour y suppléer: et pour cela, il a approfondi et soigneusement élaboré un système de lecture entièrement à lui, détruisant, pour ainsi dire, jusqu'à la racine, ces mêmes obstacles qui jusqu'à ce moment se sont opiniâtrément opposés à la marche du progrès et qui ont empêché l'avancement de l'élève tout en le remplissant de troubles.

Par conséquent, afin de combattre une insuffisance qui d'un com-

las que solian beber para inspi-  
rarse tendian más á ofuscar que  
á iluminar la inteligencia, más á  
abatir que á animar el espíritu,  
más á entorpecer que á estimular  
el progreso. Y nada tiene de estra-  
ño: porque estas obras son libros  
de interés general para todos los  
que ya poseen la lengua inglesa, y  
no tienen aliciente alguno para  
aquellos que procuran *adquirirla*.

El deseo de remediar esta apre-  
miante necesidad, deplorada en  
vano por los profesores y sentida  
tanto tiempo há por los alumnos,  
ha inducido al autor á publicar la  
presente obra, que ha sido arregla-  
da en sus diferentes partes con la  
mira especial é importante de  
ofrecer al alumno un guia ele-  
mental para la lectura inglesa y  
un libro de texto para la traduc-  
cion progresiva.

Los trozos, tanto en prosa co-  
mo en verso, han sido en su ma-  
yor parte sacados de autores que  
figuran en primera línea en la  
Clásica Literatura de Inglaterra y  
América, cuyos variados estilos  
sirven como modelos de correc-  
cion y elegancia, cuya pureza de  
sentimientos y elevacion de con-  
ceptos nos interesan á la par que  
levantan nuestro espíritu, y cuya  
sabiduría instruye nuestro enten-  
dimiento y vigoriza nuestra inte-  
ligencia. El objeto ha sido propor-  
cionar alimento que agrade al pa-  
ladar sin estragar el apetito, y que  
alimente el cuerpo sin cargar el  
estómago, inculcando cuidadosa-  
mente todo lo que es puro, sano y  
moral, y separando escrupulosa-  
mente todo lo que tienda á ejercer  
una influencia corruptora en el  
gusto ó en la imaginacion.

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

Una larga esperiencia y una mi-

mun accord a été reconnue exister,  
et pour fournir à l'élève les mo-  
yens directs et pratiques d'écar-  
ter ces empêchements qui ont  
longtemps obstrué son passage,  
l'auteur a été porté à publier l'ou-  
vrage cité. Il a été arrangé dans  
ses différentes parties dans un but  
spécial et important, celui de ser-  
vir de guide élémentaire à la lec-  
ture de l'anglais, de livre de texte  
pour une traduction progressive,  
et d'introduction succincte et bien  
ordonnée pour l'étude de la Litté-  
rature Anglaise.

Les morceaux, soit de prose soit  
de vers, sont la plupart tirés des  
auteurs qui figurent en première  
ligne dans la Littérature Classique  
de l'Angleterre et de l'Amérique,  
dont les styles variés servent de  
modèles de correction et d'élégan-  
ce, dont la pureté de sentiments  
et l'élevation d'idées nous intéres-  
sent en même temps qu'ils élèvent  
notre esprit, et dont la sagesse  
instruit notre entendement et for-  
tifie notre intelligence. On a eu  
pour but de procurer un aliment  
qui plaise au goût sans détruire  
l'appétit, et qui nourrisse le corps  
sans surcharger l'estomac, en in-  
culcant soigneusement tout ce qui  
est pur, sain et moral, et en écar-  
tant scrupuleusement tout ce qui  
tend à exercer une influence cor-  
ruptrice dans le goût ou dans l'ima-  
gination.

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

Une longue expérience et une

nuciosa observacion, como profesor de la lengua inglesa, han servido para convencer al autor que el método de enseñanza más sólido y mejor es aquel cuya base fundamental consiste *en remover las dificultades*. La ciencia se complace en la sencillez: sus escudriñamientos y estudios se dirigen siempre á remover ó á reducir los obstáculos. Los incansantes inventos de la mecánica tienden al descubrimiento de principios en que suprimiéndose la complicacion releguen al olvido los antiguos sistemas ó simplifiquen los existentes. El ingenio literario está igualmente en continúa actividad para la adquisicion de descubrimientos que abrevien la senda del saber. Es tan constante y marcada la tendencia del ingenio humano á simplificar, como la de la aguja magnética en señalar el polo. La sencillez es la aliada natural del progreso: se dan la mano: separadlos y la rueda se moverá perzosamente: unidlos y de su enlace nacerá el buen éxito.

Impresionada la mente con estas firmes convicciones, el autor *ha introducido en su obra varias innovaciones importantes y completamente nuevas y originales* (que más adelante se detallarán) á fin de que no se malogre el trabajo, no se esfuerce el estudio y no se agote la inteligencia en una lucha inconveniente y estéril para adquirir la lengua inglesa. Las dificultades que comunmente se ofrecen para el estudio de este idioma son tan conocidas, que es un motivo de sorpresa, y hasta deplorable, que no se haya hecho hasta ahora esfuerzo alguno por escritores más competentes, si nó para

minutieuse observation, comme professeur de la langue anglaise, ont suffi pour convaincre l'auteur que la méthode d'enseignement la plus solide et la meilleure est celle dont la base fondamentale consiste *à éliminer les obstacles*. La science se plaît à la simplicité: ses recherches et ses études s'achèment toujours à éliminer ou à réduire les difficultés. Les inventions continuelles de la mécanique tendent à la découverte des principes qui tout en supprimant la complication relèguent au domaine de l'oubli les anciens systèmes ou simplifient ceux que l'on possède déjà. Le génie littéraire est également en activité incessante afin d'acquérir des découvertes qui abrègent le chemin du savoir. La tendance du génie humain à simplifier est aussi constante et aussi marquée que l'est l'aiguille magnétique à signaler le pôle. La simplicité est par nature la compagne du progrès: ils se donnent la main: séparez-les et la roue ne marchera que nonchalamment: réunissez-les et de leur union naîtra l'issue favorable.

L'imagination impressionnée de ces fermes conviccions, l'auteur *a introduit dans son ouvrage plusieurs innovations importantes, complètement neuves et de son cru* (qui sont détaillées plus loin) afin qu'on ne perde pas son temps, qu'on ne force point ses études et qu'on n'épuise point son intelligence dans une lutte impropre et stérile pour acquérir la langue anglaise. Les difficultés qui se présentent ordinairement dans l'étude de cette langue sont tellement connues, qu'il est surprenant, et même deplorable, que des auteurs plus compétents n'aient fait jusqu'ici quelques efforts, sinon pour éliminer complè-

removerlas completamente, al menos para reducir las al círculo más estrecho posible.

Los elementos de que se compone este libro, su distribución, forma y objeto con que se presentan, son como sigue:—

1.º *EL LECTOR INGLÉS es una escogida miscelánea de historia, biografías, viajes, narraciones, cuentos morales, fábulas, anécdotas, discursos, piezas dramáticas, poesías, etc.* abrazando en sus respectivos estilos modelos de las más hermosas composiciones didácticas, descriptivas, patéticas, humorísticas, dialécticas, narrativas y poéticas, acompañadas de notas aclaratorias y apuntes biográficos de sus diferentes autores. De esta suerte esta obra se adapta lo mismo para el uso de los colegios de ambos sexos que para el estudio privado.

2.º Se halla dividido en tres libros ó partes.—*EL LIBRO PRIMERO se compone de lecciones elementales de estilo sencillo y fácil construcción, adaptadas á las facultades é inteligencia de un principiante y arregladas de modo que le conduzcan por grados é imperceptiblemente á vencer las dificultades que progresivamente se van ofreciendo en las lecciones sucesivas.*—*EL LIBRO SEGUNDO contiene lecciones más adelantadas y de carácter más complicado, hace contribuir las fuerzas intelectuales del alumno en grado más elevado y se fundan igualmente en el principio de una estudiada progresión.*—*EL LIBRO TERCERO ofrece una variedad de modelos de literatura del orden más elevado, desarrollando todas las complicaciones que comunmente se encuentran en los escritos de los mejores autores ingleses.* Así, el que es capaz de

tement ces difficultés, du moins pour les réduire au cercle le plus étroit possible.

Les éléments dont ce livre est composé, sa distribution, sa forme et le but auquel il est destiné sont de la manière suivante:—

1.º *LE LECTEUR ANGLAIS est un mélange choisi d'histoire, de biographies, de voyages, de narrations, de contes moraux, de fables, d'anecdotes, de discours, de pièces dramatiques, de poésies, etc.,* qui embrassent dans leurs styles respectifs des modèles des plus belles compositions didactiques, descriptives, pathétiques, enjouées, dialectiques, narratives et poétiques, accompagnées de remarques explicatives et de notes biographiques de leurs différents auteurs. De cette manière cet ouvrage s'adapte aussi bien à l'usage des collèges des deux sexes qu'aux études particulières.

2.º Il est divisé en trois livres ou parties.—*Le LIVRE PREMIER se compose de leçons élémentaires d'un style simple et d'une construction facile, adaptées aux forces et à l'intelligence d'un commençant, et arrangées de façon à ce qu'elles le conduisent par degrés et imperceptiblement à vaincre les difficultés qui se présentent progressivement dans le cours des leçons.*—*Le LIVRE SECOND contient des leçons plus avancées et d'un caractère plus compliqué; il impose à l'élève le besoin de se servir de ses forces intellectuelles à un plus haut degré, et ces leçons se fondent également sur le principe d'une progression calculée.*—*Le LIVRE TROISIEME offre une variété de modèles de littérature de l'ordre le plus élevé, développant toutes les complications qui se rencontrent ordinairement dans les écrits des meilleurs auteurs.*



traducir este último libro, puede decirse ha logrado alcanzar el último grado de fuerza que le habilitará para leer y comprender las obras de cualquier escritor inglés.

3.º *Todas las palabras de dos ó mas sílabas llevan un ACENTO en la sílaba acentuada.* Es sabido que en inglés no se hace uso de los acentos y no existen reglas especiales que puedan servir como un guía general para el conveniente énfasis de los polisílabos. La ausencia de reglas de acentuación bien definidas, ofrece una de las más grandes dificultades con respecto á una pronunciación correcta, y hasta el presente una larga práctica se ha considerado como el único medio de vencerlas. El autor ha acentuado todas las palabras que lo requieren, en la presente obra, introduciendo *esta innovación cuya utilidad sabrán apreciar los alumnos que hayan de hacer uso de este libro, porque les emancipa del auxilio del profesor.*

4.º *Cada lección va encabezada de un VOCABULARIO DE PRONUNCIACIÓN* para hacer más clara la de las palabras de sonido difícil ó caprichoso.

5.º *En los LIBROS PRIMERO y SEGUNDO todas las sílabas de las palabras que tienen más de una van separadas por medio de un guion.* Esta es una reforma completamente original, la que al paso que facilita la pronunciación, enseña el método conveniente de dividir las palabras en sílabas é instruye en la ortografía inglesa de sí muy difícil. En el LIBRO TERCERO no se ha continuado este sistema, porque se ha considerado que el lector habrá adquirido ya suficiente facilidad y práctica para hacer inútil este auxilio.

*anglais.* Así, l'on peut dire que celui qui est capable de traduire ce dernier livre est parvenu à atteindre le dernier degré de force qui le mettra en même de lire et de comprendre les ouvrages de n'importe quel auteur anglais.

3.º *Tous les mots de deux ou plusieurs syllabes portent un ACCENT sur la syllabe accentuée.* On sait qu'en anglais on ne fait pas usage des accents et il n'existe pas de règles spéciales qui puissent servir de guide général pour la véritable emphase des mots polysyllabiques. Le manque de règles définies sur l'accentuation présente une des plus grandes difficultés sous le rapport de la prononciation correcte, et jusqu'à présent une longue pratique a été considérée comme le seul moyen de pouvoir les vaincre. L'auteur a accentué dans cet ouvrage tous les mots qui l'exigent, en introduisant *cette innovation dont les élèves qui devront faire usage de ce livre sauront apprécier l'utilité, attendu qu'à la rigueur ils peuvent se passer de professeur.*

4.º *Au commencement de chaque leçon se trouve un VOCABULAIRE DE PRONUNCIATION* qui sert à rendre plus claire celle des mots dont les sons sont difficiles ou capricieux.

5.º *Dans le PREMIER et le SECOND LIVRE toutes les syllabes des mots qui en ont plus d'une sont séparées par un trait d'union.* C'est une réforme tout-à-fait due à l'auteur, qui tout en facilitant la prononciation, enseigne la méthode propre à diviser les mots en syllabes, et instruit dans l'orthographe anglaise si difficile en elle-même. Dans le LIVRE TROISIEME on n'a pas continué ce système, parce qu'on a considéré que le lecteur aura déjà acquis assez de facilité et de pratique pour pouvoir se passer de ce secours.

6.º *La union de dos ó más palabras por medio de un doble guion.* Se ha intentado este nuevo sistema para explicar la forma peculiar á la elocucion inglesa en la que la voz une y pronuncia rápidamente varias palabras como si fueran una sola. La oscuridad que este modo de articular ocasiona á un extranjero cuandos es interpelado por un inglés, es por demás extrema. Para familiarizar al alumno con esta particularidad que tanta confusion produce, ya en la lectura, ya en la conversacion, y para ponerle en disposicion de ejercitarse por sí solo y adoptar esta especialidad de estilo propia á los ingleses, el autor ha concebido la idea de unir, como se ha indicado, las palabras que suelen enlazarse en la pronunciacion.

Tal es en general el sistema que EL LECTOR INGLÉS tiene por base: tal es en detalle el plan elaborado y llevado á término por el autor. La piedra de toque de la práctica sancionará con el tiempo ó condenará esta innovacion. El veredicto de ese distinguido y docto cuerpo de profesores del idioma inglés, cuya opinion merece el más elevado respeto, se manifestará en breve. Pero cualquiera que sea el resultado, el autor reclama, como recompensa de sus largos y árduos trabajos, el modesto mérito de un decidido esfuerzo para reducir algunas de las muchas dificultades que rodean la adquisicion del idioma inglés y para facilitar los medios de alcanzarlo en el más alto grado de perfeccion. La causa del adelanto y progreso en cualquier ramo del saber no puede menos de ser promovida por cualquiera y cada uno de los concienzudos y laboriosos esfuer-

6.º *L'union de deux ou plusieurs mots par le moyen d'un double trait d'union.* On a essayé de ce nouveau système pour expliquer la forme particulière à l'élocution anglaise dans laquelle la voix lie et prononce rapidement plusieurs mots comme s'ils n'en formaient qu'un seul. La confusion que cette manière d'articuler occasionne à un étranger lorsqu'il est interpellé par un anglais est extrême. Pour familiariser l'élève à cette particularité qui lui cause tant de trouble, soit dans la lecture ou dans la conversation, et pour le mettre en état de s'exercer par lui-même et d'adopter cette spécialité de style innée chez les anglais, l'auteur a conçu l'idée de joindre, comme cela est déjà indiqué, les mots qu'on lie ordinairement dans la prononciation.

Tel est en général le système que LE LECTEUR ANGLAIS a pour base: tel est en détail le plan soigneusement travaillé et réalisé par l'auteur. C'est en mettant en pratique cette innovation que l'on pourra avec le temps l'approuver ou la désapprouver. Le verdict de ce savant et distingué corps de professeurs de la langue anglaise, dont l'opinion mérite le plus grand respect, ne tardera pas à se prononcer. Mais quel qu'en soit le résultat, l'auteur réclame comme récompense de ses longs et pénibles travaux le modeste mérite d'un effort bien décidé à réduire quelques-unes des nombreuses difficultés que renferme l'acquisition de la langue anglaise, et à faciliter les moyens de l'obtenir au plus haut degré de perfection. La cause de l'avancement et du progrès dans n'importe quelle branche du savoir ne peut moins d'être menée à sa perfection par quel-

zos que se hagan para descubrir una senda mas corta que lo alcan- cen. Así es como la ciencia de en- señar avanza un paso y una nue- va luz por débil que sea se derrama sobre el peregrino para alum- brarle en su camino por la senda del saber. Si el autor ha consegui- do remover algunos de los obstá- culos que hasta ahora han fatiga- do y hecho vacilar á todo el que emprendia el estudio del inglés; si realmente ha dado origen á un sis- tema que con ménos trabajo, ménos esfuerzos y el ménos tiempo posible, disponga al que se dedi- que al inglés á adquirir una pron-unciación correcta, un estilo flú-ido y natural en la lectura y con- versacion, facilidad en la traduc- cion y un profundo conocimiento de la construccion inglesa, su ob- jeto habrá sido llevado á un tér- mino feliz, mejorada la enseñanza, y la teoría del progreso basada en el gran principio de la *remocion de las dificultades*, prácticamente y una vez mas establecida.

BARCELONA: 1.º Octubre de 1877.

conque ou par chacun des cons- cienceux et laborieux efforts qui se font pour découvrir un chemin plus court capable de les atteindre. C'est ainsi que la science de l'en- seignement avance d'un pas, et qu'un nouveau rayon de lumière quelque faible qu'il soit, se répand sur le pèlerin afin de l'éclairer dans son chemin par le sentier du savoir. Si l'auteur est parvenu à écarter quelques-uns des obsta- cles qui jusqu'à ce jour ont fatigué et fait hésiter tous ceux qui ont entrepris l'étude de l'anglais; si réellement il a donné naissance à un système qui, avec moins de peine, moins de force, et le moins de temps possible, dispose celui qui se voue à la langue anglaise à acquérir une prononciation cor- recte, un style coulant et naturel dans la lecture et dans la conver- sation, de la facilité dans la traduc- tion et une profonde connaissance de la construction anglaise, son but aura été heureusement mené à son terme, l'enseignement aura gagné, et la théorie du progrès, ba- sée dans le grand principe de l'éli- mination des difficultés, pratique- ment et une fois de plus établie.

BARCELONE: 1 Octobre 1877.



## CLAVE DEL VOCABULARIO

## PARA LA PRONUNCIACION ESPAÑOLA.

Se ha adoptado representar por *letras* en vez de *signos* la pronunciacion Inglesa, para evitar toda confusion.

Las únicas dos letras que tienen algo del carácter de *signos*, toda vez que ellas representan ó espresan sonidos que una simple letra ó combinacion de letras no podría dar claramente en Español, son **a** y **o**; ambas, como se observará, se distinguen de las demás por el uso de un tipo diferente ó *más negro*.

Las *letras dobles*, tales como *aa*, *ææ*, *ee*, *ii*, *oo*, y *uu*, no quieren espresar nada mas que el sonido respectivo de las letras sencillas, *algun tanto prolongado*.

Toda *letra cursiva* es *muda*.

## VOCALES Y DIPTONGOS.

Letras.				Ejemplo.	Significa- cion.	Pronun- ciacion.
<b>a</b>	suena como	<i>ai</i>	francesa	en <i>pain</i> ( <i>fr.</i> )	pan	paŋ
<b>aa</b>	»	»	<i>a</i> española larga	»	<i>ala</i>	
<b>æ</b>	»	entre <i>a</i> y <i>e</i>	inglesa breve y de golpe	»	<i>nut</i>	næt
<b>ææ</b>	»	»	<i>a</i> y <i>e</i> inglesa larga	»	<i>hurt</i>	hææt
<b>ee</b>	»	como	<i>e</i> española larga	»	<i>fate</i>	feet
<b>ii</b>	»	»	<i>i</i> española larga	»	<i>freeze</i>	friis
<b>o</b>	»	»	<i>o</i> inglesa muy cerrada	»	<i>home</i>	hom
<b>oo</b>	»	»	<i>o</i> española larga y muy abierta	»	<i>all</i>	ool
<b>uu</b>	»	»	<i>u</i> española larga	»	<i>fool</i>	fuul

## CONSONANTES.

<b>dch</b>	suena como	<i>ch</i>	española espesa	en <i>jew</i>	judfo	dchiu
<b>ds</b>	»	»	rancesa	»	<i>zèle</i> ( <i>fr.</i> )	dsel
<b>g</b>	»	»	española suave	»	<i>galo</i>	
<b>h</b>	es siempre	<i>aspirada</i>		»	<i>hill</i>	celina hil
<b>r</b>	pronúnciese siempre	<i>muy suavemente</i>		»	<i>run</i>	correr ræn
<b>sch</b>	suena como	<i>ch</i>	francesa	»	<i>chez</i> ( <i>fr.</i> )	en casa sche
<b>z</b>	»	»	española	»	<i>zumba</i>	

## CLEF DU VOCABULAIRE

## ADAPTÉE A LA PRONONCIATION FRANÇAISE.

On a adopté la méthode de représenter par des *lettres* au lieu de *signes* la prononciation Anglaise, afin d'éviter toute confusion.

Les seules lettres qui sont sujettes à des signes puisqu'elles représentent ou expriment des sons qu'une simple lettre ou même une combinaison de lettres ne pourrait exprimer clairement en Français sont **a** (lettre plus foncée), **â**, **i**, **m'**, **n'**, **ô** et **v'**.

Toute *lettre italique* doit être considérée comme *muette*.

## VOYELLES.

Lettrés.	Exemple.	Signification.	Prononciation.
<b>a</b> son de <i>ai</i> français comme dans	{ <i>pain</i> (fr.) <i>man</i> (ang.)	homme	man'
<b>â</b> » » <i>au</i> français très-ouvert »	{ <i>auteur</i> (fr.) <i>all</i> (ang.)	tout	âl
<b>aa</b> » » <i>a</i> français long »	{ <i>âge</i> (fr.) <i>heart</i> (ang.)	cœur	haat
<b>i</b> le tréma indique que l' <i>i</i> doit se prononcer	{ <i>naïf</i> (fr.) <i>night</i> (ang.)	nuit	naïte
<b>ô</b> son de <i>ô</i> français très-fermé et long } »	{ <i>apôtre</i> (fr.) <i>homé</i> (ang.)	chez	hôm

## CONSONNES.

<b>dj</b> son de <i>j</i> anglais comme dans	<i>jew</i> (ang.)	juif	djiou
<b>h</b> est toujours aspirée »	<i>honte</i> (fr.)		
<b>m'</b> indique le son de <i>m</i> français »	<i>imiter</i> (fr.)		
<b>n'</b> n'a pas le son nasal »	{ <i>venir</i> (fr.) <i>pen</i> (ang.)	plume	pen'
<b>r</b> au commencement des mots a le son peu sensible } »	<i>run</i> (ang.)	courir	reune
<b>r</b> dans le corps des mots, ne commençant pas une syllabe, presque nul } »	<i>fortune</i> (ang.)	fortune	footchieune
<b>r</b> à la fin des mots ne se prononce pas »	<i>her</i> (ang.)	sa	heur
<b>tch</b> son de <i>ch</i> anglais »	<i>church</i> (ang.)	église	tcheurtch
<b>v'</b> indique une prononciation brusque »	<i>native</i> (ang.)	natif	netiv'
<b>zeh</b> son de <i>j</i> français »	{ <i>jouir</i> (fr.) <i>usual</i> (ang.)	commun	iouzchiouel

## NOTAS.

## DE LOS ACENTOS, SIGNOS Y ABREVIATURAS.

## — EL ACENTO.

*Todas las palabras de más de una sílaba están debidamente acentuadas; pero ha de tenerse presente que en Inglés no se marca el acento de modo alguno en la escritura, pero sí existe en la pronunciación.*

## - EL GUIÓN.

*En los LIBROS PRIMERO y SEGUNDO se señala la división de las palabras en sílabas por UN GUIÓN, para facilitar la pronunciación y enseñar el modo de deletrear.*

## = EL DOBLE GUIÓN.

*En los LIBROS PRIMERO y SEGUNDO el DOBLE GUIÓN indica la unión de dos ó mas palabras, las cuales, según el estilo especial de los Ingleses en hablar y leer, deben pronunciarse rápidamente, como si formasen una sola palabra. El acento marca en donde debe cargarse la pronunciación.*

## ABREVIATURAS.

En Inglés ciertas ABREVIATURAS de palabras son comunes, tanto en la poesía como en el estilo familiar. *En el LIBRO TERCERO estas abreviaturas se explican colocando á su lado las palabras mismas con todas sus letras en letra cursiva y entre paréntesis.* Por ejemplo,—I'll (*I will*); O'er (*over*); Hon. (*Honorable*), etc.

## NOTES.

## DES ACCENTS, DES SIGNES ET DES ABRÉVIATIONS.

## L'ACCENT.

Tous les mots composés de plus d'une syllabe sont rigoureusement accentués; mais on doit remarquer qu'en Anglais on ne fait pas usage de l'accent en écrivant, quoique cependant il doit exister dans la prononciation.

## LE TRAIT D'UNION.

Dans la PREMIERE et la SECONDE PARTIE la division des mots en syllabes est marquée par UN TRAIT D'UNION, afin de faciliter la prononciation et d'enseigner la manière d'épeler.

## = LE DOUBLE TRAIT D'UNION.

Dans la PREMIERE et la SECONDE PARTIE le DOUBLE TRAIT D'UNION marque l'union de deux ou plusieurs mots, qui, selon le style spécial des Anglais, quand ils parlent ou quand ils lisent, doivent être prononcés rapidement, comme s'ils ne formaient qu'un seul mot. L'accent indique là où l'on doit appuyer sur la prononciation.

## ABRÉVIATIONS.

Certaines ABRÉVIATIONS de mots sont générales en Anglais, soit dans la poésie, soit dans le style familier. Ces abréviations sont expliquées dans la TROISIEME PARTIE en plaçant à côté les mêmes mots avec toutes leurs lettres en caractère italique et entre parenthèse. Par exemple,—I'll (*I will*); O'er (*over*); Hon. (*Honorable*), etc.

## AL ESTUDIANTE.

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1. Procure que la ARTICULACION sea *sonora* y *distinta*.
  2. Que la PRONUNCIACION sea *pausada* y *clara*.
  3. Coloque el ACENTO en la *propia sílaba*.
  4. Lea con *naturalidad* y *sin afectacion*.
- 

El discípulo que desee hacer rápidos progresos debe adaptar su estudio al método siguiente:—

Debe leer su leccion diaria á lo ménos tres ó cuatro veces.

Observar con cuidado la acentuacion tal como va indicada.

Referirse al Vocabulario para la correcta pronunciacion de todas las palabras que le ofrezcan alguna duda.

Repetir, aun cuando le parezca monótono y cansado, las palabras unidas por un doble guion, hasta que logre pronunciarlas con soltura y facilidad.

Aprender á deletrear de memoria las palabras del Vocabulario pertenecientes á su leccion, dando sus significaciones, y explicando de donde se derivan, ó indicando cuales son las otras varias palabras de las cuales forman las raices. Por ejemplo, tomemos el verbo *To THINK, pensar*:—

Cuál es su participio pasado?	{ <i>THOUGHT, pensado.</i>
Cuáles son los sustantivos que se derivan de él?	{ <i>THINKER, pensador; THOUGHT, pensamiento;</i> { <i>THOUGHTFULNESS, meditacion;</i> { <i>THOUGHTLESSNESS, descuido.</i>
Cuáles son los adjetivos?	{ <i>THOUGHTFUL, pensativo;</i> { <i>THOUGHTLESS, atolondrado.</i>
Cuáles son los adverbios?	{ <i>THOUGHTFULLY, con reflexion;</i> { <i>THOUGHTLESSLY, sin reflexion.</i>

Y así sucesivamente. Si este método se sigue con constancia, el estudiante se abrirá paso para penetrar en una mina de sólidos y verdaderos conocimientos.

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## A L'ÉLÈVE.

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1. Il faut que l'ARTICULATION soit *sonore et distincte*.
  2. Que la PRONONCIATION soit *claire et bien marquée*.
  3. On doit appuyer la voix sur la syllabe accentuée.
  4. On doit lire d'une manière naturelle et sans affectation.
- 

L'élève qui veut faire de rapides progrès doit se conformer dans ses études à la méthode suivante:—

Il doit lire sa leçon du jour trois ou quatre fois.

Observer avec soin les accents tels qu'ils sont marqués.

S'en rapporter au Vocabulaire pour la prononciation correcte de tous les mots qui puissent lui présenter quelque doute.

Répéter, quoique cela paraisse monotone et fatigant, les mots joints par un double trait d'union, jusqu'à ce qu'il parvienne à les prononcer d'une manière facile et dégagée.

Apprendre à épeler par cœur les mots du Vocabulaire concernant sa leçon, en donnant leur signification, et en expliquant d'où ils dérivent, ou en indiquant quels sont les autres mots qu'ils peuvent former. Prenons, par exemple, le verbe *To THINK, penser*:—

Quel est son participe passé?

THOUGHT, *pensé*.

Quels sont les substantifs qui en dérivent?

{ THINKER, *penseur*; THOUGHT, *pensée*;  
{ THOUGHTFULNESS, *méditation*;  
{ THOUGHTLESSNESS, *étourderie*.

Quels sont les adjectifs?

{ THOUGHTFUL, *pensif*;  
{ THOUGHTLESS, *étourdi*.

Quels sont les adverbes?

{ THOUGHTFULLY, *avec réflexion*;  
{ THOUGHTLESSLY, *sans réflexion*.

Et ainsi de suite. Si l'élève suit cette méthode avec constance, il s'ouvrira passage et pénétrera dans un trésor de connaissances vraies et solides.

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## EL IDIOMA INGLÉS

POR EL NUEVO MÉTODO INGLÉS.

## VADE MECUM:

ó

EL COMPAÑERO INDISPENSABLE

DEL ESTUDIANTE Y VIAJERO ESPAÑOL

PARA EL ESTUDIO DEL

IDIOMA INGLÉS,

POR

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PROFESOR INGLÉS DEL IDIOMA INGLÉS.

El objeto de esta Obra es:

- 1.º Facilitar al VIAJERO ESPAÑOL y á los que quieren aprender el idioma Inglés un *Manual de la Conversacion* fácil y conciso.
- 2.º Proporcionar al ESTUDIANTE ESPAÑOL un *Método nuevo, sencillo y práctico para el estudio y pronunciacion de la lengua Inglesa.*

## OPINIONES DE LA PRENSA.

EL HERALD.—Esta es una [notable obra. El *Manual de Conversacion* está tan por encima de las vulgares ó incompletas publicaciones de este género como el oro de la escoria... Está admirablemente ordenada, escrita con claridad, vigor, acierto, y con la inteligencia y esperiencia de quien ha vivido en Lóndres. Claramente se conoce que su autor es natural de Lóndres. Él nos hace hablar el lenguaje familiar á las clases á quienes nos dirigimos. Él nos enseña á conversar con los cocheros de Lóndres en su habla especial: en la estacion del ferro-carril nos hace adoptar el verdadero lenguaje de los viajeros por los ferro-carriles ingleses; y si estamos en la fonda, en el teatro, en la tienda, ó en cualquier otro punto de Lóndres, él ha adaptado su fraseología con admirable tino y acierto, para que el viaje-

ro español puede darse á entender por la persona á quien se dirija. Esto, por sí solo, es de un extraordinario mérito. Pero hay mas. Examinada bajo el punto de vista *literario*, hay en la obra capítulos que por la pureza y elegancia del estilo, por la tersura y vigor en la dición, aguda sátira y bellas imágenes, son modelos de composición Inglesa. Podríamos decir que el autor está tan por encima de la vulgar «conjugacion de verbos» y «declinacion de nombres,» como un general sobre un simple soldado en conocimientos del arte de la guerra. La portada indica que el autor es *Profesor de Inglés*: abrimos el libro, y su contenido nos demuestra además que domina el idioma por completo.

Respecto á la Segunda Parte de la obra, que trata de la *Pronunciacion de la lengua Inglesa*, parece que el autor ha adoptado con preferencia *para el uso de los estudiantes Españoles* el sistema que ha prevalecido por muchos siglos en Inglaterra. Ha hecho perfectamente: *pues es el único sistema que puede eficazmente enseñar las reglas que rigen la pronunciacion de nuestra caprichosa lengua.*

EL AVISADOR MALAGUEÑO.—Hemos tenido ocasion de ver atentamente esta obra, y no supimos qué elogiar más, si el *Manual de la Conversacion* perfectamente ordenado en un método bien establecido, ó la sencillez, claridad y concision sin rivales de su *Nuevo método* que trata de la *Pronunciacion de la lengua Inglesa*. Este es sin duda digno de ser estudiado por todos los que intenten saber las *reglas de pronunciacion* tan difíciles y numerosas. De cuantos han tenido ocasion de estudiar con el VADE MECUM, no hemos oido mas que plácemes, porque gracias á su sencillez, claridad y método, han logrado comprender reglas, pronunciacion y frases que jamás habian logrado entender con textos mas antiguos y celebrados. Por esta razon no nos cansaremos de recomendarla á todos, maestros y discípulos, en la seguridad que todos encontrarán mucho bueno que agradecemos.

LA ILUSTRACION ESPAÑOLA.—Comprende un estenso prontuario de las frases mas usuales que son halladas con facilidad, y una gramática de método sumamente sencillo. Es una obra indispensable al viajero Español.

DIARIO DE BARCELONA.—Muy útil para el estudio práctico de la lengua Inglesa.

IMPRENTA (Barcelona).—Escrito con mucha concision y expurgado de toda redundancia y frases inútiles.

CRÓNICA DE CATALUÑA.—Muy recomendable y bien ordenado.

GACETA DE BARCELONA.—Un libro sumamente útil.

CORREO DE ANDALUCÍA.—Desarrolla un sistema enteramente nuevo.

PORVENIR DE SEVILLA.—Un libro de gran utilidad. Á veces puede dar mejor resultado que un diccionario para ciertas consultas.

DIARIO DE CÁDIZ.—Lo recomendamos por considerarlo de una gran utilidad.

LAS PROVINCIAS (Valencia).—Ofrece la utilidad de una gramática y un diccionario.

## ADVERTENCIA.

Antes de empezar un curso sistemático de lectura del inglés, el discípulo debe estar enterado del VADE MECUM, ó *el Compañero indispensable del Estudiante y Viajero Español para el estudio del Idioma Inglés* que trata detalladamente de un *Nuevo Método para la Pronunciacion de la Lengua Inglesa* y de las reglas que la rigen. Se le recomienda especialmente que ante todo traté de poseer por completo estas reglas explicadas en dicha obra. El sistema de pronunciaci6n que el autor ha adoptado con preferencia, para el uso de los Españoles, ha formado durante largos años el primer fundamento de la enseñaanza en todas las escuelas y colegios elementales de Inglaterra y de los Estados Unidos. Una autoridad muy competente, al hablar de este *Nuevo Método*, se espresa así:—*«Es el único sistema que sea capaz de enseñar con eficacia las reglas de la pronunciaci6n á las cuales está sujeta la Lengua Inglesa.»*



# EL LECTOR INGLÉS.

Non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.  
Omnia in consulti impetûs cœpta, initiis valida,  
spatio languescunt. — TACITUS.

## LIBRO PRIMERO.

### THE TWIG.

	<u>Pronun. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>		<u>Pronun. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>
<b>Fruit.</b>	. . . fruit.	. . . fruite.		<b>Laugh.</b>	. . . laf. . . . . laf.
<b>Head.</b>	. . . hed.	. . . hed.		<b>Light.</b>	. . . lait. . . . . laïte.
<b>Joke.</b>	. . . dchok.	. . . djóke.		<b>Sigh.</b>	. . . sai. . . . . sai.
<b>Laid.</b>	. . . leed.	. . . léde.		<b>Smiled.</b>	. . . smaild. . . . . smaild.

Two maids, Jane and Kate, were=on=their=wáy to=Lón-don, éach with=a=great=load=of=frúit on=her=héad. Jane gave=a=sígh and frét=téd all the=tíme, but Kate had=a=láugh and=a=jóke at=éach step.

«Hów=can=you=laugh=so?» said Jane. «Your load is=as=gréat as=míne and I=am as=stróng as=yóu=are.»

Kate smíled and=sáid, «I=have=laid=a=twíg on my load that=makes=it=light. Do you the=sáme.»

«What?» said Jane. «That=must=be=a=fine twig to=háve: it might make my load light too, if=I=had=sóme=of=it. Téll=me, wát=do=they=call=it?»

«It=is=a=twíg from=a=plánt that makes all loads light — GOOD WILL.»



## THE TWO BIRDS.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Birds.** . . bææds. . . beurds.  
**Brown.** . . braun. . . braouns.  
**Door.** . . dóæ. . . dó-aur.  
**Fixed.** . . fæst. . . fikst.  
**Heard.** . . hææd. . . herd.

**Judge.** . . dchæch. . . djeudje.  
**Please.** . . pliis. . . plize.  
**Sure.** . . schúæ. . . chiou-aur.  
**Sweet.** . . suiit. . . souite.  
**Wrong.** . . rong. . . ron'gae.

A=lárk and=a=gréen=finch were hung at=a=mán's door. The=lárk sang=a=swéet song, and=as=it=sáng, the man's son, a=lád nine years old, héard=it.

« Which=of=thése two birds, » thought he, « sings such=a=swéet song? I=must=sée=it. »

To=pléase=him his fáth=er took both the=birds down, and=sáid, « Now, here=are=bóth,—which=do=you=think sings such=a=swéet song? »

The=bóy did not take a=mó=ment to=think, but=at=ónce fixed on=the=bird.

« It=must=be=the=óne that is such=a=bright green, » he=cried; « for=you=may=be=súre it cán-not be that brówn=one,—it=is=só plain! »

But=he=was=wróng. Do not judge of=mén or things by=their=lóoks.

## THE OAK.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**A-bóut.** . . e-baüt. . . e-báoute.  
**A-gáin.** . . e-guén. . . e-guène.  
**A-gó.** . . e-gó. . . e-gó.  
**A-wáy.** . . e-ué. . . e-oué.  
**Cried.** . . craid. . . kraid.  
**Give.** . . guiv. . . guiv.  
**Heart.** . . háat. . . haate.  
**Hón-or.** . . ón-æ. . . ón-aur.  
**High-est.** . . hái-est. . . hái-est.  
**Know.** . . nó. . . nó.  
**Li-ar.** . . lái-æ. . . lái-aur.  
**Lie.** . . lái. . . lái.

**Nó-thing.** . . næ-zing. . . neuth-in'gae  
**Oath.** . . Oz. . . óth.  
**Pré-cious.** . . pré-schæ. . . préch-euce.  
**Pris-on.** . . pris'n. . . priz-z'n.  
**Réad-y.** . . réd-e. . . red-é.  
**Re-turn.** . . re-tæen. . . ri-téurn.  
**Swear.** . . suæ. . . souère.  
**Thought.** . . zoot. . . thâte.  
**Truth.** . . truz. . . trouth.  
**Walk.** . . uook. . . ouâk.  
**While.** . . huail. . . houaile.  
**Win-dow.** . . uin-dó. . . ouin-dó.

Long agó there=cáme two young men, John and James, befóre a=júdge. John said to=the=júdge, « When I went a=wáy, three years a=gó, I gave James, whom I thought my=bést friend, a cóst-ly ring with pré-cious stónes=in=it to=kéep=for=me, but now he will not give the=ríng báck=to=me a=gáin. »

James laid his hand on=his=héart and cried, « I swear on my hón-or that=I=knów nó-thing a-bóut the=ríng! My friend John must=be=out=of=his=wits to=sáy he gáve=it=me. »

The=júdge said, « John, have you á-ny wit-ness who sáw=you give=him=the=ring? »

« In-déed, » said John, « there was no one by when we took leave of each ó-ther, ún-der=an=óld oak, and I gáve=him the=ring. »

« I=am=réad-y, » said James, « to=táke my oath I know as lit-tle of=the=óak as I do of=the=ring. »

Then said the=júdge, « John, go and bring a=twig from this oak; I=should=like to=sée=it. But you, James, wait here till John comes back. »

John went off. Áf-ter=a=lit-tle while, the=júdge said, « What keeps John so=lóng? James, look=out=of=the=wín-dow, if=he=is=cóm-ing=báck=yet. »

James said, « O, Sir, he cán-not re-túr-n so soon. The=trée is=an=hóur's walk from this. »

Then cried the=júdge stérn-ly. « O, you wíck-ed lí-ar, who were will-ing to swear to=your=líe be-fóre God, the hígh-est Júdge, who looks ín-to all hearts! You know a-bóut the=ring as well as a-bóut the=trée. »

And James had=to=give=up the=ring, and=was=sent=to=pris-on for=a=yéar.

« You=will=find time now », said=the=júdge, « to=think=of=the=trúth. »

## THE WÓNDERFUL BOX.

Pronun. española.	Pronun. française.	Pronun. española.	Pronun. française.
<b>Brought.</b> . . broot . . .	bráte.	<b>Kitch-en.</b> . . kich-en . . .	kitch-ine.
<b>Cél-lar.</b> . . sél-æ . . .	cél-eur.	<b>Laughed.</b> . . laft. . . .	laft.
<b>Chéer-ful.</b> . . chíe-ful . . .	tchi-eur-foul.	<b>Mín-ute.</b> . . min-et. . . .	min-ite.
<b>Cló-ver.</b> . . cló-væ. . . .	cló-veur.	<b>Pán-cakes</b> pán-keeks. . .	pán-kekes.
<b>Cór-ner.</b> . . cóo-næ. . . .	kór-neur.	<b>Póor-er.</b> . . píær-æ. . . .	póure-er.
<b>Cows.</b> . . caus. . . .	káous.	<b>Stá-ble.</b> . . sté-b'l. . . .	sté-bl'.
<b>Cúr-ried.</b> . . kær-ed. . . .	keur-id.	<b>Sup-per.</b> . . sæp-æ. . . .	séup-er.
<b>Dirt.</b> . . . . .	deurte.	<b>Wón-der-</b> uæn-dæ-ful	ouéun-deur-
<b>Faith.</b> . . feez. . . .	féth.	<b>ful box.</b> . . boes. . . .	foule boks.
<b>In-stéad.</b> . . ín-stéd. . . .	ín-stéd.	<b>Wón-ders.</b> uæn-dæs. . .	ouéun-deurs
<b>Just.</b> . . . . .	djeuste.	<b>With-óut.</b> uiz-áut. . . .	ouith-áoute.

A wó-man once went to=a=wóod to=an=óld=hér-mit, and=tóld=him that=the=hóuse went all wrong; and that she=did=not=knów how it was, but=she=was=póor-er each year.

The hér-mit, a=chéer-ful old man, tóld=her to=wáit a=mín-ute, and then bróught=her a=lit-tle box, sealed up, and said, « You=must=táke this lit-tle-box, and cár-ry=it three times év-e-ry day, and three times év-e-ry night, for=a=whóle year, ín-to=the=kitch-en, the=cél-lar, the=stáble, and=to=év-e-ry cór-ner of=the=hóuse, and then bring=it=báck=to=me when=the=yéar is=ó-ver. »

The=góod wó-man had great faith in=the=bóx, and cár-ried=it a-bóut just=as=she=had=been=lóld.

When=she=wént next day in-to=the=cél-lar, a sér-vant was tá-king out beer with=óut=her=léave. When=she=cáme to=the=kitch-en late=at=night, the=máid was má-king a=gránd súp-per for her-sélf, with pán-cakes and=sú-gar and ó-ther dáin-ties. When she=wént to=the=stá-bles, she=fóund the=cóws stánd-ing deep=in=dírt, and=the=hórs-es had ón-ly had hay in=stéad=of cló-ver, and=had=not=been=cúr-ried. Év-e-ry day she=fóund=out sóme-thing wrong.

Áf-ter the=yéar was past, she=lóok=back the=bóx to=the=hér-mit, and=sáid=to=him, « Év-e-ry thing is bét-ter now. Let=me=have=the=bóx an-ó-ther year: it=does=wón-ders. »

But=the=hér-mit laughed, and said, « I cán-not let you have the=bóx; but I=shall=give=you the=chárm=in=it, that does all the=góod. Then he ó-pened the=bóx, and, lo! there=was=nó-thing=in=it but=a=slip=of=pá-per, with=thése wórd=on=it—

« If you wish things to=go=wéll=with=you, you=must=look=áf-ter=them your-sélf. »

## A STÓRY.

Pronun. española. Pronun. française.

Pronun. española. Pronun. française.

**Bég-gar.** . . . bég-æ. . . . begu-eur.  
**Bridge.** . . . bridch. . . . bridje.  
**Charles.** . . . chaals. . . . tchaalz.  
**Clean.** . . . cliin. . . . kline.  
**Fair.** . . . féa. . . . fé-eur.  
**Fól-lows.** . . . fól-os. . . . fol-ós.  
**Gái-ly.** . . . gué-le. . . . gué-lé.  
**George.** . . . dhoodch. . . . djordje.  
**High-way.** . . . hái-ne. . . . hái-oué.  
**Knocked.** . . . noct. . . . nokt.  
**Méad-ow.** . . . méd-o. . . . med-ó.  
**Out-side.** . . . aút-sáid. . . . áoute-saide.

**Pi-ty.** . . . pí-te. . . . pí-té.  
**Please.** . . . pliis. . . . plize.  
**Qui-et-ly.** . . . cuát-et-le. . . . kouái-et-lé.  
**Schól-ar.** . . . scól-æ. . . . skol-eur.  
**School.** . . . scuul. . . . skoul.  
**Stó-ry.** . . . stó-re. . . . stó-ré.  
**Though.** . . . zo. . . . thó.  
**Un-der.** . . . æn-dæ. . . . éun-deur.  
**Vit-lage.** . . . vil-edch. . . . vil-édje.  
**Walked.** . . . nookt. . . . ouákt.  
**Whilst.** . . . huailst. . . . houailste.  
**Wind-ing.** . . . uáind-ing. . . . ouáin'd-in'gue.

It=was=a=bright spring mórn-ing, and=I=was=stánd-ing at=the=cróss-roads in=the=vil-lage, where the=bridge leads, on=the=right, to=the=schóol, and the=high-way winds, on=the=léft, to=the=méa-dow, where the=fáir is=héld. There I heard two boys spéak-ing as fól-lows:—

« Good mórn-ing, Charles »

« Good day, George »

« Whére=are=you=gó-ing, Charles? »

« To=schóol, George »

« To=schóol! Come, lét=us=go tc=the=méa-dow and=play=in=stéad. »



«In=the=éve=ning, George. Now, I=must=go=to=schóol and=léarn. Good-býe »

«For my part, if you go to=wórk, I=shall=gó to=pláy,» said= Géorge, and=he=rán a=wáy gái=ly; whilst his friend walked qui=et=ly to=schóol, with his books ún=der=his=árm.

Twén=ty years lá=ter I=was=in=the=sáme vil=lage, at=the=sáme place. It=was=a=ráw, cold day in win=ter. A=pále, bád=ly dressed man knocked at=the=dóor of=the=schóol and then ó=pened=it, and=I=héard what fól=lows:—

« Good day, sir »

« Good day, my good man »

« Ah, sir, have pí=ty=on=me! »

« Whát=do=you=wish=from=me? »

« Work, sir. I=will=cléan=out your school fór=you, will light the fire, or do án=y thing you please. Pray táke=me. »

« Cán=you=not do bét=ter than that? »

« No, sir »

« Why not? »

« I=am=nó schól=ar, sir »

« What=is=your=náme? »

« George »

« Cóme=in. It=is=cóld out=side, and=the=schóol is warm with=in. I=shall=téach=you to=spéll, read and write, though=you=are=óld.

The=bég=gar was=Géorge. The=schóol má=ster was=Chárles.

## THE BEAR'S SKIN.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Answered.** án-sæd. . . . án-ceur'd.  
**Bear.** . . . béæ. . . . bè-our.  
**Be-fóre.** . . be-fóæ. . . . bi-fó-our.  
**Breath.** . . brez. . . . breth.  
**Catch.** . . kach. . . . katche.  
**Climbed.** . claimd. . . . klaïmd.  
**Ców=ard=**  
**ly.** . . . cáu-æd-le. . . . káu-our-d-lé  
**Dead.** . . . ded. . . . ded.  
**Ea=ger.** . . í-gæ. . . . í-gueur.  
**Ear.** . . . æ. . . . í-our.  
**Fél=low.** . . fél-o. . . . fél-ó.  
**Fierce=ly.** . fiæs-le. . . . fierce-lé.  
**Fúr=ri=er.** . fæ-ri-æ. . . . féur-i-our.

**Ground.** . . graund. . . . graound.  
**Growl.** . . . graul. . . . graoul.  
**Lived.** . . . livd. . . . liv'd.  
**Loud.** . . . laud. . . . laoude.  
**Mean.** . . . miin. . . . mine.  
**Move.** . . . muuv. . . . mouve.  
**Reached.** . riicht. . . . ritc'h't.  
**Stretched.** . stretcht. . . . stretch't.  
**Talked.** . . tookt. . . . ták't.  
**Thought.** . . zoot. . . . thâte.  
**Threw.** . . . zru. . . . throu.  
**Touch.** . . . tæch. . . . teutche.  
**Whis=per=**  
**ed.** . . . . hwis-pææd. . . . houis-peur'd

Two hún=t=ers had=heard=of=a=béar that lived in=a=wóod. No bear so strong and large had=been=séen for=a=lóng time, and its skin must=be=wóth a good deal, so=the=twó hún=t=ers talked

a-bóut what they=would=dó with=the=skín when the=bear=was=killed.

«If I shóot=him,» said=the=óne, «I=shall=make=a=níce fur cloak of=his=skín, to=kéep=me warm in win=ter.»

«No,» said the óth-er, «if I shoot the=béar, I=shall=séll the=skín. The fúr-rí-er óf=fered=me two póunds=for=it, and the móney will clink fíne-ly in my póck-et.»

They=had=nów reached the=wóod, far a-wáy from án-y one, and soon found the=béar 's fóot-steps, next they=héard=it. Then they be-gán to=be=a-fráid and to trém-ble. Not long áf-ter, the=béar sáw=them, and=gave=a=lóud growl. On this, the hún-ter who=was=to=sell=its=skín threw a-wáy his gun, and climbed=up=a-trée as=fast=as=he=cóuld. But the óth-er, who=was=quíte as éa-ger to es-cápe, found he=was=lóo late.

By good luck, it=strúck=him that=a=béar will not touch a=déad man, so=he=thréw=him-sélf on=the=gróund, held his breath, and stretched him-sélf out, as=if=he=were=déad.

The bear came fierce-ly up; but when he saw that=the=mán did not move, he=thóught he=must=be=déad. He smelt all ó-ver, and went a-wáy with=óut húr-ting=him.

Áf-ter=a=tíme both hún-ters got ó-ver their fears: the=óne rose from=the=gróund, and the óth-er came down from=the=trée.

Then the=óne who=had=béen on=the=trée asked—

«What did=the=béar sáy=to=you, when he put his nose to=your=éar?»

«Well,» án-swered the óth-er, «I hárd-ly re-mém-ber all he said: but=he=whis-pered one thing pláin-ly in=my=ríght ear, "Név-er sell a bear's skin be-fóre you catch the=béar"; and he whis-pered in=my=léft ear, "He who runs a-wáy from=his=fríend at=a=pinch is a vé-ry mean, cóc-ard-ly fél-low".»

Know thy friend, be-fóre you=hunt=a=béar.

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### A GOOD NAME. — *Shákspere.*

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Good name, in man and wó-man, dear my lord,

Is the=im-mé-di-ate jéw-el of their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis sóme-thing, nó-thing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to=thóu=sands.

But he that filch-es fróm=me my good name

Róbs=me of that, which not en-rích-es him,

And mákes=me poor in=déed.

## AN A B C OF WISE SAYINGS.

	<u>Pronou. española.</u>	<u>Pronou. française.</u>		<u>Pronou. española.</u>	<u>Pronou. française.</u>
<b>A-bóve..</b>	e-báv.	e-béuve.	<b>I-dle..</b>	ái-d'l.	ái-d'l.
<b>Al-ways.</b>	ól-ues.	ál-ouéze.	<b>Jokes.</b>	dehoks.	djòks.
<b>Blush.</b>	blásch.	bleuche.	<b>Lí-ars.</b>	láí-æ.s.	láí-eurs.
<b>Bú-sy.</b>	bi-se.	bi-zé.	<b>Of-ten.</b>	óf'n.	óf'n.
<b>Dán-ger.</b>	déen-déat.	déne-djeur.	<b>Pride.</b>	praid.	praide.
<b>Debt..</b>	det.	dete.	<b>Rúe-ful.</b>	rú-ful.	róu-foul.
<b>Ea-sy.</b>	íi-se.	i-zé.	<b>Sáy-ings.</b>	sé-ings.	se-in'gues.
<b>Ex-cél..</b>	ec-sél.	ec-sél.	<b>Sow..</b>	so.	sò.
<b>Faults.*</b>	folts.	fálts.	<b>Use..</b>	iús.	iouce.
<b>Hearts..</b>	haats.	haats.	<b>Zíg-zag.</b>	dsig-dsag.	zíg-zag.

As we=sów so we=reáp.

Bear and for=béar.

Child, if=you=blúsh, God sées=you.

Do good if=you=would=gét good.

Éar-ly good, ál-ways good.

For=gíve év-e-ry one but your=sélf.

Góod-ness is the best gréat-ness.

Hope on, hope év-er.

Í-dle youth, sad age.

Jokes should=máke all laugh, none cry.

Kind words cost nó-thing, but=are=óf-ten a-bóve all cost.

Lí-ars are név-er trúst-ed.

Mend your=ówn faults be=fóre you=ménd Tom's.

Név-er put off till to=mór-row what=you=can=dó to-dáy.

Out=of=débt, out=of=dán-ger.

Pride goes be=fóre a=fáll.

Quár-rels are éa-sy to be=gín, but hard to=énd.

Réck-less youth makes rúe-ful age.

Some are vé-ry bú-sy but yet do nó-thing.

The=bést rose has thorns róund=it.

Use makes éa-sy.

Vél-vet words are=góod: vél-vet deeds are=bét-ter.

Wait God's time.

XL (ex-cél).

Young hearts are=sófte-st.

Zíg-zag név-er wins the=ráce.

## WILL'S, WONT'S AND CANT'S.

There=are=thréé kinds of men in=this=wórd—the «Will's,» the «Wont's» and the «Cant's.» The=first ef=féct év-e-ry-thing, the=séc-ond op-póse év-e-ry-thing, and=the=thírd fail in év-e-ry-thing.

# WE ARE SEVEN.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. français.

Air. . . . .	éa. . . . .	é-eur.
A-live. . . . .	e-láiv. . . . .	e-láive.
Be-néath. . . . .	be-niiz. . . . .	bi-nithe.
Chúrch-yard. . . . .	charch-iad. . . . .	tchéurtch-iaade.
Clús-tered. . . . .	klús-tæd. . . . .	kléus-teur'd.
Cót-tage. . . . .	cót-edch. . . . .	kót-édje.
Curl. . . . .	kæel. . . . .	keurle.
Dead. . . . .	ded. . . . .	ded.
Death. . . . .	dez. . . . .	deth.
Died. . . . .	dáid. . . . .	daï'd.
Dwell. . . . .	duel. . . . .	douel.
Eight. . . . .	éit. . . . .	éyte.
Forced. . . . .	foost. . . . .	foos't.
Héav-en. . . . .	hév'n. . . . .	hév-v'n.
Kér-chief. . . . .	kæ-chef. . . . .	kéur-tchif.

Knit. . . . .	nit. . . . .	nite.
Limbs. . . . .	lims. . . . .	lims.
Nay. . . . .	ne. . . . .	né.
Re-léased. . . . .	ri-liist. . . . .	ri-lis't.
Re-plied. . . . .	ri-pláid. . . . .	ri-pláï'd.
Rus-tic. . . . .	ræs-tec. . . . .	réus-tic.
Sea. . . . .	sil. . . . .	si.
Sév-en. . . . .	sév'n. . . . .	sév-'n.
Sum-mer. . . . .	sæm-æ. . . . .	séum-eur.
Sup-per. . . . .	sæp-æ. . . . .	séup-eur.
Thró-ing. . . . .	zró-ing. . . . .	thré-ing.
To-géth-er. . . . .	tu-guéz-æ. . . . .	to-guéth-eur.
Up-on. . . . .	æp-ón. . . . .	eup-ône.
Wild-ly. . . . .	uáild-le. . . . .	ouáild-lé.

. . . . . A=simple child  
 That light-ly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in év-e-ry limb,  
 Whát=should=it=know of death?

I met a lít-tle cót-tage girl;  
 She=was=éight years old, she=sáid;  
 Her hair was thick with má-ny a curl  
 That clús-tered round her=héad.

She=had=a=rús-tic wóod-land air,  
 And=she=was=wild-ly clad;  
 Her eyes were fair, and vé-ry fair;  
 Her beáu-ty máde=me glad.

«Sís-ters and bró-thers, lít-tle maid,  
 How má-ny may you be?»  
 «How má-ny? Sév-en in all,» she=sáid,  
 And wón-der-ing lóoked=at=me.

«And where are they? I pray you tell.»  
 She án-swèred, «Sév-en are we;  
 And twó=of=us at Cón-way dwell,  
 And two=are=gone to=séa.

«Two of us in=the=chúrch-yard lie,  
 My sís-ter and my bró-ther;  
 And in=the=chúrch-yard cót-tage, I  
 Dwell néar=them with=my=mó-ther.»

« You say that two at Cón-way dwell,  
And two are gone to=séa,  
Yet you=are=sév-en,—I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be? »

Then did the lít-tle maid re-plý,  
« Sév-en boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in=the=chúrch-yard lie  
Be-néath the=chúrch-yard tree. »

« You run a-bóut, my lít-tle maid,  
Your limbs they=are=a-líve ;  
If two are in=the=chúrch-yard laid,  
Then you=are=ón-ly five. »

« Their graves are=gréen, they may=be=séen, »  
The lít-tle maid re-plíed,  
« Twelve steps or more from mó-ther's door,  
And they are side=by=side.

« My stóck-ings there I óf-ten knit,  
My kér-chief there I hem ;  
And there up-ón=the=gróund I sit,—  
I sit and síng=to=them.

« And óf-ten áf-ter sún-set, sir,  
When=it=is=light and fair,  
I take my lít-tle pór-rin-ger,  
And eat my súp-per there.

« The first that died was lít-tle Jane ;  
In bed she móan-ing lay,  
Till God re-léased her from=her=páin,  
And then she went a-wáy.

« So in=the=chúrch-yard she=was=láid ;  
And all the súm-mer dry,  
To-géth-er round the grave we played,  
My bróth-er John and I.

« And=when=the=gróund was white with snow,  
And I=could=rún and slide,  
My bróth-er John was forced to=gó,  
And he lies by=her=side. »

«How má-ny are you then,» said I,  
If they two are in Héav-en ?  
The lit-tle máid-en did re-ply,  
«O más-ter! we=are=Sév-en.»

«But they=are=déad,—these two are dead!  
Their spí-rits are=in=Héav-en !  
'Twas thrów-ing words a-wáy: for still  
The lit-tle maid would have her will,  
And said, «Nay, we=are=Sév-en.»

## THE ÉCHO.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

**Be-háve.** . . bi-héev. . . bi-héve.  
**Ech-o.** . . . éc-o. . . . éc-ó.  
**Ex-péct.** . . ecs-péct. . . ecs-péct.  
**Friénd-ly.** frénd-le. . . frénd-lé.  
**Kind.** . . . káind. . . . káin'd.  
**Re-céived.** ri-súvd. . . ri-cív'd.  
**Re-péat-**  
**ing.** . . . ri-pút-ing. . . ri-pí-tin'gne.

**Re-túrn.** . . ri-tæen. . . ri-téurn.  
**Rough.** . . ræf. . . . réuf.  
**Rude.** . . . ruud. . . . roude.  
**Stár-tled.** stáa-t'ld. . . stáa-t'ld.  
**Stú-pid.** . . stiú-ped. . . stiou-ped.  
**Sur-prised.** sæ-práisd. . . seu-práiz'd.  
**Treat.** . . . triit. . . . trite.  
**Words.** . . uææds. . . oueurds.

Hén-ry had név-er heard=of=an=éch-o, and now when he called out «Ho Hop» in a méa-dow, a=voíce came back from=the=wóod re-péat-ing «Ho Hop.» He=was=stár-tled and sur-prised, and cried out, «Whó=are=you?» The=voíce cried back «Whó=are=you?» He=thén cried, «You=are=a=stú-pid fool.» «Stú-pid fool,» came back from=the=wóod.

Hén-ry now be-cáme áng-ry, and called out wick-ed names, but they all came back just=as=he=sáid=them. He then ran in-to=the=wóod to=find the=bóy who, he=thóught, was=móck-ing=him; but=he=could=sée nó=one.

He=sóon ran home, and=tóld his mó-ther that=a=gréat bóo-by in=the=wóod was=móck-ing=him; but his mó-ther said, «You=are=wróng, my boy, you=have=been=cáll-ing your-sélf bad names. What=you=have=héard has been ón-ly your=ówn words; for, as=you=have=óft-en seen your=ówn face in=the=wá-ter, you=have=to=dáy heard your=ówn voice from=the=wóods. If=you=had=called=out kind words, you=would=have=re-céived kind words back. It=is=ál-ways so, Hén-ry. The way óth-ers be-háve=to=you, is vé-ry óft-en the éch-o of=the=wáy you tréat=them. If=you=are=kind and friénd-ly wíth=them, they=will=be=kind and friénd-ly with you in re-túrn: but=if=you=are=róugh and=rúde, you=can=ex-péct nó-thing bét-ter back a-gáin fróm=them.»

## THE RING FINGER.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Ab-súrd. . . ab-sæød. . . ab-céurd.  
 Ac-cóunt. . . ac-áunt. . . ak-áount.  
 Ang-ry. . . áng-re. . . án'g-gré.  
 Be-cáuse. . . be-cóos. . . bi-káze.  
 Course. . . coos. . . kooce.  
 Fin-ger. . . fin-gæ. . . fin-gueur.  
 Fore fin-ger. . . fóæ fin-gæ. . . fô- eur fin-  
 ger. . . gueur.  
 Gár-ters. . . gáa-tæ. . . gáa-teurs.  
 Háppened háp-'nd. . . háp-p'n'd.  
 Huff. . . hæf. . . heuf.  
 Pearls. . . pææls. . . peurls.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pré-cious. pré-schæ. . . pré-cheuce.  
 Proud. . . praud. . . praud.  
 Pull. . . pul. . . poul.  
 Quár-rel. . . cuár-el. . . kouár-el.  
 Re-fused. . . re-fiúsd. . . ri-fiouz'd.  
 Shone. . . shon. . . chone.  
 Sórry. . . sór-e. . . sór-é.  
 Sún-shine. . . sæn-schain. . . séun-chaine.  
 Sup-póse. . . sæp-os. . . seup-óze.  
 Thumb. . . zæm. . . theume.  
 Try. . . trai. . . trai.  
 With-óut. . . wiz-áut. . . ouith-áoute.

The=Ríng Fín-ger on=a=lády's hand had=a=ríng set with pré-cious stones and pearls, which shone like=the=sún-shine on=the=wá-ter. Then the=Ríng Fín-ger be=cáme proud, and=would=have=nó-thing to=dó with the óth-er fin-gers, and said,—«I'm a=great deal bét-ter than=all-of=you.»

When the óth-er fin-gers héard=this they were áng-ry, of=cóurse, as=you=may=sup-póse, and=the=Thúmb said,—«So you won't have any more to=dó=with=us? Well, wé=shall=have just as lit-tle to=do=with=you, and=you=can=trý how to=get=ón with=óut=us.» So, for three days all the fin-gers were=in=a=húff at=the=Ríng Fín-ger, and=would=have=nó-thing to=sáy=to=it.

Then, it háp-pened, that=the=Ríng Fín-ger wished to=púll a plum from=a=trée, but=the=Thúmb re-márked cóld-ly,—«I shan't hélp=you, you=are=só proud.» And=só the=plúm had=to=be=léft háng-ing.

Af-ter=a=tíme, it wánt-ed to=bréak a chér-ry off the=bráñch of=a=trée, but the óth-er fin-gers re-fúsed to=hélp=it, be-cáuse it=was=só proud, so the chér-ry had=to=be=léft háng-ing as=wéll.

It next wished to=knit=a=páir of silk gár-ters, but néi-ther the=Thúmb, nor the=Fóre Fin-ger would=hélp=it, on ac-cóunt of=its=háv-ing giv-en it-sélf such ab-súrd airs. So=it=cóuld=not knit, and dropped the=née-dle.

At last it saw that=it=cóuld=dó nó-thing with=óut the óth-ers, and=it=was=sórry it=had=béen so proud to=its=sís-ters. And=it=wépt a=lóud, and=bégged=them to=for-gíve=it. When the óth-er fin-gers saw its grief, they=were=no=lóng-er áng-ry=with=it, and be-gán to=hélp=it a=gáin, and they név-er more had=a=quár-rel.

ZÉ-NO thus ad-dréssed a gár-ru-lous youth, — «Ná-ture gáve=us two ears and one mouth, that=we=might=héar much and talk lit-tle.»

# THE THREE BÚTTERFLIES.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Be-hínd.** . . bi-háind. . . bi-háin'd.  
**Bút - ter -**  
**flies.** . . . bæt-æ-flaís. . . bét-eur-flaís.  
**Fáith-ful.** . . féez-ful. . . féth-foul.  
**Lí-ly.** . . . líl-e. . . . líl-é.  
**Lis-ten-ing.** . lis'n-ing. . . lis-s'n-in'gne.

**Mér-ri-ly.** . . mér-e-le. . . . mér-e-lé.  
**Pléa-sant.** . plé-sent. . . . pléz-eunte.  
**Tú-lip.** . . . tíu-lep. . . . tíou-lep.  
**Won't.** . . . uónt. . . . ouónte.  
**Yél-low.** . . . iél-o. . . . iél-ó.  
**White.** . . . huait. . . . houaite.

There=were=ónce three bút-ter-flies, a white one, a red one, and a yél-low one, who were pláy-ing in=the=sún, and dán-cing now on this flów-er, now on that, and=they=were=nót tired, for=it=was=so=pléa-sant. But=the=ráin came and=wét=them and=they=wished to=flý=a-wáy home; but=they=fóund the hóuse-door shut, and they could not én-ter, and had to=stáy=out in=the=ráin, and=gót wét-ter and wét-ter.

Then they flew to=the=Tú-lip and=sáid, «Tú-lip, ó-pen your leaves a lit-tle, please, that=we=may=take=shél-ter from=the=ráin.»

But=the=Tú-lip re-plíed, «I=shall=ó-pen to=the=réd bút-ter-fly and the yél-low one, and they may come in, but I won't let the=white=one én-ter.» But=the=réd and=the=yél-low bút-ter-flies án-swered, «If you will not let our white bróth-er in, we won't come=at=áll, thánk=you.»

But=it=ráined more and more, and=they=flew a-wáy to=the=Lí-ly. «Good Lí-ly,» said=théy, «would=you=kínd-ly ó-pen your flów-er a lit-tle, and let us slip in out=of=the=ráin, for we=are=vé-ry wet and=cóld?»

Then the Lí-ly said, «I=shall=be=gład to=lét=in the white, for he looks like my=sélf; but=I=wón't let the=óth-er two in.» But the=white bút-ter-fly re-plíed, «If you=will=nót let in my two bróth-ers, I cán-not think of cóm-ing in with=óut=them, for=it=would=be=vé-ry wrong to=léave=them out in=the=ráin.»

And=so=they=áll flew a wáy to=géth-er, sád-der and wét-ter and cóld-er.

But=the=Sún, be-hínd the=clóuds, had=been=lis-ten-ing all the time and=had=héard how the bút-ter-flies had=been=trúe and fáith-ful to=eách óth-er, and drove a-wáy the=dárk cloud, and shone out a=gáin bright=and=cléar, and=dried the wings of=the=thréé bút-ter-flies. Then they=dánced once more ó-ver the flów-ers, and=pláyed mér-ri-ly till=it=was=night, and=thén they flew a-wáy home and=went=to=béd.





## THE SCHOOL LESSONS.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

**Bú-sy.** . . . bi-se. . . . bi-zé.  
**Gór-geous.** góo-dchæs. . . gá-dcheuce.  
**Hur-ráh.** . . hur-rá. . . hou-rá.  
**Júi-cy.** . . . dchiú-se. . . djiou-cé.  
**Lés-sons.** . . lés-'ns. . . lés-'s'ns.  
**Plú-mage.** . . plíú-médch. . . pliúu-médje.

**Pluck.** . . . plæc. . . . pleuk.  
**Quick-ly.** . . cuic-le. . . . kouik-lé.  
**Rús-tles.** . . ræs-'ls. . . . réus-s'ls.  
**School.** . . . scuul. . . . skoul.  
**Stú-dies.** . . stæ-dis. . . . stéu-diz.  
**Through.** . . zruu. . . . throu.

A=boy was sít-ting in=his=róom vé-ry bú-sy with his lés-sons. Then=the=bríght Sún-shine sáw=him, and=láugh-ing=in through the=win-dow, sáid=to=him, « My dár-ling boy, why=are=you=sít-ting there in=the=hóuse? Come out and=pláy=with=me.» But=the=bóy would not rise, and said to=the=Sún-shine,—« Lét-me get my=lés-sons réa-dy first.»

As=he=is=wrí-ting=on in sí-lence, a beau-ti-ful lít-tle Bird, of gay and gór-geous plú-mage, comes and=pecks=at=the=win-dow pane. Túrn-ing its=héad on one side and lóok-ing vé-ry árch-ly, it=cálled, « Come a-lóng, boy,—the=wood=is=gréen, the=ský blue, the=bírd's are síng-ing their swéet-est songs, the=flów-ers are=in=blós-som.» But=the=bóy does not rise, but says in=a=féw words to=the=Bírd,—«Let=me=gét my work done first.» And so he writes on and writes on, with=his=éyes fixed on=the=páge and=his=heart=and=sóul in=his=stúd-ies.

Then the Áp-ple tree peeps in and rús-tles with=its=léaves, and says in=a=témp-ting tone,—«Whó=would=be so hard wórk-ing as you! Look at=my=áp-ples! They=are=all ripe=and=swéet=for=you. Come out, and plúck=them, and=fill your póck-ets=with=them. Ón-ly taste one.» But still the=bóy does=not=rise; he ón-ly says to=the=Áp-ple tree,—«Lét=me=get my lés-sons done first.»

At last he=has=them=all done: he=pácks=up his books quíck-ly, and=rúns=out in=to=the=gár-den. Hur-ráh! How the=Sún-shine laughed! The Áp-ple tree threw=dówn=to=him áp-ples by scores, and=the=Bírd sáng=to=him its prét-ti-est songs. The=bóy leaps and bounds with joy in=the=mér-ry sún-shine, with=the=sóng of=the=lít-tle bird in=his=éars, and=the=góld-en áp-ples with-in his grasp.

«Now,» he cries, «I=can=en-jóy my-sélf to=my=héart's contént, for=my=wórk is done»—and so sáy-ing, he be-gíns to=éat a=ffine, red, júi-cy áp-ple.

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EM-PÉD-C-CLES, sée-ing his cóun-try-men live de-lí-cious-ly and build splén-did-ly, said,—« They in=dúlge us=if=néxt=day to die, and build as=if=ál-ways to live.»

# WINTER.

Pronun. española.    Pronun. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronun. française.

**Dór-mouse** dóo-maus. . . dâ-maouce.  
**Hó - ney**  
**Bee.** . . hæ-ni bi. . . héun-é bi.  
**Jump.** . . dchemp. . . djeump.

**N ó r t h -**  
**wind.** . . nóoz-uind. . . nóoth-ouin'd  
**Swál-low.** suól-o. . . souól-ó.  
**Win-ter.** . . uin-tæ. . . ouin-teur.

The=Nóρθ-wind doth blow, and=wé=shall=have snow,  
 And=whát=will=the=Ró-bin do then, poor thing?  
 He'll sit=in=a=bárn, and=kéep=him-sélf warm,  
 And=híde=his=head ún-der=his=wíng, poor thing.

The=Nóρθ-wind doth blow, and=wé=shall=have snow,  
 And=whát=will=the=Swál-low do then, poor thing?  
 Oh! do you not know, that=he's=góne long a-gó  
 To=a=coún-try much wárm-er than ours, poor thing?

The=Nóρθ-wind doth blow, and=wé=shall=have snow,  
 And=whát=will=the=Hó-ney Bee do, poor thing?  
 In=his=híve he=will=stáy, till=the=cóld's gone a-wáy,  
 And=thén he'll=come=óut in=the=spring, poor thing.

The=Nóρθ-wind doth blow, and=wé=shall=have snow,  
 And=whát=will=the=Dór-mouse do then, poor thing?  
 Rolled up like=a=báll, in=his=nést snug and small,  
 He'll sleep till warm wéath-er comes back, poor thing.

The=Nóρθ-wind doth blow, and=wé=shall=have snow,  
 And=whát=will=the=chíl-dren do then, poor things?  
 When lés-sons are done, they'll jump, skip, and=rún,  
 And=pláy till=they=máke=them-sélves warm, poor things.

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## NEWS.

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The word ex-pláins it-sélf with-óut the muse,  
 And=the=fóur lét-ters speak from whence comes *news*  
 From *north, east, west* and *south*, so-lú-tions made,  
 Each quá-r-ter gives ac-cóunt of war and trade.

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## THE BRÓKEN HÓRSE-SHOE.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

<b>Bró-ken.</b>	. bró-k'n.	. . .	bró-k'n.
<b>Dropped.</b>	. dropt.	. . .	drop't.
<b>Eát-en.</b>	. i-t'n.	. . .	i-t'n.
<b>Fáint-ing.</b>	. féent-ing.	. . .	féint-in'gne.
<b>Fár-thing.</b>	. fáa-zing.	. . .	fáa-thin'gne.
<b>H ó r s e -</b>			
<b>shoe.</b>	. hóos-shu.	. . .	håse-chou.
<b>Hún-dred.</b>	. hæen-dred.	. . .	héun-dred.
<b>Lá-bor.</b>	. lé-bæ.	. . .	lé-beur.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

<b>L a u g h -</b>			
<b>ing.</b>	. láaf-ing.	. . .	láf-in'gne.
<b>Péa-sant.</b>	. péz-'nt.	. . .	péz-'nt.
<b>Piece.</b>	. piis.	. . .	piec.
<b>Quick-ly.</b>	. cuic-le.	. . .	kouik-lé.
<b>Thirst.</b>	. zææst.	. . .	theuste.
<b>Trcú-ble.</b>	. træ-b'l.	. . .	tréub-bl'.
<b>Vil-lage.</b>	. vil-edch.	. . .	vil-édje.
<b>Wil-li-am.</b>	. ul-i-æm.	. . .	ouíl-i-eum.

A=péa-sant was=wálk-ing a-lóng with=his=lít-tle son Wil-li-am. «See!» said he to=the=bóy, «there lies a=piéce-of=a=hórseshoe on=the=róad. Pick=it=up and=táke-it=with=you.»

«Why,» án-swered the=lád, «it=is=nót-worth the=tróu-ble of=bénd-ing=dówn=for.»

But=his=fáth-er, sáy-ing nó-thing, picked=it=úp, and=pút-it in=his=póck-et. In=the=néxt víl-lage he=sóld-it for=a=fár-thing, and=as-it=was=in=a=cóun-try where fruit was=vé-ry cheap, he=bought=a=gréat=má-ny chér-ries with=the=mó-ney.

They=bóth jóur-neyed on. The=sún grew vé-ry hot: there=was=nó house far or near to=be=séen: no tree, no shade, no spring of=cóol wá-ter. Poor lít-tle Wil-li-am was=fáint-ing from=thirst, and=could=hárd-ly fól-low áf-ter=his=fáth-er.

But now his fáth-er let one-of=the=chér-ries fall on=the=róad, and=Wil-li-am picked=it=úp as quíck-ly as=if-it=had=béen gold, and=pút-it=in-to=his=móuth. Áf-ter=a=féw steps, down fell an-óth-er chér-ry; and=thát, too, he=picked=up at=ónce: and=so=ón, till all the=chér-ries had=been=drópped on=the=róad.

When=they=were=all done, and Wil-li-am had=eát-en the=lást-of=them, his fáth-er turned, láugh-ing=to=him, and=sáid, «Now, if=you=had=stóoped=down once for=the=hórseshoe, you=would=not=have=néed-ed to=stóop=down a=hún-dred times for=the=chér-ries!»

Those who=will=nót give=them-sélves tróu-ble a-bóut lít-tle things, óft-en make much more lá-bor for=them-sélves in=the=end.

## WE MUST BE FREE. — Wordsworth.

We=must=be=frée or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shák-spere spake: the faith and mór-als hold  
Which Míl-ton held.



# THE WOLF, THE GOAT, AND THE CABBAGE.

Pronun. española.			Pronon. française.			Pronun. española.			Pronon. française.				
<b>Cáb-bage.</b>	káb-edch.	. . .	káb-édje.	<b>Nib-bled.</b>	níb-b'ld.	. . .	níb-b'ld.	<b>Qués-tion.</b>	cués-chæn.	. . .	koués-tcheu-		
<b>Fain.</b>	. . .	feen.	. . .	féne.	<b>Re-túr-</b>		ne.	<b>ing.</b>	. . .	ri-tæen-ing.	ri-téun-in'gno		
<b>Fierce.</b>	. . .	fiæs.	. . .	fieuce.	<b>Séc-ond.</b>	. . .	séc-ænd.	. . .	sék-eunde.	<b>Trou-ble.</b>	træ-b'l.	. . .	tréub-bl'.
<b>Goat.</b>	. . .	got.	. . .	gôte.	<b>Wolf.</b>	. . .	wulf.	. . .	ouulf.				
<b>Jour-ney.</b>	dchæw-ne.	. . .	djéu-né.	<b>Loss.</b>	. . .	luus.	. . .	louze.					
<b>Nár-row.</b>	nár-o.	. . .	nár-ró.										

A=mán once had to=táke a=wólf, a=góat, and=some=cáb-ba-ges ó-ver a rív-er in=a=bóat. But=the=boat=was=só small and=nár-row that=he=could=táke ón-ly one=at=a=tíme. Then came the=qués-tion which he=should=táke=ó-ver first, so=that=the=wólf might=not=éat the=góat, nor=the=góat the=cáb-bage, while=he=was=cróss=ing.

I=would=have=tá-ken the wólf ó-ver first, said Rób-ert.

*His Fát-h-er.* But=then=the=góat would=have=éat=en=up the cáb-bage in=the=méan-time.

*Má-ry.* No, I=would=have=tá-ken the=góat a-cróss first, for=the=wólf could=not=éat the=cáb-bage.

*Fát-h-er.* Vé-ry good. That would do vé-ry well the=first time: but which should=he=have=cár-ried=ó-ver the=séc-ond time? The=wólf or=the=cáb-bage?

*Rób-ert.* The=wólf.

*Fát-h-er.* Then=it=would=have=éat=en the=góat while he=was=re-túrning for=the=cáb-bage.

*Má-ry.* No, no: he=should=have=cár-ried=ó-ver the=cáb-bage in=his=séc-ond jóur-ney.

*Fát-h-er.* Then=the=góat would=have=éat=en that, while he=was=bríng-ing=ó-ver the=wólf.

*Má-ry.* Ah! then I=could=give the=póor=man=no help.

*Rób-ert.* Nor=Í: for if=he=tóok=ó-ver the=cáb-bage first, the=póor goat would=be=tórn by=the=fierce wolf. Was the=bóat, then, so vé-ry small and=nár-row, that=he=could=not=have=tá-ken the=wólf and=the=cáb-bage at=ónce?

*Fát-h-er.* If=he=could=have=dóne this, all would=have=been=wéll: but=I=have=al-réad-y tóld=you that=he=could=nót.

*Rób-ert.* Then I cán-not think what he=should=have=dóne. He=must=lóse one of=the=thréé.

*Má-ry.* Í=would=have=let the=góat eat=a=bít=of=the=cáb-bage. In=so=short=a=tíme it could not eat much. When=I=had=ónce got the=wólf a-cróss the=rív-er, then I=could=have=bróught=ó-ver the=cáb-bage, and, last=of=áll the=góat.

*Fáth-er.* It=would=have=gót the=póor man in-to tróu-ble if=he=had=tá-ken níb-bled cáb-bage to=his=mást-er.

*Rób-ert.* Now I see what=he=must=have=dóne. While he=was=fétch-ing ó-ver the=wólf, he=must=bind the=góat, so=that=it=could=not=gét=at=the=cáb-bage.

*Fáth-er.* That's vé-ry good: but=he=had=nei-ther=a=córd=with=him, nor=was=there=a=trée near.

*Rób-ert.* What=a=pít-y-that év-e-ry thing should=be=so=hárd for=the=póor man.

*Mú-ry.* But could=he=not=have=thóught be=fóre-hand, and=have=brought=a=córd and=a=stick?

*Fáth-er.* He név-er thóught=of=it. But now that=he=had=gót in-to tróu-ble, I would fain see a way óut=of=it=fór=him.

I háve=it! cried Rób-ert, who=had=been=think-ing with-óut spéak-ing.

*Fáth-er.* In-déed! Let=us=héar.

*Rób-ert.* At=his=first cróss-ing, the=mán takes the=góat; the=cáb-bage stays be=síde the=wólf, which, of=cóurse, would=not=tóuch=it. The=séc-ond time, he cár-ries the=cáb-bage a-cróss, and=brings=back the=góat. He=thén puts the=góat a-shóre, and=tákes=ó-ver the=wolf, which comes a-gáin to=the=cáb-bage. Last=of=áll, he=tákes=ó-ver the=góat, and=só all are=sáved.

*Fáth-er.* Brá-vo, Rób-ert! You=are=right. The=mán must, in-déed, do=as=you=sáy.

## THE ÁNGELS.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

**Ang-els.** . . éen-dchels. . . én-djels.  
**Cér-tain.** . . ssee-ten. . . sér-tene.  
**Cloud.** . . claud. . . klaoude.  
**Dán-ger.** . . déen-dchæ. . . dene-djeur.  
**Déath-bed.** dez-bed. . . déth-bed.  
**Earth.** . . ææz. . . erth.

**Móth-er.** . . mæz-æ. . . meúth-eur.  
**Snow.** . . sno. . . snó.  
**Sól-dier.** . . sól-dchæ. . . sól-djeur.  
**Waive.** . . ueev. . . ouéve.  
**Whéth-er.** huéz-æ. . . houéth-eur.  
**World.** . . uææld. . . oneurld.

A=móth-er once told her=chíl-dren a-bóut the=án-gels. I don't know whéth-er she=was=quíte sure of all she=sáid; but=her=wóords were so pléas-ant, I'm cér-tain you=would=like=to=héar=them.

The=án-gels, my dear chíl-dren, she said, are=as=fáir to=lóok=up=ón as=the=éarth=and=ský in=the=light=of=spríng. They=have=eyes bright and blue, and flów-ers that név-er with-er in=their=góld-en hair, and=their=swift wings are like=the=síl-ver móon-beams. By day and night the=án-gels fly híth-er and thí-ther in=their=gló-ry.

Now let-me=téll=you how light-ly the=án-gels fly. As sóft-ly as=the=snów falls from héav-en, as=the=móon glides round the=wórld, as=the=búd breaks out in-to=the=flów-er or=the=plánt, as=a=léaf ó-pens on=a=trée, as=the=clóud floats through=the=áir, as=the=light páss-es ó-ver land=and=séa: so light-ly and sóft-ly do=the=án-gels fly.

And now let-me=sáy what=the=án-gels do. Where=a=póor man prays=in=his=néed, they bring bread to=his=hóuse; where=a=móth-er wátch-es by=a=síck child, they take the=child in=their-kind kée-p-ing: where=the=sáil-or is=in=dán-ger a-mid the=tém-pest-on=the=séa, or the=sól-dier a-mid the=stórm of=fire=and=smóke, there the=án-gels come: when any one weeps, they dry the=téars: when=you=are=sád, they=con-sóle=you: when you pray, they=flý with your words to=Gód, and when you=are=on your=déath-bed, they waive their hánds=to=you and béck-on=you to=fól-low=them to=their=ówn bright land.

## THE GOLD SNÚFF-BOX.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Dis-túrbed** dis-tæmb'd. . . dis-téurb'd.

**Eá-si-ly** . . i-si-le. . . i-zi-lé.

**En-sign**. . . én-sain. . . én-saine.

**Gén-e-ral**. . . dchén-e-r'l. . . djén-e-r'l.

**Gén-tle** . . . dchén-t'l. . . djén-tl' .

**men** . . . men. . . mene.

**Hénce** -

**forth** . . . héns-fooz. . . hén'ce-footh.

**Here-up-ón** hier-asp-ón. . . hier-eup-óne.

**Hón-ored**. . . ón-ød. . . ón-eur'd.

**Kind-ly** . . cáind-le. . . káin'd-l'.

**Li-ning** . . lái-ning. . . lái-nin'gne.

**Of-fi-cers**. . . óf-i-sæs. . . óf-i-ceurs.

**Pá-rents** . . pé-rents. . . pé-ren'ts.

**Sáus-age**. . . sós-edch. . . sá-sédje.

**Snúff-box**. . . snæf-boes. . . snéuf-boks.

**Touched** . . tæch't. . . teutch't.

**Who-év-er**. hu-év-æ. . . hou-év-eur.

A=Gén-e-ral, while=at=tá-ble, shewed some óf-fi-cers who=were=at=dín-ner=with=him a=néw gold snúff-box. Áf-ter=a=time when=he=wished to=take=a=pínch, he=séarched all his póck-ets and=sáid, with=a=dis-túrbed=air, « Whére=can=my=box=be? Will=you=kínd-ly look gén-tle=men, if some=óne=of=you has not, with=óut think-ing, pút=it=in=his=póck-et? »

They all here-up-ón stood up and turned their póck-ets in-side out. The=ÉN-sign a=lóne kept=his=séat, his=fáce shów-ing that=he=was=in=gréat tróu-ble. « I will not turn out my póck-ets, » said=hé, « my word of hón-or that=I=have=nót=the=bóx should=be=e-nóugh. » The óf-fi-cers went a=wáy shák-ing their heads to=eách óth-er, and think-ing he=was=the=thief.

Next mórn-ing the=Gén-e-ral called=him and=sáid, « The=bóx has been found. The=li-ning of my póck-et was=tórn, and=the=bóx slipped down to=the=bót-tom 'of my coat. But now, téll-me, why would=you=not=túrn=out your póck-et last night? All the rest did=it=at=ónce. »

The=Én-sign re-plied, — «I=shall=téll=you, Gén-e-ral, but I would not tell án-y one else. My pá-rents are vé-ry poor, and I thére-fore gíve=them half my pay, and=eat=a=cóld din-ner év-e-ry day. When=I=was=in-ví-ted=by=you my din-ner was=in=my=póck-et, and it=would=have=pút=me to=sháme be-fóre all the óth-ers if, when I turned out my póck-et, they=had=séen my black bread and saús-age.»

The=Gén-e-ral was touched by=the=án-swer. «You=are=a=vé-ry good son,» said=hé; «and, in ór-order that=you=may=hélp your pá-rents the=more=éa-si-ly, hénce-forth you=will=dine=with=mé.» So sáy-ing, he=léd=him ín-to=the=di-ning-room and be-fóre all the=óf-fi-cers máde=him=a=prés-ent=of=the=snúff-box, as=a=próof of=his=hígh es-téem.

Who=év-er hón-ors his fáth-er and móth-er is sure to be hón-ored both by God=and=mán.

## THE PÉACHES.

Ate. . . . eet. . . . éte.  
Blushed. . . . blesht. . . . bleuch't.  
Buy. . . . bai. . . . báí.  
Dóz-en. . . . dæs-'n. . . . dénz-z'n.  
Ed-mund. . . . éd-mænd. . . . éd-meund.  
Fár-mer. . . . fáa-mæ. . . . fáa-meur.  
Fé-ver. . . . fi-væ. . . . fi-veur.  
Fú-ture. . . . fiú-chæ. . . . fiou-tcheur.  
Half. . . . haaf. . . . haaf.

Kér-nel. . . . kær-nel. . . . kéur-nel.  
Péach-es. . . . piích-es. . . . pitch-es.  
Shews. . . . shos. . . . chós.  
Town. . . . taun. . . . taoune.  
Tr á d e s-  
man. . . . tréeds-man. trédz-man.  
Use. . . . iús. . . . iouice.  
Y ó u n g -  
est. . . . iæng-est. . . . ieún'gu-este.

A=fárm-er brought five péach-es=with=him from=the=tówn, and vé-ry fine ones they=wére. Hìs chil-dren had név-er be-fóre seen péach-es, and wón-dered at=the=soft=blóom=on=them, and=at=their=réd cheeks. Their fáth-er gave one to=each=of=his=fóur boys, and one to=their=ma-má.

At=níght when=the=fóur were gó-ing to=béd, their fáth-er=ásked=them, — «Well, how did=the=péach-es taste?»

«Oh, it=was=níce,» said=the=él-dest; «it mélt-ed in=my=móuth, and=was=só sweet. It=was=só good that I kept the=stóne, and will grow a=trée=from=it.»

«Good!» said=his=fáth-er; «that shews you take care of=the=fú-ture, as=a=góod fárm-er shóuld=do.»

«I ate mine up, and=thréw the=stóne a-wáy,» cried the=yóung-est; «and=ma-má gáve=me the=half=of=hérs. It=was=the=bést peach I év-er ate»

«Ah!» said=the=fáth-er, «you=have=nót=been vé-ry wise; but=you=are=ón-ly=a=child, and=have=áct-ed like=a=child. There=is=time to=grów wí-ser as=you=grów óld-er.»

Then the=séc-ond son be=gán. «I picked up and broke the=stóne that my lít-tle bróth-er threw a=wáy. There=was=a=kér-nel =in-it as=sweet=as=a=nút. But=I=sóld my peach for=as=múch as=will=búy a dóz-en when I go to=the=lówn.»

His fáth-er shook=his=héad, and=sáid, «You=have=béen vé-ry wise, but not like=a=bóy. I hope you=will=név-er=be=a=trádes-man.»

«And=you, Éd-mund?» asked their pa-pá.

Éd-mund án-swéred réad-i-ly and ó-pen-ly, «I took my peach to=sick Fréd-e-rick our néigh-bour's son, who=has=a=fé-ver. He =did=not=wish=to=táke-it, but=I=láid-it on=the=béd and=came=a=wáy.»

«Now,» said=the=fáth-er, «who has made the=bést=use of=his =peach?»

They all cried, «Éd-mund!»

Éd-mund said nó-thing but hung down his=héad and=blúshed. But=his=ma-má tóok=him=in=her=árms, and=with=tears=in=her=eyes kissed=him.

## THE FIDDLER IN THE WOLF'S DEN.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Ached. . . eek't. . . . . ék't.  
 Ag-o-ny. . . ág-o-ne. . . . . ág-o-né.  
 A-lárméd. e-láam'd. . . . . e-láam'd.  
 Ale-house. éel-haus. . . . . éle-haouce.  
 Al-most. . . ól-most. . . . . ál-móste.  
 An-ger. . . . án-gæ. . . . . áng'g-gueur.  
 Choir. . . . . euái-æ. . . . . kouái-eur.  
 Cóm - pa -  
 ny. . . . . kæm-pe-ne. . . . . kéum-pe-né.  
 Cú-ri-ous. kiu-ri-æs. . . . . kiou-ri-eus.  
 De-scribéd di-scráib'd. . . . . di-skráib'd.  
 De-vóur. . . di-váu-æ. . . . . di-váou-eur.  
 Eú-rope. . . iú-rop. . . . . iou-ropé.  
 Fi-e-ry. . . . fáí-e-re. . . . . fáí-e-ré.  
 Hór-ror. . . . . hór-æ. . . . . hór-eur.

Hówl-ing. . . hául-ing. . . . . háou-lin'gne  
 Im-á-gined im-á-dchin'd im-ád-djin'd  
**M e a n -**  
**while.** . . . miin-huáil. . . . . mine-houáile  
 Nú - me -  
 rous. . . . . niú-mær-æs. . . . . ence.  
 Púb-lic. . . . . pæb-lic. . . . . péub-lik.  
 Ráth-er. . . . . ráa-zæ. . . . . ráth-eur.  
 Stár-ing. . . . . stéar-ing. . . . . sté-rin'gne.  
 Súd - den -  
 ly. . . . . sæd-en-le. . . . . séud-en'-lé.  
 Sur-prize. . . . . sæ-práís. . . . . seur-práíze.  
 Sweat. . . . . suét. . . . . souéte.  
 Táv-ern. . . . . táv-æn. . . . . táv-urne.  
 Wild-ly. . . . . uáild-le. . . . . ouáild-lé.

It-is-not=a=lóng time since that wólves were nú-me-rous in some parts of=Eú-rope: in=déed there=are=a=gréat má-ny still in some ré-gions. But=the=stó-ry I=am=a=bóut to=re=láte is so strange and cú-ri-ous that=it=may=próve in=ter=ést-ing.

Once=on=a=líme a=fid-dler was gó-ing home from=a=night's pláy-ing in=a=táv-ern, where he=had=drúnk more than=was=góod =for=him, and=had=stáyed till=it=was=vé-ry late. He thought he =should=take=a=shórt way home, and ac-córd-ing-ly he=turned=ín-to=a=páth that led through=the=wóod, but=as=he=had=nót his



séns-es a-bóut=him vé-ry cléar-ly, he=was=sóon lost in=the=thick fór-est. As=he=was=stág-ger-ing a-lóng, down he fell all=at=ónce in-to=a=déep hole, which the=húnt-ers had dug as=a=tráp for=wólfes. He=was=fríght-ened e-nóugh by=the=fáll, though he=was=not=húrt, but=he=was=stíll=more a-lármed on=féel-ing sóme-thing lív-ing ún-der-him, which sprang up wild-ly. To=his=great hór-ror he saw that=it=was=a=húge wolf that, like him, had fáll-en ín-to=the=pít, and now stood stár-ing-at=him with fi-ery eyes that glowed with=sur-príze=and=án-ger.

The=fíd-dler's po-sí-tion was=trú-ly áw-ful, and=his=state=of=mínd more éa-si-ly im-á-gined than de-scribed. He=had=nó-thing in=his=hánd but=his=fíd-dle, and=in=his=ág-o-ny, with-óut ál-most think-ing what=he=was=dó-ing, he=put=it=to=his=shóul-der, and be-gán pláy-ing all the píe-ces he knew, with=the=wólf gá-ping=and=snárl-ing-at=him with=his=ó-pen jaws. But=the=wólf, which, like=the=dóg cán-not bear the=sound=of=a=fíd-dle, was now as much fríght-ened=as=the=mán, and be-gán to=howl=like=a=dóg at év-e-ry fresh pull at=the=bów. There=was=quite=a=cón-cert be-twéen=them, for=the=scrá-ping víg-o-rous-ly, and=the=wólf's síng-ing=to=the=mú-sic were by=nó-means in time.

Óth-er wolves now, out=in=the=wóods, when they heard their cóm-rade hówl-ing at=the=top=of=his=vóice in=the=pít, be-gán to join in=the=noíse, and their cries came óf-ten so near, that=the=póor fíd-dler, who thought a sín-gle wolf too much for cóm-pa-ny, far less two, was in tér-ror that an-óth-er would=be=dówn-on=him év-e-ry mó-ment, or per-háps that=a=thírd and=a=fóurth might come to make a súp-per of=his=bónes.

Mean-while the léad-er of=this=chóir, the fíd-dler, looked óft-en to=the=ský to see if there were no signs of mórn-ing yet, for he név-er had known his fíd-dling pass the time so slów-ly in=his=lífe be-fóre, and=had=név-er felt so dull and=out=of=héart at=his=ówn mú-sic. His neck and arms ached: his fin-gers could scárce-ly hold the bow: he hárd-ly felt the=fíd-dle, he=had=pláyed so long: and still he=had=to=kéep=on pláy-ing, or the wolf might=éat=him. He thought to=him-sélf that=he=would=ráth-er chop wood all the week long for twén-ty years, than play to=a=wólf for=a=sín-gle night.

Be-fóre the=mórn-ing came, two strings of=the=fíd-dle had bró-ken; and, when=it=was=light, the=thírd súd-den-ly snapped, so=that=he=had=ón-ly the fourth string now to=pláy=up=ón. The sweat streamed down his face and cheeks. If=the=lást string was=to=bréak, as he ex-péct-ed év-e-ry mó-ment it would, then the wolf, whose hówl-ing all night long had ón-ly máde=it the

hún-gi-er, would=give=him no time to put the fid-dle to=rights =a-gáin, and would=be=súre to=de-vóur=him.

As=he=was=ál-most des-páir-ing, old Job, the=húnts-man passed that way, and heard from far off the=hówl-ing=of=the=wólf, and, áf-ter=a=time, the sounds too of=the=fid-dle out=of=the=gróund. He=was=hálf fright-ened him-sélf, but still he came to=the=pít, and there he found the fid-dler má-king the last string screech as if he and it were mad a-líke, and=the=wólf at the óth-er side hówl-ing at=the=mú-sic. A shot from the húnts-man killed the beast, and=the=poor=fid-dler was=lift-ed-up. But =he=had=learnt=a=lés-son.

He went home with=a=gréat má-ny thoughts in=his=héad. Név-er would=he=be=óut=a-gáin at night in such roads, and=he=would=ál-ways take the straight road to=his=hóuse, with=óut trý-ing án-y short cuts. Nor would=he=év-er play at públic=hóuses áf-ter that, for drink had=dóne=him all the harm, but took to=his=née-dle for=a=lív-ing, for=he=was=a=táil-or by trade: and he re-sólvéd if év-er he touched the fid-dle a-gáin it=would=bé in=the=chúrch, as=one=of=the=chóir, for he felt sure that=the=road home from church was stráight-er and sá-fer than=from=the=ále-house.

## THE WISE SHÉPHERD BOY.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**A-móng.** . . e-meng. . . e-méungue.  
**Broad.** . . brood. . . bráde.  
**Climb.** . . claim. . . klaíme.  
**Cóunt-ed.** . cáunt-ed. . . káount-ed.  
**Court.** . . coot. . . koot.  
**Dí-a-mond** dáí-e-mænd. dáí-e-meun'd  
**E-tér-ni-**  
**ty.** . . i-tæ-ni-te. . . i-téur-ni-té.

**Eye.** . . . áí. . . . aí.  
**Fá-mous.** . fé-mæs. . . fé-mence.  
**Pál-ace.** . . pál-es. . . . pál-éce.  
**Q u é s -**  
**tions.** . . cués-chæns. koués-tcheuns  
**Shép-herd** shép-æd. . . chép-eurd.  
**Thère-fore** zéæ-fœ. . . thèr-fore.  
**Wé-a-ry.** . . uí-æ-re. . . oui-eur-é.

There=was=ónce a shép-herd boy who=was=fá-mous, far and near, for=the=wise án-swérs which=he=gáve to qués-tions. The King=of=the=lánd, á-móng óth-ers, héard=of=him, and=ór-dered =him to=be=brought=to=cóurt.

When=he=cáme, the King sáid=to=him, — «If=you=can=give=me án-swérs to three qués-tions which=I=shall=pút=to=you, I=will=tréat=you as=if=you=wére my own son, and=you=shall=líve in=the=pál-ace=with=me.»

«What=are=the=thréé qués-tions?» asked=the=bóy.

«The first qués-tion,» said=the=King, «is, — How=má-ny=drops =of=wá-ter áre='here in=the=séa?»

The shép-herd boy re-plied, — «If=you=will=stóp all the rí-  
ers in=the=wórl-d, so=that=not=a=dróp I=have=not=cóunt-ed will  
flow in=to=the=séa, I=will=téll-you how=má-ny=drops=of=wá-ter  
there are in=the=séa. »

Then said=the=Kíng, «The next qués-tion is, — How=má-ny=  
stars=áre=there in héav-en?»

When=he=héard=it, the shép-herd boy asked for=a=great=shéet  
of white pá-per, and a pen and ink, and then made so má-ny  
dots all=ó-ver=it=with=the=pén, that no one could think of  
cóunt-ing=them, and=the=vé-ry=éye grew wé-a-ry of lóok-ing=  
at=them. Then he said, — «There=are=as=má-ny stars in=the=  
héav-en as there are dots on this pá-per. You=may=cóunt=them  
if=you=like. » But no one would think of trý-ing.

«Now,» said=the=Kíng, «the third qués-tion is, — How=má-  
ny=séc-onds are there in e-tér-ni-ty?»

Then the shép-herd boy án-swered, — «There=is=a dí-a-mond  
móun-tain in=the=nóth, which takes an hour to climb, at=the=  
fást-est, and=it=is=as=bróad at=the=bót-tom, év-e-ry way, as=it=  
is=high. If=a=lit-tle bird were=to=cóme once in=á=hún-dred  
years, and fly a-wáy with what its beak could pick up, when  
the whole móun-tain had been cár-ried a-wáy, it=would=máke  
the first séc-ond in e-tér-ni-ty. »

«You=have=án-swered the three qués-tions,» said=the=Kíng,  
«like=a=wise man, and shall, thére=fore, líve=with=me in my  
pál-ace, and be my son. »

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## THE TEN COMMÁND.S.

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God has said :—

1. Thou=shalt=háve no more gods but me:
2. Be=fóre no í-dol bow thy knee:
3. Take=not=the=náme of GOD in vain:
4. Nor dare the Sáb-bath-day pro-fáne:
5. Give both thy pá-rents hón-or due:
6. Take heed that thou no múr-der do:
7. Ab-stáin from words and deeds un-cléan:
8. Nor steal, tho'=thou=be=póor and mean:
9. Nor tell a wil-ful lie, nor=lóve=it:
10. What=is=thy=néigh-bour's do not ców-et.

THE SUM OF THE WHOLE TEN.

With all thy soul love GOD a-bóve,  
And=as=thy=sélf thy néigh-bour love.

## THE FRIGHT CHARLES GOT.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

**Aw-ful..** . . óo-ful. . . . á-foul.  
**Be-side** . . bi-sáid. . . . bi-sáide.  
**B r é a t h-**  
**less.** . . . bréz-les. . . . bréth-lece.  
**Cás-tle..** . . cá-s-'l. . . . kás-s'l'.  
**Charles.** . . chaals. . . . tchaals.  
**Créa-ture.** . . crii-chaé. . . . kri-tcheur.  
**Dréar-y.** . . dri-æ-re. . . . dri-eur-é.  
**Fig-ure.** . . fig-æ. . . . fig-eur.

**Fright..** . . fruit. . . . fraïte.  
**Néw-ly..** . . niu-le. . . . niou-lé.  
**Or-chard..** . . óo-chaéd. . . . óo-tcheud.  
**Pré-vi-ous** . . pri-vi-æs. . . . pri-vi-euce.  
**Shá-dow..** . . schád-o. . . . chád-ó.  
**Si-lent..** . . sai-lent. . . . sai-len'te.  
**Sól-emn.** . . sól-em. . . . sól-em'.  
**Stéw-ard..** . . stiú-æd. . . . stiou-eurd.  
**Whi-ted..** . . huái-ted. . . . houái-ted.

One day Charles thought he=would=rob=an=ór=chard, so vé-ry late=at=night, he crept to=the=wáll of=the=gár-den of=the=old=cás-tle, and climbed=ó-ver=it, and=filled two bags with áp-ples=and=péars, óne=of=which he=was=to=cár-ry=a-wáy at=a=time. When he reached the gár-den wall with=the=bág, it struck twelve on=the=chúrch-clock. It=was=vé-ry dark: the wind rús-tled a-móng the=leaves=of=the=trées with=a=sád, sól-æmn, dréar-y sound: no lív-ing créa-ture was=to=be=séen: all, save the voice of=the=wínd, was=as=sí-lent=as=the=gráve. At this mó-ment, all=at=ónce, Charles saw a=bláck fig-ure=of=a=mán close be-side=him, who seemed to=be=cár-ry-ing the óth-er bag. Charles gave=a=yéll, let fall the bag, and=ran=as=fast=as=his=légs would cár-ry=him. The=bláck fig-ure let=hís=bag fall ál-so, and=spráng=on áf-ter Charles as=far=as=the=end=of=the=gár-den wall, and then he=was=out=of=síght in=a=mó-ment. But Charles did=not=turn=to=lóok to=the=right or left, and ón-ly stopped when=he=réached home, pánt-ing and bréath-less.

The=next=dáy he mén-tioned what=an=áw-ful ghost he=had=séen the pré-vi-ous night, but, of course, he=did=not=say=a=wórd a-bóut trý-ing to steal. The stéw-ard, how-év-er, made=him=cóme=to=him that vé-ry day, and=sáid, — « You=have=been=trý-ing to rob the ór-chard last night. There=is=a=sáck full=of=frúit lí-ving close=to=the=wáll, and=it=has=your=fáth-er's náme=on=it. I=shall=shút=you=up in prís-on. The=bláck man you saw was ón-ly your=ówn shá-dow, which=the=móon cast on the néw-ly whi-ted gár-den wall. »

Here-up=ón Charles be-gán to=crý, con-féssed the=trúth, and próm-ised név-er=to=be=so=wíck-ed a-gáin as=to=try=and=stéal.

It=is=the=sáme with all who do wrong. Év-e-ry rúst-ling leaf fright-ens=them, and=they=run=a-wáy from=their=ówn shá-dow.

## DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

**A stráy.** . . e-stre. . . . e-stré.  
**Bath'd.** . . beez'd. . . . beth'd.  
**De-cáy.** . . di-ke. . . . di-ké.  
**E-vil.** . . . i-v'l. . . . i-v'l'.  
**Fúr-rowed** fær-o'd. . . féur-ó'd.  
**Gli-ded.** . . glái-ded. . . glái-ded.

**Grey.** . . . gre. . . . gré.  
**O'er** (*ó-ver.*) ó-æ. . . . ó-eur.  
**Re-li-gion.** ri-li-dchæn. . . ri-lidj-eune.  
**Vig-our.** . . vig-æ. . . . vîgu-eur.  
**Wis-dom.** uis-dæm. . . ouiz-deume.  
**Youth.** . . iuz. . . . iouth.

Days of=my=yóuth, ye=have=gli-ded a-wáy:  
 Hairs of=my=yóuth, ye are fróst-ed=and=gréy:  
 Eyes of=my=yóuth, your keen sight=is=no=móre:  
 Cheeks of=my=yóuth, ye are fúr-row'd all o'er:  
 Strength of=my=yóuth, all your víg-our=is=góne:  
 Thoughts of=my=yóuth, your gay ví-sions=are=flówn.

Days of=my=yóuth, I wish not your re-cáll:  
 Hairs of=my=yóuth, I'm con-tént ye=should=fáll:  
 Eyes of=my=yóuth, you much é-vil=have=séen:  
 Cheeks of=my=yóuth, bath'd in tears you=have=béen:  
 Thoughts of=my=yóuth, you=have=léd=me a-stráy:  
 Strength of=my=yóuth, why la-mént your de-cáy?

Days of=my=áge, ye=will=shórt-ly be=pást:  
 Pains of=my=áge, yet a-while you=can=lást:  
 Joys of=my=áge, in true wis-dom de-light:  
 Eyes of=my=áge, be re-li-gion your light:  
 Thoughts of=my=áge, dread ye not the=cold=sód:  
 Hopes of=my=áge, be ye fix'd on=your=Gód.

## PÉTER PÍPER.

Pé-ter Pí-per picked a peck of pick-ling pép-per off a péw-ter plát-ter;  
 A peck of pick-ling pép-per Pé-ter Pí-per, off a péw-ter plát-ter, picked;  
 If Pé-ter Pí-per a peck of pick-ling pép-per, off a péw-ter plát-ter, picked,  
 Where is the péw-ter plát-ter and the peck of pick-ling pép-per Pé-ter Pí-per picked?

## SOME STRANGE TREES.

	Pronou. española.	Pronou. française.		Pronou. española.	Pronou. française.
<b>Awn-ings.</b>	óon-ings..	â-nin'gues.	<b>Mám-moth</b>	mám-az.,	mám-euth.
<b>Bám-boo.</b>	bám-bu..	bám-bou.	<b>Má-ple.</b>	mé-pl'.	mé-pl'.
<b>Bán-yan.</b>	ban-ian.,	bán-ian.	<b>Nét-tle tree</b>	nét-'l trii.	nét-tl' tri.
<b>Ca - thé - dral.</b>	ke-zí-drael.	ke-thí-dral.	<b>Palm.</b>	paam..	paam.
<b>Cám-phor.</b>	kám-fe.	kám-feur.	<b>Pic-kles.</b>	pik-'ls.	pik-kl's.
<b>Chi-na.</b>	chái-ná.	tchái-na.	<b>Ré-gi-ment</b>	rédch-i-ment	rédj-i-men'te
<b>Có-coa-nut</b>	có-co-næt.	có-có-neute.	<b>Se-vére-ly.</b>	si-viá-le.	si-vi-eur-lé.
<b>Ców-tree.</b>	cáu-trii.	kaóu-tri.	<b>Sól-diers.</b>	sol-dchæs.	sól-djeurs.
<b>Gam-bóge.</b>	gam-búdh.	gam-bóudje.	<b>Stalks.</b>	stooks..	stáks.
<b>Gút-ta pér-cha.</b>	gæt-æ pæ-chæ	gué u t t a péurt-cha.	<b>Tál-low.</b>	tál-o.	tál-ló.
<b>I-vo-ry.</b>	áiv-re..	ái-veur-é.	<b>Vá-ri-ous.</b>	vé-ri-æs.	vé-ri-euce.
<b>Ja-pán.</b>	dehe-pán.	dje-páne.	<b>Vár-nish.</b>	váa-nish..	váa-niche.
<b>Juice.</b>	dchiús.	djiouce.	<b>Wax-myrtle.</b>	uács-mæ-t'l.	ouáks-mer-tl'
<b>Lón-don.</b>	læn-dæn.	léune-deune.	<b>W hóle - some.</b>	hól-sæm..	hóle-seume.

Whát=do=you=think of=a=gréat tree, as=high=as=an=élm, that needs ón-ly to have a cut made=in=its=bárk, in spring, to run with sap so sweet that they boil it down to súg-ar! It=is=the=Má-ple.

The bér-ries of the Wáx-Myrtle, when boiled, make béau-ti-ful wax which=is=úsed for cán-dles.

The Ców-tree needs ón-ly to have a hole máde=in=it, and out flows sweet and w hóle-some milk.

The Néttle-tree stings you se-vére-ly, if=you=tóuch=it év-er so sóft-ly, and ráis-es the skin é-ven of hór-s-es in-to great blís-ters, if they chance to=rub=a-gáinst=it.

Some=of=the=«Mám-moth» Pines grow as high as the cross on St. Paul's Ca-thé-dral in Lón-don, and would hold a school of two hún-dred chíl-dren, and=a=dóz-en téach-ers, if=the=trúnk were hól-low.

The bránc-h-es of the Bányan-tree shoot down ín-to=the=éarth a-gáin, and be-cóme new trees, so that one tree grows, áf-ter a long time, ín-to=a-smáll wood, large e-nóugh to shél-ter a ré-gi-ment of hór-se-soldiers.

Gút-ta pér-cha means the gum of the Pércha-tree. The vá-ri-ous ú-ses to=which=it=is=ap-plíed are wéll-known.

The Várnish-tree grows in Ja-pán. When pierced, its juice is=a=vé-ry fine vár-nish in-déed.

The Bámboo-cane tree, so well known in the tróp-ics, is made ín-to béd-steads, tá-bles, chairs, the frames of small hóus-es, hats, bás-kets, cups, brooms, soles of shoes, pipes, bows and ár-rows, wicks of cán-dles, twine; the shá-vings of=the=cáne are used to stuff beds and pí-l-lows; the leaves make cloaks to

keep off the=ráin; the soft sprouts are boiled and éat-en; óth-er parts are boiled and=made=ín-to=pá-per; the pith makes vé-ry fine pic-kles and swéet-meats, and=the=júice of=the=cáne is=a=fá-mous méd-i-cine. Then, they make bóats=of=it, sails, ropes, and cá-bles, rig-ging, fishing- rods, and mán-y more things that=are=of=use=at=séa or=on=the=lákes and riv-ers. The fárm-ers =úse=it for carts, bár-rows, ploughs, wá-ter pipes, wheels, fén-ces, and so on. But=I=can't=téll=you one=half=of=the=ú-ses of the bám-boo to=the=péo-ple of Chí-na.

Cám-phor is got by bóil-ing the leaves=and=bránc-h-es of=a =trée.

The fine yel-low paint called gam-bóge is=the=júice=of=a=trée as large as=an=Éng-lish oak.

The Tállow-tree and=the='tórch-tree have both bér-ries, which give rich fat, of which they make cán-dles.

The Pálm-tree is said to be put to=as=mán-y ú-ses as=there=are=days=in=the=yéar. It=is=cér-tain that one kind or=óth-er=of=it yields wine, oil, wax, flour, súg-ar, salt, and the wood and óth-er things of which mán-y ná-tions make their hóus-es, and their dísh-es, arms, and clothes. The pálm-tree has this great use ál-so, that=in=the=dri-est dés-ert the=sight=of=one ál-ways tells where you=will=find wá-ter, for=there=is=ál-ways wá-ter near its roots.

The dates you eat grow=on=a=Pálm. One palm has=a=léaf so large, that=a=sín-gle=one which=was=bróught to this cóun-try was found to be thír-ty six feet round. No wón-der they make um-brél-las, and tents, and áwn-ings=of=them. They ál-so make bóoks=of=them, and use slíps=of=them in-stéad=of=pá-per for all they want to write down.

The Óil-Palm gíves=us the palm oil used for cán-dles, lamps, soap, and much else.

The Có-coa-nut palm gíves=us, of course, the có-coa-nut. But it=is=of=such=úse where it grows that=an=óld pó-et sáys=of=it:—

«The Ín-di-an nut a-lóne

Is cló-thing, meat and trénc-h-er, drink and can,  
Boat, cá-ble, sail and née-dle, all in one.»

An=óth-er palm has a nut which is just like í-vo-ry when cut, and makes mán-y things we=have=all seen.

The brooms with which our streets are swept are made from=the=stálks of=the=léaf of=a=kind=of=pálm.

## THE BLIND MAN.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

**Déw-y.** . . diu-e. . . . diou-é.  
**Fold.** . . . fold. . . . fólde.  
**Heart.** . . . haat. . . . haate.  
**June.** . . . dchiun. . . . djouïne.

**Lolled.** . . . lol'd. . . . lol'd.  
**Néw-mown niu-món.** . . . niou-mône.  
**Psalms.** . . . saams. . . . saams.  
**Quiv-er.** . . . kuiv-æ. . . . kouiv-eur.

The blind man sits in=~~the~~=chéer-ful sun,  
 And=~~his~~=héart sings psalms to God:  
 He=~~is~~=sméll-ing the sweet flów-ers, one by one,  
 Cut fresh from the bright green sod:  
 And=~~his~~=pále lips quiv-er with sól-emn joy,  
 For=~~he~~=thinks of=~~the~~=méa-dow he loved as=~~a~~=a-bóy.

How he wán-dered a-móng the déw-y flów-ers,  
 In=~~the~~=béau-ti-ful June of old;  
 How he toyed with the néw-mown hay for hours,  
 Or lolled on the sheep-shéar-er's fold,  
 While the sun went down in góld-en light,  
 And=~~the~~=stárs light-ed up the dark blue night.

## THE BLIND.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

**Ang-ler.** . . . áng-læ. . . . án'g-leur.  
**Bal-loon.** . . . bæl-lün. . . . bal-loun.  
**Bi-ble.** . . . báí-b'l. . . . báí-bl'.  
**Blind.** . . . blaind. . . . blain'd.  
**Coarse.** . . . coos. . . . kooce.  
**Cól-lege.** . . . cól-edch. . . . kól-edje.  
**Cóm-fort.** . . . kæm-fæt. . . . kéum-feurte.  
**Coun-ties.** . . . cáun-tis. . . . kaoun-tis.  
**Fought.** . . . foot. . . . fâte.  
**Girl.** . . . gææl. . . . gwerl.  
**Guide.** . . . gaid. . . . gaide.

**Hounds.** . . . haunds. . . . haounds.  
**Joy.** . . . dchói. . . . djoí.  
**Meant.** . . . ment. . . . men't.  
**Numb.** . . . næm. . . . neum.  
**Réa-son.** . . . ríi-s'n. . . . ri-z'n.  
**Reins.** . . . reens. . . . rénes.  
**Tongue.** . . . teng. . . . teun'g.  
**Vál-leys.** . . . vál-es. . . . vál-és.  
**Wales.** . . . ueels. . . . ouél'z.  
**Won.** . . . uæn. . . . oueun.  
**York.** . . . ióok. . . . iórke.

How=~~can~~=a=~~blind~~=girl or boy read? Let=~~me~~=téll=~~you~~. They have books with the words pricked through the pá-per with sharp points, so=~~that~~=~~the~~=lét-ters stand up on=~~the~~=páge, and=~~can~~=be=félt by the fin-gers. They first learn the shape of=~~the~~=lét-ters by féel-ing=~~them~~, then go on to short words, and be=fóre long, so quick are they in léarn-ing, they=~~can~~=réad as fast as=~~if~~=they=could=sée.

You or I could not do án-y-thing, like this, and=~~the~~=réa-son=



that not néed-ing to use our touch so much, it-is-not-so=kéen and quick as theirs. But-as-they-have-no=éyes, and must find out what they want to know in óth-er ways, God has=hélped-them by má-king their touch grow so fine that=it=be=cómes ál-most-as=good=a=guide=to=them in mán-y things as=the=éye would=have=been. A blind man, who used to write a-bóut plants, could tell what kind of plant án-y one bróught-him by=his=fin-gers, or, if=he=were=not=quite=súre áf-ter tóuch-ing-it=with-them, by pút-ting-it to=the=tip=of=his=tóngue. An-óth-er blind man who used to=teach=in=a=cól-lege, that is, in=a=schóol for young men, could tell scráitch-es on=a=sheet=of=pól-ish-ed steel, though they were so fine that óth-ers néed-ed a strong glass to=see-them=at=áll. A girl, who had for years read her Bí-ble by=the=touch=of=her=fin-gers, was tá-ken ill, and found that áf-ter a time her hands grew numb, so that she could not feel the lét-ters as be=fóre. You=may=be=súre she was vé-ry sór-ry to think that=she=could=no=lóng-er read that Book which=had=béen so great a cóm-fort=to=her in her dárk-ness. Her heart was like to break, and she did not know how to=párt=with=it. She could at least kiss it tén-der-ly be=fóre she gave it up, and so she líft-ed=it to=her=lips and=kissed=it ó-ver and ó-ver. What=was=her=jóy to find that=she=could=féel the dear lét-ters with=her=lips in-stéad of páss-ing her fin-gers ó-ver=them. From that day she read her Bí-ble in=this=wáy.

There=was=ónce a blind Gér-man who=could=réad print just like this, if=it=was=print-ed on coarse pá-per which let the lét-ters make a deep már-k-in=it. It is vé-ry strange what some blind péo-ple have=been=á-ble to do. A blind man used=to=be=póst-man to three víl-la-ges in Wales. The ad-dréss-es on the lét-ters were=réad=to=him in=a=cér-tain ór-der, and=he=was=név-er known to make a mis-táke in gív-ing=them to=the=dif-fe-rent pér-sons for whom they were meant. There=was=a=blínd man in the north of Éng-land some years since who=was=a=great=áng-ler. He fished in all the brooks a-móng the hills, and knew év-e-ry gate and stile in all the dí-stríct. A friénd=of=his, who=was=stóne blind, was=a=fá-mous pláy-er at cards. An-óth-er blind man was=a=gréat swim-mer and=a=bóld rí-der. He=was=in=the=háb-it of gó-ing out with=the=hóunds ó-ver hill and dale áf-ter the hare and=the=fóx, and=he=once=róde=his=horse in a race and=wón=it. In 1745 he=went=ín=to=the=ár-my, and fought at the bát-tle of Cúl-lo-den. In=the=dépth of win-ter, when the drí-ver of=the=stáge-coach from York could not make out the road ún-der=the=déep snow, the blind man would take the reins and drive the coach sáfe-ly to=its=jóur-ney's end. He could play on

the fid-dle, he=was=a=fá-mous hórse-dealer, and trá-ded in mán-y things be-sides, and=in=the=énd took to má-king roads, and made mán-y in=the=nórt-ern cóun-ties. He=was=óf-ten=to=be=séen róam-ing through the cóun-try, climb-ing hills, and séarch-ing the best way for the road through vál-leys, with no help but=that=of=a=lóng staff. His name was John Mét-calf.

Blind men have óf-ten be=cóme vé-ry clév-er in óth-er ways. One who=was=bórn blind, taught him-sélf to=be=a=fírst-rate clock and wá-tch-maker. An-óth-er kept his wife and chíl-dren by ménd-ing clocks, and ál-most án-y-thing else that=came=in=his=wáy. Mr. Líl-burn, the blind préach-er, went to cól-lege though=he=was=blínd, and be=cáme a good schól-ar by kée-p-ing all=that=he=héard in=his=héad. He lived áf-ter=that in=a=wild cóun-try, with bad bríd-g-es, and streams which=had=to=be=fórd-ed, and=the=róads were óf-ten ón-ly tracks through the woods, and yet he trá-v-elled six-ty thóu-sand miles by év-e-ry kind of way, as he says, ex-cépt a bal-lóon or a hánd-cart.

If=the=blind=can=dó so much with-óut=their=eyes, what=should=you=be=á-ble=to=do=wíth=them?

## SÍMPLE TILL.

Pronun. española. Pronun. française.

Pronun. española. Pronun. française.

Cár-ri-er. . . . . cár-i-æ. . . . . kár-i-eur.

Cóm-rade. . . . . cóm-red. . . . . cóm-réde.

Edge. . . . . edch. . . . . edje.

Fór-tune. . . . . fóo-chiun. . . . . fór-tchieune.

Gál-lop. . . . . gál-æp. . . . . gál-eup.

Height. . . . . haít. . . . . haíte.

Lán-guage. . . . . lán-guedch. . . . . lán-gouedge.

Leaned. . . . . liin'd. . . . . lin'd.

Plíed. . . . . plaid. . . . . plai'd.

Prov-erb. . . . . próv-ærb. . . . . próv-eurbe.

Rough. . . . . ræf. . . . . reuf.

Sé-ri-ous-ly. . . . . sí-ri-æs-le. . . . . sí-ri-eus-lé.

Slow-ly. . . . . sló-le. . . . . sló-lé.

Straight. . . . . street. . . . . stréte.

Tired. . . . . táí-æd. . . . . táí-eurd.

Tó-wards. . . . . tó-æds. . . . . tó-eurdz.

Wág-gon. . . . . uág-an. . . . . ouág-eune.

Sím-ple Till was a hálf-wít-ted man. He laughed more than he cried, and=did=a=thóu-sand fóol-ish tricks, sóme=of=them not vé-ry good. But yet év-e-ry one was vé-ry glad to see the poor ówl-head-ed fél-low.

He=was=ónce wálk-ing in=the=cóun-try, when a man on foot, who=was=ve-ry tired, came up and said, — «Good friend, how fár=is=it, if=you=pléase, to=the=néxt town?» «Go on,» said Till. The man thought, — «This fél-low must=be=a=fóol, for I know vé-ry well, with-óut his téll-ing me, that=I=must-go=ón if=I=am=to=gét to=the=tówn.» He went on, thére=fore, and walked as=fast=as=he=cóuld. «Friend,» cried Till áf-ter him, «if you keep on as=you=have=be=gún, you will be in=the=tówn in two

hours.» «But why did=you=not=sáy=this be=fóre?» asked the tráv-el-ler. Till án-swered,—«I wished, first, to see how fast you=were=á-ble to walk, for=I=could=nót=tell how long it=would=táke=you to get to=the=tówn till I knew that.»

An-óth-er time Till met a cár-ri-er who=was=drí-ving his horse ó-ver a rough road, as=if=it=were=nót=worth a pén-ny. As=he=was=páss-ing Till, he pulled up for=a=mó-ment and=called=óut=to=him,—«Hál-loo, cóun-try-man, shall I be á-ble to get to=the=tówn to-níght?» Más-ter Till set his cap straight and án-swered vé-ry sé-ri-ous-ly. «O yes, cár-ri-er, if you go slów-ly.» The cár-ri-er, who did not see the point of=the=án-swer, called Till a fool and used bad lán-guage=to=him, as=he=plied his whip on=the=póor horse so stóut-ly that it broke ín-to a gál-lop, in spite of the bad road. But when Till came, tó-wards night, to=the=edge=of=the=tówn, there was=the=cár-ri-er on=the=róad, with his wág-gon bró-ken down. As Till came up, he=cáled=to=him to come and=hélp=him to patch up his wág-gon a=gáin. Till was réad-y e-nóugh to=dó=this, but he took care to let the cár-ri-er know that he thought he=was=him-sélf to blame for=his=mis-fór-tune. «Did=I=not=téll=you,» said Till, «that you must go slów-ly if you wánt-ed to get to=the=tówn to-níght? For the próv-erb says,—*Too fast comes in last.*»

Till was, an-óth-er time, gó-ing with a néigh-bour for=a=lóng tramp. As óf-ten as they came to=the=top=of=a=móun-tain, and had to go down hill, Till leaned sád-ly on his staff, and went a-lóng as if in tróu-ble; but when they were at=the=foot=of=óne and had to climb úp-wards, his face beamed with joy and he seemed pleased. «Whý=is=it,» asked his cóm-rade, «that you climb up the hills so chéer-ful-ly, and are so sad when you go down?» «When=I=am=gó-ing=dówn the hill,» re-plíed Till, «I=am=thínk-ing, like a fóol-ish fél-low, on=the=héight that is be-fóre=us, which=we=shall=sóon have to climb, and that spoils my pleá-sure: but when I=have=to=climb a hill, then I think of=the=vál-ley that=is=to=fól-low, and that gíves=one good heart.»

If you wish not=to=be=fóol-ish-ly háp-py ó-ver good fór-tune, or fóol-ish-ly cast down by tróu-ble, be as wise as Símp-le Till, who thought on=the=bright when=it=was=dárk, and=on=the=dárk when=it=was=bright.

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### THE ÍDLER.—*Cówper.*

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An í-dler is=a=wáitch that wants both hands,  
As úse-less if=it=góes as=if=it=stánds.

# THE CÚNNING GRETHEL.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

<b>Bást-ed.</b> . . . béest-ed. . . . . bés-ted.	<b>Lús-ti-ly.</b> . . læs-ti-le. . . . . leús-ti-lé.
<b>Be-háved..</b> . . bi-héev'd. . . . . bi-hév'd.	<b>Méan-while</b> miin-huail. . . . . mine-houail.
<b>Cared. . . .</b> . . kéæd. . . . . ké-eurd.	<b>Nó-bo-dy..</b> . . nó-bæ-de. . . . . nó-beu-dé.
<b>Cér-tain. . .</b> . . sææ-ten. . . . . céu-tene.	<b>Pit-y. . . .</b> . . pit-e. . . . . pit-é.
<b>Cún-ning..</b> . . kæn-ing. . . . . kéun-ing'ne.	<b>Pre-sérve.</b> . . pri-sæev. . . . . pri-zéurve.
<b>De-li-cious</b> de-li-schæs. . . . . de-lich-euce.	<b>Scáld-ed. .</b> . . scóold-ed. . . . . skáld-ed.
<b>Dis-cóv-</b>	<b>Shóut-ed..</b> . . sháut-ed. . . . . cháout-ed.
<b>ered. . . .</b> . . dis-kæv-ed. . . . . dis-kéuv-eurd	<b>Suc-céed. .</b> . . sæc-siid. . . . . senk-cide.
<b>Else. . . .</b> . . els. . . . . else.	<b>Wást-ed. . .</b> . . uéest-ed. . . . . oués-ted.
<b>Jui-cy. . . .</b> . . dchiu-se. . . . . djiou-cé.	<b>Whet. . . .</b> . . huét. . . . . houets.

It=is=vé-ry pós-si-ble that=the=fól-low-ing tale may not be pér-fect-ly true, or that=it=did=not=háp-pen júst-as-it-is=re-lá-ted, but=it-is=so=full-of=fún that=I=shall=téll-it just-as-it-was=tóld=me.

There=was=a=cóok who wore shoes with high red heels, and when she walked out she used to turn her-sélf round to=lóok-at-them, and=was=vé-ry próud=of=them and=thóught, «Grét-hel, you=are=a=vé-ry hánd-some girl.» When she re-túrned home, she drank a=cup=of=wíne for glád-ness, and=as=the=wíne made her hún-gry, she be-gán to eat the best of=what=she=cóoked, till=she=could=éat no more, sáy-ing as=she=díd=so,—«The cook must know how the meats she dréss-es tastes.»

Her más-ter once sáid=to=her,—«Grét-hel, a guest is cóm-ing with me to-night to=súp-per: get réa-dy two hens.»

«That I shall, nice-ly,» án-swered Grét-hel. She soon killed the hens, scáld-ed=them, plúcked=them, stuck=them=on=the=spít, and=máde=them réa-dy for róast-ing, and=as=éve-ning came, she=pút=them to=the=fire. The hens be-gán to=be=nice-ly brown and to=be=róast-ed as=they=shóuld=be, but no guest came. Then Grét-hel called to=her=más-ter,—«If the guest is not cóm-ing, sir, I=must=táke the hens from=the=fire, but=it=is=a=pí-ty and=a=sháme if=they=are=nót soon éat-en, whilst=they=are=nice-and=júi-cy.»

Her más-ter said,—«You=are=right: I'll go my-sélf and fetch the guest.»

When her más-ter had turned his back, Grét-hel put a-side the spit with=the=héns, and thought, «Stánd-ing so long by=the=fire makes me sweat and feel thír-s-ty: who knows whén=they=will=come: I=shall=go=dówn to=the=cel-lar and have a drop.» So sáy-ing, she ran down, took=a=júg, and drew off some wine ín-to-it, and=dránk-it. «The wine wants to=come=óut,» said=shé, «and=it=is=not=góod=for=one to be with-óut=some.» Then she went up-stáirs a-gáin, put the hens once more to=the=fire, bást-

ed=them with bú-ter, and turned round the spit lús-ti-ly. But they be-gán to smell so nice, and=to=send=úp such=a=témpt-ing steam, that she thought, «I'm a-fráid there's sóme-thing not quite right: I=must=trý=them.» And so she rubbed her fín-ger on one, and then put=it=in-to=her=móuth. «Well,» said=shé, «that is good: it=is=a=sín and shame that=they=are=not=éat=en-at=ónce.» She then ran to=the=wín-dow, to see if her mást-er was cóm-ing: but=she=sáw nó-bo-dy, and came back to=the=héns. «The one wing is burnt al-réa-dy,» thought she,—«it=would=be=bét-ter with=óut=it.» So=she=çut=it=óff and áte=it, and=it=was=de-lí-cious. When=she=had=fín-ished=it, she thought,—«The óth-er wing must go too, else mást-er will see that=one=is=wánt-ing.» When=she=had=éat=en the séc-ond wing, she went ónce more to=the=wín-dow and=looked=for=her=mást-er, but=she=did=not=sée=him. «Who knows,» thought she, «per-háps, they won't come at all. It looks as=if=they=had=góne sóme-where else.» Then she=sáid,—«Grét-hel, my girl, you=have=be-gún with one, take an-óth-er drink, and fín-ish=it al-to-géth-er: when=it=is=éat=en you=will=have=péace. Why should the good things that=are=sént=us be wást-ed.» She, thére-fore, ran ónce more to=the=cél-lar, took a draught, and then ate up the=rest=of=the=hén with great glee. When=it=was=all=dówn, and her mást-er had not yet come, she looked at=the=óth-er hen and said,—«Where the one is, the óth-er must be, the two go to-géth-er: what=is=right for=the=óne is fair for=the=óth-er.» So the séc-ond hen fól-lowed the first, for=she=ate=it=ál-so.

When=she=had=júst fin-ished, in came the mást-er, and cried,—«Grét-hel, bring in the fowls quáck-ly, the guest will=be=hére prés-ent-ly.»

«Yes, mást-er,» re-plied Grét-hel, «I=shall=at-ténd=to=it=at=ónce.»

Her mást-er saw, méan-while, that=the=clóth was laid and=the=tá-ble set out, and took up the cárv-ing knife with which he=was=to=cút=up the hens, and be-gán to=whét=it. Méan-while, the guest came and knocked mód-est-ly at=the=háll door. Grét-hel ran and looked=who=was=thére, and when she saw it=was=the=guést, she put her fín-ger to=her=móuth and=sáid,—«Hush, hush! be off as quáck-ly as=you=cán, for if my mást-er cách-es=you, it=will=be=wórse=for=you: he=has=in-ví-ted=you to súp-er I know, but he ón-ly did so to cut off both your ears. Líst-en, how he whets=the=knife!» The guest heard the sound, and húr-ried as=fast=as=he=cóuld from=the=dóor-step. Grét-hel there-up-ón ran to=her=mást-er and said,—«You=have=in-ví-ted a prét-ly guest, in-deéd, mást-er!»

« Why, » cried her mást-er sur-prised, « what's=the=mát-ter? »

« He snatched up both the hens from=the=dish, as=I=was=bríng-ing=them to tá-ble, and=ran=óff=with=them. »

« That's a prét-ty way to act, » ob-served the mást-er. « If=he=had=ón-ly tá-ken one, there=would=have=been=sóme=thing left for=me=to=éat, »—and sáy-ing this he ran to=the=st-réet, and shóut-ed=to=the=guést to stop, but=the=guést pre-ténd-ed he=did=not=héar=him. So he ran áf-ter=him, with=the=knífe still in=his=hánd, and cried out, « Ón-ly one, ón-ly one, » méan-ing that=the=guést should take the one hen and leave the óth-er. But=the=guést thought he meant ón-ly one=of=his=éars, and ran as=if=fire was=be=hínd=him, that=he=might=pre-sérve the two.

Grét-hel's clév-er-ness did=not=sáve=her long, for=her=mást-er soon dis-cóv-ered how she=had=be=háved, and turned her a-wáy. More than that, she=had=got=fónd of dríng-ing, and=she=came=to=be=a=póor drúnk-en wó-man, for whom nó-bo-dy cared.

A lie may suc-céed once, nay twice, but=its=de-téc-tion in=the=énd is=as=cér-tain as=two=and=twó make four.

## DÁNIEL, THE SÓAP-BOILER.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Dán-i-el. . . dán-i-el. . . dán-i-el.  
 Ex-change ecs-chéndeh. eks-tchén'dje  
 Féast-ing. fiíst-ing. . . fiíst-in'gue.  
 Fél-low. . . fél-o. . . fél-ó.  
 Grúm-ble. grém-b'l. . . gréum-bl'.  
 Guárd-ed. . . gáa-ded. . . gáa-ded.  
 Háte-ful. . . héet-ful. . . hète-foul.  
 How-év-er hau-év-æ. . . haou-év-eur.  
 I-dle. . . . ái-d'l. . . . ái-d'l.

Líve-ly. . . láiv-le. . . láíve-lé.  
 Oys-ters. . . óis-tæs. . . óis-teurs.  
 Próm-ised próm-íst. . . próm-íst.  
 Scárce-ly. ské-æs-le. . . ské-eurce-lé.  
 Sigh-ing. . . sái-ing. . . sái-in'gue.  
 Sóap-boil-er. . . . sóp-boil-æ. . . sóp-boil-eur.  
 Tèr-ror. . . tér-æ. . . . tér-eur.  
 Tréa-sure. tré-schæ. . . . tréj-eure.

Dán-i-el, the sóap-boíler, had learnt má-ny songs, and=sáng=them with=a=light heart all day at=his=wórk. He óft-en had not vé-ry much to eat, yet=he=was=as=háp-py=as=a=king, and=the=sóund of=his=cléar voice rang all round. When men héard=it they=would=ásk, « Who is it that=is=ál-ways síng-ing in that way? »—and=they=would=be=tóld, « It=is=Dán, the sóap-boiler. »

There lived near this chéer-y fél-low, a rich, í-dle, fat man, who used to spend half the night féast-ing, and then turned the bright mórn-ing ín-to=night, by má-king=it his sléep-ing time. He=could=scárce-ly shut=his=éyes, how-év-er, be=fóre Dan would break in on=his=rést by=his=líve-ly mórn-ing songs. No wón-der then that=the=rích í-dle man was=án-gry. « The cár-ri-on

crow fly a-way with=your=sóns, you háte-ful créa-ture,» he would=cry=óut; «I ón-ly wish that sleep were=as=chéap here as=óys-ter=are!»

He soon found out who it was who sang, and got Dan to=cóme =to=him at noon one day. «Hów=are=you, my stout fél-low? How =do=you=get=ón? Év-e-ry one speaks well=of=your=sóap; how much does=it=fétch=you a=yéar?»

«In=a=yéar, my dear sir?» re-plied Dan. «I név-er cón-tered that: I don't réck-on that way. The=óne day gives what=the=néxt day ú-ses. It=is=the=sáme all=the=yéar=róund, so=you=may=cóunt what I gain a=yéar: there are three hún-dred and síx-ty five days in one.»

«That's=all=right: but could=you=not=téll-me what a day brings=you?»

«You=are=too=clóse with me, sir. One brings less, an=ó-ther more, as=it=háp-pens. I=have=nó-thing to=grúm-ble=at, ex-cépt that=there=are=so=má-ny feast days, when=I=am=fórced to re-máin í-dle. I'm sure that=the=mán who made so má-ny, must=have=been=rích like you: he could not have néed-ed to work for=his=lív-ing.»

The rich man was vé-ry glad to=héar=all=this, and paid Dán-i-el a great sum for nó-thing but that=he=shóuld=sing no more in=the=mórn-ings, and break in on=his=sléep as=he=had=dóne. Dan próm-ised he=wóuld=be=quí-et and ran off home in high spir-its with=his=món-ey, and=híd-it, for fear of án-y thief sée-ing=it. He cóunt-ed, stroked and=kíssed=it, and thought him-sélf the háp-pi-est man in=the=wórl-d.

To=keep=his=new=tréa-sure safe from thieves, he watched night=and=dláy ó-ver the wéll-locked box in=which=he=pút=it. If=his=lít-tle dog chanced to stir in=the=níght, or=if=the=cát moved, he=wóuld=spring=out=of=béd in tér-ror, think-ing he=was=rób-bed; un-tíl at last, áf-ter he=had=óft-en béat-en and=scóld-ed=them=bóth, he got ríd=of=them. He saw, at last, the=móre he guárd-ed=it, that care comes with món-ey: he saw all his peace, all his joy, slów-ly léave=him. Nó-thing that=he=áte tást-ed well: he did not care for=what=he=dránk: he=could=not=sléep in peace: and a-wáke he=was=rést-less and filled with fears, sígh-ing in-stéad=of=sing-ing.

At last, his=óld háp-py days rose in=his=thóughts a-gáin, and he ran to=his=néigh-bour, the rich man, and=sáid, — «My dear sir, gíve-me sóme-thing bét-ter than=to=wáitch món-ey in-stéad=of=sing-ing! Take your gold back, and=léave=me my light heart. Let who will én-vy your fór-tune, I won't ex-chánge my joys for yours. I=had=a=líght heart and=a=gáy song, in-stéad=of=

món-ey and=the=clink=of=it. What I used to be in days gone-bý,  
I=shall=be=a-gáin,—plain Dan, the sóap-boiler.»

## CHINESE FISHING BIRDS.

Pronun. española.			Pronun. française.			Pronun. española.			Pronun. française.		
<b>Af-fórd..</b>	af-óod..	af-fórd.	<b>Prey..</b>	pre..	pré.	<b>Púr-pose..</b>	pæ-pæs..	péu-peuce.	<b>Pur-suit..</b>	pæ-siút..	peu-sioute.
<b>Chi-nese..</b>	chái-nís..	tchái-nize.	<b>Sa - g á -</b>		se-gué-cheu-			<b>cious..</b>	se-gué-schæs	cé.	
<b>Di-ving..</b>	dái-ving..	dái-vin'gue.	<b>Scnt..</b>	sent..	sen'te.			<b>Size..</b>	sáis..	saize.	
<b>Doubt..</b>	daut..	daoute.	<b>Spán-i-el..</b>	spán-i-el..	spán-i-el.			<b>Un-used..</b>	æn-iús'd..	eun-iouz'd.	
<b>Fál-cons..</b>	fól-kæns..	fál-keunes.									
<b>Junks..</b>	dchæns..	djeun'ks.									
<b>Mán-age..</b>	mán-edch..	mán-édje.									
<b>Mór-sel..</b>	móo-s'l..	mor-sl'.									
<b>Pe-cú-li-ar</b>	pi-kiú-li-æ.	pi-kiou-li-eur									

The strán-gest mode of fish-ing in Chí-na, a mode pe-cú-li-ar =to=it, is by birds trained for=that=púr-pose. Fál-cons when em-ployed=in=the=áir, or hounds when fól-low-ing a=scnt=on=the=éarth, are not more sa-gá-cious in=the=pur-súit of their prey, or more cér-tain in ob-táin-ing=it, than these birds in their wáter-húnting. They=are=a-bóut the=size=of=a-góose, with grey plú-mage and webbed feet, and=a-lóng and vé-ry slén-der bill, cróok-ed=at=the=póint. Their pów-er of dí-ving, or re-máin-ing ún-der wá-ter, is not gréat-er than that of mán-y óth-er birds that prey up-ón fish; but=the=wón-der-ful thing is, how these birds em-ploy their ín-stinct at the com-mánd of=the=fish-er-men who=ówn=them, in=the=sáme mán-ner as the hound, the spán-i-el, or=the=póint-er o-béys the húnts-man or=the=fówl-er.

The núm-ber of these birds=in=a=bóat is=in=pro-pór-tion to=the=size=of=it. At=a=cér-tain síg-nal, they rush ín-to=the=wá-ter and dive áf-ter=the=fish; and the mó-ment they=have=séized their prey, they=flý=with=it to their boat; and though there=may=bé a hún-dred of these vés-sels to-géth-er, the sa-gá-cious birds ál-ways re-túrn to=their=ówn mäs-ters; for, a-mídst the crowd of fish-ing junks which=are=sóme-times as-sém-bled on these oc-cá-sions, they név-er fail to dis-tín-guish that to which they be-lóng. When the fish are=in=gréat plén-ty, they soon fill=a=bóat=with=them; and will sóme-times be seen flý-ing a-lóng with=a=fish of such size, as=to=máke án-y one un-úsed=to=the=síght, doubt his vé-ry eyes; and=such=is=their=sa-gá-ci-ty, that when one of them háp-pens=to=have=tá-ken a fish which=is=loó-lárgé=for=him a-lóne to mán-age, the rest at once af-fórd their help. While=they=are=thús lá-bour-ing for=their=mäs-ters, they are



pre-vént-ed from páy-ing án-y at-tén-tion to=them-sélves, by a ring passed round their necks, sō con-trived as to hín-der án-y at-tépt to swál-low the least mór-sel of what they take.

## TEN FRIENDS.

Pronun. española.		Pronun. française.		Pronun. española.		Pronun. française.	
A-ble.	. . . é-b'l.	. . .	é-bl'.	Lá-zy.	. . . lé-se.	. . .	lé-zé.
Friends.	. . . frends.	. . .	fren'ds.	Sure.	. . . schiu-æ.	. . .	chiou-æur.
Grúm-ble.	. . . græm-b'l.	. . .	gréum-bl'.	Thumbs.	. . . zæms.	. . .	theums.
Jack.	. . . dchac.	. . .	djak.	Yawn.	. . . ióon.	. . .	iâne.

«I=wish=I=had=some=good=fríends to help me on in life!» cried lá-zy Jack, with=a=yáwn.

«Good friends! why, you=have=tén!» said his más-ter.

«I am sure I=have=not=half=so=mán-y, and those I have are too poor to help me.»

«Count your fin-gers, my boy,» said his más-ter.

Jack looked down on his big, strong hands.

«Count thumbs and all,» ád-ded the más-ter.

«I have; there=are=tén,» said the lad.

«Then név-er say you=have=not=tén good friends, á-ble to help you on in life. Try what=they=can=dó=for=you, be-fóre you grúm-ble and fret be-cáuse you do not get help from óth-ers.»

## A. FÚNNY CHÓRUS.

I saw É-sau kiss-ing Kate,  
 And=the=fáct=is we all three saw:  
 For I saw É-sau, he saw me,  
 And she saw I saw É-sau.

## ÓPPOSITE SIDES.

When Ól-i-ver Crom-well first coined his mó-ney, an old rói-al-ist, lóok-ing on one of the new píe-ces, read this in-scrip-tion on one side, «God is with us!» — on the óth-er, «The Cóm-mon-wealth of Éng-land.» «I see,» he ob-sérved, «God and the Cóm-mon-wealth are on dif-fer-ent sides.»

# THE PÓLISH HÚNTER'S SON.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

<b>An-xious.</b> . . . . .	ánk-schæes. . . . .	án'k-cheuse.	<b>Mús-cle.</b> . . . . .	mæs'l. . . . .	méus-sl'.
<b>Bit-ter-ly.</b> . . . . .	bit-æ-le. . . . .	bit-teu-lé.	<b>Néck-tie.</b> . . . . .	néc-tal. . . . .	nék-tai.
<b>Dis-cóv-er</b> . . . . .	dis-kæ-væ. . . . .	dis-kéuv-eur.	<b>Pulled.</b> . . . . .	pul'd. . . . .	poul'd.
<b>Ex-háust-</b>			<b>Ri-fle.</b> . . . . .	rái-fl. . . . .	rái-fl'.
<b>ed.</b> . . . . .	ecs-óst-ed. . . . .	égz-ás-ted.	<b>Róugh-er.</b> . . . . .	raf-æ. . . . .	réuf-eur.
<b>Fóre-paws</b> . . . . .	fóæ-poos. . . . .	fóre-páze.	<b>Scratched.</b> . . . . .	scrach't. . . . .	skrach't.
<b>Fur-ther.</b> . . . . .	fæ-zæ. . . . .	féur-theur.	<b>Shóul-der.</b> . . . . .	schól-dæ. . . . .	chól-deur.
<b>Glis-tened</b> . . . . .	glis-'nd. . . . .	glís-s'n'd.	<b>Strug-gles</b> . . . . .	stræg-'ls. . . . .	stréug-gl's.
<b>Hind.</b> . . . . .	haind. . . . .	hain'd.	<b>Sus-pense</b> . . . . .	sæs-pens. . . . .	seus-pén'se.
<b>Jaws.</b> . . . . .	dchoos. . . . .	djás.	<b>Tongue.</b> . . . . .	tæng. . . . .	teun'g.
<b>Lév-elled.</b> . . . . .	lév-'d. . . . .	lév-'l'd.	<b>U-ni-ted.</b> . . . . .	iu-nái-ted. . . . .	lou-nái-ted.
<b>Mín-ute.</b> . . . . .	mín-it. . . . .	mín-ite.	<b>Vén-ture.</b> . . . . .	vén-chæ. . . . .	vén-tcheure.

A=húnts-man, who lived in Pó-land, sent=his=són, a boy of four-teen, one éve-ning to=a=víl-lage a short dis-tance off. As=the=lít-tle fél-low was cóm-ing home a-gáin, and=had=réached with-in three hún-dred pá-ces of=his=fáth-er's house, he saw sóme-thing sít-ting=on=the=róad, which he fán-cied at first a dog. The moon threw a pale light=on=the=wáy, the snow glís-tened, and=it=was=bit-ter-ly cold. The boy pro-céed-ed a few steps further, and saw, to=his=sur-príse that=it=was=a=béar. He=had=heard=it=óft-en said that, if=you=were=chased=by=a=béar, the best thing you=could=dó was=to=thrów your-sélf on=the=éarth and pre-ténd=to=be=déad. In=his=tér-ror he-thóught=of=this, and threw him-sélf flat=on=the=gróund. The beast prés-ent-ly rose and came néar-er and néar-er, with slow, cáu-tious steps, stood still be-síde=him, and=sniffed=all-ó-ver=him to dis-có-ver what he was. The boy did=not=móve a limb or=a=mús-cle, and=the=béar walked round and róund=him, then stood still at=his=féet, and be-gán to-sméll=him, and=to=póke=him here and there with=its=nóse. It stepped=upon=his=clóthes év-e-ry mín-ute, and pulled at=pié-ces=of=them. Lít-tle by lít-tle it came néar-er and néar-er his head and touched his neck,—the first bare flesh,—lícked-it, sniffed=at=it, and took hóld=of=his=néck-tie with=its=líps, the wá-ter rún-ning=out=of=its=líps while=it=díd=so. Év-e-ry lick was róugh-er, and=the=sniff-ing was grée-di-er each breath.

The bear now put one=of=its=féet ó-ver the boy, so=that=it=had=his=néck be-twéen his two fóre-paws. «It's life or death, now,» thought the boy in=an=ág-o-ny of hór-ri-ble sus-pénse. Quick=as light-ning he seized the úg-ly beast by=its=two=fóre-legs, and=dréw=them so clóse=to=him that=it=had=not=róom to=lay=hóld=of=him with=its=téeth. Its snout lay pressed a-gáinst his left shóul-

der, its=lóng dry tongue hung out a=lóng-side the mouth=of=the =bóy. The bear's throat made a noise as=if=it=was=chó-king, and=it=scráched through the boy's boots and stóck-ings with=its=hínd claws, till=he=was=bléed-ing.

«Fáth-er! fáth-er!» cried he, as=he=now=got=to=the=hóuse-door. «Fáth-er! fáth-er! fáth-er! ó-pen!» re=peat-ed he in=his=ág-o-ny, for no one héard=him. The door was bólt-ed ín-side, and=all=were=a=sléep. He=was=ex=háust-ed: he could not push or knock=at=the=dóor, for=he=had=bóth=his=hands full púll-ing hard at=the=béar's legs to=keep=him=on=his=báck. He could not vén-ture to kick with his foot, for=he=was=a=fráid he might lose his bál-ance with=the=béast's strúg-gles, and fall. At last he turned his back to=the=dóor, and banged the bear a=gáinst=it with all his force, so=that=it=gave=a=yéll that woke the hóuse-dogs, and set=them=all bárk-ing their lóud-est. «Fáth-er!» shrieked the boy, a=bóve the báy-ing=of=the=dógs, — «ó-pen for mér-cy's sake, I=have=a=béar... a=live!»

The húnts-man heard now at last the=voice=of=his=són, and=the=án-xious móth-er was=in=an=ín=stant down in=the=yárd and ó-pened the door. There stood the fáth-er, with=his=ri=fle lév-elled.

«Don't fire, fáth-er,» cried the boy, — «I have=him=on=my=báck: ón-ly ó-pen the door.» This done, he threw in the bear with all his force on=its=báck, a=móng the dogs, and=the=fáth-er end-ed its life with=a=báll, but not till=it=had=killed three=of=the =dógs.

Cour-age u-ní-ted with prés-ence=of=mínd may óft-en snách-us from=the=jaws=of=déath.

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## BRILLIANTS SET IN GOLD.

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No oak falls with one blow. A bad egg spoils the whole dish. Hán-dle pitch and=some=will=stíck=to=you. Love de=serves love in re=túrn. A good cón-science is=a=soft=pil-low. Rúde-ness and pride grow=on=one=stálk. We=must=léarn as long as we live. Bad cóm=pa=ny is=the=dé=vil's school. He who does not go fór-ward in what is good, goes bák-ward. All hón-est work is nó-ble. Want=of=dé=cen=cy shows want=of=sénse. Live so=as=not=to=be=a=shámed to live lóng-er. Beg not a long life, but=a=góod=one.



# THE DARK BLUE MÉADOW.

Pronou. española. Pronou. française.

Pronou. española. Pronou. française.

<b>Ag-nes..</b> . ág-nes. . . ág-nes.	<b>Eye-sight..</b> . ái-sait. . . ái-saite.
<b>An-tho-ny.</b> . án-to-ne.. . . án-to-né.	<b>Flée-ces.</b> . flíi-ses.' . . flíi-ses.
<b>Bléat-ing..</b> . bliit-ing. . . bli-tin'gñe.	<b>Fly-ing..</b> . flái-ing. . . flái-in'gñe,
<b>Búr-den.</b> . bææ-d'n. . . béur-d'n.	<b>Héa-vy..</b> . hév-e. . . hév-é.
<b>Can't</b> ( <i>cán-</i> kaant. . . . kan't.	<b>Hún-ger..</b> . hæn-gæ. . . héun'g-gueur
<i>not</i> ).. . . .	<b>Já-çob.</b> . . . dchê-kæb. . . djé-keub.
<b>Com-páred</b> kæm-pé-æd.. . . keum-pé-eurd	<b>Láu-ra.</b> . . . lóo-ræ. . . lá-ra.
<b>Dif-fi-cult..</b> . dif-i-kælt.. . . dif-i-keulte.	<b>Rè-al-ly..</b> . ri-æl-e.. . . ri-al-é.
<b>Eár-nest.</b> . æ-nest.. . . ér-neste.	<b>Rich-ard.</b> . rich-æd. . . ritch-eud.
<b>Ei-ther.</b> . . . ii-zæ. . . . i-theur.	<b>Ríd-dle..</b> . rid-'l. . . . rid-dl'.
<b>Eng-land.</b> . ing-land. . . . ing-glan'd.	<b>Yón-der.</b> . . . ión-dæ. . . . ión'd-eu

*Fáth-er.* I know a dark blue méa-dow.

*Rich-ard.* *Fáth-er*, that=is=a=jóke,— there are no blue méa-dows: méa-dows are green, not blue.

*Fáth-er.* Yet my méa-dow *is* blue, and, be-sídes that, it=is=lár-ger than all the méa-dows in=the=wórld.

*Ág-nes.* Have=l=séen=it, fáth-er?

*Fáth-er.* You=have=ál=seen=it, and=séen=it év-e-ry day. Ó-ver my méa-dow there wán-der, year in year out, one day as an-óth-er day, more great and lit-tle sheep than=you=can=cóunt, and that though nó-thing gróws=on-it.

*Án-tho-ny.* But, fáth-er, what=do=they=dó if=they=have=nó-thing to=éat? Sheep can't do with-óut food.

*Fáth-er.* My sheep and lambs név-er eat and=are=név-er hún-gry.

*Rich-ard.* There's some ríd-dle in this. They cán-not be lív-ing sheep, else they=would=néed to=éat, and=must=féel hún-gry.

*Fáth-er.* The sheep are lív-ing: they=have=been=lív-ing al-réa-dy ó-ver a thóu-sand years, and=they=are=ál-ways the same as=they=were=at=first, al-though they név-er éi-ther hún-ger or thirst.

*Rich-ard.* Your sheep are ó-ver a thóu-sand years óld, fáth-er? I cán-not guess what you mean. Our téach-er télls=us that sheep sél-dom live more than fóur-teen years, at=the=vé-ry lóng-est.

*Fáth-er.* Yet=it=is=júst-as-I=have=sáid, dear child. And my sheep are lóve-ly, so lóve-ly, and shí-ning, and góld-en, that the sheep in... in... in... what=do=they=cáll that cóun-try where the sheep are fí-nest.

*Án-tho-ny.* Éng-land.

*Fáth-er.* That=the=shéep in Éng-land cán-not be com-páred=to=them, for the whole flock have góld-en flée-ces.

The chíl-dren looked=at=each=óth-er in wón-der, but burst

out in-to loud láugh-ter be-fóre long, and cried, There=are=nó sheep with góld-en flée-ces! How=could=the=póor weak créa-tures bear such=a=héa-vy búr-den? Fáth-er, you=are=ón-ly trý-ing=to=sée if we will be-lieve your stó-ry.

*Fáth-er.* I=am=in=éar-ness, chíl-dren. Their flée-ces do shine, ré-al-ly, like gold, as bright and shí-ning, and=you=have=óft-en re-jóiced to gaze=at=their=beau-ty.

*Ág-nes.* Are they all in=the=méa-dow? Can one hear their bléat-ing?

*Fáth-er.* Yes, they=are=all=in=the=méa-dow, but=they=are=nót =seen by day. As=to=their=bléat-ing, no one év-er héard=them.

*Láu-ra.* But when the wick-ed wolf comes, then=they=will=crý and run a-wáy.

*Fáth-er.* The wolf cán-not get in-to my méa-dow: and be-sides, my sheep have=a=shép-herd=ó-ver=them who wáth-es=them.

*Án-tho-ny.* One shép-herd! How=can=óne shép-herd take=care=of=so=má-ny, má-ny sheep? What=kind=of=a=shép-herd=is=he?

*Fáth-er.* He=wears=a=bright, beau-ti-ful, white robe, that shines like síl-ver, and=is=név-er soiled. And though he=has=wáthed the flock for=more=than=a=thóu-sand years, yet=he=has=név-er once slept, and=has=név-er changed his robe, and yet he=is=ál-ways wáth-ful and bright, and=his=robe=is=ál-ways spót-less.

*Láu-ra.* Well, I cán-not=un-der-stánd=it. He=must=be=a=stránge kind of=a=shép-herd.

*Ág-nes.* He cán-not be like old Já-cob, down=in=the=víl-lage, who=is=ón-ly éight-y years old, — for=he=can=néi-ther stand nor walk, and=he=is=blind.

*Fáth-er.* My shép-herd név-er stands still, but=is=ál-ways gó-ing through his sheep; and=he=is=nót=blind, but=has=the=cléar-est éye-sight.

*Rích-ard.* He síre-ly sleeps, and=you=are=ón-ly spéak-ing=as =you=dó to=kéep=us from gó-ing to sleep. He may sleep with-óut dó-ing án-y harm, for=his=dógs can watch till he wakes.

*Fáth-er.* His dogs? He=has=nó-dogs, and=does=not=néed án-y.

*Láu-ra.* But=he=has=a=pipe and=pláys=on=it, — does=he=nót?

*Fáth-er.* No. He=has=nó=pipe, but=he=has=a=beau-ti-ful horn, yet he cán-not blów=on=it, for=it=gíves no sound.

*Án-tho-ny.* Now, that=is=stíll=more be-yónd=me. A shép-herd with=his=shéep, who=is=ó-ver a thóu-sand years old, who=has=a=hórn and cán-not blów=it, who név-er sleeps and=is=név-er héa-vy, — I cán-not make=it=óut.



*Ág-nes.* Fáth-er, in what cóun-try, then, is this méa-dow, where these wón-der-ful shéep=are?

*Fáth-er.* It=is=in=nó cóun-try at all, but=it=réach-es=ó-ver év-ery cóun-try in=the=wórl-d.

*Láu-ra.* It=is=in=the=áir then, — ís=it=in=the=air?

*Fáth-er.* Yes, — it=is=thére.

*Án-tho-ny.* But=hów=can=sheep get=úp=to=it? They cán-not fly.

*Fáth-er.* O yes, — my sheep can roam a-bóut in=the=áir, and fly round, and yet not fall down.

*Láu-ra.* How=I=should=like=to=sée=them flý-ing!

*Fáth-er.* You=can=sée=them flý-ing á-ny day. When=it=is=éve-ning they come out, and feed all night long.

*Rich-ard.* Ah! now I know what the góld-en sheep are, — but=the=shép-herd?

*Fáth-er.* He=is=with=the=shéep, — and, if=you=would=like=to=sée=him, throw up the=wín-dow, — for yón-der he comes. Look!

*All the chíl-dren.* The=móon! The=móon! Oh, now we=knów=it. The=stars=are=the=shéep, and=the=blúe méa-dow is the héav-ens. But=you=have=máde=it too díf-fi-cult for us, fáth-er. But tell the stó-ry a-gáin, — ón-ly once a-gáin.

*Fáth-er.* To-mór-row, chíl-dren. And now go=to=béd. Good night and pleá-sant dreams.

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## THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.—*Mrs. Hémans.*

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Pronun. española.    Pronun. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronun. française.

**A-cróss.** . . e-crós. . . e-króss.

**A-róund.** . . e-ráund. . . c-raoun'd.

**Flight.** . . fláit. . . fláite.

**Glán-cing.** glán-sing. . glán-cin'gne.

**Grief.** . . griif. . . grif.

**Sowed.** . . so'd. . . só'de.

**Sún-beams** sún-biims. . séun-bimse.

**Thou'lt.** . . zau'lt. . . thaou'lt.

Oh, call my bróth-er báck=to=me!

I cán-not play a-lóne:

The sún-mer comes with flów-er and bee;

Whére=is=my=bróth-er gone?

The bút-ter-fly is glán-cing bright

A-cróss the sún-beams track;

I care not now to chase its flight:

Oh, call my bróth-er back!

The flów-ers run wild,—the flów-ers we sowed

A-róund our gár-den tree;

Our vine is dróop-ing with=its=lóad :

Oh, cáll=him báck=to=me !

He could not hear thy voice, fair child ;

He may not cóme=to=thee ;

The face, that once like spríng=lime smiled,

On earth no more thou'lt see.

And has=he=léft his birds and flów=ers ?

And must I call in vain ?

And through the long, long súm=mer hours,

Will=he=not=cóme a=gáin ?

And=by=the=bróok, and=in=the=gláde,

Are all our wán=der=ings ó'er ?

Oh, while my bróth=er with=me=pláyed,

Would I=had=lóved=him more !

## THE LEAVES OF THE TREES.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**A-má-zing.** e-mé-dsing. . e-mé-zin'gne.  
**Au-gust.** . óo-gást. . . á-gueust.  
**Chéer-ing.** chiær-ing. . chi-eur-in'gne  
**Chéw-ing.** chú-ing. . . tchou-in'gne.  
**Cú-ri-ous.** kiú-ri-ús. . . kiou-ri-euce.  
**Ex-chánge** ecs-chéendch eks-tchén'dje  
**Hédg-es.** . hédch-es. . . hédj-ez.  
**Im-pure.** . im-piúe. . . im'piouère.  
**Ju-ly.** . . dchiu-lái. . . djiou-lái  
**Már - vel -**  
     lous. . . máa-vel-es. . . máa-vel-euce  
**Minds.** . . mainds. . . main'dze.  
**Móis-ture.** móis-chæ. . . móis-tcheur.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Nò-tice.** . . nó-tis. . . . nó-tice.  
**Ob-vi-ous.** ób-vi-ús. . . . ób-vi-euce.  
**Out-side.** . . áut-said. . . . áoute-saidé.  
**Pro - tect -** p r o - t é c - prô-ték-cheu-  
     tion. . . schæn. . . . ne.  
**Ré-gions.** . ri-dchæns. . . ri-djeunze.  
**South.** . . sauz. . . . saouth.  
**Square.** . . skuéæ. . . . skouère.  
**Sucked.** . . sæk't. . . . seuk't.  
**Vér-dure.** . . væ-diús. . . . vér-dieuz.  
**Wis-dom.** . . uis-diém. . . . ouíz-deume.  
**Wón-drous** uæn-dræs. . . . oueún-dreuce  
**Worms.** . . uææms. . . . oueurmze.

What=is=the=use=of=the=léaves on=the=trées? Let=us=trý to=ex-pláin=it. If you put flów=ers in wá=ter, you nó-tice that=there=is=léss wá=ter next mórn-ing. That=is=be=cáuse the=flów=ers have drunk up what they néed-ed, through lít-tle pipes=in=their=stálks. The réa=son why the earth in=a=flówer=pot gets so soon dry, is móst-ly that=the=roots=of=the=plánts have sucked in the móis-ture. You=have=nó-ticed that when you put cold wá=ter in-to=a=gláss, the óut-side=of=the=gláss is cóv=ered with drops of wá=ter. That wá=ter was=in=the=áir, and=gáth=ers=on=the=gláss be=cáuse the wá=ter in-side has made the glass so cold. But=there=would=nót=have=been néar-ly so much móis-ture=in=

the=air but=for=the=leaves of=the=trees=and=plants all roud=us. They breathe out the wá-ter their roots have drunk in , and=it= is=this which makes the air so soft and pléa-sant to breathe. If= it=were=drý, it=would=be=vé-ry páin-ful=for=us, and vé-ry húr-ful. Just think how má-ny leaves=there=áre, and=you=will=éa-si-ly see that=they=must=e-mít a great deal of wá-ter, al-to-géth-er.

Then, the leaves are vé-ry béau-ti-ful and chéer-ing. In winter when all the trees and hédg-es are stripped=and=báre, how dréar-y the cóun-try looks: and, when spring is re-túrning, how we re-jóice to watch the=búrst-ing=of=the=búds. The fresh green is=a=de-light=to=the=éye and=to=the=héart. God=has=clóthed the earth with=the=vér-dure=of=súm-mer, that=we=may=re-jóice in the lóve-li-ness He=has=máde.

A=thírd use of leaves is=to=give=sháde. How re-frésh-ing=it=is to get ún-der=a=trée in=the=hót days of Ju-lý and Áu-gust. Áf-ter wálk-ing through stó-ny streets and dúst-y roads, it=is=de-light-ful to=come=on=a=squáre or park in which léaf-y shád-ows óf-fer=us pro-téc-tion from=the=fierce=ráys=of=the=sún. How pleased the=cóws and sheep look ún-der=the=trées at mid-day, chéw-ing=the=cúd. The vé-ry fruit needs the=shade=of=the=leaves in some de-grée. It=would=be=with-ered if=it=were=not=híd-den in part from too much bright sún-shine.

But=the=great=use=of=leaves is=to=kéep plants and trees a-live, and=to=máke=them grow. If=you=were=to=strip=off all the leaves from=a=plánt as fast as they camè out, you=would=kill=it áf-ter=a=while. Sómè-times worms eat up the leaves on trees, and=if= this=is=dóne year áf-ter year the=trée dies.

Leaves are=the=sáme things to plants as lungs are to us or to án-i-mals. We draw the air ín-to our lungs by bréath-ing, and= just=in=the=sáme way, the leaves draw the air ín-to=the=trée or plant. You=may=see=from=this how much good must=be=done =to=a=plánt whose leaves are dúst-y by wá-ter-ing=it. It lets the lít-tle mouths that=are=all=ó-ver=the=leaf breathe frée-ly.

One vé-ry cú-ri-ous thing must=be=nó-ted. It=is=well=knówn that if we breathe the=air=of=a=róom too long with-óut lét-ting in fresh air, it grows im-púre. You=have=félt=this, I=have=no=dóubt, at some pár-ty, or=at=a=méet-ing where má-ny péo-ple were to-géth-er. Now, what be=cómes=of=this=im-púre air which we breathe out=of=our=lúngs? The plants ab-sórb=it=áll, for=it= is=the=vé-ry thing they need. It=mákes=them grow. They draw in the bad air we breathe out, and they breathe out the good air we need. So the leaves of all trees and plants, and=the=lúngs of men and=of=all=lív-ing créa-tures are mák-ing an ex-chánge



all the time; the one liv-ing on=what=would=kill the óth-er.

But=it=may=be=ásked, — how=is=it=in=wín-ter, when all the leaves are gone, while the lungs still re-máin? We=will=ex-pláin. There=are=ál-ways plén-ty of leaves in=the=south, é-ven in wín-ter, and then the súm-mer of=the=óth-er side of=the=wórd comes just when our wín-ter comes to us, and the plants in all these re-gions wórk=for=us when there=are=nó leaves in=our=ówn cóun-try. The bad air is cár-ried a-wáy all through the sky, and the leaves find=it=óut and=draw=it=in when=év-er it tóuch-es=them as=it=páss-es, and=in=the=sáme mán-ner the good air which=the=plánts breathe out is blown év-e-ry-where, and réach-es our lips, and is our life. Is=it=not=már-vel-lous how God has made all things so wise-ly?

Just one thought more to=keep=in=your=mínds and re-fléct up=ón. It=is=ób-vi-ous that if plants and liv-ing créa-tures help each óth-er in this a-má-zing way, and=work=for=each=óth-er, there must név-er be too má-ny of=the=plánts or too má-ny of=the=lív-ing créa-tures, else there=would=be=tóo=much bad air or too much good air for=the=óne or=the=óth-er. Yet so wón-drous is=the=pów-er and wis-dom of God that the bál-ance is ál-ways kept, and=there=are=ál-ways just the lungs and just the leaves all ó-ver the world that=are=néed-ed for=each=óth-er.

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## LOVE OF LIBERTY.—*Cówper.*

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I wóuld=not=have a slave to till my ground,  
 To=cár-ry=me, to=fán=me while I sleep,  
 And trém-ble when I wake, for all the wealth  
 That sín-ews bought and sold have év-er earned.

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## FERTÍLITY.

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The world pro-dú-ces for év-e-ry pint=of=hó-ney, a gál-lon of gall: for év-e-ry drachm=of=pléa-sure, a=pound=of=páin: for év-e-ry inch=of=mírth, an=ell=of=móan: and=as=the=i-vy twines a-róund the oak, so do mis-e-ry and mis-fór-tune en-cóm-pass the háp-pi-ness of man. Fe-lí-ci-ty, pure and un-al-lóyed fe-lí-ci-ty, is=not=a=plant=of=éarth-ly growth: her gár-dens=are=the=skies.



## ABOUT PLANTS.

	Pronun. española.	Pronun. française.		Pronun. española.	Pronun. française.
<b>A-corns.</b>	é-coons.	é-kornze.	<b>Múl-ti-tude</b>	mæl-ti-tiud.	méul-ti-tioude
<b>Al-migh-</b>			<b>Ná-ture.</b>	né-chæ.	né-tcheur.
<b>ty.</b>	ol-mái-te..	âl-mái-té.	<b>Nôu-rished</b>	næ-risch't.	néur-ich't.
<b>Cir-cle..</b>	sæe-k'l.	céur-kl'.	<b>Púr-pos-es</b>	pæ-pæs-es.	péu-peu-séze
<b>Clothes.</b>	clozs.	klôthze.	<b>Quán-ti-ty.</b>	cuán-ti-te.	kouán-ti-té.
<b>Có-lour.</b>	kæ-læ..	kéul-eur.	<b>Ri-pened.</b>	rái-pen'd..	rái-p'n'd.
<b>Con-tin-</b>		kon' - tin -	<b>Róad-ways</b>	ród-ues.	róde-ouéze.
<b>ued.</b>	kæn-tin-tiud.	ioude.	<b>Sér-vice.</b>	sæ-vis..	séu-vice.
<b>Dan-de-li-</b>	dan-de-lái-	dan'-di-lái-	<b>Sow.</b>	so. . . .	sò.
<b>on.</b>	æn. . . .	eune.	<b>Stóm-achs</b>	stæm-æcs.	stéum-eukce
<b>De-sígn.</b>	di-sáins.	di-záinze.	<b>Strúc-ture</b>	stræc-chæ.	stréuk-tcheur
<b>Des-píed.</b>	dis-páis'd.	dis-páiz'd.	<b>Sur-véy.</b>	sæe-vé.	seur-vé.
<b>Di-réc-tion</b>	di-réc-schæn	di-rék-cheune	<b>Talk.</b>	took. . . .	ták.
<b>Féa-thers.</b>	fé-zæe..	féth-eurze.	<b>This-tle-</b>		this - sl' -
<b>Fó-reígn.</b>	fór-en..	fór-ene.	<b>down.</b>	zis-sl-daun..	daoune.
<b>Frúit-ful.</b>	frúit-ful.	fróut-foul.	<b>Un-in-</b>		e un - in -
<b>Fúr-nished</b>	fæ-nisch't.	feú-nich't.	<b>jured.</b>	æn-in-dehæd	djeu'd.
<b>Fúr-rows.</b>	fær-os..	féur-óze.	<b>Vál-ley.</b>	vál-e. . . .	vál-é.
<b>Growth.</b>	gröz.	gróth.	<b>Whírl-</b>		hóuerl-ouin'
<b>Is-lands.</b>	ái-læns.	ái-lans.	<b>winds.</b>	huseel-uinds	dze.
<b>Ján-u-a-ry</b>	dehán-iu-e-re	dján-iou-e-ré	<b>Wound.</b>	uund. . . .	ouound'.
<b>K n ó w -</b>			<b>Year.</b>	iæ. . . .	ieure.
<b>ledge.</b>	nól-edch..	nól-edje.			

Év-e-ry one must wón-der when he thinks of=the=núm-ber=of=plánts with which the earth is clothed year by year. In=the=lít-tle cir-cle which=the=éye is á-ble to sur-véy, what=a-gránd dis-pláy of Al-mígh-ty pów-er and mách-less wís-dom in=the=strúc-ture=of=eách, ar-rést the thoughts! Nor=can=we=wón-der less at=the=quíc-k-ness with which ná-ture sows, and cóv-ers with grass, or herbs, or shrubs, év-e-ry vá-cant spot in dés-o-late fields, un-tráv-elled róad-ways, ná-ked rocks, walls=and=róofs, where éven a hánd-ful of fér-tile soil has=been=col-léct-ed. We=see=it=óft-en and don't think=of=it, just be-cáuse we=have=been=úsed=to=it from chítld-hood. God's wís-dom shews it-sélf in=the=sím-ple and éa-sy way in=which=áll things are brought a-boút, and we do not take nó-tice=of=it, just be-cáuse it-is=so=sím-ple and éa-sy.

Most plants are wón-der-ful-ly frúit-ful. A thóu-sand seeds from=a=sín-gle plant dú-ring its life are=a=góod núm-ber; and all do not yield so má-ny, but=it=is=fár be-lów what some pro-dúc-t. Fór-ty thóu-sand seeds have=been=cóunt-ed on=a=sín-gle to-bác-co plant, as the núm-ber it=had=rí-pened in one séa-son ón-ly. But=the=óak lives for fúl-ly 500 years. If=one=of=these-trées were to bear á-corns ón-ly once in év-e-ry ten years for that long time, and=if=it=hád, ó-ver its wíde-spread bránc-hes and twigs, ón-ly 500 á-corns each time, it=wóuld=yét pro-dúce in the 500 years, 25,000 á-corns, each of which was fit-ted, if

sown, to grow up in-to=just=such=a=trée. If, how=év=er, those 25,000 á-corns were thus sown, and=they=had=just=as=few á-corns=ón=them, at=júst=as=rare in-ter-vals, the sín-gle á-corn that=had=sprúng to=an=óak at first, would have no féw-er than 625.000,000 gránd-children! How má-ny a míl-li-on means is far éa-si-er to talk a-bóut than=to=un-der-stánd, for=if=a=bóy were=lo=máke a thóu-sand marks a day on=a=gréat wall, from the 1<sup>st</sup> of Ján-u-a-ry to the 31<sup>st</sup> of De-cém-ber; he=would=ón-ly=have=máde, at=the=end=of=the=yéar 365,000 marks; and=if=he=con-tín-ued mák-ing 1,000 more each day for an=óth-er whole year, he=would=ón-ly=have=máde 730,000 at=the=end=of=the=séc-ond year; nor=would=he=have=fín-ished má-king a sín-gle míl-li-on of strokes till=he=had=náde 1,000 more, each day, from the 1<sup>st</sup> of Ján-u-a-ry to the 27<sup>th</sup> of Sep-tém-ber of the third year. But our oak would have 625.000,000; and=it=would=be=the=sáme, in their de-grée, with óth-er plants in=a=much=shórt-er time, with=óut cóunt-ing óth-er ways of growth be=sídes growth from seeds. No wón-der there are so má-ny plants of all kinds, for though men and án-i-mals were=to=use=as=má-ny=as=they=liked, and though thóu-sands die in=the=gróund from bad wéa-ther, or pér-ish at=their=first spríng-ing, from má-ny cáu-ses, yet there ál-ways ré-mains, year áf-ter year, a vast quán-ti-ty to in-créase the growth of=the=yéars that fól-low. Ó-ver all the earth there is=név-er á-ny want of seeds, but ón-ly of=room=for=them=to=grów.

But=if=év-e-ry ripe seed fell from=the=móth-er plant straight to=the=éarth, and lay there, all would=be=héaped one on=the=óth-er, and none could grow, and where there=were=nó plants none could come. All this has=been=pro-ví-ded=for by God's wís-dom. Some seeds are scát-tered by=the=fórcé with which the ripe pods burst ó-pen; a great má-ny are small and light, and=are=cár-ried=by=the=áir in év-e-ry di-réc-tion; and má-ny have dówn-y féa-thers róund=them, like=the=seeds=of=the=dan-de-lí-on, which chíl-dren like to blow be=fóre=them in=the=fields; or like this-tle-down, which flies on béau-ti-ful síl-ver-y wings as=the=wind cár-ries-it. When=the=stórms and whirl-winds of áu-tumn come, they cár-ry up vast múl-ti-tudes of=these=bírd-like seeds in-to=the=áir, and=béar=them to great dí-s-tan-ces; so=that=these=tém-pests, which we dread so much and which we la-mént, are ré-al-ly dó-ing=us a great sér-vice by sów-ing the wide earth with má-ny plants of=great=úse=to=us. There=are=cóunt-less seeds which=the=eye=cán-not=sée, which=are=swept=in-to=the=áir in=the=sáme way by these high winds, and then cóv-ered with dust where=they=chance=to=fáll. Then comes the rain and=

móist-ens=them. Thus=it=is=ó-ver plain and field, ó-ver móun-tain and vál-ley, ó-ver ridge and slope,—some seeds fáll-ing where the=birds=of=the=áir pick them up and=éat=them, some a-móng thorns and thís-tles which spring up and=chóke=them, some on=the=drý róck-y spots where=the=sún spéed-i-ly with-ers=them, but=a=gréat má-ny on good soil, where they bring forth a húndred-fold.

Not=a=féw seeds, how=év-er, are too large and héa-vy for=the=wínd to bear a-wáy, but=they=are=róund and smooth, and roll hith-er and thith-er with=the=léast touch of men and án-i-mals. Óth-ers are fúr-nished with hooks or spines all=róund=them, and catch=on=the=fúr or wool of án-i-mals or=on=the=clóthes of men, and=are=thús borne far and wide, and sown in fresh spots, with-óut the knów-ledge of=the=pér-son or créa-ture who does this fór=them. Má-ny seeds go through the stóm-achs and bód-ies of birds and beasts un-di-gést-ed and un-ín-jured, and=are=drópped in far dis-tant plá-ces. In this way, no doubt, má-ny seeds of trees and plants have=been=brougth=to=us from fó-reign cóun-tries, and now grow to=our=gréat=ad-ván-tage in our cóun-try. Still óth-er seeds fall from o-ver-háng-ing bránc-h-es ín-to rún-ning streams or rív-ers, or=are=cár-ried=to=them by floods and winds, and=are=thén flóat-ed a-wáy, wher=év-er the wá-ters flow. Some é-ven float down the rív-ers ín-to=the=séa, and reach fó-reign shores, or=the=cóasts of dí-s-tant ís-lands, and there spring up.

Thus all the él-e-ments and pów-ers of ná-ture fúr-ther the kind de-sígn of God. Snow and rain, light-ning and hail, storms and winds, ful-fil His púr-pos-es.

But thís=is=the=gréat tróu-ble of=the=fárm-er, for it=is=in=thís=way that so má-ny weeds come ín-to=his=fúr-rows and gár-dens, stéal-ing so much space and nóu-rish-ment from úse-ful plants, and while gív-ing no end of care and tróu-ble, re-máin still be-yónd his pów-er to des-tróy, ex-cépt in part. But the mát-ter is not so bad as=it=at=first seems. For, áf-ter all, man=is=not=the=ón-ly créa-ture up=ón=éarth. Má-ny thóu-sands of bé-ings of all kinds, with énd-less wants, which wait for=their=fóod in due séa-son must=be=nóu-rished and fed. Má-ny=of=them are=of=the=gréat-est vá-lue=to=us: there=are=má-ny with-óut which we=could=not=líve, and we=must=thére=fore own that=a=kind hand ór-ders things as=they=áre, to sát-is-fy the wants of év-e-ry lív-ing thing. Be-sídes, man him-sélf has óft-en found the gréat-est bén-e-fits from what he thought úse-less weeds, which=he=had=nei-ther sown nor plánt-ed, nei-ther ców-ered ín=the=frost=of=spríng nor wá-tered ín=the=heats=of=súm-

mer. A sín-gle plant, des-pised and wórch-less though=it=may=have=béen, is worth all the tróu-ble and dâm-age the thóu-sand óth-ers may=have=cáused, if=it=héal a wound, re-lieve a pain, or save life, éi-ther for=your-sélf, for=your=chil-dren, or é-ven for=your=cát-tle.

## THE STRIFE BETWÉEN WÍNTER AND SPRING

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Al-so** . . . ól-so . . . ál-sò.  
**A-móng.** . . e-meng . . . e-méungue.  
**Ar-gue.** . . áa-guiú . . . áa-guiou.  
**Aú-tumn.** . . óo-tæm . . . á-teume.  
**Axe** . . . aks . . . akce.  
**Beard** . . . biæd . . . bieurde.  
**Blós-soms** blós-æms . . . blós-ceumze.  
**Cól-ored.** . . kæl-æd . . . kéul-eur'd.  
**Cóun-sel.** . . cáun-sel . . . káoun-cel.  
**Cró-cus.** . . cró-kæs . . . krò-keuce.  
**De-cide.** . . de-sáid . . . di-sáide.  
**De-ci-sion.** di-sí-schæn . . . di-cizj-eune.  
**Dis-púte.** . . dis-piut . . . dis-pioute.  
**Di-vi-ded.** di-vái-ded . . . di-vái-ded.  
**E-qual.** . . í-cuel . . . í-kouel.  
**Fú-ri-ous.** fú-ri-æs . . . fiou-ri-euce.  
**Grúm-bled** græm-b'ld . . . gréum-bl'd.  
**Hair** . . . hæm . . . hé-ur.  
**Hás-tened.** hés-'nd . . . hé-s'n'd.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Húr-ried.** hær-id . . . héur-ide.  
**Ice** . . . áis . . . aice.  
**I-ci-cles.** . . ái-si-k'ls . . . ái-si-kl'ze.  
**Mút-tered.** mæt-æd . . . méut-eurde.  
**Pushed.** . . pusht' . . . pouch't.  
**Ráin-show** . . . rene - chaou-  
 -ers . . . récn-shau-æs eurze.  
**Séa-sons.** . . sii-s'ns . . . si-z'nze.  
**Sléigh-ing** slé-ing . . . slé-in'gne.  
**Slí-ding.** . . slái-ding . . . slái-din'gne.  
**S n ó w** -  
**storm.** . . snó-stoom . . . snò-storme.  
**Stalks.** . . stooks . . . stáke.  
**Sún-beams** sæn-biims . . . séun-bimze.  
**Un - time -**  
**ly.** . . æn-táim-le . . . eun-táime-lé.  
**Wher-év-**  
**er.** . . hueær-év-æ . . . eur.  
**Yield.** . . iild . . . ïild.

When=the=fóur Séa-sons were first made, they=were=tóld to-go=dówn to=the=éarth one áf-ter the óth-er: first Spring, then Súm-mer, then Aú-tumn, and then Wín-ter.

And so it was. They di-vi-ded the twelve months a-móng=them, each gét-ting three. And now the three months of=the=Spríng came=on=the=éarth, then the three months of Súm-mer, and then Aú-tumn with=her=thréé months. But when Wín-ter first came to=his=túrn, he grúm-bled at bé-ing last, and said, —«If=I=am=to=be=lást, I shall, at any rate, stay lóng-er-on=the=éarth than the óth-ers.»

When=his=thréé months were ó-ver, Spring came and said, —«Now=it=is=mý turn a-gáin.» But Wín-ter said, —«Come=báck=to=me in=a=mónth.» And when Spring was not wíll-ing, Wín-ter drove such=a=fú-ri-ous snów-storm in=her=fáce, that Spring was glad to take her-sélf off as=fast=as=she=cóuld. But Wín-ter laughed and thought, —«I=have=got=ríd=of=her=now.»

When Spring came back at=the=end=of=the=mónth, Wín-ter said a séc-ond time, —«Come back in an-óth-er month:» but Spring was not wíll-ing. Then Wín-ter let great snów-flakes fall

all ó-ver=her, and sent=a-cóld, sharp wind through=her=báck. Spring could=not=béar-it á-ny lóng-er, and went a-wáy and told her trou=ble to=the=Án-gel-of=the=Séa-sons.

Then the Án-gel called Win-ter=to=him, and=sáid,—«What=are=you=dó-ing=up=ón=earth now that your three months are ó-ver?»

Win-ter did=not=knów what to say, and mút-tered=in=his=white beard,—«The=péo-ple don't want=me=to=léave, be=cáuse they=will=háve no more slí-ding and ská-ting and sléigh-ing when=I=am=góne.»

But the Án-gel re-plied,—«That=is=not=trúe: they=are=tired-of=slí-ding and ská-ting long a-gó, and=wish=you=were=góne. Go your way.»

When Win-ter saw that=he=could=not=stáy lóng-er, he took up a great axe and broke up the ice on=the=rív-ers, streams and ponds, so=that=it=floát-ed=a-wáy, and=he=bróke-off the í-ci-cles from=the=trees=and=stálks, and=thréw=them all a-wáy. He took, ál-so, a great broom and swept all the snow to=géth-er. When=he=had=swépt=off all the snow, be=hóld he saw white, yél-low and blue points péep-ing=out=of=the=éarth. They=were=the=típs-of=the=cró-cus flów-ers. But when Win-ter saw that they were flów-ers, he took a great spade and fórced=it ín-to=the=éarth, wish-ing to=dig=them=úp and=táke=them=with=him.

But when Spring saw this, she=cáme=to=him, took=him=by=the=árm, and asked,—«What=are=you=dó-ing?»

Win-ter án-swered,—«I=am=páck-ing my things to=géth-er, as=you=sée.»

«You=may=páck=your=ówn things to=géth-er,» said Spring, «but let these flów-ers a-lóne, they=are=míne. They=are=just=ón-ly péep-ing=out=of=the=gróund, and=are=not=yet=blówn, and=have=no=léaves=yet. They will not ó-pen till=you=are=góne: so, pray, get off quick-ly.»

Then Win-ter let the cró-cus flów-ers stay, and went fár-ther on, and swept the=last=of=the=snów to=géth-er. But=he=sáw no end of green leaves and buds and flów-ers shóot-ing up wher-é-ver he cleared a-wáy the snow, and=he=was=glád, and=tóok=his=great=spáde once more and=struck=it=ín-to=the=éarth, wish-ing to=róot=them=up and=táke=them=with=him.

Once more Spring húr-ried=to=him, took hold=of=his=árm, and said,—«What=are=you=dó-ing? Let my flów-ers a-lóne!»

Then Win-ter was=in=a=ráge, and cried,—«I=have=léft=you the cró-cus flów-ers, though=l=had=a=ríght=to=them, but=I=shall=not=give=you these, do=what=you=líke.»

«But,» re-tór-ted Spring, «do=you=not=sée how the leaves and

blós-soms are green? Thêy=are my first chil-dren, which=have=thought-less-ly come out too soon.»

«Név-er mind,» said Wín-ter, «though I do not bring forth án-y-thing green, yet these flów-ers=are=míne: they grow ún-der my snow, and=are=at=their=fúll blow al-réad-y. They are, and shall re-máin mine.» And=as=he=sáid this, he pushed the spade deep=in-to=the=gróund with=his=stróng arm, and róot-ed the=flów-ers=óut=of=it.

But Spring would=not=for=a=mó-ment con-sént to=let=him=take=them=with=him, and be-gán to ár-gue with Wín-ter, and dis-púte the mát-ter. Wín-ter how-év-er would=not=yield=in=the=léast. At lást when=they=could=not=at=all a-grée, they hást-ened to=the=Án-gel and laid their tróu-ble be-fóre=him.

When the Án-gel had heard both, and saw how néi-ther would yield an inch, he said,—«The=thing=is=ré-al-ly vé-ry hard. Wín-ter=is=so=far=right, be-cáuse the flów-ers grew ún-der=his=snów and are al-réad-y in blós-som, and flów-ers which blós-som in Wín-ter are Wín-ter flów-ers, and be lóng=to=him=as=his=ówn. But you ál-so are right,» said=hé to Spring, «when you claim the flów-ers as yours, for when did Wín-ter bring forth án-y-thing green, far less án-y flów-ers? But why did=you=let=them=come=óut at=such=an=un-time-ly séa-son? You=are=to=bláme as=far=as=thát goes. I, thére-fore, de-cíde that=éach=of=you have=an=é-qual right to=the=flów-ers, and=that=you=shall=éach=have é-qual sháres=in=them. The=léaves=and=the=stálks shall be-lóng to Spring, but=the=buds=shall=be=Wín-ter's.»

Then Wín-ter took the green buds and=héld=them so long in=his=cóld hands that=they=grew=as=white=as=snów. But Spring cól-ored the leaves, which=at=first were pale and yél-low, a béau-ti-ful dark grass green, and specked the flów-ers with two green spots, with=her=háir pén-cil,—on which there=was=stíll some cól-or,—just to spite Wín-ter.

This done they set the=flów-ers=in=the=éarth a-gáin, and took cóun-sel to=géth-er, what=they=should=cáll=them. Wín-ter said,—«No óth-er name will suit but *Snów-flower*, for=it=is=a=flów-er, and=it=blós-soms ún-der the snow, all a-lóne: it=must=be=called *Snów-flower*, by rights.»

«Fóol-ish créa-ture,» said=Spríng, «go a-wáy with your *Snów-flower*: that=is=a=náme that makes one think ón-ly of Wín-ter: you know that I have my share in=the=flów-er as well, and=have=a=right to=give=it=a=name as=well=as=yóu. And=let=me=téll=you what name I=shall=give=them. They=shall=be=called *Spring-bells*. Is their cup not the vé-ry shape=of=a=béll? These

flów-ers are my bells, which sound all the time I come ó-ver the earth as you léave=it.»

But Wín-ter was not will-ing to=hear=of=*Spring-bells*, and thought that Spring had in-vént-ed the name to=mock=and=spíte =him, as-if=the=flów-ers rang their bells for joy at=his=gó-ing=a-way and lét-ting the Spring come.

Thus they got in-to an-óth-er hot dis-púte, and=thought=at=lást that=the=Án-gel=should=de-cí-de-it.

Now, when=the=Án-gel heard what=each=had=to=sáy, he spoke thus:— «Since=éach=of=you has as good a right to the flów-er as the óth-er, each of you has=an=é-qual right to=give-it=a-náme. But=as=the=flów-er can=have=ón-ly one name, I=shall=táke *Snow* out=of=the=náme Wín-ter gáve-it, and *Bell* out=of=the=náme Spring gáve-it, and=shall=cáll-it *Snow-bell*, that=éach=of=you may=have=an=é-qual párt=in=it. And now, get you gone, and don't quár-rel a-gáin.

Spring and Wín-ter were quite con-tént-ed with this de-cí-sion, and went their way.

But=they=had=not=héard his last words, for, as=all=the=wórl-d knows, they quár-rel still év-e-ry year. Wín-ter wants to stay lóng-er than=he=shóuld, and=does=not=wish=to=let Spring come, and so they strive a-gáinst each óth-er with snów-flakes and ráin-showers, with=the=ráw cold nóth-wind, and=with=the=sóft warm sóuth-wind, with bí-ting frosts and mélt-ing sún-beams, till Wín-ter sees, at last, that=he=can=stáy no lóng-er, packs up all his things, and goes off grúm-bling, stóp-ping=as=he=goes, and óft-en lóok-ing as-if=he=could=not=yield the earth up to the Spring áf-ter all.

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### MAN'S STÁTURE.—*Dr. Watts.*

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Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ó-cean in my span;  
I=must=be=méa-sured by my soul,—  
The mind's the stán-dard=of=the=mán.

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### WEALTH.—*Lord Bácon.*

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De-síre ón-ly such rích-es as thou canst get hón-est-ly, use próp-er-ly, and leave con-tént-ed-ly.



## WHAT IS THE EARTH?

Pronun. española.	Pronun. française.	Pronun. española.	Pronun. française.
<b>Aú-thor.</b> . . . . . óo-zæ. . . . .	â-theur.	<b>Mái-den.</b> . . . . .	mé-d'n. . . . . mé-d'n.
<b>Cam-paign</b> kam-péen. . . . .	kam'pêne.	<b>Mi-ser.</b> . . . . .	mái-sæ. . . . . mái-zeur.
<b>Chis-elled</b> chis-'l'd. . . . .	tchíz-'l'd.	<b>Món-arch.</b> . . . . .	món-ak. . . . . món-ak.
<b>Chris-tian.</b> kris-chän. . . . .	krice-tcheune	<b>Realm.</b> . . . . .	reim. . . . . relm.
<b>Dis-éase.</b> . . . . . dis-iis. . . . .	diz-ize.	<b>Scene.</b> . . . . .	siin. . . . . sine.
<b>Earth.</b> . . . . . æaz. . . . .	erth.	<b>Sculp-tor.</b> skælp-tæ. . . . .	skeulp-teur.
<b>Grey</b>		<b>S é a m -</b>	
<b>beard.</b> . . . . . gre bi-ææd. . . . .	gré bi-eurde.	<b>stress.</b> . . . . .	siim-stres. . . . . síme-strece.
<b>I'll (I will).</b> ael. . . . .	ael.	<b>Slug-gard</b> slæg-ææd. . . . .	sleügu-eurde
<b>Láw-yer.</b> . . . . . lóo-i-æ. . . . .	lá-yeure.	<b>Wid-ow.</b> . . . . . uid-o. . . . .	ouid-ó.

- What is earth, séx-ton?—A place to dig graves.  
 What is earth, rich man?—A field to work slaves.  
 What is earth, grey beard?—A place to grow old.  
 What is earth, mí-ser?—A mine to dig gold.  
 What is earth, schóol-boy?—A yard for my play.  
 What is earth, chúrch-man?—A tém-ple to pray.  
 What is earth, séam-stress?—A place where I weep.  
 What is earth, slúg-gard?—A bed where I sleep.  
 What is earth, sól-dier?—A cam-paign or a bát-tle.  
 What is earth, hérds-man?—A pen to raise cåt-tle.  
 What is earth, wíd-ow?—A scene of true sór-row.  
 What is earth, trádes-man?—I'll tell you to-mór-row.  
 What is earth, sick man?—'Tis nó-thing to me.  
 What is earth, sáil-or?—My home is the sea.  
 What is earth, mái-den?—A báll-room or play.  
 What is earth, wisé man?—A night and a day.  
 What is earth, láw-yer?—A place to count fees.  
 What is earth, dóc-tor?—The home of dis-éase.  
 What is earth, árt-ist?—Brush, cån-vass and paint.  
 What is earth, scúlp-tor?—Stone chis-elled to saint.  
 What is earth, státes-man?—A place to win fame.  
 What is earth, áu-thor?—I'll write there my name.  
 What is earth, món-arch?—For my realm 'tis giv-en.  
 What is earth, Chris-tian?—The gáte-way of Héav-en.

## THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE.—*Young.*

(1681-1765.)

Pig-mies are pig-mies still, tho' perched on Alps,  
 And pyr-a-mids are pyr-a-mids in vales.



# RÁBBI MEIR AND HIS WIFE.

*From the Tál mud.*

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Al-lów.. . al-áu. . . al-láou.  
 A-mén.. . e-mén.. . é-méne.  
 Chám-ber. chéem-bæ. . tchémæ-beur  
 Jéw-els. . dchiú-els.. . djioú-elze.  
 K n ó w -  
 ledge.. . nól-edch.. . nól-edje.

Lord.. . lood. . . lorde.  
 Péo-ple. . píi-pl'. . . pí-pl'.  
 Ráb-bi.. . ráb-ai.. . ráb-ai.  
 Sáb-bath.. . sáb-æz. . . sáb-enth.  
 Tál-mud. . tál-mæd.. . tál-meude.  
 Up-per.. . æp-æ. . . eúp-eur.

Ráb-bi Meir, the great téach-er, sat on the Sáb-bath day, in=the=school=of=the=láw, and taught the péo-ple. Méan-time both his sons died, both al-réa-dy grown to mán-hood, and well in=struct-ed=in=the=láw. His wife tóok=them and=bóre=them to=an=úp-per chám-ber, laid=them=on=her=béd, and spread a white sheet ó-ver their bód-ies. In=the=éve=ning Ráb-bi Meir came home. «Where=are=my=sóns,» asked he, «that=I=may=give=them my bléss-ing?» «They=are=góne ín-to=the=school=of=the=láw,» was=her=án=swer. «I looked róund=me in=the=schóol,» re=plied he, «and=I=did=not=sée=them.»

She set be=fóre=him a cup,—he praised the Lord for=the=close=of=the=Sáb-bath,—drank, and then asked a=gáin, «Where=are=my=sóns, that they ál-so may drink of=the=wine=of=bléss-ing?» «They cán-not be far off,» said she, and she set be=fóre=him to eat. When=he=had=giv-en thanks áf-ter=the=méal, she said,—«Ráb-bi, al-lów=me=a=qués-tion.» «Say on,» án=swered he, «my love.» «Some time a-gó,» said she, «one gáve=me jéw-els to=kéep=for=him and now he=ásks=them back a=gáin. Shall=I=give=him=them?» «My wife should not need to ask such=a=qués-tion,» said Ráb-bi Meir. «Would you hés-i-tate to give án-y one back his own?» «Oh, no,» re=plied she, «but I did not like to give them back with=óut your knów-ledge be=fóre-hand.»

Soon áf-ter, she léd=him to=the=úp-per chám-ber, stepped in, and took the ców-er-ing off the bód-ies. «Oh, my sons,» sobbed the fáth-er, «my sons!» She turned her=sélf a=wáy and wept. At last she=lóok=him by=the=hánd and said,—«Ráb-bi, have=you=not=táught=me that=we=must=not=re=fúse to give back what=was=en-trúst-ed=to=us to keep? See, the Lord gave, and=the=Lórd hath tá-ken a=wáy,—the=name=of=the=Lórd be bléss ed.» And Ráb-bi Meir re=péat-ed the words, and said, «A-mén.»

## A LUMP OF COAL.

	Pronun. española.	Pronon. française.		Pronun. española.	Pronon. française.
<b>Blós-soms</b>	blós-s'ms..	blós-ceumze.		<b>Húm-ble.</b>	æm-b'l' . . . éum-bl'.
<b>Blue..</b>	bliu. . .	bliou.		<b>Kin-dled.</b>	kin-d'l'd. . . kin-d'l'd.
<b>Bów-els.</b>	báu-els. . .	báou-elze.		<b>Mauve..</b>	möv. . . mauve.
<b>Cás-tles.</b>	cás-'ls. . .	kás-l'ze.		<b>Oóz-es..</b>	uús-es.. . . óúz-ez.
<b>Cóun-tries</b>	kæn-tres. . .	keún-tréze.		<b>Pér-fumes.</b>	pæ-fums. . . péur-fioumze
<b>Créa-tures</b>	crii-chæs. . .	kri-tcheurze.		<b>Pic-tures..</b>	pik-chæs.. . . pik-tcheurze.
<b>Fú-ture.</b>	fiú-chæ. . .	fiou-tcheur.		<b>Ráin-bow.</b>	réen-bo. . . réne-bò.
<b>Gáth-er.</b>	gáz-æ. . .	gáth-eur.		<b>Sól-diers..</b>	sól-dchæs. . . sól-djeurze.
<b>Growths.</b>	grozs. . .	gróthze.		<b>Through -</b>	
<b>Héat-ed.</b>	hit-ed. . .	hit'ed.		<b>óut..</b>	zru-ánt. . . throu-áoute.
<b>Height..</b>	hait. . .	háite.		<b>Weight.</b>	uét. . . ouéte.

In win-ter time, when you gáth-er round the fire to=look=for=cás-tles=and=sól-diers, and strange fan-tás-tic pic-tures=of=all-kinds=in=it, did you év-er think where the coal came from?

It is dug up out=of=mínes, in this and óth-er cóun-tries, for, through the góod-ness of God, coal is found in néar-ly év-e-ry part=of=the=wórd. Far a-wáy in=the=i-cy north, where win-ter now reigns through=óut the far gréat-er part=of=the=yéar, coal is found cróp-ping=out=of=the=rív-er banks; stóres=of=it are laid up in cóun-tries as yet with=óut péo-ple, for=the=úse of long fú-ture á-ges.

You think that coal is=a=kind=of=stóne that burns. Well, it looks like=a=stóne, but what will you say when=I=téll=you that=it=is=made=of=the=léaves and trunks and stems of trees and móss-es, crushed=in-to=a=hárd mass by=the=áw-ful weight=of=the=rócks that grád-u-al-ly gáth-ered=ó-ver=them. There=is=óften earth a-móng these re-máins=of=plants=and=trées, as=you=may=sée from=the=brówn ásh-es, left áf-ter bad coal has=been=búrnt. They=are=just=so=much=of=the=éarth in which the trees or plants grew.

All the coal you now burn once grew as great woods of strange trees, or still strán-ger móss-es, which=must=have=been=as=high=as=trées. Al-to-géth-er, be-twéen three and four hún-dred kinds of plants have=been=fóund in=the=cóal of Éng-land a-lóne. They=are=móst-ly ferns and píne-trees, or trees sóme-thing like these, and=a=kind=of=réed like the hórse-tail you find grówing in wet plá-ces. But év-e-ry-thing grew vé-ry thick and high when=the=cóal was bé-ing made; and thus, though our hórse-tails are vé-ry small plants, these old ones had stems fóur-teen or fif-teen inch-es round, and grew to=a=height=of=thír-ty or fór-ty feet. The=ferns=of=those=dáys were vé-ry plén-ti-ful, and rose to=be=trées, in=stéad=of=bé-ing the húm-ble plants óur=ferns=are.

There=were=vé-ry few lív-ing créa-tures in=the=woods=of= these=á-ges, and=the=wóods them=sélves were=a=dárk green, chéer-less, wíl-der-ness of rank growths. Frogs, sér-pents, and cró-co-diles glí-ded a-móng the fern swamps; but=there=were=no=mén then, for all this took place long be-fóre man=was=máde: in=déed, man could=not=have=lived=on=the=éarth in those days, for=it=was=not=yet=réa-dy=for=him.

But=hów=is=it that=the=cóal burns=as=it=dóes? Let=me=téll=you a great wón-der. The coal is just a great prís-on of sún-beams, and when you set fire=to=it the sún-beams are set free and=you=gét the=light=of=dáys that shone á-ges on á-ges a-gó, to cheer and=warm=you=nów! Plants drink in the light and grow by=its=hélp It=takes=all=the=sún-shine of=a=lóng sún-mer to make the leaves and blós-soms you see in=a=yéar, and=to=ádd one thin ring of wood to=the=trúnks=and=bránc=es=of=a=trée; and=you=may=thínk how mán-y years it=must=have=tá-ken to grow flów-ers and leaves and trees e-nóugh to make all the coal there is, áf-ter they=had=been=squeezed so small and close, and how much light of=the=óld sún-shine of=the=dáys when=they=were=grów-ing must be shut up in=the=bláck lumps we burn. A coal fire is just so much sún-shine kíndled a-gáin ín-to=bright-ness, áf-ter lý-ing hid=in=the=cóal, far down in=the=bów-els=of=the=éarth, for á-ges and á-ges.

But=this=is=not=áll the wón-der in=a=piece=of=cóal. Where=are=all=the=cól-ours of=the=óld flów-ers and leaves, if=the=coal be=máde=of=them? Just look=ín=to=the=fire Do=you=sée these red and yél-low flames? They=are=the=vé-ry cól-ours of=the=óld flów-ers that helped to make the coal. Look=at=the=bright green and blue, and mauve and ma-gén-ta, and rose and yél-low ribbons, on=the=lá-dies or=on=the=gírls=a=róund=you. Where do you=thínk most of these cól-ours come from? They=are=ob-táined from=the=tár that óoz-es out of coal when=it=is=héat-ed, and=they=are=nó-thing but=the=bright lóve-ly cól-ours of=the=óld old flów-ers and leaves. But how did=the=leaves=and=flów-ers get these lóve-ly cól-ours? They drank in the cól-ours=of=the=óld old sún-shine, which=was=just=the=sáme then as=it=is=nów, and you see in=the=ráin-bow what that is; and all these cól-ours are just the ráin-bow cól-ours=of=the=light that made the sún-mers when these flów-ers and leaves were grów-ing. But where is=the=swéet smell of=these=óld old flów-ers? Why, you=can=buy=it=at=the=shóps, if=you=like; for=some=of=the=swéet-est pér-fumes that=we=háve are made from coal, and=are=just=the=pér-fumes of=the=buds=and=blós-soms that waved in=the=sún-mer light á-ges of á-ges of á-ges a-gó.

# THINK OF OTHERS FIRST.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

**Al-ex-án-der.** . . . al-eks-án dæ. . . al-eks - án-deur.  
**Ap-próach-ing.** . . . ap - próch - ing. . . ap - prótche-ing.  
**A-sia.** . . . é-schæ. . . éch-i-a.  
**Blood.** . . . blæd. . . bleud.  
**Cón-quered.** . . . cón-kæd. . . kón'g-keur'd  
**De-ní-al.** . . . di-nái-æl. . . di-nái-al.  
**Dif-fi-cul-ty.** . . . dif-i-kæl-te. . . dif-i-keul-té.  
**Di-rest.** . . . daí-ær-est. . . daí-eur-este.  
**En-düred.** . . . en-diúæ'd. . . en'-diúir'd.

**Ex-tréme.** eks-triim. . . eks-tríme.  
**Gèn-e-rous.** dchén-ér-æs. . . djén-er-euce.  
**In-stance.** in-stans. . . in-stan'ce.  
**Poured.** . . . pó-ææd. . . pó-eur'd.  
**Re-gård.** . . . ri-gaad. . . ri-gáade.  
**Route.** . . . ruut. . . route.  
**Sól-dier.** . . . sól-dchæ. . . sól-djeur.  
**Súr-geons.** sæ-dchæns. . . séur-djeunz.  
**Thigh.** . . . zái. . . thái.  
**Tów-ered.** táu-æd. . . táou-eur'd.  
**Tri-fles.** . . . trái-fls. . . trái-fl'z.  
**Vá-lue.** . . . vál-iu. . . vál-iou.  
**Wóund-ed** uún-ded. . . ouóund-ed.

Nó-thing is hárd-er, and nó-thing is nó-bler, than=to=think=of=óth-ers ráth-er=than=of=our=sélves. É-ven in trí-fles we=are=apt=to=thínk of=our=ówn pléa-sure ráth-er than that of óth-ers, and the dif-fi-cul-ty of bé-ing un-sélf-ish in-créas-es with=the=vá-lue of=the=sác-ri-fice re-quired. Ín-stan-ces are not wánt-ing, how-év-er, of nó-ble self-deníal, é-ven=in=the=most=ex-tréme cá-ses, as, for ín-stance, where pér-so-nal súf-fer-ing, or é-ven the de-mánds of life, seemed to ex-cúse in-dúl-gence. No ág-o-ny, it=is=sáid, is gréat-er than that of ex-cés-sive thirst; and yet some=have=been=knówn who=have=hánd-ed=to=óth-ers, in=their=ówn dí-rest ex-trém-i-ty, the cup=of=cóld wá-ter which=they=might=them=sélves have drúnk. Nor=has=it=been=ón-ly the cóm-mon pang=of=thírst that=have=thus=been=en-düred; some=have=é-ven re-sís-ted the ag-gra-vá-tions ád-ded by fé-ver, wounds, or=the=déad-ly fáint-ness of=ap-próach-ing death.

Thus=it=is=re-lá-ted of Al-ex-án-der the Great that=when=he=was=márch-ing=back his ár-my from=the=Ín-dus, áf-ter háv-ing cón-quered Á-sia, the route tá-ken léd=them through a tér-ri-ble dés-ert called Ge-dró-si-a, on=the=shores=of=the=Pér-sian Gulf. On=the=léft was=the=salt=séa, ún-der their feet an énd-less waste of sand and gráv-el, and=on=their=right tów-ered rán-ges of móun-tains of bare red stone. Ó-ver all a clóud-less sky opprés-sed=them with swél-ter-ing heat, from which there=was=nó es-cápe. Nó-thing could save the whole force from de-strúc-tion but=the=gréat=est=ex-ér-tion, that=they=might=gét=through this féar-ful ré-gion be-fóre they=sánk=ún-der=its=hór-rors. Al-ex-án-der shared all the hárd-ships and pri-vá-tions=of=the=márch, and=was=gréat-ly ex-háust-ed=by=them. One day when, like=the=whóle ár-my, he=was=reá-dy to sink with heat and déad-ly

fáint-ness, a lít-tle wá-ter was=bróught=him in=a=sól-dier's hél-met. It=had=been=ob-táined with gréat díf-fi-cul-ty, and=was=témp-t-ing be-yónd méa-sure. But=he=de-cláred that=it=was=too=pré-cious=for=him to-drínk-it, and=that=his=dó-ing=so would ón-ly make the=thirst-of=his=sól-diers the gréat-er, by=their=sée-ing=him=táke-it, and he thére-fore poured=it=out=on=the=gróund as=an=óf-fer-ing to=the=góds, to win their fá-vor for=the=whole=hóst. Whó=can=doubt but=that=such=gén-e-rous re-gárd for óth-ers gáined=him the love of all his men.

The=case=of=Sir=Phíl-ip Sí-d-ney was still more strí-king. He=had=been=mór-tal-ly wóund-ed at=the=bát-tle-of=Zút-phen, in Hól-land, and=was=bé-ing=tá-ken=to=the=réar to let súr-geons try if án-y-thing could=be=dóne=for=him. Bé-ing faint with loss of blood,—for=his=thigh=was=bró-ken,—he asked for=a=drink=of=wá-ter, which=was=at=once=bróught=him; but=as=he=was=pút-ting the bót-tle to=his=líps, a poor wóund-ed sól-dier just then bé-ing cár-ried past chanced=to=lóok=at=it with wíst-ful eyes. The gál-lant Sí-d-ney, sée-ing=this, in=a=mó-ment stretched out the bót-tle to=the=póor man, with=óut him-sélf tá-king án-y=of=it, sáy-ing, — « Your need is gréat-er than mine. » É-ven=in=his=ág-o-ny he thought=of=the=póor cóm-mon sól-dier ráth-er=than=of=him-sélf.

## SÍMILES.

Pronun. española.    Pronos. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronos. française

**Black.** . . : blak. . . . blak.  
**Blithe.** . . : blaiz. . . . blaithe.  
**Broad.** . . : brood. . . . bráde.  
**Brown.** . . : braun. . . . braoune.  
**Deaf.** . . . : def. . . . def.  
**Dove.** . . . : dæv. . . . deuv'.  
**Eá-gle.** . . : ii-gl'. . . . i-gl'.  
**Féath-er.** . : féz-æ. . . . féth-eur.  
**Jew.** . . . : dchiú. . . . djiou.  
**Judge.** . . : dchædch. . . djeudje.

**Már-ble.** . . : máa-b'l. . . . máa-bl'.  
**Péa-cock.** . : pi-cok. . . . pi-kok.  
**Plain.** . . . : pleen. . . . pléne.  
**Sim-i-les.** . : sim-i-lis. . . . sim-i-liz.  
**Sly.** . . . . : slai. . . . slai.  
**Stée-ple.** . : stii-p'l. . . . sti-pl'.  
**Straight.** . : street. . . . stréte.  
**Sure.** . . . . : schiú-æ. . . . ehioure.  
**Tall.** . . . . : tool. . . . tál.  
**'Tis** (*it is*). : tis. . . . . tiz.

As bold as an éa-gle—as mild as a dove:  
 As true as the moon—as fic-kle as love:  
 As proud as a péa-cock—as round as a pea:  
 As blithe as a lark—as brisk as a bee:  
 As light as a féath-er—as sure as a gun:  
 As green as a leek—as brown as a bun:  
 As rich as a Jew—as warm as a toast:  
 As cross as two sticks—as deaf as a post:  
 As sharp as a née-dle—as strong as an ox:  
 As grave as a judge—as sly as a fox:

As old as the hills—as straight as a dart:  
 As still as the grave—as swift as a hart:  
 As sól-id as már-ble—as firm as a rock:  
 As soft as a plum—as thick as a block:  
 As pale as a lí-ly—as blind as a bat:  
 As white as a sheet—as black as my hat:  
 As yél-low as gold—as red as a chér-ry:  
 As wet as the rív-er—as brown as a bér-ry:  
 As plain as a píke-staff—as big as a house:  
 As flat as a tâ-ble—as sleek as a mouse:  
 As tall as the stée-ple—as round as a cheese:  
 As broad as 'tis long—as long as you please.

## THE DURÁTION OF LIFE.

	<u>Pronun. española.</u>	<u>Pronun. française.</u>		<u>Pronun. española.</u>	<u>Pronun. française.</u>
<b>A-búse.</b>	e-biús.	e-biouce.	<b>Jest.</b>	dchest.	djesté.
<b>A-lás.</b>	e-lás.	e-láss.	<b>Léngth-</b>		
<b>Al-lów-ed.</b>	al-áud.	al-láoud.	<b>ened.</b>	lénzg-'nd.	lén'g-th'n'd.
<b>Ass.</b>	aas.	ace.	<b>Món-key.</b>	mæn-ke.	meung-ké.
<b>Built.</b>	bilt.	bilt.	<b>Nóu-rish-</b>		
<b>Búr-den.</b>	bæd-d'n.	beur-d'n.	<b>es.</b>	næ-risch-es.	neur-iche-ez.
<b>Cre-á-ted.</b>	kri-é-ted.	kri-é-ted.	<b>O-blíged.</b>	o-bláidch'd.	ó-bláidj'd.
<b>De-síre.</b>	di-sái-æ.	di-záir.	<b>Re-jói-ces.</b>	ri-dchói-ses.	ri-djói-sez.
<b>Die.</b>	dái.	dái.	<b>Suf-i-</b>		
<b>Eight-een.</b>	éit-iin.	éy-tine.	<b>cient.</b>	sæf-isch-ent.	te.
<b>Health-y.</b>	hélz-é.	hélth-é.	<b>Thír-ty.</b>	zæm-te.	théur-té.
<b>Hearth.</b>	haaz.	haath.	<b>Twelve.</b>	tuelv.	touelve.
<b>Howl.</b>	haul.	haoul.	<b>Wéa-ri-</b>		
<b>In-quíred.</b>	in-cuái-ed.	in-kóuair'd.	<b>some.</b>	uíe-ri-sæm.	ouí-ri-seume.

When=the=wórld was first cre-á-ted, it=was=ap-póint-ed how mán-y years each créa-ture should ex-íst. So=the=áss came and in-quíred how long he=was=to=live.

«Thír-ty years,» he=was=tóld; and then he=was=ásked, «Is that suf-fi-cient?»

«A-lás,» re-plíed the ass, «that-is=a=lóng time. Think how mán-y wéa-ri-some búr-dens I=shall=have=to=cár-ry from mórn-ing till night, how mán-y córn-sacks I=shall=táke to=the=míll, that óth-ers may eat bread, while I re-céive nó-thing but blows and kicks, and yet keep ál-wáys ác-tive and o-blí-ging. Take a-wáy some of my years, I pray.»

So the ass was pí-t-ied, and=a=life of ón-ly éight-een years ap-póint-ed=to=him; where-up-ón he went glád-ly a-wáy, and=the=dóg then made his ap-péar-ance, and=was=ásked the same.

«How long do=you=wish=to=live?» was in-quired=of=him? «Thír-ty years were too much for=the=áss, but per-háps you=will=be=sát-is-fied.»

«Do=you=think=so?» said the dog. «Re-mém-ber how much I=shall=have=to=rún; my feet will not last them out; and then, when=I=have=lóst my voice and cán-not bark, and my teeth and cán-not bite, what=will=there=bé for me to do but=to=cráwl and howl from one cór-ner to an-óth-er?»

So=the=dóg's plea was al-lówed, and twelve years ap-póint-ed =for=his=áge, áf-ter which he de-párt-ed and made room for=the=món-key.

«You will live thír-ty years wil-ling-ly, no doubt,» was=said=to=the=món-key. «You need not work like the ass=and=the=dóg, and thére-fore will ál-ways be well off.»

«A-lás, it=shóuld=be=so,» said the món-key; «but ré-al-ly it is vé-ry dif-fer-ent. I=must=ál-ways be má-king cóm-i-cal fá-ces for péo-ple to laugh at; and all the áp-ples they=give=me to eat turn out sour ones. How óft-en is sád-ness híd-den=by=a=jóke! But thír-ty years I=can=név-er en-dúre.» There-up-óu ten years were=al-lów-ed=to=him.

Last of all, man ap-péared, héalth-y and víg-o-rous, and re-quést-ed a time to=be=ap-póint-ed=to=him.

«You=shall=líve thír-ty years,» was=the=re-plý; «is that e-nóugh?»

«What=a-shórt time!» ex-cláimed man; «just when=I=shall=have=built my-sélf a house, and líght-ed a fire upon=my=ówn hearth, and just when=I=shall=have=plánt-ed trees to=béar=me fruit in=their=séa-son, and=I=am=thínk-ing of en-jóy-ing life, I=must=die! I pray let my life be léngth-ened.»

«The éight-éen years=of=the=áss shall be ád-ded.»

«That is not e-nóugh,» said man.

«You=shall=ál-so have twelve years of=the=dóg's life.»

«Still too lít-tle,» re-plíed man.

«Well, then, you may have the ten years al-lów-ed=to=the=món-key; but=you=must=de-síre no more.» Man was then o-blíged to leáve, but=he=was=not=sát-is-fied.

Thus man lives sév-en-ty years. The first thír-ty are=the=years =of=his=mán-hood, which pass quíck-ly a-wáý; he=is=thén héalth-y and víg-or-ous, works with pléa-sure, and=re-jói-ces=in=his=bé-ing. Then fól-low the éight éen years of=the=life=of=the=áss, which bríng=to=him one búr-den áf-ter an-óth-er; he=must=wórk for corn which nóu-rish-es óth-ers, and a-búse and blame be-cóme the=re-wárd=of=his=lá-hours. Next come the twelve years=of=the=dóg, dú-ring which man has=to=sit=in=cór-ners,



grúm-bling be-cáuse=he=has=no=lóng-er án y teeth to=bíte=with.  
 And when this time is up, the ten years=of=the=món-key bring  
 the=close=of=the=scéne. Then man be-cómes child-ish and fóol-  
 ish, and does strange things, which too óft-en make=him=a=jést.

## CÁPTAIN WÍLLIAM HÓRNBY.

A. D. 1744.

<u>Pronon. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>	<u>Pronon. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>
<b>Af-ter-wards.</b> . . .	áf-teur-uæds. . .	<b>Kid-napped.</b> . .	kíd-nap't. . .
<b>A-long-side.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Ma-a-zine.</b> . .	kíd-na p't.
<b>A-shóre.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Máin-shrouds.</b> . .	mag-æ-siin. . .
<b>As-súred.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Mán-gled.</b> . .	mag-a-zine.
<b>A-váil-able.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Mór-ti-fied.</b> . .	mécen- . .
<b>Blún-der-buss.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Pár-don-able.</b> . .	méné- . .
<b>Bów-sprit.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Per-se-vé-ance.</b> . .	chraoudze.
<b>Bróad-sides.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Póle-ax-es.</b> . .	mán-gl'd. . .
<b>Cár-go.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Pri-va-téer.</b> . .	mán-gl'd.
<b>Ca-tás-trophe.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Próm-ise.</b> . .	móo-ti-faid. . .
<b>Cóm-rades.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Sa-lúte.</b> . .	mór-ti-fai'd.
<b>De-fi-ance.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Stár-board.</b> . .	páa-d'n-e-b'l.
<b>Déx-te-rous.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Stéered.</b> . .	pár-d'n-é-bl'.
<b>En-sign.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Stirred.</b> . .	pæe-si-viær.
<b>Flogged.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Strug-gles.</b> . .	per-si-vi-ran
<b>Hánd-ker-chief.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Sur-rén-der.</b> . .	ans. . .
<b>Hé-roes.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Sym-pa-thy.</b> . .	ce.
<b>Hurled.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Urged.</b> . .	póle-aks-es. . .
<b>Huz-zás.</b> . . .	áf-tæ-uæds. . .	<b>Wár-fare.</b> . .	póe-ti-æ. . .
		<b>Yárd-arm.</b> . .	prai-ve-ti-æ. . .
			prai-ve-ti-eur
			próm-ice.
			sa-lioute.
			stár-bórd.
			sti-eur'd.
			staur'd.
			streug-gl'z.
			seur-ren-
			deur.
			sim-pa-thé.
			eurdj'd.
			ouâ-fère.
			iáad-aam.
			iáarde-arm.

Wil-li-am Hórn-by was kíd-napped at=a=vé-ry=éar-ly age, and placed on board a man-of-wár, to be a «pów-der món-key;» that is, a boy who=had=to=serve=óut the pów-der and shot on board a man-of-wár when=it=was=in=ác-tion, rún-ning from gun to gun through=the=thick-est=of=the=figh-t.

Poor lít-tle chil-dren six and sév-en years óld used=to=be=tá-ken by préss-gangs from=the=st réets for this work, and mán-y poor lít-tle fél-lows no óld-er might=be=séen in=the=óld days of=our=wárs, lý-ing dead or dý-ing on=the=déck, mán-gled by shot or shell, and yet béar-ing death like hé-roes, as=they=wére. The first dawn of Hórn-by's life was=in=the=bát-tle-smoke, and=his=schóol-ing was=that=of=búrst-ing bombs, dóuble-héaded shot, and bóarding-pikes. He=may=be=said=to=have=tá-ken well to=

this=schóol-ing, but nó-ble cón-duct does not con-síst ón-ly in deeds of wár-fare, and Hórn-by was=as=gén-e-rous=a=s-he-was-bráve; for=one=of=his=lít-tle shíp-mates, a mere child of=a=bóut=his=own=áge, bé-ing charged with=an=of=fénce, Wíl-li-am gén-e-rous-ly took all the blame up=ón him-sélf, and let him-sélf be flogged with=the=cát, ráth-er than be-tráy his friend This=was=the=first proof of=his=no=bíl-i-ty of soul, but mán-y óth-ers were giv-en be=fóre the=end=of=the=wár sént=him a-shóre a-gáin. He soon «got a ship,» as sáil-ors say when=they=get=em-plóy-ment on board a vés-sel, and dis-pláyed such nó-ble cóur-age in rés-cu-ing the crew of=a=fóun-der-ing brig, that, al-thóugh then but=a=bóy, he=was=sóon made más-ter-of=the=vés-sel, — of course a mér-chant-man, — and sailed in her from Great Yár-mouth, in=the=yéar 1744. He steered for=the=coast=of=Hól-land, but when well ó-ver to=the=óth-er side of=the=Chán-nel, a French pri-va-téer, the *Bra-né-as*, came up=ón his vés-sel, the *Is-a-bél-la*. The strength of=the=two=vés-sels was vé-ry un-é-qual, for the *Is-a-bél-la* móunt-ed ón-ly four cár-riage guns and two swív-els, and=her=créw con-síst-ed of ón-ly five men and three boys, be=sídes the bóy-captain; while the French ship, com-mánd-ed by Cáp-tain An-dré, had ten cár-riage guns and eight swív-els, and sév-en-ty five men, with three hún-dred smáll-arms.

It=would=have=béen a pár-don-a-ble thing, a-gáinst such odds, to=have=sur-rén-dered the ship and cár-go. But Cáp-tain Hórn-by was=not=a=mán to=dó=this; he felt that=the=hón-or=of=his=cóun-try and=the=in-ter-ests=of=his=em-plóy-ers were con-cérned, and so, háv-ing stirred up his crew by some téll-ing words, and ob-táined their próm-ise of stánd-ing=by=him=to=the=lást, he bráve-ly hóist-ed the Brit-ish cól-ours, his men gív-ing three cheers, and=with=his=twó swív-el guns re-túrned the fire of=his=én-e-my's chásé-guns. At last, áf-ter fir-ing at each óth-er in=this=wáy for=some=tíme, the Frénch-man got close to the *Is-a-bél-la*, and ór-dered Cáp-tain Hórn-by to strike. The brave Éng-lish cáp-tain re-túrned an án-swer of firm def-i-ance, up=ón which the pri-va-téer, dóub-ly shót-ting her guns, put=her=helm=úp, and poured such a shów-er of búl-lets in=to=the=*Is-a-bél-la*, that Hórn-by found it né-cés-sa-ry to call his men in=to=the=hóld, sét-ting up some=of=their=cár-go on the deck round=the=móuth=of=it, so=as=to=fórm a pro-téc-tion. Here he col-léct-ed all his a-váil-a-ble fire-arms, and kept some=of=his=mén loád-ing while the óth-ers kept fir-ing at the én-e-my, who twice tried to=bóard=him, but were frus-trá-ted by=the=déx-ter-ous séa-man-ship of Hórn-by in hánd-ling his

vés-sel. The Frénch-man now kept up an in-cés-sant fire up-ón the *Is-a-bél-la*, both with guns and smáll-arms, and at two o'clock, when the ác-tion had lást-ed a-bóve an hour, the pri-va-téer, rún-ning fú-ri-ous-ly in up-ón the *Is-a-bél-la*, en-tán-gled her bów-sprit a-móng the máin-shrouds, and=was=lashed=fást=to=her.

Cáp-tain An-dré now bawled out in=a=mén-a-cing tone, «You Éng-lish dog, strike!» Cáp-tain Hórn-by chál-lenged=him to=come=on=bóard and strike his cól-ours if=he=dáred. The fú-ri-ous Frénch-man in=stant-ly threw in, twén-ty men on the *Is-a-bél-la*, who be-gán to hack and hew at=the=rúde de=fén=ces round the hold; but=a=gén-e-ral dis-chárgé of blún-der-buss-es, with which the Éng-lish were well pro-ví-ded, slew sév-e-ral of=the=as=sáil=ants, and forced the óth-ers to=a=spée-dy re-tréat, and=at=the=same=time some=of=the=Éng-lish sáil=ors leaped fór-ward and com-pélled the pri-va-téer to sheer off. As=soon=as=he=fóund him=sélf dis=en=gáged from the *Is-a-bél-la*, Cáp-tain An-dré turned round and made an-óth-er at=témp-t to=bóard=her from=the=óth-er side, when the vál-i-ant Hórn-by=and=his=máte shot each his man as=the=én-e-my were a=gáin lách-ing the ships to=géth-er. The Frénch-man once more com-mánd-ed the Éng-lish-man to strike, but=the=lát-ter tóld=him he név-er would strike, and that, ráth-er=than=dó=so, he and his ship and men would all go to=the=bót=tom to=géth-er, and=that=he=méant to make him, the Frénch-man, strike be=fóre=he=had=dóne=with=him.

Mór-ti-fied at=this=de=fi=ance, the French cáp-tain made a grand mús-ter=of=his=mén, and háv-ing laid his ship a-lóng-side, a-bóut thír-ty of them rushed fú-ri-ous-ly on board the *Is-a-bél-la*, and made a se-vére at=táck on=the=hóld with hách=ets and póle=ax-es, with which they=had=near-ly cut their way through in three plá=ces, when the cón-stant and well di-réct-ed tire kept up by Cáp-tain Hórn-by and=his=créw o-bliged=them a séc-ond time to re-tréat, cár-ry-ing their wóund-ed with=them, and hául-ing their dead=áf-ter=them with=their=bóat=hooks.

The *Is-a-bél-la* con-tín-u-ing still lashed=to=the=én-e-my, the lát-ter, with smáll-arms, fired re-péat-ed and tér-ri-ble vól-leys in=to=the=hóld; but=the=fire=was=re=túrned with such spí-rit and ef-féct, that=the=Frénch-man re-péat-ed-ly gave way. At length, Cáp-tain Hórn-by, sée-ing=them crówd-ing be=hínd their máin-mast for shél-ter, aimed a blún-der-buss=at=them, which, bé-ing dóub-ly lóad-ed, and con-táin-ing twelve balls in each bár-rel, threw him down in=the=fi-ring, to=the=great con-

ster-ná-tion of=his=lit-tle crew, as=they=sup-pósed=him dead. Hórn-by, how-év-er, leaped up ním-bly, told his men he=was=none=the=wórse, al-thóugh the blood was póur-ing from=his=tém-ple. Lóad-ing an-óth-er blún-der-buss, and cáll-ing up-ón=his=mén to fól-low=him, he rushed tó-wards the French vés-sel, and poured such=a-rain-of=búl-lets ín-to=the=mén clúster-ing on=the=déck as=to=o-blige=them to dis-en-gáge them-sélves from the Éng-lish ship, to which they=had=been=láshed for more than an hour, in=the=váin hope of=com-pél-ling=ner to sur-rén-der.

While the Frénch-man was shéer-ing off, Cáp-tain Hórn-by ex-últ-ing-ly fired his two stár-board guns ín-to=the=én-e-my's stern, láugh-ing=at=the=same=tíme, and téll-ing the French cáp-tain it=was=his=párt-ing kick. This so en-ráged=him that=he=im-mé-di-ate-ly re-túrned and re-néwed the cón-flict, which=was=cár-ried=on, yárd-arm to yárd-arm, for *néar-ly two hours*. The *Is-a-bél-la* was shot through her hull sév-e-ral times, her sails and rig-ging were=torn=to=píe-ces, her én-sign was dis-móunted, and év-e-ry yard and mast dám-aged; but this ón-ly made Hórn-by sus-táin the cóm-bat more ób-sti-nate-ly. At last a wéll-aimed shot struck the French ship.be-twéén wind and wá-ter, and=o-bliged=her to sheer off; and=as=the=én-e-my was re-lí-ring, Hórn-by and=his=lit-tle crew sál-lied out from=their=fást-ness, and, e-réct-ing their fál-len én-sign, gave three cheers.

By=this=tíme both vés-sels had drív-en so near the Éng-lish shore, that im-ménse crowds had as-sém-bled to=sée the=fight. The Frénch-man, háv-ing stopped=the=léak, re-túrned to the cóm-bat, and poured a dréad-ful vól-ley ín-to=the=stern=of=the=*Is-a-bél-la*, when Cáp-tain Hórn-by was wóund-ed by=a=ball=in=the=héad, and bled pro-fúse-ly; but=he=tied=a=hánd-ker-chief round his head, and told his men that=the=blood=had=re-fréshed=him, and=gív-en=him strength, and made his head cool, and=úrged=them to=have=at=the=Frénch-man a=gáin. On this their spí-rits re-víved; and a-gáin, tá-king post in their lit-tle cít-a-del, they sus-táined three more tre-mén-dous bróad-sides, in re-túrning which, they forced the French ship by a wéll-aimed shot a sé-cond time to sheer off. The hur-rás of the *Is-a-bél-la's* crew were re-néwed, and a-gáin the men set up their shát-tered én-sign, which=was=shot=through=and=through ín-to hón-or-a-ble rags.

An-dré, who=was=not=de-fí-cient in brá-ve-ry, re-túrned=to=the=fight, and, háv-ing dis-á-bled the *Is-a-bél-la* by five tér-ri-ble bróad-sides, once more súm-moned Hórn-by with tér-ri-ble

mén-a-ces, to=strike=his=có-lours, but Hórn-by turned=to=his=gál-lant cóm-rades, and póint-ing=to=the=shóre, said, — « you see yón-der, my=láds, the wít-nes-ses of our fight? » This=was=e-nóugh, — they=one=and=all as-súred=him that=they=would=stánd-by=him to=the=lást, and find-ing=them thus de-tér-mined, he hurled his fi-nal de-fi-ance to=the=én-e-my.

An-dré im-mé-di-ate-ly ran his ship up=ón the *Is-a-bél-la's* bow, and lashed=it close a-lóng-side. But=the=mén of the *Is-a-bél-la* let flý-at=them, and=stood=at=the=gáng-way so mén-a-cing-ly, that=his=crew=fell=báck wá-ver-ing, and re-fúsed to at-tépt the dán-ger-ous task of a-gáin bóard-ing. An-dré was thére=fore o-bliged to cut the lách-ings that held the two ships to=géth-er, and=to=sheer=óff. Cáp-tain Hórn-by re-sólved to sa-lúte the pri-va-téer, with one párt-ing gun; and this last shot, fired=in=to=the=stérn of the *Bra-né-as*, háp-pen-ing to reach the mag-a-zine, it blew up with=a=tre-mén-dous ex-pló-sion, and=the=vés-sel ín-stant-ly went=to=the=bót-tom. Out=of=sév-en-ty five men, thír-ty six men were killed or wóund-ed=in=the=ác-tion, and all the rest, to=géth-er with=the=wóund-ed, pér-ished=in=the=déep, ex-cépt three who=were=picked=úp by=an=Éng-lish boat.

This hór-ri-ble cat-ás-tro-phe ex-ci-ted the déep-est sým-pa-thy in=the=breasts=of=the=bráve Hórn-by and=his=mén, but their ship was=so=shát-tered, that=they=could=rén-der no as-sis-tance to=their=ill-fated én-e-mies.

Cáp-tain Hórn-by áf-ter-wards re-céived=from=the=king a large gold méd-al for=his=he-ró-ic cón-duct, which per-háps is un-sur-pássed by án-y-thing in=the=án-nals=of=án-y=ná-tion, and which af-fórds=us an ex-ám-ple of cóu-rage, skill, en-dú-rance and per-se-vé-rance that=may=be=wéll im-i-tated in mán-y of=the=strúg-gles of life.

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## FIDÉLITY. — *Sámuel Bútler*. (1612-1680.)

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True as the dí-al to the sun,  
Al-thóugh it be not shined up=ón.

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## NOSE-ÓLOGY.

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He knows his nose. I know he knows his nose. He said I knew his nose; and if he said he knew I knew his nose, of course he knows I know he knows his nose.

THE ÓRPHAN BOY.—*Mrs. Ópie.*

Pronon. española.		Pronon. française.		Pronon. española.		Pronon. française.	
<b>Boun-ty.</b>	. báun-te.	. . .	báun-té.	<b>Re-joyce.</b>	. ri-dchóis.	. . .	ri-djóice.
<b>Gén-tle.</b>	. . dchén-t'l.	. . .	djén-tl'.	<b>Shouts.</b>	. . shauts.	. . .	chaoutse.
<b>I'm</b> ( <i>I am</i> ).	. . áem.	. . .	áem.	<b>Shud-der-</b>			chéud-eur-
<b>Knell.</b>	. . nel.	. . .	nel.	<b>ing..</b>	. . shæd-ær-ing.	. . .	in'gne.
<b>Laugh.</b>	. . laaf.	. . .	laf.	<b>Sought..</b>	. . soot.	. . .	sâte.
<b>Light-ed.</b>	. . láit-ed.	. . .	láit-ed.	<b>They've.</b>	. . zeev.	. . .	thève.
<b>Mér-cy..</b>	. . mãæ-se.	. . .	mér-cé.	<b>'Tis</b> ( <i>it is</i> ).	. . tis.	. . .	tiz.
<b>Nay.</b>	. . ne.	. . .	né.	<b>Toll'd.</b>	. . tol'd.	. . .	tól'de.
<b>Nèl-son.</b>	. . nél-s'n.	. . .	nél-s'n.	<b>Vic-to-ry..</b>	. vic-tæ-re..	. . .	vic-tenr-é.
<b>Or-phan.</b>	. . óo-fæn.	. . .	óo-fane.	<b>You'll</b> ( <i>you</i>			
<b>Pá-rents..</b>	. . pé-rents.	. . .	pé-ren'tce.	<i>will</i> ).	. . iúl.	. . .	íoule.

Stay, Lá-dy, stay for mér-cy's sake,  
 And hear a hélp-less ór-phan's tale!  
 Ah, sure my looks must pí-ty wake,—  
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!  
 Yet=I=was=ónce a móth-er's pride,  
 And my brave fáth-er's hope and joy;  
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
 And I am now an Ór-phan Boy.

Poor fóol-ish child! how pleased was I,  
 When news of Nèl-son's vic-to-ry came,  
 A-lóng the crówd-ed streets to fly,  
 And see the light-ed win-dows flame!  
 To force me home my móth-er sought;  
 She could not bear to see my joy,  
 For with my fáth-er's life 'twas bought,  
 And máde=me a poor Ór-phan Boy.

The péo-ple's shouts were long and loud!  
 My móth-er, shúd-der-ing, closed her ears;  
 «Re-joyce! re-joyce!» still cried the crowd;  
 My móth-er án-swer'd with her tears.  
 «Why are you crý-ing thus,» said I,  
 «While óth-ers laugh and shout with joy?»  
 She kíss'd=me, and with such a sigh!  
 She cáll'd=me her poor Ór-phan Boy.

«What is an Ór-phan Boy?» I cried,  
 As in her face I look'd and smil'd;  
 My móth-er through her tears re-plied,  
 «You'll know too soon, ill-fáted child!»

And now they've toll'd my móth-er's knell,  
 And I'm no more a pá-rent's joy ;  
 O Lá-dy,—I have learnt too well  
 What 'tis to be an Ór-phan Boy.

Oh, were I by your bóunt-y fed,—  
 Nay, gén-tle Lá-dy, do not chide ;  
 Trúst=me, I mean to earn my bread ;  
 The sáil-or's Ór-phan Boy has pride.  
 Lá-dy, you weep!—Ha!—this to me?  
 You'll give me cló-thing, food, em-plóy?  
 Look down, dear pá-rents! look and see  
 Your háp-py, háp-py Ór-phan Boy.

## ÁBRAHAM'S CHILDHOOD.

### A JEWISH TRADITION

<u>Pronon. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>	<u>Pronon. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>
<b>A-bra-ham</b> é-bre-ham. . .	é-bré-ham.	<b>I-dols.</b> . .	ái-d'ls. . .
<b>Ap-péared.</b> ap-i-æd. . .	ap-pí-eurd.	<b>Méa-sure.</b> mé-schæ. . .	méj-eure.
<b>Birth.</b> . .	bææz. . .	<b>Move.</b> . .	muuv. . .
<b>Chal-dæ-a</b> kal-di-æ. . .	kal-di-a.	<b>O-béy.</b> . .	o-bé. . .
<b>Climbed.</b> . .	claim'd. . .	<b>Pie-ces.</b> . .	pii-ses. . .
<b>Cóun-te-nance.</b> k á u n t e - k á o u n t e -	nance.	<b>Prove.</b> . .	pruuv. . .
<b>Cre-á-tor.</b> cri-é-tæ. . .	kri-é-teur.	<b>Quenched.</b> kuénch't. . .	kouén'ch't.
<b>En-ti-cing.</b> en-tái-sing. . .	en-tái-cin'gne	<b>T r a d i -</b>	
<b>Fúr-nace.</b> fææ-nes. . .	féur-néce.	<b>tion.</b> . .	tre-disch-æn tre-dich-eune
<b>Gló-ri-ous.</b> gló-ri-æs. . .	gló-ri-euce.	<b>Ty-rant.</b> . .	tái-ránt. . .
		<b>Wór-ship.</b> . .	úæ-schip. . .

Á-bra-ham was brought up in=a-cáve, for=the=tý-rant Ním-rod thírst-ed for=his=life. But é-ven in this dark home the light of God was=in=him He thought much a-bóut=his=Cre-á-tor and asked him-sélf the qué-s-tion, Whó=could be=He?

When=he=was=six=teen years old he went out, and when he, for=the=first=time, saw héav-en and earth, he=was=as-tón-ish-ed and re-jóiced be-yónd 'méa-sure, and asked all things róund=him, « Who is your Cre-á-tor? »

The=sún rose, and Á-bra-ham fell down=on=his=fáce.

« This, » said he, « is=the=Cre-á-tor, for=his=cóun-te-nance is gló-ri-ous. »

The=sún climbed up the=ský, and then de-scénd-ed and set at éve-ning. Then the=móon rose, and Á-bra-ham said to him-sélf,— « The light that=has=gone=dówn was not the God of héav-

en; per-háps this lès-ser light, which=the=ár-my of stars o-béy, is He.» But both moon and stars went down, and Á-bra-ham stood a-lóne.

He=went=to=his=fáth-er and=ásked=him,— « Who is=the=God=of=héav-en and earth? » and Té-rah shówed=him his í-dols. « I=will=próve=them, » said Á-bra-ham to him-sélf, and when=he=was=a-lóne, he laíd the most en-tí-cing fruits be-fóre=them. « If ye be liv-ing gods, » said he, « ac-cépt the óf-fer-ing máde=you. » But=the=i-dols stood there and=did=not=móve.

« Can my fáth-er count these for gods? » said the boy. « Well, per-háps I=will=teach=him=bét-ter. » So=he=took=a=stíck and broke all the í-dols in píe-ces but one, then put the stick in that one's hand and ran to=his=fáth-er. « Fáth-er. » said he, « has your chief god bró-ken all the óth-ers? »

But Té-rah looked fierce-ly-at=him and án-swéred,— « You=are=móck-ing=me, boy; how=could=it=dó=so, when=I=máde=it with=my=ówn hands? »

« Oh, be not án-gry, my fáth-er, » said Á-bra-ham, « and let thine ear hear what my mouth spéak-eth! If you cán-not believe that your god could do what=I=have=done with my boy hand, how=can=he=bé the god who cre-á-ted me and thee, and=the=héav-ens=and=the=eárh? » Té-rah was sí-lent be-fóre the=lád's words.

But=the=news=of=the=déed soon came to=the=tý-rant Ním-rod, and=he=cáalled Á-bra-ham be-fóre=him and said,— « My god shalt thou wór-ship, O boy, or=the=búrn-ing fúr-nace shall be thy re-wárd. » For all the wise men had fore-tóld to=the=Kíng, at Á-bra-ham's birth, that=he=would=o-ver-thrów [the í-dols, and=would=put=an=end to=the=wór-ship ór-dered by=the=Kíng in=his=kíng-dom.

« Who=is=thý god, O King? » asked the un-dis-máyed boy.

« The=fire=is=my god, » án-swéred the King; « it=is=the=most=míght-y of bé-ings. »

« The fire, » said=the=bóy, « is quenched by wá-ter, wá-ter rí-ses up líght-ly in-to=the=clóud, the cloud is driv-en a-wáy by=the=wínds, but man can stand a-gáinst=the=wínds: so man is=the=most=míght-y=of=bé-ings. »

« And I am the=míght-i-est=of=mén, » said Kíng Ním-rod. « Wór-ship=me, or=the=glów-ing fúr-nace shall be thy re-wárd! »

Then=the=bóy líft-ed up his mód-est eyes and said, « I saw the=sún rise yés-ter-day in=the=mórn-ing and go down in=the=eve-ning; com-mánd, O King, that, to=dáy, it rise in=the=eve-ning and go down in=the=mórn-ing, and then I=shall=wór-ship=thee. »





his best friend, léaves=him first and=will=not=gó=with=him. His re-lá-tions and friends, who=are=the=séc-ond in=his=re-gárd, gó=with=him to=the=doors=of=the=gráve, and then turn back to their=hómes. The third, whom, in life, he wéll-nigh o-ver-lóoked, are=his=góod deeds. They, a-lóne, ac-cóm-pa-ny=him to the=throne=of=the=júdge; they go be=fóre=him, and=spéak=for=him, and=are=héard with fá-vour and love.

## THE BÁTTLÉ OF HÁSTINGS. — *Charles Dickens.*

(A. D. 1066.)

Pronun. española.	Pronon. française.	Pronun. española.	Pronon. française.
<b>A - bân -</b>	e-bân-dæn'd	e-bân'-deun	
doned.		'd.	
<b>Am-bás-sa</b>	am-bás-e-	am'-bás-se-	
dors..	dæs..	deurz.	
<b>Arch-ers..</b>	áčh-æs..	ártch-eurz.	
<b>Arm-our..</b>	ám-æ..	árm-eur.	
<b>Ar-rows..</b>	ár-ós..	ár-óz.	
<b>As - cer -</b>			
táin.	as-sæ-téen..	as-cer-téne.	
<b>Bán-ner.</b>	bán-æ..	bán-eur.	
<b>Bár-ons.</b>	bar-æns..	bár-eunz.	
<b>Bát-tered.</b>	bát-æd..	bát-eur'de.	
<b>Bát-le-axe</b>	bát'l-aks..	bát-tl'-akce.	
<b>Béard-ed.</b>	biæd-ed..	bieurd-ed.	
<b>Be-sieged.</b>	bi-siúdh'd.	bi-cid'j'd.	
<b>Blind.</b>	blaind..	blain'de.	
<b>Blood.</b>	blæd..	bleud.	
<b>Ca - róu -</b>		ka-ráou-zin'	
sing..	kæ-ráu-sing.	gue.	
<b>Cás-tle..</b>	cás-'l..	kás-s'l.	
<b>Cír-cle..</b>	sæ-æ-k'l..	céur-kl'.	
<b>Cóm-pa-ny</b>	kæm-pæ-ne..	kéum-pa-né.	
<b>Cón-tra-ry</b>	cón-træ-re..	kón-tra-ré.	
<b>Corpse..</b>	coops..	korpce.	
<b>Cóun-cil.</b>	káun-sil..	káoun-cil.	
<b>Cóu-rage..</b>	kæ-redch..	kéur-edje.	
<b>Eá-ger..</b>	i-gæ..	i-gueur.	
<b>Fáith-ful-</b>			
ly..	féesz-ful-e..	féth-foul-é.	
<b>Fí-e-ry..</b>	fái-æ-re..	fái-a-ré.	
<b>Fí-gure.</b>	fig-æ..	fig-eur.	
<b>Front.</b>	frænt..	frente.	
<b>Fú-ne-ral..</b>	fiú-ner-æł..	fiou-ner-al.	
<b>Gór-geous</b>	góo-dhæs..	gá-dheucus.	
<b>Há-rolđ.</b>	hár-æłd..	hár-eulde.	
<b>Hón-or-a-</b>			
ble..	ón-ær-e-bl'.	ón-eur-e-bl'.	
<b>Leagued.</b>	liğ'd..	liğ'd.	
<b>Mass..</b>	mas..	mace.	
<b>Més-sage..</b>	més-edch..	més-edje.	
<b>Mór-tal.</b>	móo-tæl..	mór-tal.	
<b>Nor-wé-gi</b>	n o o - u i -	n o r - o u i -	
-an.	dchæn..	djeune.	
<b>Pil-laged.</b>	pil-edch'd.	pil-ed'j'd.	
<b>Pór-tion.</b>	póo-schæn..	pór-cheune.	
<b>Prow..</b>	prau..	prau.	
<b>Pur-sú-ing</b>	pæ-siú-ing.	peur-siouin'	
	gue.	gue.	
<b>Rál-lied.</b>	rál-ed..	rál-ed.	
<b>Re-sígn.</b>	ri-sáin..	ri-záine.	
<b>Re-sóund-</b>	ri-sáund-ed..	ri-záoun'd-	
ed..		ed.	
<b>Re-tí-ring.</b>	ri-tái-æ-ring	ri-táir-in'gue	
<b>Rús-tled.</b>	ræs-'l'd..	réus-s'l'd.	
<b>Sláugh-ter</b>	slóo-tæ..	slâ-teur.	
<b>Spéc-tacle</b>	spéc-te-k'l..	spék-te-kl'.	
<b>Strewn.</b>	struun..	stroune.	
<b>Stúm-bled</b>	stæm-b'l'd.	stéum-bl'd.	
<b>Sur-vey.</b>	sææ-ve..	seur-vé.	
<b>Sword.</b>	sood..	sorde.	
<b>Up-per..</b>	æp-æ..	éup-eur.	
<b>Up-ward..</b>	æp-uæd..	éup-oueurd.	
<b>Vás-sal.</b>	vás-al..	vás-al.	
<b>Vic-tó-ri-</b>			
ous.	vic-tó-ri-æz.	vik-tó-ri-euce	
<b>Wár-rant.</b>	uór-ant-ed..	ouór-an't-ed.	
<b>Wár-ri-or.</b>	uór-i-æ..	ouór-ieur.	
<b>Wóund-ed</b>	úund-ed..	ouound-ed.	

Há-rolđ was crowned King of Éng-land on=the=vé-ry day of Éd-ward the Con-féss-or's fú-ne-ral. When=the=néws reached Nór-man Wíl-li-am, hún-ting=in=his=párk at Rou-en, he dropped his bow, re-túrned=to=his=pál-ace, called his nó-bles to cóun-cil, and prés-ent-ly sent am-bás-sa-dors to Há-rolđ, cáll-ing=on=him to keep his oath, and re-sígn the crown. Há-rolđ would

do no such thing. The bá-rons of France leagued to-géth-er round Duke Wil-li-am for the in-vá-sion of Éng-land. Duke Wil-li-am próm-ised frée-ly to dis-tri-bute Éng-lish wealth and Éng-lish lands a-móng-them. The Pope sent to Nór-man-dy a cón-se-cra-ted bán-ner, and=a=ríng con-táin-ing a hair which=hé-wár-rant-ed to=have=grówn on=the=head=of=St.=Pé-ter! He blessed the én-ter-prise, and cursed Há-rold, and re-ques-ted that=the=Nór-mans would pay «Pé-ter's pence» (or a tax to him-sélf of=a=pén-ny a year on év-e-ry house) a lít-tle more rég-u-lar-ly in fú-ture, if=they=could=máke=it con-vé-ni-ent.

King Há-rold had a réb-el bróth-er in Flán-ders, who=was=a=vas-sal of Há-rold Hárd-ra-da, King of Nór-way. This bróth-er and=the=Nor-wé-gian kíng, jóin-ing their fór-ces a-gáinst Éng-land, with Duke Wil-li-am's help won a fight, in which the Éng-lish were com-mánd-ed by two nó-bles, and then be-sieged York. Há-rold, who=was=wát-ing for=the=Nór-mans on=the=coast=of=Hás-tings, with=his=ár-my, marched to Stám-ford Bridge, up-ón=the=rív-er Dér-went, to give his bróth-er' and=the=Nor-wé-gians ín-stant bát-tle.

He=fóund=them drawn up in=a=hól-low cír-cle, marked out by=their=shí-ning spears. Rí-ding round this cír-cle at=a=dís-tance, to=sur-véy=it, he saw a brave fi-gure on hórse-back, in=a=blúe mán-tle and=a=bright hél-met, whose horse súd-den-ly stúm-bled and=thréw=him.

«Who is that man who=has=fáll-en?» Há-rold asked of=one=of=his=cáp-tains.

«The King of Nór-way,» he re-plied.

«He is=a=táll and státe-ly king,» said Há-rold, «but=his=énd is near.»

He ádd-ed, in=a=lít-tle while, — «Go yón-der to my bróth-er, and=téll=him if he with-dráw his troops he=shall=be=Earl=of=North-úm-ber-land, and rich and pów-er-ful in Éng-land.»

The cáp-tain rode a-wáy and gave the més-sage.

«What will=he=gíve to=my=friénd the king of Nór-way?» asked the bróth-er.

«Sév-en feet of earth for=a=gráve,» re-plied the cáp-tain.

«No more?» re-plied the bróth-er, with=a=smíle.

«The=king=of=Nór-way bé-ing a tall man, per-háps a lít-tle more,» re-plied the cáp-tain.

«Ride back,» said=the=bróth-er, «and tell King Há-rold to make réa-dy for=the=fíght!»

He=díd=so vé-ry soon. And such a fight King Há-rold led a-gáinst that force, that=his=bróth-er, the Nor-wé-gian king, and év-e-ry chief of note in all their host, ex-cépt the Nor-wé-

gian king's son Ól-ave, to whom he gave hón-or-a-ble dis-míss-al, were left dead up-ón=the=field. The vic-tó-ri-ous ár-my marched to York. As King Há-rold sat there at=the=feást, in=the=midst of all his cóm-pa-ny, a stir was heard at=the=dóors, and més-sen-gers, all cóv-ered with mire from rí-ding far and fast through bró-ken ground, came húr-ry-ing in to re-pórt that=the=Nór-mans had lánd-ed in Éng-land.

The in-tél-li-gence was true. They=had=been=tossed=a-bóut by cón-tra-ry winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A=part=of=their=own=shóre, to which they=had=been=drí-ven-back, was strewn with Nór-man bód-ies. But=they=had=once=móre made sail, led by=the=Dúke's own gál-ley, a prés-ent from=his=wífe, up-ón=the=prów where-óf the fi-gure of=a=góld-en boy stood póint-ing to-wárds Éng-land. By day, the bân-ner of=the=thréé li-ons of Nór-man-dy, the dí-verse có-loured sails, the gíld-ed vanes, the mán-y dec-o-rá-tions of=this=gór-geous ship, had glít-tered=in=the=sún and sún-ny wá-ter; by night, a light had spár-kled like a star=at=her=mást-head: and now, en-cámped near Há-s-tings, with their léad-er lý-ing in=the=óld Ró-man cás-tle of Pév-en-sey, the Éng-lish re-tí-ring in all dí-réc-tions, the land for miles a-róund scorched and smó-king, fired and pí-l-laged, was=the=whóle Nór-man pów-er, hópe-ful and strong, on Éng-lish ground.

Há-rold broke up the feast, and húr-ried=to=Lón-don. With-in a week his ár-my was réa-dy. He sent out spies to as-cer-táin the Nór-man strength. Wíl-li-am tóok=them, cáused=them to be led through=his=whóle camp, and then dis-míssed=them. «The Nór-mans,» said these spies to Há-rold, «are not béard-ed on=the=úp-per lip as we Éng-lish=are, but=are=shórn. They=are=priests.» «My men,» re-plíed Há-rold, with=a=láugh, «will find those priests good sól-diers.» «The Sáx-ons,» re-pórt-ed Duke Wíl-li-am's óut-posts of Nór-man sól-diers, who=were=in-strúct-ed to re-tíre as King Há-rold's ár-my ad-vánced, «rúsh-on=us through their pí-l-laged cóun-try with=the=fú-ry of mád-men.»

«Let them come, and come soon,» said Duke Wíl-li-am.

Some pro-pó-sals for a re-con-cil-i-á-tion were made, but=were=sóon a-bán-doned. In the míd-dle of=the=month=of=Oc-tó-ber, in the year 1066, the Nór-mans and=the=Éng-lish came front to front. All night the ár-mies lay en-cámped be-fóre each óth-er, in=a=part=of=the=cóun-try then called Sén-lac, now called (in re-mém-brance=of=them) Bát-tle. With=the=first dawn of day they a-róse. There, in=the=fáint light, were the Éng-lish on=a=hill; a wood be-hínd=them; in their midst the róy-al bân-ner, re-pre-sént-ing a fight-ing wár-ri-or, wó-ven in gold thread

a-dórned with pré-cious stones; be-néath the bán-ner, as-it-rús-tled=in-the=wínd, stood King Há-rolld on foot, with=two=of=his=re-máin-ing bróth-ers by=his=síde; a-róund=them, still and sí-lent=as=the=déad, clús-tered the whole Éng-lish ár-my,—év-e-ry sól-dier cóv-ered=by=his=shíeld, and béar-ing in=his=hánd his dréad-ed Éng-lish báttle-axe.

On=an=óp-po-site hill, in three lines,—árch-ers, fóot-soldiers, hórse-men,—was=the=Nór-man force. Of=a=súd-den, a great báttle-cry burst from=the=Nór-man lines. The Éng-lish án-swered with=their=own=báttle-cry. The Nór-mans then came swéep-ing down the hill to at-táck the Éng-lish.

There=was=óne tall Nór-man knight who rode be-fóre the Nór-man ár-my on=a=prán-cing horse, thrów-ing up his héa-vy sword and cách-ing-it, and síng-ing of=the=brá-ve-ry=of=his=cóun-try-men. An Éng-lish knight, who rode out from=the=Éng-lish force to=méet=him, fell by this knight's hand. An-óth-er Éng-lish knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Nór-man. This=was=in=the=be-gín-ning of=the=figh-t. It soon raged év-e-ry-where.

The Éng-lish, kéep-ing side by side in=a=gréat mass, cared no more for=the=shów-ers of Nór-man ár-rows than=if=they=had=been=shów-ers of Nór-man rain. When the Nór-man hórse-men rode a-gáinst=them, with their báttle-áxes, they cut men and hórse-es down. The Nór-mans gave way. The Éng-lish pressed fór-ward. A cry went forth a-móng the Nór-man troops that Duke Wíl-li-am was killed. Duke Wíl-li-am took off his hél-met, in ór-der that=his=fáce might=be=dis-tinct-ly seen, and rode a-lóng the line be-fóre his men. This=gáve=them cóur-age. As=they=turned=a-gáin to face the Éng-lish, some=of=the=Nór-man horse di-ví-ded the pur-sú-ing bód-y=of=the=Éng-lish from=the=rést, and thus all the fóre-most pór-tion of=the=Éng-lish fell, figh-t-ing bráve-ly. The main bód-y still re-máin-ing firm, héed-less=of=the=Nór-man ár-rows, and=with=their=báttle-áxes cút-ting down the crowds of hórse-men when they rode up, like fór-ests of young trees, Duke Wíl-li-am pre-ténd-ed to re-tréat. The éa-ger Éng-lish fól-lowed. The Nór-man ár-my closed a-gáin, and fell=up=ón=them with great sláught-er.

«Still,» said Duke Wíl-li-am, «there are thóu-sands=of=the=Éng-lish, firm as rocks a-róund their king. Shoot úp-ward, Nór-man árch-ers, that=your=ár-rows may fall down up=ón=their=fä-cés.»

The=sún rose high, and sank, and=the=bát-tle still raged. Through all that wíld Oc-tó-ber day, the clash and din re-sóund-ed=in=the=áir. In=the=red=sún-set, and=in=the=white=móon-

light, heaps up-ón heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dréad-ful spéc-ta-cle, all ó-ver the ground. King Há-rol-d, wóund-ed by an ár-row in=the=é-ye, was néar-ly blind. His bróth-ers were al-réa-dy killed. Twén-ty Nór-man knights, whose bát-tered árm-our had flashed fí-e-ry and góld-en in=the=sún-shine all day long, and=now=looked=síl-ver-y in=the=móon-light, dashed fór-ward to=séize the róy-al bán-ner, from=the=Éng-lish knights and sól-diers, still fáith-ful-ly col-léct-ed round their blind-ed king. The king re-céived a mór-tal wound, and dropped. The=Éng-lish broke and fled. The=Nór-mans rál-lied, and=the=day=was=lóst.

Oh! what=a=sight be=néath the moon and stars, when lights were shí-ning in=the=tént of=the=vic-tó-ri-ous Duke Wíl-li-am, which=was=pitched near the spot where Há-rol-d fell, —and he and his knights were ca-róu-sing with-ín, —and sól-diers with tórch-es, gó-ing slów-ly to and fro with-óut, sought for=the=corpse=of=Há-rol-d a-móng piles of dead, —and=the=wár-ri-or, worked in góld-en thread and pré-cious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood, —and=the=thréé Nór-man lí-ons kept watch ó-ver=the=field!

## PRÉCEPT UPÓN PRÉCEPT.

### *A Fátther's advice to a Dáughter.*

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Ad-vice. . . ad-váis. . . ad-váice.  
 Aw-ful. . . óo-ful. . . á-foul.  
 Cóme-ly. . . kæm-le. . . keúm-lé.  
 Cóur-teous kóo-chiæs. . . kór-tchieuce.  
 De-vóut. . . di-vánt. . . di-váoute.

Di-et. . . dáí-et. . . dáí-ete.  
 Di-vine. . . di-váin. . . di-váine.  
 Pré-cept. . . pri-sept. . . pri-cepte.  
 Qui-et. . . kuai-et. . . kouai-ete.  
 Talk. . . took. . . ták.

Let thy thoughts be di-vine, áw-ful, gód-ly:  
 Thy talk lít-tle, hón-est, true:  
 Thy works próf-it-a-ble, hól-ly, chár-i-ta-ble:  
 Thy mán-ners gráve, cóur-teous, chéer-ful:  
 Thy dí-et tém-pe-rate, con-vé-ni-ent, frú-gal:  
 Thy ap-pá-rel só-ber, neat, cóme-ly:  
 Thy will cón-stant, o-bé-di-ent, réad-y:  
 Thy sleep mód-e-rate, qui-et, séa-son-a-ble:  
 Thy práy-ers short, de-vóut, óf-ten, fér-vent:  
 Thy rec-re-á-tion láw-ful, brief, sél-dóm.

# 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SÚMMER.

*Thómas Moore.*

Thó-mas Moore was born in Dúib-lín in 1779, and died in 1852. His lóng-est pó-em is « *Lál-la Rookh* ». He was an in-ti-mate friend of Lord By-ron and Shér-i-dan, and wrote the lives of both. His pó-et-ry is mel-ó-di-ous and él-e-gant, but it wants sim-plic-i-ty and ná-tu-ral-ness. Mán-y of his songs and vérs-es have been set to de-light-ful mú-sic, and their pop-u-lár-i-ty is im-ménse, — and none more so than the ex-quis-ite-ly tóuch-ing and pláin-tive mél-o-dy of « *The last Rose of Sám-mer.* »

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

**Blúsh-es.** . . blæsch-es. . . bléuche-éz.  
**Cír-cle.** . . sææ-k'l. . . ceur-kl'.  
**Com-pán-i** kæni-pán- keum - pán-  
**-on.** . . iæn. . . ieune.  
**Gems.** . . dchems. . . djemz.  
**I'll** (*I will*). áel. . . áele.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

**Kínd-ly.** . . káind-le. . . káin'd-lé.  
**Nigh.** . . náil. . . náil.  
**Róse-bud.** . . rós-bæd. . . róze-beud.  
**Scént-less.** . . sént-les. . . sén'te-lece.  
**Sigh.** . . sai. . . sai.  
**With-ered** uíz-ææd. . . ouith-eur'd.

'Tis the last rose of súm-mer,  
 Left blóom-ing a-lóne:  
 All her lóve-ly com-pán-i-ons  
 Are fá-ded and gone;  
 No flów-ers of her kínd-red,  
 No róse-bud is nigh,  
 To re-fléct back her blúsh-es,  
 Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lóve-ly are sléep-ing,  
 Go, sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kínd-ly I scát-ter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the gár-den  
 Lie scént-less and dead.

So soon may I fól-low,  
 When friend-ships de-cáy,  
 And=from=lóve's shí-ning cír-cle  
 The gems drop a-wáy!  
 When true hearts lie with-er'd,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would in-háb-it  
 This bleak world a-lóne?



# THE LITTLE WORD «ONLY.»

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Aw-ful.. . óo-ful.. . â-foul.  
**Can't** (*can-not*) . . . caant. . . kan't.  
**Cér-tain-ly** sææ-ten-le. . . cer-ten'-lé.  
**Clothes.** . . clozs. . . klóthz.  
**E-ven.** . . íi-v'n. . . i-v'n.  
**I've** (*I have*). . . áev. . . áeve.  
**Lég-a-cy.** . . lég-æ-se. . . lég-a-cé.  
**Lí-lac.** . . láí-læc. . . láí-lac.  
**Mém-o-ry.** mém-æ-re. . . méum-eur-é.  
**Mèn-tion-** mén-schæn-mén-cheun-  
**ing.** . . ing. . . in'gue.

**Mrs.** . . míses . . míses  
**George.** . . dhoodch. . . djordje.  
**O-blige.** . . o-bláidch. . . ó-bláidje.  
**On-ly.** . . ón-le. . . ón-lé.  
**Pów-er.** . . páu-æ. . . páou-eur.  
**Sin-gle.** . . sín-g'l. . . sín'g-gl'.  
**S ó v - e -**  
**reign.** . . sóv-ren. . . sóv-rene.  
**Sure.** . . schiú-æ. . . chiou-eur.  
**Thóu-sand** záu-sænd. . . tháou-zan'de  
**Tri-ple.** . . tráí-fl. . . tráí-fl'.  
**Wid-ow.** . . uid-o. . . ouid-ó.

*Mrs. George.* What brings=you so éar-ly, néigh-bour?

*Mrs. Dash.* I=have=a-fá-vor to=ásk=of=you, néigh-bour.

*Mrs. George.* A fá-vor! If=it=is=in=my=pów-er to=o-blige=you, I=am=súre I=shall=dó=it.

*Mrs. Dash.* It's ón-ly a tri-ple I=have=to=ásk,—that=you=will=be=so=kind as=to=lénd=me a sóv-e-reign.

*Mrs. George.* Ón-ly a sóv-e-reign!

*Mrs. Dash.* Ón-ly a sóv-e-reign. I've seen a dress=in=the=tówn,—such=a=dár-ling dress!—lí-lac, with white flów-ers. To=be=sure, I can't say I néed=it: but=it=is=such=a=béau-ti-ful dress!—such=a=béau-ty! And=it=is=so=vé-ry cheap! Think, néigh-bour, it costs ón-ly four-and-six-pence!

*Mrs. George.* Ón-ly four-and-six-pence?

*Mrs. Dash.* Ón-ly four-and-six-pence. Per-háps I=may=é-ven=get sóme-thing=óff=that: but I must háve=it.

*Mrs. George.* In-déed?

*Mrs. Dash.* I=am=sór-ry that=I=have=to=tróu-ble=you; but the times are so hard, one can hárd-ly get the four sór-ry shíl-ings to=géth-er that one needs for=clóthes, lív-ing, and ex-pén-ses. But=I=ex-péct the mó-ney from my lég-a-cy to=mór-row, and then I=shall=re-páy=you with thanks.

*Mrs. George.* Then you got sóme-thing léft=you by=your=fáth-er?

*Mrs. Dash.* Yes, I did: but=it=was=só small, it=is=not=worth=mèn-tion-ing.

*Mrs. George.* How much wás=it, then?

*Mrs. Dash.* Ón-ly twén-ty five pounds.

*Mrs. George.* Ón-ly twén-ty five pounds?

*Mrs. Dash.* No more, néigh-bour.

*Mrs. George.* Now, I=shall=wíl-ling-ly lénd=you the mó-ney;



but=I=must=ask=you to hear a stó-ry which=may=bring=you a lég-a-cy of twén-ty five pounds a year if=you=think=ó-ver=it well.

*Mrs. Dash.* In-déed? Pray let=me=héar=it.

*Mrs. George.* Did you know the góld-smith's wíd-ow that lived ó-ver=in=the=cór-ner yón-der?

*Mrs. Dash.* That I did. She=has=júst=died in=the=wórk-house.

*Mrs. George.* And=she=ónce=had a deal of mó-ney, néigh-bour: but=a=lít-tle word bróught=her to=be=a=hég-gar.

*Mrs. Dash.* A word! How=can=thát=be?

*Mrs. George.* Yes, a word,—a sín-gle word, a vé-ry lít-tle word.

*Mrs. Dash.* Whát=could=it=be?

*Mrs. George.* I=shall=téll=you. In=the=first place, she ál-ways thought év-e-ry-thing vé-ry cheap. If=she=cáme home in=the=fóre-noon from már-ket, she=was=ál-ways in high spír-its; for=she=had=got=év-e-ry-thing for next to nó-thing. The chíck-ens cost *ón-ly* two shíl-lings,—the bít-ter *ón-ly* the same. She=was=in=high glee when=she=had=thús spent *ón-ly* ten or twelve shíl-lings. How much does=the=dress=cóst, néigh-bour?

*Mrs. Dash.* The=dréss? The=dréss? They ask four-and-síx-pence =for=it.

*Mrs. George.* Yes, that's it. My mém-o-ry fáils=me at times. The good wó-man had, be=sídes, the wéak-ness of thínk-ing án-y mó-ney she=might=gét *ón-ly* a trí-fle. She sold her gár-den for *ón-ly* a hún-dred pounds, her wine bróught=her *ón-ly* éight-y pounds, and=her=hóuse *ón-ly* a thóu-sand pounds. She=was=glád when=she=had=got=rid=of=it. But you know néigh-bour, that she soon had nó-thing left. That áw-ful word *ón-ly*! Yes, that *ón-ly*!

*Mrs. Dash.* That *ón-ly*! I see what you mean.

*Mrs. George.* How much shall=I=lénd=you, néigh-bour?

*Mrs. Dash.* Ah, dear néigh-bour, I=shall=lét the dress go. The stó-ry a-bóut=the=wíd-ow is vé-ry sad. Good day, néigh-bour. Don't táke=it ill of me.

*Mrs. George.* Cér-tain-ly not. If I can at any time hélp=you I=shall=be=glád. Good day.

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## L I F E .

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There ap-péars to ex-íst a gréat-er de-síre to live long than=to=live=wéll. Méa-sure by man's de-síres, and he cán-not live long e-nóugh: méa-sure by=his=góod=deeds, and=he=has=nót lived long e-nóugh: méa-sure by=his=é-vil deeds, and=he=has=líved too long.

# THE SPARROW AND HIS FOUR CHILDREN.

Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.		Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.	
<b>Bó-som.</b>	. . bú-sæm. . .	bóu-zeume.		<b>Féath-ers.</b>	féz-æs. . .	féth-eurz.	
<b>By-ways.</b>	. . báí-nees. . .	bái-onéze.		<b>For-gét.</b>	for-guét. . .	for-guète.	
<b>Cáre-ful-ly</b>	kém-ful-e. . .	kére-foul-lé.		<b>Fór-tu-</b>	fóo-chiu-net-	fóo-tchiou-	
<b>Cát-er-pil-</b>		kát-a-pil-		<b>nate-ly.</b>	le. . . .	nete-lé.	
<b>lars.</b>	. . . cá-t-æ-pil-ær.	eurz.		<b>Hawks.</b>	hooks. . . .	hákke.	
<b>Cón-</b>				<b>High-ways</b>	háí-nees. . .	háí-onéze.	
<b>science.</b>	cón-schens. . .	kón-chen'ce.		<b>In-ju-ry.</b>	in-dchæ-re. . .	in-djeu-ré.	
<b>Court.</b>	. . . coot. . . .	kort.		<b>Owls.</b>	áuls. . . .	áουλz.	
<b>Dái-ly.</b>	. . . dée-le. . . .	dé-lé.		<b>Pro-vi-ded</b>	pro-vái-ded. . .	pró-vái-ded.	
<b>De-vour.</b>	di-váu-æ. . .	di-váou-eur.		<b>Pushed.</b>	push't. . . .	pouch't.	
<b>Dis-cóv-</b>		dis-kéuv-eur		<b>Re-lí-gion</b>	ri-lích-æn. . .	ri-lídj-eunne.	
<b>ered.</b>	. . . dis-kæv-æd. . .	'd.		<b>Rough.</b>	raf. . . .	reuf.	
<b>Eá-gle.</b>	. . . ii-gl. . . .	i-gl'.		<b>Sér-mon.</b>	sææ-mæn. . .	sér-meunz.	
<b>Es-pé-cial</b>		es-péch-eul		<b>Spár-row.</b>	spár-o. . . .	spár-ó.	
<b>-ly.</b>	. . . es-pésch-æle	-é.		<b>Spi-ders.</b>	spái-dæs. . .	spái-deurz.	
<b>Fál-cons.</b>	. . . fóol-kæns. . .	fál-keunz.		<b>Swál-low.</b>	suól-o. . . .	sonól-ó.	

A Spár-row had four young ones in=a=swál-low's nest, but=just=as=they=were=flédged, some náugh-ty boys dis-cóv-ered the nest and pushed the birds out. Fór-tu-nate-ly a slight breeze was blów-ing at=the=time, and bore them up. But=the=óld spár-row was sór-ry be-cáuse her chíl-dren were=gone=óut=in-to=the=world be-fóre she=had=wárned=them of=its=dán-gers, or táught=them good mán-ners.

In=the=néxt spríng-time a great mán-y spár-rows chanced to meet to-géth-er in=a=field=of=córn, and=a=móng=them the old spár-row háp-pi-ly met=with=his=yóung=ones, and=took=them=hóme=with=him, with great joy. « Ah, my dear chíl-dren, » hé-sáid=to=them, « what a tróu-ble I=have=béen=in a-bóut=you all the súm-mer, while you faced the world with-óut my ad-vice: now, hear my words, and=at=ténd=to=your=fáth-er, and=take=cáre=of=your-sélves, for lít-tle birds must needs meet great dán-gers. »

There-up-ón he asked his él-dest young one where=he=had=béen dú-ring the súm-mer, and=how=he=had=képt=him-sélf. « I=have=been=in=a=gár-den, » he re-plíed, « éat-ing cát-er-pil-lars and worms, till=the=chér-ries were ripe. »

« Ah, my dear son, » re-plíed the old bird, « éat-ing grubs is not so bad, but=there=is=great=dán-ger=in=it: thére-fóre keep a good look-óut, es-pé-cial-ly if péo-ple come=in-to=the=gár-den cár-ry-ing long poles: they are hól-low, and=have=a=smáll hole at=the=tóp, out of which comes fire that=will=kill=you. »

« Yes, my dear fáth-er, » re-plíed the young spár-row, « but=what=if=a=gréen leaf be stuck with wax ó-ver that lít-tle hole? »

« Where=have=you=seen=it=so? » in-quired the fáth-er.

« In=a-mér-chant's gár-den, » was=the=re-ply.

« Oh, my son, » cried the old bird, « mér-chants are cráft-y péo-ple; trú-ly you=have=been a-móng the world's chil-dren, and=have=seen their cún-ning ways; take care now that you make good use of=what=you=have=léarnt, and=do=not=be=tóo con-fi-ding. »

Then he asked the séc-ond young one where hé=had=been.

« At court, » he re-plied.

« Spár-rows and those sort of birds do not be-lóng to=such=plá-ces=as=thát, » said the fáth-er; « at court there=is=múch gold, vél-vet, silk, ár-mour, hár-ness, and such birds as hawks, fál-cons, and owls. Keep you to=the=stá-bles where they store the oats, or thrash out the corn, and then you=can=sát-is-fy your wants with=a=dái-ly sup-ply of food. »

« Yes, fáth-er, » said=the=són; « but if the boys weave their straw ín-to knots and mésh-es, mán-y a one may get hánged=by=them. »

« Where=have=you=seen=thát? » said the old bird.

« At court, a-móng the stáble=boys. »

« Ah, my son, stáble=boys are bad boys. If=you=have=been=at=cóurt with the fine lords, and yet have left be-hind=you no féath-ers, you=have=léarnt cáre-ful-ly, and know to be=háve your-sélf ín=the=wórl-d: still, keep a sharp watch, for=the=wólves óf-ten eat the clév-er-est dogs. »

« And=where=have=yóu=sought your liv-ing? » asked the old bird of=his=thírd young one.

« On=the=high-ways and bý-ways I=have=fól-lowed the farm carts, and so, now and then, I=have=chánced to pick up corn and bár-ley seed. »

« That is, in-déed a fine way of liv-ing, » said=the=fáth-er; « but mind you ob-sérve the hédg-es, and see that no one bends down to=pick=up=a=stóne; for, if so, it=is=time=for=you=to=stárt. »

« That is true, » said the young bird; « but what if one should cár-ry lít-tle péb-bles in his bó-som or póck-ets, be-hínd stone walls? »

« Where=have=you=seen=thát? »

« With=the=mí-ners, dear fáth-er, » he re-plied; « for when they trá-v-el a-bóut they=cár-ry=with=them sé-cret-ly stones to throw at péo-ple. »

« Oh, mí-ners, wórk-ing péo-ple, — cú-ri-ous péo-ple they! If=you=have=been=a-móng=them you=have=seen and learnt a great deal. »

At last the fáth-er comes=to=his=yóung-est son, and said. «Ah! my dear cáck-ler, you=were=ál-ways the wéak-est and most fóol-ish: do you stop with me, the world has so mán-y wick-ed and rough birds with sharp beaks and long claws, who at=táck and de-vóur all the lít-tle birds: keep you with me, and let the worms and spí-ders on=the=trees=and=ground=néar=us con-tént=you.»

«Ah, my dear fáth-er, he who finds=his=ówn liv-ing with-óut ín-ju-ry to óth-ers fares well, and no hawk, owl, éa-gle, or fál-con will=hárm=him; for=at=áll-times, and év-e-ry mórn-ing and éve-ning, he asks God for=his=dái-ly food, — asks God, who=is=the=má-ker and pro-téct-or of all the birds in=the=wóods and víl-lage cóps-es, — who feeds the young rá-vens, and hears their cries, and with-óut whose will no spár-row or créa-ture falls=to=the=gróund.»

«Where=did=you=learn=all=this?» cried the old bird, as=tón-ished.

«When the breeze tóok=me a-wáy,» re-plíed the bird, «I came to=a=chúrch, where I spent the súm-mer in éat-ing the flies and spi-ders off the wín-dows, and there I heard a sér-mon preached, and the Fáth-er of all lít-tle birds, who=is=in=héav-en, took=cáre=of=me through the súm-mer, and=képt=me from all harm from wick-ed and fierce birds.»

«True, my dear son,» said the old bird, «fly back to=the=chúrch and keep the flies and spí-ders from=the=wín-dows. And do not for-gét to cry to God like the rá-vens, and pray to Him év-e-ry day, and so you will keep well, in=spite=of=áll wick-ed birds; for he who gives him-sélf up to God who hears all, — he who prays, and is gén-tle and kind, and keeps true to=his=re-li-gion, and=takes=care=to=have=ál-ways a clear cón-science, will ál-ways be pro-téct-ed and pro-ví-ded for by God.»

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## LOVE OF COUNTRY. — *Sir Wálter Scott.*

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Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who név-er to him-sélf hath said,  
 «This is my own, my ná-tive land!»

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HE WHO séd-u-lous-ly at-ténds, póint-ed-ly asks, cálm-ly speaks, cóol-ly án-swérs, and céas-es when=he=has=nó=more to say, is=in=pos-sés-sion of=some=of=the=bést ré-qui-sites of man.

## THE LITTLE MATCH-SELLER.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

<b>A-pron..</b>	. é-præn.	. . .	é-preuns.
<b>Bun-dle.</b>	. bæ-n-d'l.	. . .	béun-dl'.
<b>Cár-ri-a-</b>			
<b>ges.</b>	. . kár-idch-es..		kár-idje-éze.
<b>Christ-mas</b>	. kris-mes.	. . .	kris-mece.
<b>Cór-ner.</b>	. kóo-næ.	. . .	kór-neur.
<b>Corpse..</b>	. koo-ps.	. . .	korpee.
<b>Curls.</b>	. . . kœals..	. . .	keurlze.
<b>Eve.</b>	. . . iiv.	. . .	ive.
<b>Floor.</b>	. . . floæ.	. . .	flóre.
<b>Howled.</b>	. . . haul'd.	. . .	haul'd.
<b>Húd-dled.</b>	. hæ-d-'l'd.	. . .	héud-dl'd.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. françaiso

<b>Im-á-gined</b>	im-ádch-in'd	im'-ád-djin'd
<b>I-ron..</b>	. . . ái-en..	. . . ái-eune.
<b>Jumped.</b>	. . . dchæmp't.	. . . djeump't.
<b>Rubbed.</b>	. . . reb'd.	. . . reub'd.
<b>Sá-vour-y.</b>	. . . sé-var-e..	. . . sé-veur-é.
<b>Shóul-der.</b>	. . . schól-dæ..	. . . chól-deur.
<b>Spút-tered</b>	. . . spæt-ææd.	. . . spéut-teur'd.
<b>Streak..</b>	. . . striik..	. . . strik.
<b>Tér-ri-ble.</b>	. . . tér-i-b'l.	. . . tér-i-bl'.
<b>Up-wards.</b>	. . . æp-uææds.	. . . éup-oueurdze
<b>Veil.</b>	. . . veel.	. . . véle.
<b>Wád-dled.</b>	. . . nó-d-'l'd.	. . . ouó-d-dl'd.

It=was=tér-ri-bly cold and néar-ly dark on=the=last=éve-ning of the old year, and the snow was fáll-ing fast. In=the=cóld and=the=dárk-ness a poor lít-tle girl, with bare head and ná-ked feet, roamed through the streets. It=is=trúe she had on a pair of slíp-pers when she left home, but=they=were=not=of=much=úse. They were vé-ry large; so large, in-déed, that=they=had=be-lónged to her móth-er, and the poor lít-tle créa-ture had=lóst=them in rún-ning a-cróss the street to a-vóid two cár-ri-a-ges that were róll-ing a-lóng at=a=tér-ri-ble rate. One=of=the=slíp-pers she could not find, and a boy seized up=ón the óth-er and=ran=a-wáy =with=it, sáy-ing that=he=could=úse=it as a crá-dle when he had chil-dren=of=his=ówn. So the lít-tle girl went on with her lít-tle ná-ked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In=on=old=á-pron she cár-ried a núm-ber of máтч-es, and=had=a=bún-dle=of=them in her hands. No one had bought án-y-thing of her the whole day, nor had án-y one giv-en=her é-ven a pén-ny. Shív-er-ing with cold and húng-er she crept a-lóng: poor lít-tle child, she looked the pic-ture of mís-e-ry. The snów-flakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shóul-ders, but she re-gárd-ed=them=not.

Lights were shí-ning from év-e-ry win-dow, and=there=was=a=sá-vour-y smell of roast goose, for=it=was=Név-Year's=Eve,— yes, she re-mém-bered that. In a cór-ner be-twéen two hóus-es, one=of=which pro-jéct-ed be-yónd the óth-er, she sank down and húd-dled her-sélf to-géth-er. She=had=dráwn her lít-tle feet ún-der=her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for=she=had=sóld no máтч-es, and could not take home é-ven a pén-ny of món-ey. Her fáth-er would cér-tain-ly héat=her; be=sides, it=was=ál-most=as=cóld at home as here, for=they=had=ón-ly the roof to=cóv-er=them, through which the

wind howled, al-though the lár-gest holes had=been=stopped=up with straw and rags. Her lit-tle hands were ál-most fró-zen with the cold. Ah! per-háps a búrn-ing match might be of some good, if=she=could=dráw=it from the bún-dle and=strike=it a-gáinst the wall, just to warm her fin-gers. She drew one out, — «scratch!» how it spút-tered=as=it=búrn! It gave a warm, bright light, like a lit-tle cán-dle, as she held her hand ó-ver=it. It=was=ré-al-ly a wón-der-ful light. It seemed to the lit-tle girl as-if=she=was=sít-ting by a large í-ron stove, with pól-ished brass feet and a brass ór-na-ment. How the fire burned! and seemed so béau-ti-ful-ly warm, that the child stretched out her feet as-if=to=wárm=them, when lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove ván-ished, and=she=had=ón-ly the re-máins of the hálf-burnt match in her hand.

She rubbed an-óth-er match on the wall. It burst=in-to=a-fláme, and when its light fell up-ón the wall, it be-cáme as trans-pá-rent as a veil, and=she=could=see=in-to=the=róom. The tá-ble was ców-ered with a snów-y white táble-cloth, on which stood a splén-did din-ner sér-vice, and=a=stéam-ing roast goose, stuffed with áp-ples and dried plums. And=what=was=still=more=wón-der-ful, the goose jumped down from=the=dísh and wád-dled a-cróss the floor, with=a=knife=and=fórk in its breast, to the lit-tle girl. Then the match went out, and there re-máined nó-thing but the thick, damp, cold wall be-fóre=her.

She light-ed an-óth-er match, and then she found her-sélf sít-ting ún-der=a=béau-ti-ful Christmas-tree. It=was=lár-ger and more béau-ti-ful-ly déc-o-ra-ted than the one she had seen through the glass door of the rich mér-chant's. Thóu-sands of tá-pers were búrn-ing up-ón=the=green=bránc-h-es; and có-loured pic-tures, like those=she=had=séen in the shów-windows, looked down up-ón=it=all. The lit-tle one stretched out her hand tó-wards=them, and the match went out.

The Chríst-mas lights rose high-er and high-er, till they looked=to=her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, léav-ing be-hínd a bright streak of fire. «Some=one=is=dý-ing!» thought the lit-tle girl, for her old gránd-mother, the ón-ly one who=had=év-er=lóved=her, and=who=was=now=déad, had tóld=her that when a star falls a soul was gó-ing up to God.

She a-gáin rubbed a match-on=the=wáll, and the light shone róund=her. In=the=bright-ness stood her old gránd-mother, clear and shí-ning, yet mild and lóv-ing in her ap-péar-ance. «Gránd-mother,» cried the lit-tle one, «oh! táke=me with=you; I know you will go a-wáy when the match burns out; you will ván-ish like=the=warm=stóve, the roast goose, and the large, gló-ri-ous



spárk-ling=in=the=light, and=in=the=mídst lay this im-ménse móun-tain ís-land, its cáv-i-ties and vál-leys thrown in-to deep shade, and its points and pín-na-cles glít-ter-ing=in=the=sún.

All hands were soon on deck lóok-ing=at=it, and ad-mí-ring in vá-ri-ous ways its béau-ty and grán-deur. But no des-crip-tion can give any i-dé-a of=the=stránge-ness, splén-dour, and ré-al-ly the sub-lím-i-ty=of=the=síght. Its great size, — for=it=múst=have=been from two to three miles in cir-cúm-fer-ence, and sév-e-ral hún-dred feet in height; its slow mó-tion, as its base rose and sank in=the=wá-ter, and its high points nó-d-ded a-gáinst the clouds; the dásh-ing=of=the=wáves up-ón=it, which, bréak-ing high with foam, cóv-ered its base with=a=whíte crust; and the thún-der-ing sound of the cráck-ing=of=the=máss, and the bréak-ing and túm-bling down of huge píe-ces, to-géth-er with its néar-ness and ap-próach, which ád-ded a slight él-e-ment of fear, all com-bíned to=give=it the chár-ac-ter of true sub-lím-i-ty.

The main bód-y of the mass was, as=I=have=sáid, of an ín-di-go cól-our; its base was crúst-ed with fró-zen foam; and=as=it=gréw thin and trans-pá-rent tó-wards the édg-es and top, its cól-our shá-ded off from=a=déep blue to=the=whíte-ness=of=snów. It seemed to be dríft-ed slów-ly tó-wards the north, so that we kept a-wáy and a-vóid-ed=it. It=was=in=síght all the áf-ter-noon; and as we got to=lée-ward=of=it the wind died a-wáy, so=that=we=lay=tó quite néar=it for a gréat-er part=of=the=night. Un-fór-tu-nate-ly, there=was=nó moon, but=it=was=a=cléar night, and=we=could=pláin-ly mark the long, rég-u-lar héav-ing of=the=stu-pén-dous mass, as its édg-es moved slów-ly a-gáinst the stars. Sév-e-ral times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sóund-ed as though they=must=have=run=throug-h the whole length of=the=íce-berg, and sév-e-ral píe-ces fell down with=a=thún-der-ing crash, plún-ging héav-i-ly in-to=the=séa. Tó-wards mórn-ing a strong breeze sprung up, and we filled a-wáy our sails and léft=it a-stérn, and at dáy-light it=was=out-of=síght.

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## CRÚELTY.

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I=would=not=én-ter on my list of friends  
 (Though graced with pól-ishéd mán-ners and fine sense,  
 Yet wánt-ing sen-si-bíl-i-ty,) the man  
 Who néed-less-ly sets foot up-ón=a=wórm.



THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON.—*Defoe.*

A. D. 1665.

Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.		Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.	
Al-most.	ól-most.	ál-môste.		Hyp-o-			
An-chor.	ánk-æ.	án'k-eur.		crite.	hip-o-crit.	hip-ô-crite.	
As-sûre.	a-schiúæ.	a-chiôu-eur.		In-fin-ite.	in-fi-nit.	in-fi-nite.	
Be-stôwed	bi-stó'd.	bi-stó'd.		Once.	uæns.	oueunce.	
Bow.	bo.	bô.		Plague.	pleeg.	plégue.	
Cóm-fort.	kæm-færet.	keúm-feurte.		Re-li-			
Con-cérn.	kæn-sæen.	keunn-cérn.		giou.	ri-lidch-æs.	ri-lidj-euce.	
Cu-ri-ós-i		kiou-ri-ós-i-		Re-signed.	ri-sáin'd.	ri-záin'd.	
-ty.	kiu-ri-ós-i-te.	té.		Re-tired.	ri-tái-æd.	ri-táur'd.	
De-fôe.	di-fô.	di-fô.		Row.	ro.	rô.	
Ejac-u-lá-	i-dhac-in-lé	i-djak-iou-lé		Se-cú-ring	si-kiúæ-ring.	si-kiouæ-in'	
tion.	schæen.	chenne.				gne.	
Gréen-				Sé-ri-ous.	si-ri-æs.	si-ri-euce.	
wich.	grin-idch.	grin-idje.		Vén-ture.	ven-chæ.	ven-tcheur.	
Groat.	groot.	grâte.		Weight.	ueet.	ouéte.	
Health.	helz.	helth.		Wóol-			
Hith-er-to.	hiz-æ-tu.	hith-eur-tou.		wich.	núil-idch.	ououíl-idje.	
Hón-est.	ón-est.	ón-este.		Worse.	uææs.	oueurse.	

Much a-bóut the same time I walked out in-to=the=fields tó-wards Bow, for=I=had=a=gréat mind to see how things were mán-aged in the riv-er and a-móng the ships; and, as=I=had=sóme con-cérn in ship-ping, I=had=a=nó-tion that=it=would=have=béen one of the best ways of se-cú-ring one's self from the in-féc-tion to have re-tired in-to=a=ship; and mú-sing how to sát-is-fy my cu-ri-ós-i-ty on that point, I turned a-wáy ó-ver=the=fields, from Bow to Bróm-ley, and down to Bláck-wall, to the stairs that are there for lánd-ing or tá-king wá-ter.

Here I saw a poor man wálk-ing=on=the=bánk or séa-wall, as=they=cáll-it, by him-sélf. I walked a while ál-so a-bóut, sée-ing the hóus-es all shut up; at last I fell in-to some talk at a dis-tance with this poor man. First I=ásked=him how péo-ple did thére-a-bouts.

«A-lás! sir,» says he, «ál-most dés-o-late; all dead or sick. Here are vé-ry few fâm-i-lies in this part, or in that víl-lage,» —póint-ing at Póp-lar, —«where half of them are not dead al-réad-y, and=the=rést sick.» Then he ád-ded, póint-ing to one house: «There they=are=all dead, and the house stands ó-pen; nó-bo-dy dares go in-to-it. A poor thief vén-tured in to steal sóme-thing, but he paid dear for=his=théft, for=he=was=cáried to the chúrch-yard, too, last night.» Then he póint-ed to sév-er-al óth-er hóus-es. «There,» says he, «they=are=all dead, —the man and his wife and five chil-dren. There,» says he,

«they are shut up; you see a wá-tch-man at the door, and so of óth-er hóus-es.»

«Why,» said I, «what do you here all a-lóne?»

«Why,» says he, «I=am=a=póor dés-o-late man; it hath pleased God I am not yet vis-it-ed, though my fám-i-ly is, and one of my chil-dren dead.»

«How=do=you=méan then,» said I, «that you are not vis-it-ed?»

«Why,» says he, «that is my house,»—póint-ing to=a=vé-ry lít-tle lów-boarded house,—«and there my poor wife and two chil-dren live, if=they=may=be=sáid=to=live; for my wife and=one=of=the=chil-dren are vis-it-ed, but I do not cóme=at=them.» And with that word I saw the tears run vé-ry plén-ti-ful-ly down his face; and so they did down mine, too, I=as=súre=you.

«But,» said I, «why=do=you=not=cóme=at=them? How can you a-bán-don your own flesh and blood?»

«Oh, sir,» says he, «the Lord for-bí-d. I=do=not=a-bán-don=them; I=wórk=for=them as=much=as=I=am=á-ble; and, bléss-ed be the Lord, I=kéep=them from want.» And with that I ob-sérved he líft-ed up his eyes to héav-en with a cóun-te-nance that prés-ent-ly tóld=me I had met with a man that=was=nó hýp-o-crite, but a sé-ri-ous, re-lí-gious, good man; and his e-jac-u-lá-tion was=an=ex-prés-sion of thánk-ful-ness that, in such a con-dí-tion as=he=was=in, he should be á-ble to say his fám-i-ly did not want.

«Well,» said I, «hón-est man, that=is=a=gréat mér-cy as things go now with the poor. But=how=do=you=live, then, and how are you kept from the dréad-ful ca-lám-i-ty that is now up-ón=us=á-ll?»

«Why, sir,» says he, «I=am=a=wá-ter-man, and there is my boat,» says he, «and the boat sérves=me for á house. I=wórk=in=it in the day, and=I=s-léep=in=it in the night; and what I get, I=lá-y=it=dówn up-ón that stone,» says he, shów-ing me a broad stone on the óth-er side=of=the=st-réet, a good way from his home; «and then,» says he, «I hál-loo and=cáll=to=them till I make them hear, and they come and=fétch=it.»

«Well, friend,» said I, «but=how=can=you=get=mó-ney as a wá-ter-man? Does án-y-bod-y go by wá-ter these times?»

«Yes, sir,» says he, «in the way I=am=em-plóyed there does. Do=you=see=thére,» says he, «five ships lie at án-chor?»—póint-ing down the rí-v-er a good way be-lów the town,—«and=do=you=sée,» says he, «eight or ten ships lie at=the=cháin there, and=at=án-chor yón-der?»—póint-ing a-bóve the town. «All those ships have fám-i-lies on board, of their mér-chants and ówn-ers, and such like, who=have=locked=them=sélves=úp, and live on board,

close shut=in, for=fear=of=the=in=féc-tion; and I tэнд=on=them to fetch things for them, cár-ry lét-ters, and do what is áb-so-lute-ly né-cés-sa-ry, that they may not be o-blí-ged to come ou-shore, and év-e-ry night I fás-ten my boat on board one=of=the=shíp's boats, and there I sleep by my-sélf; and bléss-ed be God, I=am=pre-sérved híth-er-to.»

«Well, friend,» said I, «but=will=they=lét=you come on board áf-ter you have been on shore here, when=this=has=béen such a tér-ri-ble place, and so in-féct-ed=as=it=is?»

«Why, as to that,» said he, «I vé-ry sél-dom go up the shíp-side, but de-lív-er what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they=hóist=it on board. If I did, I think they=are=in=nó dán-ger fróm=me, for I név-er go in-to án-y house on shore, or touch án-y-bo-dy,—no, not é-ven one=of=my=ówn fám-i-ly,—but I fetch pro-ví-sions=for=them.»

«Nay,» said I, «but=that=may=be=wórse, for you must have those pro-ví-sions from sóme-bo-dy or óth-er; and since all this part=of=the=tówn is so in-féct-ed, it is dán-ger-ous so much as to speak with án-y-bo-dy; for the víl-lage,» said I, «is, as=it=wére, the be-gin-ning of Lón-don, though it be at some dí-stance=fróm=it.»

«That is true,» ád-ded he, «but=you=do=not=un-der-stánd=me right. I do not buy pro-ví-sions for them here: I row up to Gréen-wich, and buy fresh meat there, and sóme-times I row down the rív-er to Wóol-wich, and buy there: then I go to sín-gle färm-houses on=the=Ként-ish side, where=I=am=knówn, and buy fowls and eggs and bút-ter, and bring to=the=shíps, as=they=di-réct=me, sóme-times one, sóme-times the óth-er. I sél-dom come on shore here; and I came ón-ly now to call my wife, and hear how my lít-tle fám-i-ly do, and=gíve=them a lít-tle mó-ney which I re-céived last night.»

«Poor man!» said I, «and how much hast thou gót=for=them?»

«I=have=gót four shíl-lings,» said he, «which=is=a=gréat sum as things go now with poor men; but=they=have=gív-en=me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.»

«Well,» said I, «and have you gív-en=it=them=yét?»

«No,» said he, «but=I=have=cálled, and my wife has án-swered that she cán-not come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and=I=am=wáit-ing=for=her. Poor wóm-an!» says he, «she is brought sád-ly down; she=has=had=a=swél-ling, and=it=is=bró-ken, and I hope she will re-cóv-er, but I fear the child will die; but=it=is=the=Lórd!» Here he stopped, and wept vé-ry much.

« Well, hón-est friend, » said I, « thou=has=t=a=súre cóm-fort-er if=thou=has=bróught=thy-sélf to be re-sígned to=the=will=of-Gód! He is déal-ing with us all in júdg-ment. »

« Oh, sir, » says he, « it is ín-fi-níte mér-cy if án-y of us are spared; and who am I to re-píne? »

« Sáy-est thou so? » said I; « and how much less is my faith than thine! »

At length, áf-ter some fúr-ther talk, the poor wóm-an ó-pened the door, and called, « Rób-ert, Rób-ert. » He án-swered, and bid her stay a few mó-ments and=he=would=cóme; so he ran down the cóm-mon stairs to=his=bóat, and fetched up a sack in which were the pro-ví-sions he had brought from=the=shíps, and when he re-túrned he hál-looed a-gáin. Then he went to the great stone which=he=shówed=me and émp-tied the sack, and laid all out, év-e-ry-thing by them-sélves, and then re-tíred: and his wife came with a lít-tle boy to=fetch=them=a-wáy, and he called and said, such a cáp-tain had sent such a thing, and such a cáp-tain such a thing; and at the end ádd-ed, « God has sent it all; give thanks to Him. » When the poor wóm-an had tá-ken up all, she=was=só weak she could not cár-ry-it at once in, though the weight was not much néi-ther; so she left the bis-cuit, which was in a lít-tle bag, and left a lít-tle boy to=wách=it till she came a-gáin.

« Well, but, » said=Í=to=him, « did you leave her the four shíl-lings too, which you said was your week's pay? »

« Yes, yes, » says he; « you shall héar=her ówn=it. » So he calls a-gáin, « Rá-chel, Rá-chel, » — which it seems was her name, — « did you take up the mó-ney? »

« Yes, » said she. « How much wás=it? » said he. « Four shíl-lings=and=a-gróat, » said she. « Well, well, » says he, « the Lord keep=you=áll, » and so he turned to go a-wáy.

As I could not re-fráin con-trib-u-ting tears to this man's stó-ry, so néi-ther could I re-fráin my chár-i-ty for his as-síst-ance, so=I=called=him. « Hark thee, friend, » said I, « come híth-er, for I be-lieve thou art in health, that=I=may=vén-ture near thee, » so I pulled out my hand, which=was=in=my=póck-et be-fóre. « Here, » says I. « go and call thy Rá-chel once more, and=give=her a lít-tle more cóm-fort from me. God will név-er for-sáke a fám-i-ly that=trúst=in=Him as thou dost, » so=I=gáve=him four óth-er shíl-lings, and=bíd=him go and=láy=them=on=the=stóne, and call his wife.

I=have=not=wórd's to ex-préss the poor man's thánk-ful-ness, néi-ther could he ex-préss=it him-sélf, but by tears rún-ning down his face. He called his wife, and=tóld=her God had moved

the=heart=of=a=strán-ger, up=ón héar-ing their con-di-tion, to=give=them all that mó-ney; and a great deal more such as that he=sáid=to=her. The wó-man, too, made signs of the like thánk-ful-ness, as well to héav-en as to me, and jóy-ful-ly picked=it=úp: and I párt-ed with no mó-ney all that year that I thought bét-ter be=stówed.

## RÁBELAIS AND HIS PÓISON.

Pronun. española.    Pronun. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronun. française.

**Cir-cum-stance.** . . . sææ-kæm-stans . . . ceur-keum'-stan'ce.  
**Dáu-phin.** . . . dóo-fín . . . dã-fine.  
**Ex-pé-di-ent.** . . . eks-pí-dí-ent. te.  
**Gál-leys.** . . . gál-es . . . gál-ez.  
**Héart-i-ly.** . . . háat-i-le . . . háate-i-lé.  
**Jest.** . . . dchest . . . djeste.  
**Lodged.** . . . lodch'd . . . lodj'd.  
**Monk.** . . . mænk . . . meungk.

**Pár-doned** . . . páa-d'n'd . . . pár-d'n'd.  
**Pói-son.** . . . pói-s'n . . . pói-z'n.  
**Po-lice.** . . . po-liis . . . pô-lice.  
**Pów-der.** . . . páu-dæ . . . páou-deur.  
**Pro-cúred.** . . . pro-kiú-æd . . . prô-kioúr'd.  
**Réc-og-nised.** . . . rék-æg-nais'd rék-og-naiz'd  
**Re-cóurse.** . . . ri-cóos . . . ri-kóurse.  
**Róy-al.** . . . róí-æl . . . róí-al.  
**Trái-tor.** . . . trée-tæ . . . tré-teur.

Ráb-e-lais, a cél-e-bra-ted French monk, sát-i-rist, and phy-si-cian of the 15<sup>th</sup> cén-tu-ry, was once on his way from Rome to Pá-ris. On réach-ing Lý-ons, his mó-ney was=at=an=énd, a cir-cum-stance which óf-ten háp-pened=to=him. Wish-ing, how-év-er, to pro-céed, he had re-cóurse to the fól-low-ing ex-pé-di-ent. He asked the hóst-ess, in whose house he lodged, whéth-er she=had=án-y=one who could write. She re-plied that her=són, a lad of twelve years, could. Ráb-e-lais took the boy ín-to=his=róom=with=him, and, háv-ing pro-cúred some bríck-dust and made sév-e-ral pác-kets=of=it, he ór-dered=him to write on=the=óne «pói-son for Món-sieur,» up=ón=a=séc-ond «pói-son for the Dáu-phin,» and on=a=thírd «pói-son for the King.» Háv-ing made this pro-ví-sion for the róy-al fám-i-ly, he told the boy not to say a word a=bóut=it, óth-er-wise they=should=be=áll hanged. The lad, how-év-er, fríght-ened, ran=to=his=móth-er, and=tóld=her what had tá-ken place. The plot suc-céed-ed as he de-síred The hóst-ess sent im-mé-di-ate-ly to=the=po-lice, who soon ar-ríved, seized the sup-pósed trái-tor, and=tóok=him to Pá-ris. As=soon=as=he=ap-péared be=fóre the mín-is-ter, he was réc-og-nised as the cél-e-bra-ted Ráb-e-lais; and his pów-der, up=ón ex-am-in-á-tion, bé-ing found vé-ry ín-no-cent, the jest, for which a less ém-i-ment wag might=have=been=sént to the gál-leys, was héart-i-ly láughed=at and pár-doned.

## ÁRAB HÓRSES.

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

<b>Bár-gain.</b> . . . . .	báa-guen.. . . .	bár-guens.	<b>Jéw-els.</b> . . . . .	dchiú-els.. . . .	djiouí-elze.
<b>Com-páred.</b> . . . . .	kæm-pé-æd.. . . .	kom-pér'd.	<b>Kind-ness.</b> . . . . .	káind-nes. . . . .	káind-nece.
<b>Cón-sul.</b> . . . . .	kón-s'l. . . . .	kón-s'l.	<b>Mán-age.</b> . . . . .	mán-edch. . . . .	mán-edje.
<b>Cóurs-ers.</b> . . . . .	cóos-æs. . . . .	kór-seurz.	<b>Nó-tice.</b> . . . . .	nó-tis. . . . .	nó-tice.
<b>Dó-cile.</b> . . . . .	dós-il. . . . .	dós-il.	<b>Pás-ture.</b> . . . . .	pás-chæ. . . . .	pás-tcheur.
<b>Eu-ro-pé-an.</b> . . . . .	iú-ró-pi-æn. . . . .	iou-ró-pi-ane	<b>Per-mis-sion.</b> . . . . .	pæm-misch-æn. . . . .	per-mich-eune.
<b>Gál-loped.</b> . . . . .	gál-æp't. . . . .	gál-eup't.	<b>Stirs.</b> . . . . .	stæms. . . . .	stéurze.
<b>Húrt-ing.</b> . . . . .	hææt-ing. . . . .	héurte-in'gne	<b>Tie.</b> . . . . .	taí. . . . .	taí.
<b>Im-mé-di-ate-ly.</b> . . . . .	im-mí-di-ete-lé.	im-mí-di-ete-lé.	<b>U-ni-verse.</b> . . . . .	iú-ni-væms. . . . .	iou-ni-verse
			<b>Yield.</b> . . . . .	iild. . . . .	iild.

The Á-rabs mán-age their hór-s-es by means of kind-ness and ca-réss-es, and rén-der-them so dó-cile that there are no án-i-mals of the kind in the whole world to=be=com-páred=with=them in béau-ty and in góod-ness. They do not fix=them to a stake in the fields, but súf-fer=them to pás-ture at large a-róund their hab-i-lá-tion, to which they come rún-ning the mó-ment that they hear the sound of=the=mást-er's voice. Those tráct-a-ble án-i-mals re-sórt at night to their tents, and lie down in=the=midst=of=the=chíl-dren, with-óut év-er húrt-ing=them in the slight-est de-grée. If the rí-der háp-pens to fall, his horse stands still ín-stant-ly, and név-er stirs till=he=has=móunt-ed a-gáin. These péo-ple, by means of the ir-re-síst-i-ble in-flu-ence of a mild ed-u-cá-tion, have ac-quired the art of rén-der-ing their hór-s-es the first cóurs-ers=of=the=ú-ni-verse.

The whole stock of a poor A-rá-bian of the dés-ert con-síst-ed of=a=most=béau-ti-ful mare. The French cón-sul at Said óf-fered to púr-chase=her, with the in-tén-tion to=sénd=her to his mást-er Lóu-is XIV. The Á-rab, pressed by want, hés-i-ta-ted a long time, but=at=léngth con-sént-ed, on con-dí-tion of re-céiv-ing a vé-ry con-síd-er-a-ble sum, which he named. The cón-sul, not dá-ning with-óut in-strúc-tions to give so high a price, wrote home for per-mís-sion to close the bár-gain on the terms stíp-u-la-ted. Lóu-is XIV gave ór-ders to pay the mó-ney. The cón-sul im-mé-di-ate-ly sent nó-tice to the Á-rab, who soon áf-ter-wards made his ap-péar-ance, móunt-ed on his mag-níf-i-cent cóurs-er, and the gold which=he=had=de-mánd-ed was=paid=dówn=to=him. The Á-rab, cóv-ered with a mís-er-a-ble rug, dis-móunts, looks=at=the=mó-ney, and then túrn-ing his=eyes=to=the=máre, he sighs and thus ac-cósts=her: — « To whom am I gó-ing to=yield=thee=úp? To Eu-ro-pé-ans, who=will=tie=thee close,

who=will=beát=thee, who=will=rén=der=thee mís=er=a=ble. Re=túrn with me, my béau=ty, my dárl=ing, my jéw=el! and re=jóice the hearts of my chíl=dren.» As he pro=nóunced these words, he sprang up=ón her back, and gál=loped off tó=wards the dés=ert.

## THE TÉACHING OF NÁTURE.—*G. v. Hélder.*

Jó=hann Gótt=fried v. Hé=der was a Gér=man the=oló=gi=an and pó=et of great ém=innence, some high au=thór=i=ties sét=ting his pów=ers a=bóve é=ven those of Schil=ler. Born 1744; died 1803.

	<u>Pronun. española.</u>	<u>Pronun. française.</u>		<u>Pronun. española.</u>	<u>Pronun. française.</u>
<b>Dis=ci=ples</b>	dis=sái=p'ls.	dis=sái=pl'ze.	<b>Pói=son=</b>		
<b>Growths.</b>	grozs.	gróthce.	<b>ous.</b>	pói=s'n=æs.	pói=z'n=euce.
<b>Heart.</b>	haat.	haate.	<b>Sli=my.</b>	slái=me.	slái=mé.
<b>I=dler.</b>	ái=dlae.	ái=dleur.	<b>Sór=row.</b>	sór=o.	sór=ó.
<b>Im=age.</b>	im=edch.	im=edje.	<b>Soul.</b>	sol.	sóle.
<b>Je=ru=sá=</b>	dchi=riú=sæ.	dji=riú=sá=	<b>This=tles.</b>	zis=s'ls.	this=sl'ze.
<b>lem.</b>	lem.	leme.	<b>Whóle=</b>		
<b>Lóath=</b>			<b>some.</b>	hól=sæm.	hóle=ceume.
<b>some.</b>	lóz=sæm.	lóth=seume.	<b>Wind =</b>		ouáin'd=in'
<b>Ná=ture.</b>	né=chæ.	né=tcheur.	<b>ing.</b>	uáind=ing.	gne.

In the nóm=ber of the dis=ci=ples of Híl=lél, the wise téach=er of=the=sons=of=Ís=ra=el, was one by name Sá=both, who dis=liked év=e=ry=thing like work and gave him=sélf to í=dle=ness and lá=zi=ness. But Híl=lél was sór=ry for=the=lád and de=tér= mined to=try=to=cúre=him.

To this end he=led=him=óut to the Vál=ley of Hín=nom, at Je=rú=sá=lem, where there=was=a=stánd=ing pool, full of worms and vér= min, and cóv=ered with slí=my weeds. When=they=had= come=to=the=vál=ley, Híl=lél set down his staff and said, «We shall rest here from our walk.»

But=the=lád wón=dered and said: «What, mást=er! at this lóath=some pool? Do=you=not=féel what a pói=son=ous smell cómes=from=it?»

«You=are=ríght, my son,» án=swered the téach=er, «this pool is like the soul of the í=dler. Who could bear to stay néar=it?»

Híl=lél next led the young man to=a=wáste field, on which ón=ly thorns and this=tles grew, which choked the corn and the whóle=some plants. Then Híl=lél leaned on his staff and said: «See, this field has good soil, fit to bear all kinds of úse=ful and pléas=ant growths. But=it=has=been=for=gót=ten and neg=léct=ed, and so it now yields ón=ly this=tles and thorns and pói=son=ous weeds, with sér=pents and toads nést=ling un=der=néath. You saw the soul of the í=dler be=fóre, now you see his life.»

Then Sá-both was struck with shame and sór-row, and said: «Ráb-bi, why=do=you=léad=me to such waste and dí-s-mal plá-cés? They=are=the=páin-ful im-age of my life.»

But Híl-lel án-swere l and said: «Be-cáuse you would not be-líeve my words, I have tried whéth-er the voice of Ná-ture might not reach your heart.»

Sá-both then pressed his téach-er's hand and said: «You=have=not=dóne=so in vain; a new life, as=you=will=sée, is=be-gún=in=me.»

And=so=it=wás. Sá-both be-cáme a dí-l-i-gent young man. Then Híl-lel léd=him to a frúit-ful vál-ley, on=the=banks=of=a-cléar stream, which flowed in de-líght-ful wínd-ings be-twéen trees lá-den with fruit, through flów-e-ry méa-dows and shá-dy cóps-es. «See here,» said the gréy-headed man to the youth, «the pic-ture of thy new, dí-l-i-gent life. Ná-ture which wárned=thee, would now ál-so re-wárd=thee. He ón-ly can en-jóy her charms and béau-ty who sees in her life a pic-ture=of=his-ówn.»

## THE SEA. — *Hídson-Móntague.*

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

<b>A-byss-es.</b>	e-bis-es. . . .	e-biss-éz.	<b>Moves.</b>	. . . muvs.	. . .	mouvze.
<b>Ac-know-</b>	ac-nól-edch-	ak-nól-edj-	<b>Ná-tive..</b>	. . . né-tiv..	. . .	né-tiv'.
<b>ledg-ing.</b>	ing. . . .	in'gæ.	<b>O-cean..</b>	. . . ó-schæn..	. . .	ó-cheune.
<b>Al-most.</b>	ól-most. . . .	ál-móste.	<b>Op - po -</b>			
<b>Fic-kle..</b>	fík-l. . . .	fic-kl'.	<b>site.</b>	. . . óp-o-sít.	. . .	óp-ò-zite.
<b>Found-er..</b>	fáund-æ. . . .	fáoun-deur.	<b>Ré-gion.</b>	. . . ri-dchæn..	. . .	ri-djeune.
<b>Hár-bour..</b>	háa-bæ. . . .	háa-beur.	<b>Sí-zes.</b>	. . . sai-ses.	. . .	sái-zez.
<b>Hém-i-</b>			<b>Súre-ly..</b>	. . . schiú-æ-le.	. . .	chioure-lé.
<b>sphere.</b>	. . . hém-i-sfi-æ.	. . . hém-i-sfi-æ.	<b>Sur-face.</b>	. . . sææ-fes.	. . .	seür-fece.
<b>I-dé-al..</b>	. . . ai-dí-æi.	. . . ai-di-al.	<b>Tí-ny.</b>	. . . tai-ne.	. . .	tái-né.
<b>Mind..</b>	. . . maind..	. . . main'd.	<b>Vir-tue.</b>	. . . vææ-chiu.	. . .	vér-tchiou.

On=the=súr-face of this globe, there is nó-where to=be=fóund so in-hós-pit-a-ble a dés-ert as=the=«wide blue sea.» At án-y dí-s-tance from land there=is=nó-thing=in=it for man to eat; nó-thing=in=it that=he=can=drink. His tí-ny foot no sóon-er rests=up=ón=it, than he sinks ín-to=his=gráve; it grows néi-ther flów-ers nor fruits; it óf-fers mo-nót-o-ny to=the=mínd, rést-less mó-tion to=the=bód-y; and when, be-sídes all this, one re-flécts that it is to=the=most=fic-kle of the él-e-ments, the wind, that vés-sels of all sí-zes are to súp-pli-cate for as-síst-ance in sáil-ing in év-e-ry di-réc-tion to their vá-ri-ous des-tin-á-tions, it would ál-most seem that=the=ó-cean was di-vest-ed of charms, and armed with storms, to pre-vént our bé-ing per-suá-ded to én-ter its do-mín-i-ons.



But though the sit-u-á-tion of=a=vés-sel in a héav-y gale of wind ap-péars in-des-crí-ba-bly ter-ríf-ic, yet, prác-ti-cal-ly spéak-ing, its se-cú-ri-ty is so great, that-it-is-trú-ly said ships sél-dom or év-er fóund-er in deep wá-ter, ex-cépt from ác-ci-dent or in-at-tén-tion. How ships mán-age to get a-cróss that still ré-gion, that i-dé-al line, which sép-a-rates the óp-po-site tráde-winds of each hém-i-sphere; how a small box of men mán-age to=be=búf-fet-ed for months up one side of=a=wáve and down that of an-óth-er; how they év-er get out of the a-býss-es ín-to which they sink; and how, áf-ter such pí-itch-ing and tóss-ing, they reach in sáfe-ty the vé-ry hár-bour in their ná-tive cóun-try from which they o-ri-gi-nal-ly de-párt-ed, can and ought ón-ly to=be=ac-cóunt-ed=for, by ac-knów-ledg-ing how trú-ly it=has=been=writ-ten, «that the Spír-it of God moves=up-ón=the=fáce of=the=wá-ters.

It=is=nót, thére-fore, from=the=ó-cean it-sélf that man has so much to fear; the earth and=the=wá-ter each af-fórd to man a life of con-síd-er-a-ble se-cú-ri-ty, yet there ex-ísts be-twéen these two él-e-ments an ev-er-lást-ing war, ín-to which no páss-ing vés-sel can én-ter with im-pú-ni-ty; for=of=áll the tér-rors of this world, there=is=súre-ly no one gréat-er than that of bé-ing on=a=lée-shore in=a=gale-of=wínd, and in shál-low wá-ter. On this ac-cóunt, it is ná-tu-ral e-nóugh that=the=fear-of=lánd is=as=stróng in the sáil-or's heart as is his=at-tách-ment=to=it; and when, hóme-ward bound, he day áf-ter day ap-próach-es his own lát-i-tude, his love and his fear of=his=ná-tive shores in-créase as the dis-tance be-twéen=them dim-ín-ish-es. Two fates, the most óp-po-site in their ex-trémes, are shórt-ly to=a-wáit=him. The sáil-or-boy fán-ci-ful-ly pí-c-tures to him-sélf that=in=a=féw short hours he=will=be=once=a-gáin nést-ling in his móth-er's arms. The áble-séaman bét-ter knows that=it=may=be=de-créed=for=him, as=it=has=been=de-créed for thóu-sands, that in gáin-ing his point he=shall=lóse its ób-ject,—that Éng-land, with all its vír-tue, may fade be-fóre his eyes, and,

◀ While he sinks with-óut=an=árm to save,  
His cóun-try blooms, a gár-den, and=a=gráve. ▶

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SUCCÉSS.—*Addison*. (1672-1719.)

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'Tis not in mór-tals to com-mánd suc-céss,  
But we'll do more, Sem-pró-ni-us: *we'll de-sérve-it*.



## INFAMOUS TURPITUDE.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

**Ac-cépt.** . . ak-sépt. . . ak-cépte.  
**Be-séech.** . . bi-siich. . . bi-citche.  
**Con-fés-sion.** . . kon-fésh-æn eune.  
**Cón-science.** . . kón-schens. . . kón-chen'ce.  
**Cú-rate.** . . kiú-ret. . . kiou-réte.

**De-pár-ture.** . . di-paa-chæ. . . tcheur.  
**En-jóin.** . . en-dhóin. . . en'-djóine.  
**Im-pi-ous.** . . im-pi-æs. . . im-pi-euce.  
**In-fa-mous.** . . in-fæ-mæs. . . in-fa-meuce.  
**Priest.** . . priist. . . priste.  
**Túr-pi-tude** . . tæss-pi-tiud. . . teúr-pi-tiounde

Have you con-féssed all? said=a-vén-er-a-ble *áb-bé* to a sin-ner at con-fés-sion. No, re-plied the lát-ter, I=have=an-óth-er sin on my cón-science. I=have=stó-len a watch: will you ac-cépt-it? I! said the of-fénd-ed priest, how dare you in-súlt=me and my hó-ly pro-fés-sion in=such=a-mán-ner? Re-túr-n the watch ín-stant-ly to the ówn-er. I have al-réad-y óf-fered to=res-tóre=it, and he has re-fúsed: thére-fore I=be-séech=you to=táke=it. Cease to=in-súlt=me, said the *áb-bé*, you=should=have=óf-fered=it a-gáin. I=have=dóne=so, re-plied the thief, and he de-cláres he will not ac-cépt-it. In that case, said the hó-ly and un-sus-péct-ing fáth-er, I=can=ab-sólve=you: but I stríct-ly en-jóin=you not to com-mít án-y more thefts. Soon áf-ter the de-pár-ture=of=the-pén-i-tent, the cú-rate dis-cóv-ered that=his=ówn watch had been stó-len from the hook on which he=was=ac-cús-tomed to=háng=it: and he then per-céived that the im-pi-ous thief had óf-fered=it=to=him, but=he=had=re-fúsed to=ac-cépt-it.

## THE USE OF WORDS.

An ém-i-nent phil-ól-o-ger has made the cú-ri-ous ob-ser-vá-tion that=in=the=rú-ral dí-s-tríct-s of Great Brit-ain and Íre-land a large núm-ber of péas-ants who are still in=an=un=éd-u-ca-ted con-dí-tion scárce-ly em-plóy 200 or 250 dif-fer-ent words in their con-ver-sá-tions. Men=of=the=wórld pos-séss-ing ór-di-na-ry ed-u-cá-tion em-plóy not more than from 3,000 to 4,000. Lít-e-ra-ry men, and those pos-séss-ing a high ed-u-cá-tion-al stán-dard, make use of 10,000 words ón-ly: and Shákes-peare a-lóne, in the im-ménse va-rí-e-ty of words that fig-ure=in=his=wórks, has a-dórned=them with but 15,000 dif-fer-ent words, while Míl-ton em-plóys in his pó-ems ón-ly 8,000. The *Old Tést-a-ment* pre-sénts=us with a-bóut 6,000 dí-s-tí-ct words. This=is=a=cú-ri-ous scale by which the de-grée of a man's knów-ledge may be méa-sured by his con-ver-sá-tion a-lóne.

# SÓMEBODY'S DÁRLING. — *Marie Lacoste.*

A pó-em wri-t-en dú-ring the great Cív-il War in A-mér-i-ca, from Á-pril 11, 1861, to May 29, 1865. The áu-thor-ess is a lá-dy of Sa-ván-nah, Géor-gi-a, and the in-ci-dent was ón-ly too cóm-mon in the Sóuth-ern ár-mies, as it is in all óth-ers, of all á-ges and cóun-tries, in times of war.

Pronun. española.		Pronun. française.		Pronun. española.		Pronun. française.	
<b>A-ges.</b>	. . . é-dches.	. . .	é-djez.	<b>Géor-gi-a.</b>	dchóo-dchi-æ	djór-dji-a.	
<b>Au-thor-ess.</b>	. . . óo-zær-es.	. . .	â-thor-ecs.	<b>Mould.</b>	. . . moid.	. . .	mólde.
<b>Bap-tized.</b>	bap-táiz'd.	. . .	bap-táiz'd.	<b>Múr-mur.</b>	mææ-mææ.	. . .	méur-meur.
<b>Báy-on-ets.</b>	bé-iæn-ets.	. . .	bé-yeun'-etes	<b>Sign.</b>	. . . sáin.	. . .	saïne.
<b>Bu-ry.</b>	. . . bér-e.	. . .	bér-é.	<b>Sóme-bo-dy.</b>	. . . sæm-bod-e.	. . .	séum-bod-é.
<b>Curls.</b>	. . . kæm-ls.	. . .	keurlz.	<b>Sóuth-ern.</b>	sæz-ææn.	. . .	séuth-eurn.
<b>Fóre-head.</b>	fór-hed.	. . .	fór-hed.	<b>Yéarn-ing.</b>	iææn-ing.	. . .	ièrn-in'gue.

Ín-to=a=wárd of the white-washed walls,  
 Where the dead and the dý-ing lay,—  
 Wóund-ed by báy-o-nets, shells, and balls,—  
 Sóme-bo-dy's dár-ling was borne one day.  
 Sóme-bo-dy's dár-ling! So young and so brave,  
 Wéar-ing still on his pale, sweet face,  
 Soon to be hid by=the=dust=of=the=gráve,  
 The líng-er-ing light=of=his=bóy-hood's grace.

Mát-ted and damp are the curls of gold  
 Kíss-ing the snow of that fair young brow;  
 Pale=are=the=líps of dél-i-cate mould,—  
 Sóme-bo-dy's dár-ling is dý-ing now.  
 Back from the béau-ti-ful, blúe-veined face  
 Brush év-e-ry wán-der-ing silk-en thread;  
 Cross his hands as=a=sign=of=gráce,—  
 Sóme-bo-dy's dár-ling is still and dead.

Kíss=him=ónce for *Sóme-bo-dy's* sake,  
 Múr-mur a práy-er soft and low,  
 One bright curl from the clús-ter take,—  
 They were sóme-bo-dy's pride, you know.  
 Sóme-bo-dy's hand hath rést-ed there:  
 Was=it=a=móth-er's soft and white?  
 And have the líps of a sí-s-ter fair  
 Been bap-tized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was sóme-bo-dy's love;  
 Sóme-bo-dy's heart en-shrined him there;

Sóme-bo-dy wáft-ed his name a-bóve,  
 Night and morn on the wings of práy-er.  
 Sóme-bo-dy wept when he marched a-wáy,  
 Lóok-ing so hánd-some, brave, and grand;  
 Sóme-bo-dy's kiss on his fóre-head lay;  
 Sóme-bo-dy clung to his párt-ing hand.

Sóme-bo-dy's wátt-ing and wáit-ing for him,  
 Yéarn-ing to hold him a-gáin to her heart;  
 There he lies,— with the blue eyes dim,  
 And smí-ling, chíld-like lips a-párt.  
 Tén-der-ly bú-ry the fair young head,  
 Páus-ing to-drop-on-his-gráve a tear;  
 Carve on the wóod-en slab-at-his-héad,—  
 «*Sóme-bo-dy's dár-ling lies búr-ied here!*»

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## THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

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Pronun. españõla.    Pronun. française.

Pronun. españõla.    Pronun. française.

<p><b>Fri-day.</b> . frai-de. . . frai-dé.  <b>Héa-then.</b> hii-z'n. . . hi-th'n.  <b>Món-day.</b> . mæn-de. . . meun-dé.  <b>Myth-ól-o-</b> miz - ól - o -  <b>gy.</b> . . . dche. . . mith-ól-ó-djé</p>		<p><b>Sát-ur day.</b> sát-æ-de. . sát-eur-dé.  <b>Sáx-ons.</b> . sáks-'ns. . . sáks-'nz.  <b>Thurs-day</b> zææs-de. . . theürz-dé.  <b>Tues-day.</b> tiús-de. . . tiouze-dé.  <b>Week.</b> . . uik. . . . ouik.</p>
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The Ánglo-Sáxons were héa-then, as=may=be=séen from their names for=the=days=of=the=wéek:—

MÓN-DAY, or=the=day=of=the=*Móon*.

TÚES-DAY, *Tiv's* day (the god of war).

WÉD-NES-DAY, *Wó-den's* or *Ó-din's* day (the chief god of=the=nórt-ern myth-ól-o-gy).

THÚRS-DAY, *Thor's* day (the god of thún-der).

FRI-DAY, *Fri-ga's* day (wife of=the=chief god Ó-din).

SÁT-UR-DAY, *Sát-urn's* day, — a name a-dóp-ted by=the=Sáx-ons from=the=Ró-mans.

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# LIBRO SEGUNDO.

*Learn to speak plain: all óther gráces  
Will fóllo in their próper pláces.*

*Aut nunquam tentis, aut perlice.*

## CHÁRACTER OF THE BRÍTISH SÓLDIER.

*Sir William Nápier.*

GÉN-ER-AL SIR WÍL-LI-AM NÁ-PIER was born in 1785, and served with his bróthers Charles and George in the Pe-nin-su-la till se-vére-ly wóund-ed. In lá-ter life he wrote the « *His-to-ry of the Pe-nin-su-lar War,* » one of the gréat-est mi-li-ta-ry his-to-ries év-er writ-ten. The fól-low-ing is tã-ken from it. Sir Wil-li-am died in 1860.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Cèn-sure.** . sèn-schæ. . . cèn-cheur.  
**Dis-ci-plined.** . dis-si-plin'd. ' dis-ci-plin'd.  
**Eu-ropé.** . iú-rop. . . iou-rôpe.  
**Ex-céss.** . ek-sés. . . ek-céce.  
**Fa-tigue.** . fe-tig. . . fe-tig.  
**Fount.** . faunt. . . faount.  
**Gén-er-al.** . dhén-er-al. djén-cr-al.  
**Hab-it-u-al** he-bich-iu-al he-bitch-iou-  
**Móve-ments.** . múv-ments móuv-men'tce

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Ná-pier.** . né-piæ. . . né-pia.  
**Phleg-mát-ic.** . fleg-mát-ic. . fleg-mát-ic.  
**Phys-ic-al** fis-i-kal. . . fiz-i-cal.  
**Pröv-ing.** . prúuv-ing. . prúuv-in'gne.  
**Se-vére-ly.** si-viæ-le. . . si-vi-eur-lé.  
**Spé-ci-men.** . . spés-i-men. . spés-i-mene.  
**Sus-táins.** . sæs-téens. . seus-tén'ze.  
**U-ni-ted.** . iu-nái-ted. . iou-nái-ted.  
**U-su-al-ly** iú-schiu-al-e iou-jiou-al-é.

That the Brít-ish in-fan-try sól-dier is more ro-búst than the sól-dier of án-y óth-er ná-tion, can scárce-ly be dóubt-ed by those who, in 1815, ob-sérved his pów-er-ful frame, dis-tín-guished a-mídst the u-ní-ted ár-mies of Eú-ropé; and not-wíth-stánd-ing his ha-bít-u-al ex-céss in drínk-ing, he sus-táins fa-tigue, and wet, and the ex-trémes of cold and heat, with in-créd-i-ble víg-our. When com-pléte-ly dis-ci-plined, (and three years are re-quired to ac-cóm-plish this,) his port is lóf-ty, and his móve-ments free; the whole world cán-not pro-dúce a nó-bler spé-ci-men of míl-i-ta-ry béar-ing, nor-is-the-mínd un-wór-thy of the óut-ward man. He does not, in-déed, pos-séss that pre-súmp-tu-ous vi-vá-ci-ty which=wóuld=léad-him to dic-

tate to his com-mánd-ers, or é-ven to cén-sure ré-al ér-rors, al-thóugh he=may=per-céive=them; but he is ob-sérv-ant, and quick to com-pre-hénd his ór-ders, full of re-sóur-ces ún-der díf-fi-cul-ties, calm and rés-o-lute in dán-ger, and more than ú-su-al-ly o-bé-di-ent and cáre-ful of his óf-fi-cers in mó-ments of ím-mi-nent pér-il.

It=has=been=as-sért-ed that his un-de-ní-a-ble firm-ness in bát-tle is the re-súlt of a phleg-mát-ic con-sti-tú-tion, un-in-spíred by mór-al féel-ing. Név-er was=a=more=stú-pid cá-l-um-ny út-tered. Na-pó-le-on's troops fought in bright fields, where év-e-ry hél-met caught some beams of gló-ry; but the Brít-ish sól-dier cón-quered ún-der the cold shade of ar-is-tóc-ra-cy: no hón-ors a-wáit-ed his dá-ring, no des-pá-tch gave his name to the ap-pláus-es of his cón-try-men, — his life of dán-ger and hárd-ship was un-chéered by hope, his death un-nó-ticed.

Did his heart sink, thére-fore? Did he not en-dúre with sur-páss-ing fór-ti-tude the sór-est of ills, sus-táin the most tér-ri-ble as-sáults in bát-tle un-móved, and with in-créd-i-ble én-er-gy o-ver-thrów év-e-ry op-pó-nent, at all times próv-ing that while nó phýs-ic-al míl-i-ta-ry qual-i-fi-cá-tion was wánt-ing, the fount of hón-our was ál-so full and fresh with-ín-him?

The re-súlt of a hún-dred bát-tles, and the u-ní-ted tés-ti-mo-ny of im-pár-tial wrí-ters of díf-fer-ent ná-tions, have giv-en the first place, a-móngst the Eu-ro-pé-an ín-fan-try, to the Brít-ish; but, in a com-pár-i-son be-twéén the troops of France and Éng-land, it=would=be=un-júst not to ad-mít that the cáv-al-ry of the fór-mer stands high-er in the es-ti-má-tion=of=the=wórl-d.

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## MÓDESTY.

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Thou canst not steal the ró-se's bloom,  
 To déc-o-rate thy face;  
 But=the=sweét blush of mód-es-ty  
 Will lend an é-qual grace.

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## THE BANE AND THE ÁNTIDOTE.

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WHEN THE MÍL-LI-ON ap-pláuds=you, sé-ri-ous-ly ask your-sélf what=harm=you=have=dóne: when they cén-sure=you, what good.

# DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

*Charles Dickens.*

CHARLES DICK-ENS, the most póp-u-lar nóv-el-ist of our day, was born at Pórts-mouth in 1812. His bóy-hood was passed in such stráit-ened cir-cum-stan-ces, that he was sent at one time to a rel-a-tive, a bláck-ing má-ker, to tie up and lá-bel bláck-ing bót-tles, as his trade. He áf-ter-wárds be-cá-me a re-pórt-er; then pú-blished the *Pick-wick Pá-pers*, while still ón-ly twén-ty one years of age. His mán-y óth-er books are known to all. He died of áp-o-plex-y, June 8, 1870, at Gáds-hill, Róch-es-ter, á-ged 58, u-ni-vér-sal-ly re-grét-ted. Bú-ried in Wést-mins-ter Áb-bey.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

**An-cient.** . . éen-schænt. . . éen-chen'te.  
**A-nón.** . . e-nón. . . e-nóne.  
**Bér-ries.** . . bér-es. . . bér-reze.  
**Bú-ried.** . . bér-ed. . . bér-ed.  
**Calm.** . . kaam. . . kaame.  
**Couch.** . . kauch. . . kaoutche.  
**Dáy-break** dé-breek. . . dé-bréke.  
**Eárn-est.** . . æe-nest. . . ér-neste.  
**Fa-tigue.** . . fe-tiig. . . fe-tig.  
**Fing-er.** . . fin-gæ. . . fin-gueur.  
**Fire-side.** . . fáire-said. . . fáire-saide.  
**For-gét.** . . foo-guét. . . for-guète.  
**Fúr-nace.** . . fæe-nes. . . féur-nece.  
**Gáth-ered.** . . gáz-æd. . . gáth-eur'd.  
**Haunts.** . . hoonts. . . hántce.  
**Hugged.** . . heg'd. . . héngu'd.  
**Im-aged.** . . im-edch'd. . . im-edj'd.  
**Jóur-ney-** . . dchæe-ni- . . djéur-ni-in'  
**ings.** . . ings. . . gnez.

**Jús-tice.** . . dchæs-tis. . . djeús-tice.  
**Lán-guid.** . . lán-güid. . . lán'g-gouid.  
**Máj-es-ty.** . . mách-es-te mádj-es-té.  
**Mó-tion-** . . mó-schen- . . mó-cheun-  
**less.** . . les. . . lece.  
**Múr-mur-** . . mæe-mæer- . . meür-meür-  
**ing.** . . ing. . . in'gne.  
**Paths.** . . paazs. . . pathze.  
**Pá-tient.** . . pé-schent. . . pé-chen'te.  
**Pórts-** . . póots-mæz. . . pórtce-menth  
**mouth.** . . póots-mæz. . . pórtce-menth  
**Prés-sure.** . . présch-æ. . . préch-eur.  
**Qui-et.** . . kuái-et. . . kouái-ete.  
**Scenes.** . . siins. . . sin'ze.  
**Sól-émn.** . . sól-em. . . sól-em'.  
**Un-ál-** . . æn-oól-tæed. . . eun-ál-teur'd  
**tered.** . . æn-oól-tæed. . . eun-ál-teur'd  
**Ut-ter.** . . æt-æ. . . eüt-eur.  
**World.** . . unæeld. . . oueürld.

She=was=déad. No sleep so béau-ti-ful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look up-ón. She seemed a créa-ture fresh from=the=hand=of=Gód, and wáit-ing for=the=breath=of=life; not one who had lived and súf-fered death.

Her couch was dressed here and there with some win-ter bér-ries and green leaves, gáth-ered in a spot she=had=been=úsed to fá-vour. « When I die, put néar=me sóme-thing that=has=loved=the=light, and had the sky a-bóve=it ál-ways. » These were her words.

She=was=déad. Dear, gén-tle, pá-tient, nó-ble Nell was dead. Her lít-tle bird,—a poor slight thing the prés-sure of a fing-er would=have=crúshed,—was stír-ring ním-bly=in=its=cáge: and the strong heart=of=its=chíld-mistress was mute and mó-tion-less for év-er.

Where were the trá-ces of her éar-ly cares, her súf-fer-ings, and fa-tigues? All gone. Só-r-row was dead in-déed in her, but peace and pér-fect háp-pi-ness were born: im-aged=in=her=trán-quil béau-ty and pro-fóund re-póse.

And still her fór-mer self lay there , un-ál-tered in this change. Yes. The old fire-side had smiled up-ón that same sweet face; it=had=pás-sed like a dream through haunts of mís-ery and care; at=the=dóor of=the=poor=schóol-master on the sún-mer éve-ning , be-fóre the fúr-nace fire up-ón=the=cóld wet night , at the still béd-side=of=the=dý-ing child , there=had=béen the same mild lóve-ly look. So shall=we=know=the=án-gels in their máj-es-ty, áf-ter death.

The old man held one lán-guid arm in his , and had the small hand tight fóld-ed to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she=had=stretched=óut=to=him with her last smile, — the hand that=had=led=him=ón through all their wán-der-ings. Év-er and a-nón he=préssed=it=to=his=líps ; then húgged=it=to=his=breast=a-gáin, múr-mur-ing that it was wárm-er now; and=as=he=sáid=it he looked , in ág-o-ny, to those who stood a-róund , as=if=im-plór-ing=them to=hélp=her.

She=was=déad, — and past all help, or=néed=of=it. The áncient rooms she=had=seemed=to=fill with life, é-ven while her own was wá-ning fast, — the gár-den she=had=ténd-ed, — the eyes she=had=glád-dened, — the nóise-less haunts of mán-y a thóught-ful hour, — the paths she=had=tród-den=as=it=were=but=yés-ter-day, — could know her no more.

«It=is=nót,» said the schóol-master, as he bent down to=kíss=her=on=the=chéek, and gave his tears free vent, — «it=is=not=on=éarth that Héav-en's jú-s-tice ends. Think what it is com-páred with the World to which her young spir-it has winged its éar-ly flight, and say, if one de-líb-e-rate wish ex-préssed in sól-emn tones a-bóve this bed could=call=her=báck to life, which of us would=út-ter=it!».....

She=had=been=déad two days. They=were=all=a-bóut=her at the time , knów-ing that the end was dráw-ing on. She died soon áf-ter dáy-break. They=had=read=and=tálked=to=her in the éar-li-er pór-tion of the night , but=as=the=hours=crept=ón, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she fáint-ly út-tered=in=her=dréams , that they were of her jóur-ney-ings with=the=old=mán : they=were=of=no=páin-ful scenes , but of those who=had=helped=and=úsed=them kínd-ly, for she óf-ten said «God bless you!» with great fér-vour. Wá-king, she név-er wán-dered=in=her=mínd but once, and that was a-bóut béau-ti-ful mú-sic which she said was=in=the=áir. God knows. It=máy=have=been.

Ó-pen-ing her eyes at last, from a vé-ry qui-et sleep, she begged that=they=would=kíss=her once a-gáin. That done, she turned=to=the=old=mán with a lóve-ly smile up-ón her face, —



such, they said, as=they=had=név-er seen, and név-er could for-gét,—and clung with both her arms a-bóut his neck. They did not know that=she=was=déad, at first.....

She=had=név-er múr-mured or com-pláined: but, with=a=quí-et mind, and mán-ner, quite un-ál-tered,—save that she év-e-ry day be-cáme more éarn-est and more gráte-ful=to=them,—fä-ded like the light up-ón=a-súm-mer's éve-ning.

## TÚRNING THE GRÍNDSTONE.

*Bénjamin Fránklin.*

BÉN-JA-MIN FRÁNK-LIN, born at Bós-ton, U-ni-ted States, 1706, died 1790, was an A-mér-i-can of great o-ri-gin-ál-i-ty and force of mind. At first a wórk-ing print-er, he rose to be Am-bás-sa-dor to France from the U-ni-ted States, and to hold a high place as a nát-u-ral phil-ós-o-pher.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Axe. . . . aks. . . . akce.  
 Bén-ja- min. . . . bén-dchæ- min. . . . min. . . . bén-dja-mine  
 Blis-tered. blis-tæed. . . . blis-teurd.  
 Còunt-er. . . . káunt-æ. . . . káoun-teur.  
 Cus-tom-ers. . . . kæ-s-tæm-æs. eurz.  
 Fél-low. . . . fél-o. . . . fél-ó.  
 Fránk-lin. fránk-lin. . . . fránk-line.  
 Grind-stone. . . . gráind-ston. gráin'd-stòne  
 Két-tle-ful két-'l-ful. . . . két-tl'-foul.

Líb-er-ty. lib-æ-te. . . . lib-eur-té.  
 Mind. . . . maind. . . . main'd.  
 Pro-fès-sion. . . . pro-fésch-æn. . . . pró-fech-eune.  
 Rás-cal. . . . rás-k'l. . . . rás-kl'.  
 Rue. . . . ru. . . . rou.  
 Shóul-der. schól-dæ. . . . chól-deur.  
 Tíc-kled. . . . tick-'ld. . . . tik-kl'd.  
 Trú-ant. . . . trú-ant. . . . trou-an'te.  
 Tug-ged. . . . teg'd. . . . teug'd.  
 Use-ful. . . . iús-ful. . . . iouce-foul.  
 You've. . . . iúv. . . . iouvé.

When=I=was=a-lít-tle boy, I re-mém-ber one cold wín-ter's mórn-ing I=was=ac-cóst-ed by a smí-ling man with an axe on his shóul-der. « My prét-ty boy, » said he, « has your fáth-er a grind-stone? » « Yes, sir, » said I. « You=are=a=fine lít-tle fél-low, » said he: « will you let me grind=my=áxe=on=it? » Pleased with his cóm-pli-ment of *fine lít-tle fél-low*, « Oh, yes, sir, » I án-swered, « it is down in the shop. » « And will you, my man, » said he, pát-ting me on the head, « get a lít-tle hot wá-ter? » How could I re-fuse? I ran and soon brought a két-tle-ful. « How old are you, and what's your name? » con-tín-ued he, with-óut wáit-ing for a re-plý. « I am sure you are one of the fí-nest lads that=I=have=év-er seen. Will you just turn a few mín-utes for me? » Tíc-kled with the flát-ter-y, like a fool I went to work, and bit-ter-ly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till=I=was=ál-most tired to death. The schóol-bell rang, and I could not get a-wáy: my hands were blis-tered, and=it=

was=not=hálf ground. At length, how=év=er, the axe was shárp=ened, and the man túrned=to=me with, «Now you lít=tle rás=cal, you've played the trú=ant; scud to school, or you'll rúe=it.» A-lás! thought I, it=was=hard=e=nóugh to turn a grínd=stone this cold day, but now to be called a lít=tle rás=cal was too much. It sank deep in my mind, and óf=ten have=I=thóught=of=it since. When I see à mér=chant ó=ver po=lite to his cú=stom=ers, —bég=ging=them to take a lít=tle brán=dy, and thró=wing his goods on the cóun=ter, —I think, that man has=an=axe=to=grínd. When I see a man flát=ter=ing the péo=ple, má=king great profés=sions of at=tách=ment to lib=er=ty, who=is=in=prí=ivate life a tý=rant, —me=thinks, look out, good péo=ple: that fél=low would=sét=you túrn=ing grínd=stones. When I see a man hóist=ed ín=to óf=íce by pár=ty spir=it, —with=óut a sín=gle qual=i=fi=cá=tion to=rén=der=him éith=er res=péc=ta=ble or úse=ful, —a-lás! me=thinks, de=lú=ded péo=ple, you are doomed for=a=séa=son to turn the grínd=stone for=a=bóo=by.

## ÁRABIC PRÓVERBS.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

<b>Des-píse.</b> . . . dis-páts. . . . dis-páize.	<b>One-eyed.</b> . . . úæn-aíd. . . . oueúne-aíde.
<b>In-qui-ry.</b> . . in-kuái-æ-re. in'-kouái-a-ré	<b>On-i-ons.</b> . . . æn-iæns. . . . éun-íeunz.
<b>Múr-dered.</b> mææ-dææd. meúr-deur'd.	<b>Próv-erbs.</b> próv-ææbs. . . . próv-erbz.
<b>Múr-der-</b> . . . meúr-deur-	<b>Sci-en-ces</b> sai-en-ses. . . . saí-en'-sez.
<b>er.</b> . . . mææ-dær-æ. eur.	<b>Súf-fer..</b> . . . sæf-æ. . . . seúf-eur.

1. Sóme=times the tongue cuts off the head.
2. If your friend be hón=ey, do=not=éat=him al=to=géth=er.
3. The pro=ví=sions súf=fer when the cat and the mouse live on good terms.
4. When there are mán=y cáp=tains, the ship sinks.
5. Bór=rowed dréss=es give no warmth.
6. When you pass through the cóun=try of the óne=eyed, make your=sélf óne=eyed.
7. The best com=pán=i=ons when you sit, are good books.
8. The worst kind of men are those who do not care when men sée=them dó=ing wrong.
9. Hón=or your=sélf, and=you=will=be=hón=ored: des=píse your=sélf, and=you=will=be=des=písed.
10. The móth=er of the múr=dered sleeps, but the móth=er of the múr=der=er does not sleep.



which were small and nér-vous, were brown and cál-lous with=the=marks=of=tóil. There was sóme=thing in his brow and glance not=to=be=mis=tá=ken, and which men wíl=ling=ly call mást=er; yet he did not seem=to=have=sprúng of the born mág=nates=of=the=éarth. He wore a héav=y gold chain a=bóut his neck, and=it=might=be=ob=sérved that up=ón the light, full sleeves of his slashed dóub=let, the im=age of a small ship on a ter=rés=tri=al globe was cú=ri=ous=ly and mán=y times em=bróid=ered.

It was not the first time that=he=had=vís=it=ed the Néth=er=lands. Thír=ty years be=fóre, the man had been ap=prén=tice on board a small lúg=ger, which trá=ded be=twéén the Éng=lish coast and=the=ports=of=Zée=land. E=mér=ging in éar=ly bóy=hood from his pa=rént=al mán=sion,—an old boat, turned bót=tom úp=wards on a sánd=y down,—he had nát=u=rally tá=ken=to=the=séa, and his mást=er, dý=ing child=less not long áf=ter=wards, be=quéathed=to=him the lúg=ger. But in time, his spír=it, too much con=fined by cóast=ing in the nár=row seas, had tá=ken a bóld=er flight. He had risked his hárd=earned sá=vings in a vóy=age with the old sláve=trader, John Háw=kins,—whose ex=ér=tions, in=what=was=thén con=sid=ered an hón=our=a=ble and úse=ful vo=cá=tion, had been re=wárd=ed by Queen E=líz=a=beth with her spé=cial fá=vour, and=with=a=coat=of=árms, the crest where=óf was a né=gro's head, próp=er, chained,—but the lad's first and last én=ter=prise in this field was un=fór=tu=nate. Cáp=tured by Spán=i=ards, and ón=ly es=cá=ping with life, he de=tér=mined to re=vénge him=sélf on the whole Spán=ish ná=tion; and this was con=sid=ered a most le=gít=i=mate pro=céed=ing ac=córd=ing to the «sea div=in=i=ty» in=which=he=had=been=schóoled. His súb=se=quent ex=pe=dí=tions a=gáinst the Spán=ish pos=sés=sions in the West Ín=dies were ém=in=ent=ly suc=céss=ful, and soon the name of *Frán=cis Drake* rang through the world, and stár=tled Phil=ip in=the=dépths=of=his=Es=có=ri=al. The first Éng=lish=man, and the séc=ond of any ná=tion, he then ploughed his mém=o=ra=ble «fúr=row round the earth,» cár=ry=ing a=máze=ment and des=trúc=tion to the Spán=i=ards as he sailed; and áf=ter three years brought=to=the=Quéén tréa=sure e=nóugh, as=it=was=as=sért=ed, to main=táin a war with the Spán=ish king for sév=en years, and=to=pay=him=sélf and com=pán=i=ons, and the mér=chant ad=vén=tu=rers who had par=tí=ci=pa=ted in his én=ter=prise, fór=ty sév=en pounds stér=ling for év=e=ry pound invést=ed=in=the=vóy=age. The spec=u=lá=tion had=been=a=fór=tu=nate=one both for him=sélf and=for=the=kíng=dom.

The tér=ri=ble Séa=King was=one=of=the=great=týpes of the six=teenth cén=tu=ry. The sélf=helping prí=ivate ad=vén=tu=rer, in

his lit-tle vés-sel the *Góld-en Hind*, one hún-dred tons búr-then, had waged suc-céss-ful war a-gáinst a might-y ém-pire, and=had=shówn Éng-land how to húm-ble Phil-ip. When he a-gáin set foot on his ná-tive soil he was fól-lowed by crowds, and be-cáme the fá-vour-ite hé-ro of ro-mánce and bál-lad; for=it=was=not=the=ig-nó-ble pur-súit of gold a-lóne, through toil and pér-il, which had en-déared his name to the ná-tion. The póp-u-lar ín-stinct réc-og-nised that the true means had been found at last for rés-cu-ing Éng-land and Prót-es-tant-ism from the o-ver-shád-ow-ing ém-pire of Spain. The Queen vis-it-ed=him in his *Góld-en Hind*, and=gáve=him the hón-our of knight-hood.

## THE SEVEN SLÉEPERS.

### *A Légend.*

Pronun. española. Pronun. française.

Pronun. española. Pronun. française.

<b>Bowed..</b>	. bau'd. . . .	baou'd.
<b>Chris-</b>		kris-
<b>tians..</b>	. kris-ohiãns.	tchiéunz.
<b>De-ny-ing.</b>	di-nái-ing. . .	di-nái-in'gne
<b>Di-on-ys-</b>	daí-o-nis-i-	daí-ô-nis-i-
<b>i-us.</b>	. ãs. . . .	euce.
<b>Dis-guise..</b>	dis-gáis. . . .	dis-gáize.
<b>Ed-i-fice..</b>	éd-i-ús. . . .	éd-i-íce.
<b>Eph-e-sus</b>	éf-i-sãs. . . .	éf-i-ceuce.
<b>Ex-</b>		
<b>cláimed.</b>	eks-kléem'd.	eks-clém'd.
<b>Fú-ry..</b>	. fú-re. . . .	nou-ré.
<b>Góv-ern-</b>		guéuv-eur-
<b>or. . . .</b>	. gáv-æ-nãe.	neur.
<b>Hur-ried.</b>	. hãr-éd. . . .	héur-ed.
<b>I-dols. . .</b>	. ái-d'ls. . . .	ái-d'lz.
<b>Már-tyrs..</b>	. máa-tães. . .	mãr-teurz.
<b>Per-pléx-</b>	pææ-pléks-	per-pléks-
<b>es. . . .</b>	. es. . . .	eze.

<b>Qués-tions</b>	kués-chãns.	koués-
		tcheunz.
<b>Re-sús-ci-</b>	ri-sãs-zi-te-	ri-séus-ci-
<b>ta-ted. . .</b>	. ted. . . .	té-ted.
<b>Sác-ri-fice</b>	sác-ri-fais. . .	sák-ri-faice.
<b>Sá-vi-our.</b>	sév-iãe. . . .	sév-ieur.
<b>Si-gn. . . .</b>	. sain. . . .	saine.
<b>Souls. . .</b>	. sòls. . . .	sólze.
<b>The-o-dó-</b>	zi-o-dó-si-	thi-ô-dô-si-
<b>si-us. . .</b>	. ãs. . . .	euce.
<b>Thréat-</b>		
<b>ened. . .</b>	. zré't-'n'd..	thré't-'n'd.
<b>Tréa-sure.</b>	trésch-ãe..	tréj-eure.
<b>Tri-al. . .</b>	. trái-al. . . .	trái-al.
<b>Urged. . .</b>	. æædch'd..	eurdj'd.
<b>Uc-ter ly..</b>	æt-æ-le. . . .	éut-eur-lé.
<b>Vic-tu-</b>		
<b>als. . . .</b>	. vit-'ls..	vit-tl'z.
<b>Wór-ship.</b>	uææ-schíp.	ouéur-chíp.

The Ém-per-or Dé-ci-us, who pér-se-cu-ted the Chris-tians, háv-ing come to Éph-e-sus, ór-dered the e-réc-tion of tém-ples in the cit-y, that all might come and sác-ri-fice be-fóre=him, and he com-mánd-ed that the Chris-tians should be sought out and gív-en their choice, éi-ther to wór-ship the í-dols, or to die. So great was the con-ster-ná-tion in the cit-y, that=the=friend de-nóunced his friend, the fáth-er his son, and=the=són his fáth-er

Now there were in Éph-e-sus sév-en Chris-tians, — Max-ím-i-an, Mál-chus, Már-ci-an, Di-o-ný-si-us, John Se-rá-pi-on,

and Cón-stan-tine by name. These re-fúsed to sác-ri-fice to the í-dols , and re-máined in their hóus-es práy-ing and fást-ing. They were ac-cúsed be-fóre Dé-ci-us, and they con-féssed them-sélves to be Chrís-tians. How-év-er, the Ém-per-or gáve-them a lit-tle time to con-síd-er what line they=would=a-dópt. They took ad-ván-tage of this re-prieve to dis-péñse their goods a-móng the poor, and then they re-tíred , all sév-en, to Mount Cé-li-on , where they de-tér-mined to con-céal them-sélves.

One of their nóm-ber, Mál-chus, in=the=dis-guise of a phy-si-cian, went to=the=tówn to ob-táin víc-tuals. Dé-ci-us, who=had=been=áb-sent from Éph-e-sus for a lit-tle while , re-túrned , and gáve ór-ders for the sév-en to be sought. Mál-chus , háv-ing es-cáped from the town , fled , full of fear , to=his=cóm-rades , and=tóld=them of the Ém-per-or's fú-ry . They were much a-lármed; and Mál-chus hánd-ed=them the loaves he=had=bóught , bíd-ding them eat, that, fór-ti-fied by=the=fóod, they might have cóur-age in=the=time=of=trí-al. They ate, and then, as they sat wéep-ing and spéak-ing to one an-óth-er, by the will of God they fell a-sléep.

The Pá-gans sought év-e-ry-where , but=could=not=fínd=them, and Dé-ci-us was gréat-ly ír-ri-ta-ted at their es-cápe. He had their pá-rents brought be-fóre=him , and thréat-ened=them with death if they did not re-véal the place of con-céal-ment: but=they=could=ón-ly án-swer that the sév-en young men had dístríb-u-ted their goods to the poor, and=that=they=were=quíte íg-no-rant as to their whére-a-bouts.

Dé-ci-us , thínk-ing it pós-si-ble that=they=might=be=hí-ding in a cáv-ern, blocked up the mouth with stones that=they=might=pér-ish of húng-er.

Three hún-dred and six-ty years passed , and=in=the=thír-ti-eth year of the reign of The-o-dó-si-us, there broke forth a hér-e-sy de-ný-ing the res-ur-réc-tion=of=the=déad.

Now it háp-pened that an Eph-é-sian was build-ing a stá-ble on=the=side=of=Mount=Cé-li-on, and fínd-ing a pile of stones hánd-y he=tóok=them for=his=éd-i-fice, and thus ó-pened the mouth=of=the=cáve. Then the sév-en sléep-ers a-wóke, and it was to them as=if=they=had=slépt but a sín-gle night. They be-gán to ask Mál-chus what de-cí-sion Dé-ci-us had gív-en con-cérn-ing=them.

«He is gó-ing to=hunt-us=dówn, so=as=to=fórcé=us to sác-ri-fice to=the=í-dols,» was his re-plý. «God knows,» re-plíed Max-ím-i-an, «we=shall=név-er do that.» Then ex-hórt-ing his com-pán-i-ons, he urged Mál-chus to go back=to=the=tówn to

buy some more bread, and—at=the=same=time to ob-tain fresh in-for-má-tion. Mál-chus took five coins and left the cáv-ern. On sée-ing the stones he was filled with as-tón-ish-ment; how-év-er he went on tó-wards the cít-y; but what was his be-wil-der-ment, on ap-próach-ing the gate, to=see=ó-ver=it a cross! He went to an-óth-er gate, and there he be-héld the same sá-cred sign; and so he ob-sérved=it ó-ver each gate of=the=cít-y. He be-líeved that=he=was=súf-fer-ing from=the=ef-fécts=of=a=dréam. Then he én-tered Éph-e-sus, rúb-bing his eyes, and walked to=a=bá-ker's shop, and laid down his mó-ney. The bá-ker, ex-ám-in-ing the coin, in-quired whéth-er he=had=fóund a tréa-sure, and be-gán to whis-per to some óth-ers in the shop. The youth, think-ing that=he=was=dis-cóv-ered, and=that=they=were=a-bóut to=con-duct=him to the Ém-per-or, implóred=them to let him a-lóne, óf-fer-ing to leave loaves and mó-ney if=he=might=ón-ly be súf-fered to es-cápe. But the shóp-man, séiz-ing=him, said,—«Who-év-er you are, you have found a tréa-sure; shów=us where it is, that=we=may=sháre=it=with=you, and then we=will=híde=you.» Mál-chus was too fríght-ened to án-swer. So they put a rope round his neck, and=dréw=him through the streets ín-to=the=már-ke-t place. The news soon spread that the young man had dis-cóv-ered a great tréa-sure, and=there=was=prés-ent-ly a vast crowd a-bóut=him. He stóut-ly pro-tést-ed his ín-no-cence. No one réc-og-nised=him, and his eyes rán-ging ó-ver the fá-ces which sur-róund-ed=him, could dis-cóv-er not é-ven one which=he=had=knówn, or which was in the slíght-est de-grée fa-míl-i-ar-to=him.

So Már-tin, the bish-op, and An-tip-á-ter, the góv-ern-or, háv-ing heard of the ex-cíte-ment, ór-dered the young man to=be=brought=be-fóre=them, a-lóng with the bá-ker.

The bish-op and the góv-ern-or ásked=him where he had found the tréa-sure, and he re-plíed that=he=had=fóund none, but=that=the=féw coins were from=his=ówn purse. He was next asked whence he came. He re-plíed that=he=was=a=ná-tive of Éph-e-sus, «if this be Éph-e-sus.»

«Send for your re-lá-tions,—your pá-rents if they live here,» ór-dered the góv-ern-or.

«They live here, cér-tain-ly,» re-plíed the youth; and he mén-tioned their names. No such names were known in the town. Then the góv-ern-or ex-cláimed. «How dare you say that this mó-ney be-lónged to=your=pá-rents, when it dates back three hún-dred and sév-en-ty sév-en years, and=is=as=óld as the be-gín-ning of=the=reign=of=Dé-ci-us, and is út-ter-ly un-like our mód-ern cóin-age? Do=you=think to im-póse on the old

men and sá-ges of Eph-e-sus? Be-líe=me, I=shall=máke=you súf-fer the se-vér-i-ties of=the=láw un-léss you show where you ma-le the dis-cóv-e-ry.»

«I im-plóre=you,» cried Mál-chus, «in=the=name=of=Gód, án-swer me a few qué-s-tions, and then I will án-swer yours. Where is the Ém-per-or Dé-ci-us góne-to?»

The bísh-op án-swered, — «My son, there is no ém-per-or of that name; he who was thus called died long a-gó.»

Mál-chus re-plíed, — «All I hear per-pléx-es=me more and more. Fól-low=me, and=I=will=shów=you my cóm-rades who fled with me ín-to=a=cáve of Mount Cé-li-on ón-ly yés-ter-day, to es-cápe the crú-el-ty of Dé-ci-us. I=will=leád=you=to=them.»

Then they fól-lowed, and a great crowd áf-ter=them. And Mál-chus én-tered first ín-to=the=cáv-ern to his com-pán-i-ons, and the bísh-op áf-ter=him. And there they saw the már-tyrs séat-ed=in=the=cáve, with their fá-ces fresh and blóom-ing as ró-ses; so all fell down and gló-ri-fied God. The bísh-op and the góv-ern-or sent nó-tice to The-o-dó-si-us, and he húr-ried to Éph-e-sus. All the ín-háb-it-ants mét=him and con-dúct-ed=him to=the=cáv-ern. As soon as the saints be-héld the Ém-per-or their fá-ces shone like the sun, and the Ém-per-or gave thanks=ún-to=Gód, and em-bráced=them, and said, — «I sée=you, as though I saw the Sá-vi-our res-tór-ing Láz-a-rus.» Max-im-i-an re-plíed, — «Be-líe=us, for the faith's sake. God has re-sús-ci-ta-ted=us be-fóre the great res-ur-réc-tion day, in ór-order that you may be-líeve firm-ly in the res-ur-réc-tion=of=the=déad For as the ín-sect is=in=its=chrýs-a-lis liv-ing and not súf-fer-ing, so have we lived with-óut súf-fer-ing, fast a-sléep.» And háv-ing thus spó-ken, they bowed their heads, and their souls re-túrned to their Má-ker.

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## SMILES.

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The smile chán-ges có-lor like=a=cha-mé-li-on. There=is=a=vá-cant smile, a cold smile, a sa-tír-ic smile, a smile of hate, a smile of ap-pro-bá-tion, a fríend-ly smile, a smile of de-cép-tion; but a-bóve all, a smile of love. A wó-man has two smiles that=an=án-gel might én-vy: the smile that ac-cépts the lóv-er be-fóre words are út-tered, and=the=smile that lights-on=the=first-born, and as-súres=him of=a=móth-er's love.

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# BÍSSET, THE ÁNIMAL TÉACHER.

Pronun. española.		Pronun. française.		Pronun. española.		Pronun. française.	
<b>Ad-ver-tised.</b>	ad-væ-táís	ad-ver-táíz		<b>O-béi-sance.</b>	o-bé-sans.	ó-bé-san'ce.	
	'd. . . . 'd.			<b>Pli-ant.</b>	plái-ant.	plái-an'te.	
<b>Chalked.</b>	chook'd.	tehák'd.		<b>Pú-pils.</b>	piú-pils.	piou-pilz.	
<b>Cóm-pa-ny.</b>	kæm-pæ-ne.	kéum-pa-né		<b>Púr-pose.</b>	pæ-pæs.	péur-peuce.	
<b>Cón-quered.</b>	cón-kæd.	kón'g-keur'd		<b>Quád-ru-ped.</b>	kuád-riu-ped.	kouád-riou-ped.	
<b>Dis-tin-guish.</b>	dis-ting-üisch.	dis-tin-gouiche.		<b>Rán-e-lagh.</b>	rán-e-læ.	rán-e-la.	
<b>Feath-ered.</b>	fez-æd.	féth-eur'd.		<b>Reared.</b>	riæd.	ri-eur'd.	
<b>Hind.</b>	haind.	hain'd.		<b>Rég-u-lar.</b>	rég-iu-læ.	régu-iou-la.	
<b>In-dús-tri-ous.</b>	in-dæs-tri-æs.	in'-déus-tri-euce.		<b>Squáll-ing.</b>	skuóol-ing.	skouál-in'gne.	
<b>In-ge-nú-i-ty.</b>	in-dche-niú-i-te.	in'-dche-niou-i-té.		<b>Suc-céed-ed.</b>	sæk-siid-ed.	seuk-cid-ed.	
<b>Méth-od.</b>	méz-æd.	méth-eud.		<b>Sur-pri-sin.</b>	sæ-prái-sing.	seur-prái-zin'gne.	
<b>Min-ute.</b>	min-it.	min-ite.		<b>Tu-i-tion.</b>	tiu-isch-an.	tiou-ich-eune.	
<b>Món-keys.</b>	mæn-kes.	méungk-ez.		<b>Túr-tle.</b>	tæe-t'l.	téur-tl'.	
				<b>U-su-al.</b>	iú-schiu-al.	iou-zchiou-al	

Few in-di-vid-u-als have pre-sént-ed so strí-king an ín-stance of pá-tience and ec-cen-trí-ci-ty as Bis-set, the ex-tra-ór-din-ary téach-er of án-i-mals. He=was=a=ná-tive of Perth, and an in-dús-tri-ous shóe-ma-ker, un-tíl the nó-tion of téach-ing the quád-ru-ped kind at-tráct-ed his at-tén-tion in the year 1759. Réad-ing an ac-cóunt of a re-márk-a-ble horse shown at St. Gér-mains, cu-ri-ós-i-ty léd=him to try his hand on a horse and a dog, which he bought in Lón-don, and he suc-céed-ed be-yónd all ex-pec-tá-tion. Two món-keys were the next pú-pils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tím-ble=on=the=rópe, whilst the óth-er held a cán-dle in one paw for his com-pán-i-on, and with the óth-er played a bár-rel ór-gan. These án-tic án-i-mals he ál-so in-strúct-ed to play sév-er-al fán-ci-ful tricks, such as drínk-ing to=the=cóm-pa-ny, rí-ding and tím-bling on a hórs-e's back, and gó-ing through sév-er-al rég-u-lar dán-ces with=a=dóg. Bé-ing a man of un-wéar-ied pá-tience, three young cats were the next ób-jects of his tu-ition. He taught these do-més-tic ti-gers to strike their paws in such di-réc-tions on the dúl-cim-er as=to=pro-dúce sév-er-al rég-u-lar tunes, háv-ing músic-books be-fóre=them, and squáll-ing at the same time in díf-fer-ent keys or tones, first, séc-ond and third, by=way=of=cón-cert. He áf-ter-wards was in-dúced to make a pú-blic ex-hib-i-tion of his án-i-mals, and the wéll-known *Cat's Óp-er-a* was ad-ver-tised in the Háy-mar-ket; the horse, the dog, the món-keys, and=the=cáts, went through their sév-er-al parts with un-cóm-mon ap-pláuse to crówd-ed

hóus-es; and=in=a=féw days Bís-set found him-sélf pos-séssed of néar-ly a thóu-sand pounds to re-wárd his in-gen-ú-i-ty.

This suc-céss ex-cí-ted Bís-set's de-síre to ex-ténd his do-mín-i-on ó-ver óth-er án-i-mals, in-clú-ding é-ven the féath-ered kind. He pro-cúred a young lév-er-et, and=réared=it to beat sév-er-al márch-es on the drum with=its=hínd legs, un-tíl it be-cáme a good stout hare. He taught ca-ná-ry birds, lín-nets, and spár-rows to spell the name of án-y pér-son in cóm-pa-ny, to dis-tín-guish the hour and mín-ute of time, and to play mán-y óth-er sur-prí-sing fán-cies. He trained six túr-key cocks to go through a rég-u-lar cóun-try dance; but in dó-ing this con-féssed he a-dóp-ted the Éast-ern méth-od, by which cám-els are made to dance by héat-ing the floor. In the course, of six month's téach-ing he made a túr-tle fetch and cár-ry like=a-dóg; and háv-ing chalked the floor and bláck-ened its claws, could di-réct=it to trace out án-y gív-en name in the cóm-pa-ny. He trained a dog and cat to go through mán-y a-má-zing per-fórm-an-ces. His cón-fi-dence é-ven léd=him to try ex-pér-i-ments on a góld-fish, which he did not des-páir of má-king pér-fect-ly tráct-a-ble. But some time áf-ter-wards a doubt bé-ing stárt-ed=to=him, whéth-er the ób-stin-a-cy of=a-píg could not be cón-quered, his ú-su-al pá-tient fór-ti-tude was de-vó-ted to the ex-pér-i-ment. He bought a black súcking-pig, and trained it to lie ún-der the stool on which he sat at work. At vá-ri-ous ín-ter-vals dú-ring six or sév-en months he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his púr-pose; and, des-páir-ing of év-e-ry kind of suc-céss, he=was-on=the=póint of gív-ing it a-wáy, when=it=strúck=him to a-dópt a new mode of téach-ing, in cón-se-quence of which, in the course of six-teen months, he made an án-i-mal sup-pósed the most ób-stin-ate and per-vérse in ná-ture, be-cóme the most tráct-a-ble. In Áu-gust, 1783, he once a-gáin turned i-tín-er-ant, and took his léarn-ed pig to Dúb-lin, where=it=was=shówn for two or three nights at Rán-e-lagh. It=was=not=ón-ly ún-der full com-mánd, but ap-péared as pli-ant and góod-natured as a spán-i-el. It=was=séen for two or three days by mán-y pér-sons of res-pect-a-bíl-i-ty, to spell, with-óut án-y ap-pár-ent di-réc-tion, the names of those in the cóm-pa-ny; to cast up ac-cóunts, and to point out é-ven words re-péat-ed by pér-sons prés-ent; to tell ex-áct-ly the hour, mín-utes, and séc-onds; to point out the már-ried; to kneel, and to make its o-béi-sance to=the=cóm-pa-ny, &c. Poor Bís-set was thus in=a=fáir way of «bríng-ing his pig to=a=góod már-ket,» when a man, whose in-so-lence dis-gráced au-thór-i-ty, broke ín-to the room with-óut án-y sort of

pré-text, as-sáult-ed the un-of-fénd-ing man, and drew his sword to kill the pig, an án-i-mal that, in the prác-tice of good mán-ners, was at least su-pé-ri-or to=his=as-sáil-ant. The ín-jured Bis-set pléad-ed in vain the per-mis-sion that=had=been=gránt-ed=him; he=was=thréat-ened to be dragged to pris-on. He=was=con-stráined to re-túrn home, but the a-gi-tá-tion=of=his=mínd thréw=him ín-to=a=fit=of=íll-ness, and he died a few days af-ter at Chés-ter on=his=way home.

## ÉNGLAND ÚNDER THE STÚARTS.—1603-1688.

### *Lord Macáulay.*

THÓM-AS BÁB-ING-TON MAC-ÁU-LAY, a great his-tó-rian, es-sáy-ist, pó-et, was born in 1800. He=was=the=són of Zách-a-ry Mac-áu-lay, a fá-mous ánti-slávery man in his day, and a strict Pres-by-té-ri-an. His wri-tings em-bráce éss-ays of the high-est ór-order on mán-y his-tór-i-cal and lit-er-a-ry súb-jects. His *His-tory of Éng-land*, which was név-er fin-ished, is é-gual-ly fá-mous. He died of dis-ease=of=the=héart in 1859, and was de-sérv-ed-ly bú-ried in Wést-míns-ter Áb-bey. Some time be-fóre his death he=was=raised=to=the=péer-age as Lord Mac-áu-lay.

Pronun. española. Pronun. française.

Pronun. española. Pronun. française

Ab-bey.. . . . .áb-e. . . . .áb-é.  
 As-si-zes.. as-sai-dses.. as-sai-zéz.  
 At-mo-sphere. . . . .át-mo-sfíe.. át-mo-sfíre.  
 Bów-els. . . . .bau-els. . . . .baou-elz.  
 Con-céive. kæn-síiv.. . . .keun'-cive.  
 Dis-ci-pline.. . . . .dis-si-plín. . . . .dis-ci-plíne.  
 Dóubt-less daút-les.. . . .daout-lece.  
 Dú-ty. . . . .diú-te.. . . . .diou-té.  
 En-déav-oured.. . . . .en-dév-æed en'dév-eur'd  
 Ex-ci-ted.. ek-sai-ted. . . . .ek-sai-ted.  
 Galled. . . . .gool'd.. . . . .gá'd.  
 Gen-er-á-tions.. . . . .dchen-æer-é- djen-er-é-  
 . . . . .schæns. . . . .cheunz.  
 Howl. . . . .haul. . . . .haul.  
 In-fin-ite-ly. . . . .in-fin-it-le. . . . .in-fi-nite-lé.  
 Jú-ry. . . . .dchiú-re.. . . . .djiou-ré.  
 Lárge-ly. . . . .láadch-le. . . . .lardje-lé.  
 Lin-cóln. . . . .lin-kæn. . . . .lin-keune.  
 Lit-er-a-ture. . . . .lit-er-e-chæ tcheur.  
 Mac-áulay.. . . . .mak-óo-le. . . . .mak-á-lé.

Mér-cy.. . . . .mææ-se. . . . .mér-cé.  
 Péd-a-gogue. . . . .péd-e-gog. . . . .péd-e-gogus.  
 Péer-age.. piær-edch. . . . .piœur-édje.  
 Pów-er-ful.. . . . .páu-æ-ful. . . . .foul.  
 Pres-by-té-ri-an. . . . .pres-bi-ti-ri préce-bi-ti-ri-an. . . . .æn. . . . .ri-ane.  
 Pries. . . . .prais. . . . .praize.  
 Pú-pils.. . . . .piú-pils. . . . .piou-pilz.  
 Rí-pened.. . . . .raí-p'n'd.. . . . .raí-p'n'd.  
 Scáf-fold.. scáf-æld.. . . . .scáf-euld.  
 Sén-si-tive sén-si-tiv. . . . .sén-si-tiv'.  
 Shów-er. . . . .scháu-æ. . . . .c'laou-eur.  
 So-ci-é-ty. so-sai-i-te. . . . .só-sai-i-té.  
 Sóft-ened.. sóf-'n'd. . . . .sóf-'n'd.  
 Sól-dier. . . . .sól-dchæ. . . . .sól-djeur.  
 Stú-arts. . . . .stiú-æts. . . . .stiou-artce.  
 Súb-jects.. sæb-dchæks.. sæub-djekce.  
 Thóm-as.. . . . .tóm-æs. . . . .tóm-euce.  
 Tów-er. . . . .táu-æ. . . . .taou-eur.  
 Wéa-pons wép-'ns. . . . .ouép-p'nze.  
 Wréтч-ed. . . . .réч-ed. . . . .retch-ed.

The gróund-work of the ná-tion-al chár-ac-ter has been the same through mán-y gen-er-á-tions, in the sense in which the gróund-work of the chár-ac-ter of an ín-di-vid-u-al may=be=sáid=to=be the same when=he=is=a=rúde and thóught-less schóol=

boy, and=when=he=is=a=re-fined and ac-cóm-plished man. It is pleás-ing to re-fléct that the púb-lic mind of Eng-land has sóft-ened while=it=has=rí-pened, and that we have, in=the=course=of=á-ges, be-cóme, not ón-ly a wí-ser, but ál-so a kind-er péo-ple. There is scárce-ly a page of the his-to-ry or light-er lít-er-a-ture of the sév-en-teenth cén-tu-ry which does not con-tain some proof that our án-ces-tors were less hú-mane than their pos-tér-i-ty. The dí-s-ci-pline of wórk-shops, of schools, of prí-va-te fám-i-lies, though not more ef-fi-cient than at prés-ent, was in-fin-ite-ly há-rsh-er. Péd-a-gogues knew no way of im-párt-ing knów-ledge but by béat-ing their pú-pils. Hús-bands of dé-cent stá-tion were not a-shá-med to beat their wives. The im-pla-ca-bíl-i-ty of hós-tile fác-tions was such as=we=can=scárce-ly con-céive. Whigs were dí-s-pósed to múr-mur be-cáuse Stráf-ford was súf-fered to die with-óut sée-ing his bów-els burned be-fóre his face. Tó-ries re-víled and in-súlt-ed Rús-sell as his coach passed from the Tów-er to the scáf-fold in Lín-coln's Inn Fields. As lít-tle mér-cy was shown by the póp-u-lace to súf-fer-ers of a húm-bler rank. If=an=of=fénd-er was=put=in=to=the=píl-lo-ry, it was well if=he=es-cáped with life from the shów-er of brick-bats and pá-ving stones. If=he=was=tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed róund=him, im-plór-ing the háng-man to=give=it=the=fél-low well and máke=him howl. Gén-tle-men ar-ránged párt-ies of pléa-sure to Bríde-well on cóurt-days for the púr-pose of sée-ing the wrétch-ed wó-men, who beat hemp there, whipped. A man pressed to death for re-fú-sing to plead, a wó-man burned for cóin-ing, ex-cí-ted less sým-pa-thy than is now felt for a galled horse, or an ó-ver-driv-en ox. Fights, com-páred with which a bóxing-match is a re-fined and hu-máne spéc-ta-cle, were a-móng the fá-vour-ite dí-vér-sions of a large part of the town. Múl-ti-tudes as-sém-bled to see glád-i-a-tors hack each óth-er to pie-ces with déad-ly wéap-ons, and shóut-ed with de-light when=one=of=the=cóm-bat-ants lost a fing-er or=an=éye. The pris-ons were hells on earth, sém-in-a-ries of év-e-ry crime and of év-e-ry dí-s-éase. At the as-sí-zes the lean and yél-low cúl-prits bróught=with=them from their cells to the dock an át-mo-sphere of stench and pés-ti-lence, which sóme-times a-vénged=them síg-nal-ly on bench, bar, and jú-ry. But on all this mís-er-y so-cí-e-ty looked with pro-fóund in-díf-fer-ence. Nó-where could=be=fóund that sén-si-tive and rést-less compás-sion which has, in our time, ex-ténd-ed a pów-er-ful pro-téc-tion to=the=fác-to-ry child, to=the=Hín-doo wid-ow, to=the=né-gro slave; which pries=in=to=the=stóres and wáter-casks of

év-er-y ém-i-grant ship, which win-ces at év-er-y lash laid on the back of a drúnk-en sól-dier, which will not súf-fer the thief in the hulks to be ill-féd or o-ver-wórked, and which has re-péat-ed-ly en-déa-voured to save the life é-ven=of=the=múr-der-er. It is true that com-pás-sion ought, like all óth-er féel-ings, to be ún-der the góv-ern-ment of réa-son, and has, for want of such góv-ern-ment, pro-dúced some rid-ic-u-lous and some de-pló-ra-ble ef-fécts. But the more we stúd-y the án-nals=of=the=pást the=more=shall=we=re-jóice that we live in a mér-ci-ful age, one in which pain, é-ven when de-sérved, is in-flíct-ed re-lúc-tant-ly and=from=a=sense of dú-ty. Év-e-ry class dóubt-less has gained lárge-ly by this great mór-al change; but the class which=has=gáined most is the póor-est, the most de-pénd-ent, and the most de-féncé-less.

## ÁPRIL FOOLS.

N. Háwthorne.

NA-THÁN-I-EL HÁW-THORNE was born at Sá-lem, Mas-sa-chús-setts, in 1804, and died in 1864, at Ply-mouth, New Hámp-shire. His lít-er-a-ry fame rests on his nóv-els and ro-mán-ces, which show a rich im-a-gin-á-tion, and great ob-ser-vá-tion of men and things. He=wás=a=sí-lent, lóne-ly man, a pó-et a-bóve all things, whose mind lived in the world of its own fán-cies. He wrote, a-móng óth-er books, «*The Scár-let Lét-ter*», «*Trans-form-á-tion*», etc.

Pronou. española. Pronou. française.

Pronou. española. Pronou. française.

A-pril. . . . é-pril. . . . é-pril.  
 Bách-e-lor. bách-i-læ. . . bách-i-leur.  
 Bourne. . . boon. . . . bórne.  
 Cát-a-  
 logue. . . kát-æ-log. . . kát-a-log.  
 Cáu-ple. . . kæp-'l. . . kæup-pl'.  
 De-céiv-er di-siiv-æ. . . di-ei-veur.  
 E-gré-gi- i-gri-dchi- i-gri-dji-  
 ous. . . æs. . . . euce.  
 E-vil. . . . ï-v'l. . . . i-v'l'.  
 Gréy-  
 haired. . . grée-heæd. . . gré-hèr'd.  
 Group. . . . gruup. . . . groupe.  
 Hámp -  
 shire. . . hámp-schæ. hámp-cheur.

Hóme-  
 stead. . . hóm-sted. . . hôme-sted.  
 In-qui-e- in-kuát-i- in'-kouái-i-  
 tude. . . tiud. . . . tioude.  
 Már-ri-age már-edch. . . már-redje.  
 Na-thán-i-  
 el. . . . ne-zán-iel. . . ne-thán-iel.  
 Pair. . . . peæ. . . . pé-eur.  
 Path. . . . paaz. . . . path.  
 Ply-mouth plim-æz. . . plim-euth.  
 Ri-ot-ous. rái-æt-æz. . . rái-eut-euce.  
 Truth. . . . truuz. . . . trouth.  
 Wealth. . . uelz. . . . ouelth.  
 Wise-a- ouáize-é-  
 cre. . . . uáis-e-kæ. . . keur.  
 Worth. . . uææz. . . . oueurth.

He who=has=wást-ed the past year in í-dle-ness, neg-  
 léct-ing his op-por-tú-ni-ties of hón-our-a-ble ex-ér-tion;  
 he who=has=léarnt nó-thing good, nor wéed-ed his mind of  
 án-y-thing é-vil; he who=has=been=héap-ing-up gold, and  
 there-bý gained as mán-y cares and in-quí-e-tudes as=

there=are=cóins in his stróng-box; he who=has=re-dúced him-sélf from áf-flu-ence to póv-er-ty, whéth-er by rí-otous liv-ing or dés-per-ate spec-u-lá-tions,—these four are *Á-pril fools*. He who=has=clímbed, or súf-ered him-sélf to=be=lift-ed, to a stá-tion for which he is un-fit, does but stand upon a péd-es-tal to shów the world an *Á-pril fool*. The grèy-haired man, who=has=sóught for joy with a girl in her teens, and the young girl, who has wéd-ded an old man for=his=wéalth, are a pair of *Á-pril fools*. The már-ried cóu-ple, who=have=linked=them-sélves for life on the strength of a week's lí-king; the íll-matched pair, who turn their róugh-est sides tó-wards each óth-er, in-stéad of má-king the best of a bad bár-gain; the young man who=has=dóomed him-sélf to=a=life=of=dif-fi-cul-ties by a too éar-ly már-riage; the middle-aged bách-el-or, who is wait-ing to be rich; the dám-sel, who=has=trúst-ed her lóv-er too far; the lóv-er, who=is=dówn-cast for a dám-sel's fic-kle-ness,—all these are *Á-pril fools*. The fárm-er, who has left a good hóme-stead in New Éng-land, to ém-i-grate to the Mis-sis-síp-pi vál-ley, or án-y-where else on this side of héav-en; the stú-dent, who has turned a-síde from the path of his pro-fés-sion, and gone a-stráy in pó-et-ry and fán-ci-ful-ness,—what are these but=a-gróup of *Á-pril fools*? And the wíse-acre, who thinks him-sélf a fool in nó-thing,—Oh, su-pér-la-tive *Á-pril fool*!

But=what=a=fóol are we, to waste our ink and pá-per in má-king=óut a cát-a-logue of *Á-pril fools*. We will add but one or two more. He who, for án-y éarth-ly con-sid-er-á-tion, in-flícts a wrong on his own cón-science, is=a-most=e-gré-gi-ous *Á-pril fool*. The mór-tal man, who has neg-léct-ed to=think=of=e-tér-ni-ty, till he finds him-sélf at the út-móst bourne of Time,—Death póints=at=him for an *Á-pril fool*. And now let the whole world, dis-cérn-ing its own nón-sense, and húm-bug, and chár-la-tan-ism, and how in all things, or most, it=is=both=a=de-céi-ver and de-céived,—let-it=póint its in-nú-mer-a-ble fing-ers, and shout in its own ear, «Oh, world, you *Á-pril fool*!» Lást-ly, if the réad-er, in túrn-ing ó-ver this page, has not próf-it-ed by the mór-al truths which=it=con-táins, must we not write=him=dówn in our list of *Á-pril fools*? But=if=there=be=no-trúth, nó-thing well said, nor worth sáy-ing, we=shall=find-it=óut a-nón; and shall whís-per to our-sélf, «Mr. Au-thor, you=are=an=*Á-pril fool*.»

# THE SPÍDER AND ITS WEBS.

## *Cánon Trísttram.*

DR. TRÍS-TRAM, L. L. D., F. R. S., is a clér-gy-man, and ál-so a fá-mous nát-u-ral-ist. He has trá-v-elled wide-ly, and writes ád-mir-a-bly. He has writ-ten sév-e-ral works of trá-v-el. Born 1824,

Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.		Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.	
Ac-tu-al-ly.	ák-chiu-al-ly.	ák-tchiou-al-é.		Jéw-elled.	dchiú-el'd.	djiou-el'de.	
An-chor.	ánk-æ.	án'k-eur.		Kind.	kaind.	kain'd.	
Arch-i-tec-ture.	áak-i-tec-tchæ.	árk-i-tek-tcheur.		Man-u-fác-ture.	man-iu-fác-chæ.	man'-iou-fák-tcheur.	
Av-e-nue.	áv-i-niu.	áv-i-niou.		Méa-suring.	mésch-ær-ing.	méj-eur-in'gue.	
Blóod-thirst-y.	blæd-zææst-é.	bléud-theurst-é.		Mín-ute.	min-it.	min-ite.	
Bored.	boæd.	bor'd.		Móist-ened.	móis-'n'd.	móis-s'n'd.	
Breath.	brez.	breth.		Mos-qui-toes.	mos-ki-tos.	mos-ki-tôze.	
Breathe.	bríiz.	brithe.		Móv-ing.	múuv-ing.	móuv-in'gne.	
Bú-ry-ing.	bér-i-ing.	bér-i-in'gne.		Múr-der.	mææ-dæ.	méur-deur.	
Buzz.	búðss.	beuzz.		Myr-i-ads.	mir-i-æds.	mir-i-eudze.	
Cáp-tive.	cáp-tiv.	cáp-tiv'.		Pounce.	pauns.	paoun'ce.	
Cáp-ture.	cáp-chæ.	cáp-tcheur.		Prey.	pree.	pré.	
Céil-ing.	sú-ling.	ci-lin'gne.		Pulled.	pul'd.	poul'd.	
Cír-cu-lar.	sææ-kiu-læ.	cér-kiou-leur.		Quár-ters.	kuóo-tærs.	kóuár-teurz.	
Combed.	kom'd.	kóm'd.		Rég-u-lar.	rég-iu-læ.	régú-iou-lar.	
Cóm-fort-a-ble.	kæm-fææt-e-bl'.	kéum-feur-te-bl'.		Row.	ro.	ró.	
De-vóured.	dé-váæ'd.	di-váour'd.		Sá-vour-y.	sé-vær-e.	sé-veur-é.	
Dóz-en.	dæds-'n.	déuz-'n.		Se-vére-ly.	si-viæ-le.	si-vieur-lé.	
Draughts.	draæfts.	draæft.		Shóv-el.	schæv-'l.	cheuv-vl'.	
En-tire-ly.	en-táæ-le.	en'-táire-lé.		Spí-cies.	spi-schiis.	spi-chiz.	
Ex-háust-ed.	eks-óost-ed.	egz-ást-ed.		Spí-der.	spái-dæ.	spái-deur.	
Fást-ened.	fáas-'n'd.	fás-s'n'd.		Spied.	spaid.	spaid.	
Fá-vour-ite.	fé-vær-it.	fé-veur-ite.		Sub-ma-rine.	sæb-me-rin.	seub-me-rine.	
Fringe.	frindeh.	frin'dje.		Sub-ter-rá-ne-an.	sæb-ter-ré-ni-æn.	seub-ter-ré-ni-æn.	
Gi-gán-tic.	dchai-gán-tic.	djai-gán-tik.		Sup-ply.	sæp-lai.	seup-plái.	
Glued.	gliu'd.	gliou'd.		Swá-low.	suól-o.	souól-ó.	
Gnats.	nats.	natce.		Swarms.	suóoms.	souármz.	
Hairs.	heæs.	hærze.		Tis-sue.	tisch-iu.	tich-iou.	
Hid-e-ous-ly.	hid-i-æes-le.	hid-i-eus-lé.		Touch.	tæch.	teutche.	
Hinge.	hindch.	hindje.		Tough.	tæf.	teuf.	
Hús-band.	hæs-bænd.	héuz-beun'd.		Tréa-sures.	træsch-ææs.	tréj-eurze.	
In-gé-ni-ous.	in-dchi-ni-æes.	in'-dji-ni-euce.		Tried.	traid.	traid.	
Is-land.	ái-land.	ái-lan'd.		Tróub-lesome.	træub-bl-sæm.	tréub-bl-seume.	
				Twin-klé.	tuin-k'l.	tóuin'gk-k'l'.	
				Weave.	uiv.	ouive.	
				Wind-ing.	uáind-ing.	ouám'd-in'gne.	
				Wren.	ren.	rene.	

There are néar-ly three hún-dred kinds of Brit-ish spi-ders, liv-ing not ón-ly in cót-ta-ges and halls, but in lanes and hédg-es, or trees, or in fields, but some bú-ry-ing them-sélves in the ground, and óth-ers, strá-nger still, liv-ing ún-der wá-ter,—not=in=it, like fish-es or rép-tiles,

but ác-tu-al-ly bót-ting the air, tá-king-it=dówn-with-them, and kée-p-ing e-nóugh a-bóut-them to breathe, and then, when=that=is=ex-háust-ed, cóm-ing up a-gáin for=a-frésh sup-plý. But all these spí-ders weave webs, and=the=wébs are ál-most as vá-ri-ous-as=the-spí-ders. If=thére=are near three hún-dred spé-cies of spí-ders in Éng-land, there=are=as=mán-y díf-fer-ent pát-terns-of=wébs. Just as silk is wóv-en ín-to sár-sen-et, or sát-in, or vél-vet, or net, so the fáir-y gós-sa-mer of the spí-der's web is spun sóme-times to form the brown dúst-catching silk which fes-tóons the neg-léct-ed cór-ners-of=a-róom; sóme-times those béau-ti-ful pát-terns of nét-work we see jéw-elled with déw-drops on a súm-mer's mórn-ing in the hédg-es, or the fine threads which stretch from tree to tree, or the light hairs we catch up with our feet as we walk a-cróss a field in éar-ly spring. But all spí-ders spin, though all do not spin nets. Some con-tént them-sélves with spín-ning hóus-es for their young ones, and vé-ry tight and tough hóus-es those white and yél-low silk bags are. Óth-er sub-ter-rá-ne-an spí-ders make silk hin-ges for=the=doors-of=their=hóus-es, whilst óth-ers make lít-e-ral fish-ing-nets, for the wá-ter-spí-ders of which we have spó-ken ác-tu-al-ly spin webs in the wá-ter and catch the wá-ter ín-sects.

But=there=is=an-óth-er kind of spí-der, which by cándle-light looks=as=large=as=a-móuse rún-ning a-cróss a room, which=is=a=vé-ry-old friend of mine. I once had one=of=these=spí-ders, which I kept tame in my bed for=a=year=and=a=hálf. It=was=in=the=ís-land of Ber-mú-da, which swarms with év-e-ry kind of dis-a-grée-a-ble ín-sects, and where the mos-quí-toes, gi-gán-tic blóod-thirst-y gnats, not ón-ly múr-der sleep by their sharp shriek-ing buzz in the ear all night long, but thrust their long lán-cets through the skin and suck out the blood, ráis-ing great sores which=are=óf-ten vé-ry tróu-ble-some. No=one=can=sleép there in peace with-óut a mos-quí-to net, or large bag made of hób-bin net, which is hung from=a-hook in=the=céil-ing, and cóv-ers the whole bed to the ground, like a huge gauze night-cap. But the mos-quí-toes are vé-ry ác-tive, and when you lift up the net to=get=ín-to=béd, sóme=of=them are sure to be ním-ble e-nóugh to=get=ín-with-you to keep you cóm-pa-ny. Now my béd-fel-lows were vé-ry tróu-ble-some, and would néi-ther sleep them-sélves nor let me sleep. Sóme-times they tást-ed the tip of my nose, then they bored my ears, then they ran their lán-



cets in-to=my=éye-lids, sing-ing all the time most hid-eous-ly. At last I de-tér-mined to make friends with=a=lárgé spí-der. I cáught=him one éve-ning as=he=was=júmp-ing=áft-er the flies in the win-dow cúr-tains, and=pút=him ín-to a lít-tle bag which I fást-ened ín-side my net at the vé-ry top. Then I=féd=him with large flies for=a=féw days un-tíl he be-gán to find him-sélf in vé-ry cóm-fort-a-ble quár-ters, and thought of spín-ning his nest and má-king his home. I then cut a hole in the bag, and my spí-der soon spun a béau-ti-ful nest as=large=as=a=wíne-glass for him-sélf, wind-ing him-sélf round and round, as he combed out the silk from=the=end-of=his=táil. In this nest he sat pér-fect-ly mó-lion-less, for these spí-ders do not weave nets, but ón-ly homes for them-sélves and their young ones, and catch their prey by léap-ing up-ón=them with a-má-zing speed. There, at the top of the net sat my friend, and óf-ten have=I=wátched=him when a fly or mos-qui-to got in-side our gaúz-y tent. I could fán-cý I sáw his eyes twín-kle as his víc-tims buzzed a-bóut, till, when they were with-in a yard or so of the top, one spring, and the fly was=in=his=fór-ceps or níp-pers, and an-óth-er leap took=him=báck to=his=dén, where he soon fín-ished the sá-vour-y móuth-ful. Sóme-times he would bound from side to side of the bed, and seize a mos-qui-to at év-e-ry spring, rést-ing ón-ly a mó-mént on the net to swál-low=it. In an-óth-er cór-ner=of=the=róom was the nest of a fé-male of the same spé-cies. She=was=not=con-tént with so small a house as her hús-band, but ád-ded some béau-ti-ful lít-tle silk bags or co-cóons lár-ger than a thím-ble, of vé-ry tough yél-low silk made by her-sélf, in each of which she laid more=than=a=dóz-en eggs, the young ones from which used to sit on her back when hatched, but all dis-ap-péared as soon as=they=were=old=e-nóugh to hunt and leap for them-sélves. I kept my úse-ful friend in bed for néar-ly a=year=and=a=hálf, when un-fór-tu-nate-ly one day a new hóuse-maid spied his prét-ty brown house, pulled=it=dówn, and crushed ún-der her black feet my poor com-pán-i-on.

There=was=an-óth-er kind of spí-der in Ber-mú-da, much more hánd-some than my béd-fel-low, but not néar-ly so great a fá-vour-ite of mine, a-bóut=an=íñch long, with-óut méa-su-ring its long legs, and=with=a=bright yél-low and black bód-y páint-ed in béau-ti-ful pát-terns. This spí-der did not weave nets, but nóos-es of bright yél-low silk. It

=spún=them in the woods from tree to tree, sit-ting at the ex-trém-i-ty of a branch, and then, tá-king ad-ván-tage of=a=breath=of=wínd, it would sail out ín-to the air, cár-ry-ing its thread be-hínd=it, till it reached the next tree, where it fást-ened=it and then stárt-ed back a-gáin with an-óth-er thread. These spi-ders gén-er-al-ly choose the trees on each side of a páth-way for their op-er-á-tions, and the sílk-en threads hang a-cróss=it in mýr-i-ads. When the large béau-ti-ful bút-ter-flies come flút-ter-ing down the áv-e-nue in the sún-light, they óf-ten get en-tán-gled in these cords. If the cord breaks at once, the bút-ter-fly es-cápes, but if not, in its strúg-gles it would soon touch two or three more lines, and=as=soon=as=it=was=com-pléte-ly en-tán-gled, the spi-der would come rún-ning a-lóng its thread from the tree, and ráp-id-ly móv-ing round and round its lóve-ly prey, would spin its gúm-my sílk till the bút-ter-fly was com-pléte-ly fét-tered, when it de-vóured its cáp-tive on the spot. I once saw two of these spi-ders to-géth-er cáp-ture a lít-tle bird, a-bóut the size of a wren, in this way. The threads had got so en-tán-gled round its wings, that the spi-ders were á-ble to=séize=it as it strúg-gled in the snare, and had bit-ten its throat so se-vére-ly that, though I fréed=it áf-ter wách-ing the bát-tle for a mín-ute or two, the poor lít-tle bird died=in=my=hánd.

An in-gé-ni-ous A-mér-i-can tried to=make=use-of=this=sílk, and once ex-híb-it-ed at a show in Ber-mú-da a yél-low sílk hánd-ker-chief of spi-ders' webs. But=though=it=was=far=fi-ner than sílk-worms' sílk, it=was=so=tróu-ble-some to col-léct, that no one at-témpt-ed the man-u-fácture áf-ter-wards.

There is an-óth-er spi-der which=I=have=óf-ten watched in Greece and the Hó-ly Land, which is, I think, the most wón-der-ful of all in its árch-i-tec-ture. It is cóm-mon-ly known as the Má-son Spi-der. This spi-der is en-tíre-ly noc-túr-nal in its háb-its, and név-er éi-ther hunts or feeds in dáy-light, but makes it-sélf a most cóm-fort-a-ble house, where=it=is=pér-fect-ly safe and locked=úp till sún-set. It bores a cir-cu-lar hole in=the=side=of=a=bánk, or án-y sló-ping ground, a-bóut the size of a man's mí-d-dle fíng-er. The tún-nel is most ex-áct-ly róund-ed, and from two to four ínch-es deep. To rake up the earth and shóv-el=it=a-wáy, it has a row of hard points on its head, like the teeth of a rake. As=soon=as=it=has=scooped=óut the soil, it lines the tún-nel with sílk, through which no

damp can pén-e-trate; and no dráwing-room was év-er so béau-ti-ful-ly plás-tered, and pá-pered with dám-ask, as the má-son spí-der's sitting-room. But the door is=the=most=wón-der-ful part of this mán-sion. The spí-der does not like draughts, and cán-not bear háv-ing the door left ó-pen, so=it=con-tríves that=it=shall=shút it=sélf. The door is pér-fect-ly round and flat, a-bóut the size of a six-pence, but vé-ry thick, made of thin láy-ers of fine earth móist-ened and worked to-géth-er with fine silk, so=that=it=is=vé-ry tough and e-lás-tic, and cán-not crúm-ble, and has a wón-der-ful silk hinge at the top. The hinge is e-lás-tic silk, vé-ry spún-gy, and so tight that when the door is ó-pened it cló-ses im-mé-di-ate-ly with a sharp snap. But the door does not fit=ón=to=the=hóuse, but=in-to=it. It has a béau-ti-ful-ly hard sóck-et, bound with silk, in-which=it=fits vé-ry tight-ly, while the óut-side is cóv-ered with bits of moss or óth-er things glued on, so=that=no=one=can=pós-sib-ly de-téct=it. The ón-ly way of ó-pen-ing=it from with-óut is by a pin, but é-ven then I=have=óf-ten seen the spí-der kéep-ing tight hold of the bót-tom of the door with her claws, while hól-d-ing on to the walls of her cell with her whole force. Here the lít-tle ár-chi-tect re-máins all day, and at night spins a few threads a-móng the grass near her home, in which she cá-tch-es her prey; but she ál-so hunts for food by léap-ing up-ón bée-tles, and cár-ry-ing=them ín-to her tún-nel. So at-táched is she to her cél-lar, that=I=have=óf-ten cut the nests out=of=the=éarth and bróught=them=a-wáy in my póck-et with the inháb-it-ant with-ín; and I have now be-fóre=me a row of these nests, all with their doors fit-ting ex-áct-ly a-like. I once cut=óff the=door=of=a=nést, and next day found a=néw=one al-réad-y hung in its place.

One more spí-der I=should=like=to=sáy a word a-bóut, be-cáuse it is one we may óf-ten see in this cóun-try, and is vé-ry lít-tle known. It=is=the=wá-ter-spí-der, and it is vé-ry in-ter-ést-ing, be-cáuse it bót-tles up air and tákes=it ún-der wá-ter to=bréathe=with. In fact, had péo-ple ón-ly watched wá-ter-spí-ders, díving-bells would=have=been=dis-cóv-ered hún-dreds of years a-gó, and péo-ple might have learnt how to go to the bót-tom of the sea and save the tréa-sures of wrecks. We know there are two ways in which dí-vers des-cénd and work ún-der wá-ter. One is by the díving-bell, which=is=like=a=gréat bell dropped ín-to the wá-ter, so=that=the=áir cán-not es-cápe;

the óth-er is by a diving-dress, in which there is a sup-  
 plý of air ín-side the clothes of the dí-ver. The spí-der  
 ú-ses both these méth-ods. It lives in dích-es and stág-  
 nant pools, near the bót-tom, and weaves a strong sílk-en  
 cup of the shape of a bell, which it fást-ens by long  
 cords stretched on all sides to the stems of wáter-weeds,  
 and=which=is=filled with air. As the bag is ál-ways kept  
 mouth dówn-wards by the cords, the air cán-not es-cápe;  
 and here the spí-der lives and de-pós-its its eggs in lít-  
 tle cáp-sules or bags, where its sub-ma-ríne crá-dle kéeps=  
 them pér-fect-ly safe. Its bód-y is cóv-ered with long hairs,  
 and these hairs hold the air all róund=it, so=that=when=it=  
 swíms lý-ing on its back,—which=is=its=rég-u-lar méth-od  
 of móv-ing a-bóut,—it looks like a síl-ver-y búb-ble of  
 air. It óf-ten comes to the súr-face to re-néw its sup-plý.  
 The walls of its nest are vé-ry thin, com-pósed of a tís-  
 sue of fine white silk, to=which=is=at-táched quite a fringe  
 of threads to=án-chor=it to the weeds. Here the spí-der  
 lives, with his head dówn-wards, réad-y to=pounce=up=ón  
 án-y un-wá-ry ín-sect. In wín-ter, when=it=sléeps for  
 mán-y weeks to-géth-er, it weaves a flóor-ing to its nest  
 to=se-cúre=it from án-y ac-ci-dént-al én-trance of wá-ter.

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FOOLS. — *Bówing.*

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Could fools but feel their want of sense,  
 And strive to earn in-tél-li-gence,  
 They=would=be=wí-ser for their pains:  
     But 'tis the bane of fól-ly év-er  
     To think it-sélf su-préme-ly clév-er,—  
 And thus the fool a fool re-máins.

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POPE AL-EX-ÁN-DER VII, ásk-ing the cél-e-bra-ted Greek,  
 Lé-o Al-lá-ti-us, why=he=did=not=én-ter=ín-to ór-ders? he án-  
 swered,—«Be-cáuse I de-síre to=have=it=in=my=pów-er to má-  
 rry if I choose.» The Pope ád-ding,—«And why=do=you=not=már-  
 ry?» Lé-o re-plíed,—«Be-cáuse I de-síre to=have=it=in=my=  
 pow-er to én-ter ín-to ór-ders if I choose.»

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# GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

## THE ÉNGLISH NÁTIONAL ÁNTHEM.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

An-them. . . án-zem. . . án-theme.

Deign. . . deen. . . déne.

Kná-vish. . . né-visch. . . né-viche.

Ná-tion-al. násch-en-æl nách-eun-eul.

Nó-ble. . . nó-bl'. . . nó-bl'.

Pour. . . poæ. . . pôre.

Queen. . . kuiin. . . kouine.

Reign. . . reen. . . réne.

God save Old Éng-land's Queen,  
 Long live our nó-ble Queen,  
 God save the=Queen.  
 Sénd=her vic-tó-ri-ous,  
 Háp-py and gló-ri-ous,  
 Long to reign ó-ver=us,  
 God save the=Queen.

O Lord our God a-ríse,  
 Scát-ter her én-e-mies,  
 And máke=them fall':  
 Con-fóund their pól-i-tics,  
 Frús-trate their kná-vish tricks,  
 On her our hopes we fix,  
 God save=us=áll.

Thy chói-cest gifts in store,  
 On Vic-tó-ri-a deign to pour,  
 Long may she reign.  
 May she de-fénd our laws,  
 And év-er gíve=us cause,  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
 God save the=Queen.

God save Old Éng-land's Queen,  
 Long live our nó-ble Queen,  
 God save the=Queen.  
 Sénd=her vic-tó-ri-ous,  
 Háp-py and gló-ri-ous,  
 Long to reign ó-ver=us,  
 God save the=Queen.



# RULE, BRITÁNIA.

## ENGLISH NATIONAL NAVAL SONG.

*Thómson.*

JAMES THÓM-SON, one=of=the=most de-light-ful of Éng-lish pó-ets, was born at Éd-nam, Róx-burgh-shire, A. D, 1700. The=son=of=a=clér-gy-man, he him-sélf stúid-ied for=the=Church, but turned in préf-er-ence to lit-e-ra-ture. He=was=a=mán u-ni-vér-sal-ly be-lóved for=his=sweet tém-per and lóv-ing ná-ture. He died in 1748. He=is=bést known by his « *Séa-sons* » and « *Castle of In-do-lence*, » but he wrote a nún-ber of plays and pó-ems of vá-ri-ous mér-it, be=sides. The mú-sic of this cél-e-bra-ted song was com-pósed by Dr. Arne.

Proun. española.    Proun. française.

Proun. española.    Proun. française.

**An-gels.** . . éen-dchels. . . én-djelz.  
**A-rouse.** . . e-ráus. . . e-ráouze.  
**A-zure.** . . é-dchiuæ. . . é-jieure.  
**Be-lóved.** . . bi-læv'd. . . bi-leúv'd.  
**Brit-ain.** . . brit-en. . . brit-ene.  
**Clér-gy-** . . clæe-dchi- . . klér-dji-  
**man.** . . man. . . mane.  
**Flóur-ish.** . . flæer-isch. . . fleúr-iche.  
**Guard.** . . gaad. . . garde.  
**Guárd-i-an** . . gáad-i-æn. . . gár-di-ane.  
**Háught-y.** . . hóot-e. . . há-té.  
**Isle.** . . áil. . . aille.  
**James.** . . dcheems. . . djémze.

**Lit-er-a-** . . . lit-er-e-  
**ture.** . . . lit-er-e-chæ    cheur.  
**Ma-jés-tic.** . . me-dchés-tic    me-djés-tik.  
**Mú-ses.** . . miú-dses. . . miou-zéz.  
**Ná-val.** . . né-val. . . né-val.  
**Ne'er** (*név-*  
*er.*) . . . neæ. . . né-eur.  
**Róx-burgh** . . . róks-bæer-æ    róks-beur-a  
**-shire.** . . -schæ. . . cheur.  
**Séa-sons.** . . siú-ds'ns. . . si-z'nz.  
**Thóm-son.** . . tóm-s'n. . . tóm-s'n.  
**Ty-rants.** . . tái-raents. . . tái-ran'tse.  
**Woe.** . . uó. . . ouó.

When Brit-ain first, at Héav-en's com-mánd,  
 A-róse from out the á-zure main,  
 This was=the=chár-ter of=the=lánd,  
 And guárd-i-an án-gels sung this strain:  
 « Rule, Brit-án-nia, rule the waves;  
 Brit-ons név-er=will=be=sláves! »

The ná-tions, not so blessed as thee,  
 Must in their turn to tý-rants fall;  
 While thou shalt flóur-ish great and free,  
 The dread and=én-vy=of=them=áil.

Still more ma-jés-tic shalt thou rise,  
 More dréad-ful from each fór-eign stroke;  
 As=the=loud=blást that tears the skies  
 Serves but=to=róot thy ná-tive oak.

Thee, háught-y tý-rants ne'er shall tame:  
 All their at-témpts to=bénd=thee down  
 Will but a-róuse thy gén-er-ous flame,  
 But work their woe and thy re-nówn.

To thee be-lóngs the rú-ral reign;  
 Thy cít-ies shall with cóm-merce shine;  
 All thine shall be the súb-ject main,  
 And év-e-ry shore it cír-cles thine.

The Mú-ses, still with frée-dom found,  
 Shall to thy háp-py coast re-páir;  
 Blest Isle! with má-tch-less béau-ty crowned,  
 And mán-ly hearts to guard the fair:  
 «Rule, Brit-án-nia, rule the waves;  
 Brit-ons név-er=will=be=sláves!»

## ÉDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE AT CRÉSSY.

(A. D. 1346)

*Sir Wálter Scott.*

SIR WÁL-TER SCOTT was born at Éd-in-burgh in 1771. His fáth-er was an at-tór-ney. He is known best by his mét-ric-al ro-mán-ces, «*The Lay of the Last Mún-strel*,» «*Már-mi-on*,» «*The Lá-dy of the Lake*,» etc.,— and by his «*Wá-ver-ley Náv-els*,» of which the first, «*Wá-ver-ley*,» was púb-lished when he was fórt-y three years=of=áge. His works al-to-géth-er fill one hún-dred vól-umes in the best e-di-tion. He=was=máde a bár-on-et by George IV. He died at Áb-bots-ford, the ba-ró-ni-al mán-sion he had built on the Tweed, in 1832, in his six-ty first year, of pa-rál-y-sis of the brain. His wri-tings are still read ó-ver the world, and will ap-pár-ent-ly live for á-ges.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Arch-ers.. áach-ææs. . . ártch-eurz.  
 At-tór-ney at-æ-ne.. . at-teúr-né.  
 Bri-dle.. . brai-d'l. . . brái-d'l'.  
 Ca-réer. . ke-riæ. . . ke-ri-eur.  
 Cén-tre. . sén-tæ. . . cén-teur.  
 Charles. . chaals. . . tchaalz.  
 Di-a-logue dai-æ-log. . . daí-a-log.  
 Ed-in-burgh. . éd-in-bær-æ éd-in-beur-a  
 E-di-tion.. i-disch-æn.. e-dich-eune.  
 Heir.. . æe.. . . ére.  
 Knight-hood. . nait-hud.. . náite-houd.  
 Liege-men lidch-men.. lidje-menz.  
 Ma-jór-ca. me-dchóo-kæ me-djór-ka.  
 Mix. . . miks. . . mikce.

Op-po-site óp-o-dsit. . . óp-ó-zite.  
 Per-se-vére. . . pææ-si-viæ. eur.  
 Prince.. . prins. . . prin'ce.  
 Púb-lished. . pæb-lisch't. peúb-lich't.  
 Spurs. . . spææs. . . speurz.  
 Squád-rons. . . skuád-ræns. reunz.  
 Súc-cour. . sæk-æ. . . seúk-eur.  
 Suit-a-ble. siút-e-b'l. . sióut-e-bl'.  
 Wales.. . ueels. . . ouél'z.  
 Wál-ter. . uoól-tæ. . . ouál-teur.  
 Wár-wick uoór-ic. . . ouóur-ik.  
 Wá-ver-ley.. . ueé-væ-le. . oué-veur-lé.

Squád-rons of French and Gér-mans rushed on with such fú-ry in the same di-réc-tion, that they burst an ó-pen-ing for them-sélves through the Éng-lish árch-ers, who=had=but=im-pér-fect means of re-pél-ling horse, and dashed fú-ri-ous-ly up to the place where the gál-lant

Prince was stá-tioned. The Earl of Wár-wick now be-cáme a-lármed; for he con-clú-ded that the stán-dards of the French King and his nú-me-rous ár-my were fól-low-ing close up-ón the new cóm-ers. In this be-lief, Wár-wick and Chán-dos sent to King Éd-ward, re-quést-ing súc-cour for his vál-i-ant son, the young Prince of Wales, or the Black Prince, as=he=was=cálled, on ac-cóunt of the black ár-mour he wore, when the fól-low-ing dí-a-logue took place be-twéen the King and the més-sen-gers.

«Is my son,» said Éd-ward, «dead, wóund-ed, or felled to=the=gróund?»

«Not so, thank God,» án-swered the més-sen-gers, «but he needs as-sis-tance.»

«Nay, then,» said King Éd-ward, «he has no aid from me. Let him bear him-sélf like=a=mán, and this day show him-sélf wór-thy of the knight-hood con-férred=on=him. In this bát-tle he must win his own spurs.»

In the méan-time, a strong de-tách-ment of men-at-árms, dis-pátched by the Earls of Ár-un-del and North-ámp-ton, the com-mánd-ers of the séc-ond di-ví-sion, had re-lieved the Black Prince from his tém-po-ra-ry em-bár-rass-ment. And now the Éng-lish árch-ers ó-pen-ing in the cén-tre, súf-fered their cáv-al-ry to rush fór-ward through the ín-ter-val, and en-cóun-ter the French men-at-árms, who were in tó-tal con-fú-sion. This was aug-mént-ed by the fierce at-táck of the Eng-lish; and the most ex-pé-ri-enced on the óp-po-site side be-gán to des-páir of the day. The King of France him-sélf fought with the gréat-est vál-our, was re-péat-ed-ly wóund-ed and dis-móunt-ed, and would prób-ab-ly have=died=on=the=field, had not Sir John of Háin-ault led=him=óff by force. Not more than síx-ty of his gál-lant ár-my re-máined in at-ténd-ance up-ón their sóv-e-reign; and with these he reached, áf-ter night-fall, the cás-tle of Broye. When the wárd-er de-mánd-ed what or who he was,—«I am,» said the King, «the fór-tune of France,»—a sé-cret re-búke, per-háps, to those who termed=him «The háp-py,» an ép-i-thet not vé-ry súit-a-ble to his prés-ent con-dí-tion; and, as=his=own=ex-ám-ple showed, apt to prove in-áp-pli-ca-ble if con-férred be-fóre death.

The King of Ma-jór-ca is gén-er-al-ly said to=have=been=a-móng the fáll-en, and the sláught-er a-móng prin-ces, counts, nó-bles, and men of rank, was with-óut ex-ám-ple. But=the=most=re-márk-a-ble death a-móng those of so



mán-y prin-ces, was that of John, King of Bo-hé-mi-a, a món-arch ál-most blind with age, and not vé-ry well quál-i-fied, thére-fore, to mix pér-son-al-ly in fight. When all seemed lost, the old man in-quíred áf-ter his son Charles, who was nó-where vís-i-ble, háv-ing, in fact, been com-pélled to fly from the field. The fáth-er re-céiv-ing no sat-is-fác-tion con-cérn-ing his son from the knights who=at-ténd-ed=on=him, he=sáid=to=them, «Sirs, ye are my knights and good liege-men,—will ye con-dúct=me so far fór-ward ín-to the bát-tle that=I=may=strike one good stroke with my sword?»

To sát-is-fy this wish, which his fól-low-ers looked up-ón as the ef-féct of des-páir, four fáith-ful knights a-gréed to share their mást-er's fate ráth-er than léave=him to pér-ish a-lóne. These de-vó-ted at-ténd-ants tied the old king's bri-dle reins to their own, and=rúshed=with=him ín-to the míd-dle=of=the=fight, where, strí-king more good blows than one, they=were=all=sláin, and found there the next day, as=they=had=fáll-en, with their hór-s-es' reins tied to-géth-er! Be-side the old King's bód-y lay the hél-met which=he=had=wór-n, and ún-der the ós-trich féath-ers there-ón, was found the mó-t-to «*Ich dien,*» *I serve.* The young Black Prince a-dópt-ed this mó-t-to, and it has év-er since con-tín-ued to be that of the prin-ces of Wales. It=may=be=mén-tioned that at this bát-tle cán-non was first used.

Thus énd-ed this cé-l-e-bra-ted bát-tle, in which the Éng-lish fór-ces were ón-ly 30,000, whilst those=of=the=Fréñch were 120,000. There lay on the field of Crés-sy two kings, e-lév-en high prin-ces éight-y bán-ner-ets, one thóu-sand two hún-dred knights, and more than thír-ty thóu-sand prí-vate sól-diers.

The méet-ing of Éd-ward and his son took place by tórch-light áf-ter the bát-tle was ó-ver. «Well have you won your spurs!» said the brave King. «Per-se-vére in the ca-réer which=you=have=ó-pened, and=you=will=be=cóme the bright-est hón-our of the nó-ble kíng-dom of which you=are=the=wór-thy heir.»

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ONE=HAS=SÁID that=a=táv-ern was=a=pláce where mád-ness was sold by the bót-tle.

# THE SLY OLD WOLF.

G. E. Léssing.

(IN SEVEN FABLES.)

GÓTT-FRIED É-PHRA-IM LÉS-SING was=a=Gér-man pó-et and crit-ic, of great and lást-ing ém-i-nence. His prose is wón-der-ful-ly pér-fect, and his crit-ic-ism that of=one=of=the=a-cú-test mód-ern in-tel-lects. He is best known now by his drá-ma of <Ná-than the Wise.> Born 1729, died 1781.

	<u>Pronon. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>		<u>Pronon. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>
Al-lów..	al-áu. . . .	al-láou.	Pów-ers..	páu-æes..	páou-eurz.
Con-			Práise-	prées-uææ-	préze-oueur-
cérned.	kæn-sææn'd	keun-cérn'd.	wor-thy.	ze. . . .	thé.
Créa-tures	krii-chææs..	kri-tcheurz.	Quár-		
De-ci-ding	di-sái-ding..	di-sái-din' gne.	relled.	kuár-el'd..	kouár-el'd.
Died..	dáid. . . .	daid.	Qui-et-ly..	kuai-et-le.	kouái-et-lé.
Dis-turb.	dis-tææb. . .	dis-téurb.	Réa-son.	rii-ds'n. . .	ri-z'n.
Don't (do not).	don't. . . .	dôn'te.	Re-jéct-ed	ri-dchéct-ed.	ri-djekt-ed.
Eá-si-ly.	ii-dsi-le.. . .	i-zi-lé.	Sér-vice.	sææ-vis. . .	sér-vice.
En-ráged..	en-réedch'd.	en-rédj'd.	Sly. . . .	slai. . . .	slai.
E-ven.	ii-v'n. . . .	i-v'n.	Suit. . . .	siut. . . .	sioute.
Growled.	graul'd. . .	graoul'd.	Thó-rough		
Guard. . .	gaad. . . .	garde.	ly. . . .	zæ-ræ-le.	théur-a-lé.
Hyp-o-crit	hip-o-crit-i-	hip-ó-krit-i-	Touch. . .	tæch. . . .	teutche.
-i-cal..	k'l. . . .	kl'.	Trib-u-ta-		
Jó-king.	dchók-ing.	djó-kin'gne.	ry. . . .	trib-iu-tæ-re	trib-iou-te-ré
Lambs.	lams. . . .	lamze.	Un-in-	an-in-	eun-in'
Mór-al-ize.	mór-æel-ais.	mór-al-aíze.	jured..	dchææd..	djeur'd.
Pás-ture.	páas-chæ.	pás-tcheur.	Vén-ture..	vén-chæ..	vén'-tcheur.
Pleased.	pliid's'd.. . .	pliz'd.	Vi-o-lent..	vai-o-lent.	vai-ó-len'te.
			Whole..	hol. . . .	hóle.
			Wór-ry.	uær-e.. . .	ouéur-é.

## I.

The wick-ed wolf was gét-ling old, and came to a hyp-o-crit-i-cal res-o-lú-tion to=live=on=a=good=fóot-ing with the shép-herds. He rose, thére-fore, and came to the shép-herd whose fold was néar-est his den. «Shép-herd,» said he, «you=cáll=me a blóod-thirst-y rób-ber, but I ré-al-ly=am=nót=so. Cér-tain-ly, I have to take some of your sheep when I get hún-gry, for hún-ger knows no law; but=if=you=kéep=me from hún-ger, and ón-ly sát-is-fy my wants, you=will=have=réa-son to be vé-ry well pléaséd=with=me. I am, ré-al-ly, the tá-mest and gént-lest of créa-tures, when =I=have=éat-en e-nóugh.» «When=you=have=éat-en e-nóugh,» said the shép-herd, «that may well be. But when did you év-er feel that=you=had=had=e-nóugh? You and the gréed-y man are név-er sát-is-fied. Go off.»

II.

The wolf thus re-jéct-ed came-to-a=séc-ond shép-herd. «You know, Shép-herd,» he be-gán, «that-I=could=wór-ry a great mán-y of your sheep in the course of the year. But if you will con-sént to=give=me, say, six sheep a year, I=shall=be=con-tént-ed. You may then sleep qui-et-ly, and send a-wáy your dogs with-óut more to do.» «Six sheep?» án-swéred the shép-herd, «that-is=a-whóle flock.» «Well, be-cáuse-it-is=you, I shall con-tént my-sélf with five sheep,» said the wolf. «You=are=jó-king! five sheep! I hárd-ly óf-fer more than five sheep in=a-whole=yéar to Pan.» «Not four?» asked the wolf, a-gáin, and the shép-herd shook his head dis-dáin-ful-ly. «Three? Two?» «Not é-ven one!» fell at last the de-cí-ding words. «For-it=would=in-déed be fóol-ish if I made my-sélf trib-u-ta-ry to an én-e-my from whom I may pro-téct my-sélf by wátch-ful-ness.»

III.

«The third time is lúck-y,» thought the wolf, and came to a third shép-herd. «I am vé-ry much con-cérned,» said he, «that-I=sould=be=looked-up-ón by you shép-herds as such a háte-ful án-i-mal, I=will=shów=you, sir, what wrong they=dó=me. Give=me=a=shéep a year, and your flock may pás-ture free and un-in-jured as I my-sélf am, in that wood, with nó-thing to=dis-túrb=them. A sheep! What=a-trí-fle! Could I be more mag-nán-i-mous? Could I act more un-sél-fish-ly? Do=you=láugh, shép-herd? What=are=you=láugh-ing=at, then?» «O, at nó-thing. But=how=óld=are=you, friend?» said the shép-herd. «What is my age to you? I am stíll young e-nóugh to wór-ry your best lambs if I liked.» «Don't be án-gry, old Íse-grim! I am sór-ry you make your pro-pó-sals a few years too late. Your tóoth-less gums let out your sé-cret. You pre-ténd to be gén-e-róus ón-ly to get your liv-ing more éa-si-ly and with less dán-ger.»

IV.

The wolf was en-ráged, but kept com-mánd of him-sélf, and went to the fourth shép-herd, whose faith-ful

dog had just died, and of this the wolf took ad-ván-tage. «Shép-herd,» said he, «I have quár-relled with my bréth-ren in the wood so thó-rough-ly, that I shall név-er a-gáin in my lífe-time have án-y-thing=to=dó=with=them. You know how much you have to=féar=from=them. If you will ón-ly take=me=in-to=your=sér-vice in-stéad of your dead dog, I give you my word that you will have no more need to look áf-ter án-y of your sheep.» «You will guárd=them, then, a-gáinst your bréth-ren in the woods, will-you?» «What else can I mean? Cér-tain-ly I shall.» «That would be all vé-ry well,—but pray téll-me, if I let you in-to my folds, who would guard my poor sheep a-gáinst you? To take a thief ín-to the house, to pro-téct one's self a-gáinst á thief out of doors, is what we men look up-ón as—» «Ah,» said the wolf, «I un-der-stánd; you are be-gín-ning to mór-al-ise. Good day.»

V.

«If=I=were=not=so=óld!» growled the wolf; «but I must just the more suit my-sélf to my age.» And so he came to the fifth shép-herd. «Do=you=knów=me, shép-herd?» asked the wolf. «I know some like you, at any rate,» answered the shép-herd. «Like me? I vé-ry much dóubt=that. I am such a pe-cú-li-ar wolf, that I well de-sérve your friend-ship, and that of all shép-herds.» «What is pe-cú-li-ar a-bóut=you, then?» «I could not wór-ry and eat a lív-ing sheep, if my life de-pén-ded=on=it. I név-er touch any but dead sheep. Don't you think that práise-wor-thy? Al-lów me then, at án-y time when I come up-ón your flocks, and vén-ture to ask whéth-er you have not—» «Say no more,» said the shép-herd. «You must eat no sheep, not é-ven a dead one, if=I=am=nót=to=be your én-e-my. A beast that eats dead sheep al-réa-dy, learns éa-si-ly from húng-er to mis-táke sick sheep for=déad=ones, and sound sheep for=síck=ones. Don't trust to my friend-ship, but=be=góne=with=you.»

VI.

«I=must=now=put=óut all my pów-ers, if=I=am=to=gáin my end,» thought the wolf, and he came to the sixth shép-herd. «Shép-herd, how does my fur pléase=you?» asked the wolf. «Your fur?» said the shép-herd. «Let=

us=sée; it is béau-ti-ful. The dogs cán-not have had you óf-ten ún-der their teeth!» «Well, héar-me, Shép-herd. I am old, and cán-not live long. If you will pro-vide=for-me till I die, I=will=léave=you my skin.» «Eh! What!» said the shép-herd, «are you gó-ing to play the trick of=the=old=mí-ser? No, no! your skin would=cóst=me, in the end, sév-en times more than=it=is=wóth. If=you=are=in=éar=nest a-bóut má-king=me a prés-ent, do it now.» With this the shép-herd snatched=at=his=clúb, and the wolf took=to=his=héels.

VII.

«Oh, the hárd-bearted créa-tures!» cried the wolf, and flew ín-to=the=most=ví-o-lent rage. «I will die your én-emy then, be-fóre I let hún-ger kill=me, for you will not al-lów=me to do bét-ter.» He then ran, broke ín-to the huts of the shép-herds, flew at their chil-dren, and=was=not=killed with-óut great dif-fi-cul-ty. «There,» said the shréwd-est=of=them, «we were not wise to drive the old rób-ber to ex-trém-i-ties, and shut=óut all chance of his re-fórm-ing, late and ex-tórt-ed by ne-cés-si-ty though his re-pént-ance was.»

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DOCTORS AND DÉNTISTS.

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Pray, Sir, what is a Dén-tist?

A dén-tist, Sir, makes teeth of bone  
 For those whom ná-ture left with-óut;  
 And finds pre-ví-sion=fór=his=ówn,  
 By púll-ing óth-er péo-ple's out.

And pray, then, what is a Dóc-tor?

Three fá-ces wears the dóc-tor: when first sought  
 An án-gel's: a God's when half the cure is wrought:  
 But when com-pléte the cure, he seeks the fee,  
 The dév-il looks less tér-ri-ble than he.

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WHAT scúlp-ture is to a b'lock of már-ble, ed-u-cá-tion is to the mind.



# THE BÚRIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

WHO FELL AT CORUÑA IN 1808.

*Charles Wolfe.*

CHARLES WOLFE, an Í-rish div-ine and a pó-et of great próm-ise, was born at Dúb-lin in 1791, éd-u-ca-ted at Trin-i-ty Cól-lege, Dúb-lin, and died of con-súmp-tion in 1823. A-móng óth-er pó-ems of con-sid-er-a-ble mér-it he wrote the fól-low-ing ode on the «*Bú-ri-al of Sir John Moore,*» which some have er-ró-ne-ous-ly at-trib-u-ted to By-ron, who pro-nóunced-it-to-bé «the most pér-fect ode in the Éng-lish lán-guage.»

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Báy-on-ets** bé-iæn-ets. . . bé-yeun'-etce  
**Bú-ri-al.** . . . bér-i-æl. . . . bér-i-eul.  
**By-ron.** . . . báí-ræn. . . . báí-reune.  
**Corse.** . . . coos. . . . korce.  
**Färe-well.** fére-uél. . . fére-ouel.  
**Fú-ner-al.** fú-ner-æl. . . fíou-ner-eul.  
**John.** . . . dchon. . . . djon'.  
**Lán-tern.** . . lán-tææn. . . lán-teurne.  
**Már-tial.** . . máa-schæl. . . már-cheul.  
**Moore.** . . múæ. . . . mou-ur.  
**O'er** (*ó-ver*). ó-æ. . . . ó-ur.  
**Pó-et-ry.** . . pó-et-re. . . pó-et-ré.

**Práy-ers.** . . pré-ææs. . . pré-eurze.  
**Rán-dom.** . . rán-dæm. . . rán-deume.  
**Re-tí-ring.** ri-táiser-ing. . . ri-táir-in'gae.  
**Sór-row.** . . sór-o. . . . sór-ó.  
**Stéad-fast-**  
**ly.** . . . stéd-fæst-le. . . stéd-fast-lé.  
**That's** (*that*  
*is.*) . . . zat's. . . . that'se.  
**They'll**  
*(they will.)* zee'l. . . . thé'l.  
**Up-bráid.** . . ap-bréed. . . eup-bréde.  
**Wár-ri-or.** uóor-i-æ. . . ouór-ieur.

Not=a-drúm was heard, nor a fú-ner-al note,  
 As his corse to the rám-part we húr-ried;  
 Not=a-sól-dier dis-chárged his färe-well shot  
 O'er the grave where our hé-ro we bú-ried.

We bú-ried=him dárk-ly at dead of night,  
 The sods with our báy-on-ets túrn-ing,  
 By the strúg-gling móon-beam's mist-y light,  
 And=the=lán-tern dí-m-ly búrn-ing.

No úse-less cóf-fin en-clósed his breast,  
 Nor=in-shéet nor=in-shróud we bóund=him;  
 But he lay like a wár-ri-or tá-king his rest,  
 With=his=már-tial cloak a-róund=him.

Few,—and short, were the práy-ers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sór-row;  
 But we stéad-fast-ly gaz'd on=the=face=of=the=déad,  
 And we bit-ter-ly thought of the mór-row.

We thought, as we hól-low'd his nár-row bed,  
 And smóoth'd=down his lóne-ly píl-low,  
 That the foe and the strán-ger would tread o'er his head,  
 And we far a-wáy on the bí-low.

Light-ly they'll talk of the spír-it that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ásh-es up-bráid=him;  
 But, nó-thing he'll reckon, if=they=lét=him sleep on,  
 In the grave where a Brit-on has=láid=him.

But half of our héav-y task was done  
 When=the=clóck toll'd the hour for re-tí-ring,  
 And we heard by the dí-s-tant and rán-dom gun,  
 That=the=fóe was súd-den-ly fí-ring.

Slów-ly and sád-ly we láid=him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gó-ry;  
 We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,  
 But=we=léft=him a-lóne with his gló-ry.

## THE WÓNDERFUL LÉTTERS O U G H.

Pronun. española.    Pronun. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronun. française.

**Cough.** . . . koof. . . . koof.  
**Cóup-let.** . . . kœp-let. . . . keúp-lets.  
**Híc-cough** hík-œp. . . . hík-eupe.  
**Lough.** . . . lok. . . . . lok.

**Plough.** . . . plau. . . . . plaou.  
**Though.** . . . zô. . . . . thô.  
**Through.** . . . zru. . . . . throu.  
**Tough.** . . . tœf. . . . . teuf.

In=the=fól-low-ing cóup-let, the lét-ters *o u g h* are pronounced sév-en díf-fe-rent ways:—

*Though* the *tough cough* and *híc-cough plough* me *through*,  
 O'er life's dark *lough*, my course I still pur-súe.

## AMBÍTION.

Go in-to=the=chúrch-yard, and read the gráve-stones:  
 they=will=téll-you the end of am-bí-tion. The grave will  
 soon be your béd-cham-ber, earth your píl-low, cor-rúp-tion  
 your fáth-er, and=the=wórm your móth-er and sí-s-ter.

# ÍNDIA AND THE HIMALÁYAS.

*Dr. Duff.*

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

A-bút. . . e-bæt. . . e-beút.  
 A-zure. . . é-dchiuæ. . . é-jieure.  
 Ben-gál. . . ben-góol. . . ben'-gál.  
 Ce-lés-tial si-lés-chiæł. ci-lés-tchi-al  
 Clí-mate. . . clái-met. . . klái-mete.  
 Com-pár-a kom-pár-æ- kom'-pár-a-  
 -tive-ly. . . tiv-le. . . tiv'-lé.  
 Di-vér-si di-vææ-si-  
 ties. . . tes. . . di-vér-si-tez  
 Else-where éls-hueæ. . . élse-houea.  
 E-quá-tor. i-kué-tæ. . . i-koué-teur.  
 Eu-ro-pé- iou-rô-pi-  
 an. . . iu-ro-pi-æn. ane.  
 Height. . . hait. . . haíte.  
 Him-a-láy him-æ-léi-  
 as. . . æs. . . him'a-léi-az.  
 Ho-ri-zon. ho-rai-ás'n. . . hó-rai-z'n.  
 I-cy. . . ai-se. . . ái-cé.  
 Il-lu-mined il-lú-min'd. il-liou-min'd  
 Im-á-gin-a im-ádch-in- im'-ádj-in'-  
 -ble. . . e-b'l. . . e-bl'

In-ád-e in-ád-i-kuet in'-ád-i-  
 quate-ly. -le. . . kouete-lé.  
 Lí-guid. . . lík-uid. . . lík-ouide.  
 Ma-jés-tic. ma-dchés-tic ma-djés-tik.  
 Mi-núte. . . mai-niút. . . mai-nioute.  
 Pin-na-  
 cles. . . pín-æ-k'ls. . . pin'-a-kl'z.  
 Por-tráy. . . poo-tré. . . por-tré.  
 Pur-ple. . . pææ-p'l. . . peúr-pl'.  
 Ré-gions. . . ri-dchæns. . . ri-djeunz.  
 Rus-sia. . . ræsch-æ. . . reuich-a.  
 Spires. . . spái-ææes. . . spái-eurz.  
 Stér-ile. . . stér-il. . . stér-il.  
 Tinge. . . tindch. . . tin'dje.  
 Ty-pal. . . tái-pæl. . . tái-pal.  
 Va-ri-e-ty. ve-rai-i-te. . . ve-rai-i-té.  
 Vê-ge-ta-  
 ble. . . vedch-i-teb'l védj-i-tebl'.  
 Vêr-dure. . . vææ-diuaæ. . . vér-dioua.  
 Vi-sion. . . visch-æn. . . vij-eune.  
 White. . . huait. . . houaíte.

Mán-y are apt to think and talk of Ín-dia as-if-it-were= com-pár-a-tive-ly a small cóun-try, like one of our Eu-ro-pé-an kíng-doms, as-well-as=sóme-what sim-i-lar in its clí-mate, in its soil, and in its in-háb-it-ants; where-ás, in di-mén-sions, it is more like a cón-tin-ent than a Eu-ro-pé-an kíng-dom, bé-ing, in ter-ri-tó-ri-al ex-tént, the size of all Eu-rope, ex-cépt-ing Rús-sia; while there is not on the face of the earth a cón-tin-ent, whéth-er in its clí-mates, its soil, or its péo-ple, more vá-ried. In all these res-pécts it ex-híb-its ál-most énd-less di-vér-si-ties. There we have spé-ci-mens of ál-most all the tý-pal tribes of earth, ex-cépt the Áf-ric-an né-gro. There we have spé-ci-mens of év-e-ry clí-mate to-be-mét-with be-twéen the e-quá-tor and the poles. There we have spé-ci-mens of all the soils on=the=face=of=the=globe, from the rich and in-ex-háust-i-ble al-lú-vi-al de-pós-its of Bén-gál to the ár-id sands and dés-erts that a-bút up-ón the Ín-dus, as the Líb-y-an sands and dés-erts a-bút up-ón the Nile. There we have all kinds of pró-ducts, of shrubs, and trees, and vér-dure, and óf-ten no pró-ducts at all. Tó-wards Cape Cóm-o-rin, and a-lóng the híll-ranges élse-where, we have ma-jés-tic fór-ests which, in státe-li-ness and va-



rí-e-ty, báf-fle all de-scrip-tion; while in the stér-ile ré-gions to the north of the Ín-dus, from the top to the bót-tom of the hills, not ón-ly is there no fór-est, or bush, or shrub, but not é-ven the ap-péar-ance of the mi-nú-test im-á-gin-a-ble weed év-er héard=of ún-der the sun,—év-e-ry thing lóok-ing as-if-it-had=been=scórched and burnt up, plants and soil and all, by some míght-y con-fla-grá-tion of ná-ture. The dél-tas of some of the great rív-ers are fit to be the grán-a-ries of the world; a large pórt-ion of the dél-ta of=óne=of=them is strewn ó-ver with salt, in which nó life,—not é-ven ín-sect or vé-ge-ta-ble life,—can ex-íst. In some plá-ces as much rain falls in three or four months as in Gréat Brít-ain for twelve or é-ven twén-ty years, and in óth-er parts scárce-ly án-y rain at all.

In the lów-est flats of Ben-gál and élse-where the soil is óf-ten be-lów the lév-el of the sea, which is kept out by em-bánk-ments, as in Hól-land; and in strí-king cón-trast with these are the Him-a-láy-as,—the most stu-pén-dous pro-tú-be-ran-ces on the súr-face of our globe,—ex-ténd-ing in length for two thóu-sand miles, and shóot-ing up their lóf-ty súm-mits ín-to the sky, half as high a-gáin as the Án-des, or néar-ly twice the height of Mont Blanc. The ap-péar-ance of these will vá-ry vé-ry ín-déf-in-ite-ly, ac-córd-ing to the po-sí-tion or dis-tance of the spec-tá-tor, the séa-son of the year, or the state of the át-mosphere. As the wrí-ter of these lines cán-not én-ter ín-to mi-núte or vá-ried dé-tails, he can ón-ly try, how-év-er ín-ád-e-quate-ly, to por-tráy=them as they once pre-sént-ed them-sélves to his own view. VÍew-ing them from a part of the great Gan-gét-ic plain be-néath, they were seen rí-sing in suc-cés-sive and cléar-ly de-fined rán-ges, one a-bóve the óth-er. Lóok-ing at the lów-est range first, it sóme-what re-sém-bled the Welsh, or Cúm-ber-land, or Grám-pi-an móun-tains, seen from the dis-tance of a dózen or twén-ty miles. Be-hínd that, an-óth-er range ascénd-ed ab-rúpt-ly and bóld-ly, some sév-en or eight thóu-sand feet high. Be-yónd the séc-ond a third was seen tów-er-ing a-lóft a-mídst év-er-lást-ing snóws, péer-ing ín-to the clouds, or ráth-er a-bóve the clouds. Gá-zing at this mag-níf-i-cent scene when the sun was sét-ting, we saw on the first range bé-ing dárk-ened with the shád-ows of night; the séc-ond still il-lú-mined, with the fí-e-ry blaze of the sun; when it, in its turn, be-cáme dárk-ened,

there was still the third, with its dáz-zling máss-es of pure white snow. When the sun had fáir-ly ap-próached their ho-rí-zon, they ap-péared to con-tráct a slight tinge of púr-ple, which grád-u-al-ly déep-ened ín-to scár-let or crím-son. And when the king of day had mán-i-fest-ly dis-ap-péared from these un-scá-la-ble heights, the ró-se-ate blush súd-den-ly ván-ish-ed, and was ín-stan-t-ly suc-céed-ed by a gréen-ish pale, like the ghást-li-ness of a cóun-ten-ance in the grasp of death, fór-ci-bly yet sád-ly re-mind-ing-us of one blóom-ing like the bright rose of súm-mer, and the next mó-ment a stríck-en corpse.

Háv-ing as-cénd-ed the séc-ond range, and tá-ken our stá-tion there be-fóre the dawn of day, what an in-de-scri-ba-ble spéc-ta-cle pre-sént-ed it-sélf to our as-tón-ish-ed view! Ere the sun be-cáme vís-i-ble, his first rays were seen in one di-réc-tion, strí-king on those cold, í-cy, sharp, néedle-like points, which seemed to spár-kle like glít-ter-ing dí-a-monds or stars in the dark blue á-zure a-bóve; and, as the sun móunt-ed úp-wards, the bríl-li-an-cy de-scénd-ed, like vá-ried streams of líq-uid fire póur-ing down, till all be-cáme one gór-ge-ous and en-chánt-ing scene. Then, in an-óth-er di-réc-tion, it seemed to the eye of sense as-if-there-was-not-as-a-ví-sion of the fán-cy ón-ly, but sóme-thing like a ré-al ce-lés-tial cít-y or fórtress, with domes and píl-lars, pín-na-cles and spires,—as-if-they-were-the-lánd-marks of in-fín-i-ty, the mú-ni-ments of the Un-chánge-a-ble, the vé-ry pál-ace and cít-y of the great King!

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## A TOAST.

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The fól-low-ing math-e-mát-i-cal toast is wór-thy of at-tén-tion:—«The fair dáught-ers of Éng-land,—may they add vír-tue to beau-ty, sub-tráct én-vy from friénd-ship, múl-ti-ply á-mi-a-ble ac-cóm-plish-ments by swéet-ness of tém-per, di-víde time by so-ci-a-bíl-i-ty and e-cón-o-my, and re-dúce scán-dal to its lów-est de-nom-in-á-tion.»

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THE FIRST in-gré-di-ent in con-ver-sá-tion is *truth*, the séc-ond *good sense*, the third *good hú-mour*, and the fourth *wit*.

# INCIDENT IN THE PENÍNSULAR WAR.

## Quárterly Review.

The *Quár-ter-ly Re-vie-w* first ap-peáred in Féb-ru-a-ry, 1809, as—the=ór-gan of the Tó-ry pár-ty, to op-póse the *Éd-in-burgh Re-vie-w*, the=ór-gan=of=the=Whigs. It=has=ál-ways been marked by its high lit-e-ra-ry mér-ít.

Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.		Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.*	
<b>Báck-ward</b>	bák-naed-	bák-oueurd-		<b>Ob-nóx-</b>	ob-nók-	ob-nók-	
<b>-ness..</b>	nes. . . .	nece.		<b>ious..</b>	schæs. . . .	cheuce.	
<b>Búl-lets.</b>	búl-ets. . . .	bouíl-etsé.		<b>Of-fi-cer..</b>	óf-i-sæ. . . .	óf-i-ceur.	
<b>Ców-ard</b>	káu-ææd.	káou-eurds.		<b>Ol-ive..</b>	ól-iv. . . .	ól-iv'.	
<b>Edged..</b>	edch'd. . . .	edj'd.		<b>Pár-a-</b>			
<b>Ed-in-</b>		éd-in'-beur-		<b>lysed..</b>	pár-a-laid's'd	pár-a-laiz'd.	
<b>burgh.</b>	éd-in-bær-æ	a.		<b>Pri-vates..</b>	pri-vecs..	pri-vecse.	
<b>E-qual..</b>	ii-kual. . . .	i-koual.		<b>Pur-sued..</b>	pææ-siu'd.	peur-siou'd.	
<b>Gren-a-</b>		gren'-a-		<b>Quár-ter-</b>			
<b>diers..</b>	gren-æ-diæs	dieurz.		<b>ly..</b>	knóo-tæ-le..	kouâr-teur-lé	
<b>High-er.</b>	háí-æ.. . . .	háí-eur.		<b>Réc-og-</b>	rék-æg-	rék-eug-	
<b>Hóul-ton.</b>	hól-tæn. . . .	hóle-teune.		<b>nised..</b>	naid's'd.	naiz'd.	
<b>In-ci-dent.</b>	in-si-dent.	in'-ci-den'te.		<b>Sác-ri-íce</b>	sác-ri-fais. . . .	sák-ri-faice.	
<b>In-dúced..</b>	in-diús't..	in'-dióus't.		<b>Scene..</b>	siin. . . .	sine.	
<b>Join..</b>	dchoin. . . .	djoine.		<b>Shóul-ders</b>	schól-dææs.	chól-deurz.	
<b>Kind-ness.</b>	káind-nes.	káin'd-nece.		<b>Shów-er.</b>	schau-æ..	chaou-eur.	
<b>Lieu-tén-</b>				<b>Stir..</b>	stææ. . . .	steur.	
<b>ant..</b>	lef-tén-sent..	lef-tén'-an'te		<b>Stú-por.</b>	stiú-pæ. . . .	stiou-peur.	
<b>Loss..</b>	luuds. . . .	louze.		<b>Súr-geon..</b>	sææ-dchæn.	seúr-djeune.	
<b>Ly-ing..</b>	lai-ing. . . .	lai-in'gne.		<b>U-ni-form.</b>	iú-ni-foom.	iou-ni-forme.	
<b>Má-jor..</b>	mée-dchæ. . . .	mé-djeur.		<b>Vál-our.</b>	vál-æ.. . . .	vál-eur.	

The French, on dis-cóv-er-ing that=they=were=not=pur-súed, turned round and fired ví-o-lent-ly. «Stung,» says Sir Wil-li-am Ná-pier, «by the báck-ward-ness of my men, I told Dobbs I=would=sáve=him or lose my life by bríng-ing up the two cóm-pa-nies.» Dobbs en-tréat-ed=him not to make the at-témpt, since=it=was=im-pós-si-ble to move from ún-der the wall and live. He went, and passed through the shów-er of búl-lets un-húrt. Both the cóm-pa-nies, in the áb-sence=of=their=cáp-tains, were com-mánd-ed by lieu-tén-ants in-ex-pért in their pro-fés-sion, and ob-nóx-ious, from their tyr-án-ni-cal dis-po-sí-tions, to the pri-vates. One of them was a dú-el-list: but, with cóur-age e-nóugh for sín-gle cóm-bats, he=was=a=pic-ture of áb-ject tér-ror in bát-tle.

When Ná-pier re-túrned to the first wall, he=fóund=him lý-ing with his face to=the=gróund. Re-próach-es and ex-hort-á-tions to re-mém-ber his ú-ni-form were com-pléte-ly lóst-on=him. He did not stir. Then Ná-pier flung a large stone at his head, which=in-dúced=him to rise. A-gáin the word to ad-vánce was gív-en. The cóm-pa-nies

cleared the wall, and the wré-tch-ed lieu-tén-ant o-béyed the im-pulse. He=had=no=sóon-er got to the óth-er side than his fright was re-néwed, and he stood in a stú-por with stá-ring eyes and spréad-out hands. A step had been gained. With-óut de-láy Wíl-li-am Ná-pier con-tín-ued his course to the séc-ond wall, and a séc-ond time he made the pér-i-lous pás-sage in sáfe-ty but=made-it=a-lóne. «It was ón-ly,» wrote Má-jor Hóul-ton to him in 1841, «to mén-tion to the men that you were at their head, and=a-sort-of=frén-zied cóur-age im-mé-di-ate-ly pos-séssed=them, so that they were é-qual to án-y-thing.» The dis-pír-it-ing ín-flu-ence of the ców-ard had for once pre-váiled ó-ver the án-i-ma-ting ex-ám-ple of the hé-ro. Év-e-ry sól-dier had edged to the right to es-cápe the héav-y fire, and the dás-tard-ly lieu-tén-ant led the way. He it was that had pre-vént-ed the o-rí-gi-nal ad-ván-ce, and the pu-sil-lan-ím-i-ty of a sín-gle un-wór-thy mém-ber was vic-tó-ri-ous ó-ver the in-vín-ci-ble 43rd. Mád-dened by their dis-o-bé-di-ence, Wíl-li-am Ná-pier for the third time was cróss-ing the dán-ger-ous field to re-néw his éf-forts to=bring=them=ón, when=he=was=strúck in his spine by a búl-let and féll. In 1858, when néar-ly half a cén-tu-ry had e-lápsed, he was at-tácked by an ill-ness which threát-ened to be mór-tal. «In lóok-ing=báck,» he said, «on my life, it=would=be=a=cóm-fort to me now if=I=could=re-mém-ber to have done a pér-fect-ly sélf-sacrificing act,—if=I=could=thínk I had been réad-y and wíl-ling at án-y mó-mént to lay=dówn my life for an-óth-er pér-son's good. I try to re-mém-ber, but I cán-not re-mém-ber that I év-er did. I have óf-ten run ín-to dán-ger and ex-pósed my-sélf, sóme-tímes to save óth-ers. Yes, I have done that, but=there=was=ál-ways a spríng-ing hope, a-sort-of=con-víc-tion that=I=should=es-cápe; and that bé-ing so, a-wá-y flies the mér-it. The néar-est thing I év-er did to áb-so-lute sélf-sacrifice was at Cás-al Nó-va, when I re-céived in my back the ball that lies there still.» These words, spó-ken in the pró-s-pect of death, rén-der it plain that he ex-péct-ed to be killed, and that the sole mó-tíve for his cón-duct was the de-ter-min-á-tion to save the life of a cóm-rade or pér-ish.

Vál-our in an én-e-my, which wins res-péct from hígh-er ná-tures, rous-es the múr-der-ous pro-pén-si-ties of the base. The French have their share of chív-al-rous men, but=they=were=not=at=the=wáll, and the sól-diers went on

fi-ring at Cáp-tain Ná-pier when=he=was=dówn. His nér-vous sýs-tem be-lów the point where his spine had been hit was pár-al-ysed by the blow; and, un-á-ble to use his legs, he had to drag him-sélf by his hands to a small heap of stones which ców-ered his shóul-ders and head. Twén-ty shots struck the heap, and his life was gone if his friend Lloyd and his own cóm-pa-ny and a pór-tion of the 52nd. had not ap-péared at the mó-ment and driv-en the rép-ro-bates a-wáy. He was cár-ried=óff the field, and a vé-ry gál-lant and nóble-mínded óf-fi-cer, the prés-ent Có-lo-nel Sir J. M. Wíl-son, who=was=ad-ván-cing with his cóm-pa-ny of gren-a-diers a-gáinst the én-e-my, des-cried=him from a dí-s-tance stretched on the ground be-néath an ólive-tree. «I ran tówards=him,» writes Sir John Wíl-son, who=had=név-er=set=éyes=on=him be-fóre, «and said, *I hope you are not dán-ger-ous-ly wound-ed!* — at which he shook his head. *Have you been at-ténd-ed-to by a súr-geon?* He nód-ded as-sént. *Can I be of ún-y sér-vice-to-you?* — and he a-gáin shook his head, but did not út-ter a word.» Cáp-tain Wíl-son had a flask of tea and brán-dy, and=ásked=him if he would like a lít-tle. A súd-den beam of pléa-sure spár-kled=in=his=éyes, and he éa-ger-ly stretched=óut his hand. Twice the túm-bler was filled, and=he=dráined=it with an air of in-ténse en-jóy-ment. «When he had fin-ished,» con-tín-ues Sir John Wíl-son, «he seized my hand, and=grásped=it sév-er-al times, as-much=as=to=sáy, *I don't know who you are, my good fél-low, but I feel most gráte-ful-ly thánk-ful for your kínd-ness.* I then said, *Héav-en pro-téct=you!* — and=ran=óff to join my cóm-pa-ny. I was déep-ly im-préssed with the clás-si-cal óut-line and béau-ti-ful ex-prés-sion of his cóun-ten-ance. In áf-ter life, I óf-ten spoke of this wóund-ed óf-fi-cer as the hánd-som-est man I had év-er be-héld.» They did not meet a-gáin for síx-teen years, and néi-ther réc-og-nised the óth-er. The scene was dra-mát-ic which re-véaled=to=them that their o-rí-gi-nal ín-ter-view had been be-néath the ólive-tree at Cás-al Nó-va. Sir John Wíl-son was stáy-ing with his fáther-in-law, at Fár-ley Cás-tle, and the con-ver-sá-tion áf-ter dí-n-ner turned up=ón hánd-some men. «Of all the hánd-some men I=have=év-er=séen,» said Sir John, «in the vá-ri-ous parts=of=the=wórd where I have been, there was none to=be=at=all=com-páred with the one...» and he pro-céed-ed to re-láte the ín-ci-dent of the wóund-ed óf-fi-cer in Spain. With the tears tríc-k-ling=

from=his=éyes, Ná-pier sprang from his chair, and=pút-ting= his=árms round his pre-sérv-er, ex-cláimed, «My dear Wil-son, was that you? That glass of tea and brán-dy saved my life.»

## SPORTS AND AGRICULTURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

*Hénry Hállam.*

HÉN-RY HÁL-LAM, an ém-in-ent his-tó-ri-an, born 1777, died 1859. His chief wri-tings are the «*Con-sti-tú-tion-al His-to-ry of Éng-land*,» «*The Mid-dle Á-ges*,» and «*His-to-ry of Lit-er-a-ture*,» which have passed through mán-y e-di-tions, and=have=been=trans-lá-ted in-to sév-er-al con-tin-én-tal lán-gua-ges.

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

<p><b>Ag-ri-cul- ture.</b> . . . ág-ri-kæł-           . . . chiue. . . . tchieur.</p> <p><b>A-múse- ment.</b> . . . e-miús-ment           . . . men'te.</p> <p><b>Av-a-ri-ce.</b> . . . áv-æ-ris. . . . áv-a-ri-ce.</p> <p><b>Bár-ba- rous.</b> . . . báa-bæ-ræes. . . . bár-ba-reuce</p> <p><b>Boar.</b> . . . bóæ. . . . . bóa.</p> <p><b>Bú-si-ness</b> . . . bíds-nes. . . . bíz-neece.</p> <p><b>Con-jéc- ture.</b> . . . kon-dchék- . . . kon'-djék-           . . . chiue. . . . tchieur.</p> <p><b>Dán-ger.</b> . . . déen-dchæ. . . . déne-djeur.</p> <p><b>Fál-con-ry</b> . . . fóol-kæen-re. . . . fál-keun-ré.</p> <p><b>Gréy- hound.</b> . . . grée-haund. . . . gré-haoum'de</p> <p><b>Im-próved</b> . . . im-prúuv'd. . . . im'-prouv'd.</p> <p><b>Lów-er.</b> . . . lóæ. . . . . ló-our.</p> <p><b>Lúx-u-ry.</b> . . . læk-schiu-           . . . . . ré.</p> <p><b>Mán-ors.</b> . . . mán-æes. . . . mán-eurze.</p>	<p><b>Mis-chiev- ous.</b> . . . mis-chiv-æes . . . mis-tchiv-           . . . euce.</p> <p><b>Nó-ticed.</b> . . . nó-tis'd. . . . nó-tis'd.</p> <p><b>Pás-sion.</b> . . . pásch-æn. . . . pách-eune.</p> <p><b>Pás-ture.</b> . . . páas-chiue. . . . pás-tchieur.</p> <p><b>Priv-i-lege</b> . . . priv-i-ledch. . . . priv-i-ledje.</p> <p><b>Re-sóurce.</b> . . . ri-sóos. . . . ri-sórze.</p> <p><b>Sláught- ered</b> . . . slóo-tææ'd. . . . slá-teur'd.</p> <p><b>Source.</b> . . . soos. . . . . sorce.</p> <p><b>Spê-cies.</b> . . . spi-schis. . . . spi-chiz.</p> <p><b>Theme.</b> . . . zím. . . . . thime.</p> <p><b>Tombs.</b> . . . tuums. . . . . toumze.</p> <p><b>Tyr-an-ny.</b> . . . tír-an-e. . . . tír-an-é.</p> <p><b>Vén-is-on.</b> . . . vén-i-ds'n. . . . vén-i-z'n.</p> <p><b>Whóle- some- ness.</b> . . . hól-sæem- . . . hôle-scume-           . . . nes. . . . . nece.</p> <p><b>Wild.</b> . . . uáild. . . . . ouáild.</p> <p><b>Wrist.</b> . . . rist. . . . . riste.</p>
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The fá-vour-ite div-ér-sions of the Mid-dle Á-ges, in thé in-ter-vals of war, were those of hún-ting and háwk-ing. The fór-mer must in all cóun-tries be a source of pléa-sure; but it seems to=have=been=en-jóyed in mod-er-á-tion by the Greeks and Ró-mans. With the nórh-ern in-vá-ders, how-év-er, it was ráth-er a pre-dóm-in-ant áp-pe-tite than an a-múse-ment; it was their pride and their ór-na-ment, the theme of=their=sóns, the ób-ject of=their=láws, and the bú-si-ness of=their=líves. Fál-con-ry, un-knówn as=a-div-ér-sion to the án-cients, be-cáme from the fourth cén-tu-ry an é-qual-ly de-light-ful oc-cu-pá-tion. From the Sál-ic and other bár-ba-rous codes of the fifth

cén-tu-ry, to the close of the pé-ri-od ún-der our re-ví-ew, év-e-ry age would fúr-nish tés-ti-mo-ny to the rú-ling pás-sion of these two spé-cies of chase, or, as=they=were=sóme-times called, the mýs-te-ries of woods and rív-ers. A knight sél-dom stirred from=his=hóuse with-óut a fál-con on=his=wríst, or a gréy-hound that fól-lowed=him. Thus are Hár-old and his at-ténd-ants rep-re-sént-ed in the fá-mous táp-es-try of Bá-y-eux. And in the món-u-ments of those who died án-y-where but=on=the=field of bát-tle, it is ú-su-al to find the gréy-hound lý-ing at their feet, or the bird up-ón their wríst. Nor are the tombs of lá-dies with-óut their fál-con; for this div-ér-sion, bé-ing of less dán-ger and fa-tíg-ue than the chase, was sháred by the dél-i-cate sex.

Though hún-t-ing had ceased to be a né-cés-sa-ry means of pro-cú-ring food, it=was=a=vé-ry con-vé-ni-ent re-sóurce, on which the whóle-some-ness and cóm-fort, as=well=as=the=lúx-u-ry of the tá-ble de-pénd-ed. Be-fóre the ná-tu-ral pás-tures were im-próved, and new kinds of fód-der for cát-tle dis-cóv-ered, it=was=im-pós-si-ble to main-táin the súm-mer stock dú-ring the cold séa-son. Hence a pór-tion=of=it was rég-u-lar-ly sláught-ered and sált-ed for wín-ter pro-ví-sion. We may sup-póse that, when no al-tér-na-tive was óf-fered but these sált-ed meats, é-ven the léan-est vén-is-on was de-vóured with rél-ish. There was sóme-what more ex-cúse, thére-fore, for the se-vér-i-ty with which the lords of fór-ests and mán-ors pre-sérved the beasts of the chase, than=if=they=had=been=con-síd-ered as mére-ly ób-jects of sport. The laws re-lá-ting to pres-er-vá-tion of game were in év-e-ry cóun-try un-cóm-mon-ly rí-g-or-ous. They formed in Éng-land that ó-di-ous sýs-tem of fór-est laws which dis-tin-guished the týr-an-ny of our Nór-man kings.

Cáp-it-al pún-ish-ment for kill-ing a stag or wild boar was fré-quent, and per-háps wár-rant-ed by law, un-tíl the chár-ter of John. The French code was less se-vére, but é-ven Hén-ry IV e-náct-ed the pain of death a-gáinst the re-péat-ed of-fénce of chá-sing deer in=the=róy-al fór-ests. The priv-i-lege of hún-t-ing was re-sérved to the no-bíl-i-ty till the reign of Lóu-is IX, who ex-ténd-ed=it in some de-grée to pér-sons of lów-er birth.

This ex-cés-sive pás-sion for=the=field pro-dúced those é-vils which are apt to re-súlt=from=it; a strén-u-ous í-dle-ness, which dis-dáined all úse-ful oc-cu-pá-tions, and=an=

op-prés-sive spír-it tó-wards the péas-ant-ry. The de-vas-tá-tion com-mít-ted ún-der the pre-ténce of des-tróy-ing wild án-i-mals, which had been al-réad-y pro-téct-ed in their dep-re-dá-tions, is nó-ticed in sé-ri-ous áu-thors, and=has=ál-so been the tóp-ic of póp-u-lar bál-lads. What ef-féct this=must=have=hád on ág-ri-cul-ture, it=is=éa-sy to con-jéc-ture. The lév-el-ling of fór-ests, the dráin-ing of mo-rás-ses, and the ex-tir-pá-tion of mís-chiev-ous án-i-mals which in-háb-it=them, are the first ób-ject of man's lá-bour in re-cláim-ing the earth to=his=úse: and these were for-bíd-den by a lánd-ed ar-is-tóc-ra-cy, whose con-tról ó-ver the pró-gress of ag-ri-cúl-tu-ral im-próve-ment was un-lím-it-ed, and=who=had=not=yet=léar-ned to sác-ri-fice their pléa-sures to their áv-a-rice.

## THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

*Óliver Góldsmith.*

ÓL-IV-ER GÓLD-SMÍTH, a cél-e-bra-ted pó-et, his-tó-ri-an and es-sáy-ist was born at Pál-las in Íre-land, in 1728. He=was=in-ténd-ed for the mé-dí-cal pro-fés-sion, and=in-his=yóuth gave no signs of those re-márk-a-ble tál-ents which he áf-ter-wards dis-pláyed. He was the son of a clér-gy-man; and was éd-u-ca-ted at the u-ni-vér-si-ties of Dúb-lin, Éd-in-burgh and Léy-den. His ec-cen-tri-ci-ties and cáre-less cón-duct were the pro-lif-ic source of díf-fi-cul-ty to him-sélf and his friends; and=when=he=ab-rúpt-ly quit-ted Léy-den he=had=but=óne shirt, and no mó-ney, though he in-ténd-ed to make the tour of Éu-rop-e on foot. He trá-v-ell-ed through Flán-ders, France, Gér-ma-ny, Switz-er-land and Ít-a-ly, óf-ten sub-sist-ing on the bóun-ty of the péas-ants, re-túr-n-ing the ob-li-gá-tion of=a=night's lódg-ing by pláy-ing on the flute, which=he=cár-ried=with=him in his póck-et as his stock in trade. His chief works are the u-ni-vér-sal-ly known «*Vic-ar of Wáke-field,*» the «*His-tories of Éng-land, Greece, and Rome,*» «*A His-tory of the Earth and Áni-ma-ted Ná-ture,*» the cóm-e-dies of «*She stoops to Cón-quer,*» and «*The Góod-nat-ured Man,*» and nú-me-rous pó-ems and és-says of high mér-it. He died in 1774.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

<b>Ad-vén-ture.</b>	. . . ad-vén-chæ.	ad-vén-t	tcheur.
<b>As-só-ci-ate.</b>	. . . as-só-schi-æet.	as-só-chi-éte	
<b>Bár-gain.</b>	. . . báa-guen.	bár-guene.	
<b>Chám-pi-on.</b>	. . . chám-pi-æn.	tchám-pi-	eune.
<b>Cour-á-geous.</b>	. . . kær-é-dchæs.	keur-é-	djence.
<b>Dám-sel.</b>	. . . dâm-ds'l.	dâm-zl'	

<b>Dealt.</b>	. . . delt.	. . . delt.
<b>Des-pised.</b>	dis-páids'd.	dis-páiz'd.
<b>Dwarf.</b>	duoof.	douárf.
<b>Gi-ant.</b>	dchái-ænt.	djái-an'te.
<b>In-ju-ry.</b>	in-dchiu-re.	in'-djiou-ré.
<b>Once.</b>	uæns.	oueunce.
<b>Plight.</b>	plait.	pláite.
<b>Sát-yrs.</b>	sát-ææs.	sát-eurz.
<b>Sword.</b>	sood.	sórdé.
<b>Un-é-qual.</b>	æn-i-kuel.	eun-i-koual.

Once=up-ón=a=tíme, a gí-ant and a dwarf were friends, and kept to-géth-er. They made a bár-gain that=they=



would=név-er for-sáke each óth-er, but go and seek ad-vén-tures. The first bát-tle they fought was with two Sár-a-cens; and the dwarf, who was vé-ry cour-á-geous, dealt one=of=the=chám-pi-ons a most án-gry blow. It did the Sár-a-cen vé-ry lít-tle ín-ju-ry, who líft-ing=úp his sword, fáir-ly struck=óff the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a wó-ful plight; but the gí-ant, cóm-ing to his as-síst-ance, in a short time left the two Sár-a-cens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut=óff the dead men's heads out of spite. They then trá-v-elled on to an-óth-er ad-vén-ture. This=was=a-gáinst three blóody-mínded sát-yrs, who were cár-ry-ing=óff a dám-sel in dis-tréss. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as be-fóre; but for all that, he struck the first blow, which was re-túrned by an-óth-er which knocked=óut his eye: but the gí-ant was=soon=úp=with=them, and had they not fled, he would cér-tain-ly have=killed=them év-e-ry one. They were all vé-ry jóy-ful for this víc-to-ry, and the dám-sel who was re-líeved, fell in love with the gí-ant, and=már-ried=him. They now trá-v-elled far, and fár-ther than=I=can=téll, till they met with a gang of rób-bers. The gí-ant, for=the=first time, was fóre-most now; but the dwarf was not far be-hínd. The bát-tle was stout and long. Wher-év-er the gí-ant came all fell be-fóre=him, but the dwarf had like to=have=been=killed more than once. At last, the víc-to-ry de-cláred for the two ad-vén-tu-rers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg and=an=éye, while the gí-ant was with-óut a sín-gle wound, up-ón which he cried=óut to his lít-tle com-pán-i-on:—«My lít-tle hé-ro, this is gló-ri-ous sport; let us get one víc-to-ry more, and then we=shall=have=hón-or for év-er.» «No,» cries the dwarf, who was by this time grown wí-ser; «no, I de-cláre=óff: I'll fight no more: for I find in év-e-ry bát-tle, that you get all the hón-or and re-wá-rds, but all the blows fall up-ón me.»

### *Ap-pli-cá-tion.*

Such=as=are=póor, and will as-só-ci-ate with none but the=rích, are há-ted by those they a-vóid, and des-písed by those they fól-low. Un-é-qual com-bin-á-tions are ál-ways dis-ad-van-tá-geous to=the=wéak-er side: the rich háv-ing the pléa-sure, and=the=póor the in-con-vé-ni-en-ces that=re-súlt=from=them.

# THE WRECK OF THE HÉSPERUS.

## *Lóngfellow.*

THE po-ét-i-cal works of Lóng-fel-low, an A-mér-ic-an pó-et, en-jóy a de-sér-ved-ly high rep-u-tá-tion. His « *E-ván-ge-line* » is full of tóuch-ing sèn-ti-ment and dél-ic-ate pá-thos.

	<u>Pronou. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>		<u>Pronou. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>
<b>A-ghást.</b>	e-gást.	e-gáste.	<b>I-ci-cles.</b>	ái-si-k'ls.	ái-si-k'lze.
<b>Bil-lows.</b>	bil-os.	bil'-óze.	<b>Laugh.</b>	laaf.	laaf.
<b>Bó-som.</b>	buds'm.	bou-zeume.	<b>Ope.</b>	op.	ópe.
<b>Cá-ble.</b>	ké-b'l.	ké-bl'.	<b>Rough-est</b>	ræf-est.	reuf-este.
<b>Christ.</b>	kraist.	kraiste.	<b>Schóo-ner.</b>	skú-næ.	skou-neur.
<b>Cóm-pa-ny</b>	kæm-pæ-ne.	keum-pa-né.	<b>Skies.</b>	skais.	skaize.
<b>Corpse.</b>	coops.	koopce.	<b>Surf.</b>	sææf.	seurf.
<b>Fáir-y flax</b>	fé-æ-re flaks.	fé-eur-é flaks.	<b>Tó-wards.</b>	tó-æds.	tó-eurdze.
<b>Frothed.</b>	frooz'd.	froth'd.	<b>Véer-ing.</b>	vi-ær-ing.	vi-eur-in'gne.
<b>Háw-thorn.</b>	hóo-zoon.	há-thorne.	<b>Whiff.</b>	uif.	ouif.
<b>Húr-ri-cane.</b>	hær-i-ken.	heúr-i-kène.	<b>Whist-ling.</b>	huis-ling.	houis-slin' gne.
			<b>Win-try.</b>	uin-tre.	ouin'tré.
			<b>Woe.</b>	uó.	ouó.

It=was=the=schóon-er Hés-per-us,  
 That sailed the win-try sea;  
 And the skíp-per had tá-ken his lít-tle dáught-er,  
 To=béar=him cóm-pa-ny.

Blue were her eyes as the fáiry-flax,  
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
 And her bó-som white as the háw-thorn buds,  
 That ope in the month of May.

The skíp-per he stood be=síde the helm,  
 His pipe was=in=his=móuth,  
 And he watched how the véer-ing flaw did blow  
 The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spoke an old sáil-or,  
 Had sailed the Spán-ish Main;  
 «I práy=thee, put ín-to yón-der port,  
 For I fear a húr-ri-cane.

«Last night the moon had=a=góld-en ring,  
 And to-níght no moon we see!»  
 The skíp-per he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
 And a scórn-ful laugh laughed he.

Cóld-er and cóld-er blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-éast;  
The snow fell híss-ing in the brine,  
And the bíl-lows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote a-máin  
The vés-sel in its strength;  
She shúd-dered and paused, like=a=fríght-ed steed,  
Then leaped her cá-ble's length.

«Come híth-er! come híth-er! my lít-tle dáught-er,  
And do not trém-ble so;  
For I can wéath-er the róugh-est gale  
That év-er wind did blow.»

He wrápped=her warm in=his=séa-man's coat,  
A-gáinst the stíng-ing blast;  
He cut a rope from=a=bró-ken spar,  
And bóund=her to=the=mást.

«O fáth-er! I hear the chúrch-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be?»  
«'Tis a fóg-bell on a róck-bound coast!»  
And he steered for=the=ó-pen sea.

«O fáth-er! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be?»  
«Some ship in dis-tréss, that cán-not live  
In such an án-gry sea!»

«O fáth-er, I see a gléam-ing light,  
O say, what may it be?»  
But the fáth-er án-swéred név-er a word:  
A fró-zen corpse was he.

Lashed=to=the=hélm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lán-tern gleamed through the gléam-ing snow  
On his fíxed and gláss-y eyes.

Then the máí-den clasped her hands and prayed  
That sá-ved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,  
On=the=Láke of Gál-i-lee.

And fast through the mid-night dark and drear,  
Through the whist-ling sleet and snow,  
Like=a=shéet-ed ghost the vés-sel swept  
Tó-wards the reef of Nó-r-man's Woe.

And év-er the fit-ful gusts be-twéen  
A sound came from the land;  
It=was=the=sóund of the trám-pling surf,  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sánd.

The bréak-ers were right be-néath her bows,  
She drift-ed a dréar-y wreck,  
And a whoóp-ing bíl-low swept the crew  
Like í-ci-cles from=her=déck.

She struck where the white and flée-cy waves  
Looked soft as cárd-ed wool,  
But the crú-el rocks, they gored her side  
Like=the=horns=of=an=án-gry bull.

Her rát-ling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by=the=bóard;  
Like a vés-sel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho! ho! the bréak-ers roared!

At dáy-break, on=the=bléak sea-béach,  
A fish-er-man stood a-ghást,  
To see the form of=a=mái-den fair  
Lashed close to=a=drift-ing mast.

The salt sea was fró-zen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-wéed,  
On the bíl-lows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hés-per-us,  
In the mid-night and the snow;  
Christ save us all from=a=déath like this,  
On=the=réef of Nó-r-man's Woe!

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AN un-chár-i-ta-ble man wounds the vé-ry vi-tals of re-  
lí-gion.

# THE WHISTLE.

*Bénjamin Fránklin.*

A TRUE STÓRY.—ADDRESSÉD TO HIS NÉPHEW.

BÉN-JA-MIN FRÁNK-LIN (*vi-de* bi-o-gráph-ic-al nó-tice at page 109.) made his im-pór-tant dis-cóv-er-ies in e-lec-tri-ci-ty in 1744. He drew down the light-ning from the clouds, and in-vent-ed the lightning-conduc-tor. His prin-ci-pal works are his «*Au-to-bi-óg-ra-phy*,» his «*És-says*,» and his «*Phil-o-sóph-ic-al Pie-cés*.» Born, 1706. Died, 1790.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Af-fairs.** . af-ées. . . af-érze.  
**Bár-gain.** . báa-guen. . . bár-guene.  
**Bus-tles.** . b s-'ls. . . beús-sl'ze.  
**Ca-réer.** . ke-riæ. . . ke-rieur.  
**Don't** (*do*  
*not.*) . . dont. . . don'te.  
**E-quip-a-ge.** . . ék-uip-edch-ék-oui-pédj-  
 ges. . . es. . . ez.  
**For-tune.** . fóc-chiun. . . fóc-tchioune.  
**Fur-ni-ture.** . . fææ-ni-chæ. feúr-ni-tcheur

**Hól-i-day.** . hól-e-de. . . hól-é-dé.  
**Hus-band.** . hæds-b nd. . heúz-beun'd.  
**Láu-da-ble.** . lóo-de-t'l. . lá-de-bl'.  
**Man-kind.** . man-káind. . . man'-káin'd.  
**Már-ried.** . már-id. . . már-rid.  
**Mi-ser.** . . mái-dsæ. . . mái-zeur.  
**Néph-ew.** . név-iu. . . név-iou.  
**Vál-ue.** . . vál-iu. . . vál-iou.  
**Vex-á-tion.** . vek-sé-schæn vek-sé-cheune  
**Vír-tue.** . . væ-chiu. . . vér-tchiou.  
**Whis-tle.** . huis-'l. . . houis-sl'.

When=I=was=a=child, of sév-en years of age, my friends on a hól-i-day filled my póck-ets with cóp-pers. I went di-réct-ly to=a=shóp where they sold toys for chil-dren; and, bé-ing charmed with=the=sound=of=a=*whis-tle*, that I met by the way in the hands of an-óth-er boy, I vol-un-tá-ri-ly óf-fered=him all my mó-ney for one. I then came home, and went whíst-ling all ó-ver the house, much pleased with my *whis-tle*, but dis-túrb-ing the whole fám-i-ly. My bróth-ers, and sís-ters, and cóus-ins, un-der-stánd-ing the bár-gain I had made, tóld=me I had gív-en four times as=múch=for=it as=it=was=wóρθ. This pút=me in mind what good things I=might=have=bóught with the rest of the mó-ney; and they láughed=at=me so much for my fól-ly, that I cried with vex-á-tion, and the re-fléc-tion gáve=me more cha-grín than the *whis-tle* gáve=me pléa-sure.

This, how-év-er, was áf-ter-wards of=úse=to=me, the im-prés-sion con-tín-u-ing on my mind; so that óf-ten when=I=was=témpt-ed to buy some un-né-cés-sa-ry thing, I said to my-sélf,—*Don't give too much for the whis-tle*; and so I saved my mó-ney.

As I grew=úp, came ín-to the world, and ob-sérved the ác-tions of men, I thought I met with mán-y, vé-ry mán-y, who gave too much for their *whis-tles*.

When I saw án-y one too am-bí-tious of court fá-vours, sác-ri-fi-cing his time in at-ténd-ance at lev-ées, his re-póse, his lib-er-ty, his vir-tue, and per-háps his friends, to-at-táin-it, I=have=sáid=to=my-sélf,—*This man gives too much for his whis-tle.*

When I saw an-óth-er full of pop-u-lár-i-ty, cón-stant-ly em-plóy-ing him-sélf in po-lit-ic-al bú-s-tles, neg-léct-ing his own af-fáirs, and rú-in-ing-them by that neg-léct,—*He pays in-déed, say I, too much for his whis-tle.*

If I knew a mí-ser who gave-úp év-e-ry kind of cóm-fort-a-ble lív-ing, all the pléa-sures of dó-ing good to óth-ers, all the es-téem of his fél-low cít-i-zens, and the joys of ben-év-o-lent friend-ship, for=the=sake=of=ac-cú-mu-lating wealth,—*Poor man, say I, you do in-déed pay too dear for=your=whis-tle.*

When I meet a man of pléa-sure, sác-ri-fi-cing év-e-ry láud-a-ble im-próve-ment=of=the=mínd, or=of=his=fór-tune, to mere cor-pó-re-al sen-sá-tions,—*Mis-tá-ken man, say I, you are pro-ví-ding pain for your-sélf in-stéad of pléa-sure: you give too much for=your=whis-tle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine fúr-ni-ture, fine é-quip-a-ges, all a-bóve his fór-tune, for which he con-tráct-s debts, and ends his ca-réer in pris-on,—*A-lás! say I, he=has=paid=déar, vé-ry dear, for=his=whis-tle.*

When I see a béau-ti-ful, swéet-tempered girl, már-ried to an ill-natured brute=of=a=hús-band,—*What=a=pít-y=it=is, say I, that=she=has=páid so much for a whis-tle.*

In short, I con-céived that great part of the mís-er-ies of man-kínd were brought up-ón-them by the false és-ti-mates they had made of=the=vál-ue=of=things, and by their giv-ing too much for their whis-tles.

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### A GOOD DEED.—*Sháskpere.*

How far that lít-tle cán-dle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in=a=náugh-ty world.

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### HÁBIT.

Háb-it, in a child, is at first like a spí-der's web: if neg-léct-ed, it be-cómes a thread or twine: next, a cord or rope: fí-nal-ly, a cá-ble: and then who=can=bréak=it?

## THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCÚTTA.

THE Góv-ern-or of Fort Wil-li-am, at Cal-cút-ta, háv-ing im-pris-oned a mér-chant, the in-fa-mous Na-bób of Ben gál, Su-rá-jah Dów-lah, marched a-gáinst Fort Wil-li-am with a con-síd-er-a-ble force, be-sieged and tóok-it, and im-pris-oned the sur-vi-ving part of the gár-ri-son in the bárrack-room named the Black Hole. Mr. Hól-well, the óf-fi-cer in com-mánd, wrote a lét-ter shórt-ly áf-ter-wards, des-cri-bing the hór-rors of this im-pris-on-ment, which was print-ed in the *Án-nu-al Ré-gis-ter* for 1758, and from it the fól-low-ing éx-tracts are made.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Al-láy-ing. al-é-ing. . . al-lé-in'gne.  
 Anx-i-e-ty ang-dsái-i-te an'g-zái-i-té.  
 Ap-próved ap-prúuv'd. ap-próuv'd.  
 As-sú-ring a-schiúer-ing. . . a-chiour-ing. . . in'gne.  
 Bowl. . . bol. . . bóle.  
 Cal-cút-ta. kal-ket-a. kal-keút-a.  
 De-vised. di-váids'd. di-váiz'd.  
 Dóu-ble. dæb-l. deúb-bl'.  
 Draughts. draaf'ts. draftse.  
 East-ward iist-nææd. ist-oueurd.  
 Ef-flú-vi-um. . . ef-flú-vi-æm eume.  
 Ef-forts. éf-æets. éf-feurtse.  
 Es-sáyed. es-éé'd. es-sé'd.  
 Ex-pired. eks-pái-ææd eks-páir'd.  
 Héight-ened. há-t'n'd. há-t'n'd.  
 Jem-ma-dár. . . dchem-æ-dá djem-ma-dá.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Knúc-kles. næk-'ls. . . næúk-kl'z.  
 Lieu-tén-ant. . . lef-tén-ænt. lef-tén-'an'te  
 Out-live. . . aut-liv. . . aout-liv.  
 Out-rá-geous. . . aut-ré-dchæes djæuce.  
 Quit-ted. . . kuit-ed. . . kouit-ed.  
 Rés-er-voirs. . . réds-æ-vuas. réz-er-vouarz  
 Sér-geant. sáa-dchænt. sár-djeun'te.  
 Shirt. . . schææt. . . cheurte.  
 Sóuth-ern-most. . . sæz-ææn- seúth-eurn-most. . . móste. . . móste.  
 Súl-try. . . sæl-tre. . . seúl-tré.  
 Tu-mul-tu-ously. . . tiu-mæl-chiu tiou-meúl-ous-ly. . . -æs-le. . . tchiou-eus-lé.  
 Vól-a-tile. . . vól-æ-til. . . vól-a-til.  
 Wedged. . . uedch'd. . . ouedj'd.  
 Whole. . . hol. . . hóle.

Pic-ture to your-sélves the sit-u-á-tion of one hún-dred and fór-ty six wrétch-es, ex-háust-ed by con-tín-u-al fatígue and ác-tion, crammed to-géth-er in a cube of éight-teen feet, on a close súl-try night in Ben-gál: shut-úp to the éast-ward and sóuth-ward (the ón-ly quár-ter from which air could=réach-us) by dead walls, and-by-a-wáll and door to the north; ó-pen ón-ly to the wést-ward by two wín-dows stróng-ly barred with í-ron, from which we-could=re-céive scárce-ly án-y cir-cu-lá-tion of fresh air.

We had been búf a few mín-utes con-fined, be-fóre év-ery one fell ín-to a per-spir-á-tion so pro-fúse that=you-can=fórm no i-dé-a-of-it. This brought=ón a rá-ging thirst, which in-créased in pro-pór-tion as the bód-y was drained of its móis-ture. Vá-ri-ous ex-pé-di-ents were thóught-of to gain more air and room. To gain the fór-mer, it was moved to=put=óff our clothes; this was ap-próved-of as a háp-py nó-tion, and=in-a-féw mó-ments év-ery one was stripped, my-sélf and three óth-ers ex-cépt-ed. For a lít-tle while they flát-tered them-sélves with háv-ing gained

a míght-y ad-ván-tage. Év-e-ry hat was=put=in=mó-tion to gain a cir-cu-lá-tion of air, and Mr. Báil-lie pro-pósed that év-e-ry man should=sit=dówn on his hams. This expé-di-ent was sév-er-al times put in prác-tice, and=at=éach=líme mán-y of the poor créa-tures whose ná-tu-ral strength was less than that of óth-ers, or=who=had=been=móre ex-háust-ed, and=could=not=im-mé-di-ate-ly re-cóv-er their legs when the word was giv-en to rise, fell to rise no more, for=they=were=in=stant-ly tród-den to death or súf-fo-ca-ted. When the whole bód-y sat=dówn, they were so clóse-ly wedged to-géth-er, that=they=were=o-blíged to use mán-y éf-forts be-fóre they=could=get=úp a-gáin. Be-fóre nine o'clóck év-e-ry man's thirst grew in-tól-er-a-ble, and res-pir-á-tion díf-fi-cult. Éf-forts were made to force the door, but in vain. Mán-y ín-sults were used to the guard to=pro-vóke=them to=fire=on=us. For my own part, I híth-er-to felt lít-tle pain or un-éa-sí-ness but what re-súlt-ed from my anx-í-e-ty for the súf-fer-ings of those with-ín. By kée-p-ing my face close be-twéen two of the bars, I ob-táined air e-nóugh to give my lungs éa-sy play, though my per-spir-á-tion was ex-cés-sive, and thirst com-mén-cing. At this pé-ri-od, so strong a vól-a-tile ef-flú-vi-um came from the pris-on, that-I=was=not=á-ble to turn my head that way for more than a few séc-onds at a time.

Now év-e-ry-bod-y, ex-cépt those sit-u-a-ted at and near the wín-dows, be-gán to grow out-rá-geous, and mán-y de-lír-i-ous. «Wá-ter! wá-ter!» be-cáme the gén-er-al cry. An old *jem-ma-dár*, tá-king pít-y=on=us, ór-dered the péo-ple to bring some skins of wá-ter. This was what I dréad-ed. I fore-sáw it would prove the rú-in of the small chance léft=us, and es-sáyed mán-y times to=spéak=to=him prí-va-te-ly to for-bíd its bé-ing brought; but the clám-our was so loud, that it be-cáme im-pós-si-ble. The wá-ter ap-peáred. Words cán-not paint the u-niv-ér-sal a-git-á-tion and rá-ving ín-to which the=síght=of=it thréw=us. I flát-tered my-sélf that some, by pre-sérv-ing an é-qual tém-per of mind, might out-líve the night; but now the re-fléc-tion which=gáve=me the gréat-est pain was, that I saw no pos-sib-íl-i-ty of án-y one es-cá-ping to tell the dí-s-mal tale. Un-tíl the wá-ter came, I had not my-sélf súf-fered much from thirst, which ín=stant-ly grew ex-cés-sive. We had no means of con-véy-ing-it ín-to the pris-on but by hats forced through the bars; and thus my-sélf



and Coles and Scott sup-plied=them as fast as pós-si-ble. But those who have ex-pé-ri-enced in-té-nse thirst, or are ac-quáint-ed with the cause and ná-ture of this áp-pe-tite, will be suf-fi-cient-ly sén-si-ble that=it=could=re-céive no more than a mó-ment-a-ry al-le-vi-á-tion; the cause still sub-síst-ed. Though we brought full hats through the bars, there en-súed such ví-o-lent strúg-gles and fré-quent cón-tests to=gét-it, that be-fóre it reached the lips of án-y one, there=would=be=sçarce-ly a small téa-cup-ful léft=in-them. These sup-plies, like sprínk-ling wá-ter on fire, ón-ly seemed to feed the flame. Oh! how=shall=I=gíve a just con-cép-tion of what I felt at the cries and crá-vings of those in the re-mó-ter part of the pris-on, who=could=not=en-ter-táin a prób-a-ble hope of ob-táin-ing a drop, yet=could=not=di-vést them-sélves of ex-pect-á-tion, how-év-er un-a-váil-ing, cáll-ing-on=me by the tén-der con-sid-er-á-tion of af-féc-tion and friend-ship? The con-fú-sion now be-cáme gén-er-al and hór-rid. Sév-er-al quít-ted the óth-er wín-dow (the ón-ly chance they had for life) to force their way to the wá-ter, and the throng and press up-ón the wín-dow was be-yónd béar-ing. Mán-y, fór-cing their way from the fúr-ther part of the room, pressed=dówn those in their pás-sage who had less strength, and trám-pled=them to death.

From a-bóut nine to e-lév-en I sus-táined this crú-el scene, still sup-plý-ing=them with wá-ter, though my legs were ál-most bró-ken with the weight a-gáinst=them. By this time I my-sélf was néar-ly pressed to death, and my two com-pán-i-ons, with Mr. Pár-ker, who had forced him-sélf to the wín-dow, were ré-al-ly so. At last I be-cáme so pressed and wedged=úp, that=I=was=de-príved of all mó-tion. De-tér-mined now to givè év-e-ry-thing up, I=cálled=to=them, and bégged=them, as a last in-stance of their re-gárd, that=they=would=re-líeve the prés-sure up-ón=me, and per-mít=me to re-tire out=of=the=wín-dow to die in quí-et. They gave way; and with much díf-fi-cul-ty I forced a pás-sage in-to the cén-tre of the pris-on, where the throng was less, ów-ing to the mán-y dead, a-móunt-ing to one-thírd, and the núm-bers who flocked to the wín-dows, for by this time they had wá-ter ál-so at the óth-er wín-dows. I laid my-sélf down on=some=of=the=déad, and, re-com-mènd-ing my-sélf to Héav-en, had the cóm-fort of think-ing my súf-fer-ings could have no long du-rá-tion. My thirst now grew in-sup-pórt-a-ble, and the

dif-fi-cul-ty of bréath-ing much in-créased; and I had not re-máined in this sit-u-á-tion ten mín-utes be-fóre-I-was-séized with a pain in my breast and pal-pit-á-tion of heart, both to=the=most=éx-quis-ite de-grée. These o-bliged=me to get=úp a-gáin; but still the pain, pal-pit-á-tion, and dif-fi-cul-ty of bréath-ing in-créased. I re-táined my séns-es, not-with-stánd-ing, and=had=the=griéf to see death not so néar=me as-I=had=hóped, but could no lóng-er bear the pains I súf-fered with=út at-témpt-ing a re-líef, which I knew fresh air would and could ón-ly gíve=me. I ínstant-ly de-tér-mined to push for the wín-dow óp-po-site to me, and=by=an=éf-fort of dóu-ble the strength I év-er be-fóre pos-séssed, gained the third ránk=at=it; with one hand I seized a bar, and by that means gained a séc-ond, though I think there were at least six or sév-en ranks be-twéen me and the wín-dow. In a few mó-ments the pain, pal-pit-á-tion, and dif-fi-cul-ty of bréath-ing ceased, but the thirst con-tín-ued in-tól-er-a-ble. I called a-lóud, «Wá-ter, for God's sake!» I=had=been=con-clú-ded dead; but as soon as the men fóund=me a-móngst=them, they still had the res-péct and tén-der-ness=for=me to=cry=út, «Gíve=him wá-ter!» nor would one of them at the wín-dow at-témpt to=tóuch=it till I had drunk. But from the wá-ter I had no re-líef, my thirst was ráth-er in-créased=by=it; so I de-tér-mined to drink no more, but pá-tient-ly wait the e-vént. I kept my mouth moist from time to time by súck-ing the per-spir-á-tion out of my shírt-sleeves, and cáttch-ing the drops as they fell like héav-y rain from my head and face: it=can=hárd-ly be im-á-gined how un-háp-py I was if=án-y=of=them es-cáped my mouth.

I was ob-sérved by one of my com-pán-i-ons on the right in the ex-pé-di-ent of al-láy-ing my thirst by súck-ing my shírt-sleeve. He took the hint, and róbbed=me from time to time of a con-síd-er-a-ble part of my store; though, áf-ter-I=de-téct-ed=him, I had the ad-dréss to begín on that sleeve first when I thought my rés-er-voirs were suf-fí-cient-ly re-plén-ished, and our mouths and nó-ses óf-ten met in cón-tact. This man was=one=of=the=féw who es-cáped death. He=has=since=páid=me the cómpli-ment of as-sú-ring=me that he be-líeved he owed his life to the mán-y cóm-fort-a-ble draughts he had from my sleeves. No Brís-tol wá-ter could be more soft and pléasant than what a-róse from per-spir-á-tion.

By hálf-past e-lév-en, by far the gréat-er nóm-ber of

those liv-ing were-in-an-out-rá-geous de-lir-i-um, and óth-ers quite un-góv-ern-a-ble; few re-táin-ing any cálm-ness but the ranks near the wín-dows. They now all found that wá-ter, in-stéad of re-liev-ing their un-éa-si-ness, ráth-er héight-ened-it, and «Air, air!» was the gén-er-al cry. Év-er-y ín-sult that=could=be=de-vised a-gáinst the guard was re-péat-ed, to=pro-vóke=them to=fire=on=us; év-e-ry man that could, rushed tu-múl-tu-ous-ly tó-wards the wín-dows, with éag-er hopes of méet-ing the first shot. But these fáil-ing, they whose strength and spír-its were quite ex-háust-ed laid them-sélves down, and quí-et-ly expired up-ón their fél-lows; óth-ers, who had got some strength and víg-our left, made a last éf-fort for the wín-dows, and sév-er-al suc-céed-ed, by léap-ing and scrám-bling ó-ver the backs and heads of those in the first ranks, to get hold of the bars, from which there was no re-móv-ing-them. Mán-y to the right and left sank with the ví-o-lent prés-sure, and were soon súf-fo-ca-ted; for now a steam a-róse from the lív-ing and the dead which af-féct-ed-us in all its cír-cum-stan-ces, as-if-we-were=fór-cib-ly held by our heads ó-ver a bowl of strong vól-a-tile spír-it of hárts-horn un-tíl súf-fo-ca-ted; nor could the ef-flú-vi-um of the one be dis-tín-guished from the óth-er. I need not ask your com-mis-er-á-tion when I téll-you that in this plight, from half an hour áf-ter e-lév-en till two in the mórn-ing, I sus-táined the weight of a héav-y man, with his knees on my back, and the prés-sure of his whole bód-y on my head; of a Dutch sér-geant, who had tá-ken his seat on my left shóul-der; and-of=a-bláck sól-dier béar-ing on my right: all which nó-thing would=have=en-á-bled=me to sup-pórt but the props and prés-sure é-qual-ly sus-táin-ing=me all round. The two lát-ter I fré-quent-ly dis-lógdged by shíft-ing my hold on the bars, and dri-ving my knúc-kles ín-to their ribs; but my friend a-bóve stuck fast, and, as he held-ón by two bars, was im-móv-a-ble. The re-péat-ed trí-als I made to dis-lódge this in-súf-fer-a-ble en-cúm-brance up-ón=me at last quite ex-háust-ed=me; and tó-wards two o'clóck, fínd-ing I must quit the wín-dow or sink where I was, I re-sólvéd on the fór-mer, háv-ing borne, trú-ly for the sake of óth-ers, ín-fin-ite-ly more for life than=the=bést=of=it is worth.

I was at this time sén-si-ble of no pain and lít-tle un-éa-si-ness. I found a stú-por cóm-ing on a-páce, and laid

my-sélf down by that gál-lant old man, the Rev. Jér-vas Bèl-la-my, who lay dead with his son, the lieu-tén-ant, hand in hand, near the sòuth-ern-most wall of the pris-on. Of what passed in the ín-ter-val to the time of resur-réc-tion from this hole of hór-rors, I can give no ac-cóunt.

At six in the mórn-ing the door was ó-pened, when ón-ly three and twén-ty, out of the hún-dred and fòr-ty six, still breathed. These were súb-se-quent-ly re-vived.

## DÍAMONDS.

Pronon, española.    Pronon, française.

Pronon, española.    Pronon, française.

**Bráh-ma.** . . brá-ma. . . brá-ma.  
**Bra-zil.** . . bre-dsil. . . bré-zil.  
**Cóur-tier.** . . koó-chiæ. . . kór-tchieur.  
**Di-a-** . . . dáí-æ- . . dáí-a-meun'  
**monds.** . . mænds. . . dz.  
**Ex-hib-i-** . . eks-hi-bisch . . eks-hi-bich-  
**tion.** . . æn. . . eune.  
**Feigned.** . . feen'd. . . fén'd.  
**Hyde Park** . . haid paak. . . háide park.  
**I-dol.** . . áí-dæl. . . áí-deul.  
**Koh-i-nóor** . . ko-i-nó-æ. . . kô-i-nóre.  
**Mo-gul.** . . mo-gæl. . . mó-gueül.  
**Pó-ni-ard.** . . pón-iaad. . . pón-iarde.

**Priest-** . . .  
**hood.** . . príst-hud. . . príst-houde.  
**Queen.** . . kouin. . . kouine.  
**Rú-by.** . . rú-be. . . rou-bé.  
**Searched.** . . sææch't. . . seurch't.  
**Só-journ.** . . sódch-ææn. . . só-djeurne.  
**Stá-tue.** . . stách-iu. . . stách-iou.  
**Switz-er-** . . suit-dsæ- . . souit-zer-  
**land.** . . land. . . lan'd.  
**Tréa-sur-** . . .  
**er.** . . trédch-ær-æ . . tréj-eur-eur.  
**Vál-ue.** . . vál-iu. . . vál-iou.  
**Weigh.** . . ueé. . . oué.

The vál-ue of di-a-monds vá-ries ac-córd-ing to their form, trans-pá-ren-cy, pú-ri-ty, and size. The trans-pá-ren-cy of a dí-a-mond ought to be like=that=of=wá-ter; when péo-ple say, « A dí-a-mond of fi-nest wá-ter, » they mean a dí-a-mond of pér-fect cléar-ness. The pú-rer and lár-ger they are, the gréat-er is their worth; but=to=máke=them ré-al-ly vál-u-a-ble, these two quál-i-ties must be com-bined. There are in the world five or six cél-e-bra-ted di-a-monds.

The lár-gest dí-a-mond which ex-ísts is=sáid=to=be that of the Êm-per-or of Bra-zil. It weighs 1,730 cár-ats, and=is=of=ál-most in-és-tim-a-ble vál-ue; per-háps it=would=be=wórt'h a míl-li-on pounds stér-ling if=it=had=nót some de-fécts which mar its bril-li-an-cy, and have made some ill-tempered and crít-ic-al láp-id-a-ries say that=it=is=ón-ly a white tó-paz.

Next to the Êm-per-or of Bra-zil's dí-a-mond, comes

that of the Great Mo-gúl. It weighs 279 cár-ats, now that the Queen of Éng-land, to whom it be-lóngs, has=had=it=cút. Be-fóre then, it weighed a third more. It is called «Koh-i-nóor,» that is, in Ín-di-an lán-guage, «The Móun-tain of Light.» It was ex-híb-it-ed in the first Great Ex-hib-í-tion in Hyde Park, in 1851, and at-tráct-ed crowds of wón-der-ing ad-mí-rers.

The mí-ner who found this dí-a-mond un-der-stóod when=he=saw=it=roll=dówn at his feet, that in it he might pos-séss the fór-tune of a prince; but as, on léav-ing the mines, the wór-k-men are, like cón-victs, most rí-g-or-ously searched, he in-flíct-ed a wound with his axe on his thigh, where-in he hid the dí-a-mond, and then bound his thigh up with his hánd-ker-chief. Thanks to the se-vére wound, and=to=the=blóod with which he was cóv-ered, he left the mine with-óut being ex-ám-ined. The «Móun-tain of Light» was first sold for a-bóut 4,000 pounds. Then it passed from hand to hand, ál-ways in-créas-ing in vál-ue, till it fell ín-to that of the Great Mo-gúl, who paid more than 80,000 póunds=for=it.

The next great dí-a-mond, which ál-most é-quals the Koh-i-nóor in size and bríl-li-an-cy, was brought to Éu-rope by a French sól-dier of the gár-ri-son at Pon-di-chér-ry. Dú-ring his sój-ourn in that cól-o-ny, he learnt that a stá-tue of the god Bráh-ma, in a cér-tain Hín-doo tém-ple, had eyes of dí-a-monds. He re-sólv-ed to get pos-sés-sion of those eyes. Cón-se-quent-ly, he de-sért-ed from the French ár-my, em-bráced the re-lí-gion of the Bráh-mins, and, by a feigned de-vó-tion, was ad-mít-ted ín-to the priest-hood of this í-dol. This was the ób-ject he de-síred. The priests of Bráh-ma by turns pass the night a-lóne in this tém-ple, wá-tch-ing and práy-ing. The turn of the French sól-dier came at last. The night was all that=he=could=de-síre, dark and stórm-y. In the midst of ter-rí-f-ic thúnder-claps which shook the tém-ple, and a húr-ri-cane of wind which made it trém-ble to its base, the French sól-dier scrám-bled=úp the stá-tue and set to work.

But, not-with-stánd-ing all his éf-forts, he was ón-ly á-ble to=tear=óut one of the í-dol's eyes; the óth-er was so firm-ly fixed, that=he=was=o-blí-ged to=give=úp trý-ing to dis-lódge=it. When the day dawned he fled, léav-ing the í-dol with ón-ly one eye. Not bé-ing á-ble to re-túrn to France by réa-son of his de-sér-tion, he es-cáped to the

Éng-lish sét-tle-ments, and, forced by want, dý-ing of húng-er, though with the rán-som of a king in his póck-et, trém-bling év-e-ry in-stant lest=he=should=be=killed and robbed, he sold his dí-a-mond for 2,000 pounds.

The púr-cha-ser, who=did=not=him-sélf know the vál-ue of the stone which=he=had=bóught, came to Éng-land and sóld-it for 4,500 pounds to an Ar-mé-ni-an named Láz-a-rus. He pre-sént-ed=it to the Ém-press Cáth-er-ine of Rú-sia, who, if=she=had=gív-en=him what it was worth, would=have=páid=him a-bóut a míl-li-on and a half póunds=for=it. He re-céived, how-év-er, in ex-chángo a-bóut 500,000 pounds, 12,000 serfs, a life-pension, and lét-ters of no-bíl-ity. This dí-a-mond is called the «Ór-loff.»

The «Ré-gent,» thus named be-cáuse it was bought by the Duke of Ór-leans dú-ring his ré-gen-cy, weighs 137 cár-ats, and cost a-bóut 100,000 pounds.

The next is the «Sán-cy.» The Sán-cy was=one=of=the= thrée pré-cious stones which Charles the Bold wore up-ón his hél-met at the bát-tle of Nán-cy; the óth-er two were a rú-by and an ém-er-ald. A blow from a sword dashed them all out of the hél-met. The rú-by and the ém-er-ald were lost. A Swiss sól-dier found the dí-a-mond, and= sóld=it to a priest for a flór-in.

From his hands it passed ín-to those of An-tó-ni-o, King of Pór-tu-gal, who, flý-ing from his states and wán-der-ing through Éu-rope, sóld=it in a néed-y mó-mént for 4,000 pounds to Hár-lay de Sán-cy, the Tréasurer-Général of France; hence the dí-a-mond took the name of the «Sán-cy.» Hár-lay de Sán-cy was soon áf-ter-wards sent as am-bás-sa-dor to Swítz-er-land. He was stáy-ing at Só-leure, when Hén-ri III. wróte=to=him:—«Sénd=me your dí-a-mond by a trúst-wor-thy man, so=that=I=may=máke some mó-ney óut=of=it.»

The sér-vant, who was in-déed a vé-ry trúst-wor-thy man, said to his mást-er, as=he=was=stárt-ing,—«If=I=am-at-tácked by rób-bers I shall swál-low the dí-a-mond; then, if=I=am=killed, you will de-mánd my bód-y and re-cóv-er=it.» The sér-vant stárt-ed with the dí-a-mond; he was, in fact, at-tácked by the rób-bers, so=he=swál-low-ed=it, and was killed áf-ter-wards by a pó-ni-ard. Sán-cy re-cóv-ered the bód-y of his fáith-ful sér-vant, and the dí-a-mond was found as=he=had=próm-ised.

This pré-cious stone, which weighs 106 cár-ats, was sold by Hén-ri III., to whom Sán-cy sént=it, to Gér-man Jews,

a-móng whom it=was=lost=ight=of for a time. How-év-er, in 1688, we know that it be-lónged to James III., of Éng-land, who=sóld=it to Lóu-is XIV., of France. Lóu-is XV. wóre=it at his cor-o-ná-tion; then, for a hún-dred years, it a-gáin dis-ap-péared. Fí-nal-ly, it was sold to a Rús-sian cóur-tier, who paid a-bóut 80,000 póunds=for=it.

## THE LOSS OF THE « RÓYAL GEORGE. »

The fól-low-ing cú-ri-ous and high-ly in-ter-ést-ing nár-ra-tive is giv-en by one of the sea-men who=was=on=board at the time the « Róy-al George » sank. It is giv-en in his own sim-ple lán-guage, as af-fórd-ing a more gráph-ic de-scrip-tion of this ex-tra-ór-din-a-ry and mél-an-chol-y ca-tás-tro-phe than more béau-ti-ful lán-guage could do. At=the=same=time it=may=sérve as=an=ex-er-cise in sea-terms.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

**Ac-cu-ra-**  
 cy. . . . . ák-iu-re-ce.    ák-iou-re-cé  
**Bár-ber.** . . . . baa-bæ.    . . . . báa-beur.  
**Bouse.** . . . . bauds.    . . . . baouze.  
**Bów-er.** . . . . bó-æ.    . . . . bó-eur.  
**Bów-sprit.** . . . . bó-sprit.    . . . . bó-sprite.  
**Bú-si-ness** . . . . bids-nes.    . . . . biz-nece.  
**Ca-tás-tro**  
**-phe.** . . . . ke-tás-tro-fe    ke-tás-trô-fé  
**Dra ged.** . . . . drag'd.    . . . . drag'd.  
**Drowned.** . . . . draun'd.    . . . . draoun'd.  
**Edge.** . . . . edch.    . . . . edje.  
**En-sign.** . . . . én-sain.    . . . . én'-saine.  
**Fáth-oms.** . . . . fáz-æms.    . . . . fáth-eumz.  
**George.** . . . . dchoodch.    . . . . djordje.  
**Gráp-ple.** . . . . gráp-'l.    . . . . gráp-pl'.  
**Hál-yard.** . . . . hál-hæed.    . . . . hál-ieurde.  
**Hár-bour.** . . . . háa-bæ.    . . . . háa-beur.  
**Hátch-**  
**ways.** . . . . hách-wees.    . . . . hátch-ouéze.  
**I-rish-man** . . . . ái-risch-    . . . . ái-riche-  
                   man.    . . . . mane.  
**Jumped.** . . . . dchæmp't.    . . . . djeum'p't.  
**Lár-board.** . . . . láa-bæed.    . . . . láa-beurde.  
**Léak-age.** . . . . lík-edch.    . . . . lík-edje.

**Lév-el.** . . . . lév-'l.    . . . . lév-'l'.  
**Lieu-tén-**  
**ant.** . . . . lef-tén-ant.    lef-tén-an'te  
**Ma-rines.** . . . . me-riins.    . . . . me-rinz.  
**Out-er.** . . . . aut-æ.    . . . . aout-eur.  
**Piped.** . . . . paip't.    . . . . paip't.  
**Plá-cid.** . . . . plás-id.    . . . . plás-id.  
**Plunged.** . . . . plændch'd.    . . . . pleun'dj'd.  
**Pulled.** . . . . pul'd.    . . . . pou'l'd.  
**Pushed.** . . . . pusht.    . . . . pouch't.  
**Shoved.** . . . . shæv'd.    . . . . cheuv'd.  
**Shrouds.** . . . . schrauds.    . . . . chraoudz.  
**Sized.** . . . . saids'd.    . . . . saiz'd.  
**Stár-board** . . . . stáa-bæed.    . . . . stáa-beurde.  
**Stéer-age.** . . . . stier-edch.    . . . . stieur-edje.  
**Stow.** . . . . sto.    . . . . stó.  
**Suc-céed-**  
**ed.** . . . . sæk-siid-ed.    seuk-cid-ed.  
**Surf.** . . . . sææf.    . . . . seurf.  
**Táff-rail.** . . . . táf-reel.    . . . . táf-réle.  
**Thwarts.** . . . . zuats.    . . . . thouártz.  
**Tons.** . . . . teens.    . . . . teinz.  
**Towed.** . . . . to'd.    . . . . tó'd.  
**Tróu-ble-**  
**some.** . . . . træb-'l-sæm.    seume.

The « Róy-al George » was a thrée-decker, a ship of one hún-dred and twén-ty guns, 24 and 32 póund-ers, with a crew of one thóu-sand men. The length of her gún-deck was 210 feet, the breadth 56; her máin-mast was 124 feet high, fóre-mast 112, mizen-mast 112, and the máin-yard one hún-dred and six feet long. She méa-sured six-ty six feet from the kél-son to the táff-rail; and, bé-ing a flág-

ship, her lán-terns were so big, that the men used to go in-to=them to=cléan=them.

In Áu-gust, 1782, the «Róy-al George» had come to Spít-head. She=was=in=a=vé-ry com-pléte state, with hárd-ly án-y léak-age, so=that=there=was=no=oc-cá-sion for the pumps to be touched óf-ten-er than once in év-e-ry three or four days. By the 19th of Au-gust she had got six months' pro-ví-sions on board, and ál-so mán-y tons of shot. The ship had her gál-lants up, the blue flag of Ád-mir-al Kémp-en-feldt was flý-ing at the míz-en, and the én-sign was hóist-ed on the énsign-staff,—and she was in a-bóut two days to have sailed to join the grand fleet in the Med-it-er-rá-ne-an. It was as-cer-táined that the wá-ter-cock must be tá-ken-óut and=a=néw-one put=in. The wá-ter-cock is sóme-thing like the tap of a bár-rel,—it is in the hold of the ship on the stár-board side, and at that part of the ship called the well. To=get-óut the old wá-ter-cock, it was né-ces-sa-ry to make the ship heel so much on her lár-board side as to raise the óut-side of this wá-ter-cock a-bóve wá-ter. This was done at a-bóut 8 o'clóck on the mórn-ing of the 19th of Áu-gust. To do this, the whole of the guns on the lár-board side were run-óut as far as=they=would=gó, and the lár-board guns drawn=in a-mid-ship and se-cúred by tá-c-kles, two to év-e-ry gun. This brought the wá-ter néar-ly on a lév-el with the pórt-holes of the lár-board side of the lów-er gún-deck. The men were wórk-ing at this wá-ter-cock on the óut-side of the ship for néar-ly an hour, the ship re-máin-ing on one side.

At a-bóut 9 o'clóck a. m., or ráth-er be-fóre, and the last light-er, with rum on board, had come a-long-side: this vés-sel was a sloop of a-bóut fíf-ty tons, and be-lónged to three bróth-ers, who úsed=her to cár-ry things on board the men-of-wár. She was lashed to the lár-board side of the «Róy-al George,» and we were piped to clear the light-er and get the rum óut-of=her, and stów=it in the hold of the «Róy-al George.» I=was=in=the-wáist of our ship, on the lár-board side, béar-ing the rúm-casks ó-ver, as some men of the «Róy-al George» were a-bóard the sloop to=slíng=them.

At first, no dán-ger was ap-pre-hénd-ed from the ship's bé-ing on her side, al-thóugh the wá-ter kept dás-h-ing=in at the pórt-holes at év-e-ry wave; and there bé-ing mice in the lów-er part of the ship, they were hún-t-ed in the



wá-ter by the men How-év-er, by a-bóut 9 o'clóck, the ad-dí-tion-al quán-ti-ty of rum on board the ship, and ál-so the quán-ti-ty of séa-water which=had=dashed=in at the pórt-holes, brought the lár-board pórt-holes of the lów-er gún-deck néar-ly lév-el=with=the=séa.

As soon as that was the case, the cár-pen-ter went on the quárter-deck to the lieu-tén-ant of the watch, to=ásk-him to give ór-ders to right ship, as=she=could=not=béar-it án-y lóng-er. How-év-er, the lieu-tén-ant máde=him a vér-y short án-swer, and the cár-pen-ter went be-lów. The cáp-tain's name was Wág-horn. He=was=on=bóard, but where he was I do not know: how-év-er, cáp-tains, if án-y-thing is=to=be=dóne when the ship is in hár-bour, sél-dom in-ter-fére, but=leave-it=áll to the óf-fi-cer of the watch. The lieu-tén-ant was, if I re-mém-ber right, the third lieu-tén-ant; he=had=not=jóined=us long; his name I do not rec-ol-léct; he=was=a=góod=sized man, be-twéen thír-ty and fór-ty years of age. The men called=him «Jib-and-Foresail-Jáck,» for, if he had the watch in the night, he=would=be=ál-ways bóth-er-ing the men to ál-ter the sails, and it was «up jib» and «down jib,» and «up fóre-sail» and «down fóre-sail,» év-e-ry mín-ute. How-év-er, the men con-síd-ered=him more of a tróu-ble-some óf-fi-cer than=a=góod=one; and, from a háb-it he had of móv-ing his fíng-ers a-bóut when wálk-ing the quárter-deck, the men said he=was=an=órgan-pláyer from Lón-don, but=I=have=no=réa-son to sup-póse that that was the case. The ád-mir-al was éi-ther in the cáb-in or in his stéer-age, I do not know which; and the bár-ber, who had been to=sháve=him, had just left. The ád-mir-al was a man úp-wards of sév-en-ty; he=was=a=thín, tall man, who stooped a good deal.

As=I=have=al-réad-y stá-ted, the cár-pen-ter left the quárter-deck and went be-lów. In a vér-y short time he=came=úp a-gáin, and asked the lieu-tén-ant of the watch to right ship, re-péat-ing that the ship could=not=béar-it; but the lieu-tén-ant re-plied, «D—ye, sir, if=you=can=mán-age the ship bét-ter than I can, you had bét-ter take the com-mánd.» My-sélf and a good mán-y more were at the waist of the ship and=at=the=gáng-ways, and heard what passed, for=there=were=some=cáp-it-al séa-men on board, who knew what they were a-bóut quite as well as the óf-fi-cers.

In a vér-y short time, a mín-ute or two I should think, the lieu-tén-ant ór-dered the drúm-mer to be called

to beat to right ship. The drúm-mer was called in a mó-ment, but the ship was then just be-gín-ning to sink. I jumped=óff the gáng-way as soon as the drúm-mer was called. There was no time for him to beat his drum, and I don't know that he had é-ven time to=gét=it. I ran down to my stá-tion and, by the time I=had=gót=there, the men were túm-bling down the há-tch-ways one ó-ver an-óth-er to get to their stá-tions as soon as pós-si-ble. I said to the lieu-tén-ant of our gun, whose name was Cár-rell, (for év-e-ry gun has a cáp-tain and a lieu-tén-ant, though they are ón-ly sáil-ors),—«Let=us=trý to bouse our gun out with=óut wáit-ing for the drum, as it will help to right ship.» We pushed the gun, but=it=ran=báck up=ón us, and=we=could=not=stárt=it. The wá-ter then rushed=in at néar-ly all the pórt-holes of the lár-board side of the lów-er gún-deck, and I di-réct-ly said to Cár-rell, «Ned, jump=óut at the pórt-hole, the ship is sínk-ing, and=we=shall=áll be drowned.» He jumped=óut at the pórt-hole ín-to the sea: I be-lieve he=was=drówned, for I név-er sáw=him áf-ter-wards. I im-mé-di-ate-ly got=óut at the same pórt-hole, and when I=had=dóne=so, I saw the pórt-hole as full of heads as it could cram, all trý-ing to=get=óut. I caught hold of the bów-er=ánchor which=was=just=a=bóve=me, to pre-vént my fáll-ing back a-gáin ín-to the pórt-hole, and seized hold of a wó-man who was trý-ing to=get=óut at the same place,—I dragged=her=óut. The ship was full of Jews, wó-men, and péo-ple séll-ing all sorts of things. I threw the wó-man fróm=me,—and saw all the heads drop=báck=a-gáin in at the pórt-hole, for the ship had got so much on her lár-board side, that the stár-board pórt-holes were as úp-right as=if=the=mén had tried to=get=óut at the top of a chí-m-ney with nó-thing for their legs and feet to act up=ón. The ship then sank in a mó-ment. I tried to swim, but I could not swim a stroke, al-thóugh I plunged as hard as I could with both hands and feet. The sínk-ing of the ship drew=me=dówn=so. In-déed, I think I=must=have=sánk néar-ly as low as=the=shíp=did. When the ship touched the bót-tom, the wá-ter boiled=úp a great deal, and then I felt that I could swim, and be-gán to rise.

When I was a-bóut half way up to the top of the wá-ter, I put my right hand on the head of a man that was néar-ly ex-háust-ed. He wore long hair, as mán-y of the men at that time did; he tried to=gráp-ple=me, and he

put his four fing-ers in-to my right shoe a-long-side the out-er edge of my foot, I suc-céed-ed in kick-ing my shoe off; and, pút-ting my hand on his shóul-der, I shóved=him a-wáy,—I then rose to the súr-face of the wá-ter.

When my head came a-bóve wá-ter, I heard the cán-non a-shóre fi-ring for dis-tréss. I looked a-bóut=me, and at the dis-tance of eight or ten yards fróm=me, I saw the main-tópsail-hályard-block a-bóve wá-ter;—the wá-ter was a-bóut thír-teen fáth-oms deep, and at that time the tide was-cóm-ing-in. I swam to the main-tópsail-hályard-block, and=got=ón=it. The fore, main, and míz-en tops were all a-bóve wá-ter, as were part of the bów-sprit and part of the énsign-staff, with the én-sign up=ón=it.

In gó-ing down, the máin-yard of the «Róy-al George» caught the boom of the rúm-lighter and=sánk=her; and=there=is=no=dóubt that this made the «Róy-al George» more úp-right in the wá-ter, when sunk, than she óth-er-wise would have been, as=she=did=not=líe much more on her beam-énds than small vés-sels óf-ten do when left dry on a bank of mud.

When I got on the main-tópsail-hályard-block, I saw the ád-mir-al's bá-ker in the shrouds of the míz-en-tópmast, and di-réct-ly áf-ter that, the wó-man whom=I=pulled=óut of the pórt-hole came róll-ing=bý. I said to the bá-ker, who=was=an=Í-rish-man, «Bob, reach=óut your hand and catch hold of that wó-man,—that's the wó-man I pulled=óut at the pórt-hole. I dare say she=is=not=déad.» «I dare say she is dead e-nóugh,» said he; «it is of no use to=catch=hóld=of=her.» I re-plíed, «I dare say she=is=nót=dead.» He caught=hóld of the wó-man and hung her head ó-ver one=of=the=rát-lins of the míz-en shrouds, and there she hung by her chin; but a surf came and knócked=her báck-wards, and a-wáy she went róll-ing ó-ver and ó-ver. The cáp-tain of a fríg-ate which was lý-ing at Spít-head came=úp in a boat as fast as he could. I dashed=óut my left hand in the di-réc-tion of the wó-man as=a=sign=to=him. He sáw=it, and saw the wó-man. His men left=óff rów-ing, and they pulled the wó-man a-bóard their boat and láid=her on=one=of=the=thwárts. The cáp-tain called=óut=to=me, «My man, I must take care of those that are in more dán-ger than you.» I re-plíed, «I am sáfe-ly moored now, Sir.»

There was a sea-man named Hibbs háng-ing by his two

hands from the máin-stay; and=as=he=húng=there, the sea dashed=ó-ver=him év-e-ry now and then as much as a yard deep ó-ver his head, and=when=he=sáw=it cóm-ing, he roared=óut: how=év-er, he=was=but=a=fóol for that, for=if=he=had=kept=quí-et and still, he=would=not=have=wást-ed his strength, and=would=have=been=á-ble to take the chance of hól-d-ing=ón so much the lóng-er. The cáp-tain of the frig-ate then got all the men that were in dif-fer-ent parts of the rig-ging, in-clú-ding my-sélf and the bá-ker, in-to his boat, and tóok=us on board the «Víc-to-ry,» where the dóc-tors re-cóv-ered the wó-man, but=she=was=vé-ry=ill for three or four days. On board the «Víc-to-ry» I saw the bód-y of the cár-pen-ter, lý-ing on the earth be-fóre the gál-ley fire; some wó-men were trý-ing to=re-cóv-er=him, but=he=was=quí-te=dead.

The Cáp-tain of the «Róy-al George,» who could not swim, was saved by one of our séa-men. The lieu-tén-ant of the watch, who=was=the=prín-ci-pal cause of the mis-fór-tune, I be-líeve was drowned. The núm-ber of pér-sons who lost their lives, I cán-nct state with án-y de-grée of ác-cu-ra-cy, be-cáuse of there bé-ing so mán-y Jews, wó-men, and óth-er pér-sons on board who=did=not=be-lóng to the ship. The cóm-ple-ment of the ship was nóm-in-al-ly 1000 men, but=it=was=not=quite=fúll. Some were a-shóre, and síx-ty ma-rínes had gone a-shóre that vér-y mórn-ing.

The góv-ern-ment al-lówed five pounds each to the séa-men who=were=on=bóard, and not drowned, for the loss of their things. I saw the list, and there were ón-ly sév-en-ty five. A vast núm-ber of the best men were in the hold stów-ing=a-wáy the rúm-casks; they must all have pér-ished, and so must mán-y of the men who were sling-ing the casks in the sloop. Two of the three bróth-ers be-lóng-ing to the sloop pér-ished, the óth-er was saved. I have no doubt that the men caught=hól-d of each óth-er, fór-ty or fíf-ty to-géth-er, and drowned one an-óth-er,—those who could not swim cách-ing=hól-d of those who could; and there is ál-so lít-tle doubt that as mán-y got-in-to the launch as=could=cram=in-to=her, hó-ping to save them-sélves in that way, and went=dówn=in=her all to-géth-er.

In a few days áf-ter the «Róy-al George» sank, dead bód-ies would come=úp, thír-ty or fór-ty néar-ly at a time. Nó-thing was more fríght-ful than, when the moon

shed her tén-der beams ó-ver the plá-cid wá-ters where so mán-y brave men had lost their lives, to see the heads póp-ping=úp from ún-der the waves. A bód-y would sóme-times rise=úp so súd-den-ly as=to=make=one's=háir stand on end. The wá-ter-men, there is no doubt, made a good bú-si-ness=of=it: they took from the bód-ies of the men their búc-kles, món-ey and wá-tch-es, and then made fast a rope to their heels and=tówed=them to land.

The wá-ter-cock óught=to=have=been put to rights be-fóre the im-ménse quán-tít-y of shot was put on board; but if the lieu-tén-ant of the watch had gív-en ór-ders\* to right ship when the cár-pen-ter first spóke=to=him, nó-thing a-míss would have háp-pened, as three or four men at each tác-kle of the stár-board guns would vér-y soon have boused=them=all=óut and ríght-ed the ship. At the time this háp-pened, the «Róy-al George» was án-chored by two án-chors from the head. The wind was from the north-wést,—not=múch=of=it,—ón-ly a=bit=of=a=breeze; and=there=was=no=súd-den gust of wind to=máke=her heel just be-fóre she sank; it=was=the=weíght of mét-al and the wá-ter which=had=dashed=in through the pórt-holes which=sánk=her, and not the ef-féct of the wind up=ón=her. In-déed, I=do=not=rec-ol-léct that=she=had=é-ven what is called a stitch of cán-vas to keep her head stéad-y as=she=lay=at=án-chor.

I am now sév-en-ty five years of age, and was a-bóut twén-ty four when this háp-pened.

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## THE WORLD.

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The World's a *book*, writ by th'e-tér-nal art  
Of the great Áu-thor, *print-ed* in man's heart:  
'Tis false-ly *print-ed*, though Div-íne-ly *penn'd*,  
And all the *er-rá-ta* will ap-péar't the *end*.

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## TASTE AND KNÓWLEDGE.

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Taste, like an ar-tíf-í-cial ca-nál, winds through a beau-ti-ful cóun-try, but=its=bór-ders are con-fined and=its=térm lím-it-ed. Knów-ledge náv-ig-ates the ó-cean, and is per-pét-u-al-ly on vóy-a-ges of dis-cóv-er-y.



# HOW'S MY BOY.

*Sydney Dobéll.*

SYD-NEY DO-BÉLL, an Éng-lish pó-et, was born near Lón-don in 1824. He was the the él-dest son of a wine-merchant, and worked for fíf-teen years as a clerk in his fáth-er's cóunting-house, em-plóy-ing his léi-sure hours in stú-d-y and com-po-si-tion. In 1850 he made him-sélf known to the world by the pub-lic-á-tion of his pó-em «*The Ró-man*,» which was fól-lowed by an-óth-er pó-em en-ti-tled «*Báld-er*,» «*Són-nets on the War*,» etc. His lá-test pó-em was a fi-e-ry lyr-ic en-ti-tled «*Éng-land's Day*,» pub-lished in f871. He died in 1874.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

**A-board.** . e-bóod, . . e-bórde.  
**Af-fórd.** . af-fóod. . . af-fórde.  
**A-gróund.** e-gráund, . e-gráounde.  
**An-chor.** . ánk-æ. . . án'k-eur.  
**Clerk.** . . claaak. . . . clark.  
**How's** (*how*  
*is*) . . . . hauds. . . . haouz.  
**I'll** (*I will*).. áel. . . . áel.  
**Jáck-et.** .. deháak-et.. . dják-ete.  
**John.** . . . dehon.. . . djon.

**Jól-ly.** . . . dehól-e. . . djól-é.  
**Loud.** . . . 'laud. . . . laoude.  
**Low.** . . . lo. . . . ló.  
**Own-ers.** . . . ó-næs. . . . ó-neurz.  
**Swear.** . . . suéæ. . . . souère.  
**Syd-ney.** . . sid-ne. . . . sid-né.  
**There's**  
*(there is.)* zéæ. . . . thèrze.  
**What's**  
*(what is.)* huots. . . . houotse.

«Ho, sáil-or=of=the=séa!  
 How's my boy,—my boy?»

«What's your boy's name, good wife,  
 And=in=whát good ship sailed he?»

«My boy John,—  
 He that went to sea,—  
 What care I for=the=shíp, sáil-or?  
 My boy's my boy to me:  
 You come back from sea,  
 And not know my boy John?  
 I=might=as=well=have=asked some lánds-man  
 Yón-der, down=in=the=tówn:  
 There's not an ass in all the pár-ish  
 But=he=knóws my John.

«How's my boy,—my boy?  
 And un-léss you let me know,  
 I'll swear you are no sáil-or,  
 Blue jáck-et or no,  
 Brass bút-tons or no, sáil-or,  
 An-chor and crown or no!  
 Sure his ship was the *Jól-ly Brit-on...*»

«Speak low, wó-man, — speak low!»

«And why should I speak low, sáil-or,  
A-bóut my own boy John?  
If=I=was=lóud as=I=am=próud,  
I'd=síng=him ó-ver the town!  
Why should I speak low, sáil-or?»

«That good ship... went down!»

«How's my boy,—my boy?  
What care I for the ship, sáil-or,  
I was név-er a-bóard=her.  
Be she a-flóat, or be she a-gróund,  
Sínk-ing or swim-ming, I'll be bound  
Her ówn-ers can=af-fórd=her!  
I say, how's my John?»

«Év-e-ry man on board went down,  
Év-e-ry man a-bóard=her!»

«How's my boy,—my boy?  
What=cáre=I for the men, sáil-or?  
I'm not their móth-er:  
How's my boy,—my boy?,  
Tell=me=of=hím and no óth-er!  
How's my boy,—my boy?»

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## A BACHELOR'S WISH.

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1. Fé-male com-pán-i-on to sóft-en my cares:
2. Thóu-sand a year to sup-pórt my af-fáirs:
3. Dogs and=a-gún to pass a-wáy time:
4. Hórs-es and chaise to=in-dúlge=me and mine:
5. Jól-ly com-pán-i-ons to=láugh=with when mér-ry:
6. Dísh-es each day, with six bótt-les of shér-ry:
7. Beds in my house for my friends at their léi-sure:
8. Sóme-thing or óth-er to add to their pléa-sure:
9. Pounds in my póck-et when cash I re-quíre:
10. Oh! Jove grant but these, no more I'll de-síre.







moan, your cá-m-els sigh, and you see the same pá-t-tern in the silk, and the same glare of light be-yónd; but cón-quer-ing time márch-es on, and by and by the des-cénd-ing sun has cóm-passed the héav-en, and now sóft-ly tóuch-es your right arm, and throws your lank shád-ow ó-ver the sand right a-lóng on=the=way=for=Pér-sia. Then a-gáin you look up-ón his face, for his pów-er is all veiled in his béau-ty, and the réd-ness of flames has be-cóme the réd-ness of ró-ses; the fair, wá-vy cloud that fled in the mórn-ing now comes to his sight once more,—comes blúsh-ing, yet still comes on; comes búrn-ing with blúsh-es, yet comes and clings=to=his=side.

Then be-gíns your séa-son of rest. The world a-bóut=you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your sól-it-a-ry tent; there is no lív-ing thing to dis-púte your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed=up-ón and we came to a halt, one of the Ár-abs would touch the chest of my cá-m-el, and út-ter at the same time a pe-cú-li-ar gúr-gling sound. The beast ín-stánt-ly un-der-stóod and o-béyed the sign, and slów-ly sunk ún-der-me, till she brought her bód-y to a lév-el with the ground,—then glád-ly e-nóugh I a-líght-ed. The rest of the cá-m-els were un-lóad-ed and turned loose to browse up-ón=the=shrúbs of the dés-ert, where shrubs there were; or, where these failed, to wait for the small quán-tít-y of food that=was=al-lówed=them out of our stores.

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### ATÓNEMENT.—*Goldsmith.*

When lóve-ly wó-man stoops to fól-ly,  
 And finds too late that men be-trá-y;  
 What charm can soothe her mél-an-chol-y,  
 What art can wash her guilt a-wá-y?

The ón-ly art her guilt to ców-er,  
 To hide her shame from év-e-ry eye,  
 To give re-pént-ance to her lóv-er,  
 And wring his bó-som, is,—*to die.*

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HE that slán-ders, bláck-ens=me: he that flát-ters, be-dáubs=me.

# FÁCULTIES OF ÁNIMALS.

*Édward Jesse.*

ÉD-WARD JESSE, an Éng-lish ná-tu-ral-ist, was the son of a clér-gy-man, and was born near Hál-if-ax, in Yórk-shire, a-bóut 1780. He was éarl-y ap-póint-ed Pri-vate Séc-re-ta-ry to Lord Dárt-mouth, and filled áf-ter-wards vá-ri-ous of-fí-cial po-si-tions till with-in a few years of his death. A-móng his nú-mer-ous wri-tings are, — «*An-ec-dotes of Dogs*,» and «*Gléan-ings in Ná-tu-ral His-to-ry*.» He died at Bright-on in 1868.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronun. española.    Pronon. française.

**Ad-ver-tised** . . . ád-vææ-táids'd. . . ád-ver-táiz'd  
**A-light-ed** . . . e-láit-ed. . . e-lái-ted.  
**Ca-nine** . . . ke-náin. . . ke-náine.  
**Dárt-mouth** . . . dáat-mææ. . . dárte-méuth.  
**Eu-ló-gi-um** . . . iu-ló-dchi-æm. . . iou-ló-dji-eume.  
**E-vince** . . . i-vins. . . i-vin'cs.  
**Ex-cúr-sion** . . . eks-kææ-schæn. . . eks-keúr-cheune.  
**Fác-ul-ties** . . . fák-æel-tis. . . fák-eul-tiz.

**Il-lús-trate** . . . il-ææ-treet. . . il-leús-tréte.  
**Oc-curred** . . . ok-ææ'd. . . ok-keúr'd.  
**Pe-cú-li-ar** . . . pi-kiú-liæ. . . pi-kiou-li-eur.  
**Pined** . . . pain'd. . . pain'd.  
**Ri-val** . . . rai-væel. . . rái-veul.  
**Square** . . . skuéæ. . . skoué-eur.  
**Suf-folk** . . . sæf-æek. . . seúf-feuk.  
**Tróu-sers** . . . traú-dsææs. . . traou-zeurz.  
**U-su-al** . . . iú-schiu-æel. . . iou-jiou-al.  
**Yórk-shire** . . . ióok-schæ. . . iórke-cheur.

The more I con-síd-er the súb-ject, the more dif-fíc-ult it ap-peárs to fix án-y lím-it to the fác-ul-ties of the án-im-al cre-á-tion. Ún-der pe-cú-li-ar cír-cum-stan-ces, án-im-als will fré-quent-ly e-vince a de-grée of sense trú-ly sur-pri-sing, and ál-so éx-tric-ate them-sélves from dif-fíc-ul-ties and dán-gers which man, with all his réa-son-ing pów-ers, would név-er have ac-cóm-plished. They have per-se-vé-rance, strong af-féc-tions, fid-él-it-y, and a de-grée of mém-o-ry, both as to time and pér-sons, which é-ven those who=have=been=in=the=háb-it of at-ténd-ing to these fác-ul-ties in án-im-als would scárce-ly give-them=créd-it=for. A few ín-stan-ces may serve to il-lús-trate these re-márks.

The late Duke of Hám-il-ton had a fá-vour-ite búll-dog called Dúm-plin, who=was=in=the=háb-it for some years of ac-cóm-pa-ny-ing the duke in his cár-riage to Hám-il-ton. While=he=was=stíll vér-y héalth-y, and far from an old dog, a yóung-er fá-vour-ite was se-léct-ed as the com-pán-i-on of the duke, and Dúm-plin was left be-hínd. The dog saw his rí-val get=in-to the cár-riage and de-párt, and from that mó-mént he be-cáme in-dif-fer-ent to his food, re-jéct-ed=it, and drooped and pined. The sér-vants, in whose care he was left, sent for a dóg-doctor, who,

how-év-er, was not á-ble to as-cer-táin that án-y-thing was the má-t-ter with the poor án-im-al. At length he in-quíred whéth-er án-y un-ú-su-al e-vent had oc-cúrréd like-ly to oc-cá-sion the state in which he found the dog. The sér-vants then re-lá-ted the a-bóvè cir-cum-stance of his not háv-ing been al-lówed to ac-cóm-pa-ny his mást-er as ú-su-al. «Oh!» ex-cláimed the dóc-tor, «I-can-do-no-thing-for-him; the créa-ture is bróken-héarted, and will die.» This ap-peáred to be the case. The poor af-féc-tion-ate án-im-al died vèr-y shórt-ly áf-ter-wards.

A gén-tle-man of Súf-folk, on an ex-cúr-sion with a friend, was at-ténd-ed by a New-fóund-land dog, which soon be-cáme the súb-ject of con-ver-sá-tion. The mást-er, áf-ter a warm eu-ló-gi-um up-ón the per-féc-tions of his ca-nine fá-vour-ite, as-súred his com-pán-i-on that he would, up-ón re-céiv-ing the ór-der, re-túr-n and fetch án-y ár-ti-cle he should leave be-hínd from án-y dí-s-tance. To con-firm this as-sér-tion, a marked shíl-ling was put ún-der a large square stone by the side of the road, bé-ing first shown to the dog. The gén-tle-man then rode for three miles, when the dog re-céived his síg-nal from the mást-er to re-túr-n for the shíl-ling he-had-seen=put=ún-der the stone. The dog turned=báck; the gén-tle-men rode=ón, and reached home; but, to their sur-prise and dis-ap-póint-ment, the híth-er-to fáith-ful mès-sen-ger did not re-túr-n dú-ring the day. It áf-ter-wards ap-peáred that=he-had=góne to the place where the shíl-ling was de-pós-it-ed, but the stone bé-ing too large for his strength to re-móve, he had stayed hówl-ing at the place till two hórse-men rí-ding=bý, and at-tráct-ed by his séem-ing dis-tréss, stopped to=lóok-at-him, when óne-of-them a-light-ed, re-móved the stone, and sée-ing the shíl-ling, put it in-to his póck-et, not at the time con-céiv-ing-it-to-be-the=ób-ject of the dog's search. The dog fól-lowed their hórse-s for twén-ty miles, re-máined un-dis-túr-bed in the room where they sup-ped, fól-lowed the chám-ber-maid in-to the béd-cham-ber, and se-crét-ed him-sélf ún-der one of the beds. The pos-séss-or of the shíl-ling hung his tróu-sers up-ón a nail by the béd-side; but when the trá-v-el-ers were both a-sléep, the dog tóok-them in his mouth, and léap-ing=out-of=the=win-dow, which was left ó-pen on ac-cóunt of the súl-try heat, reached the house of his mást-er at four o'clóck in the mórn-ing with the prize he-had-made=frée=with, in the

póck-et of which were found a watch and món-ey, that were re-túrned upon bé-ing ád-ver-tised, when the whole mýs-te-ry was mú-tu-al-ly un-ráv-elled, to the ad-mir-á-tion of all the pár-ties.

## CANINE INSTINCT: OR RÉASON?

*G. Hudson-Montague.*

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

<b>Ac-quired.</b> ak-kvai-mæd	ak-kouair'd.	<b>O-béyed.</b> . . o-bée'd. . .	ô-bé'd.
<b>Ad-já-cent.</b> ad-dché-sent	ad-djé-cen'te	<b>Once.</b> . . uæns. . .	ouence.
<b>A-róused.</b> e-raúds'd. . .	e-raúoz'd.	<b>Own-er.</b> . . ô-næ. . .	ô-neur.
<b>As-sú-</b>	ach-iou-ran	<b>Púr-pose.</b> . . pææ-pæs. . .	peúr-peuce.
<b>rance.</b> . . asch-iú-rans	'ce.	<b>Quád-ru-</b>	kouád-riou-
<b>Be-</b>		<b>ped.</b> . . kuád-riu-ped	pede.
<b>sméared.</b> bi-smiææd. . .	bi-smi-eur'd	<b>Qués-tion.</b> . . kués-chæn. . .	kués-tehenn'e
<b>Bréak-fast</b> brék-fæst. . .	brék-feuste.	<b>Quón-dam</b> kuón-dæm. . .	kouón'-deume
<b>Brushed.</b> . . bræsch't. . .	brench't.	<b>Sa-gá-ci-</b>	
<b>Bulk.</b> . . bælk. . .	beulk.	<b>ty.</b> . . . se-gás-i-te. . .	se-gas-i-té.
<b>Clue.</b> . . cliu. . .	cliou.	<b>Scent.</b> . . sent. . .	sen'te.
<b>Cóm-pass.</b> kæm-pæs. . .	keúm-peuce.	<b>Shág-gy.</b> . . schágu-e. . .	chágu-é.
<b>Dóu-ble.</b> . . dæb'l. . .	deúb-bl'.	<b>Shóe-black</b> schú-blak. . .	chou-blak.
<b>Dumb.</b> . . dæm. . .	denme.	<b>Stóut-ly.</b> . . stáut-le. . .	stáoute-lé.
<b>Fault.</b> . . foolt. . .	fálte.	<b>Sub-stán-</b>	seeb-stán-
<b>Frówn-ing</b> fráun-ing. . .	fraouin-in'gne	<b>tial.</b> . . schæł. . .	cheul.
<b>Guide.</b> . . gaid. . .	gaide.	<b>Taxed.</b> . . taks't. . .	taks't.
<b>Jóur-nals.</b> deháæ-næls	djeúr-neulz.	<b>Thé-o-ry.</b> . . zi-o-re. . .	thi-ô-ré.
<b>Jump-ing.</b> deháæmp-ing	djeúm'p-in'gne.	<b>Times.</b> . . taims. . .	taimz.
<b>Léi-sure-</b>		<b>Urged.</b> . . æædch'd. . .	eurdj'd.
<b>ly.</b> . . . lésch-æ-le. . .	lé-jeur-lé.	<b>Vexed.</b> . . veks't. . .	veks't.
		<b>Whis-tled</b> hnis-'l'd. . .	houis-sl'd.

A stó-ry, not less cú-ri-ous than those a-bóve re-lá-ted, is told res-péct-ing what=may=be=cálled the «lít-er-a-ry» ín-stinct of the dog. A gén-tle-man pos-séssed a fine New-fóund-land, whose dú-ty was to go to the ad-já-cent vil-lage, some three miles dí-s-tant from his mást-er's dwéll-ing, év-e-ry mórn-ing at 8 o'clóck, to fetch the *Times* néws-pa-per. His prác-tice was to=set=óut év-e-ry mórn-ing, Sún-days ex-cépt-ed, ex-áct-ly at the hour mén-tioned on his jóur-ney, of his own ac-córd and with-óut bé-ing pré-vi-ous-ly ór-dered to do so; and this he had done fáith-ful-ly and púnc-tu-al-ly for three years, név-er háv-ing been guíl-ty on a sín-gle oc-cá-sion of a de-re-lic-tion of dú-ty. He=might=have=been=séen rég-u-lar-ly év-e-ry mórn-ing trót-ting léi-sure-ly a-lóng, now a-cróss fields and now a-lóng the high-road, un-tíl he reached the néws-ven-dor's shop in the High-Street of the vil-lage in

qués-tion. Here he pre-sént-ed him-sélf at the cóunt-er, like án-y óth-er in-tél-li-gent cús-tom-er, and seemed sí-lent-ly to de-mánd his «mórn-ing pá-per.» The wó-man be-hínd the cóunt-er, on sée-ing her dá-i-ly cús-tom-er, would at once hást-en to=fold=úp the *Times* ín-to a small pórt-a-ble cóm-pass, wrap-it=úp in a piece of brown pá-per, and hánd-it to the ex-péct-ant án-im-al, or ráth-er pláce-it in his mouth. This done, hé=would=at=ónce turn on his heels, walk=out=of=the=shóp, and make the best of his way home a-gáin; where, on his ar-rí-val, he would place the pá-per by the side of his mást-er's plate on the bréak-fast tá-ble.

One mórn-ing his mást-er, on séat-ing him-sélf at the bréak-fast tá-ble, found to his sur-príze that there was no pá-per be-síde his plate. He called and whís-tled to Ró-ver, as the dog was named, who at once ran to his side.

«Where's the *Times*, Ró-ver?» cried his im-pá-tient ówn-er.

Ró-ver looked=úp sí-lent-ly, sád-ly, él-o-quent-ly, ín-to his mást-er's face, but his dumb lán-guage was whól-ly un-in-tél-li-gi-ble.

«Go, ín-stant-ly, Sir,» con-tín-ued the spéak-er, frówn-ing,—«go=off=with=you=at=ónce and fétch-it.»

The in-tél-li-gent créa-ture com-pre-hénd-ed ráp-id-ly and o-béyed ín-stant-ly, with-óut é-ven a growl of re-món-strance or án-y tó-ken of ill-humour, which, no doubt, a sér-vant gíft-ed with su-pé-ri-or in-tél-li-gence would un-e-quiv-o-cal-ly have ex-préssed in words or dis-pláyed by his looks.

Áf-ter the lapse of a-bóut three quárt-ers of an hour, the dog re-túrned, still with-óut the pá-per, and ap-pár-ent-ly still more dis-cón-so-late and crést-fallen.

There ap-péared to be some mýs-te-ry in all this. Bréak-fast ó-ver, his mást-er re-sólv-ed to drive ín-to the víl-lage and seek an ex-pla-ná-tion. Ró-ver ac-cóm-pa-nied=him, éag-er-ly. On réach-ing the néws-vend-or's shop, the wór-thy wó-man hást-ened to the door.

«Oh, Sir,» she cried, «it is not my fault that=you=have=not=re-céived a néws-pa-per this mórn-ing. The *Times* did not ar-ríve as ú-su-al by the first train from Lón-don; and knów-ing that=you=would=miss your pá-per I put=úp the *Mórn-ing Post* in-stéad, and gáve-it to your dog. He tóok-it and stárt-ed; but áf-ter a few mín-utes he re-túrned, drópp-ed-it on the shóp-floor, and left. In vain did-I=cáll=

to=him: he did not é-ven stop to=look=báck. An hour lá-ter he re-túrned a-gáin, and I a-gáin gáve=him the *Mórning Post*, but, áf-ter sníff-ing=at-it, he re-fúsed é-ven to=tóuch=it.»

Ró-ver was ex-cúl-pa-ted: it was clear that the *Mórning Post* was *not* the *Times*: he had de-téct-ed the ín-no-cent fraud prác-tised=on=him: and=he=had=re-fúsed to súb-mít=to=it. He had re-túrned and dropped the pá-per on the floor, per-háps with ca-níne ín-dig-ná-tion and con-témp-t. His mást-er laughed héart-il-y, and ob-sérved,—«Per-háps the dog obj-éct-s to the pól-it-ics of the *Mórning Post*.»

With-óut how-év-er ac-cépt-ing this thé-o-ry as an ex-pla-ná-tion of this ín-stance of ca-níne ín-tél-li-gence, it is vér-y prób-a-ble that the án-im-al's keen scent en-á-bled=him to dis-tín-guish be-twéen the two j-our-nals, and to de-téct the dif-fer-ence be-twéen=them by the smell of the pá-per, or that of the ink with which they were print-ed: or, per-háps, by their tact and bulk

An-óth-er strange st-ó-ry, dis-plá-y-ing the ex-tra-ór-din-a-ry sa-gá-cit-y of the dog, is re-córd-ed up-ón au-thór-it-y that=is=ín-év-e-ry res-péct de-sér-ving of cré-d-it. An Éng-lish gén-tle-man was once on a vís-it to Pár-is. The mórning had been ráin-y, and the roads, now drý-ing fast, were still múd-dy. He was cr-óss-ing one=of=the=bríd-g-es léad-ing ó-ver the Seine, and ob-sér-ving a sh-óe-black on the síde-way, he de-tér-mined up-ón gét-ting his boots brushed. This op-er-á-tion con-clú-ded, he con-tín-ued trán-quil-ly on his way, píck-ing his steps cáre-ful-ly through the mud a-cr-óss the bridge. He had not pro-céed-ed far, when an úg-ly lít-tle dog with a long shág-gy coat, all be-sméared with mud and dirt, came rún-ning=pást=him; but=just=as=it=réached his legs, it slipped and fell up-ón his boots, c-óv-er-ing=them with mud. There=was=no-al-tér-na-tive but to re-túrned to the sh-óe-black and get his boots brushed a séc-ond time. This done, he thought no more of the cír-cum-stance, but húr-ried on his way. Scárce-ly had he reached half way ó-ver the bridge, when the i-dén-tic-al lít-tle án-im-al, a-gáin came rúsh-ing=pást by his side. In vain did the Éng-lish-man strive to a-v-óid the beast, and to move out of his héad-long course. At the vér-y mó-mént he thought him-sélf out of dán-ger, it had knocked=úp a-gáin-st his legs, and fáll-ing, as was ná-tu-ral, with the shock, it splút-tered the mud all ó-ver his ré-cent-ly pól-ish-ed boots: then j-ump-ing=úp

hás-til-y, as if féar-ing a blow, it=ran=óff in the óp-po-site di-réc-tion. Vexed and áng-ry, the gén-tle-man pur-súed his way, and soon for-gót the mát-ter al-to-géth-er.

The next day, he had oc-cá-sion to re-túr-n and cross the same bridge. A-gáin had he his boots brushed by the same shóe-black, and a-gáin, to his great as-tón-ish-ment, were they be-sméared, just-as-on-the-pré-vi-ous day, by our shág-gy and dírt-y lít-tle friend. The cu-ri-ós-it-y, if not sus-pí-cion, of the Éng-lish-man was fáir-ly a-róused. He watched the án-im-al. He nó-ticed sév-er-al passers-bý, who-had=hád their boots blacked by the shóe-black on the bridge, tréat-ed just as he had been by this lít-tle dog. The mýs-te-ry was solved: *the dog must be-lóng to the shóe-black!* Was it pós-si-ble that the án-im-al had been in-strúct-ed by his mást-er in the art of be-sméar-ing boots, which he, the mást-er, had pré-vi-ous-ly pó-l-ish-ed?

The Éng-lish-man re-túr-ned to the shóe-black and bóld-ly táxed=him with com-plí-cit-y with the dírt-y lít-tle án-im-al.

The poor man at first stóut-ly de-níed all knów-ledge of, or ac-quáint-ance with, the quád-ru-ped, but bé-ing clóse-ly pressed, he con-féssed he was its ówn-er, and ad-mít-ted that=he=had=táught-it «the art» of bóot-dírt-y-ing; and fí-nal-ly urged that but=for=the=sér-vi-ces rén-dered by his fáith-ful párt-ner, he would long since have died of húng-er and star-vá-tion.

The Éng-lish-man pro-pósed bý-ing the dog on the spot, but his óf-fer was re-jéct-ed: he óf-fered a still lár-ger sum, an ex-ór-bit-ant price, and with great re-lúc-tance the shóe-black was témpt-ed to part with his com-pán-i-on. In a few days the Éng-lish-man left Pár-is with his néw-ly ac-quíred púr-chase and re-túr-ned to Lón-don. At the end of a week or so, the dog was, to his great grief, lost, and he con-clú-ded that=it=had=been=stó-len by some-of=the=nú-mer-ous dóg-stealers in Lón-don, who make a tráf-ic in stéal-ing vál-u-a-ble dogs and res-tór-ing=them up-ón re-céiv-ing a sub-stán-tial re-wárd. He ád-ver-tised in the néws-pa-pers: he óf-fered a large re-wárd: but all to no púr-pose: the dog was not forth-cóm-ing: it was in-déed lost!

Three years had passed a-wáy. The dog had been for-gót-ten. Our Éng-lish trá-v-el-ler was a-gáin in Pár-is. He a-gáin crossed the old bridge ó-ver the Seine. Was he in his right séns-es? Could he be-líeve his eyes? He paused

stood still, and stared with ó-pen mouth! There, be-fóre-him, he be-héld his lóng-lost dog, shág-gi-er and dí-r-ti-er than év-er, rún-ning with rést-less and mís-chiev-ous ac-tív-it-y here and there on the lóok-out for néw-ly pól-ished boots. He re-sólved to test the mát-ter fúr-ther, to make as-sú-rance dóub-ly sure. He ac-córd-ing-ly had his shoes blacked by his quón-dam friend the shóe-black, who, bú-sy with his oc-cu-pá-tion, failed to réc-og-nize his old cús-tom-er. In a few mín-utes and his boots were thó-rough-ly be-sinéared with mud, as=they=had=béen three years a-gó, by our in-de-fát-ig-a-ble lít-tle friend.

To re-túr-n and ac-cúse the shóe-black of háv-ing stó-len the dog was the work of an ín-stant, but the poor fél-low, pale and trém-bling, de-cláred he=had=had=nó=hand in the af-fáir; but that one mórn-ing on gó-ing as ú-su-al to his work, he was thúnder-struck at sée-ing the dog pá-tient-ly séat-ed on the vér-y spot where he was ac-cús-tomed to take his stand. As a tó-ken of his ín-no-cence he óf-fered, with tears in his eyes, to re-túr-n the án-im-al to its láv-ful ówn-er, who how-év-er, struck with so great an ín-stance of ca-níne fid-él-it-y, af-féc-tion and ín-tél-li-gence, had not the heart to part man and dog, who were so wór-thy of each óth-er.

No clue could év-er be ob-táined as to how or by what means the án-im-al had found his way from Lón-don to Pár-is: and, ún-der the cir-cum-stan-ces, one is forced to the con-clú-sion that it had no óth-er guide than its own keen ná-tu-ral ín-stinct in póint-ing out the road, both by land and sea, from the Éng-lish to the French cáp-it-al.

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## YOUTH AND AGE.

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He that=would=páss the lát-ter part-of-his=life with hón-or and dé-cen-cy, must, when=he=is=yóung, con-síd-er that he shall one day be old, and re-mém-ber when=he=is=óld, that=he=was=ónce young.

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## THE LAW.—*Pope.* (1688—1744.)

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There, take (says Jú-s-tice), take ye each a shell,—  
 We thrive at Wést-min-ster on fools like you:  
 'Twas a fat óy's-ter,—live in peace,—a-diéu.



## A SWARM OF BEES.

Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.		Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.	
Ac-tive..	ác-tiv' . . .	ák-tiv'		Just . . .	dchæst. . .	djenste.	
Ar-gu-ment..	áa-guiú-ment. . .	ar-guiou-mente.		Mild.. . .	maild. . .	maild.	
Cáu-tious.	kóo-schæes. . .	ká-cheuce.		Se-cure.	si-kiú-æ. . .	si-kiou-er.	
Christ-like	kraíst-láik. . .	kraístè-laïke.		Stú-di-ous	stíu-di-æes. . .	stíou-di-euce.	
Cir-cum-spect..	sææ-kæm-spekt. . .	céur-keum'-spekt. . .		Sub-sér-vi-ent.	sæb-sææ-vi-ent. . .	seub-sér-vi-en'te.	
Cour-á-geous.	kær-é-dchæes. . .	keur-é-djeuce.		Sug-gést.	sæd-dchést. . .	seud-djéste.	
Cour-te-ous.	kóo-chi-æes. . .	kór-tchi-euce.		Súre-ly..	schíu-æ-le. . .	chiou-eur-lé.	
Firm..	fææm. . .	feurme.		Swarm..	suoom. . .	souârme.	
Húm-ble.	æm-b'l' . . .	eúm-bl'.		Thou'it			
				( <i>thou wilt</i> )	zau'lt. . .	thaou'lt.	
				You'll			
				( <i>you will</i> )	iú'l. . .	iou'l.	

B pá-tient, B práy-er-ful, B húm-ble, B mild,  
 B wise as a Sól-o-man, B meek as a child:  
 B stú-di-ous, B thóught-ful, B lóv-ing, B kind,  
 B sure you make mât-ter sub-sér-vi-ent to mind:  
 B cáu-tious, B prú-dent, B trúst-ful, B true,  
 B cóur-te-ous to all men, B friend-ly with few:  
 B tém-p'rate in ár-gu-ment, pléa-sure and wine,  
 B cáre-ful of cón-duct, of mó-ney, of time:  
 B chéer-ful, B gráte-ful, B hópe-ful, B firm,  
 B péace-ful, be-név-o-lent, will-ing to learn:  
 B cour-á-geous, B gén-tle, B lib-er-al, B just,  
 B as-pí-ring, B meek, be-cáuse thou art dust:  
 B pén-it-ent, cir-cum-spect, sound in the faith,  
 B ác-tive, de-vó-ted, B fáith-ful to death:  
 B hón-est, B hó-ly, trans-pá-rent and pure,  
 B de-pénd-ent, B Christ-like, and you'll be se-cúre:  
 B but half as pér-fect as these lines sug-gést,  
 And here and here-áf-ter thou'lt súre-ly B blest.

## WHAT TIME DOES.

Time tries the chár-ac-ter of men, as the fúr-nace as-sáys the quálit-y of mét-als, by di-en-gá-ging the im-pú-rit-ies, dis-si-pa-ting the su-per-fí-cial glít-ter, and léav-ing the stér-ling gold bright and pure.

ONCE in a year a man may say,—on my cón-science.

# THE SWORD HUNTERS OF ABYSSÍNIA.

*James Bruce.*

JAMES BRUCE, a fá-mous Áf-ric-an trá-v-el-ler, who=was=the=first to give an ác-cu-rate and re-li-a-ble ac-cóunt of Ab-ys-sín-i-a, was born at Kin-náird, Scó-t-land, in 1730, and died at the same place, in 1794. He=was=one=of=the=mán-y trá-v-el-lers who have risked life and limb to un-ráv-el the mys-tery of the sóur-cés of the Nile. From 1863 to 1868, he díl-i-gent-ly stud-ied the O-ri-én-tal lán-gua-ges, súr-ge-ry and méd-i-cine, with the view of quá-i-fy-ing him-sélf to un-der-táke a jóur-ney to Ab-ys-sín-i-a, where he sub-se-quent-ly re-máined two years. His work of trá-v-els is one of un-cóm-mon in-ter-est.

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

Pronon. española.    Pronon. française.

<b>A-bys-sín-i-a.</b> . . . ab-is-in-i-a.	ab-is-sin'-i	<b>Péo-ple.</b> . . . pí-p'l.	pi-pl'
<b>A-chil-les.</b> e-kil-iis.	-a.	<b>Pierce.</b> . . . piæes.	pi-eurce.
<b>Ag-a-géers.</b> . . . ag-a-dchias.	e-kil-liz.	<b>Prés-sure.</b> présch-iuæ.	préch-ieurce.
<b>A-gile.</b> . . . ádch-il.	ag-a-dji-eurz.	<b>Pro-bós-cis.</b> . . . pro-bós-is.	pró-bós-cicez.
<b>A-sun-der.</b> e-sen-dæ.	adj-il.	<b>Pur-suit.</b> . . . piæe-siút.	peur-sioute.
<b>Be-hind.</b> . . . bi-haind.	e-seún'-deur	<b>Quál-i-ty.</b> . . . kuál-i-te.	kouál-i-té.
<b>Bri-dle.</b> . . . brái-d'l.	bi-háin'd.	<b>Rá-zor.</b> . . . ré-dsæ.	ré-zeur.
<b>Broad-sword.</b> . . . broód-sood.	brái-d'l'	<b>Rhi-nó-ce-ros.</b> . . . ræes.	raí-nós-i-rence.
<b>Bush-es.</b> . . . búsch-es.	bráde-sorde.	<b>Scáb-bard.</b> scáb-ææd.	scáb-eurde.
<b>Bu-si-ness.</b> bids-nes.	bóuch-ez.	<b>Seize.</b> . . . siids.	size.
<b>Calf.</b> . . . kaaf.	bíz-necé.	<b>Sóur-cés.</b> . . . sóo-ses.	sór-sez.
<b>Char-ac-ter-is-tic</b> . . . kar-æc-te-ris-tic.	kaaf.	<b>Straight.</b> . . . street.	stréte.
<b>Chasms.</b> . . . kaðsms.	kar-æc-te-ris-tic.	<b>Súc-cu-lent.</b> . . . sæk-iu-lent.	seúk-iou-lent'e.
<b>Cón-fines.</b> . . . kón-fains.	kazmz.	<b>Such.</b> . . . sæch.	sen'te.
<b>El-e-phant</b> . . . él-i-fænt.	kón'-fainz.	<b>Súr-ge-ry.</b> sææ-dcher-e	seúr-djer-é.
<b>Féa-tures.</b> . . . fií-chææs.	él-i-fan'te.	<b>Swár-thy.</b> . . . suóo-ze.	sonâr-thé.
<b>Herd.</b> . . . hææd.	fi-tcheurz.	<b>Swich.</b> . . . suich.	souitche.
<b>Hough.</b> . . . hok.	heurdé.	<b>Sword.</b> . . . sood.	sorde.
<b>Jáv-e-lins.</b> . . . djáv-lins.	hok.	<b>Tén-don.</b> . . . tén-dæn.	tén-deune.
<b>Limb.</b> . . . lim.	djáv-lin'z.	<b>Wéap-on.</b> . . . uép-'n.	ouép-p'n.
<b>Méd-i-cine</b> . . . méd-i-sin.	lime.	<b>Wheels.</b> . . . huífla.	houilz.
<b>Nú-bi-a.</b> . . . niú-bi-a.	méd-i-cine.	<b>Whip-cord.</b> . . . huíp-cood.	houíp-korde.
	niou-bi-a.		

In the nóth-western part of Ab-ys-sín-i-a, near the cón-fines of Nú-bi-a, there are men who make hún-t-ing the él-e-phant their par-tíc-u-lar bú-si-ness. These men dwell cón-stant-ly in the woods, and know vér-y lít-tle of=the=use=of=bréad, lív-ing en-tíre-ly up-ón the flesh of the beasts they kill,—chíef-ly that=of=the=él-e-phant or rhi-nó-ce-ros. They are ex-céed-ing-ly thin, light and á-gile, both on hórse-back and foot, and vér-y swár-thy, though=féw=of=them are black, and=nóne=of=them wóol-ly-héad-ed, while=áll=of=them have Eu-ro-pé-an féa-tures.

They are called *ag-a-géers*, the name of their pro-fés-sion, not=of=their=ná-tion,—a name which comes from the

word *á-gar*, and, síg-ni-fies to hough or hám-string with a sharp wéap-on; more próp-er-ly it means, in-déed, the cút-ting of the tén-don of the heel, and is a char-ac-ter-ís-tic of the mán-ner in which they kill the él-e-phant, which is shórt-ly as fól-lows.

Two men, áb-so-lute-ly ná-ked, with-út án-y rag or ców-er-ing-at=all=a-bóut=them, get on hórse-back. This pre-caú-tion of gó-ing to the chase with-út clóth-ing is tá-ken from fear of bé-ing laid=hóld=of by the trees or búsh-es when=they=are=com-pélled to es-cápe in haste from a vér-y wátch-ful én-e-my. One=of=these=rí-ders sits up-ón the back of the horse, sóme-times with a sád-dle, sóme-times with-út=one, with ón-ly a switch or short stick in one hand, cáre-fu<sup>l</sup>-ly mán-a-ging the brí-dle with the óth-er; be-hínd=him sits his com-pán-i-on, who has no óth-er arms but a bróad-sword. His left hand is em-plóyed grásp-ing the sword by the hán-dle, and a-bóut fóur-teen ínch-es of the blade are ców-ered with whip-cord; this part he takes in his right hand and with-út any dán-ger of bé-ing húr-t=by=it, and though the éd-g-es of the lów-er part of the sword are as sharp as a rá-zor, he cár-ries=it with-út a scáb-bard.

As soon as the él-e-phant is found féed-ing, the hórse-man rides be-fóre=him as=near=as=pós-si-ble; or, if he flies, he cróss-es=him in all di-réc-tions, crý-ing=óut,—«I=am=such=and=súch=a=man; this is my horse, that=has=súch=a=name; I killed your fáth-er in=súch=a=place, and your gránd-father in=súch=a=place, and now I=am=come=to=téll=you you are but an ass in com-pár-is-on with them.»

This nón-sense the hún-ter vér-il-y be-líeves the él-e-phant un-der-stánds, who, chafed and áng-ry at héar-ing the noise im-mé-di-ate-ly be-fóre=him, seeks to seize his pér-se-cu-tor with his trunk, or pro-bós-cis; and in-tént up-ón this, fól-lows the horse év-e-ry-where, túrn-ing=róund=with=him fré-quent-ly, neg-léct-ful of má-king his es-cápe by rún-ning straight fór-ward, in which con-sísts his ón-ly sáfe-ty. Há-v-ing made him turn once or twice in pur-súit of the horse, the hórse-man rides close=úp a-long=síde=of=him, and drops his com-pán-i-on just be-hínd on the óff-side; and while he en-gá-ges the él-e-phant's at-tén-tion up-ón the horse, the fóot-mán be-hínd gíves=him a drawn stroke just a-bóve the heel, or what in man is called the tén-don of A-chíl-les.

This is the crít-ic-al mó-mént; the hórse-man im-mé-

di-ate-ly wheels=róund and takes his com-pán-i-on up be-hínd=him, and rides=óff at full speed áf-ter the rest of the herd, if=they=have=start-ed more than one; and sóme-times an ex-pért *ag-a-géer* will kill three out of one herd. If the sword is good, and the man not a-fráid, the tén-don is cóm-mon-ly en-tíre-ly sép-a-ra-ted; and, if=it=be=not=cut=thróugh, it is gén-er-al-ly so far div-í-ded, that the án-im-al, with the stress he=puts=up-ón=it, breaks the re-máin-ing part a-sún-der. In éi-ther case, he re-máins in-cá-pa-ble of ad-ván-cing a step till, the hórsé-man re-túr-n-ing, or his com-pán-i-ons cóm-ing=úp, pierce=him=thróugh with jáv-e-lins and lán-ces; he then falls to the ground, and ex-píres through loss of blood.

The *ag-a-géer* néar-est me prés-ent-ly lamed his él-e-phant, and léft=him stánd-ing. Áy-to Cón-fu and sev-er-al óth-ers fixed their spears in-to the óth-er be-fóre the *ag-a-géer* had cut his tén-dons. My *ag-a-géer*, how-év-er, háv-ing wóund-ed the first él-e-phant, failed in the pur-súit of the séc-ond, and, bé-ing close up-ón=him at én-ter-ing the wood, he re-céived a ví-o-lent blow from the branch of a tree which the él-e-phant had bent by his weight, and áf-ter páss-ing, al-lówed=it to re-pláce it-sélf, when it knocked=dówn both the rí-ders, and vér-y much hurt the horse.

This, in-déed, is the great dán-ger in él-e-phant hún-t-ing, for=some=of=the=trées that are dry and short break by the ví-o-lent prés-sure of so im-ménse a bód-y móv-ing so ráp-id-ly, and fall up-ón the pur-sú-ers or a-cróss the roads. But the gréat-est núm-ber of these trees, bé-ing of a súc-cu-lent qual-it-y, they bend with-óut bréak-ing, and re-túr-n quick-ly to their fór-mer po-sí-tion, when they strike both horse and man so ví-o-lent-ly that they óf-ten béat=them to píe-ces, and scát-ter=them up-ón the plain. Déx-ter-ous, too, as the rí-ders are, the él-e-phant sóme-times réach-es=them with his trunk, with which he dásh-es the horse a-gáinst the ground, and then sets his foot up-ón=him till he téars=him limb from limb with his pró-bós-cis. A great mán-y hún-t-ers die this way. Be-sides this, the soil at this time of the year is split ín-to deep chasms, or cáv-it-ies, by the heat of the sun, so that nó-thing cau<sup>d</sup> be more dán-ger-ous than the ri-ding.

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LIFE is but a short day: but it is a wórk-ing day.

As soon as the él-e-phant is slain, they cut the whole flesh off his bones ín-to thongs, like the reins of a bridle, and hang these, like fes-tóons, up-ón the bráunch-es of trees till they be-cóme pér-fect-ly dry, with-óut salt, and then they=lay=them=bý for their pro-ví-sion in the séa-son of the rains.

There now re-máined but two él-e-phants of those that=had=been=dis-cóv-ered, which were a shé-one and its calf. The *ag-a-géers* would will-ing-ly have let these a-lóne, as the teeth or tusks of the fé-male are vér-y small, and the=yóung=ones are of no sort of vál-ue é-ven for food, its flesh shrink-ing much up-ón dry-ing; but the hún-t-ers would not be lím-it-ed in their sport; the péo-ple háv-ing ob-sérved the place of her re-tréat, thíth-er they éag-er-ly fól-lowed.

She was vér-y soon found, and as soon lamed by the *ag-a-géers*: but when they came to=wóund=her with the darts, as év-e-ry one did in his turn, to their vér-y great sur-príse the=yóung=one, which=had=been=súf-fered to es-cápe un-héed-ed and un-pur-súed, came=óut from the thíck-et, ap-pár-ent-ly in great áng-er, rún-ning up-ón the hórs-es and men with all the ví-o-lence it=was=mást-er-of. I was a-mázed to see the great af-féc-tion dis-pláyed by the lít-tle án-im-al in at-témp-t-ing to de-fénd its wóund-ed móth-er, héed-less of its own life or sáfe-ty. I thére-fore criéd=to=them to spare the móth-er, though it was then too late, and the calf had made mán-y rude at-tácks up-ón=me, which I a-vóid-ed with-óut dif-fíc-ul-ty. At last, in má-king an at-táck on=one=of=the=pár-ty, it húr-t-him a lít-tle in the leg, on which he=thrust-it=thréugh with his lance, as óth-ers did áf-ter, and it then fell dead befóre its wóund-ed móth-er, whom it had so af-féc-tion-ate-ly de-fénd-ed.

Here=is=an=ex-ám-ple of a beast, a=yóung=one, too, posséss-ing áb-stract sén-tim-ents to a vér-y high de-grée. By its flight on the first ap-péar-ance of the hún-t-ers, it is plain that it ap-pre-hénd-ed dán-ger to it-sélf; it ál-so re-flect-ed up-ón that of its móth-er, which=was=the=cáuse c<sup>f</sup> its re-túr-n to her as-sist-ance. This af-féc-tion, or dú-ty, or=let-us=cáll-it án-y-thing we please, ex-cépt ín-stinct, was stróng-er than=the=fear=of=dán-ger, and=it=must=have=cón-quer-ed that fear by re-fléc-tion be-fóre it re-túr-ned, when it re-sólv-ed to make its best and last éf-forts, for it név-er at-témp-t-ed to fly áf-ter-wards.

# SWORD HUNTERS OF THE HÁMRAN ÁRABS.

*Sir Samuel Baker.*

SIR SÁM-U-EL BÁ-KER, an én-ter-pri-sing Áf-ric-an tráv-el-ler, was the dis-cóv-er-er of=one=of=the=twó great e-qua-tó-ri-al lakes, the Ál-bert Ny-án-za, in 1864, from which is-sues the main stream of the Nile. The óth-er great lake, the Vic-tó-ria Ny-án-za, was dis-cóv-ered by Cáp-tain Speke in 1863. Sir S. Bá-ker has púb-lished sév-er-al vál-u-a-ble and in-ter-ést-ing works of tráv-el, and he holds a fó-re-most rank in=the=list=of=in-trép-id Éng-lish dis-cóv-er-ers.

Pronun. española. Pronon française.

Pronun. española. Pronon française.

<b>Al-bert..</b> . . .	<b>ál-bææt..</b> . . .	<b>ál-beurte.</b>	<b>Joint.</b> . . .	<b>dchoint.</b> . . .	<b>djoín't.</b>
<b>Al-most.</b> . . .	<b>óol-most..</b> . . .	<b>ál-mòste.</b>	<b>Jumps.</b> . . .	<b>dchæmps.</b> . . .	<b>djeum'pse.</b>
<b>Bull.</b> . . .	<b>bul..</b> . . .	<b>toul.</b>	<b>Pur-sú-ers</b>	<b>pææ-siú-ææs</b>	<b>peur-siú- eurz.</b>
<b>Clúm-si-ly</b>	<b>klám-dsi-le.</b>	<b>kleúm-zí-lé.</b>	<b>Sám-u-el..</b>	<b>sám-iu-el.</b>	<b>sám-iou-el.</b>
<b>Gál-lop.</b> . . .	<b>gál-æp.</b> . . .	<b>gál-eup.</b>	<b>Sin-ew..</b> . . .	<b>sin-iu..</b> . . .	<b>sin'iou.</b>
<b>In-sú-res.</b> . . .	<b>in-schiú-res.</b>	<b>in'chióú-rz.</b>	<b>Slów-ly.</b> . . .	<b>sló-le..</b> . . .	<b>sló-lé.</b>
<b>Is-sues..</b> . . .	<b>isch-ius.</b> . . .	<b>ich-iouz.</b>			

The fore-gó-ing ac-cóunt, gív-en by Bruce, of the pe-cú-li-ar mode of hún-t-ing the él-e-phant by the ná-tives of Ab-ys-sín-i-a, is cor-rób-o-ra-ted by Sir Sám-u-el Bá-ker. He des-cribes=it as fól-lows.

Pro-ví-ded with hórs-es, the pár-ty of hún-t-ers should not ex-céed four. They start be-fóre dáy-break, and ride slów-ly through the cóun-try in search of él-e-phants, gén-er-al-ly kée-p-ing a-lóng the course of a rív-er un-tíl they come up-ón the tracks where a herd, or a sín-gle él-e-phant, may have drunk dú-ring the night. When once up-ón the tracks, they fól-low fast tó-wards the re-tréat-ing game. The él-e-phants may be twén-ty miles dis-tant, but it mát-ters lit-tle to the *ag-a-géers*. At length they dis-cóv-er=them, and the hunt be-gíns.

The first step is to sín-gle=óut the bull or male with the lár-gest tusks, this=is=the=com-ménce-ment of the fight. Áf-ter a short time the él-e-phant turns up-ón his pur-sú-ers, who scát-ter and fly from his héad-long charge, un-tíl he=gives=úp the pur-súit; he at length turns to bay when a-gáin pressed by the hún-t-ers. It=is=the=dú-ty of one man in par-tíc-u-lar to=ride=úp close to the head of the él-e-phant, and thus to ab-sórb its at-tén-tion up-ón him-sélf. This in-sú-res a dés-per-ate charge. The gréat-est cóol-ness and dex-tér-it-y are then re-quíred by the hún-ter, who now the *hún-t-ed*, must so a-dápt the speed of his horse to the pace of the él-e-phant, that the en-ráged

beast gains in the race un-tíl it ál-most réach-es the tail of the horse.

In this mán-ner the race con-tín-ues. In the méan-time two hún-t-ers gál-lop=úp be-hínd the él-e-phant, un-séen by the án-im-al, whose at-tén-tion is com-pléte-ly di-réct-ed to the horse ál-most with-in his grasp. With ex-tréme a-gíl-it-y, when close to the heels of the él-e-phant, one of the hún-t-ers, while at full speed, springs to the ground with his drawn sword, as his com-pán-i-on séiz-es the brí-dle, and with one déx-ter-ous twó-handed blow he sév-ers the back sín-ew. He im-mé-di-ate-ly jumps=out-of-the=wáy, and re-móunts his horse; but=if=the=blów is suc-cés-s-ful, the él-e-phant be-cómes dis-á-bled by the first prés-sure of its foot up-ón the ground; the e-nór-mous weight of the án-im-al dis-lo-cates the joint, and=it=is=rén-dered hêlp-less.

The hún-t-er, who has hith-er-to led the él-e-phant, im-mé-di-ate-ly turns, and ri-ding to with-in a few feet of the trunk, he in-dú-ces the án-im-al to at-témpt an-óth-er charge. This, clúm-sil-y made, af-fórds an éa-sy op-por-tú-nit-y for the *ag-a-géers* be-hínd to slash the sín-ew of the re-máin-ing leg, and the im-ménse brute is re-dúced to a stánd-still; it dies of loss of blood in a short time, *thus pós-i-tive-ly killed by one man with two strokes of the sword!*

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TRUE NOBILITY.—*Álfred Ténnyson.*

How-é'er it be, it=séems=to=me,  
 'Tis ón-ly nó-ble to=be=góod,  
 Kind hearts are more than cór-o-nets,  
 And sím-ple faith than Nór-man blood.

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PLÉASURES.—*Róbert Burns. (1759-1796.)*

But pléa-sures are like póp-piès spread;  
 You seize the flów-er, its bloom is shed:  
 Or like the snów-flakes in the rív-er,  
 A mó-ment white,—then melt for év-er!



## THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

*Barry Cornwall.*

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR, an English poet, better known by his *nom de plume* of BARRY CORNWALL, was born about 1788. He was educated at Harrow, where he had as school-fellows Sir Robert Peel, the great statesman, and Lord Byron, the great poet. He was called to the bar in 1831, but he did not distinguish himself as a pleader, nor care much for his profession. He had already won a high place as a poet by his *Dramatic Scenes and other Poems*, *Marcian Colonna*, and especially by his tragedy of *Mirandola*, which was produced in 1821. He was besides the author of several prose works. He died in London in 1874, at the age of 85.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Curtained** kær-t'n'd. . . keur-t'n'd.  
**Dawned** . . doon'd. . . . dân'd.  
**Death** . . . dez. . . . deth.  
**Died** . . . daid. . . . daid.  
**Hu-mán-i-**  
**ty** . . . hiu-mán-i-te té.  
**Mien** . . . miin. . . . mine.

**Rough** . . . raf. . . . reuf.  
**Strug-gled** stræg-'l'd. . . stréug-g'l'd.  
**Thought-**  
**ful** . . . zóot-ful. . . thát-foul.  
**Un-dréam-** æn-drim- eun'-drim-  
**ing** . . . ing. . . . in'gne.  
**Wore** . . . uóæ. . . . uó-eur.

Day dawned. With-in a cúrtained room  
 Filled, to fáint-ness, with per-fúme,  
 A lá-dy lay, at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had=seen=the=light:  
 But for=the=lá-dy, fair and bright,  
*She* rést-ed in un-dréam-ing night!

Springs came. The lá-dy's grave was green;  
 And, néar=it, óf-ten-times was seen  
 A gén-tle boy, with thought-ful mien.

Years fled. He=wore=a=mán-ly face,  
 And strúg-gled in=the=wórd's rough race;  
 And won, at last, a lóf-ty place.

And then,—*he* died!... Be-hóld, be-fóre=ye  
 Hu-mán-i-ty's poor sum and stó-ry:—  
 Life,—Death,—and (all that is of) Gló-ry.

TO ERR his hú-man: to for-gíve, div-íne.



# THE « ÁDMIRABLE » CRÍCHTON.

*J. D. Forbes.*

JAMES DÁ-VID FORBES, an ém-in-ent sci-en-tif-ic man, Pro-féss-or of Ná-tu-ral Phil-ós-o-phy in Éd-in-burgh U-niv-ér-sit-y, and áf-ter-wards Prin-cíp-al of the U-niv-ér-sit-y of St. Án-drew's, was born in Éd-in-burgh, in 1809, and died in 1868. He=was=the=áu-thor of mán-y sci-en-tif-ic works, and=was=a=mán of fine gé-ni-us.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Ac-quired. ak-kuai-æed ak-konái-  
Ad-mir-a- eur'd.  
ble. . . . . ád-mir-e-b'l ád-mir-e-b'l  
Ar-is-tó-  
tle. . . . . ar-is-tót-'l. ar-is-tót-'tl'  
Báre-ly. . . . . béæ-le. . . . . bére-lé.  
Cól-lege. . . . . cól-edch. . . . . kól-edje.  
Crich-ton. krái-t'n. . . . . krái-t'n.  
Dis-cóurse dis-kóos. . . . . dis-kórece.  
Dis-guise. . . . . dis-gáis. . . . . dis-gáize.  
Doge. . . . . dodch. . . . . dódje.  
Er-rors. . . . . ér-æes. . . . . ér-eurz.  
Ex-tém-po eks-tém-po- eks-tém-pô-  
-re. . . . . re. . . . . ré.  
Ex-té-ri- eks-tí-ri-  
or. . . . . eks-tí-ri-æ. eur.  
Flóu-  
rished. . . . . flær-isch't. . . . . fleur-ich't.  
Gé-ni-us. . . . . dchí-ní-æes. . . . . djí-ní-euce.  
Há-lo. . . . . hé-lo . . . . . hé-ló.  
Hér-ald-ed hér-æel-ded. . . . . hér-al-ded.  
Hóm-age. . . . . hóm-edch. . . . . hóm-edje.  
Hú-gue-  
nots. . . . . hiúgu-e-nots notse.  
James. . . . . dcheems. . . . . djémze.  
Jú-ve-nile. dehiú-vi-nail djíou-vi-náile  
Mé-di-um. mí-di-æm. . . . . mí-di-eume.  
Mére-ly. . . . . miæ-le. . . . . mí-eur-lé.

Ob-scüre. . . . . ob-skiúæ. . . . . ob-skiouère.  
Pár-a-dox pár-æ-doks- pár-a-doks-  
-es. . . . . es. . . . . ez.  
Paul. . . . . pool. . . . . pál.  
Phil-ós-o-  
phy. . . . . fil-ós-o-fe. . . . . fil-ós-ó-fé.  
Pré-ma- pri-me- pri-me-  
ture. . . . . chiuæ. . . . . tchieur.  
Prince. . . . . prins. . . . . prin'ce.  
Pród-i-gy. . . . . pród-i-dche. . . . . pród-i-dje.  
Pro-fi-cien pro-fisch-en pró-fich-en-  
-cy. . . . . -se. . . . . sé.  
Pur-sued. . . . . pææ-siúð. . . . . peur-siou'd.  
Re-li-  
gious. . . . . ri-líðch-æes. . . . . ri-lídj-euce.  
Re-  
nówned. . . . . ri-náun'd. . . . . ri-náoun'd.  
Saint sent án- sen'te án'-  
An-drew driu. . . . . driou.  
Scho-lás-  
tic. . . . . sco-lás-tic. . . . . skó-lás-tik.  
Sci-ence. . . . . sái-ens. . . . . saí-en'ce.  
So-cí-e-ty. . . . . so-sái-i-te. . . . . só-sái-i-té.  
Sur-  
rounds. . . . . sær-áunds. . . . . 'dz.  
Tú-tor. . . . . tiú-tæ. . . . . tiou-teur.  
Vén-ice. . . . . vén-is. . . . . vén'-ice.  
Zeal. . . . . æsil. . . . . zîle.

James Crích-ton, who flóu-rished in the lát-ter part of the síx-teenth cén-tu-ry, was=one=of=the=few=pér-sons who have ac-quired a lást-ing rep-u-tá-tion in the chár-ac-ter of a stú-dent mére-ly. The há-lo which sur-róunds his mém-o-ry, and=of=which=the=ép-ith-et « Ád-mir-a-ble » is the strí-king and tíme-honoured ex-prés-sion, is the re-fléc-tion of that blaze of con-tém-po-ra-ry hóm-age by which this re-márk-a-ble young man was sur-róund-ed dú-ring the last few years of his too short life.

Crích-ton was born on the 19<sup>th</sup> of Áu-gust, 1560, and his fáth-er ap-péars to=have=giv-en=his=son an éx-cel-lent ed-u-cá-tion. Of the scene of=his=schóol-life nó-thing cér-tain is known The first év-id-ence res-péct-ing the fú-ture pród-i-gy is found in the réc-ords of the u-niv-ér-

sit-y of St. Án-drew's. In the grad-u-á-tion lists of the u-niv-ér-sit-y, com-mén-cing with the éar-ly date of 1413, James Crích-ton's name ap-peárs first as Bách-el-or of Arts of St. Sál-va-tor's Cól-lege, on the 20<sup>th</sup> March, 1573-4. He=was=thén be-twéen thír-teen and fóur-teen years of age, and=must=have=én-tered cól-lege prób-a-bly in 1570, at the éar-ly age of ten. Per-háps there is nó-thing in this to ín-dic-ate vér-y ex-tra-ór-din-a-ry pro-fi-cien-cy, such jú-ve-nile stú-dents háv-ing been not un-knówn at that pé-ri-od: but on tá-king his más-ter's de-grée in 1575, we=find=him *third* on the list of that year, which was prób-a-bly ar-ránged in ór-order of mér-it.

Crích-ton's as-sid-ú-it-y did not a-báte é-ven when he had grád-u-a-ted. Be-twéen 1575 and 1577 he pur-súed his stú-d-ies in vá-ri-ous di-réc-tions, and then no doubt laid the found-á-tion of his súb-se-quent rep-u-tá-tion. He con-fined him-sélf to no sín-gle stúd-y, but ranged a-like through all the sci-en-ces; and=as=he=was=a-yóuth of u-niv-ér-sal e-ru-dí-tion and su-pé-ri-or tál-ents and mém-o-ry, he at one time éx-er-cised him-sélf in po-lít-ic-al, at an-óth-er in rhet-ór-ic-al stú-d-ies; then a-gáin he would de-vóte him-sélf to phil-o-sóph-ic-al, and áf-ter that to the-o-lóg-ic-al súb-jects; and this, too, with such suc-céss, that=he=was=ac-cóunt-ed most versed in év-e-ry kind of sci-ence. At this time, be=it=re-mém-bered, he=was=at=móst sév-en-teen years of age.

The next stage of Crích-ton's his-to-ry is ráth-er more ob-scúre. Éi-ther in the year 1578, or tó-wards the close of the pre-cé-ding one, he went to France, where he spent two years, párt-ly in stúd-y and párt-ly in fól-low-ing the pro-fés-sion of arms.

Pár-is was his éar-li-est re-sórt. Crích-ton for the first time lived in a cáp-it-al; and there, no doubt, cúl-tiv-a-ted those mán-ly ac-cóm-plish-ments for which the French have ál-ways been re-nówned. We now be-gín to hear of the ex-tra-ór-din-a-ry béau-ty=of=his=pér-son, his feats of grace and strength; of his swórd-s-man-ship, léap-ing, riding, and dán-cing. From the tés-tim-o-ny of wrí-ters néar-ly or quite his con-tém-po-ra-ries, it is im-pós-si-ble to doubt that to an ín-tel-lect and mém-o-ry of as-tón-ish-ing quíck-ness and re-tén-tive-ness, he ádd-ed an ex-té-ri-or which be-spóke the ín-ter-est of all ín-to whose so-cí-e-ty he came. Án-im-a-ted a-like by yóuth-ful ár-dour and re-lí-gious zeal, he took part in the war then

waged by Hén-ry III. of France a-gáinst the Hú-gue-nots. Crích-ton left France in 1579 or 1580, áf-ter two years' rés-id-ence. We=find=him at Vén-ice in Áu-gust, 1580, when=he=was=ex-áct-ly twén-ty years of age; and to this fór-tu-nate vis-it we owe most-of=the=au-thén-tic in-for-má-tion which=has=been=pre-sérved res-péct-ing this wón-der-ful young man.

Crích-ton's fame had no doubt long be-fóre=this reached Vén-ice. It=was=thén one=of=the=most=lít-er-a-ry towns in Éu-ro-pe; the seat of the Ál-dine press, and in close prox-im-it-y to the great U-niv-ér-sit-y of Pád-u-a. When, thére-fore, Crích-ton hér-ald-ed his ar-ri-val by ad-dréss-ing a po-ét-ic-al e-pís-tle to Ál-dus Ma-nú-ti-us, in which he be-spóke his friend-ly óf-fi-ces, he=was=not=má-king him-sélf known for the first time to=an=en-tíre strán-ger, but claimed the rec-og-ní-tion due to=his=po-sí-tion in the cóm-mon-wealth of lét-ters, and=to=the=ál-most fra-tér-nal bond by which the grád-u-ates of all Eu-ro-pé-an u-niv-ér-sit-ies were then u-ní-ted in a gén-er-al féllow-ship, to which the cóm-mon mé-di-um of the Lát-in lán-guage not a lít-tle con-trib-u-ted.

Ar-ríved at Vén-ice, he found that he had not mis-cóunt-ed on Ál-dus's pro-téc-tion. It=was=to=Ál-dus the most ná-tu-ral thing in=the=wórl-d that a lít-er-a-ry fó-reign-er,— and, from=what=has=been=sáid, es-pé-cial-ly if=he=were=a=Scótt-man,— should pre-sént him-sélf as a cán-did-ate for the high-est hón-ours in scho-lás-tic and the-o-ló-gic-al léarn-ing. He re-céived Crích-ton with=an=en-thú-si-asm which was un-a-bá-ted dú-ring the life-time of the lát-ter, and é-ven áf-ter its un-fór-tu-nate close. Ál-dus was then púb-lish-ing in suc-cés-sive vól-umes his fó-li-o e-dítion of Cí-ce-ro, and=at=the=time=of=Crích-ton's ád-vent to Vén-ice he had not in-ap-pró-pri-ate-ly ar-ríved at the *Pár-a-dox-es* of the Ró-man ór-a-tor, which, as=was=then=cús-tom-a-ry, he in-tro-dúced to the world with a glów-ing ded-ic-á-tion to the néwly-arríved pród-i-gy. From this most cú-ri-ous and, cér-tain-ly, au-thén-tic dóc-u-ment, we learn that Crích-ton had been púb-lic-ly in-tro-dúced to the Doge and Sén-ate, be-fóre whom he sus-táined his rep-u-tá-tion by a bríl-li-ant dis-cóurse; that he áf-ter-wards dis-pú-ted on the-ól-o-gy, phil-ós-o-phy, and math-e-mát-ics be-fóre a large cón-course of léarn-ed men; that=he=did=the=like at Pád-u-a, the seat of a re-nówned u-niv-ér-sit-y, com-mén-cing with an ex-tém-po-re pó-em in praise of the

city; then engaged in disputation with the most learned doctors and students of the place, exposing the errors of Aristotle and his commentaries, and finally, after a contest of six hours' duration, concluded with an ornate discourse in praise of « Ignorance, » a theme prescribed to him on the spot. Returned to Venice, he underwent a three days' contest of a similar kind at Whitsuntide in the Church of St. Peter and Saint Paul, on which occasion he put forth a programme or challenge, a curiosity of the age, which, Aldus has preserved. The success and admiration which attended these displays of erudition and talent, Aldus states to have been unbounded; and it is to be recollected that, as he expressly informs us, he was himself a spectator.

From Padua and Venice, Crich-ton proceeded to Mantua; but there is little authentic preserved respecting his residence there, save the circumstances which led to his premature death, or rather murder. These, though they have been controverted, are in general stated with sufficient unanimity by those who lived nearest his time, to impress us with the conviction of their substantial truth. He had been engaged by the Duke of Mantua as tutor to his son, Vincenzo di Gonzaga, a youth of ability (subsequently the patron of Tasso), but of violent passions. Somehow, Crich-ton came in contact in a midnight brawl with the young nobleman and some companions in disguise. The Scotchman, with his acknowledged skill in fence, easily overcame his antagonists, and having Vincenzo under him, disordered him to be his pupil. Though he had disarmed him in self-defence, he expressed his concern, and on one knee presented his sword to the prince, who, in a dastardly manner, revenged himself by running it through his body.

Thus, as is believed, on the 3rd of July, 1582, perished James Crich-ton, when barely twenty two years of age.

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## HONOUR AND SHAME. — *Pope.*

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Honour and shame, from no condition rise:  
Act well your part: *there* all the honour lies.

## ORATIONS.

### *Bénjamin Fránklin.*

BÉN-JA-MIN FRÁNK-LIN, (*vi-de* bi-o-gráph-ic-al nó-ti-ces at pá-ges 109 and 153), was a man of much sound prác-tic-al wis-dom, and through-óut life e-vinced a zéal-ous so-li-cit-ude for the wél-fare and ad-ván-ce-ment of man-kind. His fáth-er was a tállow-chándler and ém-ig-ra-ted from Eng-land to A-mér-ic-a, and Bén-ja-min was the fíf-teen-th of sév-en-teen chil-dren. He be-gán life at Phil-a-dél-phi-a as a print-er, where he ar-ríved on foot from New York, with-óut means or rec-om-men-dá-tions, and with ón-ly a pén-ny roll in his hand and a dól-lar in his póck-et. He was vér-y ác-tive in the cón-test be-tween Éng-land and her A-mér-ic-an cól-o-nies, and in 1783 he signed the dé-fin-ite tréa-ty of peace. Born, 1706. Died, 1790.

### *Práis-es to the Lord.*

Pronoun. española. Pronoun. française.

**Al-might-y** ool-mái-te. . . . . áil-mái-té.  
**Be-há-vi-**  
**our.** . . . . bi-hé-viæ. . . . . bi-hév-ieur.  
**Cón-**  
**science.** . . . . kón-schens.. kón-chen'ce.  
**De-céit.** . . . . di-sút.. . . . di-cíte.  
**De-lí-cious** di-lísch-æs. di-lích-euce.  
**E-ven-ness** it-v'n-es.. . . . i-v'n-nece.  
**Féw-ness.** fiú-nes. . . . . fiou-nece.  
**Héalth-ful** hélz-ful. . . . . hélth-foul.  
**In-nú-mer** in-niú-mær. in'-niou-  
**-a-ble.** e-b'l. . . . . meur-e-b'l  
**Mál-ice.** . . . . mál-is. . . . . mál-ice.

Pronoun. española. Pronoun. française.

**Nóur-ish.** . . . . nær-isch- . . . . neur-iche-  
**ment.** . . . . ment. . . . . men'te.  
**O-rá-tions** o-ré-schæns ó-ré-cheun'z  
**Práis-es.** . . . . pré-e-dses. . . . . pré-zez.  
**Púnc-tu-al** pænk-chiu- . . . . peún'gk-  
**al.** . . . . al. . . . . tchiou-al.  
**Rái-ment.** . . . . rée-ment. . . . . ré-men'te.  
**Réa-son.** . . . . riú-ds'n. . . . . ri-z'n.  
**Tréach-e-**  
**ry.** . . . . tréach-ær-e. . . . . trétch-er-é.  
**Vir-tue.** . . . . vææ-chiu. . . . . veúr-tchiou.  
**Vir-tu-ous** vææ-chiu- . . . . veúr-tchiou-  
**æs.** . . . . euce.

O Cre-á-tor, O Fáth-er! I be-líeve that=thou=art=góod, and=that=thou=art=pléased with the pléa-sure of thy chil-dren.—Práis-ed be thy name for év-er!

By thy pów-er hast thou made the gló-ri-ous sun, with his at-ténd-ing worlds; from the én-er-gy of thy might-y will, they first re-céived their pro-di-gious mó-tion, and by thy wis-dom hast thou pre-scribed the wón-drous laws by which they move.—Práis-ed be thy name for év-er!

Thou ab-hór-rest in thy créa-tures tréach-e-ry and de-céit, mál-ice, re-vénge, in-tém-per-ance, and év-e-ry óth-er húr-t-ful vice; but=thou=art=a-lóv-er of jús-tice and sín-cér-it-y, of friend-ship and ben-év-o-lence, and év-e-ry vír-tue; thou art my friend, my fáth-er, and my ben-e-fác-tor.—Práis-ed be thy name, O God, for év-er!

### *A Sup-plic-á-tion to the Al-míght-y.*

That=I=may=be=júst in all my déal-ings, tém-per-ate in

my pléa-sures, full of cán-dour and in-gén-u-ous-ness, hu-mán-it-y and ben-év-o-lence,—Hélp=me, O Fáth-er!

That=I=may=be=gráte-ful to my ben-e-fác-tors, and gén-er-ous to my friends, ex-er-cí-sing chár-it-y and lib-er-ál-it-y to the poor, and pit-y to the mís-er-a-ble,—Hélp=me, O Fáth-er!

That=I=may=pos-séss in-tég-rit-y and é-ven-ness of mind, res-o-lú-tion in díf-fíc-ul-ties, and fór-tit-ude ún-der af-flic-tion; that=I=may=be=púnc-tu-al in per-fórm-ing my próm-is-es, péace-a-ble and prud-ent in my be-há-vi-our,—Hélp=me, O Fáth-er!

That=I=may=be=hón-est and ópen-héarted, gén-tle, mér-ci-ful, and good, chéer-ful in spir-it, re-jói-cing in the good of óth-ers,—Hélp=me, O Fáth-er!

That=I=may=have=a=cón-stant re-gárd to hón-or and prób-it-y, that=I=may=pos-séss a pér-fect ín-no-cence and a good cón-science, and at length be-cóme trú-ly vír-tu-ous and mag-nán-im-ous,—Hélp=me, O Fáth-er!

### *Thánks-giv-ing.*

For peace and lib-er-ty, for food and rái-ment, for corn, and wine, and milk, and év-e-ry kind of héalth-ful nóur-ish-ment,—Good God, I thánk=thee!

For the cóm-mon bén-e-fits of air and light, for úse-ful fire and de-li-cious wá-ter,—Good God, I thánk=thee!

For knów-ledge, and lít-er-a-ture, and év-e-ry úse-ful art; for my friends and their pros-pér-it-y, and for the féw-ness of my én-e-mies,—Good God, I thánk=thee!

For all my in-nú-mer-a-ble bén-e-fits; for life, and réa-son, and=the=use=of=spéech; for health, and joy, and év-e-ry pléas-ant hour,—My good God, I thánk=thee!

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## VÍRTUE AND GOLD.

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To púr-chase héav-en has gold the pów-er?

Can goíd re-móve the mór-tal hour?

In life, can love be bought with gold?

Are friend-ship's pléa-sures to be sold?

No. All that's worth a wish or thought

Fair *vir-tue* gives,—un-bríbed, un-bóught.

# THE DUKE OF MÁRLBOROUGH.

*W. M. Tháckeray.*

WÍL-LI-AM MÁRE-PEACE THÁCK-E-RAY was=one=of=the=gréat=est nóv-el-ists that Éng-land has év-er pro-duced. His style is a mód-el of pí-rit-y and sim-ply-cit-y. The fól-low-ing char-ac-ter-is-tic sketch of the great Duke of Márl-bo-rough is from « *És-mond*, » one=of=his=fi-nest nóv-els. His « *Ván-it-y Fair* » en-jóys a wórl-d-wide ce-léb-rit-y. He=was=bórn in 1811, and died súd-den-ly in 1863.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**A-chieved.** e-chiiv'd. . . e-tchiv'd.  
**Al-lies.** . . al-áids. . . al-láize.  
**Anne.** . . an. . . an'.  
**Cálm-ness** káam-nes. . . káam-nece.  
**Cringe.** . . krindch. . . krin'dje.  
**Earl.** . . æel. . . erl.  
**Es-mond.** . . és-mænd. . . és-meun'de.  
**Fálse-hood.** . . fóols-hud. . . fálse-houd.  
**Gál-loped.** gál-æp't. . . gál-eup't.

**Hálf-penny** hép-ne. . . hépe-né.  
**Jén-nings.** dchén-ings. . . djen'-nin'  
**Márl-bo-rough.** . . máal-bæ-ræ márl-beur-a <sup>gneze.</sup>  
**Reign.** . . reep. . . réne.  
**Sá-rah.** . . sé-ræ. . . sé-ra.  
**Shóe-black.** . . schú-blac. . . chou-blak.  
**Styx.** . . stiks. . . stiks.  
**Tréa-son.** trii-ás'n. . . tri-z'n.

He per-fórmed a tréa-son, or a court bow; he told a fálse-hood as black as Styx, as éa-si-ly as=he=paid=a=cóm-pli-ment or spoke a-bóut the weáth-er. He=look=a=mís-tress, or léft=her; he be-tráyed his ben-e-fác-tor, and sup-pórt-ed=him, or=would=have=múr-dered=him, with the same cálm-néss ál-ways, and háv-ing no more re-móirse than Cló-tho, when she weaves the thread, or La-ché-sis, when=she=cúts=it. Per-háps he could not have been the great man he was, had=he=had=a=héart éi-ther for love or há-tred, or pí-t-y or fear, or re-grét or re-móirse. He a-chieved the hígh-est deed of dá-ring, or déep-est cal-cu-lá-tion of thought, as he per-fórmed the vér-y méan-est ác-tion of=which=a=mán is cá-pa-ble; he told a lie, or chéat-ed a fond wó-man, or robbed a poor bég-gar of a hálf-penny, with a like áw-ful se-rén-it-y and é-qual ca-pá-cit-y of the hígh-est and lów-est acts of our ná-ture. Not=that=he=had=no=téars: he could ál-ways ór-der=úp this re-sérve at the próp-er mó-ment to bát-tle: he could draw up=ón tears or smiles a-like, and when=év-er need was for ú-sing this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shóe-black, as=he=would=flát-ter a mín-is-ter or a món-arch; be háught-y, be húm-ble, thréat-en, re-pént, weep, grasp your hand, or=stáb=you, when=év-er he saw oc-cá-sion. But yet those of the ár-my who=knew=him=bést, and had súf-fered móst=from=him, ad-mired=him

most of all: and as he rode a-lóng the lines to bát-tle, or gál-loped=úp in the nick of time to a bat-tál-i-on réel-ing from be-fóre the én-e-my's charge or shot, the fáint-ing men and óf-fi-cers got new cóur-age as they saw the splén-did calm of his face, and felt that his will máde=them ir-re-síst-i-ble.

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The once great name of Márl-bo-rough is linked with the reign of Queen Anne (1702-1714). John Chúrch-ill was born in 1650, served ún-der Tu-rénne, and learned from his fú-ture én-e-mies the way to=cón-quer=them. He=got=in-to=the=fá-vor of James II. by means which re-fléct deep dis-hón-or=on=him, and then laid the found-á-tion of=all=his=fúr-ther ad-váncé by már-ry-ing Sá-rah Jén-nings, a maid-of-hónor of Queen, then Prin-cess, Anne. Háving de-sért-ed James on Wíl-li-am III's cóm-ing-ó-ver, he=was=máde Earl of Márl-bo-rough in 1689, and áf-ter=a-shórt loss of fá-vor when Queen Anne be-gán her reign, he=was=máde Cáp-tain Gén-er-al of the Brit-ish fór-ces and their al-lies in a war which=he=had=ad-vísed a-gáinst Lóu-is XIV. He=was=a-gréat sól-dier, but a man of the méan-est and most sór-did ná-ture. His great deeds filled all men's mouths once, and crushed all the lífe-long am-bí-tion of Lóu-is XIV. In 1711, Márl-bo-rough was de-príved of all his óf-fi-ces on chár-ges of cor-rúp-tion, and he died in 1722.—*G. H. M.*

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## HÓMER AND VÍRGIL.

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HÓ-MER was the gréat-er gé-ni-us; Vír-gil, the bét-ter árt-ist: in the one we most ad-míre the man, in the óth-er the work. Hó-mer húr-ries=us with a com-mánd-ing im-pet-u-ós-it-y; Vír-gil léads=us with an at-trác-tive máj-es-ty. Hó-mer scát-ters with a gén-er-ous pro-fú-sion: Vír-gil bes-tóws with a cáre-ful mag-níf-i-cence. Hó-mer, like the Nile, pours=óut his rích-es with a súd-den ó-ver-flow; Vír-gil, like a rív-er in its banks, with a cón-stant stream.

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« NO LIFEBOAT THERE. »

R. M. Ballantyne.

R. M. BÁL-LAN-TYNE is a póp-u-lar wri-ter and con-trib-u-tor to mág-a-zine and pe-ri-ód-ic-al lit-er-a-ture.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

<b>Béa-cons.</b> . . . . .	bii-k'ns. . . . .	bí-k'nz.	<b>Life-boat.</b> . . . . .	láif-bot. . . . .	láife-bôte.
<b>Blind-ing.</b> . . . . .	bláind-ing. . . . .	bláin'd-in'gne	<b>Mis-tle-toe</b> . . . . .	míds-'l-to. . . . .	míz-z'l-tô.
<b>Cap-sized.</b> . . . . .	cap-sáids'd. . . . .	kap-sáiz'd.	<b>Peals.</b> . . . . .	piils. . . . .	pilze.
<b>Christ-</b>			<b>Pi-lot.</b> . . . . .	pái-læt. . . . .	pái-leute.
<b>mas.</b> . . . . .	kris-mæs. . . . .	kris-mace.	<b>Rés-cue.</b> . . . . .	rés-kiu. . . . .	rés-kiou.
<b>Crouched.</b> . . . . .	krauch't. . . . .	kraouch't.	<b>Tów-er-</b>		taou-cur-in'
<b>Hóme-</b>	hom-	hóme-	<b>ing.</b> . . . . .	táu-ær-ing. . . . .	gne.
<b>bound.</b> . . . . .	baund. . . . .	baoun'd.	<b>Vés-tige.</b> . . . . .	vés-tidch. . . . .	vés-tidje.
<b>Húr-ried-</b>			<b>Whist-</b>		houis-slin'
<b>ly.</b> . . . . .	hær-id-le. . . . .	heúr-id-lé.	<b>ling.</b> . . . . .	houis-ling. . . . .	gne.

Mán-y years a-gó, on a night of dréad-ful storm, a hóme-bound ship drew near to land, sóme-where a-bóut the shores of Kent. The sky was black, forked líght-ning dárt-ed a-móng the dri-ving clouds, and peals of thún-der seemed to rend the héav-ens a-sún-der. To add to the tér-rors of the scene, blínd-ing snow rén-dered-it im-pós-si-ble for those on board the ship to see a yard a-héad-of-them, so that they=could=not=dis-tín-guish the béa-cons and lights which ú-su-al-ly marked that dán-ger-ous coast and guí-ded séa-men in their course.

The cáp-tain stood at the helm. His lít-tle dáugh-ter clung to the sides of the ship néar=to=him. The men clú-stered round the fóre-mast, and a núm-ber of pás-sen-gers crouched in shél-tered parts of the quár-ter-deck.

The storm had lást-ed so long that=they=knéw=not how near they were to land. They had failed to ob-táin a pí-lot to=guí-de=them sáfe-ly ín-to port; but the cáp-tain, a brave and á-ble séa-man, knew the coast well, and felt cón-fid-ent of tá-king his good ship through the chán-nels, as=he=had=dóne mán-y a time be-fóre; so he spoke héart-il-y to the pás-sen-gers, and bade his «lít-tle May» cheer-úp, for=they=would=soon=be=in=pórt, and «they would,» he said, «eat their Christ-mas dín-ner at home áf-ter all.»

A séa-man in the chains cast the lead con-tín-u-al-ly, and sang=óut the depth of wá-ter; but the wind shrieked so fú-ri-ous-ly through the rí-g-ging that his strong voice was swept=a-wáy to lée-ward, and could scárce-ly be heard.

Ón-ward they rushed ó-ver the rá-ging sea,—tó-wards a snug há-r-bour, as the cáp-tain thought, though=he=could=not=help=féel-ing sóme-what án-xious,—to des-trú-c-tion, as was feared by some of the pas-sén-gers; whose sínk-ing hearts beat flút-ter-ing-ly when they thought of death; but they said not a word, for=they=were=áll men. Lít-tle May was the ón-ly fé-male in the ship. May thought of port and sáfe-ty when by the líghtning-flash she saw the stout form of her fáth-er stánd-ing firm-ly at the wheel. She thought of death when dárk-ness en-súed, and her heart ál-so flút-tered like a caged bird. But she thought sóme-times of God her Sá-vi-our, and then was cóm-fort-ed in the midst of dárk-ness.

On shore that night péo-ple were pre-pá-ring to make mér-ry. Mís-tle-toe was hung. Yule logs were piled, lár-ders were filled; old hearts were warmed, and young hearts were glad. A-móng the ín-land towns and vil-lages the storm made lit-tle im-prés-sion. Dóubt-less, thóu-sands of thóught-ful and éarn-est péo-ple év-e-ry-where thóught-of, and práyed-for, those who=were=at=séa, but the ef-féct of the fierce gale on=móst-of-them was to rén-der the shél-ter and glow of their own fíre-sides all the more de-líght-ful by cón-trast.

It was óth-er-wise on the coasts. There men, wó-men, and chil-dren knew sóme-thing of the tér-rors of a húr-ric-ane at sea, for=they=had=óf-ten=séen the bil-lows thún-der on the beach as if they wished to=beat=dówn and o-ver-léap the sól-id land; they had felt the cút-ting blast lá-den with salt spray, had seen the shát-tered wreck, and=had=too=óf-ten=héard the shriek of des-páir.

In one par-tíc-u-lar vil-lage on the coast of Kent there was lít-tle thought of mér-ri-ment that night, and there was much cause for anx-í-e-ty, for mán-y of the [péo-ple had fáth-ers, hús-bands, sons, and bróth-ers on the sea; and the life-boat,—that great ark of mér-cy which has saved hún-dreds and thóu-sands of lives,—had not yet found its way to the place. There were life-boats at mán-y of the points of dán-ger on our coasts, and the ín-háb-it-ants of that vil-lage had long wished=for and tried to ob-táin such a boat, but=they=were=too=póor, their éf-fórts had failed; there was no life-boat there to rés-cue the pér-ish-ing if a ship should get=up-ón the rocks, and the beach-men knew full well that no cóm-mon boat could live in such a storm.

Tó-wards mid-night the clouds ó-pened a lít-tle, lét-ting the móon-beams strúg-gle=thróugh the mist of ming-ling snow and spray; and then it=was=séen that a large ship was béar-ing straight up-ón the land. Crowds of men ran=dówn to the beach with ropes and bóat-hooks, to rén-der all the help they could. A few wó-men and some of the stóut-er boys wént-with-them, but-it=was=as=múch as they could do to strúg-gle tó-wards a róck-y point, and clús-ter there ún-der its lee.

In such a gale, and=on=such=a=rúgg-ed coast, des-trúction came swift-ly. So close was the vés-sel, that the béach-men could ál-most see the fá-ces of the péo-ple on board. Dú-ring one bright-er gleam of móon-light, a tall strong man was seen to bind the dróop-ing form of a young girl to the stump of the mízen-mast, to pre-vént=her bé-ing washed=a-wáy. At this sight, some-of=the=bóld-est béach-men ran to one of their boats, and tried to=láunch=it. They suc-céed-ed, but were ín-stant-ly cap-sized in the surf, and were rés-cued with díf-fíc-ul-ty. A man named Jeff then seized a rope, tíed=it round his waist, and made sév-er-al dés-per-ate at-témpts to swim=óff to the wreck, but=he=was=cast=báck on the shore a-gáin and a-gáin. While these éf-forts were [bé-ing húr-ried-ly made, the ship was líft-ed by each suc-cés-sive wave and dashed on the rocks so ví-o-lent-ly that she be-gán to=break=úp. A tów-er-ing híl-low, big-ger than its fél-lows, came at last, and dashed=ó-ver the doomed vés-sel in a míght-y ócean of séeth-ing foam. Some-of=the=mén on shore thought they heard a wild cry as it fell; per-háps they did,—but óth-ers said they heard nó-thing save the whist-ling of the blast. When that wave re-tíred, no vés-tíge of the wreck was=to=be=séen.

For mán-y days áf-ter that, it=was=a=sád sight to see the péo-ple of the coast pick-ing=úp the córps-es and the cárgo of that hómeward-bound vés-sel. One day Jeff, while wán-der-ing a-lóne on the shore, far from the place where the wreck had tá-ken place, ob-sérved part of a mast lý-ing a-móng the rocks. On gó-ing=úp=to=it he be-héld the sad spéc-ta-cle of a life-less fé-male form láshed=to=it with a rope. It was the re-máins of lít-tle May. She had pér-ished, and so had her fáth-er and his crew; and so pér-ish mán-y év-e-ry year on some parts of our róck-y shores, for the same réa-son,—be-cáuse there was NO LIFE-BOAT THERE.

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# BE HÉAVEN MY STAY.

*Allan Ramsay.*

ÁL-LAN RÁM-SAY, a Scotch pó-et, born in 1685. He served his ap-prén-tice-ship to a wig-maker, which trade he fól-lowed for a time, and then be-cáme a bóok-sell-er in Éd-in-burgh, where, in 1721, he púb-lished his first vól-ume of pó-ems and fá-bles. These rên-dered him in the high-est de-grée póp-u-lar. His ac-quáint-ance was cóurt-ed by man-y dis-tin-guish-ed pér-sons, and his shop be-cáme the cóm-mon re-sórt of the lít-er-a-ry chár-ac-ters and wits of Éd-in-burgh. He died in 1758.

Be-lów.. . bi-ló. . . . bi-ló.  
 Chás-  
 tened.. . chés-'n'd'. . . tchéce-s'n'd'.  
 De-ri-ded.. di-rái-ded . . di-rái-ded.  
 E'en (*é-ven*). in. . . . ine.  
 For-lónn. . for-lóon. . . for-lórn.  
 Guér-don.. gææ-da n. . guér-deune.  
 Health.. . helz. . . . helth.  
 Héav-en. . hév-'n. . . . hév-'n.  
 Hú-man. . hiú-mæn. . . hióú-mane.  
 Jór-dan. . dchóo-da n. . djór-dane.

Mór-tal. . móo-tæl. . . mór-tal.  
 Path.. . paaz. . . . path.  
 Scared.. . ské-gd. . . skér'd.  
 Sóre-ly.. . só- -le. . . sóre-lé.  
 Soul.. . sol. . . . sóle.  
 Stay.. . stee. . . . sté.  
 Trán-sient trán-schi- trán-chi-en'  
 ent. . . . te.  
 Vi-sions. . visch-gens. . víj-eunze.  
 Weal. . . uill. . . . ouill.  
 Woe.. . uó. . . . uó.

In all the chán-ges here be-lów  
 Of trán-sient weal or trý-ing woe  
 It=may=be=gív'n my soul to know,—  
 Be Héav-en my stay.

When the faint heart would faint for fear,  
 No hú-man eye to pit-y near,  
 No hand to wipe the bít-ter tear,—  
 Be Héav-en my stay.

When=I=must=béar the wórld-ling's scorn,  
 De-ri-ded for my lot for-lórn,  
 E'en of it-sélf but hárd-ly borne,—  
 Be Héav-en my stay.

When of=the=friends whom once I knew,  
 A-róund=me I can find but few,  
 And doubts a-rise if *these* be true,—  
 Be Héav-en my stay.

When days of health and youth are flown,  
 My path with fá-ded ró-ses strown,  
 And *thorns* are all I find my own,—  
 Be Héav-en my stay.

When full of tóss-ings on my bed,  
I cán-not rest my wé-a-ry head,  
Scared with dim ví-sions=of=the=déad,—  
Be Héav-en my stay.

When sóre-ly chás-tened for my sins,  
And pléa-sure ends while grief be-gins,  
And ág-o-ny no guér-don wins,—  
Be Héav-en my stay.

When all in vain I strive to brave  
The gloom of Jór-dan's swéll-ing wave,  
And hand of mór-tal cán-not save,—  
Be Héav-en my stay.

When práy-er no lóng-er will pre-váil,  
When praise sinks to a trém-bling wail,  
When faith it-sélf be-gíns to fail,—  
Be Héav-en my stay.

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## A MÁDMAN AND A FOOL.

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A FOOL is he that from right prín-ci-ples makes a wrong con-clú-sion: but a mád-man is one who draws a just ín-fer-ence from false prín-ci-ples. Thus the fool, who cut=óff the féllow's head that lay a-sléep, and=híd=it, and then wáit-ed to see what he would say when he a-wóke and missed his héad-piece, was in the right in the first thought, that a man would be sur-prised to find such an al-ter-á-tion in things since he fell a-sléep; but=he=was=a-lít-tle mis-tá-ken to im-á-gine he could a-wáke at all áf-ter his head was cut=óff.

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BOOKS, like friends, should be few and well chó-sen. Like friends, too, we should re-túrn=to=them a-gáin and a-gáin,— for, like true friends, they will név-er fáil-us, név-er cease to in-strúct, név-er cloy.

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## VÍRTUE.—*Pope.*

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Know then this truth,—e-nóugh for man to know,—  
Vír-tue a-lóne is háp-pi-ness be-lów.

# STÓRMING OF BÁDAJOS.

*Sir William Napier.*

GÉN-ER-AL SIR WÍL-LI-AM NÁ-PIER, (*vi-de* bi-o-gráph-ic-al nó-tice at page 105 én-tered the ár-my when fíf-teen years old, and served in the ex-pe-di-tion to Co-pen-há-gen in 1807, to Spain in the fól-low-ing year, and through-óut the whole of the Pen-in-su-lar War, in which he was má-n-y times wóund-ed. But his rep-u-tá-tion rests not ón-ly on his dis-tin-guished mil-it-a-ry sér-vices, but on his wri-tings, which are all chár-ac-ter-ized by great force of thought and é-lo-quence of ex-prés-sion. He was a fré-quent con-trib-u-tor to the *Éd-in-burgh* and *Wést-mins-ter Re-views*, but his great work is the *«His-tory of the Pen-in-su-lar War.»* He died at the age of 74, and a stá-tue to his mém-o-ry has been e-réct-ed in St. Paul's Cath-é-dral in Lón-don.

Proun. española. Pronon. française.

Proun. española. Pronon. française.

**Bás-ti-on.** . bás-ti-æn. . . bás-ti-eune.  
**Bridge.** . . bridch. . . bridje.  
**Broad.** . . brood. . . bráde.  
**Cás-tle.** . . kás-'l. . . kás-'sl'.  
**Chasm.** . . kásm . . . kázm.  
**Có-lo-nel.** . . kæ-nel. . . keúr-nel.  
**Cól-umns.** . . kól-æms. . . kól-eumz.  
**Cóunter-guard.** . . kaúnt-æ- . . kaúun-teur-  
 . . gaad. . . garde.  
**Dóuble.** . . dáeb-'l. . . deúb-'bl'.  
**Em-brá-sure.** . . em-bré- . . em'-bré-  
 . . schiæ. . . jioure.  
**En-gin-éer.** . . en-dchin-iæ. en'-dji-nieur  
**Fáil-ure.** . . féel-iuæ. . . féle-ieur.  
**Fig-ures.** . . fig-æes. . . figu-eurz.  
**Front.** . . frænt . . . freun'te.  
**Fu-sil-iers** fu-'dsil-iæs. . . fiou-zil-  
 . . ieurz.  
**Gár-ris-on** gár-i-s'n. . . gár-i-s'n.  
**Glá-cis.** . . glé-sis. . . glé-cicc.  
**Gren-a-dier.** . . gren-e-díæ. . . gren'-e-dieur  
**Groups.** . . groups. . . groupse.

**Height.** . . háit. . . háite.  
**Lá-va.** . . lá-va. . . lá-va.  
**Léad-en.** . . léd-'n. . . léd-'d'n.  
**Ma-gi-cian.** . . me-dchisch- . . me-djich-  
 . . æn. . . ane.  
**Plied.** . . plaíd. . . plaí'd.  
**Pów-der.** . . paú-dæ. . . paou'-deur.  
**Ráv-er-lin.** . . ráv-lin. . . ráv-line.  
**Rear.** . . riæ. . . ri-eur.  
**Rough.** . . raf. . . reuf.  
**Row.** . . ró. . . ró.  
**Rúgg-ed.** . . rægu-ed. . . reúgu-ed.  
**Shout.** . . schaut. . . chaouté.  
**Shów-ers.** . . schau-ææs. . . chaou-eurz.  
**Sín-gle.** . . sín-'gl. . . sín-'g-gl'.  
**Smóth-ered.** . . smæz-ææd. . . eur'd.  
**Sól-diers.** . . sól-dchææs. sól-djeurz.  
**Stir.** . . stææ. . . steur.  
**Touch.** . . tæch. . . teutche.  
**Tu-mult.** . . tiú-mælt. . . tiou-meulte.  
**Whirl-wind.** . . húææl-wínd . . houérl-ouin'  
 . . dz.  
**Wri-thing** rái-zing. . . rái-thin'gué

A súd-den blaze of light and the rát-tling of mús-ket-ry ín-dic-a-ted the com-méncement of a most vé-he-ment cóm-bat at the cás-tle. There Gén-er-al Kempt,—for Pícton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and ex-péct-ing no change in the hour, was not prés-ent,—there Gén-er-al Kempt, I say, led the third div-i-sion. He had passed the Riv-íl-las in sín-gle files, by a nár-row bridge, ún-der a tér-ri-ble mús-ket-ry, and then re-fórm-ing and rún-ning=úp the rúgg-ed hill, had reached the=foot=of=the=cás-tle, when he fell se-vére-ly wóund-ed, and bé-ing cár-ried=báck to the trénc-es, met Pícton, who há-s-tened=fór-ward to take the com-mánd. Méan-while his troops, spréad-ing

a-lóng the front, reared their héav-y lád-ders, some a-gáinst the lóf-ty cás-tle, some a-gáinst the ad-jóin-ing front on the left, and with in-créd-i-ble cóur-age as-cénd-ed a-mídst shów-ers of héav-y stones, logs of wood, and búrst-ing shells, rolled=óff the pár-a-pet, while from the flanks the én-e-my plied his mús-ket-ry with a féar-ful ra-píd-it-y, and in front, with pikes and báy-on-ets, stabbed the léad-ing as-sáil-ants, or pushed the lád-ders from the walls; and all this at-ténd-ed with déaf-en-ing shouts and the crash of bréak-ing lád-ders, and the shrieks of crushed sól-diers, án-swer-ing to the súl-len stroke of the fáll-ing weights.

Still, swárm-ing round the re-máin-ing lád-ders, these un-dáunt-ed vét-er-ans strove who should first climb, un-tíl all bé-ing o-ver-túrned, the French shóut-ed víc-to-ry, and the Brit-ish, báf-fled but un-támed, fell=báck a few pá-ces, and took shél-ter ún-der the rúgg-ed edge of the hill. Here, while the bró-ken ranks were sóme-what re-fórm-ed, the he-ró-ic Có-lo-nel Ridge, spríng-ing fór-ward, called, with a sten-tó-ri-an voice, on his men to fól-low, and séiz-ing a lád-der, once more ráised-it a-gáinst the cás-tle, a lít-tle to the right of the fór-mer at-táck, where the wall was lów-er, and an em-brá-sure óf-fered some fa-cíl-it-y. A séc-ond lád-der was soon placed a-long-side of the first, by the gren-a-dier óf-fi-cer Couch, and the next ín-stant he and Ridge were on the rám-part, the shóut-ing troops préss-ing áf-ter-them; the gár-ris-on a-mázed, and=in=a-mán-ner sur-prised, were driv-en fight-ing through the dóu-ble gate ín-to the town, and the cás-tle was won. A re-in-fórce-ment, sent from the French re-sérve, then came=úp, a sharp ác-tion fól-lowed, both sides fired through the gate, and the én-e-my ré-tíred; but Ridge fell,—and no man died that night with more gló-ry: yet mán-y died, and=there=was=múch gló-ry.

Dú-ring these e-vénts the tú-mult at the bréach-es was such as-if=the=vér-y=éarth had been rent a-sún-der, and its cén-tral fires were búrst-ing úp-wards un-con-tróll-ed. The two div-í-sions had reached the glá-cis just as the fi-ring at the cás-tle had com-ménced, and the flash of a sín-gle mús-ket, dis-chárged from the cóv-ered way as a síg-nal, shówed-them that the French were réad-y; yet no stir was heard, and dárk-ness cóv-ered the bréach-es. Some háy-packs were then thrown, some lád-ders were placed, and the forlórn-hopes and stórm-ing pár-ties of the light div-í-sion, a-bóut five hún-dred in all, had des-

cénd-ed ín-to the ditch with-óut op-po-sí-tion, when a bright flame, shóot-ing úp-wards, dis-pláyed all the térrors of the scene. The rám-parts, crówd-ed with dark fig-ures and glit-ter-ing arms, were seen on the one side, and-on-the-óth-er the red cól-umns of the Brit-ish, deep and broad, were cóm-ing-ón like streams of búrn-ing lá-va: it-was-the-tóuch of the ma-gí-cian's wand, for a crash of thún-der fól-lowed, and with in-créd-i-ble ví-o-lence the stórm-ing pár-ties were dashed to píe-ces by the ex-pló-sion of hún-dreds of shells and pówder-bárrrels.

For an ín-stant the light div-í-sion stood on the brink of the ditch, a-mázed at the ter-ríf-ic sight; then, with a shout that matched é-ven the sound of the ex-pló-sion, flew-dówn the lád-ders, or, dis-dáin-ing their aid, leaped, réck-less of the depth, ín-to the gulf be-lów; and néar-ly at the same mó-ment, a-midst a bláze of mús-ket-ry that dáz-zled the eyes, the fourth div-í-sion came rún-ning-ón, and des-cénd-ed with a like fú-ry. There were, how-év-er, ón-ly five lád-ders for both cól-umns, which were close to-géth-er, and a deep cut made in the bót-tóm of the ditch, as far as the cóunter-guard of the Trín-id-ad, was filled with wá-ter from the in-un-dá-tion; ín-to this wá-ter-y snare the head of the fourth div-í-sion fell; and-it-is-sáid that a-bóve a hún-dred of the Fu-sil-iers, the men of Al-bu-é-ra, were there smóth-ered. Those who fól-lowed, checked not, but, as-if-such-a-dis-ás-ter had been ex-péct-ed, turned to the left, and thus came-up-ón the face of the un-fín-ish-ed ráv-e-lin, which, bé-ing bró-ken and rough, was mis-tá-ken for the breach, and ín-stant-ly cóv-ered with men: yet a deep and wide chasm was still be-twéen-them and the rám-parts, from whence came a déad-ly fire wást-ing their ranks. Thus báf-fled, they ál-so com-ménced a ráp-id dis-chárgé of mús-ket-ry, and dis-ór-der en-súed; for the men of the light div-í-sion, whose con-dúct-ing en-gin-éer had been dis-á-bled éar-ly, and whose flank was con-fined by an un-fín-ish-ed ditch, at-témpt-ed to cut-óff the bás-tion of Sán-ta Ma-ri-a, and rushed tó-wards the bréach-es of the cúr-tain and the Trín-id-ad, which were in-déed be-fóre-them, but which the fourth div-í-sion were dés-tined to storm.

Great was the con-fú-sion, for now the ráv-e-lin was quite crówd-ed with men of both div-í-sions, and while some con-tín-ued to fire, óth-ers jumped-dówn and ran tó-wards the breach; mán-y ál-so passed be-twéen the



ráv-e-lin and the cóunter-scarp of the Trín-id-ad; the two div-i-sions got mixed, and the re-sérves, which=should=have=re-máined at the quár-ries, ál-so came póuring=in, un-tíl the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crówd-ing fór-ward, and all chéer-ing vé-he-ment-ly. The én-e-mý's shouts, ál-so, were loud and tér-ri-ble; and the búrst-ing of shells and gren-ádes, the róar-ing of the guns from the flanks, án-swered by the í-ron hów-it-zers from the bát-te-ry of the pár-al-lel, the héav-y roll and hór-rid ex-pló-sion of the pówder-bárrrels, the whízz-ing flight of the blá-zing splín-ters, the loud ex-hort-á-tions of the óf-fi-cers, and the con-tín-u-al clát-ter of the mús-kets, made a mád-den-ing din.

Now a múl-ti-tude bóund-ed=úp the great breach, as if drív-en by a whírl-wind; but a-cróss the top glít-tered a row of swórd-blades, shárp-pointed, kéen-edged on both sides, and firm-ly fixed in pón-der-ous beams, which were chained to-géth-er and set deep in the rú-ins; and for ten feet in front the as-cént was cóv-ered with loose planks, stúd-ded with sharp í-ron points, on which the feet of the fóre-most bé-ing set, the planks moved, and the un-háppy sól-diers, fáll-ing fór-ward on the spikes, rolled=dówn on the ranks be-hínd. Then the Frénch-men, shóut-ing at the suc-céss of their strát-a-gem, and léap-ing fór-ward, plied their shot with tér-ri-ble ra-pid-it-y; for év-e-ry man had sév-er-al mús-kets, and each mús-ket, in ad-dítion to its ór-din-a-ry charge, con-táined a small cýl-in-der of wood, stuck full of léad-en slugs, which scát-tered like hail when they were dis-chárged.

A-gáin the as-sáil-ants rushed=úp the bréach-es, and a-gáin the swórd-blades, im-móv-a-ble and im-páss-a-ble, stopped their charge, and the híss-ing shells and thún-der-ing pówder-bárrrels ex-pló-ded un-céas-ing-ly. Hún-dreds of men had fáll-en, and hún-dreds more were dróp-ping, but still thé he-ró-ic óf-fi-cers called a-lóud for new trí-als, and sóme-times fól-lowed by mán-y, sóme-times by a few, as-cénd-ed the rú-ins; and so fú-ri-ous were the men them-sélves, that in one of these chár-ges the rear strove to push the fóre-most on to the swórd-blades, wíll-ing é-ven to make a bridge of their wri-thing bód-ies; but the óth-ers frús-tra-ted their at-témp-t by dróp-ping=dówn; and men fell so fast from the shot, that=it=was=hárd to know who went=dówn vol-un-tá-ril-y, who were stríck-en; and mán-y stooped un-húrt that név-er rose a-gáin. Vain, ál-

so, would=it=have=béen to break=through the swórd-blades, for the trench and pár-a-pet be-hínd the breach were finished; and the as-sáil-ants, crówd-ed ín-to é-ven a nár-row-er space than the ditch was, would=still=have=been=sép-a-ra-ted from their én-e-mies, and the sláught-er would have con-tín-ued.

Two hours spent in these vain éf-forts, con-vínced the sól-diers that the breach of the Trín-id-ad was im-pré-gna-ble; and=as=the=ó-pen-ing in the cúr-tain, al-thóugh less strong, was re-tíred, and the ap-próach=to=it im-pé-ded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much nó-tice=it áf-ter the pár-tial fáil-ure of one at-táck which=had=been=made=éarl-y. Gáth-er-ing in dark groups, and léan-ing on their mús-kets, they looked=úp with súl-len des-pe-rá-tion at the Trín-id-ad, while the én-e-my, stép-ping=óut on the râm-parts, and áim-ing their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw=ó-ver, asked, as their víc-tims fell, «*Why they did not come=ín-to Bá-da-jos?*»

A-bóut mid-night, when two thóu-sand brave men had fáll-en, Wél-ling-ton, who=was=on=a=héight close to the quár-ries, sent ór-ders for the re-máin-der to re-tíre, and re-fórm for a séc-ond as-sáult, for=he=had=just=héard that the cás-tle had been tá-ken, and thínk-ing the én-e-my would still hold=óut in the town, was re-sólv-ed to as-sáil the bréach-es a-gáin.

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Bád-a-jos was tá-ken that night, Á-pril 6, 1812. The fór-ces which had got=ín-to the cás-tle, at the óth-er side of the town from the great breach, marched through the streets, which were as quí-et as a dream, while the áw-ful tú-mált was rí-sing from the dí-s-tant scene of the as-sáult, and took the de-fénd-ers in the rear. The French, on this, a-bán-doned the breach: the Éng-lish én-tered, and next mórn-ing re-céived the keys from the French góv-ern-or Phil-ip-pon.

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## HÚMAN JÚDGMÉNT.

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'Tis with our júdg-ments as our wáttch-es: none  
Go just a-líke, yet each be-líeves his own.

# THE THREE WARNINGS.

*Adapted by G. Hudson-Montague.*

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Bálm-y..	báam-e..	bá-mé.
Deaf..	def..	def.
D'you ( <i>do</i> <i>you.</i> )	diú..	diou.
Ech-oed.	ék-o'd.	ék-ô'd.
Ex-iled.	ék-dzail'd.	ég-zail'd.
Huge.	hiúdech.	hioudje.
I've ( <i>Ihave.</i> )	áev..	áev'.
Jó-cund.	dchó-kænd.	djó-keun'd.
Láugh-ter.	láaf-tæ.	laf-teur.
Mirth.	mææz.	meurth.
Mú-tu-al-	miú-chiu-	miou-tchion
ly..	al-e..	al-é.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Spéc-tre.	spéc-tæ.	spék-teur.
Stéalth-il-		
y.	stélz-i-le.	stéith-i-lé.
Su-san..	sú-ds'u.	sou-z'n.
There's		
( <i>there is.</i> )	zéæs.	thé-eurz.
Un-wél-	æn-nél-	eun'-ouél-
come..	kæm.	keumæ.
Vexed..	veks't.	veks't.
Warn-ing.	uáan-ing.	ouárn-in'gn e
We'll ( <i>we</i> <i>will.</i> )	uúil..	ouíle.
Wreathed.	riiz'd.	riith'd.

The tree of déep-est root is found  
 Least will-ing still to quit the ground.  
 'Twas thére-fore said, by án-cient sá-ges,  
 That love of life in-créased with years  
 So much, that in our lát-ter stá-ges,  
 When pains grow sharp, and sick-ness rá-ges,  
 The gréat-est love of life ap-péars.

It-was=a-fine sún-mer's day. The sun shone, the church-bells rang their mér-ri-est chimes, bright fá-ces were wreathed in their pléas-ant-est smiles, and gay láugh-ter flóat-ed like glád-some mú-sic on the bálm-ý mórn-ing air. It-was=our=néigh-bour Dób-son's wédding-day! Sád-ness for the mó-ment [was éx-iled, and Joy, un-fét-tered and un-bóund-ed, reigned the món-arch su-préme of the páss-ing hour.

But the bright sun fá-ded=a-wáy like a dream: the hours mélt-ed=a-wáy un-per-céived like snow in the gé-ni-al sún-shine: it was Night. Still, all went mér-ri-ly as=in=the=mórn-ing. Strains of mú-sic and song filled all hearts with in-créased de-líght, and a-róund the fés-tive board all was wild, ex-ú-ber-ant, un-res-tráined joy. It-was=our=néigh-bour Dób-son's wédding-night!

Súd-den-ly, an un-ex-péct-ed guest, un-bíd-den and un-wél-come, én-tered stéalth-il-y. It was Death! Dób-son looked sur-prised and vexed at the in-trú-sion: the mér-ry guests súd-den-ly ceased their láugh-ter, and felt un-éa-sy and fríght-ened, as was ná-tu-ral: but Death, béck-on-ing to the jó-cund bride-groom, cálléd=him a-síde in-to an-

óth-er room, and lóok-ing grave, said in a sól-ern tone, that, it=must=be=con-féssed, ill-befitted the oc-cá-sion,— « You must quit your fair bride, and come a-lóng with me. »

« With you ! » cried the hór-ror stríck-en hús-band ; « and quit my Sú-san's side ! With you ! Young as I am, it is món-strous-ly hard ! Be-sídes, to tell the truth, I'm not pre-páred : this is my wédding-night, and my thoughts run on óth-er mát-ters.

What more the wréttch-ed hús-band urged is not re-córd-ed, but=it=may=be=éa-sil-y im-á-gined. His réa-sons could not well be stróng-er, and=he=préssed=them with such élo-quence and force that Death, for once re-lént-ing, spared the poor fél-low and con-sént-ed to=lét=him live=ón.

But cáll-ing=úp a sól-ern tone and a sé-ri-ous look, his hóur-glass trém-bling the while in his hand, he said,— « Nèigh-bour, fare-wéll : no more shall Death dis-túrb=you in your hour of mirth and joy : and, fúr-ther, to a-vóid án-y stíg-ma of crú-el-ty on my name, I am con-tént to al-lów=you time for prep-a-rá-tion to fit you for your fú-ture stá-tion. You shall have *three sév-er-al wárn-ings* be-fóre you are súm-moned to the grave. For once I will quit my prey and grant a re-príeve ; but when I call a-gáin this way, you must uu-der-táke wíll-ing-ly to leave this world and to come a-lóng with me. Is it a-gréed ? »

« A-gréed, » éch-oed Dób-son húr-ried-ly, for his wife was wáit-ing=for=him : and so they párt-ed mú-tu-al-ly con-tént-ed.

Time passed, as time páss-es all ó-ver the world. Years flew ráp-id-ly by, míng-ling their dust with those of their bú-ried án-ces-tors. Our hé-ro's course flowéd=ón smóoth-ly e-nóugh. He ate and drank, bought and sold, laughed and joked : he had mán-y friends, his gains were large, his wife was no shrew, and his chil-dren were few ; and so he passed his days in peace, nor once per-céived that=he=was=grów-ing old, and cér-tain-ly he név-er thought of Death.

But while he basked in the warm sún-shine of wórl-d-ly háp-pi-ness and suc-céss, tréad-ing con-tént-ed-ly the while the béat-en track a-lóng Life's dúst-y road, Old Time, who spares no mór-tal, brought=ón un-a-wáres and un-héed-ed Dób-son's éight-i-eth year.

And now, one night as the old man sat all a-lóne, wrapped in flán-nel and con-tem-plá-tion, in his éa-sy

chair, be-side a huge warm fire, the un-wél-come més-sen-ger of Fate once more stood stérn-ly be-fóre-him.

«So soon re-túrned!» said Dób-son, sur-prised and áng-ry.

«So soon d'you=cáll-it?» re-plied Death. «Súre-ly, my friend, you=are=in=jést Re-mém-ber, it is fif-ty years at least since I was last here, and=you=are=nów four score.»

«So much the worse,» cried Dób-son im-pá-tient-ly. «To spare the á-ged would ón-ly be an act of kind-ness. Be-sídes, you próm-ised=me *three wár-n-ings*, which I have lóoked=for in vain night and day.»

«I know,» re-márked Death, «I am név-er a wél-come guest. But, pray, don't be cáp-tious, friend. Lít-tle did I think to find you still á-ble to stump a-bóut your farm and stá-ble. Cér-tain-ly, your years have run to a great length, and I wish you joy of your strength.»

«Hold!» cried the fárm-er, tést-il-y; «not so fast. I=have=been=láme for these last four years.»

«And no great wón-der,» re-plied Death. «How-év-er, you still keep your eyes. Your sight is éx-cel-lent; and to be á-ble to see one's fám-il-y and friends is, at least, some con-so-lá-tion for the loss of one's legs.»

«So it might be, per-háps,» growled Dób-son súr-li-ly; «but lát-ter-ly I've lost my sight.»

«Ah! this-is=a-shóck-ing state of things,» said Death; «but there's some cóm-fort léft=for=you. Év-e-ry one a-róund=you must strive to a-múse=you in your af-flíc-tion, and I wár-rant you hear all the news.»

«There's no news,» grúnt-ed Dób-son snáp-pish-ly; «and if there were, I've grown so deaf, I could not héar-it.»

«Nay, then,» re-jóined the stern spéc-tre. «If you are *Lame, Deaf, and Blind*, you have had your *Three Wár-n-ings*. So come=a-lóng=with=me and we'll part no more.»

So sáy-ing, he touched the old man with his dart, who, túrn-ing pale, yield-ed with-óut fúr-ther re-món-strance to his fate.

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## MAN.

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What a piece of work is Man! How nó-ble in réa-son! How trans-cénd-ant in fác-ul-ties! In form and móve-ment, how ex-préss and ád-mir-a-ble! In ác-tion, how like an án-gel! In ap-pre-hén-sion, how like a God!

# PÉRILOUS ADVENTURE IN THE RÓCKY MÓUNTAINS.

*From «Möllháusen's Travels.»*

	Pronon. española.	Pronon. française.		Pronon. española.	Pronon. française.
<b>Al-ley.</b>	ál-e.	al-lé.	<b>Mis-fór-</b>	mis-fóo-	mis-fór-
<b>Bow.</b>	bo.	bó.	<b>tunes.</b>	chiuns.	tchiounz.
<b>Breast.</b>	brést.	brést.	<b>Mis-sou-</b>		
<b>Búf-fa-lo.</b>	bæf-a-lo.	beuf-fa-ló.	<b>ri.</b>	mis-ti-re.	mis-sou-ré.
<b>Búl-let.</b>	búl-et.	bóul-ete.	<b>Próph-</b>		
<b>Cár-case.</b>	káa-kæs.	kár-kæce.	<b>sied.</b>	próf-i-said.	próf-i-saif'd.
<b>Cáth-o-lic.</b>	káz-o-lic.	káth-o-lic.	<b>Scalped.</b>	scalp't.	skalp't.
<b>Cóu-pled.</b>	kæp-l'd.	keup-pl'd.	<b>Scene.</b>	siin.	sine.
<b>Ców-ard-</b>			<b>Scream.</b>	skriim.	skrime.
<b>ly.</b>	kau-æed-le	kaou-eurd-lé	<b>Signs.</b>	sains.	sainz.
<b>Dóu-bled.</b>	dæb-T'd.	deub-bl'd.	<b>Sia-ew-y.</b>	sin-iu-e.	sin'-iou-é.
<b>Eke.</b>	iik.	ike.	<b>Squaws.</b>	skuóos.	skuouáz.
<b>Fig-ures.</b>	fig-æs.	figu-eurz.	<b>Sug-gès-</b>	sæd-dchæs-	seud-djés-
<b>Gès-tures.</b>	dchæs-chiæs	djæs-tchieurz	<b>tions.</b>	chæns.	tcheunz.
<b>Hair.</b>	héa.	he-eur.	<b>Sup-plied.</b>	s ep-láid.	seup-pláif'd.
<b>Hól-i-days</b>	hól-i-des.	hól-i-déz.	<b>Tréach-er</b>		trétch-eur-
<b>Hól-low.</b>	hól-o.	hól-ó.	<b>-ous.</b>	tréach-æer-æs.	euce.
<b>Ice.</b>	áis.	áice.	<b>Weigh.</b>	uée.	oué.
<b>Jóur-ney.</b>	dchææ-ne.	djeúr-né.	<b>Wil-low.</b>	uil-o.	ouil-ó.
<b>Láud-a-</b>			<b>Wolves.</b>	uulvs.	ououlvz.
<b>num.</b>	lód-næm.	lód-neumæ.	<b>Wrán-gle.</b>	rán-gl.	ráu'g-gl'.
<b>Méd-i-cine.</b>	méd-i-sin.	méd-i-cine.	<b>Wrapped.</b>	rap't.	rap't.

In the month of No-vém-ber, 1851, Mr. Möll-háus-en, was re-túrning a-cróss the Snów-y Móun-tains to the Mis-sou-ri, with a wággon-load of goods drawn by three hórs-es, and a mule for ri-ding-on. He-had-with-him-ón-ly one man as a com-pán-i-on of his toils and dán-gers.

The first mis-fór-tunes of the trável-ers a-róse from the loss of their án-im-als, their last horse bé-ing killed by cold in a spot called Sánd-y Hill Creek. With the death of this án-im-al they lóst their ón-ly hope of léav-ing that tér-ri-ble waste of snow. They had nó-thing now but to re-máin, on=the=chance=of=páss-ing aid, ex-pósed to the tér-rors of death by starv-á-tion, or from in-créas-ing cold, or, more tér-ri-ble still, from tréach-er-ous Ín-di-ans. Un-lóad-ing their wággon, which=was=left=in=the=snów, they put=úp a lít-tle Ín-di-an tent which=they=hád=with=them, and ex-ám-ined their re-sóur-ces. A small sup-plý of bad búf-fa-lo meat, some rice and Ín-di-an corn, was all they had; and on this they lived for a few days. Then came a hope of re-lief; the post, a small cár-riage drawn by six mules, passed that way, gó-ing to the Flat Rív-er, but the pér-sons who trávelled=with=it could do lít-

tle to=re-lieve=them. They had ón-ly food e-nóugh to last for their own jóur-ney, and=it=was=with=díf-fic-ul-ty they could make room for one man be-sídes them-sélves; but=it=was=pós-si-ble to rés-cue one, and they a-gréed to draw lots as to who it should be. The lot to re-máin fell to Mr. Möll-háus-en. He was to stay in charge of the goods, and the post was to=sénd=him hórs-es on réach-ing the Ró-man Cáth-o-lic Mís-sion, a-bóut a hún-dred miles from that spot.

On went the post, léav-ing the poor trá-v-el-ler a-lóne in that dréar-y waste, the one liv-ing bé-ing in a dés-ert of snow. His sole ap-pár-ent chance for life was in the sénd-ing of hórs-es be-fóre cold or Ín-di-ans, starv-á-tion or wolves, had=put=an=end to his life. He cál-cu-la-ted that fóur-teen days must e-lá-pse be-fóre aid could=réach=him; and he thére-fore div-í-ded his food ín-to fóur-teen rá-tions, to=eke=óut his pro-ví-sions for that time. He ál-so built=úp a wall of snow round his lít-tle tent, and dragged=úp wood from the rív-er and=píled=it be-fóre his door. He had plén-ty of bláuk-ets and búffalo-hides on his bed ciose to the fire, which was made in a hól-low of the ground; and was ál-so well sup-plíed with arms and am-mu-ní-tion. And now came night,—the first night a-lóne in that waste of snow,—and the sí-lence and sól-it-ude pressed héav-il-y on the trá-v-el-ler's soul. He tried to talk to him-sélf, but the sound, to which no res-pónse came, máde=him shúd-der. In the vál-ley, where the bones of the last horse were lý-ing, the wolves, who had de-vóured the flesh, came to wrán-gle ó-ver the last rém-nants of their feast. All night he heard their hówl-ing, and he tried to=while=a-wá-y the hór-rors of dárk-ness by list-en-ing to their roar and div-í-níng their núm-bers=by=it, as it ín-créased or died up-ón the blast. At last he slept, and did not wake till morn on the fól-low-ing day.

He first cut a notch in the pole of his tent to mark the day, then went=óut for more wood and fresh wá-ter. He was lame and weak from ex-céss of cold and bad food, and his mind was bít-ter-ly de-préssed by his hópe-less po-sí-tion. He was sít-ting be-síde his fire, smó-king dried willow-leaves in his pipe, the ón-ly súb-stít-ute he had for to-bác-co, when he saw some hórse-men ap-próach-ing his tent. He a-wáit-ed=them with a gun in his hand, but, as=they=drew=néar-er, he per-céived they were Ín-di-ans of a friend-ly tribe, and ín-ví-ted=them to én-

ter. They=had=been=húnt-ing béa-vers, and their hórs-es were lá-den with spoil. They=spóke=to=him in Éng-lish, and in-vi-ted=him to=gó=with=them as the ón-ly chance of sá-ving his life.

«The wolves will=gíve=you no rest,» they said, «day or night; and if the men of the Páw-nee tribe find=you=óut, you=will=be=róbbed, múr-dered, and scalped. You have no hope of rés-cue. Bad hórs-es would not live to=gét=to=you; and the whites of the Mís-sion will not risk good hórs-es and their own lives to save one whom they=will=give=úp for lost. Cóme=with=us.»

But Mr. Móll-háus-en was án-xious to save the goods en-trúst-ed to his care, and con-síd-ered him-sélf bound in hón-our to=dó=so, for they were not his own. He trúst-ed, too, in the próm-ise of aid made by the post, and thére-fore he=would=not=lis-ten to the kind sug-gés-tions of his sáv-age friends. They rose to=léave=him.

«The word of a white man,» said the Ín-di-an, «is more to you than the will and deed of a Réd-skin. You have had your choice,—may you not de-céive your-sélf.»

And a-gáin the trá-v-el-ler was left sól-it-a-ry at the door of his tent, wá-tch-ing his re-jéct-ed friends as they dis-ap-péared swift-ly ó-ver the ridg-es of snow; but=they=had=léft=him some food, and=he=was=á-ble at least to al-láy the pangs of húng-er. For eight days the snow fell in-cés-sant-ly, and he feared he should be búr-ied a-líve in his tent. The wolves, too, grów-ing fier-cer as they grew more húng-ry, came néar-er and néar-er év-e-ry night, hówl-ing close to the frail dwéll-ing, where their keen smell de-téct-ed food, till one night, through the wéath-er side of his tent, he saw the teeth of=óne=of=them ap-péar. By fí-ring, he=drove=them=a-wáy for a time, but they soon re-túrned, and=gáve=him no rest till=it=was=bróad day.

His súf-fer-ings from óth-er cáus-es were vér-y great. He was so weak, that when he went to fetch wá-ter, he was o-bliged to crawl on his hands and feet. His head swam, and his mém-o-ry was gó-ing fast, from want of rest. On the ninth day, he had ón-ly strength e-nóugh left to make a notch on his pole; on the tenth, he=could=not=é-ven ef-féct this. But=he=had=wíth=him a small médecine-chest, and, half in des-páir, half íg-no-rant of what he did, he seized a bót-tle of láud-a-num and swál-lowed a large quá-n-tit-y=of=it. This prób-a-bly saved



his life, for-it=gáve=him the sleep he so much néed-ed, and=with=it rest and strength to his wéar-y brain. When he a-wóke it was quite dark, his fire was ál-most out, and he felt húng-ry and thirst-y. He drank some hálf-melted snow, and de-vóured some raw búf-fa-lo flesh; then, light-ing the fire, he cooked a large pór-tion of his meat, and de-vóured at one meal what=he=had=set=a-side as suf-fi-cient for three days. By the mórn-ing he was bét-ter; sleep and food had a-wá-kened hope once more, and=he=went=óut for air and éx-er-cise. A few days more and=he=had=nó pro-ví-sions left, and, what was worse, he felt the Ín-di-an had próph-e-sied trú-ly when he said the péo-ple be-lóng-ing to the Mís-sion would=not=sénd=him aid. He must now feed on the wolves, who had so long been wish-ing to feed on him. The flesh of these sáv-age án-im-als is not good for food, bé-ing dry and sín-ew-y; but he took the best párt=of=them, and their cóm-rades de-vóured the rest, no trace of the re-máin-ing parts of the cár-case bé-ing év-er vís-i-ble by mórn-ing.

The hárd-est trí-al of all, how-év-er, to the lóne-ly man, was the sól-it-ude of his po-sí-tion. Év-e-ry day he felt this more and more,—sóme-limes he feared he was gó-ing mad, so in-ténse-ly did=it=wéigh=up=ón=him. The un-chán-ging whíte-ness of the scene a-róund must have ádd-ed to the ef-féct of lóne-li-ness, cóu-pled as it was with the útter stíll-ness of those snów-y tracts; still the brave man strove=ón,—he walked, he sang, he whis-tled, and so the days passed=bý, and yet no re-líef came.

On the six-teenth day he was wá-tch-ing the sun go-dówn from a lít-tle híll-top, when he des-cried two hú-man fig-ures cóm-ing from the north,—from the vér-y dí-stríct in-háb-it-ed by the tréach-er-ous Páw-nee Ín-di-ans. Thínk-ing that it would be sá-fer to=lie=in=wáit=for=them óut-side his tent, he re-túrned, and armed him-sélf with as mán-y wéap-ons as he could cár-ry, hí-ding the rest ún-der the bed. He piled wood on his fire, that the smoke might de-céive=them ín-to a bel-ief that=he=was=with-in, and fást-ened the door on the ín-ner side, that they might sup-póse he had re-tíred for the night. Then he walked báck-wards to the riv-er, that his steps in the snow might seem as if they led to the tent, not a-wáy=from=it; and háv-ing crossed the ice with-óut his shoes, lest any scrá-tch-es might be-trá-y=him to his wá-ry foes, he climbed the óp-po-site bank, and hid him-sélf a-móng

some with-ered búsh-es, with-ín búllet-range of the tent.

For a long time he watched. The frost was so in-ténse that his breath froze on his beard; but=he=did=not=féel the cold, for név-er had the fé-ver of life, the lóng-ing to-pre-sérve=it, burned so in-ténse-ly as at this mó-ment. At last,— it seemed an énd-less tíme=to=him,— the heads of the two men ap-péared ó-ver the hill, then their whole bód-ies came in sight, and=he=had=no-lóng-er a doubt that they were Páw-nees. He or they must die! If he killed but one, the óth-er would re-túr-n to his tribe, and=he=would=be=o-ver-whélmed by sáv-a-ges. What an áw-ful mó-ment of sus-pénse must that have been as=he=wátched=them draw=néar his tent!

The smoke had at-tráct-ed their at-tén-tion; they threw-báck their búffalo-skins, and pre-páred their bows and ár-rows. Now they des-críed his fóot-steps, and while one trácked=them on the hill, the óth-er ex-ám-ined those be-twéen the wá-ter and the tent. As if sát-is-fied that their vic-tim was safe in his a-bóde, they re-túrned thíth-er, and each by sí-lent gés-tures com-mú-nic-a-ted his o-pín-i-on to the óth-er. Their plan for=sláy-ing=him was as ców-ard-ly as=it=was=sím-ple; for, not dá-ring to face their foe, they shot from óp-po-site sides ín-to the tent, thínk-ing to=des-tróy=him in his sleep. But the sup-pósed vic-tim was wátch-ing and wáit-ing, con-vínced that év-e-ry-thing de-pénd-ed on his fi-ring at the right mó-ment, and with=a=súre aim. Prés-ent-ly the sáv-a-ges appróached the tent, líst-en-ing; then one knelt to=creep=ín ún-der the door, while the óth-er stood bénd-ing=ó-ver=him, with an ár-row fixed in his bow, réad-y to shoot if án-y liv-ing bé-ing should ap-péar. The skull of the knéel-ing Ín-di-an was just with-ín the trá-v-el-ler's line of sight; he cocked his rí-fle, but the quick ears of his déad-ly én-e-mies caught the sound, and they both stárt-ed and looked round. As=they=díd=so, the ná-ked breast of the stánd-ing Ín-di-an óf-fered the best aim.

Mr. Möll-háus-en fired, and, with a scream that went=thróugh év-e-ry nervé in his bód-y, the sáv-age fell. The óth-er Ín-di-an sprang to his feet, but a séc-ond dis-chárgé laid him dead by the side of his gróan-ing com-pán-i-on.

Far from re-jói-cing in his vic-to-ry, Mr. Möll-háus-en's first féel-ing was one of hór-ror that, é-ven ún-der the prés-sure of so dire a ne-cés-sit-y, he=should=have=tá-ken

the life of his two féllow-créatures. Nor was this hór-ror léss-ened by the con-sid-er-á-tion that their bód-ies must=be=put=out=of=síght. But dráw-ing=néar, he found one of the Ín-di-ans still a-live, gróan-ing with pain, his eyes glá-ring through his long black hair, and his wounds bléed-ing có-pi-ous-ly. A bléss-ed thought of mér-cy gleamed through the víc-tor's breast; he would nurse and heal this poor sáv-age, and=kéep=him as a com-pán-i-on of his dréar-y sól-it-ude. As he re-sólved on this, he tried to com-mú-nic-ate by signs to his fáll-en foe how ben-év-o-lent were his in-tén-tions, and póint-ing to his tent and búffalo-skins, strove to make him un-der-stárd that=he=should=be=shél-tered in both. At first his éf-forts were vain; but at last the sáv-age seemed to un-der-stánd, and=signed=to=him to come néar-er, póint-ing at the same time to his right hand and arm, which were dóu-bled ún-der=him. Mr. Möll-háus-en knelt by his side, nêv-er thínk-ing of tréach-er-y, with the in-tén-tion of plá-cing his arm in an éa-si-er po-sí-tion. But at the same mó-mént the sáv-age drew-it=óut for him-sélf, armed with a gléam-ing knife, which he thrust twice at the gén-er-ous breast that=had=óf-fered=him kínd-ness. With a súd-den re-vúl-sion of féel-ing, Mr. Möll-háus-en drew=óut his own knife, and while he re-céived in his right arm the blade aimed at his heart, he plunged that held in his left hand ín-to his un-for-gív-ing foe. An-óth-er mó-mént and=he=was=déad, and the tráv-el-ler a-gáin a-lóne in the fró-zen waste, with the bód-ies of the sáv-a-ges lý-ing at his feet. That night and its hór-rors cán-not be des-críbed. With the dárk-ness came the wolves, and cír-cled hówl-ing round the córps-es; but the lóne-ly man re-sólved that they should not de-vóur=them, and=kept=them=óff by fí-ring his pís-tol with his left hand, while ap-plý-ing snow to the wound on his right arm. As soon as the wolves were dis-pérsed by dawn of day, he rose to put the bód-ies out of síght, lest they=should=be-tráy=him to any wán-der-ing Ín-di-ans. Maimed as he was, it was with great díf-fíc-ul-ty that=he=drágged=them, wrapped in their búffalo-skins, to the ríver-side, and thrúst=them through the hole in the ice by which he pro-cúred his own sup-plý of wá-ter. He ál-so lit a large fire on the spot where the sáv-a-ges had fáll-en, to ef-fáce all trá-ces of their death, and to des-tróy the scent of blood, which at-tráct-ed the wolves. As it díed=óut a snów-storm came=ón, prób-a-bly the first that=had=been=mét with wél-come by the tráv-el-ler, for it

bú-ried all signs of the ré-cent cóm-bat be-néath its white súr-face.

Christ-mas Day ar-ríved, a day he had hoped to spend at the Mis-sion, but no one had yet come to his aid, and he was con-démned to spend it a-lóne in his dréar-y sól-it-ude. Sad were his thoughts as he re-cálled past Christ-mas Days, when=he=was=a=háp-py child, re-jói-cing in all the pléas-ant gifts and glad gréet-ings of that bléss-ed time. Christ-mas trees and Chríst-mas hól-i-days came=báck=to=him, and he pic-tured how the hó-ly tide was bé-ing kept in his ná-tive land. But-it-was=a-quí-et, gén-tle sád-ness; he had súf-fered too déep-ly to in-dúlge in bit-ter grief.

Then came New Year, and still no help and no hope, for how could he live=ón thus through months of snow? Am-mu-ní-tion must fail at last, and all would be ó-ver. How mán-y have des-páired of aid in this world, to whom help has come in the mó-mént of their des-páir, be-cáuse there=is=an=eye=of=mér-cy wátch-ing a-like ó-ver the crówd-ed ál-ley and the sól-it-a-ry dés-ert!

He was lý-ing on his bed one mórn-ing éarl-y in Ján-u-a-ry, when he heard ap-próach-ing fóot-steps, and prés-ent-ly the Ín-di-an tongue. He sprang=úp and seized his rí-flé, but Éng-lish words fell on his ear with a kind-ly gréet-ing. «You are hád-ly off here, friend,» said the voice, and the tént-covering was raised, and six Ín-di-ans én-tered, not foes this time, but friends, and of a fríend-ly tribe. They had seen the smoke of his fire two miles off, while on a hún-t-ing ex-pe-di-tion, and had come to his re-líef. «You are húng-ry,» they=sáid=to=him, pro-dú-cing their own food; «eat. You are réad-y to pér-ish; cóme=with=us. You are sick; we=will=take=cáre=of=you, and clóthe=you.» Nor were these émp-ty words, for on the fól-low-ing day the whole pár-ty, áid-ed by the squaws, as the Ín-di-an wives are called, and the boys, set to work to re-móve the trá-v-el-ler and his goods to their own camp. The wág-gon was dug=óut of the snow, and, in-stéad of hórs-es, the wó-men and boys were hár-nessed=to=it. Mr. Möll-háus-en and the wár-ri-ors fól-lowed. As he turned=a-wáy, he gave a last look at the spot where his dý-ing fire was the ón-ly re-máin-ing tó-ken that a lív-ing bé-ing had there lived and súf-fered. With what a thánk-ful heart was that last look tá-ken, and how chéer-ful-ly did=he=túrn=from=it, and fól-low the Ín-di-an friends who=had=re-cálled=him to life and hope!

# THE RÍVER.

Charles Swain.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Pronon. española. Pronon. française.

Gé-ni-us. . . dohí-ni-æs. . . dji-ni-euce.  
 Haunts. . . hoonts. . . hân'tse.  
 Hues. . . hiúds. . . hiouze.  
 Lie. . . lai. . . lai.  
 Lí-uid. . . lík-uid. . . lík-ouide.  
 Mú-sic. . . miú-dsic. . . miou-zik.  
 Mu-si-cian miu-dsich-æn miou-zich-  
 eune.  
 Ná-ture. . . né-chæ. . . né-tcheur.  
 Plá-cid. . . plás-id. . . plás-id.

Quív-er. . . kuív-æ. . . kouív-eur.  
 Rív-er. . . rív-æ. . . rív-eur.  
 Scenes. . . siins. . . sinze.  
 Sky. . . skai. . . skai.  
 Sub-lí-  
 mest. . . sæb-láim-est este.  
 Sur-páss-  
 eth. . . sæ-pás-æz. . . eth.  
 Syl-van. . . sil-væn. . . sil-vane.  
 Wild-est. . . uáild-est. . . ouáild-este.

Thóu=art the Pó-et=of=the=Wóods, fair Rív-er,  
 A lóv-er of the béau-ti-ful!—and still  
 Wánd'-rest by wíld-est scenes, while níght-stars quív-er,  
 The ón-ly voice that haunts the dés-ert hill:  
 Thóu=art the Pó-et=of=the=Wóods, whose lay  
 Charms the dim fór-est on thy sýl-van way.

Thóu=art the Árt-ist=of=the=Vále, bright Rív-er,  
 That paint'st the glów-ing hues of earth and sky  
 On thine own pure and plá-cid breast for év-er;  
 Two worlds of béau-ty on thy wá-ters lie!  
 Thou'rt Ná-ture's bóld-est Páint-er,—broad and free,—  
 And hú-man gé-ni-us ne'er sur-páss-eth thee!

Thóu=art the Mín-strel=of=the=Fields, sweet Rív-er,  
 Whose mú-sic ling-ers like an án-gel's tongue,—  
 A voice that sings the gló-ry of the Gív-er!  
 Cre-á-tion's first, sub-lí-mest, birth of song!  
 Still let my soul thy líq-uid mú-sic hear,  
 Oh, sweet Mu-sí-cian!—voice for év-er dear!

## PRIDE ÉVEN IN DEATH.—Pope.

No; let a chárm-ing chintz and Brús-sels lace,  
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my life-less face:  
 One need not, sure, be úg-ly, though one's dead:  
 And, Bét-ty, give this cheek... a *lit-tle... red.*

# THE STAR OF DÉSTINY.

A TRUE TALE OF THE WAR IN AFFGHANÍSTAN.

*From the « New M<sup>o</sup>nthly Magazine. »*

	<u>Pronon. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>		<u>Pronon. española.</u>	<u>Pronon. française.</u>
<b>Aff-ghan-</b>	af-gan-is-	af-gan'-is-	<b>Ju-dé-a.</b>	dchiu-dí-æ.	djtou-dí-a.
<b>is-tan.</b>	tan.	tan'.	<b>Lead.</b>	led.	led.
<b>Al-ies.</b>	al-ais.	al-láiz.	<b>Már-gin-</b>	máa-dchin-	
<b>Ar-ti-fi-</b>	aa-ti-fisch-		<b>al.</b>	al.	már-djin'-al.
<b>cial.</b>	æl.	ar-ti-fich-al	<b>Móon-shee</b>	mún-schi.	mouin-chi.
<b>Au-dit-ors.</b>	óo-dit-æes.	á-dit-eurz.	<b>Or-i-gin.</b>	ór-i-dchin.	ór-i-djine.
<b>Be-sought</b>	bi-sóot.	bi-sáte.	<b>Próph-e-</b>		
<b>Blind-ed.</b>	bláind-ed.	bláin'd-ed.	<b>cy.</b>	próf-i-se.	próf-i-cé.
<b>Bón-bay.</b>	bóm-be.	bóm-bé.	<b>Quick-</b>		
<b>Bruised.</b>	bruuds'd.	brouz'd.	<b>ened.</b>	kuik-'n'd.	kouik-'n'd.
<b>Ca-búl.</b>	ke-búl.	ke-boul.	<b>Sánd-</b>		
<b>Cir-cie.</b>	sæa-'k'l.	céur-'k'l.	<b>hurst.</b>	sánd-hæst.	sán'd-heurst
<b>Ciue.</b>	cliu.	cliou.	<b>Saul.</b>	sool.	sál.
<b>Com-pléx-</b>	kæm-plék-	keam'-plék-	<b>Scrip-</b>		
<b>ions.</b>	schans.	cheunz.	<b>tures.</b>	scrip-chiæes.	tchieurz.
<b>Dé-non.</b>	di-mæn.	di-meune.	<b>Seers.</b>	si-u æs.	si-eurz.
<b>Dés-tin-y.</b>	dés-ti-ne.	dés-ti-né.	<b>Singed.</b>	sindch'd.	sin'dj'd.
<b>Di-a-lect.</b>	dái-æ-lect.	dái-a-lecte.	<b>Soared.</b>	sóæed.	sór'd.
<b>Dir-t-y.</b>	dæ-te.	deür-té.	<b>Staff.</b>	staaf.	staf.
<b>Ef-ful-</b>		ef-feúl-djen	<b>Súr-geon.</b>	sæ æ-dchan.	seür-djeunz.
<b>gence.</b>	ef-a l-dehens	'ce.	<b>Sur-vi-val.</b>	sæ æ-vai-væl	seür-vái-val.
<b>En-sú-d.</b>	en-siú'd.	en'-siou'd.	<b>Swár-ty.</b>	suóoz-e.	souâr-thé.
<b>Ex-háus-</b>	eks-óos-	egs-ás-	<b>Sword.</b>	sóod.	sórde.
<b>tion.</b>	chan.	tcheunz.	<b>Tinc-ture.</b>	tink-chiæ.	tin'gh-
<b>Ex-quis-</b>		éks-koui-			tchieur.
<b>ite.</b>	éks-kui-ðsit.	zite.	<b>Tra-dí-tion</b>	tre-dísch-æn	tre-dich-
<b>Group.</b>	gruup.	groupe.			eune.
<b>Hoax.</b>	hoks.	hókse.	<b>Truth.</b>	truuz.	trouth.
<b>Hós-ta-ges</b>	hós-tedch-es	hós-tedj-æz	<b>Tyre.</b>	taie.	tái-eur.
<b>Hów-ard.</b>	háu-æa d.	háou-arde.	<b>Up-ri ht-</b>		
<b>In-di-an.</b>	in-di-an.	in'-di-ane.	<b>ly.</b>	æp-raít-le.	éup-raíte-lé.
<b>Is-ra-el.</b>	is-ræ-el.	is-ra-el.	<b>Vén-</b>		vén'-djeun'
<b>Is-sued.</b>	isch-iu'd.	ích-iou'd.	<b>geance.</b>	vén-dchan.	ce.

Ór-ders had been is-sued for the march of troops in-to Aff-ghan-is-tan, and a large bód-y of fór-ces had al-réad-y moved nórt-h-wards, with the bág-gage, and were some days' march on their road tó-wards Ca-búl. The last éve-ning be-fóre the de-pár-ture of the last de-tách-ment had ar-rived, the óf-fi-cers who=were=to=ac-cóm-pa-ny=it, twén-ty two in núm-ber, were séat-ed at a gay súp-per in a large tent. At the tá-ble, lóad-ed with the pro-fúse a-bún-dance of an in-di-an meal, the móon-light, —for=it=was=a=pér-fect-ly clóud-less and most bríl-li-ant night, —glanced, mixed with and o-ver-cóm-ing the ar-ti-fi-cial lights, up-ón the ú-ni-forms, the bright locks, and the fair com-pléx-ions of the Brit-ish óf-fi-cers, most of whom of this

de-tách-ment were young men, some ál-most boys, and formed a strí-king cón-trast with the dúsk-y folds of their tent, and the dark forms of their Ín-di-an at-ténd-ants, who moved to and fro in their sér-vice, a-bóut the doors of the tent. One swár-thy fig-ure a-lóne stood mó-tion-less, and was ap-pár-ent-ly en-gáged in líst-en-ing to év-e-ry word of the gay dis-cóurse of the young sól-diers, all éag-er to take the field, ár-dent for hón-or and for ex-cíte-ment of án-y kind.

« I wish we knew a lít-tle of the fél-lows we are gó-ing to fight, » said one young sól-dier: « they don't seem like án-y thing we=have=seen=yét, and they say their dí-a-lect is sóme-thing quite díf-fer-ent to án-y thing we know of here. It is too bad, áf-ter all the pains I have tá-ken at Sánd-hurst, and cóm-ing=óut, and crám-ming with my móon-shee here, to find all my tróu-ble will=be=of=no=úse in Aff-ghan-ís-tan; for=we=shall=not=knów, when a fél-low cries=óut, whéth-er he is sur-rén-der-ing him-sélf, or téll-ing=you where his dí-a-monds are híd-den.»

The dark fig-ure I=have=spó-ken=of ad-vánced from the door of the tent to the cír-cle of young Éng-lish-men.

« Do not, » he said in a sól-emn and thríll-ing tone, which im-mé-di-ate-ly ar-rést-ed the at-tén-tion é-ven of the gáy-est and most cáre-less of his áu-dit-ors,—« do not be-lieve that the ác-cents you will hear from the lips of an Áff-ghan will=be=a-práy-er for mér-cy, or the óf-fer of his tréa-sures, to save a life which the dé-mons them-sélves watch=ó-ver; but if you knew by whom the práy-ers of vén-geance, which will burst from Áff-ghan lips, will be heard, and who will líst-en with de-líght to those ác-cents well=knówn-to=them, you would long for the pów-er of héar-ing to pass from your shúd-der-ing séns-es. É-ven the name of the cít-y you=márch=to is fá-tal. When Sól-o-mon, the gréat-est king then up-ón the earth, re-páid Hí-ram, king of Tyre, for his cédar-trees and his gold with the prince-ly gift of twén-ty cít-ies, and they pleased not Hi-ram, look in the first Book of Kings in the Old Tés-ta-ment of the Chris-tian Scrip-tures, what Hí-ram called the gift. »

The yóung-est of the pár-ty, Wíl-li-am Hów-ard, de-sí-rous to know what=was=al-lú-ded=to, drew from his bréast-pocket a lít-tle bí-ble. He had fáith-ful-ly kept the last próm-ise he had made to his móth-er, ál-ways to cár-ry this lít-tle bí-ble, her last gift=to=him, next his heart.

He read in the thirteenth verse of the ninth chapter of the first Book of Kings, — «What cities are these which thou hast given me, my brother? And he called them the land of Cabul unto this day.» The bible young Howard's mother had given him had marginal notes, in which he saw Cabul was translated, *displeasing* or *dirty*.

«Even so; and though those cities stand in Judaea, yet here in Hindostan, does the same name bear the same dark signification. Listen to me, and learn what enemies you will have to deal with; learn the true origin of the Affghan race, the children of a mighty monarch while he walked uprightly, and the dearly beloved heirs of the demon tongue. When Saul, the son of Kish was chosen from his father's sons to be king over Israel, because he was the most goodly and the strongest of his race, his ambition, inflamed by the price so easily obtained, soared to lofty and forbidden things, after his love for earthly power had been fully satisfied. Remember the witch of Endor!»

The young men looked with increasing interest and attention on this strange narrator.

He continued: «The longings of Saul were gratified even here as they had been before, and he obtained power and mastery even over the demons. Night and day did his demon slaves toil at his bidding to build the palace his pride deluged in; it was to excel in riches and in workmanship, and the demon art was tasked by their unfaltering master to complete it. But long was the toil, and heavy the labour his will required, and the days of Saul drew towards their close. To hasten the work, he bade his eldest born, Prince Affghan, labour with the demons, to increase their exertions; and to render him able to communicate with these slaves, he taught Prince Affghan the demon tongue. Yet all was far from completion, when the Angel of Death stood before Saul and demanded of him his soul. The monarch bowed his knee before a monarch more powerful than himself, and besought of him the boon to spare him yet a while; to pass a way from him for a season, till his palace was completed; for well Saul knew that his demon workmen would obey no presence but his own. But the Angel of Death said, — «Lo! to no man living have I said, thou shalt follow me, and he said nay; and thou must follow me likewise. But for thy power and thy



wis-dom, for-it-is=múch, and like ún-to mine own, will-  
I=gránt=thee this thing,—thy éarth-ly form shall re-máin  
ún-to the eye as though thy soul were=in=it, when-it-is=  
a-wáy=with=mé, and the dé-mons shall be-líeve thou lív-  
est and they shall lá-bour at thy pál-ace.»

So the dead Saul stood, night and day, propped up-ón  
his staff be-fóre his pál-ace as the lív-ing Saul had done,  
and the dé-mons be-líeved that he lived, and lá-boured  
on. But the white ants came and grew bold, as=he=móved=  
not, and they de-vóured the wood of the staff on which  
the dead Saul leaned, and the staff crúm-bled and fell=  
dówn, and the dead bód-y of King Saul fell ál-so: then  
the dé-mons saw and knew that their mást-er was dead,  
and they gave one loud shout of tri-umph, so=that=such=a=  
sóund was név-er heard be-fóre, and they fled home. And  
Prince Áff-ghan left the un-fín-ished pál-ace, which he had  
no wór-k-men to com-pléte, and wán-dered in-to Aff-ghan-  
ís-tan, where he fóund-ed a great kíng-dom, and all his  
chíl-dren and his súb-jects spoke his tongue, which=is=the=  
lóngue of the dé-mon.

«So we=are=to=fight,» said one of the young óf-fi-cers,  
«with the friends of the dé-mons, who, no doubt, will lend  
their help to their al-líes, and give the word of com-mánd  
in this éx-quis-ite tongue which none of us un-der-stánd.  
It is hárd-ly fair play, es-pé-cial-ly as I dare say these de-  
líght-ful foes of ours are in-fórmed first by their al-líes  
which of us are to fall be-fóre=them. We will try what steel  
and lead will do to bát-tle a-gáinst their próph-e-cies.»

«At this ín-stant,» said the strán-ger, «the dé-mons  
know well which of you will fall in bát-tle with the Áff-  
ghans; and=it=is=gránt-ed to mór-tal eye to share in this  
knów-ledge; the pów-ers of ná-ture, in-vís-i-ble in their  
ór-i-gin, are so súb-ject in this vis-i-ble world, that éach=  
of=you may read his doom of death or life for him-sélf, and=  
with=the=éye of flesh.»

«Are we to see our ap-pa-ri-tions pass be-fóre-us?»  
asked two or three óf-fi-cers at once.

The strán-ger, with-óut re-plý-ing, led the way out-of=  
the=tént in-to the ó-pen air. All the óf-fi-cers fól-lowed,  
cú-ri-ous to see the end of this cú-ri-ous kind of éast-ern  
fórtune-télling, as=they=es-téemed=it. Words of ad-mi-rá-  
tion broke from=sóme-of=them at the re-márk-a-ble béau-ty  
of the night. Nó-thing could be more res-plén-dant than  
the sky: év-e-ry star was vis-i-ble; not the slíght-est rack

of cloud dimmed the full ef-fúl-gence of light. The strán-ger póint-ed to the nórt-h-ern quár-ter of the héav-ens.

«There-is-a-stár there,» said he, «the ray of life and light from which does not reach the eye that will not long be quíck-ened by the u-niv-ér-sal prin-ci-ple of life. The first fáil-ing in the pów-ers of life is here; the eye that can see this star may spár-kle long and bríght-ly; but for him who sees it not, the shád-ow of the Án-gel of Death lies black up-ón the snow of Aff-ghan-ís-tan.»

It was the *Star of Dés-tin-y* of which he spoke.

«Shów-us the star,» was the u-niv-ér-sal cry from his list-en-ers.

«You see that great bright star to which I point?»

«Yes, dis-tínt-ly: is that the *Star of Dés-tin-y*? We all sée=it.»

«A lít-tle to the left of that star, just a-bóve=it, is a smáll-er star,— who sees that?»

Si-lence en-súed: mán-y, áf-ter a long and án-xious gaze, de-cláred fí-nal-ly that=they=did=not=sée=it, and be-lieved it was all a hoax: sév-er-al said they=had=a-lóng sight, as was well known to their friends a-róund=them: they saw all the stars they=were=ac-cús-tomed=to as bríl-li-ant-ly as pós-si-ble, more cléar-ly than ú-su-al: it was im-pós-si-ble there=should=be=a-stár in the place ín-dic-a-ted=to=them. One or two, on the cón-tra-ry, de-cláred they cér-tain-ly saw the star, re-péat-ed-ly and cléar-ly: there was no im-po-sí-tion on=the=part=of=the-strán-ger: the star was cér-tain-ly shí-ning bríght-ly, ex-áct-ly in the spot des-cri-bed: but the seers were much in the mi-nór-it-y.

The strán-ger him-sélf ex-pressed sur-prise at the great pro-pór-tion of those who pro-féssed them-sélves un-á-ble to=sée=it. Fí-nal-ly, it=was=a-gréed that the names of each pár-ty, those who did not see, and those who saw the star, should be wrít-ten=dówn, and de-lív-ered to the kéep-ing of a civ-íl-i-an in Bóm-bay, that the re-súlts of the Aff-ghan-ís-tan ex-pe-dí-tion might de-cíde the qués-tion of the *Star of Dés-tin-y*.

Of the pár-ty of twén-ty two, there were found éight-teen of the fór-mer and ón-ly four of the lát-ter. The name of Wíl-li-am Hów-ard was=in=the=first list. The spír-its of the pár-ty, who had a slight tinc-ture of su-per-stí-tion, were much raised by find-ing that the pro-pór-tion of nón-seers was so much lár-ger. It far ex-céed-ed án-y pro-pór-tion of Brit-ish óf-fi-cers who had híth-er-to fáll-

en in ó-pen wár-fare in Ín-di-a, and=they=were=too=cón-fid-ent in Brít-ish pów-er, to be-lieve it=could=be=ré-al-ized. The faith of the whole pár-ty in the próph-e-cy bé-ing much damped by this great dis-pro-pór-tion, which seemed to de-prive the qués-tion to be solved of its prob-a-bil-it-y and=of=its=zést, the whole group re-túrned to the tent. Just=at=the=dóor, Wíl-li-am Hów-ard looked=báck at the place where he had en-déav-oured in vain to see the *Star of Dés-tin-y*.

«It is strange,» said he, «but I see the star now, though I could not be-fóre, yet there was no cloud; I sée=it clear-ly and stéad-il-y at this mó-ment.»

«Write=dówn what the young man says on the sheet you leave in Bóm-bay,» said the strán-ger. «Your thread of life will be bruised but not bró-ken. I re-jóice=in=it.»

But four months had passed from the time spó-ken=of, from the de-pár-ture of this pór-tion of the Brít-ish troops for Ca-búl, when a wrétch-ed, sól-it-a-ry fig-ure crawled in the út-most ex-háus-tion ín-to Jel-la-la-bád. His limbs, torn by the hárd-ships of the road and bléed-ing from mán-y wounds, his clothes rent, his face burned by the fierce sun, and his eyes blínd-ed by the év-er fáll-ing snow he had passed through, Wíl-li-am Hów-ard, the sole sur-ví-vor of the gál-lant band who were cut to píe-ces at Ing-dúl-luk, rushed=ín-to the arms of his fêl-low sól-di-ers, which were éag-er-ly ó-pened to=re-céive=him. The first béar-er of the dréad-ful tí-dings of the fate of our arms in Aff-ghan-ís-tan, he=was=éag-er-ly qués-tioned, but=he=could=ón-ly as-súre=them of the sáfe-ty of four óf-fi-cers of his de-tách-ment, who=had=been=giv-en=úp as hós-ta-ges be-fóre léav-ing Ca-búl, when the súr-geon, en-jóin-ing sí-lence, com-ménced the ex-am-in-á-tion of his wounds.

«I think none are vér-y deep,» said poor Hów-ard; «the last ball I re-céived from an Áff-ghan would have shot=thróugh my heart, but sóme-thing hard in my bréast-pocket here, déad-ened=it.»

«How prov-id-én-tial!» cried the súr-geon, as he drew=óut the Áff-ghan's ball from the singed and bláck-ened leaves of a lít-tle Mo-róc-co book next Hów-ard's heart.

It=was=the=Bí-ble his móth-er had giv-en=him. He sank on his knees in prá-y-er as he kissed its pá-ges.

Réad-er, for the truth of this tale, I ap-péal cón-fid-ent-ly, to the rec-ol-léc-tions of mán-y óf-fi-cers who have served in Ín-dia in the Aff-ghan-ís-tan war and élse-where,

be-fóre it com-ménced. The tra-di-tion of the ór-i-gin of the Áff-ghan race and lán-guage is from their own lips: and the Ín-di-an be-lief in the *Star of Dés-tin-y* is known from the ná-tives by mán-y Eu-ro-pé-ans, though I púr-pose-ly for-béar giv-ing án-y fúr-ther clúe-to=it. The párt-y of twén-ty two óf-fi-cers who a-gréed to test the truth of the tale they heard, in their own pér-sons, éight-een of whom failed to=sée=it just be-fóre bé-ing called=up-ón ác-tive sér-vice, and four dis-tínt-ly sáw=it, the wrí-ting=dówn of their names, the death of those éight-een, ten by the sword and eight by ill-ness, the sur-ví-val of their four com-pán-i-ons, — *all these are true.*

## THE SIEGE OF BELGRÁDE.

### *An Alphabétical Accóunt.*

An Áus-tri-an ár-my áw-ful-ly ar-ráyed,  
 Bóld-ly by bát-ter-y be-sieged Bel-gráde ;  
 Cós-sack com-mánd-ers can-non-á-ding come,  
 Déal-ing des-trúc-tion's de-vas-tá-ting doom.  
 Év-e-ry éf-fort en-gin-éers es-sáy,  
 For fame, for fór-tunes, fight-ing, — fú-ri-ous fray!  
 Gén-er-als 'gainst gén-er-als gráp-ple, — grá-cious God!  
 How hón-ours héav-en he-ró-ic hárd-i-hood!  
 In-fú-ri-ate, in-dis-crím-in-ate in ill,  
 Kíns-men kill kín-dred, kín-dred kíns-men kill.  
 Lá-bour low lév-els lóf-ti-est, lóng-est lines ;  
 Men march 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid múr-der-ous mines.  
 Now nói-sy, nóx-i-ous nóm-bers nó-tice nought  
 Of óut-ward ób-sta-cles op-pó-sing ought :  
 Poor pá-t-ri-ots, — párt-ly púr-chased, párt-ly pressed, —  
 Quív-er-ing, quá-king, quíck-ly quár-ter quest.  
 Réa-son re-túrns, re-lí-gious right re-dóunds ;  
 Su-wár-row stops such sán-guin-a-ry sounds!  
 Truce to thee, Túr-key, — trí-umph to thy train ;  
 Un-wíse, un-júst, un-mér-ci-ful U-kráine!  
 Ván-ish, vain víc-to-ry, ván-ish víc-to-ry vain!  
 Why wish we wár-fare? whére-fore wél-come were  
 Xérx-es, Xi-mén-es, Xán-thus, Xá-vi-er?  
 Yield, yield ye youths, ye yeó-men yield your yell.  
 Zé-no's, Zo-pá-ter's, Zo-ro-ás-ter's zeal,  
 At-tráct-ing all, arts a-gáinst arms ap-péal.

## THE APÓSTLES' CREED.

Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.	Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.
<b>Al-might-y</b>	ol-máit-e.	âl-mâi-té.	<b>Jé-sus</b>	dchí-dsæs	dji-zeuce
<b>A-pós-tles</b>	e-pós-'ls..	e-pós-sl'z.	<b>Christ.</b>	kraist. . .	kraïste.
<b>Búr-ied.</b>	bér-id..	bér-id.	<b>Judge.</b>	dchædch. . .	djeudje.
<b>Cáth-o-lic.</b>	káz-o-lic. . .	káth-o-lík.	<b>Pón-ti-us</b>	pón-chi-'s	pón'-tchi-en
<b>Con-céived</b>	kæn-siiv'd. . .	keun'-civ'd.	<b>Pi-late.</b>	pái-let..	ce pái-lete.
<b>Crú-ci-</b>			<b>Quick.</b>	kuik. . .	kouik.
<b>fied.</b>	krú-si-faid..	krou-ci-fai'd.	<b>Saints.</b>	seents. . .	sén'tse.
<b>Dead.</b>	ded. . .	ded.	<b>Suf-fered.</b>	sæf-ææd. . .	seuf-feur'd.
<b>Hó-ly</b>	hó-le	hó-lé.	<b>Vir-gin</b>	vææ-dchin	vér-djine
<b>Ghost.</b>	gost. . .	gôste.	<b>Má-ry.</b>	mée-re..	mé-ré.

I BE-LÍEVE in God the Fáth-er Al-míght-y, Má-ker of héav-en and earth:

And in Jé-sus Christ his ón-ly Son our Lord, who was con-céived by the Hó-ly Ghost, born of the Vir-gin Má-ry, súf-fered ún-der Pón-ti-us Pí-late, was crú-ci-fied, dead, and búr-ied. He des-cénd-ed ín-to hell: the third day he rose a-gáin from the dead. He as-cénd-ed ín-to héav-en: and sít-teth on the right hand of God the Fáth-er Al-míght-y: from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I BE-LÍEVE in the Hó-ly Ghost: the hó-ly Cáth-o-lic Church: the Com-mú-ni-on of Saints: the For-gíve-ness of sins: the Res-ur-réc-tion of the bód-y: and the Life ev-er-lást-ing. *A-mén.*

## THE LORD'S PRÁYER.

Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.	Pronun. española.		Pronon. française.
<b>Earth.</b>	ææz. . .	eurth.	<b>Kíng-dom.</b>	king-dæm. . .	kin'gue- deume.
<b>E-vil.</b>	ii-v'l. . .	i-v'l.	<b>Pów-er.</b>	paú-æ. . .	paou-eur.
<b>For-give.</b>	foo-gúiv. . .	for-gúive.	<b>Práy-er.</b>	pré-æ.. . .	pré-eur.
<b>Hál-lowed</b>	hál-o'd. . .	hál-ló'd.	<b>Trés-pass.</b>	trés-pæs..	tréce-peuce.
<b>Héav-en.</b>	hév'n. . .	hév-v'n.			

Our Fáth-er, who art in héav-en, hál-lowed be thy name. Thy kíng-dom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in héav-en. Give us this day our dáil-y bread. And for-gíve us our trés-pass-es, as we for-gíve them that trés-pass a-gáinst us. And lead us not ín-to tempt-á-tion, but de-lív-er us from é-vil: for thine is the kíng-dom, the pów-er, and the gló-ry, for év-er and év-er. *A-mén.*

# THE ÉARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

	Pronou. española.	Pronou. française.		Pronou. española.	Pronou. française.
<b>Af-firm.</b>	af-ææm.	af-feúrme.	<b>I-rish.</b>	ái-risch.	ái-riche.
<b>A-re-a.</b>	é-ri.	é-ri-a.	<b>Is-land.</b>	ái-lænd.	ái-lan'd.
<b>Bruised.</b>	bruuds'd.	brouz'd.	<b>Jus-tice.</b>	dchæ-s-tis.	djeus-tice.
<b>Built.</b>	bilt.	bilt.	<b>Lis-bon.</b>	lids-bæn.	liz-beune.
<b>Bu-ry.</b>	bér-e.	bér-é.	<b>Lus-tre.</b>	læs-tæ.	leús-teur.
<b>Cá.h-er-</b>			<b>Ma-dé-i-a.</b>	me-di-æ-r.	me-di-a-ra.
<b>ine.</b>	cáz-æ-r-in.	cáth-eur-ne	<b>Me-chán-</b>		
<b>Con-</b>			<b>ics.</b>	mi-kán-iks.	mi-kán'ikse.
<b>course.</b>	cón-koos.	kón'korce.	<b>Oc-curred.</b>	ok-a-æd.	ok-keur'd.
<b>Con-</b>			<b>Oút-cry.</b>	áut-crai.	áoute craí.
<b>firméd.</b>	kæn-fææm'd	keun'-feúrm	<b>Ow-ing.</b>	ó-ing.	ó in'gne.
<b>Cóurt-</b>		'd.	<b>Phe-nóm-</b>	fi-nóm-i-	
<b>yard.</b>	kóot-iaad.	kórt-iarde.	<b>e-non.</b>	næn.	fi-nóm-i-none
<b>Dis-pérse.</b>	dis-pææs.	dis-peúrse.	<b>Pro-dí-</b>		
<b>Ear-h-</b>			<b>gious.</b>	pro-dích-æs.	pró-dídj-euce
<b>quake.</b>	ææz-kueek.	kouéke.	<b>Quay.</b>	kii.	ki.
<b>Ed i-fice.</b>	éd-if-is.	éd-i-fice.	<b>Ren-móved.</b>	ri-múuv'd.	ri-móuv'd.
<b>E-gyp-tian</b>	i-dchíp-		<b>Ren-dez-</b>		
	schæn.	i-djip-cheune	<b>vóus.</b>	ran-de-vú.	ren-dez-vóus
<b>E-nóugh.</b>	i-n-æf.	i-neuf.	<b>Scene.</b>	siin.	sine.
<b>Ex-ag-ger-</b>	eks-adch-æ-r	egz-adj-eur-é	<b>Se-rène.</b>	si-riin.	si-rine.
<b>á-tion.</b>	-é-schæn.	-cheune.	<b>Stir.</b>	stææ.	steur.
<b>Fá.h-omed</b>	fáz-æm'd.	fáth-eum'd.	<b>Súc-cour.</b>	sæk-æ.	seúk-eur.
<b>Fis-sures.</b>	fisch-lææs.	fich-leurz.	<b>Such.</b>	sæch.	seutche.
<b>Floor.</b>	flóæ.	fló-eur.	<b>Súl-phur-</b>		
<b>Flóur-ish-</b>		fléur-ích-in'	<b>ous.</b>	sæl-fær-æs.	euce.
<b>ing.</b>	flær-isch-ing	gne.	<b>Tá-gus.</b>	té-gæs.	té-gueuce.
<b>Fore-rún-</b>			<b>Truth.</b>	truuz.	trouth.
<b>ner.</b>	foæ-ræn-æ.	fór-reún-eur	<b>Vén-ure.</b>	vén-chiæ.	vén'-tohieur.
<b>Gén-u-ine.</b>	dchén-iu-in.	djen'-lou-ine.	<b>Whirled.</b>	huææl'd.	houeúrl'd.
<b>Ház-ard</b>	háds-ææd.	há-z-eurde.	<b>Whirl-</b>		houeúrl-
<b>Héark-en-</b>		hár-k'n-in'	<b>pool.</b>	húææl-pul.	póule.
<b>ing.</b>	háak-'n-ing.	gne.	<b>Wínd-ing.</b>	uaínd-ing.	ouáin'd-in'
<b>Hil-lock.</b>	híl-æk.	híl-euk.	<b>Wreck.</b>	rek.	rek (gne.)

There név-er was a fi-ner mórn-ing than the 1<sup>st</sup> of No-vém-ber, 1755. The sun shone=óut in its full lús-tre; the whole face of the sky was pér-fect-ly se-rène and clear; and not the least síg-nal or wár-níng of that ap-próach-ing e-vént which has made this once flóur-ish-ing, óp-u-lent, and póp-u-lous cít-y a scene of the út-most hór-ror and des-o-lá-tion, ex-cépt ón-ly such as served to a-lárm but scárce-ly left a mó-mént's time to fly from the gén-er-al des-trúct-ion.

It=was=on=the=mórn-ing of this fá-tal day, be-twéen the hours of nine and ten, that=I=was=sít-ting=dówn in my a-párt-ment, just fin-ish-ing a lét-ter, when the pá-pers and tá-ble I=was=wrí-ting=on be-gán to trém-ble with a gén-tle mó-tion, which ráth-er sur-prised=me, as=I=could=not=per-céive a breath of wind stír-ring. Whilst I was re-fléct-ing with my-sélf what=this=could=be=ów-ing=to, but with-óut háv-ing the least ap-pre-hén-sion of the ré-al

cause, the whole house be-gán to shake from the vér-y foun-dá-tion, which at first I im-pú-ted to the rát-ting of sév-er-al cóach-es in the main street, which ú-su-al-ly passed that way at this time from Bél-em to the pál-ace; but on héark-en-ing more at-tén-tive-ly I was soon unde-céived, as I found it was ów-ing to a strange, fright-ful kind of noise un-der-gróund, re-sém-bling the hól-low, dis-tant rúm-bling of thún-der. All this passed in less than a mín-ute, and=I=must=con-féss I now be-gán to be a-lármed, as it ná-tu-ral-ly oc-cúrred=to=me that this noise might pós-sib-ly be the fore-rún-ner of an éarth-quake; as one I re-mém-bered, which had háp-pened a-bóut six or sév-en years a-gó, in the is-land of Ma-dé-ir-a, com-ménced in the same mán-ner, though it did lít-tle or no harm.

Up-ón this I threw=dówn my pen and stárt-ed up-ón my feet, re-máin-ing a mó-ment in sus-pénse whéth-er I should stay in the a-párt-ment or run=in-to the street, as the dán-ger in both plá-ces seemed é-qual, and still flát-ter-ing my-sélf that this trém-or might pro-dúce no óth-er ef-fécts than such in-con-síd-er-a-ble ones as had been felt at Ma-dé-ir-a; but=in=a=mó-ment I was roused from my dream, bé-ing ín-stan-t-ly stunned by a most hór-rid crash, as if év-e-ry éd-if-ice in the cít-y had túm-bled=dówn at once. The house in which I was, shook with such ví-o-lence that the úp-per stó-reys im-mé-di-ate-ly fell, and though my a-párt-ment (which was the first floor) did not then share the same fate, yet év-e-ry thing was=thrown=out=of=its=pláce in such a mán-ner that it was with no small díf-fic-ul-ty I kept my feet, and ex-péct-ed nó-thing less than to be soon crushed to death, as the walls con-tín-ued róck-ing to and fro in the most fríght-ful mán-ner, ó-pen-ing in sév-er-al plá-ces; large stones fáll-ing on év-e-ry side from the cracks; and the ends of most of the ráft-ers stárt-ing=óut from the roof. To add to this tér-ri-fy-ing scene, the sky in a mó-ment be-cáme so glóom-y that I could now dis-tín-guish no par-tíc-u-lar ób-ject. It=was=an=E-gýp-tian dárk-ness, in-déed, such as might be felt, ów-ing, no doubt, to the pro-dí-gious clouds of dust and lime raised from so ví-o-lent a con-cús-sion, and, as some re-pórt-ed, to súl-phur-ous ex-hal-lá-tions; but this I cán-not af-firm. How-év-er, it is cér-tain I found my-sélf ál-most choked for néar-ly ten mín-utes.

As soon as the gloom be-gán to dis-pérse, and the ví--o lence of the shock seemed prêt-ty much a-bá-ted, the first ób-ject I per-céived in the room was a wó-man sit-ting on the floor with an ín-fant in her arms, cóv-ered with dust, pale and trém-bling. I ásked=her how she got there, but her con-ster-ná-tion was so great that=she=could=gíve=me no ac-cóunt of her es-cápe. I sup-póse that when the trém-or first be-gán she ran-óut of=her=own=hóuse, and, find-ing her-sélf in such ín-min-ent dán-ger from the fáll-ing stones, re-tíred ín-to the door of mine, which was ál-most con-tíg-u-ous to hers, for shél-ter; and when the shock ín-créased, which filled the door with dust and rúb-bish, she ran up-stáirs ín-to my a-párt-ment, which was then ó-pen. Be-it=as=it=might, this was no time for cu-ri-ós-it-y. I re-mém-ber the poor créa-ture ásked=me, in the út-most ág-o-ny, if=l=did=not=thínk the world was=at=an=énd; at the same time she com-pláined of bé-ing choked, and begged I=would=pro-cúre=her a lít-tle drink. Up-ón this I went to a clós-et where I kept a large jar of wá-ter (which is sóme-times a scarce com-mód-it-y in Lís-bon), but fínd-ing it bró-ken in pie-ces, I tóld=her she must not now think of quénch-ing her thirst, but sáv-ing her life, as the house was just fáll-ing on our heads, and, if a séc-ond shock came, would cértain-ly bú-ry-us=bóth. I báde=her take hold of my arm, and I would en-déav-our to=bríng=her ín-to some place of se-cú-rit-y.

I shall ál-ways look=up-ón=it as a par-tíc-u-lar próv-id-ence that I háp-pened on this oc-cá-sion to be un-drés-sed; for had I dressed my-sélf, as I pro-pósed, when=I=got=out=of=béd, in ór-order to bréak-fast with a friend, I should in all prob-a-bíl-it-y, have run=ín-to the street at the be-gín-ning of the shock, as the rest of the péo-ple in the house did, and, con-sé-quent-ly, have had my brains dashed=óut, as=év-e-ry=one=of=them=hád. How-év-er, the ín-min-ent dán-ger I was in did not hín-der=me from con-síd-er-ing that my prés-ent dress,—ón-ly a gown and slíp-pers,—would rén-der my gét-ting=ó-ver the rú-ins ál-most im-prác-tic-a-ble. I had, thére-fore, still prés-ence of mind e-nóugh left to put=ón a pair of shoes and a coat, the first that came in my way, which was év-e-ry-thing I saved; and in this dress I húr-ried down-stáirs, the wó-man with me, hóld-ing by my arm, and made di-réct-ly to that end of the street which ó-pens to the



Tá-gus. Find-ing the pás-sage this way en-tíre-ly blocked-up with the fáll-en hóus-es to the height of their séc-ond stó-reys, I turned=báck to the óth-er end which led=in-to the main street, háv-ing helped the wó-man ó-ver a vast heap of rú-ins with no small ház-ard to my own life. Just as we were gó-ing=in-to this street, as there was one part I could not well climb=ó-ver with=óut the as-síst-ance of my hands as well as feet, I de-síred=her to let go her hold, which she did, re-máin-ing two or three feet be-hínd=me, at which ín-stant there fell a vast stone from a tót-ter-ing wall and crushed both her and the child in píe-ces.

I had now a long, nár-row street to pass, with the hóus-es on each side four or five stó-reys high, all vér-y old, the gréat-er part al-réad-y thrown=dówn or con-tín-u-al-ly fáll-ing, and thréat-en-ing the pás-sen-gers with in-év-it-a-ble death at év-e-ry step, núm-bers of whom lay killed be-fóre=me; or, what I thought more de-pló-ra-ble, so bruised and wóund-ed that=they=could=not=stír to help them-sélves. For my own part, as des-trúct-ion ap-peáred=to=me un-a-vóid-a-ble, I only wished I=might=be-made=an=énd=of at once, and not have my limbs bró-ken; in which case I could ex-péct nó-thing else but=to=be=léft up=ón the spot, líng-er-ing in mís-er-y, like these poor un-háp-py wrétch-es, with=óut re-céiv-ing the least súc-cour from án-y pér-son.

As self-preservácion, how-év-er, is the first law of Ná-ture, these sad thoughts did not so pre-váil as=to=maíce=me tó-tal-ly des-páir. I pro-céed-ed=ón as fast as I con-vé-ni-ent-ly could, though with the út-most cáu-tion; and háv-ing at length got clear of this hór-rid pás-sage, I found my-sélf safe and un-húrt in the large ó-pen space be-fóre St. Paul's Church, which=had=been=thrown=dówn a few mín-utes be-fóre. Here I stood some time, con-síd-er-ing what=I=should=dó; and not thínk-ing my-sélf safe in this sit-u-á-tion, I came to the res-o-lú-tion of clímb-ing=ó-ver the rú-ins of the west end of the church, in ór-order to get to the rív-er's side, that=I=might=be=re-móved as far as pós-si-ble from the tót-ter-ing hóus-es in=case=of=a=séc-ond shock.

This, with some díf-fíc-ul-ty I ac-cóm-plished; and here I found a pro-dí-gious cón-course of péo-ple of both séx-es, and of all ranks and con-dí-tions. All these, whom their mú-tu-al dán-gers had here as-sém-bled as=to=a=place=of=

sáfe-ty, were on their knees at práy-ers, with the tér-rors of death in their cóun-ten-an-ces.

In the midst of these de-vó-tions the séc-ond shock came=ón, lít-tle less ví-o-lent than the first, and com-plé-ted the rú-in of those búild-ings which=had=been=al-réad-y much shát-tered. The con-ster-ná-tion now be-cáme so u-niv-ér-sal that the shrieks and cries could be dis-tí-ct-ly heard from the top of St. Cáth-er-ine's Hill, at a con-síd-er-a-ble dis-tance off, whith-er a vast nùm-ber of péo-ple had like-wise re-tréat-ed; and=at=the=same=tíme we could hear the fall of the pár-ish church there, where-bý mán-y pér-sons were killed on the spot and óth-ers mór-tal-ly wóund-ed. You may judge of the force of this shock when I in-fórm=you it was so ví-o-lent that=I=could=scarce keep on my knees, but it was at=té-nd-ed with some cír-cum-stan-ces still more dréad-ful than the fór-mer. On a súd-den I heard a gén-er-al óut-cry,—«The sea is cóm-ing=ín; we=shall=be=all lost!» Up=ón this, túrn-ing my eyes tó-wards the rív-er, which in that place is near four miles broad, I=could=per-céive=it héav-ing and swéll-ing in a most un-ac-cóunt-a-ble mán-ner, as no wind was stír-ring. In an ín-stant there ap-pé-ared, at some small dis-tance, a large bód-y of wa-ter rí-sing, as it were, like a móun-tain. It came=ón fóam-ing and róar-ing, and rushed tó-wards the shore with=such=an=im-pet-u-ós-it-y that we all ran for our lives as fast as pós-si-ble. Mán-y were ác-tu-al-ly swept=a-wá-y; and the rest a-bóve their waists in wá-ter at a good dis-tance from the banks. For my own part, I=had=the=nár-row-est es-cápe, and should cér-tain-ly have been lost had I not grasped a large beam that lay on the ground till the wá-ter re-túrn-ed to its chán-nel, which it did ál-most the same ín-stant, with é-qual rap-íd-it-y. As there now ap-pé-ared at least as much dán-ger from the sea as the land, and I scarce knew whith-er to re-tíre for shél-ter, I took a súd-den res-o-lú-tion of re-túrn-ing=bá-ck, with clothes all drip-ping, to the á-re-a of St. Paul's. Here I stood some time, and ob-sérved the ships túm-bling and tóss-ing=a-bóut as=in=a-ví-o-lent storm. Some had bró-ken their cá-bles, and were cár-ried to the óth-er side of the Tá-gus; óth-ers were whirled=róund with in-créd-i-ble swift-ness. Sév-er-al large boats were turned keel úp-wards; and all this with-óut any wind, which seemed the more as-tón-ish-ing. It=was=at=the=tíme of

which I am spéak-ing that the fine new quay, built en-tire-ly of rough már-ble, at an im-ménse ex-pénse, was en-tire-ly swál-lowed=úp, with all the péo-ple=on=it who had fled thith-er for sáfe-ty, and who had réa-son to think them-sélves out of dán-ger in=such=a=pláce; at the same time a great núm-ber of boats and small vés-sels án-chored néar-it, all like-wise full of péo-ple who had re-tired thith-er for the same púr-pose, were all swál-lowed=úp as=in=a=whirl-pool, and név-er more ap-péared or were seen.

This last dréal-ful ín-cid-ent I did not see with my own eyes, as it passed two or three stónes'-throws from the spot where I then was; but I had the ac-cóunt as here gív-en from sév-er-al mást-ers of ships who were án-chored with-ín two or three hún-dred yards of the quay, and saw the whole ca-tás-tro-phe. One of them, in par-tíc-u-lar, in-fór-med=me that when the séc-ond shock came=ón, he could per-céive the *whole* cít-y wá-ving back-wards and fór-wards like the sea when the wind first be-gins to rise; that the a-git-á-tion of the earth was so great é-ven ún-der the rív-er that it threw=úp his large án-chor from the móor-ing, which swam, as=he=tér-med=it, on the súr-face of the wá-ter; that im-mé-di-ate-ly up=ón this ex-tra-ór-din-a-ry con-cús-sion the rív-er rose at once néar-ly twén-ty feet, and in a mó-ment sub-sí-ded; at which ín-stant he saw the quay, with the whole cón-course of péo-ple up=ón=it, sink=dówn, and, at the same time, év-e-ry one of the boats and vés-sels that=were=néar=it were drawn ín-to the cáv-it-y, which he sup-pó-ses ín-stant-ly closed up=ón=them, in-as-múch as not the least sign of a wreck was év-er seen áf-ter-wards. This ac-cóunt you may give full cré-dit to, for=as=to=the=lóss of the vés-sels, it is con-firmed by év-e-ry-bod-y; and with re-gárd to the quay, I went my-sélf a few days áf-ter to con-vínce my-sélf of the truth, and could not find é-ven the rú-ins of a place where I had tá-ken so mán-y a-grée-a-ble walks, as this was the cóm-mon ren-dez-vóus of the púb-lic in the cool of the éve-ning. I found it all deep wá-ter, and in some parts scárce-ly to be fáth-omed.

This=is=the=ón-ly place I héard=of which was swál-lowed=úp in or a-bóut Lis-bon, though I saw mán-y large cracks and fis-sures in dif-fer-ent parts; and one odd phe-nóm-e-non I=must=not=o-mít, which was com-mú-nic-a-ted to me

by a friend who has a house and wine-cellars on the óth-er side of the rív-er,—náme-ly, that the dwélling-house bé-ing first tér-rib-ly shá-ken, which made all the fám-il-y run=óut, there prés-ent-ly fell=dówn a vast high rock néar-it; that up=ón this the riv-er rose and sub=sí-ded in the mán-ner al=réad-y mén-tioned, and im=médi-ate-ly a great núm-ber of small fis-sures ap=péared in sév-er-al néigh-bour-ing píe-ces of ground, from whence there spóut-ed=óut a large quán-tit-y of fine white sand to a great height. Whéth-er these shocks were ów-ing to án-y súd-den ex-pló-sion of vá-ri-ous min-er-als míx-ing to=géth-er, to air pent=úp and strúg-gling for vent, or to a col-léc-tion of sub-ter-rá-ne-an wá-ters fór-cing a pás-sage, no one knows.

I=had=not=been=lóng in the á-re-a of St. Paul's when I felt the third shock. Though sóme-what léss ví-o-lent than the two fór-mer, the sea rushed=in a=gáin, and re-tíred with the same rap-íd-it-y; and I re-máined up to my knees in wá-ter, though=I=was=on=a=smáll ém-in-ence at some dí-s-tance from the rív-er, with the rú-ins of sév-er-al hóus-es to break its force. At this time I took nó-tice the wá-ters re-tíred so im-pét-u-ous-ly that some vés-sels were left quite dry which rode in sév-en fáth-oms wá-ter. The rív-er thus con-tín-ued al-tér-nate-ly rúsh-ing=ón and re-tí-ring sév-er-al times to=géth-er in such a mán-ner that it was júst-ly dréad-ed Lis-bon would now meet the same fate which a few years be=fóre had be=fál-len the cí-y of Lí-ma; and no doubt had this place lain ó-pen to the sea, and the force of the waves not been sóme-what bró-ken by the wínd-ing of the bay, the lów-er párts=of-it at least would=have=been=tó-tal-ly des-tróyed.

I was now in such a sit-u-á-tion that I knew not which way to turn my=sélf; if I re-máined there, I was in dán-ger from the sea; if I re-tíred fár-ther from the shore the hóus-es threát-ened cér-tain des-trúct-ion; and, at last, I re-sólvéd to go to the Mint, which, bé-ing a low and vér-y stó-ny build-ing, had re-céived no con-síd-er-a-ble dám-age, ex-cépt in some of the a-párt-ments tó-wards the rív-er. The pár-ty of sól-diers which is év-e-ry day set on guard had all de-sért-ed the place; and the ón-ly pér-son that re-máined was the com-mánd-ing óf-fi-cer, a nó-ble-man's son, of a=bóut sév-en-teen or éight-teen years of age; whom I found stánd-ing at the gate. As=there=was=stíll a con-tín-ued trém-or of the earth, and the place

where we now stood (bé-ing with-in twén-ty or thir-ty feet of the óp-po-site hóus-es, which were all tót-ter-ing) ap-péared too dán-ger-ous, the cóurt-yard like-wise bé-ing full of wá-ter, we both re-tíred ín-ward to a híll-ock of stones and rúb-bish. Here I én-tered ín-to con-ver-sá-tion=with=him; and háv-ing ex-préssed my ad-mir-á-tion that one so young should have the cóur-age to keep his post when év-e-ry one of his sól-diers had de-sért-ed theirs, the án-swer he made was, though he were sure the earth would ó-pen and swál-low=him=úp, he scorned to think of flý-ing from his post. In short, it was ów-ing to the cóur-age of this young man that the Mint, which at this time had úp-wards of two míl-li-ons of mó-ney=in-it, was not robbed; and, in-déed, I do him no more than jústice in sáy-ing that I név-er saw án-y one beháve with é-qual com-pó-sure on oc-cá-sions much less dréad-ful than the prés-ent. I be-líeve I=might=have=re-máined in con-ver-sá-tion=with=him near five hours; and though I was now grown faint from the cón-stant fá-tígue I had un-der-góne, and háv-ing not yet bró-ken my fast, yet this had not so much ef-féct up-ón=me as the anx-i-ety I was ún-der for a par-tic-u-lar friend, with whom I was to have dined that day, and who, lódg-ing at the top of a vér-y high house in the heart of the cit-y, and bé-ing a strán-ger to the lán-guage, could not but be in the út-most dán-ger. My con-cérn, thére-fore, for his pres-er-vá-tion made me de-tér-mine, at all e-vénts, to go and see what was be-cóme=of=him, up-ón which I took my leave of the óf-fi-cer.

As I thought it=would=be=the=héight of rásh-ness to vén-ture back through the nár-row street I had so prov-id-én-tial-ly es-cáped from, I judged it sá-fest to re-túr-n ó-ver the rú-ins of St. Paul's to the ríver-side, as the wá-ter now seemed lít-tle á-git-a-ted. From thence I pro-céed-ed, with some ház-ard, to the large space be-fóre the Í-rish Cón-vent of Cór-po Sán-to, which had been thrown=dówn, and thus búr-ied a great nún-ber of péo-ple who were héar-ing mass, be-sídes some of the frí-ars; the rest of the com-mú-nit-y were stánd-ing in the á-re-a, lóok-ing, with de-jéct-ed cón-ten-an-ces, tó-wards the rú-ins. From this place I took my way to the back street léad-ing to the pál-ace, léav-ing the shíp-yard on one side; but I found the fúr-ther pás-sage, ó-pen-ing ín-to the prín-cip-al street, stopped=úp by the rú-ins of the Óp-er-a House,

one of the s<sup>o</sup>l-id-est and most mag-nif-i-cent build-ings of the kind in Éu-rope, and just fin-ished at a pro-dí-gious ex-pénse.

From this square, the way led to my friend's lódg-ings through a long, steep, nár-row street. The new scenes of hór-ror I=met=with=hére ex-céed all des-críp-tion. Nó-thing could be heard but sighs and groans; I did not meet with a soul in the pás-sage who was not be-wáil-ing the death of his néar-est re-lá-tions and déar-est friends, or the loss of all his súb-stance; I could hárd-ly take a sín-gle step with-óut tréad-ing on the dead or the dý-ing. In some plá-cés lay cóach-es, with their mást-ers, hórs-es, and rí-ders; here móth-ers with ín-fants in their arms; there lá-dies él-e-gant-ly dressed, priests, frí-ars, gén-tle-men, me-chán-ics. Some lay ál-most búr-ied in the rúb-bish, and crý-ing-óut to the pás-sen-gers for súc-cour.

At length I ar-ríved at the spot óp-po-site to the house where my friend, for whom I was so án-xious, re-sí-ded; and find-ing this as well as the con-tíg-u-ous build-ings thrown-dówn (which made me give=him=úp for lost,) I now thought of nó-thing but sá-ving my own life in the best mán-ner I could; and in less than an hour I got to a públic-house a-bóut half a mile from the cít-y, where I still re-máin, with a great núm-ber of my own cóun-try-men, as well as Por-tu-guése, in the same wrétch-ed circum-stau-ces, háv-ing ál-most év-er since lain on the ground, and név-er once with-ín doors, with scárce-ly án-y cóv-er-ing to=de-fénd=me from the in-clém-en-cy of the night air, which at this time is ex-céed-ing-ly sharp and píer-cing.

Per-háps you may think the prés-ent dóle-ful súb-ject here con-clú-ded; but, al-ás! the hór-rors of the 1<sup>st</sup> of Nov-ém-ber are suf-fí-cient to fill a vól-ume. As=soon=as=it=grew=dárk, an-óth-er scene pré-sént-ed it-sélf lít-tle less shóck-ing than those al-réad-y des-cribed; the whole cít-y ap-péared in a blaze, which was so bright that=I=could=éa-sil-y see to=réad=by=it. It may be said, with-óut ex-ag-ger-á-tion, it was on fire at least in a hún-dred díf-fer-ent plá-cés at once; and thus con-tín-ued búrn-ing for six days to-géth-er, with-óut in-ter-mís-sion, or the least at-tépt bé-ing made to stop its pró-gress.

It went=ón con-sú-ming év-e-ry-thing the éarth-quake had spared; and the péo-ple were so de-jéct-ed and tér-rí-fied that few or none had cóur-age e-nóugh to vén-ture

down to save ány part of their súb-stance. Év-e-ry one had his eyes turned tó-wards the flames, and stood lóok-ing=ón with sí-lent grief, which was ón-ly in-ter-rúpt-ed by the cries of wó-men and chil-dren, when-év-er the earth be-gán to trém-ble, which was so óf-ten this night, and, in-déed, I may say év-er since, that the trém-ors, more or less, did not cease for a quár-ter of an hour to-géth-er.

Thus, my dear friend, have I giv-en=you a gén-u-ine though im-pér-fect ac-cóunt of this tér-ri-ble júdg-ment, which has left so deep an im-prés-sion on my mind that=I=shall=név-er wear it off. I have lost all the mó-ney I=hád=by=me, and have saved no óth-er clothes than what I have on my back; but what I re-grét most is the loss of my books and pá-pers. To add to my prés-ent dis-tréss, those friends to whom I=could=have=ap-plíed on ány óth-er oc-cá-sion are now in the same wrétch-ed con-dí-tion with my-sélf. How-év-er, not-with-stánd-ing all that I have súf-fered, I do not think I have réa-son to des-páir, but ráth-er to re-túrn my most gráte-ful ac-know-ledge-ments to the Al-míght-y, who hath so vís-ib-ly pre-sérved my life a-mídst such dán-gers, where so mán-y thóu-sands pér-ish-ed; and the same good Próv-id-ence, I trust, will still con-tín-ue to pro-léct=me, and point=óut some means to éx-tric-ate my-sélf out of these díf-fíc-ul-ties.

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## SMILES AND TEARS.

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As on thy móth-er's knee a néw-born child,  
 Wéep-ing thou sat'st, whilst all a-róund=thee smiled;  
 So live, that, sínk-ing in-to death's long sleep,  
 Calm thou mayst smile, whilst all a-róund=thee weep.

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## LOVE OF PRAISE.

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It aids the dán-cer's heel, the wri-ter's head,  
 And heaps the plain with móun-tains of the dead:  
 Nor ends with life, but nods in sá-ble plumes,  
 A-dórn's our hearse, and flát-ters on our tombs.

## CONTÉMPT OF PRIDE.

### *Montáigne.*

Mi-CHEL MON-TÁIGNE, the cé-l-e-bra-ted French es-sáy-ist, was born in 1533. He was taught Lát-in from his crá-dle, and till he was six years of age he was not per-mít-ted to hear á-n-y óth-er lán-guage. Dú-ring the last few years of his life he suf-fered from most páin-ful dis-eás-es, but he would have nó-thing to do with dóc-tors or drugs. He died while mass was bé-íng said in his béd-room, and in the át-ti-tude of prá-y-er, in 1592. He was bú-ried at Bor-déaux. Mon-táigne's «*Éssays*» rank a-móng the few great books of the world. They are dis-tin-guished for their más-cu-line good sense, a-bún-dance of léarn-ing, knów-ledge of man and the world, cléar-ness and sim-pli-cit-y of style, and com-pléte sin-cér-it-y. They have been trans-lá-ted in-to ál-most all lán-gua-ges, and have passed through a-bóut éíght-y e-dí-tions.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Af-frónt.** . af-réent. . . af-reún'te.  
**Bów-els.** . baú-els. . . baou-elz.  
**Cæ-sar.** . cii-á-sæ. . . ci-zeur.  
**Chris-tian.** kris-chiæn. . kris-tchicume  
**Crim-son.** . krim-ás'n. . krim-z'n.  
**Dóub-ling.** . dæb-ling. . deúb-lin'gne  
**En-gin-éers.** . en-dchin-æes. ieurz.  
**Fé-ver.** . fií-væ. . . fi-veur.  
**Gnásh-ing.** násh-ing. . nách-in'gne.

**Gout.** . . gaut. . . gaoute.  
**Guards.** . gaads. . . gardz.  
**Héad-ache.** héd-eek. . . héd-éke.  
**High-ness.** háí-nes. . . háí-nece.  
**Jéal-ous-y** dchél-æes-e. . djél-eus-é.  
**Práy-er.** . pré-æ. . . pré-eur.  
**Prince.** . prins. . . prin'ce.  
**Se-réne.** . si-riín. . . si-rine.  
**Twinge.** . tuíndch. . . touín'dje.  
**Vúl-ture.** . væl-chiæ. . veúl-tchieur

Does gréat-ness se-cúre pér-sons of rank from in-firm-ities éi-ther of bód-y or mind? Will the héad-ache, the gout, or fé-ver, spare a prince á-n-y more than a súb-ject? When old age comes to lie héav-y up-ón-him, will his en-gin-éers re-líeve-him of the load? Can his guards and sén-tin-els, by dóub-ling and tréb-ling their nóm-bers and their wá-tch-ful-ness, pré-vént the ap-próach of death? Nay, if jéal-ous-y, or é-ven ill-húmour, dis-túrb his háp-pi-ness, will the crín-ges of his fáwn-ing at-ténd-ants restóre his tran-quí-lit-y? What cóm-fort has he in re-fléct-ing, (if=he=can=máke the re-fléc-tion), while the cól-ic, like Pro-mé-theus's vúl-ture, tears his bów-els, that=he=is=ún-der a cán-o-py of crím-son vél-vet fringed with gold? When the pangs of the gout ex-tórt=from=him groans of ág-o-ny, do the tí-tles of *High-ness* or *Máj-es-ty* come swéet-ly in-to=his-éar? If=he=is=á-gít-a-ted with rage, does the sound of *Se-réne* or *Most Chris-tian* pré-vént his frówn-ing, réd-den-ing and gnásh-ing with his teeth like a mád-man? Would=not=c=twíng-e of the tóoth-ache, or an af-frónt from an in-fé-ri-or, make the míght-y Cæ-sar for-gét that=he=was=ém-per-or of the world?



# THE NÓRMAN CÓNQUEST OF ÉNGLAND.

*M. S. De Vere.*

MAX-IM-ÍL-I-AN SHELE DE VERE was a Pro-féss-or in the U-niv-ér-sit-y of Vir-gin-i-a, U. S. Born 1820, at Wéx-i-o, Swé-den. Áu-thor of vá-ri-ous phil-o-ló-gí-cal and óth-er works.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**Al-der-**  
**man.** . . . óol-dæ-mæn ál-deur-mane  
**Appró-val** ap-prúu-væl ap-prou-veul  
**Birth.** . . . bææz. . . beurth.  
**Bór-rowed** bór-o'd. . . bór-ró'd.  
**Bú-si-ly.** . . bi-dsi-le. . . biz-i-lé.  
**Cas-cádes.** cas-kéeds. . . kas-kédze.  
**Chán-cel-**  
**lor.** . . . chán-sel-æ. . . eur.  
**Chiv-al-ry.** schiv-æel-re. chiv-al-ré.  
**Fásh-ions.** fásch-æens. . . fách-eunz.  
**Firm-a-**  
**ment.** . . . ment. . . te.  
**Hár-rows.** hár-os. . . hár-óz.  
**Hearth.** . . haaz. . . harth.  
**Hér-ons.** . . hér-æns. . . hér-eunz.  
**Id-i-oms.** . . id-i-æms. . . id-i-eumz.  
**Launched.** loonch't. . . lán'ch't.  
**Liz-ards.** líds-ææds. . . liz-eurdz.  
**Már-quis-**  
**es.** . . . máa-kuis-es. . . ez.  
**Máy-or.** . . mé-æ. . . mé-eur.  
**Mé-te-ors.** mí-ti-ææs. . . mí-ti-eurz.  
**Pár-li-a-**  
**ment.** . . pár-li-ment. . . pár-li-men'te

**Phil-o-ló-** fil-o-lódch-i. fil-ó-lódj-i-  
**gi-cal.** . . kal. . . cal.  
**Pi-geons.** . . pích-ins. . . pídj-ínz.  
**Plóugh-**  
**man.** . . . pláu-mæn. . . plaou-mane.  
**Púl-pit.** . . púl-pit. . . póul-pite.  
**Rye.** . . . rái. . . rái.  
**Sal-mon.** . . sám-æn. . . sám-eune.  
**Scythe.** . . saiz. . . saithe.  
**Sés-sions.** sésch-æens. . . séch-eunz.  
**Sor-**  
**row.** . . sór-o. . . sór-ó.  
**Squire.** . . skuai-æ. . . skouai-eur.  
**Squir-rels.** skuér-els. . . skouér-elz.  
**Stir-rup.** . . stier-æp. . . steir-eup.  
**Stúr-geon.** stææ-dchæn steur-djeune  
**Swé-den.** sui-d'n. . . soui-d'n.  
**Tóur-na-**  
**ment.** . . . ment. . . te.  
**Tréa-su-**  
**ry.** . . . trédsh-æ-r-e tréj-eur-é.  
**Trout.** . . traút. . . traoute.  
**Vis-count.** vái-kaunt. . . vái-kaoun'te  
**Wéav-ers.** uiv-ææs. . . ouiv-eurz.  
**Yoke.** . . iok. . . ióke.

The proud Nór-man, ál-so, was not more suc-céss-ful, when the fá-tal day of Hás-tings placed the Brit-ish realm in the hands of his race. In vain was his tongue, the Nórman-French, spó-ken from throne, púl-pit, and júdg-ment-seat: in vain did he long dis-dáin to learn the lán-guage of the en-sláved Sáx-on. For=a=time the two íd-i-oms lived side by side, though in vér-y dif-fer-ent con-di-tions; the one, the lán-guage of=the=mást-er, at court and=in=the=cás-tles of the sól-diers who=had=be-cóme nó-ble lords and pów-er-ful bár-ons: the óth-er, the lán-guage of=the=cón-quered, spó-ken ón-ly in the lów-ly hut of the súb-ju-ga-ted péo-ple. The Nór-man ál-tered and in-créased the lát-ter, but=he=could=not=éx-tir-pate=it. To *de-fénd* his cón-quest, he took *pos-sés-sion* of the cón-un-try, and, mást-er of the soil, he *e-réct-ed fórt-ress-es* and *cás-tles*, and *at-tépt-ed* to *in-tro-dúce* new terms. The *ú-niv-ér-se* and the *firm-a-ment*, the *plán-ets*, *cóm-ets*, and *mé-te-ors*, the *át-mo-sphere* and the *sea-sons*, all were *im-préssed* with the *scal*

of the *cón-quer-or*. Hills be-cáme *móun-tains*, and dales *vál-leys*; streams were called *rív-ers*, and brooks *rív-u-lets*; wá-ter-falls changed in-to *cas-cádes*, and woods in-to *fór-ests*. The deer, the ox, the calf, the swine, and the sheep ap-peáred on his *súmp-tu-ous tá-ble* as *vén-is-on*, *beef*, *veal*, *pork*, and *mút-ton*. *Sál-mon*, *stúr-geon*, *lám-prey*, and *trout* be-cáme known as *dól-ic-a-cies*; *sér-pents* and *liz-ards*, *squir-rels*, *fál-cons*, and *hér-ons*, *cocks* and *pi-geons*, *stál-li-ons* and *mules*, were ádd-ed to the *án-im-al kóng-dom*. Earls and lords were placed in rank be-lów his *dukes* and *már-quis-es*. New tí-tles and *dig-nit-ies* of *vís-count*, *bár-on*, and *bár-on-et*, *squire* and *mást-er*, were cre-á-ted, and the *máy-or* pre-sí-ded ó-ver the *Sáx-on ál-der-men* and *shér-iff*; the *chán-cel-lor* and the *peer*, the *am-bás-sa-dor* and the *chám-ber-lain*, the *gén-er-al* and the *ád-mir-al*, héad-e-d the list of *óf-fi-cers* of the *gów-ern-ment*. The king a-lóne re-táined his name, but the *state* and the *court* be-cáme French; the *ad-min-is-trá-tion* was *cár-ried-ón ac-córd-ing* to the *con-stit-ú-tion*; *tréa-ties* were *con-clú-ded* by the *mín-is-ters* in their *cáb-in-ets*, and *sub-mít-ted* for *ap-próv-al* to the *sóc-e-reign*; the *priv-y cón-cil* was *con-súlt-ed* on the *af-fáirs* of the *ém-pire*, and *lóy-al súb-jects* sent *rep-re-sént-a-tives* to *Pár-li-a-ment*. Here the *mém-bers de-bá-ted* on *mát-ters* of *graxe im-pórt-ance*, on *peace* and *war*, ór-dered the *ár-my* and the *ná-vy*, *dis-pósed* of the *ná-tion-al tréa-su-ry*, *con-tráct-ed* *debts*, and had their *sés-sions* and their *pár-ties*. At *bríl-li-ant feasts* and *splén-did tóur-na-ments* the *stów-er* of *chív-al-ry* col-léct-ed; *mag-níf-i-cent balls*, where *beau-ty* and *de-li-cious mú-sic en-chánt-ed* the *as-sém-bled nó-bles*, gave new *splén-dour* to *so-cí-e-ty*, *pól-ish-ed* the *mán-ners* and *ex-cí-ted* the *ad-mir-á-tion* of the *án-cient in-háb-it-ants*, who, *charmed* by such *él-e-gance*, *réc-og-nised* in their *cón-quer-ors* *pér-sons* of *su-pé-ri-or in-tél-li-gence*, *ad-míred* them, and *en-déav-oured* to *im-it-ate* their *fúsh-ions*.

But the *do-mín-i-on* of the *Nór-man* did not ex-ténd to the *home* of the *Sáx-on*; it *stopp-ed* at the *thrész-old* of his *house*; there, a-róund the *fi-re-side* in his *kítch-en* and the *hearth* in his *room*, he *met* his *be-lóved kín-dred*; the *bride*, the *wife*, and the *hús-band*, *sons* and *dáught-ers*, *bróth-ers* and *sís-ters*, *tied* to each *óth-er* by *love*, *friend-ship*, and *kind féel-ings*, *knew nó-thing déar-er* than their own *sweet home*. The *Sáx-on's* *flocks*, still *grá-zing* in his *fields* and *méad-ows*, gave him *milk* and *bút-ter*, *meat* and *wool*; the *hérds-man* watched them in *spring* and *súm-mer*; the *plóugh-man* *drew*

his *fúr-rows* and used his *hár-rows*, and, in *hár-vest*, the cart and the *flail*; the *réap-er* *plied* his *scythe*, *pled-up* sheaves and *hauled* his *wheat*; *oats*, and *rye* to the *barn*. The *wág-gon-er* drove his *wain*, with its *wheels*, *fél-loes*, *spokes*, and *nave*, and his *team* bent *héav-il-y* ún-der their *yoke*. In his *trade* by *land* and *sea* he still *sold* and *bought*; in the *store* or the *shop*, the *már-ket* or the *street*, he *chéap-ened* his *goods*, and had all his *déal-ings*, as *péd-lar* or *wéav-er*, *bú-ker* or *cóo-per*, *súd-dler*, *míll-er*, or *tán-ner*. He *lent* or *bór-rowed*, *trúst-ed* his *néigh-bour*, and with *skill* and *care* *throve* and *grew* *wéalth-y*. Lá-ter, when he longed once more for *frée-dom*, his *wár-ri-ors* took their *wéap-ons*, *áx-es*, *swords*, and *spears*, or their *dréad-ed* *bow* and *ár-row*. They *leaped* with-óut *stír-rup* in-to the *súd-dle*, and killed with *dart* and *gáv-e-lock*. At *óth-er* *times* they *launched* their *boats* and *ships*, which were still pure *Ánglo-Sáxon* from *keel* to *deck*, and from the *helm* of the *rúd-der* to the *top* of the *mast*, *a-flóat* and *a-shóre*, with *sail* or with *oar*.

As his *fáth-ers* had *done* be-fóre=him in the *land* of his *birth*, the *Sáx-on* would not *mére-ly* *eat*, *drink* and *sleep*, or *spend* his *time* in *pláy-ing* the *harp* and the *fid-dle*, but by *wálk-ing*, *rí-ding*, *fish-ing* and *húnt-ing*, he kept *young* and *héalth-y*, while his *lá-dy* with her *chíl-dren* were *bú-sil-y* *téach-ing* or *léarn-ing* how to *read* and to *write*, to *sing* and to *draw*. É-ven *née-dle-work* was not *for-gót-ten*, as their *wrí-ters* say that «by this they *shone* most in the *world*.» The *wis-dom* of *lá-ter* *á-ges* was not *known* then; but they had their *hóme-spun* *sáy-ings*, which by all *man-kind* are yet *looked-up-ón* as *true wis-dom*: as,

*God helps* them that help them-sélves.

*Lost time* is név-er found *a-gáin*.

When *sór-row* is *a-sléep*, *wake* it not!

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## EDUCÁTION. — *Pope*.

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'Tis ed-u-cá-tion forms the cóm-mon mind:  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's in-clín'd.

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WHEN the Sub-líme ap-péars in Ná-ture,—in the Storm, the Thún-der, the Stár-ry Sky, the spéc-ta-cle of Death,—then speak the word GOD to the child.

# CHRONÓLOGY.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

Pronun. española. Pronon. française.

**A-bra-ham** é-bre-ham. . . é-bré-hame.  
**Ad-am.** . . . ád-æm. . . . ád-ame.  
**Au-gús-tus.** . . . oo-gæs-tæs. . . euce.  
**Cæ-sar.** . . . sii-ðsæ. . . . ci-zeur.  
**Cá-na-an.** . . . kée-ne-an. . . ké-ne-ane.  
**Cár-thage.** kaa-zedch. . . kár-thédje.  
**Ché-ops.** . . . kí-ops. . . . kí-opse.  
**Chi-nese.** . . . cháí-niis. . . tcháí-nize.  
**Christ.** . . . kraist. . . . kraiste.  
**Cre-á-tion.** kri-é-schæn. kri-é-cheune.  
**Cru-ci-fix-ion.** kru-si-fik- krou-ci-fik-  
 . . . schæn. . . . cheune.  
**Cy-rus.** . . . sai-ræs. . . . sai-reuce.  
**Dél-uge.** . . . dél-iudch. . . dél-ioudje.  
**E-gypt.** . . . ii-dchipt. . . i-djipte.

**Ex-o-dus.** . . . éks-o-dæs. . . éks-ô-deuce.  
**Is-ra-el.** . . . ís-ræ-el. . . iz-ra-éle.  
**Je-rú-sa-lem.** . . . dchi-riú-sæ-lem. . . dji-riou-sa-  
 . . . lem. . . . leme.  
**Jé-sus.** . . . dchi-sæs. . . dji-zeuce.  
**Jó-seph.** . . . dchó-ðsef. . . djó-zefe.  
**Neb-u-chad-néz-zar.** . . . neb-iu-kad-néds-æ. . . neb-iou-kade-  
 . . . néz-a. . . . néz-a.  
**Oc-tá-vi-us.** . . . oc-té-vi-æs. . . ok-té-vi-euce  
**O-lym-pi-ads.** . . . o-lím-pi-æds . . . ô-lím'-pi-adz  
**Ther-móp-yl-æ.** . . . zææ-móp-i-le. . . ther-móp-i-lé  
**Xérx-es.** . . . ðsææks-iis. . . zérks-iz.

YEARS SINCE.

B. C.

5880.	Ád-am's Cre-á-tion.	4004
4977.	Hin-doo É-ra of the Dél-uge.	3101
4576.	Com-ménce-ment of Chi-nese His-to-ry.	2700
4224.	The Dél-uge.	2378
3797.	The Call of Á-bra-ham.	1921
3738.	Jó-seph sold in-to É-gypt.	1862
3501.	The Éx-o-dus ún-der Mó-ses.	1625
3456.	Cá-na-an cón-quered by the Jews.	1580
3059.	The Fall of Troy.	1183
2958.	É-ra of Ché-ops and of the Great Pýr-a-mid.	1082
2925.	Dá-vid is King of Ís-ra-el.	1049
2889.	Tém-ple of Je-rú-sa-lem fóund-ed.	1013
2852.	Div-i-sion of Sól-o-mon's King-dom.	976
2838.	Prób-a-ble É-ra of Hó-mer.	925 to 962
2748.	Cár-thage fóund-ed.	878
2646.	The O-lým-pi-ads be-gán.	776
2623.	Found-á-tion of Rome.	753
2481.	Bab-yl-ó-ni-an Cap-tív-it-y be-gán.	605
2463.	Je-rú-sa-lem tá-ken by Neb-u-chad-néz-zar.	587
2405.	Death of Cý-rus.	529
2385.	Ex-púl-sion of the Kings from Rome.	509
2356.	Xérx-es de-féat-ed at Ther-móp-yl-æ.	480
1931.	Cæ-sar in-vádes Brit-ain.	55
1920.	Múr-der of Cæ-sar.	44
1903.	Oc-tá-vi-us made Ém-per-or Au-gús-tus.	27
1880.	Jé-sus Christ born (4 years be-fóre ú-su-al date).	4
1847.	Cru-ci-fix-ion of Jé-sus Christ. . . . A. D.	29



## LIBRO TERCERO

Sapere aude.—HORACE.

Qui non proficit, deficit.—MARTIAL.

### THE GRÉATNESS OF THE BRÍTISH ÉMPIRE.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Ar-chí-pél-a** aa-ki-pél-æ- ar-ki-pél-a-  
**-go.** . . . . . go. . . . . gó.  
**À-re-a.** . . . . . é-ri-æ. . . . . é-ri-a.  
**Aus-trá-li-á** oos-tré-li-æ. . . . . ás-tré-li-a.  
**Can-tón-** kan-tún- kan-tún-  
**ments..** . . . . ments. . . . . men'tse.  
**Dél-hí.** . . . . . dél-i. . . . . dél-i.  
**Fig-ures.** . . . . . fig-æes. . . . . fig-eurz.  
**Grán-deur.** . . . . . grán-dhæ. . . . . grán-djeure.

**Guín-ea** . . . . . guín-e. . . . . guín-é.  
**Lux-ú-ri-ant** læk-schiú-ri- leuk-djiou-ri  
 ænt. . . . . -ante.  
**Mau-ri-ti-us** mo-risch-æes. mó-rich-euce  
**Món-tre-al.** . . . . . món-tri-ool. . . . . món-tri-á .  
**Nú-cle-us.** . . . . . niú-eli-æes. . . . . niou-eli-euce  
**Sòkh** . . . . . siik. . . . . sike.  
**South-ern.** . . . . . sæz-ææn. . . . . séuth-eurn.  
**U-ni-ted.** . . . . . iu-nai-ted. . . . . iou-nai-ted.

The Queen of Éngland rules an Émpire larger in its área, wider in its geográfical distribútion, and vástier in its populátion, than ány Émpire of áncient or módern times. In her dominions, it may be said, *the sun néver sets*. If we cannot say of it as the histórian Gibbon does of the Róman Émpire, that it comprehénds «the fáirest part of the earth and the most civilised pórtion of mankind,» his «image of the gréatness of Rome» is útterly eclipsed by the simple enume-rátion of the súbjects of the British Mónarchy in an official cénus. One cólony alóne dwarfs the Róman Émpire to insignificance. «It was supposed to contáin,» says Gibbon, «abóve sixteen húndred thóusand square miles, for the most part ofe fértilé and well cúltilvated land.» The Domínion of Cánada alóne contáins more than twice this área, or 3,376,925 squar

miles ; the Austrálian Cólónies have 2,960,722 square miles of térritory ; while Índia and Ceylón stand for néarly 1,000,000.

Smállér pórtions of the Émpire are dótted all óver the glóbe. The little island of Heligóland, the rock of Gibráltar, the military státion of Máltá, with the great group of islands clústered round the United Kíngdom in the British seas, are our Européan térritory. Trávelling thence wéstward with the sun, the first land acróss the Atlántic is Énglish, whéther we sight Newfóundland in the north or the « still vexed Bérmoóthes » in the south. Beyónd the Bermúdas lie the béautiful West Índia Íslands, and a fúrther step takes us to British Hondúras on the máinland of Céntral América. In South América we have British Guiána at the nórtthern córner, and the Fálkland Isles near the sóuthern extrémity of the cóntinent. Recróssing the Atlántic we touch at St. Heléna and Ascénsion, and then find befóre us the West African Séttlémnts on the Gold Coast and the Coast of Guínea. In South Africa the Cape of Good Hope, Griqualand West, and Natál are all flóurishing cólónies of Énglishmen. The Seychélles archipélagó and the Mauritius are like stépping stones in the Índian Sea from which the Émpire strides to Índia and Ceylón in the north, and to Austrália in the south. The British Émpire thus puts a girdle round abóut the world. The área of the térritory so widely spread is 7,769,469 square miles, and the número of pérsóns who inhábit it is 234,762,593.

The gréater pórtion of this populátion is in Índia and Ceylón. These cóuntries, inhábited lárgeley by Áryan or Semític stocks, that have given abúndant évidéce of cóurage, cúlure, skill, and indústria, contém 962,820 square miles : less than a séventh of the whole área ; but the populátion is 191,307,070. This vast múltitude, professing mány religions, spéaking mány lánгуages, and split-úp into mány ráces, dwells in 487,061 villages, and has 66,341,914 séparate dwéllings. Ráther more than one-hálf of them live by the cúlure of the soil, though éven in Índia the téndécy to gáther-into great cities is a marked féature of the sócial state. There are fifteen Índian cities, each of which contém more than 100,000 inhábitants. Calcúttá, jústly called the City of Pálaces, with its subúrban town, has 794,645; Bómbay has 644,405; and Madrás has 397,552. These are the three great cities of the East. Lucknów stands next, with 284,779 inhábitants ; while in the fértile North-West Próvinces, Benáres, the Hóly City of the Híndoos, has 173,352 ; Allahabád, at the cónfluence of the Júmna and the Gánges, has 105,926 ; Cawnpóre, the city of páinful mémories, has 113,601 ; Agra, the monuméntal city of Shah Jehán, on the banks of the Júmna, has

142,661; and Baréilly, 105,649 in the town and cantónments. The old métropolis of the Mogúls, Délhi, has 154,417 inhábitants; Amrítsur, « the Pool of Immortálicity, » and the chief city of the Sikh religión, has 135,813; and Rangóon, the cápital of British Búrmah, has 100,000. Pátna, in the midst of the próvince of Behár, contémns 158,900 péople.

It cúriously illústrates the difference betwéen Éastern and Wéstern civilisátion that, whereás in the West wómen sómewhat prepónderate, in Índia the males are 98 millions to 92 million fémales. The Régistrar-Général suggésts that the láttér númer is únder-státéd; and the náture of sócial life in Índia rénders it more difícil to check cénsus retúrns, in this particular, than it is in Éngland. There is, howéver, no réason to doubt that amóng this unadvénturous populátion, this hóme-keeping and hóme-loving péople, men predóminate.

The religious cénsus was óny táken for 144 millions. Of these less than two húndred thóusand were Christians, ninety séven millions were Híndoos, thirty six millions Mohámmedans, two millions and a quárter Búddhists, and nine millions were of óther faiths. The Híndoo religión is, thérefore, largély predóminant, and that of the Seer of Mécca is the óny one which sériously holds that predóminance in check.

It is véry instrúctive to turn from this márvellous spéctacle of a dense and dócile populátion dwélling in the óldest of old world lands, to the two new worlds óver which Énglishmen have spread not óny their Émpire but their lánguage, their race, and their institútions. In the Sóuthern hémisphere, the vast island cóntinent of Austrália is all befóre the émigrant where to choose his place of work. The vast expánsé of 2,854,463 square miles is péopled by óny abóut 2,000,000 pérsóns. New Zéaland,—the Éngland, as it is called, of the Sóuthern hémisphere,—is the yóungest born of the cólonies, and the most progréssive. The Cénsus Repórt of the Régistrar-Général, from which all these figures are táken, describes it as háving « the moist and luxúrious climáte of Éngland, with more warmth, móuntains of Álpine grándeur, luxúriant vegetátion, and veins of the précieus métales. » It is óny one-fifth less in área than the United Kíngdom, and its populátion is 260,000, « perháps as númerous, » the Repórt says, « as the populátion of Great Britáin at the time of Cæsar's invásion. »

At the ópposite end of the world are the yet vástér cólonies of North Améica,—a small núcleus of cúltivated and pópulated térritory, of some 350,188 square miles, or ten times as large as Scótlánda, with a populátion of 3,485,761. Beyónd this lie the vast térritories of Manitóba and British Colúmbia, with 2,750,000

square miles of land, véry thinly péopled, some of it described by one of the látest trávellers as a great lone land, where the tráveller meets not a soul for days. The vast térritory láately ruled by the Húdson's Bay Cómpany is not included in the cénsus, but lies, like a huge resérve, to be óccupied and subduéd when climatic conditions shall have módifed at the appróach of civilisation, and the émpy spáces of the cóntinent shall have been filled to overflówing. Meanwhíle, the whole colónial térritory, néarly four times as large as British Índia, has about as mány inhábitants as Lóndon. The populátion of the Domínion, including the 300 islands of the Bermúdas, and exclúsive of British Colúmbia and Manitóba and the North-west, is 3,789,670. The largest city is Montréal, which has 107,225 inhábitants; Québécc is next, with 59,699; and Torónto next, with 56,092. These vast cóuntries which thus lie ópen befóre the Énglish péople, give room for an exténsion of our lánguage, our literature, and our free institútions, such as the world has néver seen befóre. There seems to be no réason why we may not look=fórward to a time when these vast and fértilé lands will be as pópulous as the great Índian plains, or éven as our own island; and when, whéther únder one góvernment or mány, British commúnities will form the gréatest ággregate populátion of one race and lánguage on the súrface of the globe.

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### PÓLITICS AND RELÍGION.—*Pope.*

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For forms of góvernment, let fools contést;  
 What'é'er is best administer'd is best:  
 For modes of faith, let gráceless zéalots fight;  
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

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### THE FEAR OF DEATH.—*Sháhspere.*

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Cówards die mány times befóre their deaths;  
 The váliant néver taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wónders that I yet have heard,  
 It seems to me most strange, that men should fear;  
 Séeing that death, a nécessary end,  
 Will come, when it will come.



# THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

*Thómas Hood.*

THÓMAS HOOD was a great hómourist and póet. He was born in Lóndon in 1768. Apprénticed to an engráver in his youth, he soon left bússiness for literature, and died in 1845, after delighting the world for many years with his wonderful hómour, pléasant wit, and génerous chárity of heart, no less than by his profound páthos and póetic pówer. He was búried at Kénsal Green, his tómbstone béaring the épitaph chòsen by himsélf, «*He sang the Song of the Shirt.*» His life was a long strúggles with sickness, and, aláas! with álmóst póverty.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Be-númbed.** . . . bi-næm'd. . . . bi-neúm'd.  
**Blood.** . . . . . blæd. . . . . bleude.  
**Dóu-ble.** . . . . . dæb'l. . . . . deúb-bl'.  
**Eaves.** . . . . . iivs. . . . . iv'z.  
**Éye-lids.** . . . . . ai-lids. . . . . ai-lidz.

**Léi-sure.** . . . . . lèsch-æ. . . . . lé-jeur.  
**Rés-pite.** . . . . . rés-pit. . . . . rés-pite.  
**Sew-ing.** . . . . . só-ing. . . . . só-in'gue.  
**Shirt.** . . . . . schææt. . . . . cheurte.  
**Used.** . . . . . iús'd. . . . . iouúz'd.

With fingers wéary and worn,  
 With éyelids héavy and red,  
 A wóman sat, in unwómanly rags,  
 Plying her néedle and thread—  
 Stitç—stitç—stitç!  
 In póverty, húngér, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dólorous pitch  
 She sang the «*Song of the Shirt!*»

«*Work! work! work!*  
 While the cock is crówing alóof!  
 And work—work—work,  
 Till the stars shine through the roof!  
 It's Oh! to be a slave  
 Alóng with the bárbarous Turk,  
 Where wóman has néver a soul to save,  
 If this is Christian work!

«*Work! work! work!*  
 Till the brain begins to swim;  
 Work—work—work,  
 Till the eyes are héavy and dim!  
 Seam, and gússet, and band,  
 Band, and gússet, and seam,  
 Till óver the búttóns I fall asléep,  
 And sew them on in a dream!



« Oh! Men, with Sisters dear!  
Oh! Men, with Móthers and Wives!  
It is not linen you're (*you are*) wéaring-out,  
But húman créatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In póverty, húnger, and dirt,  
Sérving at once, with a dóuble thread,  
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

« But why do I talk of Death?  
That phántom of grisly bone,  
I hárdly fear his térrible shape,  
It seems so like my own,—  
It seems so like my own,  
Becáuse of the fasts I keep;  
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

« Work! work! work!  
My lábour néver flags;  
And what are its wáges? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread,—and rags.  
That shátttered roof,—and this náked floor,—  
A táble,—a bróken chair,—  
And a wall so blank, my sháadow I thank  
For sómetimes fálling there!

« Work! work! work!  
From wéary chime to chime,  
Work—work—work—  
As prísoners work for crime!  
Band, and gússet, and seam,  
Seam, and gússet, and band,  
Till the heart is sick and the brain benúmbed,  
As well as the wéary hand.

« Work! work! work!  
In the dull Decémber light,  
And work—work—work,  
When the wéather is warm and bright—  
While undernéath the eaves  
The bróoding swállows cling,  
As if to show me their súnny backs  
And twit me with the Spring.

« Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cówslip and primrose sweet,—  
With the sky abóve my head,  
And the grass benéath my feet :  
For óny one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Befóre I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

« Oh! but for one short hour!  
A réspite howéver brief!  
No bléssed léisure for Lové or Hope,  
But óny time for Grief!  
A little wéeping would ease my heart,  
But in their bríny bed  
My tears must stop, for évery drop  
Hínders néedle and thread! »

With fingers wéary and worn,  
With éyelids héavy and red,  
A wóman sat in unwómanly rags,  
Plying her néedle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In póverty, húnger, and dirt,  
And still with a voicé of dólorous pitch,  
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!  
She sang this « Song of the Shirt! »

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## THE HYPOCRITE.

---

BÉNDED knees, while you are clothed with pride,—héavenly petitions, while you are hóarding=up tréasures upón earth,—hóly devótions, while you live in the fóllies of the world,—práyers of méekness and chárity, while your heart is the seat of spite and reséntment,—hours of práyer, while you give=up days and years to idle divérsions, impértinent visits, and fóolish pléasures,—are as absúrd, unaccéptable sérvices to God, as forms of thánksgiving from a pérsón that lives in repínings and discontent.

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Próstituted génius is but spléndid guilt.

# WÉLLINGTON AND HANNIBAL.

*G. R. Gleig.*

THE REV. G. R. GLEIG, Châp-lain-Général to the Forces, is the author of «*The Life of Arthur, Duke of Wéllington*,» from which the following extract is made.

Pron. espãñola, Pron. française.			Pron. espãñola, Pron. française.		
<b>Cam-páign.</b>	kam-péén.	kam'péne.	<b>Íre-land.</b>	ái-æ-land.	ái-eur-lan'd.
<b>Có-lo-nel.</b>	kææ-nel.	kéur-nel.	<b>Niche.</b>	nich.	nítche.
<b>En-déav-our.</b>	en-dév-æ.	en-dév-eur.	<b>Pin-na-cle.</b>	pin-æ-k'l.	pin-a-kl'.
<b>Ep-och.</b>	ép-æk.	ép-euk.	<b>Rout-ed.</b>	raút-ed.	raou-ted.
<b>Fron-tiers.</b>	fron-ties.	fron-tieurz.	<b>Wélles-ley.</b>	uèls-le.	ouéls-lé.
<b>Im-mouv-able.</b>	im-ouv-æ-b'l.	im-mouv-e-bl'.	<b>Wéll-ing-ton.</b>	uél-ing-tæn.	ouel-lin'gne-tenne.

Fóreign writers are prone to compáre the Duke of Wéllington as a military commánder with Napóleon, and to give, as is not perháps unnátural in their case, the préférence to the látter. I dissént from this júdgment, as indéed I do from ány endéavour to draw a párallel betwéen men who néither in their móral nor in their intelléctual organizátion had ánything in cómmon. Contrásted they may be,—to compáre them is impóssible. Napóleon could not serve. He néver undertóok a trust in a subórdinate situátion which he did not divért to púrposes of his own aggrándizement. He néver, when advánced to the pinnacle of pówer, éntered-into an engágement which he was not prépared, when it súited his own intérests, to violáte. The Duke was the most pérfect sérvant of his King and cóuntry that the world éver saw. He flóurished, no doubt, in a condítion of société which présented insúperable óbstacles to the accómplishment of ambitious prójets, had he been unwise énough to entertáin them. But there is proof in álmost évery line which he has written, in álmost évery word which he spoke, that, be the condítion of société what it might, the one great óbject of his life would have been to sécure the ascéndency of law and órder, and to présérve the throne and the constitútion of the cóuntry unhármed. Nor can you place your finger upón a single engágement into which the Duke éver éntered, whéther in private life as a mèmber of société, or in públic life as a géneral or a státesman, the terms of which were not rigidly fulfilled, howéver sérious to himself the inconveniènces might be.

But this is not all. An attempted párallel between two men whose lots were cast in moulds so essentially unlike, fails at every turn. One, falling=upón a séason of ánarchy and confúsiön, raised himself by the force of his own génius to suprême pówer; the óther, bórn=into a constitútiönal and well-regulated state, aimed ónly at sérving his cóuntry, and served it fáithfully. One, máster of the gréatest émpire which the world has éver seen, wielded its enórmous resóurces at pléasure; filled=up his ranks by a prócess of unlimited conscription, and repáired the díásater of to-dáy by the víctory of to-mórrów. The óther, ácting únder the contról of a Góvernment parsimónious yet extrávagant, féeble and vácillating, becáuse dépendent for its existence on the pópular will, could not réckon from one day to anóther on béing supported in ány énterprise. To him víctory itself was prégnant with dánger; a síngle deféat would have been rúin; becáuse báttles, howéver they may términate, cánnót be fought without some loss; and the lósses of an ármý which is recrúited by vóluntary enlistment are hard to supply. If, indéed, you seek to bring these two men into compárison, you must do so by considéring what each did with the means at his dispósal, till you arrive at an époch when they are fáirly pítted agáinst each óther in the field, and one goes=dówn. Éven then, howéver, your compárison will be incompléte, and the inférence drawn from it impérfect. Let them stand apárt, thérefore, each in his own niche within the témples of fame which they helped to rear one for the óther, while you look=báck into hístory in séarch of léaders of ármies with whom they may more apprópriately and séverally be bróught=into párallelism.

And here to the mind of the schólar will occúr at once the names of two wárriors, each a world's wónder in his day, whose position, whose génius, and, súbject to óbvíous excéptions, the véry détaíl of whose caréers correspónd with márvellous exáctitude to those of Napóleon and our own Wéllington.

Alexánder the Macedónian was indéed born to a throne, and died a víctor, láménting that there were no more worlds to cónquer. But Alexánder's glóry was áchieved, and his víctories won, in évery ínstánce, óver ármies far less pérfectly órganized than his own, and óver géneráls imméasurably his infériors. Alexánder's táctics were bold, óften rash, álways ággréssive, and his óbstinácy was as strong as his árrogance was extrávagant. The resóurces of each new state, as he overrán it, were applied by him to púrposes of fúrtHER cónquest; and if he escáped the destrúctiön with which he seemed to be thréatened in Báctria, it was becáuse his troops refúsed to fóllow him fúrtHER,

and he was compelled, sórely agáinst his will, to yield to their remónstrances.

Napóleon established his military reputátion in cóntests with such léaders as Mélas, Mack, and the Duke of Brúnswick. He brought agáinst ármies drilled in the fórmal precision of Fréd-erick's school new táctics, which had their rise ráther in the necessíties of the great French Revólution than in the génius of him who was its créature. His most mémorable báttles, likewise, were fought with númbers scárcely excéeding those with which Alexánder forced the pássage of the Gránicus. It was ónly áfter he had annéxed Hólland, Bélium, and Ítaly, that he bróught-into the field such hosts as dictáted peace to Austria in the pálace of Schönbrunn, and pérished through lack of fórethought on the march from the Vístula to Móscow. Finally, he gave the law to continéntal Éurope for ten years, becáuse Éurope was constráined to ensláve itsélf; and he died at last deféated and in éxile, ónly becáuse sélf-worship had becóme the rúling pássion of his náture. Might not Alexánder have fálled, as Napóleon fell, had circumstances índuced him to turn his arms agáinst the Rómans, or had there been in the far East a péople prépared to make the sácrifice which Rússia made, when she committed her áncient cápital to the flames, in órder that the inváders might not find shélfert withín its walls?

Turn now to the caréers of Hánnibal and of Wéllington, and obsérve in how mány particulars these téstify to the présence in each of the same témpér, the same fórethought, the same indémitable will, the same extraórdinary génius for political not less than for military affáirs, the same postpónement of self and the claims of self to públic dúty. Both established their reputátion as brílliant sóldiers while sérving agáinst troops inférior to their own, and únder the diréction of kinsmen, not the least of whose mérits it was that they knew how to make use of them. What Hánnibal had been in Spain, when Asdrúbal, his bróther-in-law, commanded there, Wéllington becáme in Índia dúring the góvernor-généralship of his bróther Lord Mórnington. The fórmér, though subórdinate in rank, led the Carthagínians in the field as óften as ány énterprise requiring more than cómmon skill and cónduct was detérmíned-upón; and by his succésses enabled Asdrúbal to exténd the limits of the Carthagínian émpire to the Iberus. The láttér, while yet a cólonel, pácified Mysóre, and deféated Dhóndiah; and béing one of the yóungest májor-général's in the cóuntry, gained the báttle of Assáye, and brought the great Mahrátta confederátion to the feet of the East Índia Cómpany. It may be accóunted an

accident that, with so many centuries between, these two great men should have equally assumed, for the first time, the chief command of armies in the Spanish Peninsula; yet out of that circumstance, whether accidental or not, events arose which bring their characters more and more into parallelism. Hannibal and Wellington were both citizens of free states, of states governed by popular or aristocratic assemblies, in which party and its claims were at least as much attended-to as the requirements of the public good. Both served Powers which were rather naval than military, which were more ambitious of wealth, more covetous of influence, than bent-upon the extension of their territorial limits. The highest ambition of Carthage was to become the first maritime nation of the Old World, and having accomplished that end, she made use of her navy to push her commerce everywhere. Powerful at sea, she was comparatively weak on shore, not through any lack of courage in her inhabitants, but because her military system was radically unsound, and she was too free and too wealthy to endure a better. What followed? As soon as Hannibal found himself in independent command, he was glad to borrow from the Romans all that was best in their system, and to apply it, as far as circumstances would permit, to his own army; just as Wellington learned many useful lessons from the French, and would have learned more, but that the nature of the Government under which he served prevented him.

Again, Carthage, with professions of peace continually upon her lips, was continually engaged in war, into which the cupidity of her merchants, rather than the ambition of her Government, usually hurried her. And the mercantile element prevailing over the military in her councils, she starved, both in men and means, almost every foreign expedition which she sent-out. So also it was, and, to a certain extent, continues to be, with England. Her fleets, manned by the press-gang, swept the ocean during the war of the French Revolution; her armies, raised by voluntary enlistment, were wasted upon enterprises as profitless as they were discursive.

When Hannibal broke with the Romans, by undertaking the siege of Saguntum, his force consisted of perhaps 80,000 men, of whom less than one-half were drawn from Africa. The remainder consisted of Spaniards and, as we should now call them, Portuguese, whom he drilled in the Carthaginian tactics, and officered, in the higher ranks at least, with Carthaginian leaders. If inferior in some respects to the best of his Carthaginian legions, these became, under such management, excellent troops, and

supplied the place of the reinforcements which his own *Góvernment* was éither unáble or unwilling to send him. If *Wellington* had not found in *Pórtugal* facilities for recruitment, he could have néither held his ground within the lines of *Tórrés Védras*, nor made his fámous march from the *Tágus* to the *Ébro*.

Agáin, the appliances which are indispensáble tówards carring on war,—such as móney, stores, provisions, means of tránsport,—*Hánnibal* was obliged to create for himself. The supplies furnished to him from *África*, besides arriving in dríblets, were áways inádequate. Had not his administrative abilities been of the first órder, he néver could have begun his march tówards *Ítaly*. *Wellington's* case in its léading féatures was véry much the same. The most sérious of the difficulties with which he had to conténd, were occasioned by the négligence or short-sightedness of his own *Góvernment*. He might have starved, he cértainly would have becóme immóvable, but that he created for himself a commissáriat, a mint, a fóreign trade in corn, magazínes, and, abóve all, a system of tránsport which néver failed him.

Éven in their spécial éxcellences as commánders of troops, there is a striking similárity betwéen the two men. Both were quick in establiishing chánnels of intélligence, by means of which they becáme acquáinted with all the ény's móvments. Both excélléd in one of the most difficult opérátions of war, the pássage of rivers. *Wellington* on the *Dóuro* and the *Ádour* is but the cóunterpart of *Hánnibal* on the *Rhone* and the *Po*; each crossed where the ény least expécted him, and by means which were as efféctive as they were házardous. They équally saved their péople from expósure to évery uncalled-for hárdship; they équally kept them, as far as póssible, well clothed, well fed, and abóve all, well shod.

To the superficial obsérver, it may appéar that, so far as das's and énterprise are concernéd, *Hánnibal* leaves *Wellington* far behind; and the frágmentary accóunt which has reached us of the pássage of the *Alps*, and of the brilliant campáigns which fóllowed, may serve to give weight to this opinión. But two points désérve considérátion here. First, Is that an énterprise wóthy of a great géneral which séparates him from his base of opérátions, léaving him no altérnative betwéen compléte succés and tótal destrúctión? And next, did *Hánnibal*, when he inváded *Ítaly*, commit this gríevous érror, expósing himself thereby to an amóunt of risk which there was nóthing in the state of his own or the ény's préparátions to jústify? The fórmér of these quéstions will be ánswered in the négative, by all who understand what wise énterprise is. The sécónd cáannot recéive a reply in



the affirmative, except at the expense of Hannibal's military reputation, which no competent judge will venture to assail. The truth is, that Hannibal's inroad into Italy was quite as safe, or he believed it to be so, as Wellington's early attempts to penetrate from Portugal into Spain; first, when, side by side with Cuesta, he fought the battle of Talavera; and again, when after the battle of Salamanca, he made his entry into Madrid. He undertook both operations, trusting to the assurances of the Spaniards that they would supply the wants of his army, and operate at least a diversion in his favour. It was thus that Hannibal acted 2,000 years before Wellington was born. From the Ebro to the Alps he conquered, and took military possession; and he crossed the Alps themselves because he had reason to believe that the Gauls who dwelt beyond them would join him to a man. Neither were his communications with his immediate rear entirely broken, even after Hanno had been defeated; while the sea was always open to him, by means of which reinforcements and supplies could at any time reach him from Carthage. Hannibal and Wellington were equally deceived in their expectations. Both, after gaining great battles, were forced to withdraw: the one to defend Carthage, which he failed in doing; the other to save Portugal, and to recruit his strength.

We might pursue this parallel further, by showing how closely these great men resembled each other in the moderation which they exhibited when carrying all before them, in their unfailing courage and determination, when to human appearance their cause was become desperate. Hannibal in Italy maintained among his troops the same strict discipline which Wellington maintained in the south of France; and both secured thereby the good-will of the people to whom they came as conquerors. The defeat of Asdrubal, terrible as it was, no more broke the courage of Hannibal than Wellington's resolution was shaken when tidings of the battle of Wagram reached him. Finally, both were the devoted servants of their country, and of its constitution, though both suffered from the inaptitude of the latter to a state of war. Marked differences the inquirer will doubtless find in the tempers of the men as well as in the careers of the generals. But these seem to be the results of the different circumstances under which they were placed. All that belonged, properly speaking, to themselves, their quickness to observe, their powers of calculation, their coolness, forethought, self-possession, justice, their fertility in resources, their exceeding strength of will, were essentially the same. Had Hannibal been thrown into Wellington's age and circumstances, he would have done, in all

probability, much as Wéllington did: had Wéllington filled Hán-nibal's place in history, the name would have been changed, but the exploits of the Carthagínian commánder would have come=dówn to us véry little váried from what we now find them.

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Árthur Wélesley, Duke of Wéllington, third son of the Earl of Mórnington, was born in Dúblin, Íreland, in 1769, the same mémorable year that gave birth to Napóleon, Soult, Cháteaubriand and Húmboldt. He was éducaté at Éton, and at the military séminary of Ángers. He énteré the ármý befóre he was 18, béing gazétted to the 73rd régiment of foot. In 1797, Cólonel Wélesley landé with his régiment at Calcúttá, at a most critical móment for the British pówer in Índia. His military génius was fúllý establihed by the great báttle of Assáye, fought in 1803, áfter which áchievement he becáme the héro of Índia. He retúrné to Éngland in 1805, and márríed the Hon. (*Hónorable*) Miss Pákenham in 1806. Meanwhíle Napóleon had swépt=over Éurope and séized=upon Spain, when the British góvernment détérminé=upón a military expeditiön to resist this aggréssiön. Accórdingly, in 1809, Sir Árthur Wélesley was appointed to the commánd of the British ármý. The fámos pás-sage of the Dóuro, and the deféat of Soult which fóllowé, are the most másterly exploits of this campáign. On the 28th July, 1809, was fought the great báttle of Talavéra, when the British troops were oppósed to dóuble their númer of pickéd French vétérans únder Víctor and Jourdáin; and for this víctory the góvernment raised the triúmphant géneral to the péerage, and vóted him a pénsiön of 2000 pounds for two generátiön. In 1810, he fought the báttle of Busáco; áfter which he made his fámos deféncé on the lines of Tórres Védras, where he maintáined his position ten weeks in the face of a well disciplinéd ármý of 50,000 men. In 1811, he deféatéd the French at Fúentes d'Onóre. In 1812, he took Ciúdad Rodrígo and Bádajobz by storm, the rapidity of which so astónished the French génerals, that they confésséd themsélves « unáble to accóunt for it. » In the same year Lord Wéllington fought the báttle of Salamánca, one of his most spléndid víctories, in which the French loss was 14,000 men, and the British, 5,200. In 1812, he made his éntry into Madrid. It is néedless to fóllow his triúmphant caréer from the shores of Pórtugal to the fróntiers of France, where he énded the campáign by the decisíve báttle of Vittória, in which the French lost their cánon, stores and tréasures, and a vast númer of killed and wóunded. In 1814, the víctory of Órthez was gained, with a loss

on the French side of 14,000 men, and on that of the British of 2,300. In the same year was fought the battle of Toulouse, in which Soult's best troops were routed, and the way opened for the British army to the heart of France. In six weeks, with scarcely 100,000 men, Lord Wellington had marched 600 miles, crossed six great rivers, gained two decisive battles, invested two fortresses, and after driving 120,000 veteran troops from Spain, stood on the summit of the Pyrenées a recognized conqueror. In 1814, Napoleon was banished to Elba. Honours now poured-in upon Wellington. He had been previously raised to the dignity of a marquis, and a sum of 100,000 pounds had been voted to purchase him an estate. He was now advanced to the rank of a duke, and the Commons voted him 500,000 pounds for the support of his dignity as a peer. In the meanwhile, Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and all was again in commotion. On June 18, 1815, was fought and gained the memorable battle of Waterloo, which changed the destinies of Europe and hurled the French emperor from the throne. The British government, on hearing the news of this victory, made an additional grant of 200,000 pounds to purchase a mansion and estate for the Duke. From this time he commenced to take an active part in home politics, and in 1829, he became prime minister. His death took place on the 14th September, 1852. On the night of the 13th he retired to rest, apparently in the full enjoyment of health, though in his 84th year. Next morning the Duke's valet went to rouse his venerable master at the accustomed hour of six; but he refused to rise, and desired that a surgeon might be sent-for. An hour or two after, he was seized with speechlessness and insensibility; and in the afternoon he gently sank beneath the stroke that had missed him in a hundred battle-fields. The « Iron Duke » was no more. The sensation produced by this sudden event was as universal as it was profound. From the throne to the cot the announcement was received with tokens of the deepest grief and emotion. On the 18th November, 1852, the body of the illustrious duke, after lying in state in Chelsea for five days, was conveyed with unprecedented honours to St. Paul's Cathedral, where the hero of the land now reposes, side by side with Nelson, his brother hero of the sea. Does such a man need eulogy, or an epitaph? Talleyrand called him « the most capable man in England. » And Englishmen, turning-over the bright pages of their country's history, feel that,

He was a man, take him for all in all,

We shall not look-upon his like again.—G. H-M.

# THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Lord Byron.

From « *Childe Harold*. » (1818.)

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, was born in London, in 1788, and died at Missolonghi, in Greece, in 1824, when only thirty-six years old. He was one of the greatest of English poets, though it is to be deeply regretted that, while in great part consecrating his genius to what is noble, he degraded it in his last poem to the palliation of what is unworthy. A generous, proud, vain, reckless, sad man; with much good in him, but too often turning to the evil in his nature in preference, like so many of us. With powers of reasoning beyond those of most men, he was capricious and volatile; and his fine poetic genius and eloquence and commanding talents were too often clouded by a reckless profligacy and sensuality. «Prostituted genius is but splendid guilt.» He was educated at Harrow, whence he went, in 1805, to the University of Cambridge, and there he became chiefly remarkable for his eccentric habits and his defiance of discipline. In 1815, he married the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, but the union was an unhappy one, and a separation followed soon after the birth of a daughter. This rupture gave rise to much scandal, and Lord Byron left England for the south of Europe with a determination never again to return to his native land. His only daughter, Ada, a lady of great accomplishments and rare scientific attainments, was married to the Earl of Lovelace, and died in 1851.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

<b>Aught</b> . . . oot. . . . .	Âte.	<b>Ere</b> . . . . .	êe. . . . .	êa.
<b>Bél-gi-um</b> . . .	bél-dchi-ëm. bél-dji-eume	<b>Mould-er</b> . . .	mól-dæ. . . . .	mól-deur.
<b>Búr-i-al</b> . . .	bér-i-æl. . . . .	<b>O'er</b> . . . . .	oe. . . . .	ôa.
<b>By-ron</b> . . .	bái-ræn. . . . .	<b>Roused</b> . . .	rauds'd. . . . .	raouz'd.
<b>Chiv-al-ry</b> . .	schiv-æl-re. . . .	<b>Sól-dier</b> . . .	sól-dhæe. . . . .	sól-djeur.

There was a sound of révelry by night,

And Bèlgiùm's càpital had gáthered then

Her béauty and her chivalry, and bright

The lamps shone o'er (*óver*) fair wómen and brave men;

A thóusand hearts beat háppily; and when

Músic aróse with its volúptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake (*spoke*) agáin,

And all went mérry as a márriage-bell;

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas (*it was*) but the wind,

Or the car ráttling o'er (*óver*) the stóny street;

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;

No sleep till morn, when youth and pléasure meet

To chase the glówing hours with flying feet.

But bark!—that héavy sound breaks—in once more,  
 As if the clouds its écho would repéat;  
 And néarer, cléarer, déadlier than befóre!  
 Arm! arm! it is,—it is,—the cännon's ópening roar!

Witbin a window'd niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brúnswick's fáted chieftain; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the féstival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophétic ear;  
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
 His heart more trúly knew that peal too well,  
 Which stretch'd his fáther on a blóody bier,  
 And roused the véngéance blood alóne could quell:  
 He rushed into the field, and, fóremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was húrrying to and fro,  
 And gáthéring tears, and trémblings of distréss,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour agó  
 Blushed at the praise of their own lóveliness;  
 And there were súdden pártings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and chóking sighs  
 Which ne'er (*néver*) might be repéated: who could guess  
 If éver more should meet those mútual eyes,  
 Since upón night so sweet such áwful morn could rise!

And there was móunting in hot haste: the steed,  
 The mústéring squádrón, and the cláttéring car,  
 Went póuring fórwárd with impétuous speed,  
 And swiftly fórmíng in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thúnder peal on peal afár;  
 And near, the beat of the alárming drum  
 Roused=úp the sóldier ere the mórníng star;  
 While thronged the citizens with térror dumb,  
 Or whíspering, with white lips,—«The foe! They come! they come!»

And Árdennes waves abóve them her green leaves,  
 Dévy with Náture's téar-drops, as they pass,  
 Griéving,—if aught inánimate e'er (*éver*) griéves,—  
 Óver the unretúrning brave,—alás!  
 Ere éveníng to be tródden like the grass  
 Which now benéath them, but abóve shall grow  
 In its next vérdure; when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, róllíng on the foe,  
 And búrníng with high hope, shall móúlder cold and low.

Last noon behéld them full of lústy life,  
 Last eve in Béauty's circle próudly gay,  
 The mídnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the márshalling in arms,—the day  
 Báltle's magníficently-stern arráy !

The thúnder-clouds close o'er (*óver*) it which when rent  
 The earth is cówér'd thick with óther clay,

Which her own clay shall cówér, heaped and pent,  
 Ríder and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red búrial blent !

NOTE.—The *Battle of Waterloo* was fought on the 18th June 1815. On the night prévious to the battle, it is said that a ball was given at Brússels; and

that dúring the festivities, the news was received that the French were adváncing.

## ZÍNGIS AND TÍMOUR.

*A. D. 1163—1227, and 1335—1405.*

*J. H. Newman.*

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, an éminent writer on théology, géneral literature, and history, was born in Lóndon, in 1805. At Óxford he led the rising «Tractárian» móvément. In 1815, he éntered the Róman Cáholic Church, and has been for some time past résiding at Mánchester.

Pron. española.		Pron. française.		Pron. española.		Pron. française.	
<b>Al-lúred.</b>	. . al-lú-æed.	. . al-lióur'd.		<b>Me-di-æ-val</b>	mi-di-i-væl.	. . mi-di-i-veul-	
<b>Bál-tic.</b>	. . bóol-tic.	. . bál-tik.		<b>Ri-fied.</b>	. . rái-fl'd.	. . rái-fl'd.	
<b>Dán-ube.</b>	. . dán-iub.	. . dán'-ioubé.		<b>Ri-valled.</b>	. . rái-v'l'd.	. . rái-v'l'd.	
<b>Dyn-as-ty.</b>	. . din-æs-te.	. . din-as-té.		<b>Smyr-na.</b>	. . smææ-næ.	. . sméur-na.	
<b>Fú gi-tives.</b>	. . fiú-dchi-tivs	fióu-dji-tivz.		<b>Ti-mour.</b>	. . tai-múæ.	. . tái-moua.	
<b>Gi-ant.</b>	. . dehái-ænt.	. . djái-an'te.		<b>Whóle-sale.</b>	. . hóI-seel.	. . hóle-séle.	
<b>Más-sa-cre.</b>	. . más-e-kæ.	. . más-se-keur		<b>Zin-gis.</b>	. . dsin-dchis.	. . zin-djice.	

These two extraórdinary men rívalled or excéeded Áttila in their whólesale barbárities. Áttila váunted that the grass néver grew agáin áfter his horse's hoof; so it was the boast of Zingis, that when he destróyed a city, he did it so complételey that his horse could gállop acróss its site without stúmbing. He depópulated the whole cóuntry from the Dánube to the Báltic in a séason; and the rúins of cities and chúrches were strewed with the bones of the inhábitants. He allúred the fúgitives from the woods, where they lay hid, únder a prómise of párdon and peace; he made them gather—in the hárvest and the víntage, and then he put them to death. At Gran, in Húngary, he had three hún-

dred noble ladies slaughtered in his presence. But these were slight excesses compared with other of his acts. When he had subdued the northern part of China, he proposed, not in the heat of victory, but deliberately in council, to exterminate all its inhabitants, and to turn it into a cattle-walk; from this project indeed he was diverted, but a similar process was his rule with the cities he conquered. Let it be understood, he came down upon cities living in peace and prosperity, as the cities of England now, which had done him no harm, which had not resisted him, which submitted to him at discretion on his summons. What was his treatment of such? He ordered out the whole population on some adjacent plain; then he proceeded to sack their city. Next he divided them into three parts: first, the soldiers and others capable of bearing arms; these he either enlisted into his armies, or slaughtered on the spot. The second class consisted of the rich, the women, and the artisans; these he divided among his followers. The remainder, the old, infirm, and poor, he suffered to return to their rifled city. Such was his ordinary course; but when anything occurred to provoke him, the most savage excesses followed. The slightest offence, or appearance of offence, on the part of an individual, sufficed for the massacre of whole populations. The three great capitals of Khorasan were destroyed by his orders, and a reckoning made of the slain: at Maru were killed 1,300,000; at Herat, 1,600,000; and at Neisabour, 1,747,000; making a total of 4,647,000 deaths. Say these numbers are exaggerated fourfold or tenfold; even on the last supposition you will have a massacre of towards half a million of helpless beings. After recounting such preternatural crimes, it is little to add that his devastation of the fine countries between the Caspian and the Indus, a tract of many hundred miles, was so complete, that six centuries have been unable to repair the ravages of four years.

Timour equalled Zingis, if he could not surpass him, in barbarity. At Delhi, the capital of his future dynasty, he massacred 100,000 prisoners, because some of them were seen to smile when the army of their countrymen came in sight. He laid a tax of the following sort on the people of Ispahan, viz., to find him 70,000 human skulls to build his towers with; and, after Bagdad had revolted, he exacted of the inhabitants as many as 90,000. He burned, or sacked, or razed to the ground, the cities of Astrachan, Carisme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Brousa, Smyrna, and a thousand others. We seem to be reading of some antediluvian giant, rather than of a mediæval conqueror.

NOTES. — *Zingis* or *Génghis Khan*, was the son of a petty Tártar chief of Céntral Ásia. In 1205 he invaded China, and from that time to his death, in 1227, he roamed with his armies, conquering and désolating Northern China, Pérsia, and Tártary. He is computed to have destroyed upwards of 5,000,000 men in these awful wars.

*Timour* was a Móngol Tártar, like Zingis, and was called Tamerlane, that is, Timour the *Lame*. He succeeded Zingis, whose kingdom, which had fallen to pieces, he determined to restore.

*Attila* was king of the Huns, a branch

of the Móngol Tártars. He began his reign in A. D. 433. His rule extended from the frontier of Gaul to that of China, over all the northern nations. In 445—450, he ravaged the countries between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, and spent the remaining years of his life (450-453) in désolating Western Europe. He was defeated at the great battle of Chálons-on-the-Marne, in Gaul. From 250,000 to 300,000 men fell in this awful struggle, but it saved the civilisation of Europe. Attila died in 453, of the bursting of a blood-vessel on the night of his last marriage. His vast empire broke-up at his death.

## A DISSERTATION UPÓN ROAST PIG.

*Charles Lamb.*

CHARLES LAMB, poet, miscellaneous writer, and one of the finest of our English essayists, was born in Lóndon, in 1775. He began his literary career in 1797, as a poet. He used the pseudonym of «Élia» in writing his most famous ésssys. His writings were select rather than numerous, and his style was piquant, terse, and playful. He died in 1834.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Cú-lin-a-ry.** . . kiú-lin-ær-e. . . kioù-li-neur-é  
**Fásh-ion.** . . fásch-æn. . . fách-eune.  
**Grid-i-ron.** . . grid-ai-æen grid-ai-eurne  
**Jú-ry.** . . dchiú-re. . . djioù-ré.  
**Mán-u-** . . máu-iu- . . mán-iou-  
**script.** . . skript. . . skripte.  
**Ó-dour.** . . ó-dæ. . . ó-deur.

**Pi-quant.** . . pi-kænt. . . pik-an'te.  
**Rogue.** . . rogue. . . rôgue.  
**Sour.** . . saú-æ. . . saou-æur.  
**Swine-herd.** suáin-hææd souáine-  
 heard.  
**Tówns-folk.** taúns-fók. . . taou'n'z-fók.  
**Yóunk-ers.** . . iæn-kæærs. . . ieún'gk-eurz

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first séventy thousand áges ate their meat raw, cláwing or biting it from the living ánimál, just as they do in Abyssínia to this day. The manuscript goes-ón to say, that the art of róasting, or ráther bróiling (which I take to be the élder bróther), was accidéntally discovered in the mánnér fóllowing:—

The swíneherd, Ho-ti, háving gone-óut into the wood one mórníng, as his mánnér was, to colléct food for his hogs, left his cóttage in the care of his éldést son, Bo-bo, a great lúberly boy, who, béíng fond of pláying with fire, as yóunkers of his age cómmonly are, let some sparks escápe into a búndle of straw, which, kíndling quickly, spread the conflagrátió over



every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed 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 labour 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 odour 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. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped-down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt 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 smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up 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 retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, 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. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay-on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:—

« You gráceless whelp, what have you got there devóuring? Is it not énough that you have burnt me down three hóuses with your dog's tricks,—and be hanged to you!—but you must be éating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say? »

« Oh, fáther, the pig,—the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats! »

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with hórror. He bewáiled his hard fate that éver he should begét a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wónderfully shárpeneed since mórning, soon raked=óut anóther pig, and fáirly rénding it asúnder, thrust the lésser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting=óut, « Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, fáther; ónly taste! O my! » with súch-like bárbarous ejaculátions, crámring all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trémbléd in évery joint while he grasped the abóminable thing, wávering whéther he should not put his son to death, for an unnátural young mónster, when the crackling scórching his fingers as it had done his son's, and applying the same rémedy to them, he, in his turn, tásted some of its flávour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a preténce, proved not altogéther displéasing to him. In conclusión (for the mánuscript here is a little tédióus) both fáther and son fáirly sat=dówn to the mess, and néver left=óff till they had despátched all that remáined of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjóined not to let the sécret escápe, for the néighbour's would cértainly have stoned them for a cóuple of abóminable wrétches, who could think of impróving=upón the good meat which God had sent them. Névertheless, strange stóries got=about. It was obsérvéd that Ho-ti's cóttage was burnt=dówn now more fréquently than éver. Nóthing but fires from this time fóward. Some would break=óut in broad day, óthers in the night-time. As óften as the sow fárrówed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze: and Ho-ti himsélf, which was the more remárkable, instéad of chastísing his son, seemed to grow more indúlgent to him than éver. At length they were watched, the térrible mystery discóvered, and fáther and son summoned to take their trial at Pekín, then an inconsiderable assize town.

Evidéce was gíven, the obnóxious food itsélf produced in court, and the vérdict abóut to be pronóunced, when the fóreman of the júry begged that some of the burnt pig, of éating which the cúlprits stood accused, might be hánded into the box.

He hándled it, and they all hándled it; and búrning their fingers as Bo-bo and his fáther had done befóre them, and náture prómpting to each of them the same rémedy, agáinst the face of all the facts and the cléarest charge which judge had éver given,—to the surprise of the whole Court, tównsfolk, strángers, repórters, and all présent,—withóut léaving the box, or ány máñner of consultátion whatéver, they brought—in a simultáneous vérdict of «Not Guilty.»

The judge, who was a shrewd féllow, winked at the máñifest iníquity of the decision; and, when the Court was dismissed, went privily and bought—úp all the pigs that could be had for love or móney. In a few days his Lórdship's tówn-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nóthing to be seen but fire in évery diréction. Fúel and pigs grew enórmously dear all óver the district. The insúrance óffices one and all shut—up—shóp. Péople built slighter and slighter évery day, until it was feared that the véry science of árchitecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this cústom of firing hóuses continued, till, in prócess of time, says my máñuscript, a sage aróse, like our Locke, who made a discóvery that the flesh of swine, or indéed of ány óther ánimal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) withóut the necessity of consúming a whole house to dress it. Then first begán the rude form of a grídiron. Róasting by the string, or spit, came—in a céntury or two láter,— I fórgét in whose dynasty. By such slow degrées, conclúdes the máñuscript, do the most úseful, and séemingly the most óbvious, arts make their way amóng man—kind.

Withóut plácing too implicit faith on the accóunt abóve given, it must be agréed, that if a wórtthy prétext for so dángerous an expérimént as sétting hóuses on fire ( espécially in these days ) could be assigned in fávour of ány cúlinary óbject, that prétext and excúse might be found in ROAST PIG.

NOTE.—*John Locke*, a distinguished philosopher, was born in 1632, and

died in 1701. He is best known by his «*Essay on the Human Understanding.*»

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## OPPORTÚNITY. — *Shákspere.*

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There is a tide in the affáirs of men,  
Which táken at the flood leads—ón to fórtune:  
Omitted, all the vóyage of their life  
Is bound in shállows, and in míseries.

## THE WORLD A STAGE.

### *Shákspere.*

WILLIAM SHÁKSPERE, the gréatest pœt of ány age or land, was born at Strátford-on-Ávon, in 1564. So little is known of his life that one biographer says it might all be summèd = up in this, — that we know where he was born, that he came to Lóndon, and died at Strátford. His fáther was the chief mágristrate of Strátford, and his móther, Máry Árden, came of an áncient and wealthy fá mily. The pœt was éducatèd at the free Grámmar School of Strátford, where he rémainèd from the age of 7 to ábout 14. In his 19th year he márried Anne Háthaway, who was eight years ólder than himsèlf, and dáughter of a yeoman. Ábout 1586, he went to Lóndon where he gainèd an hónorable position as áctor, pláy-writer and sháreholder in the Globe théatre, and enjoyèd the fávor and pátronage of Queen Elizabeth and James I. He died in 1616, when he was ónly 52 years of age, and is búried in the church of Strátford.

Pron. española . Pron. française .

Pron. española . Pron. française .

**Éx-its** . . . éks-its. . . éks-itse.  
**Eye-brow** . . . ái-brau. . . ái-braou.  
**Má-gis-trate** mádeh-is-tret mádj-is-tréte  
**Mére-ly** . . . míe-le. . . mí-eur-lé.  
**Pú-king** . . . piú-king. . . piouk-in'gne

**Sháks-pero** . schéek-spiæ chéke-spiæ.  
**Strát-ford** . . strát-feed. . . strát-feurd.  
**Whí-ning** . . huáin-ing. . . houáin-in'g  
*ne.*  
**Whís-tle** . . huís-'l. . . houís-sl'

All the world's (*world is*) a stage,  
 And all the men and wómen mérely pláyers:  
 They have their éxits and their étrances;  
 And one man in his time plays mány parts,  
 His acts béing séven áges.—At first the ÍNFANT;  
 Méwling and púking in the núrse's arms.—  
 And then the whíning SCHÓOLBOY; with his sáthel  
 And shíning mórning face, créeping, like snail,  
 Unwíllingly to school.—And then the LÓVER;  
 Síghing like fúrnace; with a wóful bállad  
 Made to his místress' éyebrow.—Then a SÓLDIER;  
 Full of strange oaths, and béarded like the pard (*léopard*);  
 Jéalous in hónor; súdden and quick in quárrel;  
 Séeking the búbble réputátion  
 Éven in the cánon's mouth.—And then the JÚSTICE;  
 In fair round bélly, with good cápon lined;  
 With eyes sévére, and beard of fórmal cut;  
 Full of wise saws, and módern instances:  
 And so he plays his part.—The sixth age shifts  
 Ínto the lean and slípper'd PÁNTALÓON;  
 With spéctacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
 His yóuthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big mányly voice,  
 Túrning agáin tóward childish tréble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound.—Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange evéntful history,  
 Is SÉCOND CHÍLDISHNESS, and mere Oblivion;  
*Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans éverything.*

## ÉULOGY OF WÁSHINGTON.

GEORGE WÁSHINGTON, founder and first président of the United States of América, was born in Virginia, in 1732. Dúring the unháppy cóntest between the cólonies and the párent state, Wáshington firmly opposed the right of taxátion claimed by the látter. He was, in 1775, named commánder-in-chief of the ármý of the States. After a long sêries of strúggles, in 1783, the British évacuated New York, peace was signed, and the independéce of the States acknowléged. In 1789, Wáshington was élécted first Président of the United States, and re-élécted in 1793. He took leave of the nátion in a proclamátion wóthy of him, and died in 1799. He was a man of singular good sense (which, it has been saíd, was his génius) and of consúmmate prúdcence; abóve all he was true, inflexibly just, and absolutely brave. No exámple is to be found of a púrer, more unselfish devótion to the sêrvice of one's cóuntry than that fúrnished by the carêre of George Wáshington.

	<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>		<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>
<b>Blood.</b>	. . . blæd.	. . . bleud.			
<b>Cæ-sar.</b>	. . . si-dsæ.	. . . si-zeur.	<b>Más-ter-</b>		
<b>Cli-mate.</b>	. . . clai-met.	. . . klai-mete.	<b>piece.</b>	. . . más-træ-piis.	. . . más-teur-pice.
<b>Eú-lo-gy.</b>	. . . iú-lo-dche.	. . . iou-ló-djé.	<b>Tax-á-tion.</b>	. . . taks-é-schæn	. . . taks-é-cheune.
<b>Gé-ni-us.</b>	. . . dchi-ni-æs.	. . . dji-ni-euce.	<b>Wásh-ing-</b>	. . . uoosch-ing-	. . . ouách-in'g-æ-
			<b>ton.</b>	. . . tæn.	. . . teune.

It mátters véry little what immédiate spot may have been the birth-place of such a man as Wáshington. No péople can claim, no cóuntry can apprópriate him. The boon of Próvidence to the húman race, his fame is etérnity, and his résidence création. Though it was the deféat of our arms, and the disgráce of our pólicy, I álmost bless the convúlsion in which he had his órigin. If the héavens thúndered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the plánet which it révaled to us! In the produción of Wáshington, it does réally appéar as if Náture was endéavouring to impróve-upón her-sélf, and that all the vírtues of the áncient world were but so mány stúdiés preparátory to the pátriot of the new. Individúal instances, no doubt, there were, spléndid exemplificátions, of some single qualificátion: Cæsar was mérciful, Scípío was cóntinent, Hánnibal was pátient; but it was resérved for Wáshing-

ton to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and, such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unshathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

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TRUE WISDOM.—*Shakspeare.*

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Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than in use: keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,  
But never task'd for speech.

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If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine who follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

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SUPERSTITION is the spleen of the soul.

# THE BATTLE OF TRAFÁLGAR.

*Southey.*

ROBERT SÓUTHEY, late Póet Láureate of Éngland, and équally distinguished as póet, biógrapher, and miscelláneous writer, was the son of a respectáble linen-draper, and was born at Bristol, in 1771. He was éducatéd at Wéstminster School, and thence went to Óxford. His «*Life of Nelson*» is, perháps, one of the finest biógraphies in the English lánguage. His póetical works enjoy great popularity. He was an élaborate contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. In 1840, the inténsé lábour of a long life at length overpówered his fine intellect, and he remained in a state of méntal dárkness to the day of his death, which took place in 1813.

	<u>Pron. espanola</u>	<u>Pron. française</u>		<u>Pron. espanola</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>
<b>Éarl-dom.</b>	. ææl-dæm.	. eùrl-deume.	<b>Nel-son.</b>	. nêl-s'n.	. nêl-s'n.
<b>En-súred.</b>	. en-schiú-æd.	. en'-chioúr'd.	<b>Nór-folk</b>	. nòo-fæk.	. nâ-feuk.
<b>Ere</b>	. éæ.	. éa.	<b>Péo ple.</b>	. pii-pl'.	. pí-pl'.
<b>Gé-ni-us.</b>	. dchi-ni-æs.	. dji-ni-euce.	<b>Pós-thu-</b>	. póst-hiu-	. póst-hiou-
<b>Height.</b>	. hait.	. haíte.	<b>mous.</b>	. mæs.	. meuce.
<b>Ho-râ-tio.</b>	. ho-ré-schi-o.	. hô-ré-chi-ô.	<b>Schemes.</b>	. skiims.	. skimze.
<b>Man-œú-vre</b>	. me-nú-væ.	. me-nou-veur	<b>Tyr-ol-ése.</b>	. tir-o-liis.	. tir-ô-lize.
<b>Mús-cles.</b>	. mæs-'ls.	. meús-s'lz.	<b>Vís-count.</b>	. vái-kaunt.	. vái-kaoun'te

On the 21st of Octóber, 1805, was fought the fámous báttle of Trafálgar, betwéen the English and the combinéd fleets of France and Spain, in which Nélson fell a víctim to his cóuntry's glóry.

The death of Nélson was felt in Éngland as sómething more than a públic calámity: men stárted at the intélligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An óbject of our admirátion and afféction, of our pride and of our hopes; was súddenly táken from us; and it seemed as if we had néver, till then, known how déeplý we had loved and réverenced him.

So pérfectly, indéed, had he perfórmed his part, that the máritime war, áfter the báttle of Trafálgar, was considéred at an end; the fleets of the énémy were not mérely deféated but destróyed; new návies must be built, and a new race of séamen reared for them, befóre the possibility of their inváding our shores could agáin be cóntemplated. It was not, thérefore, from ány sélfish refléction upón the mágnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the géneral sórrow was of a higher carácter. The péople of Éngland grieved that fúneral céremonies, públic mónuments, and pósthumous réwárd, were all which they could now bestów-upón him whom the king, the

législature, and the nátion, would alike have delighted to hónor; whom évery tongue would have blessed; whose présence in évery village through which he might have passed would have wákened the chùrch-bells, have given schóol-boys a hóliday, have drawn children from their sports to gáze-upon him, and «old men from the chimney córner» to lóok-upon Nélson, ere they died.

The victory of Trafálgar was célebrated, indéed, with the úsual forms of rejóicing, but they were without joy, for such alréady was the glóry of the British Návy, through Nélson's surpassing génius, that it seemed scárce to recéive ány addition from the most signal victory that was éver achieved upón the seas; and the destrúction of this mighty fleet, by which all the máritime schemes of France were tótotally frústrated, hárdly appeared to add to our secúurity or strength; for while Nélson was líving, to watch the combined squádróns of the énemy, we felt ourselves as secúre as now, when they were no lónger in existence.

There was réason to suppose, from the appéarances upón ópening the bódý that, in the course of náture, he might have attained, like his fáther, to a good old age. Yet he could not be said to have fálled prématurely whose work was done: nor ought he to be laménted, who died so full of hórors, and at the height of húman fame. The most triúmphant death is that of the mártýr: the most áwful, that of the héro in the hour of victory: and if the cháriot and the hórses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nélson's translátion, he could scárce have depárted in a brighter blaze of glóry.

The British fleet consisted of twénty séven sail of the line and four frigates. The combined fleets, of thirty three and séven large frigates. Their superióriety was gréater in size and weight of métal than in númeres. They had 4,000 troops on board: and the best riflemen who could be procúred, mány of them Tyrolése, (by one of whom the héro was shot), were dispérsed through the ships. Befóre the báttle comménced, Nélson retired to his cábin and wrote the fóllowing práyer:—

«May the great God, whom I wórship, grant to my cóuntry, and for the bénéfit of Éurope in géneral, a great and glórious victory: and may no miscónduct in ány one tárnish it: and may humánity áfter victory be the predóminant féature in the British fleet! For mysélf individuály, I commít my life to Him that made me: and may His bléssing alight on my endéavours for sérving my cóuntry fáithfully! To him I resign mysélf, and the just cause entrusted to me to défénd. Amén, amén, amén!»



Lord Néelson órdered his ship, the *Victory*, to be cárried along-side his old antágonist, the *Santissima Trinidadá*, where he was expósed to a sevére fire of muskétry; and not háving the précaution to cöver his coat, which was décorated with his star and óther bádges of distinction, he becáme an óbject for the riflemen placed púrposely in the tops of the *Bucéntaur*, which lay on his quárter. In the middle of the engágement, a músket-ball struck him on the left shóulder, and pássing through the spine, lodged in the múscles of his back. He lived just long enough to be acquáinted-with the númer of ships (twénty) that had been cáptured, and his last words were,—« I have done my dúty: I praise God for it.»

It was the 9th of Jánuary, 1806, that the remáins of Horátio, Viscount Néelson were depósed in the Cathédral of St. Paul's. The fúneral, undertáken at the públic expénse, was one of the most sólemn and magnificent spéctacles éver behéld in England, and was dúly hónored by the présence of séven prínces of the blood, and a vast númer of nával ófficers, peers and cómmoners.

It is not éasy for words to do jústice to the mémory of the brave and patriótic Néelson. He who wishes to give a détail of his explóits, must transcribe the páges of our nával hístory; and he who is ánxious to do jústice to his mérits by description, must write with the same spirit with which he fought. The láurels which he had won at St. Vincent, and at Abóukir, were sufficient to have ensúred lásting renówn: with that renówn, and the hónors which fóreign cúntries had vied with his own in bestówing-upón him, he might have retired to the enjoyment of hónorable repóse for the remáinder of his days; but mítilated as he was in pèrson, háving but one leg, one eye, and one arm, and cóvered with wounds, he rose supérior to pain. Inactivity affórded no enjoyment to his nóble and patriótic spírít whilst his cúntry continued to be thréatened by her invéterate énemies. A new and glórious opportunity soon óffered. The combined fleets of France and Spain, confídng in their supérior númers, véntured to quit the hárbour of Cádiz, and their proud and wéll-disposed line of báttle présentéd to Néelson the long sought óbject of his most árdent wishes. He quickly éxecuted his plan of attáck, and, nóbly séconded by the magnánimous Cóllingwood and all the fleet, assáiled the ships of his énemies with an impetuócity which was irresistible. The effect was sómething supérior to cónquest: it was a storm of such désolating destrúction that, as Villeneuve, the gállant French ádmiral, conféssed, it seemed the work of supernátural ágents, ráther than of men.

In the moment of victory the conqueror fell. He who had braved death in every form, to increase the renown of his country and to maintain its ascendancy, nobly died while the cannon's roar and the shouts of triumph confirmed the ardent wishes and confident predictions which he felt, when he gave the memorable signal to his gallant companions in arms,—*«England expects that every man this day will do his duty;»*—a sentence that testified the pure Spartan love of country that animated his own breast.

Honors and rewards were munificently bestowed on the surviving relations of the hero, and an earldom was perpetuated in the family of Nelson, of which his brother was the first possessor. A monument was afterwards voted by parliament, and many of the principal cities and towns of the United Kingdom voted a similar memorial of his unparalleled merit. Foremost among these, although last in point of time as regards its erection, is the noble column in Trafalgar Square, in London; a monument which, while it records the glorious deeds of him whose memory it is especially intended to honor, will long be regarded as a worthy memento of the prowess of the British Navy, and an incentive to future deeds of heroism.

Horatio, Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte, etc, England's greatest naval hero, was the fourth son of Edmund Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, and was born there in 1758. He entered the navy in his twelfth year, and served in various parts of the world with distinction. He lost an eye at the siege of Bastia. He was engaged in the battle off St. Vincent between the English and Spanish fleets, when a complete victory was gained by the British, although greatly inferior in number. Nelson attacked the *Santa Trinidad* of 136 guns, and afterwards boarded and captured the *San Nicolas* of 80 guns and the *San José* of 112 guns. In the attack made on Tenerife he lost his right arm by a cannon-shot, and only escaped with life by the devotion of his step-son Captain Nesbitt, who carried him off on his back to a boat, after he had been lying senseless and exhausted for several hours. His next great achievement was a signal victory gained over the French fleet in Aboukir Bay, when, by a manoeuvre of equal daring and ability, he sailed between the enemy's ships and the land, being thus exposed to a double fire, and captured or destroyed the entire French fleet, with the exception of four men-of-war. For this

glórious victory he was created Báron Nélson of the Nile, Duke of Brónte, etc. He was next engaged in the Báltic, when he led the attack on the Dánish fleet, sinking, búrning, or táking 47 sail. His last great báttle was fought agáinst the combined fleets of France and Spain off Cape Trafálgar, on Octóber 21st, 1805, when he received, as is related abóve, his déath-wound.  
—G. H-M.

## YE MÁRINERS OF ÉNGLAND.

*Cámpbell.*

THÓMAS CÁMPBELL was born in Glásgow in 1777, and died at Boulógne, in 1841. His «*Pleasures of Hope*,» published in 1799, when he was in his twenty sécond year, gave him immédiate fame. He afterwards wrote «*Gertrude of Wyoming*» (1809), and a número of shórtér pòems, among which his lyrics are perhaps the finest in the English lánguage.

	Pron. espanola.	Pron. française.		Pron. espanola.	Pron. française.
<b>Búl-wark.</b>	. búl-uæc.	. bouíl-oueuk	}	<b>Mé-te-or.</b>	. mí-ti-æ. . . . mí-ti-eur.
<b>Cámp-bell.</b>	. kám-bl. . . . kám-bl.			<b>Quells.</b>	. kuéls. . . . kouéls.
<b>Glás-gow.</b>	. glás-go. . . . gláce-gó.			<b>Thóm-as.</b>	. tó-m-æs. . . . tó-m-euce.
<b>Guard.</b>	. gaad. . . . garde.			<b>Tów-ers.</b>	. táu-ææs. . . . taou-eurze.

Ye máriners of Éngland!  
That guard our nátive seas;  
Whose flag has braved, a thóusand years,  
The báttle and the breeze!  
Your glórious stándard launch agáin  
To match anóther foe!  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stórmy winds do blow;  
While the báttle ráges loud and long,  
And the stórmy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fáthers  
Shall start from évery wave!  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ócean was their grave.  
Where Blake and mighty Nélson fell,  
Your mánly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stórmy winds do blow;  
While the báttle ráges loud and long,  
And the stórmy winds do blow.

Británnia needs no búlworks,  
 No tówers álóng the steep;  
 Her march is o'er (*óver*) the móuntain waves,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thúnders from her nátive oak,  
 She quells the flood belów,—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stórmy winds do blow:  
 When the báttle ráges loud and long.  
 And the stórmy winds do blow.

The méteor-flag of Éngland  
 Shall yet terrific burn;  
 Till dánger's troubled night depárt,  
 And the star of peace retúrn.  
 Then, then, ye ócean-wárrriors!  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

NOTES. — *Róbert Blake*, the great English ádmiral, was born in 1598. His gréatest achievements were in the war with the Dutch (1652-1654). He died on his vóyage to Éngland, in 1657.

*Horáto, Viscount Nelson*, Éngland's gréatest nával héro, was born in 1758, and was killed at the báttle of Trafálgar on the 21st Octóber, 1805. (*Vide* biográphical nóice, page 267).

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## MAN LIVES TO EAT.

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WHEN I BEHÓLD a fáshionable táble set=óut in all its magníficence, I fáncy that I see gouts and drópsies, févers and léthargies, with óther innúmerable distémpers, lying in ambuscáde amóng the dishes. Náture delights in the most plain and símple diet. Évery ánimal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this spécies, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man fálls=upon évery thing that comes in his way; not the smáallest fruit or exércéscence of the earth, scarce a bérny or a múshroom, can escápe him.

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A MAN should néver be ashámed to own that he has been in the wrong; which is but sáying, in óther words, that he is wiser to=dáy than he was yésterday.

# THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN ILL-SPENT LIFE.

*Jóhann Paul Richter.*

JÓHANN PAUL RICHTER was born in Bavária, in 1763, and died, in 1825. A poet in prose, a great humourist, a wise moralist; with a soul full of light which shines éven through his tears, and with a heart full of love. He lived and died in Gérmány, and thus néver saw the great world, but his heart went=fórch to all that lived, notwithstanding. His style is the most difficult to translate of ány Gérmán writer's; yet there is a wealth in it which repáys ány labour. His óny son died when Richter was géttíng old, and the blow broke his heart. He literally wept himself blind at the loss.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Gnawed. . . . . noo'd. . . . . ná'de.  
 Guil-ty . . . . . guil-te. . . . . guilt-é.  
 Ho-ri-zon. . . . . ho-rai-ds'n. . . . . hó-rai-z'n.

Phán-ta-sy. . . . . fán-tæ-se. . . . . fán-ta-sé.  
 Pulls. . . . . puls. . . . . poulz.  
 Wounds. . . . . uunds. . . . . ououn'dz.

An old man stood at midnight on the last day of the year, and looked=úp with a face of pale despáir on the unmóving, éver-blóoming héaven, and round on the still, pure, white earth, on which no one was, now, as jóyless and sléepless as he. For his grave stood not far from him; it was cóvered óny with the snow of age, not with the green of youth, and he brought from his whole rich life nóthing with him, but érrors, sins and áilments,—a wórned-out bódý, a désolate soul, a breast full of póison, and an age full of regrét. His fair days of youth flitted round him that night like ghosts, and bore him back to that sweet mórning when his fáther had set him first on the divíding line of life, which leads, on the right, by the súnny path of góodness, to a broad, péaceful land, full of light, and rich hárvests, and ángels; and, on the left, leads=dówn by the undergróund móle-courses of the guilty, to a dark cave, full of éver-drópping póisons, and dark foul damp.

Ah! the sérpents hang roand his breast, and the póison-drops are on his tongue, and he knew now, where he was.

Half máddened, and with unspéakable grief, he cried to héaven, «Give me my youth back agáin! O, fáther, set me on the divíding line once more, that I may choose differently from what I did!»

But his fáther and his youth were far away. He saw misléading lights dance on márshes, and go=óut in the chúrchyard, and he said, «These are my fóolish days!»

He saw a star glide from héaven and shine in its fall till it burst and was quenched on the earth. «That is myself,» said his bléeding heart, and the sérpent's teeth of regrét gnawed once more at his wounds.

Kindling phántasy showed him flitting sléep-walkers on the roofs, and the windmills raised their arms threáteningly to strike at him, and a corpse left behind in the émyty déad-house grádually took his form.

In the midst of this strúggle, the músic of the New Year súddenly rose from the church tówers in the village, like dístant church músic. He was déePLY moved. He looked róund the horízon, and óver the broad earth, and he thought on the friends of his youth, who now, háppier and bétter than he, were téachers of the world, fáthers of háppy children, and hónoured men, and he said, «Oh, I, like you, could sleep awáy the first night of the year, if I had óny chósen! Ah, I would indéed be háppy, ye dear old friends, if I had héeded your New Year's wishes and cóunsels!»

In féverish recolléction of his youth, it seemed to him, now, as if the corpse that was like himself, in the déad-house, raised itself up. At last, through the superstition which sees spirítS of the óther world on New Year's night, it took the appéarance of a living youth, in the áttitude of the beautiful bronze youth in the Cápitól, who pulls a thorn from his foot; and his own old blóoming form was bitterly mimicked befóre him.

He could see no more: he hid his eyes: a thóusand hot tears fell fréezing into the snow. He óny sighed once more, sóftly, sádlY, and withóut móving. «Come óny agáin, O youth, come agáin!»

And it came agáin: for he had óny dreamt in this féarful way on the New Year's night. He was still a youth: óny, his érrors had been no dream. But he thanked God that, while still young, he could turn awáy from the dárkening paths of vice, and find once more the súnny way of góodness, which leads to the rich land of everlásting hárvest.

Turn thou with him, O réader, if you stand on his path of évil. This dream, so alármíng, will hereáfter be your judge; and then, though you call, éver so téarfully, «Come agáin, beautiful youth,» it will come báck, néver, néver more!

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MEN'S évil mánners live in brass: their vírtues we write in wáter.

# THE ÓRIGIN OF THE ÉNGLISH NÁTION.

*Lord Macáulaj.*

THÓMAS BÁBINGTON MACÁULAY (*vide* biographical notice at page 119) was one of the most eminent of English historians and a brilliant critic. He graduated at Cámbridge with great distinction, and was subsequently called to the bar. As a writer, his language exhibits a purity which has never, perhaps, been equalled. Born, 1800. Died, 1859.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

<b>Árch-e-type</b>	áak-i-taip. . . . .	ár-ki-taipe.	<b>Ís-land-ers..</b>	ái-land-rees.	ái-lan'd-eurz
<b>Cám-bridge.</b>	kéem-bridch	kéme-bridje.	<b>Ju-ris-prú-</b>	dchiu-ris-	djiou-ris-
<b>Cinque. . . .</b>	sink. . . . .	sin'gk.	<b>dence. . . .</b>	prú-dens.	priou-den'ce
<b>Homo-gé-ne</b>	ho-mo-dchi-	hó-mó-dji-ni-	<b>Ór-i-gín.. . .</b>	or-i-dchin. . .	or-i-djine.
<b>-ous. . . . .</b>	ni-es. . . . .	euce.	<b>Stát-ute.. . .</b>	stát-iut. . . . .	stát-ioute.

The great-grándsons of those who had fought únder William and the great-grándsons of those who had fought únder Hárold began to draw=near each óther in friendship; and the first pledge of their reconciliátion was the Great Chárter, won by their united exértions, and framed for their cómmon benefício.

Here comménces the history of the Énglish nátion. The history of the preceding evénts is the history of wrongs inflicted and sustained by várious tribes, which indéed all dwelt on Énglish ground, but which regárded each óther with avérsion such as has scárcely éver existed betwéen commúnities séparated by physical bárriers. For éven the mútual animósity of cóuntries at war with each óther is lánguid when compáred with the animósity of nátions, which, mórally séparated, are yet lócally intermingled. In no cóuntry has the énmity of race been cárried fárrther than in Éngland. In no cóuntry has that énmity been móre complételey effáced. The stáges of the prócess by which the hóstile élements were melted=dówn into one homogéneous mass are not áccurately known to us. But it is cértain that when John becáme King, the distinction betwéen Sáxons and Nórman was stróngly marked, and that befóre the end of the reign of his grándson it had álmost disappéared. In the time of Ríchard I., the órdinary imprecátion of a Nórman géntleman was, « May I becóme an Énglishman! »—his órdinary form of indignánt denial was, « Do you take me for an Énglishman? » The descéndant of such a géntleman a húndred years láter was proud of the Énglish name.

The sóurces of the nóblest rivers which spread fertility óver cóntinents, and bear richly-láden fleets to the sea, are to be

sought in wild and barren mountain tracts, incorrèctly laid-down in maps, and rarely explored by travellers. To such a tract, the history of our country during the thirteenth century may not unaptly be compared. Stérile and obscure as is that pór tion of our ánnals, it is there that we must seek for the órigin of our frèedom, our prospèrity, and our glóry. Then it was that the great Énglish péople was formed, that the ná tional caractère began to exhibit those peculiárities which it has éver since retáined, and that our fáthers becáme emphátically islanders,—islanders not mérely in géographícal position, but in their pólitics, their féelings, and their mánners. Then first appéared with distinctness that constitútion which has éver since, through all chánges, préserved its idéntity; that constitú tion of which all the óther free constitútions in the world are cópies, and which, in spite of some defécts, déserves to be regárded as the best únder which ány great society has éver yet existéd during mány áges. Then it was that the House of Cómmons, the árchetype of all the représentative assémbles which now meet, éither in the old or in the new world, held its first sittings. Then it was that the Cómmon Law rose to the dignity of a sciéce, and rápidly becáme a not unwórthy rival of the impérial jurisprúdcence. Then it was that the cóurage of those sáilors, who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports, first made the flag of Éngland térrible on the seas. Then it was that the most áncient cólleges, which still exist at both the great ná tional seats of léarning, were fóunded. Then was formed that lán guage, less músical, indéed, than the lán guages of the south, but in force, in richness, in áptitude for all the highest púrposes of the póet, the philósopher, and the órator, inférior to the tongue of Greece alóne. Then, too, appéared the first faint dawn of that nóble literature, the most spléndid and the most dúrable of the mány glóries of Éngland.

NOTES.—*Cinque Ports*.—Originally five ports to which a Chárter, with spécial privilèges, was given by William the Cónqueror, in 1067.

*House of Cómmons*.—Bégán in 1258.  
*Cómmon Law*.—The law based on cústom, the decision of júdges, etc., as distinct from státute law.

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IT ÓFTEN háppens that those are the best péople whose cháracters have been most injured by slánders: as we úsually find that to be the swéetest fruit which the birds have been pécking-at.

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WITHOUT a friend the world is but a wilderness.



## ON BOOKS.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH (*vide* biographical notice at page 148) was born in 1728, and died in 1774. He was a delightful poet and essayist. His well-known novel the «*Vicar of Wakefield*» is universally known and admired. In 1772, he produced his comedy «*She stoops to conquer*,» which was highly successful and profitable, and has since become one of the most popular comedies on the English stage. Every one knows his «*Traveller*» and «*The Deserted Village*,» poems of the highest order. He was one of the kindest and simplest of men. The following extract is from «*The Citizen of the World*.»

Pron. española.    Pron. française.

Pron. española.    Pron. française.

**Bó-som** . . . búds-em. . . . . boú-zeume.  
**Co-quétte** . . . co-két. . . . . kó-kéte.  
**Di-a-mond** . . . dai-æ-mænd. . . . . daí-a-meun'd

**Lús-tre** . . . læs-tre. . . . . leús-teur.  
**Sci-ence** . . . sai-ens. . . . . sái-en'ce.  
**Stú-dent** . . . stiú-dent. . . . . stiou-den'te.

You are now arrived at an age, my son, when pleasure dissuades from application; but rob not by present gratification all the succeeding period of life of its happiness. Sacrifice a little pleasure at first to the expectation of greater. The study of a few years will make the rest of life completely easy.

He who has begun his fortune by study, will certainly confirm it by perseverance. The love of books damps the passion for pleasure, and when this passion is once extinguished, life is then cheaply supported; thus a man being possessed of more than he wants, can never be subject to great disappointments, and avoids all those meannesses which indigence sometimes unavoidably produces.

There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student. The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read-over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one. We ought to lay-hold of every incident in life for improvement, the trifling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives lustre to another, a common coarse stone is also employed for that purpose. Thus I ought to draw advantage from the insults and contempt I meet-with from a worthless fellow. His brutality ought to induce me to self-examination, and to correct every blemish that may have given-rise to his calumny.

Yet with all the pleasures and profits which are generally produced by learning, parents often find it difficult to induce their children to study. They often seem dragged to what wears

the appéarance of applicátion. Thus béing dilatory in the beginning, all fúture hopes of éminence are entirely cut=óff. If they find themsélves obliged to write two lines more polite than órdinary, their péncil then seems as héavy as a mill-stone, and they spend ten years in túrning two or three périods with propriety

But it is of no impórtance to read much, excépt you be régular in réading. If it be interrúpted for ány considerable time, it can néver be attended with próper impróvement. There are some who stúdy for one day with inténse applicátion, and repóse themsélves for ten days áfter. But wisdom is a coquétte, and must be cóurted with unabáting assidúity.

It was a sáying of the áncients, that a man néver ópens a book without réaping some advántage by it. I say with them, that évery book can serve to make us more expért, excépt románces, and these are no bétter than the instruments of debáuchery. They are dángerous fictions, where love is the rúling pássion.

Avóid such perfórmances where vice assúmes the face of vírtue; seek wisdom and knówledge without éver thinking you have found them. A man is wise, while he continues in the pursúit of wisdom; but when he once fancies that he has found the óbject of his inquiry, he then becómes a fool. Learn to pursúe vírtue from the man that is blind, who néver takes a step without first exámining the ground with his staff.

The world is like a vast sea, mankind like a véssel sáiling on its tempéstuos bósom. Our prudéce is its sails, the sciénces serve us for oars, good or bad fórtune are the fávourable or cóntrary winds, and júdgment is the rúdder; without this last the véssel is tossed by évery billow, and will find shípwreck in évery breeze. In a word, obscúry and indigence are the párents of vígilance and ecónomy; vígilance and ecónomy, of ríches and hónour; ríches and hónour, of pride and lúxury; pride and lúxury, of impúry and idleness; and impúry and idleness agáin producé indigence and obscúry. Such are the revólutions of life.

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### RIGHT AND WRONG.—*Shákspere.*

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What strónger bréast-plate than a heart untáinted?  
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath is quárrel just:  
 And he but náked, though lock'd-úp in steel,  
 Whose cónscience with injústice is corrúpted.

# ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

From « *Lalla Rookh.* »

Thomas Moore.

THOMAS MOORE (*vide* biographical notice at page 83) was a génial Irish poet and humourist. In 1817, he produced his most elaborate poem « *Lalla Rookh,* » an Oriental Romance, the poetry whereof is brilliant and gorgeous, rich to excess with imagery and ornament, and oppressive from its sweetness and splendour. His « *Irish Melodies* » are known and sung wherever the English language is spoken. He wrote the « *Life of Byron,* » for which he received from his publisher no less than 4,870 pounds, and he was engaged to contribute political squibs to the *Times* newspaper at the rate of 400 pounds per annum. Latterly, the poet's mind gave way, and he sank into a state of imbecility. Born, 1779. Died, 1852.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Em-bálméd. em-báam'd.. em-bám'd.  
Glís-t-en.. glís'n. . . . glís'n.

Il-lú-mine. . il-iú-min. . . il-liou-mine.  
Ím-age-ry. . ím-edch-re. . ím-edj-ré.

Farewéll — farewéll to thee, Árary's daughter!

(Thus warbled a Péri beneath the dark sea:)

No pearl éver lay únder Óman's green wáter

Móre pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee grówing,

How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,

Like the wind of the south o'er (*óver*) a súmer lute blówing,

And hush'd all its músic and wither'd its frame!

But long, upón Árary's green súunny highlands,

Shall maids and their lovers reméber the doom

Of her, who lies sléeping among the Pearl Íslands,

With nought but the sea-star to light-up her tomb.

And still, when the mérry date-séason is búrning,

And calls to the pálm-groves the young and the old,

The háppiest there from their pástime rétúrning

At súnset, will weep when thy stóry is told.

The young village maid, when with flówers she drésses

Her dárk-flówing hair for some féstival day,

Will think of thy fate till, neglécting her trésses,

She móurnfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Íran, belóved of her héro! forgét thee,—

Though tyrants watch óver her tears as they start,

Close, close by the side of that héro she'll (*she will*) set thee,

Embálm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewéll!— be it ours to embéllish thy pillow

With éverything béauteous that grows in the deep ;  
Each flówer of the rock and each gem of the billow  
Shall swéeten thy bed and illúmine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glísten the lóveliest ámber

That éver the sórrowing séá-bird has wept :  
With mány a shell, in whose hóllow-wreathed cháamber,  
We, Pérís of ócean, by móonlight have slept.

We'll (*we will*) dive where the gárdens of córal lie dárkling,

And plant all the rósiest stems at thy head ;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Cás pian are spárkling,  
And gáther their gold to strew óver thy bed.

Farewéll!— farewéll!— until píty's sweet fóuntain

Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
They'll (*they will*) weep for the Chieftain whodied on that móuntain,  
They'll weep for the Máiden who sleeps in the wave.

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PÉDANTS.—A man who has been brought-up amóng books, and is áble to talk of nóthing else, is a véry indifferent compánion, and what we call a pédant. But we should enlárgé the title, and give it to évery one that does not know how to think out of his professíon and particular way of life. Who is a gréater pédant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the pláy-houses, a catálogoue of the réigning béauties, and you strike=him=dúmb. The military pédant álways talks in a camp, and is stórmíng towns, máking lódgments, and fighting báttles from one end of the year to the óther. Évery thing he speaks, smells of gúnpowder; if you take-awáy his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himsélf. The law pédant is perpétually púttíng cáses, repéatíng the transáctions of Wéstminster-hall, wrángling with you upón the most indifferent circumstánces of life, and not to be convinced of the dístance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversátion, but by dint of árgument. The state pédant is wrapt-up in news, and lost in pólitics. If you méntion ány of the sóvereigns of Éúrope, he talks véry nótably; but if you go-óut of the gazétte, you drop him. In short, a mere cóurtier, a mere sóldier, a mere schólar, a mere ány thing, is an insípíd pedántic cháracter, and équally ridiculous.

# DEATH OF GUSTÁVUS ADÓLPHUS:

AT THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.

*Schiller.*

JÓHANN SCHILLER, one of the gréatest poets and áuthors that Gérmány has produced, was born at Márbach, in 1759. Áfter háving stúdiéd médecine, and becóme súrgeon in a régiment, he wrote, in his 22nd yeár, his trágedy of «*The Róbbers*,» which at once raised him to the foremost rank among the dramatists of his cóuntry. His «*History of the Thirty Years' War*» is a váluable work, whilst his «*Bállads*» are réckoned among the finest compositions of their kind in ány lánguage. Among his númerous works may be méntioned «*Wállenstein*,» «*Máry Stúart*,» «*Jóán of Arc*,» «*William Tell*.» He was the friend and compánion of Góethe. Died, 1805.

Pron. espanola.		Pron. française.		Pron. espanola.		Pron. française.	
<b>Búl-lets.</b> . .	búl-ets. . . .	bóul-etse.		<b>Dóub-let.</b> . .	dæb-let. . . .	deüb-lete.	
<b>Bú-sy.</b> . . .	bi-dse. . . .	bi-zé.		<b>Lú-ther.</b> . .	liü-zæ. . . .	lióuth-er.	
<b>Cén-tre.</b> . .	sén-te. . . .	cén-teur.		<b>Méd-i-cine.</b>	méd-i-sin. . .	méd-i-cine.	
<b>Cri-sis.</b> . .	krái-sis. . . .	krái-cice.		<b>Ré-gi-ment.</b>	rédch-i-ment	rédj-i-men'te	
<b>Cir-cuit.</b> . .	sææ-kit. . . .	cér-kite.		<b>Súr-geon.</b> . .	sææ-dchæn..	séur-djeue.	
		koui-ras-sí-		<b>Swedes.</b> . .	suiids. . . .	souidze.	
<b>Cui-ras-siers</b>	kui-ras-i-ææ.	eurze.		<b>Tra-ge-dy.</b> .	trádech-i-de..	trádj-i-dé.	

At last the dréaded mórning appéared, but an impénétrable mist, which lay=óver the whole field of báttle, délayéd the attáck till noon. Meanwhile, the King, knéeling in front of his ármý, adresséd himself to his devótions, and the whole of the troops fóllowed his exámple. Présently he begán one of Lúther's hymns, which the whole ármý caught=úp, the field músic accómpánying. This énded, the King móunts his horse, dressed simply in a léathern dóubleť and swórd-belt, for an old wound prévénted his wéaring ármour, and rides through the ranks, to rouse the hearts of the troops to a jóyous cónfidence which his own forebóding denied to himself. «*GOD WITH US*» was the báttle cry of the Swedes: that of the Impérialists «*JÉSUS MARÍA*.» Ábout éléven o' clóck the mist begán to break, and the énýmy could be seen. Lützen was now vísible in flames, the Duke háving órdered it to be burned, to prévént his béing outflánced on that side. The charge sóunded, the cávalry dashed=óut agáinst the énýmy, and the infantry begán its advánce on the trénces.

Recéived with a frightful fire of músketry and cánnon from the fártlier side, these brave troops, with undismáyed cóurage, continued their attáck; the énýmy's músketéers fled from their posts, the trénces were crossed, the báttéry itself táken, and turned agáinst the énýmy. With irresistible force they still

pressed=ón; the first of the five Friedland brigádes was róuted, then the sécond, and the third was alréady wávering. But here the quick eye of the Duke arrésted their advánce. With the speed of light he was amóngst his péople, rálying his infantry, which once more stood firm at his word. Suppórted by three régiments of cávalry, the béaten brigádes formed a new front and pressed in their turn agáinst the bróken ranks which assáiled them. A dréadful strúggles now begán; there was no room for firing, nor time for lóading; man fought with man, the músket gave place to the sword and the pike, and skill to fúry. Overpówered by núbbers, the wéaried Swedes were at last forced=báck óver the trénces they had won, and the báttery they had táken was once more lost. Thóusands of mútilated córpses alréady cóvered the ground, and yet not a foot of the field had been gained.

Meanwhile, the right wing of the King, led by himsélf, had fallen on the left of the ényemy. Alréady the first térrible charge of the héavy Finland cuirassiers had scátttered the lightly móunted Poles and Cróats who were on that wing, and their disórderly flight cárried fear and confúsió among the rest of the cávalry. At this móment word reached the King that his infantry had been forced=báck óver the trénces, and that his left wing was so distréssed by the ényemy's cánnon at the windmill that it gave signs of wávering. With quick decisió, órdering Géndral von Hora to pursúe the béaten left wing of the ényemy, he himsélf hástened, at the head of the Sténbock régiment, to counteráct the disórder of his own left. His nóble horse bore him óver the trénces at a leap, but the cróssing was hárdier for the squádróns behind, and ónly a few riders were áble to keep at his side. Ríding straight to the point where his infantry were hárdest pressed, he looked round to see if there were ány expósed post of the ényemy on which he could diréct an attáck, and in dóing this, his short sight led him too near. An Impérialist ófficer nótticed that all made respéctful way for the cavalier who had first sprung=óver the trench, and órdered a músketéer to fire=at him. «Fire on yon man,» said he, «he must be a léader.» The sóldier obéyed, and the left arm of the King was sháttered. At the same móment his squádróns came=úp, and a wild cry, «the King is wóunded,»—«the King is bléeding,»—soo spread térror and dismáy among them. «It is nóthing,—fóllow me,» cried the King, gáthering all his strength. But overpówered with pain and fáintness, he begged the Duke of Láuenburg, in French, to lead him from the *mélee*,

without letting it be seen. Taking a wide circuit to keep the depressing sight from the dispirited infantry, Láuenburg led the King round towards the right wing; but as he did so, a second shot struck Gustávus in the back, and took the last remains of strength from him. «I have got enough, brother,» cried he with a dying voice,—«try to save your own life.» Forthwith he sank from his horse, and, forsáken by all his attendants, and mangled by more bullets, breathed his last under the murderous hands of the Cróats. His horse with its empty saddle, and bathed in blood, soon told the Swédish cavalry their King's fall, and instantly they rushed forward, glówing with fúry, to rescúe his corpse from the ényemy. A murderous fight rose round his bódy, which had already been stripped, and was soon búried under a mound of dead.

The térrible news spread swiftly through the Swédish ármý, but instead of chilling the hearts of these brave troops, it ráther kindled them to a new fierce consúming blaze. Life sinks in its válué when the nóblest of all lives has been táken, and death has no longer ány térrors for the húmble when it has not spared the crowned head. With lion fúry the Úpland, the Smáland, the Finnish, and the West Góthland régiments, threw themsélves for the sécond time on the left wing of the ényemy, which still féebly resisted Général von Horn, but was now útterly driven from the field. At the same time Duke Bérnard, of Wéimar, gave the Swédish ármý in his own pérsón an áble commánder, and the spírít of Gustávus Adólphus agáin led on his victórious bands. The left wing was quickly set in órder once more, and pressed with vígour on the right of the Impérialists. The báttéry at the windmill, which had rained such a murderous fire on the Swedes, fell into their hands, and its thúnders were turned on the ényemy themsélves. The céntre of the Swedes, now led by Bérnard and Knypháusen, once agáin rushed over the trénces, and a sécond time took the séven-gun báttéry. The attack was álsó renéwed with redóubled fúry on the héavy battálions of the ényemy's céntre, which óffered an éven fáinter resistance, fate itsélf conspíring with Swédish brávery to compléte their rúin. Fire seized the Impérial pówder wággons, and the héaped-up grenádes and bombs flew into the air with the sound of thúnder. The ényemy thrown into confúsió, fáncied themsélves attacked in the rear as well as in front, and their hearts failed them. Their left was béaten, their right on the point of giving=wáy, their cánon in the hands of the Swedes. The crisis of the báttle had come; the fate of the

day hung on a moment. But now appeared Páppenheim on the field, with cuirassiers and dragóons; and all the advantages gained were lost once more, and the battle must begin anew.

The command which summoned this général to Lützen, had reached him at Halle, while his people were busy sacking that town. It was hopeless to collect the scattered foot soldiers as quickly as his urgent orders or his impatience desired. Without waiting for them, therefore, he set-off with eight régiments of cavalry, and hastened as fast as spurs could urge the horses, to Lützen to share in the carnival of battle. He came just in time to see the Impérialist left wing driven from the field, and to be himself mixed-up with it. But with ready presence-of-mind he rallied the fugitives, and led them again on the Swedes. Urged by wild courage and anxious to fight with the King himself, whom he fancied to be at the head of this wing, he broke in a terrible charge on the Swedish bands, who, wearied with victory, and overpowered by numbers, were borne-away by this flood of enemies, after a splendid resistance. Páppenheim's appearance, which had been despaired-of, now rekindled the courage of the Impérialist infantry, and the Duke of Friedland took advantage of the favourable moment to form the line afresh. The closely packed Swedish battalions, after a murderous struggle, were forced-over the trenches again, and the twice-lost cannon were again left behind. The whole Yellow Régiment, the bravest of all who this day showed their heroic valour, lay dead in their ranks on the spot which they had so magnificently defended. Another, a blue régiment, met the same fate, Count Piccolomini having cut-it-down with the Impérial cavalry, after a dreadful struggle. He had renewed the attack seven times, seven horses were shot under him, and he was wounded by six bullets. Yet he did not leave the field till carried-away in the retreat of the whole army. The Duke was himself seen in the midst of a storm of balls calmly riding-through his troops, sending help to those most in need of it, cheering the brave, and frowning on the wavering. His people were falling on all sides of him, and his own coat was pierced with many balls. But the avenging powers protected his breast that day, keeping him for another, for which the steel was already whetted. Wállenstein was not to die on the same bloody field as Gustávus.

Páppenheim, the most dreaded soldier of the house of Austria, was not so fortunate. A burning desire to meet the



King in fight urged him to the hottest of the battle, where he was most likely to find him. Gustávus himself had cherished the fiery hope to see this renowned antagonist face to face, but the soldierlike wish remained unfulfilled, and death first brought the now reconciled heroes together. Two musket balls pierced Páppenheim's scarred breast, and his people bore him, amidst his own resistance, from the slaughter.

While thus being borne to the rear, the murmur reached him that he whom he had sought lay dead on the field. His face kindled when the news was confirmed, and the last fire shone in his eyes. «Tell the Duke of Friedland,» said he, «that I am mortally wounded, but I give-up my life with joy when I know that the deadly enemy of my faith has fallen on the same day.»

With Páppenheim the fortunes of the Impérialists finally vanished. As soon as he was missed, the cavalry of the left wing, which had already been beaten and which he alone had brought-back to the fight, gave-up all for lost, and fled in confusion. The same happened on the right, only a few régiments making a stand any longer. The Swedish infantry instantly took-advantage of the confusion of their enemy. To fill-up the gaps which had been made in the van, both lines joined-into one for the final attack. For the third time they stormed over the ditches, and for the third time took the cannon behind. The sun was now setting, while the two armies were thus struggling with each other. The conflict grew fiercer as it came to its end. The last strength on each side did its utmost to redeem the few precious moments remaining of the whole lost day. At last night closed the struggle, which blind fury strove to continue, and only ceased when darkness hid the enemies from each other.

NOTES.—The *Battle of Lützen* was an episode of the Thirty Years' War, which began in 1618, and was ended by the peace of Westphalia, in 1648. This long war terminated in the confirmation of the rights of Protestantism, and the independence of the Netherlands. But Germany was so wasted and ruined, that it has not even yet wholly recovered. Wállestein, after the battle of Lützen, retreated, leaving his banners, artillery,

etc., in the hands of the Swedes, — thus owning their victory.

*Gustávus Adólfus*, king of Sweden ascended the throne in 1611, when he was only seventeen. He headed the Protestants in Germany in their war of self-defence against Austria, which sought to crush Protestantism utterly. He was killed at the battle of Lützen, in 1632. Lützen is a village in a wide plain, 11 miles from Leipsic.

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ONE truth is clear: *Whatever is, is right.*

# MILTON.

*Dr. Johnson.*

DR. SÁMUEL JÓHNSON, the célebrated lexicógrapher, and one of the most distinguished writers of the 18th céntury, was born in 1709, at Lichfield, where his fáther was a bookseller. He completed his éducation at Oxford; and in 1732, he became únder-máster of a school. In 1735, he married Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mércer, who brought him 800 pounds. In 1737, he resolved to seek his fórtune in Lóndon, where he arrived with his trágedy of «*Iréne*» in his pócket. In 1750, he commenced the publicátion of the «*Rámblér*,» and had now risen to be the céntre of Lóndon literary society. In 1755, appeared his great work, the «*Dictionary*» of the English language, for which he received 1575 pounds. In 1758, he began the «*Ídler*,» and in the following year he wrote the romance of «*Rásselas*,» to defráy the expénces of his móther's fúnéral. He was now gránted a pénsion of 300 pounds per ánnum by the king. In 1770, he began his «*Lives of the English Póets*,» a módel of literary biógraphy. He died in 1784, and was búried in Wéstminster Ábbey.

	<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>		<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>	
<b>Choir</b> . .	. . . . . kuai-mé . . . . .	. . . . . kouái-eur.		<b>Lex-i-cóg-</b>	leks-i-cóg-re leks-i-kóg-	
<b>Dry-den</b> ..	. . . . . drái-d'n . . . . .	. . . . . drái d'n.		<b>ra-pher.</b>	. . . . . -fé . . . . .	ref-eur.
<b>Ep-ic</b> . . .	. . . . . ép-ik . . . . .	. . . . . ép-ik.		<b>Mi-náte</b> ..	. . . . . mai-niút . . . . .	mai-niôte.
<b>Fú-ner-al</b> .	. . . . . flú-naer-al . . . . .	. . . . . flou-ner-al.		<b>Ré-gions</b> .	. . . . . ri-dchens . . . . .	ri-djeunze.
<b>I-dler</b> . .	. . . . . ai-dlæ . . . . .	. . . . . ái-dleur.		<b>Sá-ti-ate</b> .	. . . . . sé-schi-eet . . . . .	sé-chi-ete.

The thoughts which are occasionally called-fórtth in the prógress of this great póem, «*Paradise Lost*,» are such as could ónly be produced by an imaginátion in the highest degré férvid and áctive, to which matérials were supplied by incéssant stúdy and unlimited curiósity. The heat of Milton's mind might be said to súblimate his léarning, to throw-óff into his work the spirits of sciéce, unmingled with the grósser parts. He had considered création in its whole extént, and his descri-ptions are thérefore léarned. He had accústomed his imaginá-tion to unrestrained indúlgençe, and his concéptions thérefore were exténsive. The characteristic quálity of his póem is súblimity. He sómetimes descénds to the élegant; but his élement is the great. He can occasionally invést himsélf with grace; but his náatural forte is gigántic lóftiness. He can please when pléasure is required; but it is his pecúliar pówer to astónish.

He seems to have been well acquáinted with his own gé-nius, and to know what it was that Náture had bestówed-upón him more bóuntifully than upón óthers; the pówer of displáying the vast, illúminating the spléndid, enfórcing the áwful, dárkening the glóomy, and ágravating the dréadful: he, thérefore, chose a súbject on which too much could not

be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance. The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings; to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven. But he could not be always in other worlds: he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility. Whatever be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and descriptions of the scenes and operations of nature, do not seem to be always copied from immediate observation. He saw nature, as Dryden expresses it, «through the spectacles of books;» and on most occasions calls learning to his assistance.

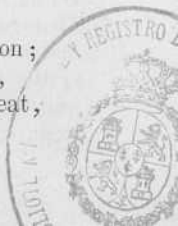
Of his moral sentiments, it is hardly praise to affirm, that they excel those of all other poets; for this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the sacred writings. The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskillful teachers of virtue: their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and, sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy. In Milton, every line breathes sanctity of thought, and purity of manners, except when the train of narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety.

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### THE PANGS OF DEATH.—*Shakspeare.*

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The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
 In corporal suffering feels a pang as great,  
 As when a giant dies.



# ÁDAM AND EVE'S MÓRNING HYMN.

*From « Paradise Lost. »*

*Milton.*

JOHN MILTON, one of the great poets of all time. He was born in London, in 1608, and was educated at St. Paul's School and the University of Cambridge. During the Commonwealth he became Óliver Cromwell's Latin secretary. He was an ardent Republican. His wonderful poem « Paradise Lost » was published in 1667, when he was fifty-nine years old, after he had been nearly twenty years blind. « Paradise Lost » was sold to the publisher for five pounds. This poem was followed in 1670 by « Paradise Regained » apparently regarded as the theological completion of the « Paradise Lost. » Together with it appeared his tragedy of « Sampson Agonistes. » Milton died in 1674, and was buried in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London.

	<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>		<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>
<b>An-gel</b> . . .	én-dhel.	èn'-djel.	<b>Sphers</b> . . .	sfiæ.	sfiá.
<b>Cir-clet</b> . . .	sææ-klet.	cér-klete.	<b>Sym-pho-nies</b>	sim-fø-nis.	sim-fø-nize.
<b>Hymn</b> . . .	him.	hime.	<b>Whéth-er</b> . . .	huéz-æ.	houéth-eur.
<b>Qua-tér-ni-</b>	kue-tææ-ni-	koue-téur-ni	<b>Womb</b> . . .	uum.	ououme.
<b>on</b> . . .	æn.	-eune.	<b>Wor-ship</b> . . .	uæ-schip.	oueur-chip.

These are thy glórious works, Párent of Good,  
 Almighty! Thine this univérsal frame,  
 Thus wóndrous fair: Thysélf how wóndrous then!  
 Unspéakable, who sitt'st abóve these héavens,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lówest works; yet these decláre  
 Thy góodness beyónd thought, and pówer divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels, for ye behóld him, and with songs  
 And chóral symphonies, day withóut night,  
 Círcle his throne rejóicing;— ye in héaven;—  
 On earth join all ye créatures to extól  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and withóut end.  
 Fáirést of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If bétter thou belóng not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright círclet; praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknówledge him thy gréater; sound his praise  
 In thy etérnal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meets the órient Sun, now fly'st,

With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;  
 And ye, five óther wándering fires, that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resóund  
 His praise, who out of dárkness cáll'd-up light.  
 Air, and ye élements, the éldest birth  
 Of náture's womb, that in quatérnion run  
 Perpétual circle, múltiform, and mix  
 And nóurish all things ; let your céaseless change  
 Váry to our great Máker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalátions, that now rise  
 From hill or stéaming lake, dúsky or gray,  
 Till the Sun paint your fléecy skirts with gold,  
 In hónour to the world's great Áuthor rise ;  
 Whéther to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
 Or wet the thírsty earth with fálling shówers,  
 Rising or fálling still advánce his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quárters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With évery plant,—in sign of wórship wave.  
 Fóuntains, and ye that wárble, as ye flow,  
 Melódious múrmurs,—wárbling tune his praise.  
 Join vóices, all ye líving souls ; ye birds,  
 That sínging up to héaven-gate ascénd,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in wátters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and státely tread, or lówly creep ;  
 Whéness if I be silent, morn or éven,  
 To hill, or válléy, fóuntain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vócal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, univérsl Lord ! be bóunteous still  
 To give us ónly good ; and if the night  
 Have gáther'd aught of évil, or conceál'd,  
 Dispérse it, as now light dispéls the dark.




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A TRANSÍTION from an áuthor's book to his conversátion, is too óften like an éntrance into a large city, áfter a distant próspect. Remótelý we see nóthing but spires of témples and túrrets of pálaces, and magnificence ; but when we have passed the gates, we find it perpléxed with nárrow pássages, disgráced with déspicable cóttages, embárrassed with obstrúctions, and clóuded with smoke.

## A FÁBLE.

*Tháckeray.*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THÁCKERAY, (*vide* biographical notice at page 195), one of the gréatest Énglish nóvelists, was born at Calcútta, in 1811. He was the son of a géntleman in the Civil Sêrvíce of the East Índia Cómpany. Brought to Éngland in his childhood, he was éducatéd at the Chárter House School and at Cámbridge, where he was the fellow stúdent of the póet Ténnyson. His writings are marked by an éxquisite purity of style, which is the fit mirror of their purity of thought and lánguage. His wit, húmour, truth to náture, wisdom, love of what is nóble, and scorn of the reverse, are ónly some of his charms. His nóvels inclúde « *Ésmónd*, » « *The Virginians*, » « *Vánty Fair*, » « *The Newcomes*, » from which this éxtract is táken. He died súddenly, in bed, dúring the night of the 24th Decémber, 1863.

	Pron. española.	Pron. française.		Pron. española.	Pron. française.
<b>Búrch-er.</b>	bú-chæ.	bóutch-eur.	<b>Hó-si-e-ry.</b>	hó-schize-re.	hó-jieur-é.
<b>Dai-ry.</b>	dæ-re.	dé-eur-é.	<b>Knóck-kneed</b>	nók-niid.	nók-nide.
<b>Dis-guise.</b>	dis-gais.	dis-gáize.	<b>Plóugh-boy.</b>	pláu-boi.	pláu-boi.
<b>Folk</b>	fók.	fók.	<b>Réy-nard.</b>	ren-æed.	ren'arde.
<b>Hi-er-0-</b>	hai-i-ro-glif.	hai-i-ró-glif.	<b>Whírr-ing.</b>	húser-ing.	houér-in'gne
<b>glyph-ic.</b>	ik.	ik.	<b>Wolf.</b>	uulf.	ouulf.

A crow, who had flown=away with a cheese from a dáiry window, sat perched on a tree looking=dówn at a great big frog in a pool undernéath him. The frog's hideous large eyes were góggling out of his head in a mánnér which appeared quite ridiculous to the old bláck-a-moor, who watched the spláy-footed slimy wretch with that pecúliar grim húmour belónging to crows. Not far from the frog a fat ox was brówsing; whilst a few lambs frisked about the méadow, or nibbled the grass and búttercups there.

Who should come=in to the fártner end of the field but a wolf. He was so cúnningly dressed=úp in sheep's clóthing that the véry lambs did not know Máster Wolf; nay, one of them, whose dam the wolf had just éaten, áfter which he had thrown her skin óver his shóuldèrs, ran=úp innocently tówards the devóuring mónster, mistáking him for her mammá.

«He! he!» says a fox, snéaking round the hedge-páling, óver which the tree grew, whereupón the crow was perched lóoking=dówn on the frog, who was stáring with his góggle eyes fit to burst with ény, and cróaking abúse at the ox. «How absúrd those lambs are! Yónder silly little knóck-knee'd báah-ling does not know the old wolf dressed in the sheep's fleece. He is the same old rogue who gobbled=úp

little Red Riding Hood's grandmother for lunch and swallowed little Red Riding Hood for supper. He! he!»

An owl that was hidden in the hollow of the tree, woke up. «Ohó, Máster Fox,» says she, «I cannot see you, but I smell you! If some folks like lambs, óther folks like geese,» says the owl.

«And your ladyship is fond of mice,» says the fox.

«The Chinese eat them,» says the owl, «and I have read that they are véry fond of dogs,» continued the old lady.

«I wish they would extérminate évery cur of them off the face of the earth,» said the fox.

«And I have álso read, in works of trável, that the French eat frogs,» continued the owl. «Ahá, my friend Crápaud! are you there? That was a véry prétty cóncert we sang togéther last night!»

«If the French devóur my bréthren, the Énglish eat beef,» croaked=óut the frog, «great, big, brútal, béllowing óxen.»

«Ho, whoo!» says the owl, «I have heard that the Énglish are tóad-eaters, too!»

«But who éver heard of them éating an owl or a fox, mádam?» says Réynard; «or their sitting=dówn and táking a crow to pick?» adds the polite rogue, with a bow to the old crow who was perched abóve them with the cheese in his mouth. «We are priviléged ánimals, all of us; at least, we néver fúrnish dishes for the ódious órgies of man.»

«I am the bird of wisdom,» says the owl; «I was the compánion of Pállas Minérva; I am fréquently represented in the Egytian mónuments.»

«I have seen you óver the British bárn-doors,» said the fox, with a grin. «You have a deal of schólarship, Mrs Owl. I know a thing or two mysélf; but am, I conféss it, no schólar,—a mere man of the world,—a féllow that lives by his wits,—a mere cóuntry géntleman.»

«You sneer at schólarship,» continues the owl, with a sneer on her vénerable face.

«I read a good deal of a night, — when I am engáged deciphering the cocks and hens at roost,» says the fox.

«It's (*it is*) a pity, for all that, you can't (*cannot*) read; that board nailed óver my head would give you some informátion.»

«What does it say?» says the fox.

«I can't (*cannot*) spell in the dáylight,» ánswered the owl; and, gíving a yawn, went=báck to sleep till évening in the hollow of her tree.

« A fig for her hieroglyphics! » said the fox, looking=up at the crow in the tree.

« What airs our slow néighbour gives herself! She preténds to all the wisdom; wheréas your réverences, the crows, are endówed with gifts far supérior to those benighted old big-wigs of owls, who blink in the dárkness, and call their hóoting singing. How nóble it is to hear a chórus of crows! There are twénty four bréthren of the órder of St. (*saint*) Corvínus, who have builded themsélves a cónvent near a wood which I fréquent; what a dróning and a chánting they keep=up! I protést their réverences' singing is nóthing to yours! You sing so deliciously in parts, do for the love of hármoney fávour me with a sólo! »

While this conversátion was góing=on, the ox was chump=ing the grass; the frog was éyeing him in such a rage at his supérior propóritions, that he would have spúrted vénom at him if he could, and that he would have burst, ónly that is impóssible, from sheer ény; the little lámbskin was lying unsuspecting at the side of the wolf in fléecy hósiery, who did not as yet molést her, béing replénished with the mútton of her mammá. But now the wolf's eyes begán to glare, and his sharp white teeth to show, and he rose=up with a growl, and begán to think he should like lamb for supper.

« What large eyes you have got! » bleated=out the lamb, with ráther a tímíd look.

« The bétter to see you with, my dear. »

« What large teeth you have got! »

« The better to—— »

At this móment such a terrífic yell filled the field, that all its inhábítants stárted with térror. It was from a dónkey, who had sómehow got a lion's skin, and now came=in at the hedge, pursúed by some men and boys with sticks and guns.

When the wolf in sheep's clóthing heard the béllow of the ass in the lion's skin, fáncying that the mónarch of the fórest was near, he ran=awáy as fast as his disguise would let him, When the ox heard the noise, he dashed round the méadow=ditch, and, with one trámple of his hoof, squashed the frog who had been abúsing him. When the crow saw the péople with guns cóming, he instantly dropped the cheese out of his mouth, and took to wing. When the fox saw the cheese drop, he immédiately made a jump at it (for he knew the dónkey's voice, and that his ásinine bray was not a bit like his róyal máster's roar), and máking for the cheese, fell into a steel trap, which snapped=off his tail; withóut which he





and rain, and hail, on the field of battle. The sky was darkened, and the horror was increased by the hoarse cries of crows and ravens, which fluttered before the storm, and struck terror into the hearts of the Italian bowmen, who were unaccustomed to these northern tempests. And when at last the sky had cleared, and they prepared their crossbows to shoot, the strings had been so wet by the rain that they could not draw them. By this time the evening sun streamed out in full splendour over the black clouds of the western sky,—right in their faces; and at the same moment the English archers, who had kept their bows in cases during the storm, and so had their strings dry, let fly their arrows so fast and thick, that those who were present could only compare it to snow or sleet. Through and through the heads, and necks, and hands of the Genoese bowmen, the arrows pierced. Unable to stand it, they turned and fled; and from that moment the panic and confusion was so great, that the day was lost.

But though the storm, and the sun, and the archers had their part, we must not forget the Prince. He was, we must remember, only sixteen, and yet he commanded the whole English army. It is said that the reason of this was, that the King of France had been so bent on destroying the English forces, that he had boasted the Sacred Banner of France,—the great scarlet flag, embroidered with golden lilies, called the *Oriflamme*,—as a sign that no quarter would be given; and that when King Edward saw this, and saw the hazard to which he should expose not only the army, but the whole kingdom, if he were to fall in battle, he determined to leave it to his son. Certain it is that, for whatever reason, he remained on a little hill, on the outskirts of the field, and the young Prince, who had been knighted a month before, went forward with his companions in arms, into the very thick of the fray; and when his father saw that the victory was virtually gained, he forbore to interfere. « Let the child win his spurs, » he said, in words which have since become a proverb, « and let the day be his. » The Prince was in very great danger at one moment; he was wounded and thrown to the ground, and only saved by Richard de Beaumont, who carried the great banner of Wales, throwing the banner over the boy as he lay on the ground, and standing upon it till he had driven back the assailants. The assailants were driven back, and far through the long summer evening, and deep into the summer night, the battle

raged. It was not till all was dark, that the Prince and his companions halted from their pursuit; and then huge fires and torches were lit-up, that the King might see where they were. And then took place a touching interview between the father and the son; the King embracing the boy in front of the whole army, by the red light of the blazing fires, and saying, « Sweet son, God give you good perseverance; you are my true son,—right royally have you acquitted yourself this day, and worthy are you of a crown, » — and the young Prince, after the reverential manner of those times, « bowed to the ground, and gave all the honour to the King his father. » The next day the King walked-over the field of carnage with the Prince, and said, « What think you of a battle? Is it an agreeable game? »

The general result of the battle was the deliverance of the English army from a most imminent danger, and subsequently the conquest of Calais, which the King immediately besieged and won, and which remained in the possession of the English from that day to the reign of Queen Mary. From that time the Prince became the darling of the English, and the terror of the French; and, whether from this terror, or from the black armour which he wore on that day, and which contrasted with the fairness of his complexion, he was called by them « Le Prince Noir, » — the Black Prince, and from them the name has passed to us; so that all his other sounding titles by which the old poems call him, — « Prince of Wales, Duke of Aquitaine, » — are lost in the one memorable name which he won for himself in his first fight at Créssy.

And now we pass-over ten years, and find him on the field of Poitiers. Again we must ask, what brought him there, and why the battle was fought? He was this time alone; his father, though the war had rolled-on since the battle of Créssy, was in England. But, in other respects, the beginning of the fight was very like that of Créssy. Gascony belonged to him by right, and from this he made a descent into the neighbouring provinces, and was on his return home, when the King of France, — John, the son of Philip, — pursued him as his father had pursued Edward III., and overtook him suddenly on the high upland fields, which extend for many miles south of the city of Poitiers. It is the third great battle which has been fought in that neighbourhood; the first was that in which Clovis defeated the Goths, and established the faith in the creed of Athanasius throughout

Éurope; the second was that in which Charles Martel drove= back the Sáracens, and saved Éurope from Mahómetanism; the third was this, the most brilliant of Énglish victories óver the French. The spot, which is about six miles south of Póitiers, is still known by the name of the Báltlefield. Its féatures are véry slíghtly marked, — two ridges of rising ground, párted by a géntle hóllow; behind the highest of these two ridges is a large tract of copse and únderwood, and leading=úp to it from the hóllow is a sómewhat steep lane, there shut=in by woods and vines on each side. It was on this ridge that the Prince had taken=úp his position, and it was sóley by the good use he made of this position, that the víctory was won. The French ármý was arráinged on the óther side of the hóllow in three great divisions, of which the King's was the hindmost. It was on Móndeý, Septémber 19th, 1356, at nine A. M., (*ante meridiem*) that the báttle begán. All the Súnday had been taken=úp by frúitless endéavours of Cárđinal Tálleyrand to save the blóodshed, by bringing the King and Prince to terms; a fact to be nóted for two réasons, first because it shows the sincére and Christian desíre which ánimated the clérgy of those times, in the midst of all their faults, to promoté peace and goodwill amóngst the sávage men with whom they lived; and sécondly because the refúsal of the French King and Prince to be persúaded shows, on this óccasion, the cónfidence of víctory which had posséssed them.

The Prince óffered to give=úp all the cástles and prisoners he had táken, and to swear not to fight in France agáin for séven years. But the King would hear of nóthing but his ábsolute surrender of himsélf and his ármý on the spot. The Cárđinal laboured till the véry last móment, and then rode=back to Póitiers, háving équally offéended both párties. The stóry of the báttle, if we reméber the position of the ármies, is told in a móment. The Prince remáined firm in his position; the French charged with their úsual chivalrous árdour, — charged up the lane; the Énglish árchers, whom the Prince had státioned behind the hédges at each side, let=fly their shówers of árrows, as at Créssy; in an instant the lane was choked with the dead; and the first check of such héadstrong cónfidence was fátal. The Prince in his turn charged; a géneral pánic seized the whole French ármý; the first and sécond divisions fled in the wildest confúision; the third alóne, where King John stood, made a gállant resist=ance; the King was táken prisoner, and by noon the whole

was over. Up to the gates of the town of Poitiers, the French army fled and fell, and their dead bodies were buried by heaps within a convent which still remains in the city. It was a wonderful day. It was eight thousand to sixty thousand; the Prince who had gained the battle was still only twenty-six, that is, a year younger than Napoleon at the beginning of his campaigns, and the battle was distinguished from all others by the number, not of the slain but of the prisoners,—one Englishman taking four or five Frenchmen.

Perhaps, however, the best known part of the whole is the scene where the King first met the Prince in the evening, which cannot be better described than by old Froissart:—

«The day of the battle at night, the Prince gave a supper in his lodgings to the French King, and to most of the great lords that were prisoners. The Prince caused the King and his son to sit at one table, and other lords, knights, and squires at the others; and the Prince always served the King very humbly, and would not sit at the King's table, although he requested him,—he said he was not qualified to sit at the table with so great a prince as the King was. Then he said to the King,—‘Sir, for God's sake make no bad cheer; though your will was not accomplished this day. For, sir, the King, my father, will certainly bestow on you as much honour and friendship as he can, and will agree with you so reasonably that you shall ever after be friends; and, sir, I think you ought to rejoice, though the battle be not as you will, for you have this day gained the high honour of prowess, and have surpassed all others on your side in valour. Sir, I say not this in raillery, for all our party, who saw every man's deeds, agree in this, and give you the palm and chaplet’.

«Therewith the Frenchmen whispered among themselves that the Prince had spoken nobly, and that most probably he would prove a great hero, if God preserved his life, to persevere in such good fortune.»

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FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

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# ÉNGLISH LÍBERTY.

*From « The Task. »*

*Cówper.*

WILLIAM CÓWPER, the distinguished English pœt, was born at Berkhámpstead, in 1731. He was the son of a clérgyman, and was educated at Wéstminster. Of a timid tēmpér and sēnsitive frame, he seems to have been by náture unfit for the rough paths of life. At one time he féll-into so deplórable a state of nêrvous debility, that he was for some time placed in a lúnatic asylum. He translated Hómer, and wrote « *The Task*, »—the best of all his pœms,—« *Tirocinium*, » and a host of smáller pœms. His volúminous correspondēce exhibits him as one of the most élegant of English létter-writers. Died, 1800.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**A-sy-lum.** . as-ái-læm. . . a-sái-leume.  
**Bés-ti-al.** . bés-ti-æl. . . bés-ti-eul.  
**Ców-per.** . kaú-pæ. . . kaoú-peur.  
**Cróuch-es.** . kraúch-es. . . kraoúch-eze.

**Eye-sight.** . ai-sait. . . . . ái-saite.  
**Méa-gre.** . mi-gæ. . . . . mi-gueur.  
**Pá-geant.** . pádch-ent. . . . . pád-djeun'te.  
**Pál-try.** . . . . póol-tre. . . . . pál-tré.

We love

The king who loves the law, respécts his bounds,  
 And reigns contént within them; him we serve  
 Fréely and with délight, who leaves us free:  
 But recollécting still that he is man,  
 We trust him not too far. King though he be,  
 And king in Éngland too, he may be weak,  
 And vain énough to be ambitious still;  
 May exercise amiss his próper pówers,  
 Or covét more than fréemen choose to grant:  
 Beyond that mark is tréason. He is ours,  
 To administer, to guard, to adórn the state,  
 But not to warp or change it. We are his,  
 To serve him nóbly in the cómmon cause,  
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves.  
 Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love  
 Of kings, betwéen your lóyalty and ours:  
 We love the man, the páltry págeant you;  
 We, the chief pátron of the cómmonwealth,  
 You, the regárdless áuthor of its woes;  
 We, for the sake of liberty, a king,  
 You, chains and bóndage for a tyrant's sake.  
 Our love is prínciple, and has its root  
 In réason,—is judicious, mánly, free;  
 Yours, a blind instinct, cróuches to the rod,  
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.

Were kingship as true tréasure as it seems,  
 Stérling, and wórthy of a wise man's wish,  
 I would not be a king to be belóved  
 Cáuuseless, and daubed with undiscérning praise,  
 Where love is mere attáchement to the throne,  
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

'Tis (*it is*) liberty alóne that gives the flówer  
 Of fléeting life its lústre and perfúme;  
 And we are weeds withóut it. All constráint,  
 Excépt what wisdom lays on évil men,  
 Is évil; hurts the fáculties, impédes  
 Their prógress in the road of science, blinds  
 The éyesight of discóvery, and begéts  
 In those that súffer it, a sórdid mind  
 Béstial, a méagre íntellect, unfit  
 To be the ténant of man's nóble form.  
 Thee thérefore still, blámeworthy as thou art,  
 With all thy loss of émpire, and though squeezed  
 By públic éxigence till ánnual food  
 Fails for the cráving húngér of the state,  
 Thee I accóunt still háppy, and the chief  
 Amóng the nátions, séeing thou art free!  
 My nátive nook of earth! thy clime is rude,  
 Repléte with vápours, and dispóses much  
 All hearts to sádness, and none more than mine:  
 Thine unadúlterate mánners are less soft  
 And pláusible than sócial life réquires,  
 And thou hast need of díscipline and art  
 To give thee what políter France recéives  
 From náture's bóunty,—that humáne adress  
 And swéetness, withóut which no pléasure is  
 In cónverse, éither starved by cold resérve,  
 Or flushed with fierce díspúte, a sénséless brawl:  
 Yet, béing free, I love thee: for the sake  
 Of that one féature can be well contént,  
 Disgráced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,  
 To seek no súblunary rest beside.  
 But once ensláved, farewéll! I could endúre  
 Chains nówhere pátiently; and chains at home,  
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all.

NOTE. — *Loss of Émpire*: this is an allúision to the 13 Américan cólónies, now the United States, which were lost to Éngland by the Américan war, which ended by the peace of 1783, « *The Task* » was published in 1785.

## CHÉERFULNESS OF GREAT MEN.

### *S. Smiles.*

SAMUEL SMILES was born at Haddington, N. B., in 1812. He was educated as a medical man, but, after practising for six years, became secretary to two Railway Companies successively. He is the author of « *Self Help*, » « *Lives of the Engineers*, » and « *Character*, » from which the following is extracted.

	Pron. española.	Pron. française.		Pron. española.	Pron. française.
<b>Ásth-ma.</b>	. ást-mæ.	. ást-ma.	<b>Láugh-er.</b>	. láaf-æ.	. láf-eur.
<b>Awe.</b>	. oo.	. á.	<b>Mél-lowed.</b>	. mél-o'd.	. mél-ó'd.
<b>Bri-be-ry.</b>	. brái-be-re.	. brái-be-ré.	<b>Pálm-er-ston</b>	. páam-æ-sten	. páam-eur-steune.
<b>Cár-lisle.</b>	. káa-lail.	. káa-laile.	<b>Pré-ju-dice.</b>	. prédch-iu-dis	. pré-djiou-dice
<b>Clerk.</b>	. klaak.	. klark.	<b>Sát-ire.</b>	. sát-ææ.	. sát aire.
<b>Con-tá-gi-on</b>	. kon-tè-dchæn	. kon'tè-djeu	<b>Tán-ta-mount.</b>	. tán-te-maunt	. tán-te-maoun
		. né.	<b>Vir-gil.</b>	. vææ-dchil.	. véur-djil.
<b>Gout.</b>	. gaut.	. gaoute.			
<b>Írving.</b>	. ææ-ving.	. eur-vin'gne.			

Chéerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony of soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It is tantamount to repose. It enables nature to recruit its strength; whereas worry and discontent debilitate it, involving constant wear-and-tear.

How is it that we see such men as Lord Palmerston growing old in harness, working-on vigorously to the end? Mainly through equanimity of temper and habitual cheerfulness. They have educated themselves in the habit of endurance, of not being easily provoked, of bearing and forbearing, of hearing harsh and even unjust things said of them without indulging in undue resentment, and avoiding wringing, petty, and self-tormenting cares. An intimate friend of Lord Palmerston, who observed him closely for twenty years, has said that he never saw him angry, with perhaps one exception; and that was when the ministry responsible for the calamity in Affghanistan, of which he was one, were unjustly accused by their opponents of falsehood, perjury, and wilful mutilation of public documents.

So far as can be learnt from biography, men of the greatest genius have been for the most part cheerful, contented men,—not eager for reputation, money, or power,—but relishing life, and keenly susceptible of enjoyment, as we find reflected in their works. Such seem to have been Homer, Horace, Virgil, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Cervantes. Healthy, serene cheerfulness is apparent in their great creations. Among the same class of cheerful-minded men may also be mentioned Luther,



More, Bácon, Leonárdo da Vinci, Ráphael, and Michael Ángelo. Perháps they were háppy because cónstantly óccupied, and in the pléasantest of all work,—that of créating out of the fúlness and richness of their great minds.

Milton, too, though a man of mány tríals and súfferings, must have been a man of great chéerfulness and elasticity of náture. Though overtáken by blindness, desérted by friends, and fálled upón évil days,—« dárkness befóre and dánger's voice behind, »—yet did he not bate heart or hope, but « still bore=úp and steered right ónward. »

Hénry Fielding was a man borne=dówn through life by debt, and difficulty, and bódivly súffering; and yet Lády Máry Wórtley Móntague has said of him that, by vírtue of his chéerful disposition, she was persuáded he « had known more háppy móments than ány pérson on earth. »

Dr. Jóhnsón, through all his tríals and súfferings and hard fights with fórtune, was a courágeous and chéerful-nátured man. He mánfully made=the=bést of life, and tried to be glad in it. Once, when a clérgyman was compláining of the dúlness of society in the cóuntry, sáying, « they ónly talk of runts » (young cows), Jóhnsón felt fláattered by the observátion of Mrs. Thrale's móther, who said, « Sir, Dr. Jóhnsón would learn to talk of runts, »—méaning that he was a man who would make the most of his situátion, whatever it was.

Jóhnsón was of opinión that a man grew bétter as he grew ólder, and that his náture méllowed with age. This is cértainly a much more chéerful view of húman náture than that of Lord Chésterfield, who saw life through the eyes of a cynic, and held that « the heart néver grows bétter by age; it ónly grows hárder. » But both sáyings may be true accórding to the point from which life is viewed, and the témper by which a man is góverned; for while the good, prófiting by expérience, and disciplining themsélves by self=contról, will grow bétter, the ill-conditioned, uninfluenced by expérience, will ónly grow worse.

Sir Wálder Scott was a man full of the milk of húman kíndness. Éverybody loved him. He was néver five minutes in a room ere the little pets of the fámily, whether dumb or lísping, had found=óut his kíndness for all their generátion. Scott relatéd to Cáptain Básil Hall an incident of his bóyhood which showed the ténderness of his náture. One day a dog cóming tówards him, he took=úp a big stone, threw it, and hit the dog. The poor créature had strength

enough left to crawl=up to him and lick his feet, although he saw its leg was broken. The incident, he said, had given him the bitterest remorse in his after life; but he added, « An éarly circumstance of that kind, properly reflected=on, is calculated to have the best effect on one's character throughout life. »

« Give me an honest láughter, » Scott would say; and he himself laughed the heart's laugh. He had a kind word for everybody, and his kindness acted all round him like a contagion, dispelling the reserve and awe which his great name was calculated to inspire. « He'll (*he will*) come here, » said the kéeper of the ruins of Melrose Abbey to Washington Irving, — « he'll come here sometimes, with great folks in his company, and the first I'll (*I will*) know of it is hearing his voice calling=out, *Jóhnnny, Jóhnnny Bówer!* And when I go=out I'm (*I am*) sure to be gréeted with a joke or a pleásant word. He'll stand and crack and laugh with me, just like an auld (*old*) wife; and to think that of a man that has *such an awful knowledge o' (of) history!* »

Dr. Árnold was a man of the same hearty cordiálicity of manner,— full of human sympathy. There was not a particle of affectation or pretence of condescension about him. « I néver knew such a humble man as the dóctor, » said the parish clerk at Láleham; « he comes and shakes=us=by=the=hánd as if he was one of us. » « He used to come=into my house, » said an old wóman near Fox How, « and talk to me as if I were a lády. »

Sydney Smith was another illustration of the power of cheerfulness. He was éver réady to lóok=on the bright side of things; the darkest cloud had to him its silver lining. Whether wórking as cóuntry cúrate, or as parish réctor, he was álways kind, labórious, pátient, and exémplary; exhibiting in évery sphere of life the spírit of a Christian, the kindness of a pástor, and the hónor of a géntleman. In his léisure he employed his pen on the side of justice, fréedom, educátion, tolerátion, emancipátion; and his writings, though full of cómmon-sense and bright húmour, are néver vulgar; nor did he éver pánder to popularity or préjudice. His good spírits, thanks to his náatural vivácity and stámina of constitútion, néver forsóok him; and, in his old age, when borne=dówn by disease, he wrote to a friend: « I have gout, ásthma, and séven óther máladies, but am ótherwise véry well. » In one of the last létters he wrote to Lády Carlisle, he said: « If you hear of sixteen or éighteen pounds of flesh

wánting an ówner, they belong to me. I look as if a cúrate had been taken-out of me.»

NOTES. — *Henry John Temple, Lord Palmerton*, Prime Minister of England, was born in 1784, and died in 1865. He may be said to have been to foreign nations the most conspicuous and formidable type and representative of the power, knowledge, freedom, and noble instincts, of the English nation.

*Homer*, one of the great poets of the world, a Greek, who lived about 1000 B. C. He sings the Fall of Troy, and the wanderings of Ulysses, King of Ithaca.

*Horace*, a famous Roman poet, born 65 B. C., and died 8 B. C.

*Virgil*, a famous Roman poet, born 70 B. C., and died 19 B. C.

*Montaigne*, a French essayist of exquisite genius, born 1533, and died 1592. (*Vide* page 236).

*Cervantes*, author of «*Don Quixote*,» a remarkable satire on chivalry. A Spaniard; born 1547; died 1616, the same year as Shakespeare died.

*Martin Luther*, the great Reformer, a poor miner's son, was born in Saxony in 1483, and died in 1546.

*Sir Thomas More*, Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII., was born in London in 1480; he was beheaded by a gross act of tyranny in 1535.

*Lord Bacon*, Lord Chancellor under Queen Elizabeth, was a man of the grandest intellect: he was degraded and heavily fined for bribery and corruption. He was called by the poet Pope «*the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind*»: born in London in 1561, and died in 1626.

*Henry Fielding*, a famous English novelist, was born in 1707, and died in Lisbon in 1754.

*Lady M. W. Montague*, a celebrated literary personage in her day, was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston: born, 1690: died 1762.

*Lord Chesterfield*, a man of great literary taste, and the leader of manners and fashion, was born in 1694, and died in 1773.

*Washington Irving*, a delightful American author, was born at New York in 1783, and died in 1859.

*Sydney Smith*, a clergyman and an eminent essayist and humorist: born, 1771; died, 1845.

*Captain Basil Hall*, R. N., was the author of various popular books of travels; born, 1788; died, 1844.

*Dr. Thomas Arnold*, a clergyman, and head master of Rugby School: born, 1795; died, 1842.

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I HAVE KNOWN an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed-at her in a third; wondered-at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and, in short, wore-out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on that side, she made a visit to the new-married pair; praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made; told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast-upon her; and desired that they might be better acquainted.

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YOUNG MEN are subtle arguers: the cloak of honor covers all their faults, as that of passion all their follies.

# THE NORTH AMÉRICAN ÍNDIAN:

AS HE WAS AND AS HE IS.

	Pron. española.	Pron. française.		Pron. española.	Pron. française.
<b>Bó-som.</b> . . .	bú-dsæm.	bón-zeume.		<b>In quis-i-tive</b>	in-kuis-it-iv., in'kouiz-i-tiv'.
<b>Ca-nóe.</b> . . .	ke-nú.	ke-nou.		<b>Sown.</b> . . .	son. . . . . sône.
<b>Cír-cled.</b> . . .	sæe-k'l'd.	céur-k'l'd.		<b>This-tle</b> . . .	zis'l. . . . . this-sl'.
<b>Fál-con.</b> . . .	fóol-kæn.	fál-keune:		<b>Whoop.</b> . . .	huup. . . . . houpe.
<b>Heart.</b> . . .	haat. . . . .	harte.			

Not mány generátions agó, where you now sit, circled with all that exálts and embéllishes civilized life, the rank thistle nódded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscáred. Here lived and loved anóther race of béings. Benéath the same sun that rolls óver your heads, the Índian húnter pursúed the pánting deer; gázng on the same moon that smiles for you, the Índian lóver wooed his dúsky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the ténder and hélpless, the cóuncil-fire glared on the wise and dáring. Now they dipped their nóble limbs in your sédgy lakes, and now they páddled the light canóe alóng your rócky shores. Here they warred; the échoing whoop, the blóody grápple, the defying déath-song, all were here; and, when the tíger strífe was óver, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they wórshipped; and from mány a dark bósom went-úp a pure práyer to the Great Spírit. He had not written his laws for them on tábles of stone, but he had traced them on the tábles of their hearts. The poor child of náture knew not the God of revelátion, but the God of the úniverse he acknówledged in évery thing aróund.

He behéld him in the star that sunk in béauty behind his lónely dwélling; in the sácred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flówer that snapped in the mórnng breeze; in the lófty pine that defied a thóusand whirlwinds; in the tímíd wárbler that néver left its nátive grove; in the féarless éagle whose untired pínion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own máтчless form, glówing with a spark of that light, to whose mystérious Source he bent, in húmble, though blind adorátion.

And all this has passed=awáy. Acróss the ócean came a pílgim bark, béaring the seeds of life and death. The fórmér were sown for you; the láttér sprang=úp in the path

of the simple nátive. Two húngdred years have changed the chárácter of a great cóntinent, and blótted, for éver, from its face, a whole pecúliar péople. Art has usúrpéd the bówers of náture, and the anóinted children of educácion have been too pówerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remáin; but how unlike their bold, untámed, untámable progénitors! The Índian, of fálcón glance and líon béaring, the theme of the tóuching bállad, the héro of the pathétic tale, is gone!— and his degradéd óffspring crawl upón the soil where he walked in májesty, to remind us how míserable is man, when the foot of the cónqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their árrows are bróken, their springs are dried=úp, their cábins are in the dust. Their cóuncil-fire has long since gone=óut on the shore, and their wár-cry is fast dying to the untródden west. Slówly and sádlý they climb the distant móuntains, and read their doom in the sétting sun. They are shrínking befóre the míghty tide which is préssing them awáy; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will séttle óver them for éver.

Áges hence, the inquisitive white-man, as he stands by some grówing city, will pónder on the strúcture of their distúrbéd remáins, and wónder to what máñner of pérsón they belónged. They will live ónly in the songs and chrónicles of their extérminators. Let these be fáithful to their rudé virtues as men, and pay due tribúte to their unháppy fate as a péople.

NOTES. — *Pilgrim bark*: a référence to the first Européan *pilgrims*, of émigrants, to the United States. When James I. came to the throne of England, uniting Éngland and Scótland únder one king, he did his útmost to enfórce cónfórmity with the prescribed sérvices of the Church estáblished. Sóoner than submit to this,

mány of the Púritans émigrated to América (1620), and there formed the New Éngland States. As the Pilgrim Fáthers lánded, áfter great strúggles and dífficulties, their institútions were álréady pérfected: and democrátic líberty and índepéndent Christian wórsHIP at ónce existed in América.

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## ÍNDOLENCE.

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How mány millíons has the world láid low!  
 Yet Índolence more cónquests still can show:  
 As mány a fámish'd wife and fámish'd children know.



# SIR HÉNRY LÁWRENCE.

*Sir J. W. Kaye.*

SIR JOHN WILLIAM KAYE was born in 1814. He began life as an Indian lieu-  
ténant of artillery, 1835-45; entered the Indian Civil Service in 1856, and is now  
Sécrotary to a Département of the India Office. An admirable writer. Among  
his best known works is the one from which this éxtract is taken, « *Lives of  
Indian Officers.* » The biographies it contains make one proud of his country  
and race. He has also written a « *History of the War in Affghanistan.* »

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**A-sy-lum.** . . as-ái-læm. . . a-sái-leumæ.  
**Be-léa-guered.** . . bi-li-gææd. . . bi-li-gueur'd  
**Bi-ble.** . . . . . báí-b'l. . . . . báí-b'l'.  
**Cey-lón.** . . . . . sí-lón. . . . . sí-lón'.  
**Die.** . . . . . daí. . . . . daí.

**Lieu-tén-ant** . . . . . lef-tén-ant. . . . . lef-tén-'an'te.  
**Néph-ew.** . . . . . név-iu. . . . . név-iou.  
**Pár-ox-ysm.** . . . . . pár-æk-sism. . . . . pár-euk-  
sizme.  
**Rough.** . . . . . raf. . . . . reuf.  
**Tomb.** . . . . . tuum. . . . . toume.

On the 2nd of July, as he was lying on his couch in an upper room of the Lucknow Résidency, a shell burst beside him, and griévably sháttèred his thigh. His néphew, Mr. George Lávrence, immédiatey súmmoned Dr. Fáyrer to his assistance, and when Sir Hénry saw him he asked at once how long he had to live. When the dóctor ánswered, « about three days, » he expressed astónishment that so long a term had been gránted to him, and seemed to think that he should pass=awáy befóre the end of it. As shot and shell were continually striking agáinst the Résidency, Dr. Fáyrer caused the wóunded man to be remóved to his own house, which was more shéltèred from the énemy's artillery, and there a consultátion of médical ófficers was held, and it was détèrmined that to attépt amputátion would be ónly to incréase súffèring and to shórten life.

Then Hénry Lávrence prépared himsélf for death. First of all, he asked Mr. Hárris, the cháplain, to adminíster the Hóly Commúnion to him. In the ópen verándah, expósed to a héavy fire of músketry, the sólemn sérvíce was perfórmed, mány ófficers of the gárrison téarfully commúnicating with their belóved chief. This done, he addresséd himsélf to those abóut him. « He bade an afféctionate farewéll to all, » wrote one who was présent at this sad and sólemn méeting, « and of séveral he asked forgíveness for háving at times spóken hárshly, and begged them to kiss him. One or two were quite young boys, with whom he had occásion to find fault, in the course of dúty, a few days préviously. He expressed the déep-est humility and repéntance for his sins, and his firm trust in

our blessed Saviour's atonement, and spoke most touchingly of his dear wife, whom he hoped to rejoin. At the utterance of her name, his feelings quite overcame him, and he burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, which lasted some minutes. He again completely broke down in speaking of his daughter, to whom he sent his love and blessing.... Then he blessed his nephew George, who was kneeling by his bedside, and told him he had always loved him as his own son... He spoke to several present about the state of their souls, urging them to pray and read their Bibles, and endeavour to prepare for death, which might come suddenly, as in his own case. To nearly each person present he addressed a few parting words of affectionate advice,—words which must have sunk deeply into all hearts. There was not a dry eye there, and many seemingly hard rough men were sobbing like children.»

And ever mingling, in these last hours, with the kindly and affectionate feeling of the man were the sterner thoughts of the leader. Passing away, as he was, from the scene, he had to make arrangements for the future defence of the beleaguered garrison. He knew what was his duty, and though it pained him to set aside one who believed that he had the best right to succeed him in his civil duties, he chose his successor wisely. Then he urged upon the officer whom he had chosen, and all present, the imperative necessity of holding out to the very last, and of never making terms with the enemy. «Let every man,» he said, «die at his post; but never make terms. God help the poor women and children.» He often repeated these last words. His heart was very heavy with the thought of these helpless little ones, not knowing what dreadful lot might be in store for them.

He gave many sorrowing thoughts, also, to his foster children in the Lawrence Asylum; and when he was not capable of uttering many words, from time to time he said, alternately with his prayers for the women and children,—«Remember the Asylum, do not let them forget the Asylum.» He told the chaplain that he wished to be buried very privately «without any fuss,» in the same grave with any men of the garrison who might die about the same time. Then he said, speaking rather to himself than to those about him, of his epitaph,—*Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty.*» He paused a few moments. «I should like, too, a text,» he added,—«*To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.* It was on my dear wife's tomb.»

He lingered till the beginning of the second day, after he

was stricken=dówn, súffering occásionally, acúte pároxysms of pain, but háving mány bléssed intervals of rest; and at last passed=awáy véry tránquilly, «like a little child fálling a-sléep,» abóut 8 o'clóck A. M. (*ante merídiem*) on the 4th July, 1857.

Sir Hénry Montgómerý Lávrence was the son of an Índian ófficer, and was born in Ceylón, in 1806. In 1821, he éntered the ármý, and soon gained a great reputátion for zeal and ability. When the mútiny broke=óut in Índia, in 1857, he was Résident in Oude; that is, réally, king of that próvince, únder the Góvornor-Général. He long held his mútinous régiments to their allégiance by the force of his cháracter, and when finally the tórrént of disafféction swept them awáy álso, he retired into the Résidency, which he had hástily fórtified with a hándful of brave Énglishmen, sóldiers and civilians, and there maintáined his ground agáinst the besieging Sepóys with a cóurage, devótion, and self-sácrifice, álmost withóut a párallel in history. Hénry Lávrence was a man of the finest intellect, an áble státesman, a fine writer, a great administrátor, a nóble and brave sóldier. As a man, his dying hours speak for him. A státue has been érected to his mémory in St. Paul's, Lóndon: and in recognítion of his sérvices his éldest son was créated a báronet.— G. H-M.

### WASTE. — *Combe.*

It is a récognised fact, or géneral law of náture, that nóthing can act or move withóut undergóing some change, howéver trifling in amóunt. Not éven a breath of wind can pass alóng the súrface of the earth withóut áltering, in some degré, the propórtions of the bódies with which it comes into cóntact; and not a drop of rain can fall upón a stone withóut cárrying=awáy some pórtion of its súbstance. The smóothest and most áccurately formed wheel, rúnníng alóng the most lével and pólished ráilroad, parts with some pórtion of its súbstance at évery revólútion, and, in prócess of time, is worn=óut and requíres to be repláced. The same efféct is fórcibly exémplicated in the great toe of the bronze státue of St. Péter, at Rome, which, in the course of cénturies, has been worn=dówn to less than half its original size, by the succéssive kisses of the fáithful; and I vénture to mention it, because it affórd's one of the best spécimens of the opérátion of a prínciple, the existence of which, from the impercéptibly small efféct of ány act, might ótherwise be pláusibly denied.



# OTHELLO'S APÓLOGY FOR HIS MÁRRIAGE.

*Shákspere.*

WILLIAM SHÁKSPERE, (*vide* biographical notice at page 264), the « Bard of Ávon, » was doubtless first attracted to the stage by the companies of strólling players who fréquently visited his native town in his boyhood. He has written 37 plays, and the dates of publication of only a few of them are known. Úpwards of 200 editions of his works have been published in Éngland alóne. It may be said that his works have becóme to a large part of the world one of the primal necessities of life. In no óther man's books, próbably, are to be found so much truth, wisdom, and beauty as in his. Shákspere is the póet of the húman race. Born, 1564. Died, 1616. Áged 52.

	Pron. española. Pron. française.			Pron. española. Pron. française.	
<b>A-pól-o-gy.</b>	e-pól-o-dche.	e-pól-ó-djè.		<b>She'd</b> ( <i>she would</i> ).	schii'd . . . chide.
<b>Be-guile.</b>	bi-gáil. . .	bi-gáile.		<b>Sig-niors.</b>	siin-íes. . . si-nieurze.
<b>Éarn-est.</b>	æen-est. . .	éur-neste.		<b>Ta'en</b> ( <i>taken</i> ).	teen. . . tène.
<b>I'the</b> ( <i>in the</i> )	iz-e. . .	ith-é.		<b>'Twas</b> ( <i>it was</i> )	tuas. . . tuáze.
<b>O-thél-lo.</b>	o-zél-o. . .	ó-thél-ló.			

Most pótent, grave, and réverend signiors,  
 My véry nóble and appróv'd good másters,—  
 That I have ta'en-awáy (*taken-away*) this old man's dáughter,  
 It is most true; true, I have márried her;  
 The véry head and front of my offénding  
 Hath (*has*) this extént, no more. Rude am I in speech,  
 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:  
 For since these arms of mine had séven years' pith,  
 Till now some nine moons wásted, they have us'd  
 Their déarest áction in the ténted field;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertáins to feats of broils and báttle;  
 And, thérefore, little shall I grace my cause  
 In spéaking for mysélf. Yet, by your pátiéce,  
 I will a round unvárnish'd tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjurácion, and what mighty mágic,  
 (For such procéeding I am charged withál,  
 I won his dáughter with.

Her fáther lov'd me; oft invited me;  
 Still quéstion'd me the stóry of my life,  
 From year to year; the báttles, sieges, fórtune,  
 That I have pass'd.  
 I ran it through, éven from my bóyish days  
 To the véry móment that he bade me tell it.  
 Wherein I spoke of most disástrous chances;

Of móving accidents by flood and field ;  
 Of háir-breadth 'scapes (*escápes*) i'the (*in the*) imminent déadly  
 Of béing táken by the insolent foe, [breach.  
 And sold to slávery ; of my redémption thence,  
 And, with it, all my trávels' history.  
 . . . . . These things to hear  
 Would Desdemóna sériously inclíne ;  
 But still the house affáirs would draw her thence ;  
 Which éver as she could with haste despátch,  
 She'd (*she would*) come agáin, and with a gréedy ear  
 Devóur-up my discóurse : which I obsérving,  
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
 To draw from her a práyer of éarrest heart,  
 That I would all my pílgrimage diláte,  
 Whereóf by párcels she had sómething heard,  
 But not distínetively. I did consént :  
 And óften did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distréssful stroke  
 That my youth súffer'd. My stóry béing done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.  
 She said,—'twas (*it was*) strange, 'twas pássing strange ;  
 'Twas pítiful, 'twas wóndrous pítiful :  
 She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
 That Héaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me ;  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
 I should but teach hím how to tell my stóry,  
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spoke :  
 She lov'd me for the dángers I had pass'd ;  
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them,—  
 This ónly is the witchcraft I have us'd.

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## CONTEMPLATION OF GOD.

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What pówer built óver our heads this magnificent arch?  
 Who adórned the héavens with such éxquisite béauty? Who  
 páinted the clouds with inímitable cólors? At whose voice do  
 the plánets perfórm their cónstant revólutions? Who guides  
 the cómets through the remóte régions of the úniverse? Who  
 arráyed the sun with transcéndent glóry? What hand has  
 lighted that astónishing flame?—God, *the source of existence.*

WHEN OUR vices leave us, we flátter oursélves that we leave  
 them.

## STOP A MOMENT!

*From the «Literary Gazette.»*

Pron. española. Pron. française.		Pron. española. Pron. française.	
<b>Aus-tère.</b> . . . . .	oos-tiè. . . . .	â-sti-eur.	
<b>Èise-where.</b> . . . . .	èls-huèrè. . . . .	èlse-houèrè.	
<b>Jéal-ous-y.</b> . . . . .	dchèl-æs-e. . . . .	djèl-eus-é.	
<b>Nymph.</b> . . . . .	nimf. . . . .	nim'f.	
<b>Pall-mall.</b> . . . . .	pal-mal. . . . .	pal-mal.	
<b>Pér-sia.</b> . . . . .	pæse-schèrè. . . . .	pèur-cha.	
		<b>Plâ-gi-a-</b>	plâdch-i-æ.
		<b>rism</b> . . . . .	ridsm. . . . .
		<b>Ren-dez-</b>	ren-de-vú. . . . .
		<b>vóus.</b> . . . . .	ren-dez-vóus.
		<b>Thames.</b> . . . . .	tems. . . . .
		<b>Whis-key.</b> . . . . .	temze. . . . .
			huis-ke. . . . .
			houis-ké.

I stood the óther day, admiring a brilliant whiskey, drawn by a supèrb còurser, and driven by a young gèntleman of fâshion; he dârted=alóng Pall-Mall, with a degré of rapidity which, in áncient times, would have ensúred to him the crown at the Olympic games; the pedéstrians all gâzed=at him with astónishment, and the ládies seemed to énvý the lot of a chârm-ing nymph, who was grâcefully séated in the élegant car of triumph.

An old gréy-haired man, who was léaning on a knótted stick, far from sháring=in the gènéral admirácion, excláimed with a loud voice, *Stop a móment!* These words were ánswered by a univèrsal múrmur of displéasure, when, at the dístance of a few yards, some unforeséen óbstacle striking agáinst the wheel of the car, it was overtúrned and dashed in píeces. The gèntleman, overwhélmèd with confúcion, and appárently hurt, raised his compánion, whose módesty alóne was wóundèd by her fall on the ground. Thus précipitated from their glóry, they turned with a dówncast air tówards a háckney-coach, into which they stepped to escápe the indiscreét gaze of a cúrious múltitude, who showed themsélves far more malignant than compássionate. Well! said the old man, I foresáw this; but they would not be advised; *peóple néver know when to stop.*

A númer of péople were soon collécted togéther, who joined in conversácion respécting the áccident which we had just witnessed, but it soon túrnèd=on new fâshions, and the fóllies of the présent day. A young man wéaring mustáchios and loose pántaloons, the fine cloth of which was déstined to présérve a pair of spurred boots from the dust and mud, wármly ádvocated all módern cústoms; a middle-aged man, in an óld-fashioned dress, ill-húmouredly condémmèd the núdity of the ládies, and the military costúme of those young men whose fóotsteps resóund in the néighbourhood of St. Jâmes's. The

conversation was at first animated, lively, and entertaining; but the discussion soon became warm, and assumed the nature of a dispute; the old man, who had hitherto remained a silent auditor, again exclaimed: *Stop a moment!* He was disregarded: the altercation continued, and soon terminated in the appointment of a rendezvous at Chalk Farm.

I quitted the scene, reflecting on the repeated and useless warnings of the old gentleman, and bent my course towards the Strand; I am accustomed to visit the theatre occasionally; the illusion of the passions represented on the stage, moves and delights me; whilst I am fatigued and distressed by the reality of those of society. If human folly prevails on the stage as well as elsewhere, it is always more spirited and less dangerous.

On entering the pit, I perceived at some distance the same old gentleman, whose animated eye, sharp features, and laconic expressions had before attracted my attention. I took my seat near him. It was the first representation of a new piece, which, like many others, in my opinion, merited both eulogium and condemnation. I remarked glaring faults in the plot, but considerable beauty in the details: when too rich in knowledge we are apt to be disdainful, when hackneyed with the world it is difficult to move us or to make us feel any illusion; besides, our vanity destroys our pleasure; we are too good connoisseurs to be amused, and we listen like cold judges, rather than sensible spectators.

I made these reflections at the end of one of the acts, and my neighbour, without saying a syllable, nodded his head in token of approval. Observations of a different nature, however, soon succeeded mine. The author had, as usual, a party for him and a cabal against him: the former came with the intention of exalting him to the skies; the latter for the purpose of crushing him without mercy. The former pointed-out all the beauties of the work; the latter discovered that it was tedious, obscure, and full of plagiarisms. Irritated by contradiction, the partizans of the piece passed from admiration to enthusiasm, and the rest abandoned the tone of criticism for that of satire. My silent old gentleman, then raising his voice, and striking the ground with his stick exclaimed, *Stop a moment!* No one appeared to hear him: the literary discussion became a vulgar dispute; insults were substituted for figures of rhetoric, and blows succeeded insults. But the police officers, who were called-in, quickly terminated the scandalous tumult, and indiscriminately conducted to prison the applauders and the hissers, the assailants and the assailed.

After the play was over, I walked out with my old neighbour, and, to my astonishment, I suddenly observed my austere companion directing his course towards an obscure alley, the fatal entrance to those abodes of perdition called gaming-houses. I followed him for the sake of contemplating this modern Tartarus, where, on his entrance, the wretched victim is allured by the gloomy aspect of despair.

We observed, for some time, the pale votaries of capricious Fortune, and the various expressions of joy and disappointment excited by her fantastic decrees. But a young man, as brilliant and light as the goddess herself, soon arrested our attention: he was invariably successful, the number which he fixed on never failed to win; if he changed colours, Fate, apparently obedient to his wishes, changed with him; every chance was favourable to him; the bankers, astonished, threw off their accustomed apathy, and reluctantly paid the tributes they usually regard as their own spoil. A mountain of gold was raised before the fortunate gamester; the old man stepped forward, tapped him on the shoulder and whispered, *Stop!*

The thoughtless young man replied by a burst of laughter and doubled his play. Fortune now changed; reverse succeeded reverse; his mountain gradually diminished; his treasure vanished. The inconsiderate fool exclaimed against his fate, emptied his pocket, and lost all. The old man then roared in a voice of thunder: *Unhappy wretch! Stop, I say!* The ungrateful young man loaded his kind adviser with insults and threats, borrowed from his neighbours, and consummated his own ruin. Frantic with despair, he rose and quitted the infernal assembly, who scarcely observed his departure, and rushed out, exclaiming, that the waves of the Thames were his only resource. We immediately followed him; I called after him, but without effect. At the foot of the staircase we beheld a young female in tears; she threw herself at his feet; he wished to avoid her; she presented to him a purse and a casket,—nothing could move his resolution; at length, she exclaimed in a melting tone of voice,—*In the name of love, in the name of your children, stay, I entreat you!* The young man turned, wiped away a tear, embraced her, and they departed. He is saved and corrected, said the old man. This exhortation spoke to his heart; mine addressed itself only to his understanding.

I was alone with my old philosopher, and being deeply moved by the words he had last uttered,—Who are you? I enquired. I have frequently listened without emotion to the

most éloquent sérmons; the great works of our philósophers have excited ráther than sátisfied my curiosítý, obscéred ráther than enlightened my understanding; if they have cured me of mány érrors, they have on the óther hand made me doubt mány truths; you útter ónly three words, and yet I feel that you command my cónfidence, and inspire me with respéct.

My friend, said he, I have lived long in the world; I have enjoyéd opportunities for observátion and refléction. I have by turns adópted várious systems, but long expérience has reduced all my philósophy to the simple précept,—*Stop a moment!*

If we knew when *to stop*, we should be réndered háppy by séntiment instéad of béing torménted by pássion. Through not knówing when *to stop*, cóurage changes to temerítý, severity to tyranny, ecónomy to ávarice, generósisy to profúsisn, love to jéalousy, piéty to fanáticisim, liberty to licéntiousness, róyalty to déspotisim, submission to báseness, and eulógium to fláttery. Émpires fall like men, because they wish to advánce too far and too rápidly; nóbody éither wishes or knows how *to stop*.

The kings of Pérsia would not be *stopped* by the sea, and the bóundaries of their vast domínions; they dashed agáinst the little cities of Greece, the wárlíke inhábítants of which overthréw their throne.

How mány Éastern mónarchs, unáble to endúre the thought of háving their will *stopped* by a law, have been ensláved and assássinated by their slaves, whilst their fate has excited no sympathy beyónd the walls of their pálaces!

Alexánder, whom no cónquest could sátisfy, yielded at Bábylon, and pérished in the flówer of his age, because réason could not *stop* him in his caréer of dissipátion.

The Greeks, not knówing where *to stop* éither in their pássion for liberty, or their vain desire for domínion, becáme divided agáinst each óther, induced fóreigners to interfére in their dispútes, and degénerated into sérvítude.

In vain did Cáto excláim to the Rómans, *Stop!* They ran in quest of wórdly ríches, which undermined their pówer, corrúpted their mánners, destróyed their liberty, and first delivered them to the mércy of tyrants, and then to barbárians.

In módern times what fóllies and crimes have been committed for want of knówing when *to stop!* What piles have been kindled because piéty has been unáble to représs fanáticisim! What mássacres have ensúed because the nobility refused to respéct éither the róyal prerógative or the rights of the péople!

What misfórtunes might not Charles XII. have avóided had

he known how to check himself! He would not have fled at Pultówa, had he *stopped* at Nárva.

Had Bónaparte known when *to stop*, he would not have led his vétérans to the snówy régions of Rússia; had he not been blinded by the excéss of his ambition, he would not have died a prisoner and an éxile at St. Heléna.

There is no good quálity which does not becóme a fault when carried too far; all good when exággerated is converted into évil; the fáirest cause, that of Héaven itsélf, dishónours its suppórters, when, unáble to curb their zeal, they burn instéad of instrúcting the incrédulous.

Believe me, there is no virtue more prófitable, no wísdóm more úseful than moderátion. To améliorate mankind, the best lésson that can be given to them is,—*Stop a móment!*

NOTES.—*Chalk Farm* is a nóted spot near Lóndon, where pérsóns used to meet for the práctice of dúelling; or, accórding to fáshionable phraseólogy, for «séttlng affáirs of hónor.»

*Alexánder the Great*, king of Macedónia, born, B. C. 356; died, B. C. 323; in the 13th year of his reign, and the 33rd of his life. When required to name his succéssor, he is said to have replied, «to the most wóthy.»

*Márcus Pórcius Cato*, surnámed the Cénsor, an illústrious Róman, born, B. C. 234; died, B. C. 149. He stróngly

oppósed the lúxury of the Rómans.

*Charles XII.*, king of Swéden, was ónly 15 years of age when he ascéded, the throne in 1697. In the fámoso báttle of Nárva in 1700, he is said to have sláin 30,000 Rússiáns, besides máking 20,000 prisoners, though his ówn force was short of 10,000. But in the báttle of Pultówa, álsó agáinst the Rússiáns, he sustáined a térrible deféat. He was killed by a cánnon-shot at the siegé of Fréderickshall in 1718. Vóltaire's «*Histoire de Charles XII.*» is a módel of gráphic narrátion.

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## HOME.

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THERE IS A WORLD where no storms intrúde, a háven of sáfety agáinst the témpests of life. A little world of joy and love, of ínnocence and tranqúillity. Suspícions are not there, nor Jéalousies, nor Fálsehood with her dóuble tongue, nor the vénom of Slándér. Peace embrácth it with óutspread wings. Plénty bróodeth there. When a man éntereth it, he forgétteth his sórrows and disappóintments; he ópeneth his heart to cónfidence, and to pléasures not míngled with remórsé. This world is the wéll-órdéred home of a virtúous and ámiáble wóman.

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A LIAR begins with máking fálsehood appéar like truth, and ends with máking truth itsélf appéar like fálsehood.

# EXCÉLSIOR.

## *Lóngfellow.*

HÉNYRY WÁDSWORTH LÓNGFELLOW, an Américan pœet of high reputátiôn, was born in 1807. He was inténded for the légal professiôn, but the stúdy of law was uncongénial to his taste, and he was appóinted Professór of Mòdern Lán-guages at Bówdoin Cóllege. His principal pœems are «*The Song of Hiawátha,*» «*Evángeline,*» «*The Còurtship of Miles Stándish.*»

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Ác-cent..** . ak-sent. . . ak-cen'té.

**Al-pine..** . al-pain . . . al-paine.

**Ex-cél-si-or** ek-sél-si-or. . ek-sél-si-or.

**Fául-chi-on.** fól-schen. . fál-cheune.

**Glá-ci-er.** . glé-si-è. . . glé-ci-eur.

**Hí-a-wá-tha** hai-a-uá-tæ. . hai-a-ouá-ta.

The shades of night were fálling fast,  
As through an Álpine village passed,  
A youth, who bore 'mid (*amid*) snow and ice,  
A bánnér with this strange devíce,—  
Excélsior!

His brow was sad: his eye benéath,  
Flashed like a fáulchion from its sheath.  
And like a silver clárior rung,  
The áccents of that unknówn tongue,—  
Excélsior!

In háppy homes he saw the light  
Of hóusehold fires gleam warm and bright:  
Abóve, the spéctral gláciérs shone,  
And from his lips escáped a gróan,—  
Excélsior!

« Try not the Pass! » the old man said ;  
« Dark lówers the témpest overhéd ;  
The róaring tórrent is deep and wide. »  
And loud that clárior voice replíed.—  
Excélsior!

« Oh stay, » the máiden said, « and rest  
Thy wéary head upón this breast! »  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he ánswered, with a sigh,—  
Excélsior!



« Bewáre the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Bewáre the áwful ávalanche! »  
This was the péasant's last Good-night,  
A voice replied, far up the height,—  
Excélsior!

At break of day, as héaven-ward  
The píous monks of St. Bernárd  
Úttered the oft-repéated práyer,  
A voice cried through the stártled air,—  
Excélsior!

A tráveller, by the fáithful hound,  
Half-búried in the snow was found,  
Still grásping in his hand of ice  
That bänner with the strange device,—  
Excélsior!

There in the twilight cold and grey,  
Lifeless, but béautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, seréne and far,  
A voice fell, like a fálling star,—  
Excélsior!



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## FLUENCY OF SPEECH.

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The cómmon fluéncy of speech in mány men and most wómen, is ówing to a scárcity of mátter and a scárcity of words; for whoéver is a máster of lánquage and has a mind full of idéas, will be apt in spéaking to hésitate upón the choice of both; whereás cómmon spéakers have ónly one set of idéas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are álways réady at the mouth; so péople come fáster out of a church when it is álmost émpy, than when a crowd is at the door.

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## TRUE MÓDESTY.

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True Módesty more éasily gains the heart  
Than all the tricks of impudence and art.

# MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS:

## HER DEATH SCENE.

### *Froude.*

J. A. FROUDE, a distinguished English historian, was born in 1818. His «*History of England*» embraces the period from the Fall of Cardinal Wólsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Pron. española. Pron. française.		Pron. española. Pron. française.	
<b>Bú-sy.</b> . . .	bi-dsè. . . .	bi-zè.	
<b>Con-jéc-ture</b>	kon-dchèk- chæ. . . . .	kon'-djèk- tcheure.	
<b>Cúsh-ion.</b> . .	kúsch-en. . .	kóuch-eune.	
<b>Dáu-phin.</b> . .	dóo-fin. . . .	dà-fine.	
<b>Griz-zled.</b> . .	grids-'Td. . .	griz-zl'd.	
<b>Í-vo-ry.</b> . . .	áiv-æ-re. . .	ái-veur-é.	
<b>Mús-cle.</b> . . .	mæs'l. . . . .	méus-sl'.	
		<b>Pá-geant.</b> . .	pâdch-ent. . .
		<b>Pér-quis-ite.</b>	pææ-kuis-it. .
		<b>Pró-vost.</b> . .	próv-æst. . . .
		<b>Psalm.</b> . . .	saam. . . . .
		<b>Quív-er.</b> . .	kuiv-æ. . . . .
		<b>Scheme.</b> . .	skim. . . . .
		<b>Suite.</b> . . .	suiit. . . . .
		<b>Wrought.</b> . .	root. . . . .

Briefly, sólemnly, and stérnly they delivered their áwful més-age. They infórmed her that they had received a commissiön únder the great seal to see her éxecuted, and she was told that she must préparé tó súffer on the fóllowing mórning. She was dréadfully ágitated. For a móment she refuséd to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upón her, tóssing her head in dis-dáin, and strúgglng to contról hersélf, she called her physícian, and begán to speak to him of móney that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke=dówn altogéther, and they left her with a fear éither that she would destróy hersélf in the night, or that she would refusé to come to the scáffold, and that it might be nécessary to drag her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professéd to expéct it, but the cléarest expectátiön is not cértainty. The scene for which she had affécted to préparé, she was to encóunter in its dread réality, and all her búsy schemes, her dreams of véngeance, her visions of a revólutiön, with hersélf ascéding out of the convúl-siön and séating hersélf on her rival's throne,—all were gone! She had played deep, and the dice had gone agáinst her.

Yet in death, if she encóuntered it brávely, víctory was still póssible. Could she but sustáin to the last the chárácter of a calúmniated súppliant, accépting heróically for God's sake and her creed's the conclúding stroke of a long sèries of wrongs, she might stir a tèmpest of indignátiön which, if it could not save hersélf, might at least overwhélm her énemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knów-ledge of Bábington, it would be affectátiön to crédit her with

a génuine féeling of religion; but the imperfécion of her mótive exalts the gréatness of her fórtitude. To an impássioned believer death is compáratively éasy.

At eight in the mórning the próvost-márshal knocked at the óuter door which communicáted with her suite of apártments. It was locked, and no one ánswered; and he went-báck in some trepidácion lest the fears might prové true which had been entertáined the précéding évening. On his retúrning with the shériff, howéver, a few mínutes láter, the door was ópen, and they were confrónted with the tall, majéstic figure of Máry Stúart stánding befóre them in spléndour. The plain grey dress had been exchánged for a robe of black sátin; her jácket was of black sátin álso, looped and slashed and trimmed with vélvet. Her false hair was arráinged stúdíously with a coif, and óver her head and falling-dówn óver her back was a white veil of délicate lawn. A crúcifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crúcifix of ivory, and a númer of jéwelled páternosters was attáched to her girdle. Led by two of Páulet's géntlemen, the shériff wáking befóre her, she passed to the chámber of présence in which she had been tried, where Shréwsbury, Kent, Páulet, Drúry, and óthers, were wáiting to recéive her. Andrew Mélville, Sir Róbert's bróther, who had been máster of her hóusehold, was knéeling in tears. «Mélville,» she said, «you should ráther rejóice than weep that the end of my tróubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Cáholic. Comménd me to my son. Tell him I have done nóthing to préjudice his kíngdom of Scótláand; and so, good Mélville, farewéll.» She kissed him, and túrning, asked for her chápláin Du Preau. He was not présent. There had been a fear of some religíous mélodrame which it was thought well to avóid. Her ládies, who had at-tétempted to fóllow her, had been kept-báck álso. She could not affórd to leave the accóunt of her death to be repórted by éne-mies and Púritans, and she requíred assístance for the scene which she médítated. Missing them, she asked the réason of their ábsence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attétempt perháps to dip their hándkerchiefs in her blood. She undertóok that they should be quíet and obédient. «The Queen,» she said, «would néver deny her so slight a requést;» and when Kent still hésítated, she ádded, with tears,—«You know I am cóusin to your Queen, of the blood of Hénry the Séventh, a márríed Queen of France, and anóinted Queen of Scótláand.»

It was impóssible to refusé. She was allówed to take six of her own péople with her, and seléct them hersélf. She chose her

physician Burgóyne, Ándrew Mélville, the apóthecary Górrion, and her súrgeon, with two ládies, Elízabeth Kénedy and Curle's young wife Bárbara Mówbray, whose child she had baptized. « Állons done, » she then said, « Let us go » and passing=óut attended by the earls, and léaning on the arm of an ófficer of the guard, she descéded the great stáircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the cóuntry. Thóusands of péople were collécted outside the walls. Abóut three húndred knights and géntlemen of the cóuntry had been admitted to witness the execútion. The tábles and forms had been remóved, and a great wood fire was blázing in the chímney. At the úpper end of the hall, abóve the fireplace, but near it, stood the scáffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half high. It was cóvered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it cóvered with black cloth álso, and the shériff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor belów on the four sides to keep=óff the crowd. On the scáffold was a block, black like the rest; a square black cúshion was placed behind it, and behind the cúshion a black chair; on the right were two óther chairs for the earls. The axe leant agáinst the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on éither side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept=in, seemed as if cóming to take a part in some sólemn págeant. Not a músle of her face could be se ento quiver; she ascéded the scáffold with ábsolute compósure, looked round her smíling, and sat=dówn, Shréwsbury and Kent fóllowed and took their pláces, the shériff stood at her left hand, and Beale then móunted a plátform and read the wárrant alóud.

She laid her crúcifix on her chair. The chief execútioner took it as a pérquisite, but was órdered instantly to lay=it=dówn. The lawn veil was lifted cárefully off, not to distúrb the hair, and was hung upón the rail. The black robe was next remóved. Belów it was a pétticoat of críimson vélvet. The black jácket fóllowed, and únder the jácket was a pair of críimson sleeves, with which she hástily cóvered her arms: and thus she stood on the black scáffold with the black figures all aróund her, blóod-red from head to foot.

Her réasons for adópting so extraórdinary a costúme must be left to conjécture. It is ónly cértain that it must have been cárefully stúdiéd, and that the pictórial efféct must have been appálling.

The wómen, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, begán now to give=wáy, spasmodic sobs búrstring from them which they could not check. « Ne criez vous, » she said, « j'ay prómis pour vous. » Strúggling brávely, they crossed their breasts

again and again, she crossing hers in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Bárbara Mówbray bound her eyes with a hándkerchief. «Adieu,» she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them, «Adieu, au révoir.» They stepped=back from off the scáffold, and left her alóne. On her knees she repéated the Psalm, «*In te, Dómine, confido,*» — «*In thee, oh Lord, have I put my trust.*» Her shóuldere béing expósed, two scars becáme visible, one on éither side, and the earls béing now a little behind her, Kent póinted to them with his white hand, and looked inquiringly at his compánion. Shréwsbury whispered that they were the remáins of two ábscesses from which she had súffered while líving with him at Shéffield.

When the psalm was énded, she felt for the block, and, láying=down her head, múttered, — «*In manus, Dómine, tuas, comméndo ánimam méam.*» The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands únder her neck. The execútioners géntly remóved them, lest they should déaden the blow, and then one of them hóliding her slíghtly, the óther raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying éven for the práctised héadsman of the Tówer. His arm wándered. The blow fell on the knot of the hándkerchief, and scárcely broke the skin. She néither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time efféctively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamórpheis was witnessed, strange as was éver wrought by wand of fábled enchánter. The coif fell=óff and the false plaits. The láboured illúsió vanished. The lády who had knelt befóre the block was in the matúriety of grace and lóveliness. The execútioner, when he raised the head, as úsual, to show it to the crowd, expósed the withered féatures of a grizzled, wrinkled old wóman.

«So pérish all énemies of the Queen,» said the Dean of Péterborough. A loud «amén» rose óver the hall. «Such end,» said the Earl of Kent, rising and stánding óver the bódý, «to the Queen's and the Góspel's énemies.»

NOTES. — *Máry Stuart*, Queen of Scots, was the dáughter of James V. of Scótlá and Máry of Guise. Born in 1542, she was táken to France in 1548, and márried to the Dáuphin of France, in 1558. She was left a widow two years láter, and then retúrned to Scótlá, where she márried her cóusin, Lord Dárnley, in 1565. Her son (James VI.) was born in the following year, and her húsband was múrdered

in 1567. She márried the Earl of Bóthwell three months áfter. The Scotch nobility now revólted, and Máry fled to England in 1568, where she was detáined till her execútion in 1587, nineteen years áfter. She was 45 years old at her death. The Róman Cáholic pártý éntered=into a plot, to which Máry was privy, to múrder Queen Elizabeth and free Máry. The plot was detécted, and this was the réason of Máry's execútion.

# MÁRY QUEEN OF SCOTS:

HER CHÁRACTER AND BÉAUTY.

*Robertson.*

WILLIAM RÓBERTSON, a célebrated histórian, was born in 1721, at Édinburgh. In 1759 appeared his «*History of Scóttland,*» and he at once acquired thereby a place among British classical writers. In 1762, he became principal of the University of Édinburgh. His célebrated «*History of Charles V.*» was followed by the «*History of América,*» in 1777. He died in 1793. As a histórian, he is admired for lúminous and skilful arrangement, gráphic description, and a singularly perspicuous style.

	<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>		<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>
<b>Com-pléx-ion</b> . . . . .	kæm-plék-schæn. . . . .	kom'-plék-cheune. . . . .	<b>Height</b> . . . . .	hait. . . . .	haïte.
<b>ÉR-ror</b> . . . . .	ér-ræ. . . . .	ér-reur. . . . .	<b>Rheu-má-tism</b> . . . . .	rú-me-tism. . . . .	róu-me-tizme
<b>Ex-tréme</b> . . . . .	eks-trim. . . . .	eks-trime. . . . .	<b>Stá-ture</b> . . . . .	stách-juæ. . . . .	stát-tchioure
<b>Feigned</b> . . . . .	feen'd. . . . .	fén'd. . . . .	<b>Sur-véy</b> . . . . .	sæm-vé. . . . .	seur-vé.

To all the charms of beauté, and the útmost élegance of extérnal form, Máry ádding those accómplishments which rénder their impréssions irresistible, was políte, áffable, insinuating, spríghtly, and cápable of spéaking and wrítting with équal ease and dígnity; súdden, howéver, and víolent in all her attáchments, becáuse her heart was warm and unsuspecting; impátient of contradiction, becáuse she had been accústomed from infancy to be tréated as a queen; no stránger, on some occásions, to dissimulátion, which, in that perfídious court where she recéived her educátion, was réckoned among the nécessary arts of góvernment; not insénsible to fláttery, or uncóncious of that pléasure with which álmost évery wóman behólds the ínfluence of her own beauté. Formed with the quálities that we love, not with the tálents that we admire, she was an agréeeable wóman, ráther than an illústrious queen. The vivácity of her spirit, not súfficiently témpéred with sound júdgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times únder the restráint of discrétion, betráyed her both into *errors* and *crimes*. To say that she was most unfórtunate, will not accóunt for that long and álmost un-interrupted succéssion of calámities which beféll her; we must likewise add, that she was óften imprúdent. Her pássion for Dárnley was rash, yóuthful, and excéssive. And though the súdden transition to the ópposite extrémé was the náatural efféct of her ill-requited love, and of his ingrátitude, ínsolence, and brutálicity, yet néither these, nor Bóthwell's ártful ádréss and impórtant sérvices, can jústify her attáchment to that nóbleman.

Éven the mánners of the age, licéntious as they were, are no apólogy for this unháppy pássion; nor can they indúce us to lóok on that trágical and infamous scene (the múrder of her húsband Dárnley) which fóllowed-upón it, with less abhórrence. Humánity will draw a veil óver this part of her cháracter, which it cánnót appróve, and may, perháps, prompt some to impúte her áctions to her situátion, more than to her dispositiún; and to lámént the unháppiness of the fórmer ráther than accúse the perverseness of the látter. Máry's súfferings excéed, both in degréé and durátiún, those trágical distréssees for which the fáncy has feigned to excíte sórrow and commiserátiún; and while we survéy them, we are apt altogéther to forgét her fráilties; we think of her faults with less indignátiún, and appróve of our tears, as if they were shed for a pèrson who had attained much néarer to pure vírtue.

With regard to the queen's pèrson, a círcumstance not to be omítted in wírtíng the hístory of a fémale reign, all contémporary áuthors agrée in ascríbíng to Máry the útmost béauty of cóuntenance and élegance of shape of which the húman form is cápable. Her hair was black; though, accórdíng to the fáshion of the age, she fréquently wore bórrowed locks, and of dífferent cólours. Her eyes were a dárk grey; her compléxiún was éxquisítely fine; and her hands and arms remárkably délicate, both as to shape and cólour. Her státúre was of a héight that rose to the majéstic. She danced, walkéd, and rode with équal grace. Her taste for músic was just, and she sang and played on the lute with uncómmún skill. Tówards the end of her lífe she begán to grow fat: and her long confínement, and the cóldness of the house in which she was imprísoned bróught-on a rhéumatism, which depríved her of the úse of her límb. No man éver behéld her pèrson wíthóut admirátiún and love, or will read her hístory wíthóut sórrow.

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## SLÁNDER.

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'Tis Slánder,

Whose edge is shárper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvénom's all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the póstíng winds, and doth belle  
All córnèrs of the world: kings, queens, and states,  
Maids, mátrons, nay, the sécrets of the grave  
This víperous Slánder énters.

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## THE POËT'S SONG.

*Tennyson.*

ALFRED TENNYSON, the Poët Laureate of England, is recognised as one of the grêatest poëts of his cöuntry and of the age. When he published his first pöems, the critics condemned them. He was silent. Dúring ten years he was lost sight of by the públic. But when he appeared again before the world, it was at one stride to hold the loftiest place on the pedestal of fame. «*Lócksley Hall*,» «*In Memóriam*,» «*The Princess*,» «*The Ídylls of the King*,» are some of his most pópular pöems.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Í-dyll. . . . . ái-dil. . . . . ái-dil.  
Láu-re-ate. . . . . láo-ri-et. . . . . lá-ri-éte.

Níght-in-gale náit-in-gueel náí-tin'-guéle  
Tén-ny-son. tén-i-s'n. . . . . tèn'-i-s'n.

The rain had fálleñ, the Poët aróse,  
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,  
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,  
And waves of shádow went óver the wheat,  
And he sat him down in a lónely place,  
And chánted a méloDY loud and sweet,  
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,  
And the lark drop=dówn at his feet.

The swállow stopt as he húnted the bee,  
The snake slipt únder a spray,  
The wild hawk stóod with the down on his beak,  
And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
And the níghtingale thought,—«I have sung mány songs,  
But néver a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have died=awáy.

«WHY DO YOU speak of me?» said an impátient man. «Becáuse it véxes you,» ánswered the óther. «Do not be vexed at it, and we shall not take the tróuble.» Contémpť of cálumny takes=awáy its sting, and éven takes the hóney from the calúmniator. If you are sénsitive to málice, you are in the pówer of the méanest of mankind.

HÓNOR is óften but a fictitious kind of hónesty. It is a sort of páper crédit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the stérling cash of true morálicity and religión.



## SERENÁDE.

From «*The Spanish Student.*»

*Lóngfellow.*

HÉNY WÁDSWORTH LÓNGFELLOW (*vide* biographical notice at page 316) is a célebrated Américan pœet. He is, besides, the áuthor of séveral works of fiction. Born, 1807,

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**A-zure.** . . . é-dschæ. . . é-jeure.  
**Pín-i-on.** . . . pín-iæn. . . . pín'-ieune.

**Wóod-bine.** uúd-bain. . . ouúd-baïne.  
**Yón-der.** . . . ión-dæ. . . . ión'd-eur.

Stars of the súmer night!  
Far in yon ázure deeps,  
Hide, hide your gólden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lády sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Moon of the súmer night!  
Far down yon wéstern steep,  
Sink, sink in silver light!  
She sleeps!  
My lády sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Wind of the súmer night!  
Where yónder wóodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pínions light!  
She sleeps!  
My lády sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Dreams of the súmer night!  
Tell her, her lóver keeps  
Watch while in slúmbers light  
She sleeps!  
My lády sleeps!  
Sleeps!



INGRÁTITUDE is a crime so shámeiful, that the man was néver yet found who would acknówledge himsélf guilty of it.

# BEWÁRE!

## *Lóngfellow.*

<u>Pron. española.</u> <u>Pron. française.</u>		<u>Pron. española.</u> <u>Pron. française.</u>	
<b>Be-wáre.</b> . . .	bi-uéæ. . . . . bi-ouéa.	<b>False..</b> . . .	fools. . . . . false.
<b>Bó-som.</b> . . .	bú-ás'm. . . . . bóu-zeumæ.	<b>Hue.</b> . . . .	hiú. . . . . hióu.

I know a máiden fair to see,  
Take care!

She can both false and friendly be,  
Bewáre! Bewáre!  
Trust her not,  
She is fóoling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care!  
She gives a side-glance and looks down  
Bewáre! Bewáre!  
Trust her not,  
She is fóoling thee!

And she has hair of a gólden hue,  
Take care!  
And what she says, it is not true,  
Bewáre! Bewáre!  
Trust her not,  
She is fóoling thee!

She has a bósom as white as snow,  
Take care!  
She knows how much it is best to show,  
Bewáre! Bewáre!  
Trust her not,  
She is fóoling thee!

She gives thee a gárland wóven fair,  
Take care!  
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,  
Bewáre! Bewáre!  
Trust her not,  
She is fóoling thee!



expéct, that, in obéying me, he would contrive to spill some of it upón me : and I am sure I should désérve it. A cool, stéady résolútion should show, that, where you have a right to commánd, you will be obéyed ; but, at the same time, a géntleness in the máñner of enfórceing that obédiéce should make it a chéerful one, and sóften, as much as póssible, the mórtifying cónciousness of infériórité. If you are to ask a fávor, or éven solícit your due, you must do it *súáviter in módo*, or you will give those who have a mind to refúse you éither, a préténce to do it by resénting the máñner ; but, on the óther hand, you must, by a stéady persevérance and décent tenáciousness, show the *fórtiter in re*. In short, this précept is the óny way I know in the world of béing loved withóut béing despised, and feared withóut béing hated. It cóstitutes the dignité of cháraçter, which évery wise man must endéavóur to estálish.

If, thérefore, you find that you have a hástiness in your témpér, which unguárdedly breaks=óut into indisçréet sállies or rough expréssions, to éither your supériors, your équals, or your infériors, watch it nárowly, check it cárefully, and call the *súáviter in módo* to your assistance : at the first impúlse of pássion be silént, till you can be soft. Lábor éven to get the commánd of your cóuntenance so well that those emótions may not be read in it : a most unspéakable advántage in bússiness ! On the óther hand, let no cómplaisance, no géntleness of témpér, no weak désire of pléasing on your part, no whéedling, cóaxing, nor fláttery, on óther péople's, make you recéde one jot from ány point that réason and prúdençe have bid you pursúe ; but retúrn to the charge, persíst, persevére, and you will find most things attainable that are póssible. A yílding, tímíd méekness is álwáys abúsed and insúlted by the unjúst and the unféeling ; but méekness, when sustáined by the *fórtiter in re*, is álwáys respécted, cómmonly succéssful. In your fríendships and connéxions, as well as in your énmitiés, this rule is particúlarly úseful : let your firmness and vígor présérve and invite attáchments to you ; but, at the same time, let your máñner hinder the énemies of your fríends and dépendents from becóming yours ; let your énemies be disármed by the géntleness of your máñner, but let them feel, at the same time, the stéadiness of your just reséntment ; for there is a gréat difference betwéen béaring málice, which is álwáys ungénerous, and a résolute self-defénçe, which is álwáys prúdent and justifiable.

I conclúde with this observátion,—That géntleness of máñners with firmness of mind, is a short, but full descripción of húman perféction, on this side of religious and móral dúties.

# VOLCÁNOS AND ÉARTHQUAKES.

*Sir John Hérshel.*

SIR JOHN HÉRSHEL was one of the gréatest astrónomers that Éngland has produced. He was born at Slough, in 1792, and died in 1871, and was búried in Westminster Ábbey. He was éducatéd at Éton and Cámbridge, and was Sénior Wránger in 1813. His industry was búndless, and his fame was the just réward of a nóble intellect thus spléndidly díligent in its work. His most pópular books are his « *Óutlines of Astrónomy,* » and his « *Fámiliar Lécures on Scíentífic Súbjects.* » His fáther, Sir William Hérshel, was álso one of the most dístínguished astrónomers of módern tímes.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**A-sia.** . . . é-schiæ. . . . é-chia.  
**Bó-som.** . . . bú-dsæm. . . . bóu-zeume.  
**Chalk.** . . . chook. . . . tchák.  
**Cy-cle.** . . . sái-k'l. . . . sái-kl'  
**Eárh-quake** wæz-kueek. . . éurth-kouéke  
**Ge-ól-o-gy.** . . dchi-ól-o-dche dji-ól-ó-djé.

**Grínd-ing.** . . gráind-ing. . . grain'd-in'  
*gne.*  
**Hér-schel.** . . hææ-schel. . . hér-chel.  
**Ís-land.** . . ái-land. . . . ái-lan'd.  
**Nép-tune.** . . nêp-chiun. . . nêp-tchieune  
**Séa-beach.** . . síi-biich. . . sí-bítche.

We see éverywhere, and álóng évery cóast-line, the sea wáring agáinst the land, and éverywhere overcóming it, wéaring and éating it down, and báttéring it to píeces, grínding those píeces to pówder, cárrying that pówder awáy, and spréading it out óver its own bóttóm, by the continued efféct of the tídes and cúrrénts. Look at our chalk cliffs, which once, no dóubt, exténder acróss the Chánnel to the similar cliffs on the French cóast. What do we see? Précípices cut-dówn to the séa-beach, cónstantly hámméred by the waves and cónstantly crúmbling, the beach ítsélf made of the flints outstánding áfter the sófter chalk has been gróund-dówn and wáshed-awáy, themsélves grínding one anóther únder the same céaseless díscíplíne, fírst róunded ínto pébbles, then wórn ínto sand, and then carríed-óut fártHER and fártHER down the slope, to be repláced by fréh ones from the same source.

Well, the same thing is going-ón *éverywhere*, — *round évery cóast* of Éurope, Ásia, África, and América. Foot by foot or ínch by ínch, month by month or céntury by céntury, *down éverything* must *go*. Time is as nóthing in géology. And what the sea is dóing, the rívers are hélping it to do. Look at the sánd-banks at the móuth of the Thames. What are they búth the matérics of our ísland cárríed-out to sea by the stream? The Gánges cárríes-awáy from the sóil of Índia, and dílívérís ínto the sea, as much sólid súbstánce *dáily* as is cóntáined in the gréat pyramíd of Égypt. The Irawáddy swéeps-óff from Búrmah 62 cúbic féet of éarth in évery sécórd of tíme on an ávérage, and there are 86,400 sécórds in évery dáy, and 365 dáys in évery yéar, and so on for

the other rivers. What has become of all that great bed of chalk which once covered all the weald of Kent, and formed a continuous mass from Rámsgate and Dóver to Béachy Head, running inland to Mádamscourt Hill and Séven Oaks? All clean gone, and swept-out into the bósom of the Atlántic, and there forming other chálk-beds. Now, géology assures us, on the most conclusive and undeniable évidence, that ALL our présent land, all our continents and islands, have been formed in this way out of the ruins of former ones. The old ones which existed at the beginning of things have all périished, and what we now stand-upón has most assuredly been, at one time or other, perhaps mány times, the bótton of the sea.

Well, then, there is pówer enough at work, and it has been at work long enough, útterly to have cleared-away and spread-over the bed of the sea all our présent existing continents and islands, had they been placed where they are at the création of the world; and from this it fóllows, as clear as demonstrátion can make it, that without *some* prócess of renovátion or restorátion to act in antágonism to this destrúctive work of old Néptune, there would not now be remaining a foot of dry land for living thing to stand-upón.

Now, what *is* this prócess of restorátion? Let the volcáno and the éarthquake tell their tale. Let the éarthquake tell how, within the mémory of man,—únder the éyesight of eye-witnesses, one of whom (Mrs. Gráham) has described the fact,—the whole coast line of Chíli, for 100 miles abóut Valparáiso, with the mighty chain of the Ándes,—móuntains to which the Alps shrink into insignificance,—was hóisted at one blow (in a single night, Nov. 19, 1822), from two to séven feet abóve its former lével, léaving the beach below the old low wáter-mark high and dry, léaving the shéll-fish sticking on the rocks out of reach of wáter, léaving the séaweed róttling in the air, or ráther drying-up to dust únder the búrning sun of a coast where rain néver falls. The áncients had a fáble of Titan hurled from héaven and búried únder Étna, and by his strúggles cáusing the éarthquakes that désolated Sicily. But here we have an exhibition of Titánic fórces on a far mightier scale. One of the Ándes uphéaved on this occásion was the gigántic mass of Aconcágua, which overlóoks Valparáiso. To bring home to the mind the concepción of such an éffort, we must form a clear idéa of what sort of móuntain this is. It is néarly 24,000 feet in height. Chimborázo, the lóftiest of the volcánic cones of the Andes, is lówer by 2,500 feet; and yet Étna, with Vesúvius at the top of it, and anóther Vesúvius piled on that, *would little more than surpáss the midway*

*height of the snow-covered portion of that cone, which is one of the many chimneys by which the hidden fires of the Andes find vent. On the occasion I am speaking of, at least 10,000 square miles of country were estimated, as having been upheaved, and the upheaval was not confined to the land, but extended far away to sea, which was proved by the soundings off Valparáiso, and along the coast, having been found considerably shallower than they were before the shock.*

Again, in the year 1819, in an earthquake in India, in the district of Cutch, bordering on the Indus, a tract of country more than fifty miles long and sixteen broad, was suddenly raised 40 feet above its former level. The raised portion still stands up above the unraised, like a long perpendicular wall, which is known by the name of the « Ullah Bund, » or « God's Wall. » And again, in 1538, in that convulsion which threw up the Monte Nuóvo (New Mountain), a cone of ashes 450 feet high, in a single night, the whole coast of Pozzuóli, near Náples, was raised 20 feet above its former level, and remains so permanently upheaved to this day. And I could mention many other instances

This, then, is the manner in which the earthquake does its work; *and it is always at work.* Somewhere or other in the world, there is perhaps not a day, certainly not a month, without an earthquake. In those districts of South and Central América, where the great chain of volcanic cones is situated,—Chimborázo, Cotopáxi, and a long list with names unmentionable, or at least unpronounceable,—the inhabitants no more think of counting earthquake shocks than we do of counting showers of rain. Indeed, in some places along that coast, a shower is a greater rarity. Even in our own island, near Perth, a year seldom passes without a shock, happily, within the records of history, never powerful enough to do any mischief.

It is not everywhere that this process goes on by fits and starts. For instance, the northern gulfs, and borders of the Baltic Sea, are steadily shallowing, and the whole mass of Scandinávia, including Norway, Sweden, and Lápland, is rising out of the sea at the average rate of about two feet per century. But as this fact (which is perfectly well established by reference to ancient high and low water-marks) is not so evidently connected with the action of earthquakes, I shall not further refer to it just now. All that I want to show is, that there is a great cycle of changes going on, in which the earthquake and volcano act a very conspicuous part, *and that part a restorative and conservative one,* in opposition to the steadily destructive and levelling action of the ocean waters.

# MAHÓMET.

## *Gibbon. — Cárlyle.*

ÉDWARD GIBBON, author of «*The Decline and Fall of the Róman Empire*,» in six volumes, a work of immense learning, and of great brilliancy of style, was born at Pútney, in 1737, and died in Lóndon, in 1791. His History occupied him from Octóber, 1764, to June, 1787, twenty three years. He was éducaté at Wéstminster School, and afterwards went to Óxford, where he became a convert to the Rómish Church; but he subsequently renóunced the Cathólic faith, without embrácing any óther, and became a confirmed scéptic. His cold, unsympathétic, sarcástic mánnér of tréating Christiánity and the history of the Church excited both ánger and regrét among religious men, and mány pássionate attácks were made on him.

THÓMAS CÁRLYLE, a great writer, was born in 1795, in Dúmfriesshire, Scótlánda. His great industry, supported by a prolific génius, has given to the world histories, biógraphies, philosóphical refléctions, móralis, etc, which fill fórtý volumes in the last édition. No living áuthor has had so great an influence on the age, or an influence more nóble and héalthy. His histories are «*The French Révólution*,» «*Óliver Crómwell*,» and «*Frédéric the Great*.»

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Al-míght-y.** . ool-mái-ti. . . ál-mái-ti.  
**A-pós-tle.** . . e-pós'l. . . . e-pós-l'.  
**Cár-lyle** . . . kaa-lail. . . . kár-láile.  
**Cír-cle** . . . sææ-k'l. . . . cêur-kl'.  
**Dí-a-lect.** . . . dáí-æ-lekt. . . dáí-a-lekte.

**Gíb-bon.** . . . guib-æn. . . . guib-beune.  
**Í-dol.** . . . ái-dæl. . . . ái-deul.  
**Pér-sian** . . . peæ-schæn. . . . peur-cheune.  
**Scép-tic.** . . . skép-tic. . . . skép-tik.  
**Vouch-sáfed** vauch-séef't. vaouch-séf't.

The son of Abdállah was éducaté in the bósom of the nóblest race, in the use of the púrest díálect of Arábía; and the flúency of his speech was corrécted and enhánced by the práctice of discrét and séasonable silence. With those pówers of éloquence Mahómet was an illitérate barbárian; his youth had néver been instrúcted in the arts of réading and writing; the cómmon ignórance exémpted him from shame or repróach, but he was réducé to a nárrow círcle of existence, and déprived of those fáithful mírrors which refléct to our mind the minds of ságes and héroes. Yet the book of náture and of man was ópen to his view; and some fáncy has been indulged in the polítical and philósóphical observátions which are ascribed to the Arábian *traveller*. He compáres the nátions and the religions of the éarth; discóvers the wéakness of the Pérsian and Róman mónarchies; behólds, with pity and indignátion, the dégénérary of the times; and resólves to unite únder one God and King the invincible spírit and primitíve vírtues of the Árab. Our more áccurate inquýry will suggést, that instéad of vísiting the courts, the camps, the témples of the East, the two jóurneys of Mahómet into Syria were confíned to the fairs of Bóstra and Damáscus:



that he was ónly thirteen years of age when he accópanied the cáravan of his úncle, and that his dúty compélléd him to return as soon as he had dispósed of the mérchandise of Cadíjah. In these hásty and superficial excúrsions, the eye of génius might discern some óbjects invísible to his grósser compánions ; some seeds of knówledge might be cast upón a frúitful soil ; but his ignórance of the Syriac lánguage must have checked his curiócity ; and I cánnót perceíve in the life or writings of Mahómet that his próspect was far extéded beyónd the limits of the Arábian world. From évery région of that sólitary world the pilgrims of Mécca were ánnually assémbled by the calls of devótion and cómmerce ; in the free cóncourse of múl-titudes, a símple cítizen in his nátive tongúe might stúdy the polítical state and cháracter of the tribes, the théory and prácticé of the Jews and Christians. Some úseful strángers might be témpéted, or forced, to implóre the rights of hospítality ; and the énemies of Mahómet have named the Jew, the Pérsian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accúse of lénding their sécret aid to the composition of the Kóran. Conversátion enriches the understanding, but sólitude is the school of génius ; and the unifór-mity of a work denótes the hand of a síngle ártist. From his éarliest youth Mahómet was addicted to religíous contemplátion ; each year, dúring the month of Ramadán, he withdréw from the world, and from the arms of Cadíjah ; in the cave of Hára, three miles from Mécca, he consúted the spírit of fraud or enthúsiásm, whose abóde is not in the héavens, but in the mind of the próphet. The faith which, únder the name of *Islam*, he preached to his fámily and nátion is compóunded of an étérnal truth and a nécessary fiction,—THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD, AND THAT MAHÓMET IS THE APÓSTLE OF GOD.—*Gibbon*.

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Mahómet was in his fórtieth year when, háving withdráwn to a cávern in Mount Hára, near Mécca, dúring the Ramadhán, to pass the month in práyer, and meditátion on those great quéstions, he one day told his wífe Kadíjah, who with his hóusehold was with him or near him this year, that by the unspéakable spécial fávour of Héaven, he had now found-it-all-óut: he was in doubt and dárkness no lónger, but saw it all. That all these ídols and fórmulas were nóthing,—míserable bits of wood ; that there was one God in and óver all ; and we must leave all ídols and look to Him. That God is great ; and that there is nóthing else great ! He is the Réality. Wóoden ídols are not réal ; He is réal. He made us at first ; sustáins us yet ; we and all

things are but the sháadow of Him; a tránsitory gárment vélling the etérnal spléndour. « *Állah ákbar*, God is great; » and then álso « *Íslam*, » that we must *submit* to God. That our whole strength lies in resigned submísson to Him, whatsoéver he do to us. For this world and for the óther!

Such light had come, as it could, to illúminate the dárkness of this wild Arab soul. A confúsed dázzling spléndour as of life and héaven, in the great dárkness which thréatened to be death; he called it revelátion and the ángel Gábriel;—who of us yet can know what to call it? It is the « *inspirátion of the Almighty* » that gíveþ us understanding. To *know*, to gét=into the truth of ánything, is éver a mystic act,—of which the best lógics can but bábble on the súrface. « *Is not Belfeþ the true góð-announcing míracle?* » says *Novális*. That Mahómet's whole soul, set in flame with this grand truth vouchsáfed to him, should feel as if it were impórtant, and the óny impórtant thing, was véry náatural. That Próvidence had unspéakably hónoured *him* by revéaling it, sáving him from death and dárkness; that he thérefore was bound to make known the same to all créatures: this is what was meant by « *Mahómet is the Próphet of God:* » this too is not without its true méaning.—*Cárlyle*.

NOTES.—*Mahómet* was born at Mécca, A. D. 570, died 632, aged 62, of a féver, áfter 12 days of súffering.

*Abdállah*, Mahómet's fáther, died in his son's infancy. His úncle, Ábou Táleb, who brought the boy úp, employed him in condúcting his caravans from Mécca to Damáscus, which he continued dóing till he was 25.

*Cadijah* was a rich widow of Mécca, whom Mahómet married.

*The Kóran*, or Bible of Mahómet, has been said to have been written by him by the aid of the Bible, and Jéwish

idéas, of idéas bórrwed from the Pér-sian religion of Zoroáster, of idéas of Christian sects and héretics, and of the enthusiástic monks with whom Syria abóunded.

*Ramadán*, or *the hot month*, was the ninth month of the Mahómedan year, and correspónds with our Lent. Mahómet was said to have received his first revelátion in it, and, hence, his fóllowers fast all through it dúring the day

*Novális*, a célebrated Gérman póet and philosóphic writer. Born, 1772; died, 1801.

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AN ÁUTHOR who thinks himsélf univérsally known and appláuded, óften méets=with strange mortificátions. Bóileau, the great French sátirist and póet, góing to receíve a quárter's pénsion, shewed his grant, in which the king said it was for the « *pléasure his works have gíven us.* » The man in óffice asked of what kind were his works? « *Of másonry,* » said Bóileau, « *I am a builder.* »

# THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN.

From « *The Éssay on Man.* »

*Pope.*

ALEXANDER POPE, an English poet of great éminence, was born in Lóndon, in 1688, where his father had carried-on bússness as a linendraper and amássed a large fórtune. From his éarly years póetry was adópted by him as a profesión. His translátion of Hómer's « *Iliad.* » in 1713, is a nóble work which not ónly ádded to his reputátion but brought-him-in abóve 5000 pounds. The translátion of the « *Ódysey* » fóllowed, with resúltis highly remúnerative. Amóng his óther númerous works may be mentióned « *The Rape of the Lock.* » « *The Dúnciad.* » « *Ábelard and Eloisa.* » and his « *Éssay on Man.* » the last of which stands in the first rank of éthical póems. This póem displáys the póet's extraórdinary pówer of treating argumentátion in verse, and of compréssing his thoughts into expréssions or cláusés of the most énergétic satiric brévíty, as well as of expánding them into pássages distingúished by évery póetic órnamént. The populárité of his produções has been proved by their cónstituting a *school* of Énglish póetry, which continues to the présent time. He died of ásthma in 1744, áged 56, and was búried at Twickenham.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Asth-ma.** . . . . . ást-mæ. . . . . ást-ma.  
**Chá-os.** . . . . . ké-os. . . . . kè-océ.  
**Chém-ist.** . . . . . kém-ist. . . . . kém-iste.  
**Em-pyr-e-al** em-pir-i-al. . . . . em'-pir-i-al.  
**Gilds.** . . . . . guilds. . . . . guildze.  
**Isth-mus.** . . . . . ist-mæs. . . . . ist-meuce.

**Ór-ca-des.** . . . . . óo-ke-diis. . . . . ór-ke-dize.  
**Scép-tic.** . . . . . skép-tic. . . . . skép-tik.  
**Sphere.** . . . . . sfíæ. . . . . sfi-eur.  
**What'er** . . . . .  
*(what'ever)* huot-éæ. . . . . houot-é-eur.  
**York.** . . . . . ióok. . . . . iórk.

Know then thysélf, présúme not God to scan,  
 The próper stúdy of mankind is man.  
 Placed on this ísthmus of a míddle state,  
 A béing dárkly wise, and rúdelý great:  
 With too much knówledge for the Scéptic side,  
 With too much wéakness for the Stóic's pride,  
 He hangs betwéen; in doubt to act, or rest;  
 In doubt to deem himsélf a god, or beast;  
 In doubt his mind or bódý to préfér;  
 Born but to die, and réasoning but to err;  
 Alike in ígnorance, his réason such:  
 Whéther he thinks too líttle, or too much:  
 Cháos of thought and pássion, all confúsed;  
 Still by himsélf abúsed, or disabúsed;  
 Créated half to rise, and half to fall;  
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;  
 Sole judge of truth, in éndless érror hurl'd:  
 The glóry, jest, and ríddle of the world!  
 Go, wóndrous créature! mount where Scíence guides,  
 Go, méasure Earth, weigh air, and state the tides;

Instrúct the plánets in what orbs to run,  
 Corrécet old Time, and régulate the Sun;  
 Go, soar with Pláto to th'empyreál sphere,  
 To the first good, first pérfect, and first fair;  
 Or tread the mázy round his fóllowers trod,  
 And quitting sense call imitating God:  
 As éastern priests in giddy circles run,  
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.  
 Go, teach Etérnal Wisdom how to rule,—  
 Then dróp-into thysélf, and be a fool!

Vice is a mónster of so frightful mien,  
 As, to be háted, needs but to be seen;  
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
 We first endúre, then píty, then embráce.  
 But where th'extréme of vice, was ne'er (*néver*) agréed:  
 Ask where's (*where is*) the north? at York, 'tis (*it is*) on the  
 In Scótlánda, at the Órcades; and there, [Tweed;  
 At Gréenland, Zémbla, or the Lord knows where.  
 No créature owns it in the first degré,  
 But thinks his néighbour fúrther gone than he:  
 E'en (*éven*) those who dwell benéath its véry zone,  
 Or néver feel the rage, or néver own;  
 What háppier nátures shrink-at with affright,  
 The hard inhábítant conténds is right.

Virtuous and vicious évery man must be,  
 Few in th'extréme (*the extrémé*), but all in the degré;  
 The rogue and fool by fits, is fair and wise;  
 And e'en (*éven*) the best, by fits, what they despise.  
 'Tis (*it is*) but by parts we fóllow good or ill;  
 For, vice or virtúe, Self dirécts it still;  
 Each individuál seeks a séveral goal;  
 But Héaven's great view is one, and that the whole.

What'éer (*whatéver*) the pássion, knówledge, fame, or pelf,  
 Not one will change his néighbour with himsélf:  
 The learn'd is háppy Náture to explóre,  
 The fool is háppy that he knows no more.  
 The rich is háppy in the plénty gíven,  
 The poor conténts him with the care of Héaven.  
 See the blind béggar dance, the cripple sing,  
 The sot a héro, lúnatic a king;  
 The stárving chémist in his gólden views  
 Suprémely blest, the póet in his Muse.

See some strange cômfort évery state attend,  
And pride bestôw'd on all, a cômmon friend :  
See some fit pássion évery age supply ;  
Hope trávels through, nor quits us when we die.  
Behôld the child, by Náture's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :  
Some livelier pláything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as éempty quite :  
Scarfs, gárters, gold, amúse his ríper stage ;  
And beads and práyer-books are the toys of age :  
Pleased with this báuble still, as that befóre ;  
Till tired he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er (*óver*).  
Meanwhile Opiníon gilds with várying rays  
Those páinted clouds that beautify our days :  
Each want of háppiness by Hope supplied,  
And each vacúity of sênsé by Pride :  
These build as fast as Knówledge can destróy ;  
In Fólly's cup still laughs the búbble, Joy ;  
One próspect lost, anóther still we gain ;  
And not a váníty is gíven in vain ;  
E'en (*éven*) mean Self-lóve becómes, by force divíne,  
The scale to méasure óthers' wants by thine.  
See! and conféss, ~~one~~ cômfort still must rise ;  
'Tis (*it is*) this,—Though man's (*man is*) a fool, yet God IS WISE.

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## THE UNKNÓWN WORLD.

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IT PLÉASES ME to think that I, who know so small a pórtion of the works of the Créator, and with slow and páinful steps, creep up and down on the súrface of this globe, shall, ere long, shoot-  
away with the swíftness of imaginátion ; trace-  
out the hidden springs of náture's opérátions ; be áble to keep-  
páce with the héavenly bódies in the rapídity of their caréer ; be a spectátor of the long chain of événts in the náatural and móral worlds ; visit the séveral apártments of création ; know how they are fúrnished and how inhábited ; compréhénd the órder and méasure, the mágnitude and distances of those orbs, which, to us, seeméd dispósed withóut ány régular design, and set all in the same círcle ; obsérve the dépendents of the parts of each system ; and (if our minds are big enóugh) grasp the théory of the séveral systems upón one anóther, from whence résúlts the hármoney of the úniverse.

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# THE SIEGE AND CÓNQUEST OF CONSTANTINÓPLE.

*Gibbon.*

EDWARD GIBBON, (*vide* biographical notice at page 332), the celebrated historian, was born in 1737, and educated at Oxford. In 1763 he went to Italy, and whilst sitting amidst the ruins of the capitol at Rome, he conceived the idea of writing «*The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,*» which is his great work. When hostilities commenced between England and France, in 1778, he was employed to draw up the manifesto on that occasion. He died in 1794.

	Pron. española.	Pron. française.		Pron. española.	Pron. française.
<b>Búl-let.</b> . . .	búl-et. . . . .	bóul-ete.		<b>Már-tyr-</b>	már-tææ- . . .
<b>Christ-en-</b>		kris-s'n-		<b>dom</b> . . .	dæm. . . . .
<b>dom.</b> . . .	kris'n-dæm. . .	deume.		<b>Mosque.</b> . . .	mosk. . . . .
<b>Fas-cine.</b> . .	fas-iin. . . . .	fa-cine.		<b>Ple-béi-an.</b> . .	pli-bi-æn. . . .
<b>Ma-chine.</b> . .	me-schiin. . . .	me-chine.		<b>So-phi-a.</b> . . .	so-fái-æ. . . .

While Mahómet, April 6th, 1453, threatened the capital of the east, the Greek emperor implóred with fervent prayers the assistance of earth and heaven. But the invisible powers were deaf to his supplications; and Christendom beheld with indifference the fall of Constantinóple, while she derived at least some promise of supply from the jealous and temporal policy of the Súltan of Égypt. Some states were too weak, others too remote; by some the danger was considered as imaginary, by others as inevitable: the western princes were involved in their endless and domestic quarrels; and the Roman pontiff was exasperated by the falsehood or obstinacy of the Greeks. Instead of employing in their favour the arms and treasures of Italy, Nicholas V. had foretold their approaching ruin; and his honour was engaged in the accomplishment of his prophecy. Perhaps he was softened by the last extremity of their distress; but his compassion was tardy; his efforts were faint and unavailing; and Constantinóple had fallen, before the squadrons of Génoa and Vénice could sail from their harbours. Even the princes of the Moréa and of the Greek islands affected a cold neutrality; and the Súltan indulged them in the delusive hope that, by his clemency, they might survive the ruin of the empire. A plebeian crowd, and some Byzantine nobles, basely withdrew from the danger of their country; and the avarice of the rich denied the emperor, and reserved for the Turks, the secret treasures which might have raised in their defence whole armies of mercenaries. The indigent and solitary prince prepared, however, to oppose his formidable adversary; but if his courage were equal to the peril, his strength was inadequate to the conquest. In the beginning

of the spring, the *Türkish* vanguard swept the towns and villages as far as the gates of Constantinople; submission was spared and protected; whatever presumed to resist was exterminated with fire and sword. The Greek places on the Black Sea surrendered on the first summons; Selybria alone deserved the honours of a siege or blockade; and the bold inhabitants, while they were invested by land, launched their boats, pillaged the opposite coast of Cyzicus, and sold their captives in the public market. But on the approach of Mahomet himself all was silent and prostrate: he first halted at the distance of five miles; and from thence advancing in battle array, planted before the gate of St. Romanus the imperial standard; and on the sixth day of April, formed the memorable siege of Constantinople.

In her last decay, Constantinople was still peopled with more than a hundred thousand inhabitants; but these numbers are found in the accounts, not of war, but of captivity; and they mostly consisted of mechanics, of priests, of women, and of men devoid of that spirit which even women have sometimes exerted for the common safety. I can suppose, I could almost excuse, the reluctance of subjects to serve on a distant frontier, at the will of a tyrant; but the man who dares not expose his life in the defence of his children and his property, has lost in society the first and most active energies of nature, and scarcely deserves the name of man.

The last speech of Palæologus was the funeral-oration of the Roman empire: he promised, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuse the hope which was extinguished in his own mind. In this world all was comfortless and gloomy, and neither the gospel nor the church have proposed any conspicuous recompence to the heroes who fall in the service of their country. But the example of their prince, and the confinement of a siege, had armed these warriors with the courage of despair, and the pathetic scene is described by the feelings of the historian Phranza, who was himself present at this mournful assembly. They wept, they embraced, regardless of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives; and each commander, departing to his station, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious watch on the rampart. The emperor, and some faithful companions, entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosque, and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations; solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured; and mounted on horseback to visit the guards, and

explóre the mótions of the ényemy. The distréss and fall of the last Cónstantine are more glórious than the long prospéritý of the Byzántine Cæsars.

In the confúsió of dárkness an assáilant may sómétimes succéed; but in this great and géneral attáck, the military júdgment and astrológical knówledge of Mahómet advised him to expéct the mórning, the mémorable twénty-ninth of May, in the fúrteen húndred and fifty third year of the Chrístian éra. The précéding night had been strénuously emplóyed: the troops, the cánnon, and the fascines were advánced to the edge of the ditch, which in mány parts présented a smooth and lével pássage to the breach; and his fúr-score gálleys álmost touched with their prows and their scáling-ládders the less defénsible walls of the hárbour. Únder pain of death, sílence was enjóined: but the physical laws of mótion and sound are not obédient to díscipline or fear; each individual might suppréss his voice and méasure his fót-steps, but the march and lábour of thóusands must inévitably producé a strange confúsió of díssonant clámours, which reached the ears of the wátchmen of the tówers. At dáy-break, withóut the cústomary signal of the mórning gun, the Turks assáulted the cíty by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the clóseness and continuity of their line of attáck. The fóremost ranks consisted of the réfuse of the host, a vóluntary crowd who fought withóut órder or commánd; of the féebleness of age or childhood, of péasants and vágrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plúnder and mátyrdom. The cómmon ímpulse drove them ónwards to the wall: the most audácious to climb were instantly précípitated; and not a dart, not a búllet, of the Chrístians was idly wásted on the accúmulated throng. But their strength and ammúnition were exháusted in this labórious defénce: the ditch was filled with the bódies of the slain; they supported the fótsteps of their compánions; and of this devóted vanguard, the death was more séviceable than the life. Únder their respéctive Basháws and Sánjaks, the troops of Anatólia and Roumánia were succéssively led to the charge; their prógress was várious and dóubtful; but, áfter a cónflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintáined and impróved their advántage; and the voice of the émperor was heard encóuraging his sóldiers to achieve, by a last éffort, the deliverance of their cóuntry. In that fátal móment, the Jánizaries aróse, fresh, vígorous, and invíncible. The Súlтан hímsélf on hórseback, with an íron mace in his hand, was the spectátor and júdge of their valóur: he was surróunded by ten thóusand of his doméstic troops, whom he



reserved for the decisive occasion; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish: and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and átabals; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fáble amúse our fáncy and engage our affections; the skilful evolutions of war may infórm the mind and impróve a necessary, though pernicious, science. But in the úniform and ódious picture of a géneral assáult, all is blood, and hórror, and confúsió; nor shall I strive, at the distance of three cénturies and a thóusand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectátors, and of which the áctors themséives were incápable of fórmíng ány just or ádequate idéa.

The immédiate loss of Constantinóple may be ascribed to the búllet, or árrow, which pierced the gáuntlet of John Justiniáni. The sight of his blood and the éxquisite pain appálled the cóurage of the chief, whose arms and cóunsels were the firmest rámpart of the city. As he withdréw from his státió in quest of a súrgeon, his flight was percéived and stopped by the indefátigable émperor. « Your wound, » excláimed Palæólogus, « is slight; the dánger is préssing; your présence is nécessaire; and whither will you retire? » « I will retire, » said the trémbling Génoese, « by the same road which God has ópened to the Turks; » and at these words he hástily passed=thróugh one of the bréaches of the inner wall. By this pusillánimous act, he stained the hónoirs of a military life; and the few days which he survíved in Gálata, or the isle of Chíos, were embittered by his own and the públic repróach. His exámple was imitated by the gréatest part of the Látin auxiliaries, and the deféace began to slácken when the attáck was pressed with redóubled vígour. The número of the Óttomans was fifty, perháps a húndred, times supérior to that of the Christians; the dóuble walls were redúced by the cánnon to a heap of rúins: in a circúit of séveral miles, some pláces must be found more éasy of áccess, or more féebly guárded; and if the besíegers could pénétrate in a single point, the whole city was

irrecóverably lost. The first who deserved the Súltan's reward was Hásson the Jánizary, of gigantic státüre and strength. With his scimitar in one hand and his búekler in the óther, he ascended the óutward fortificácion: of the thirty Jánizaries who were émulous of his válour, éighteen pérished in the bold advénture. Hásson and his twelve compánions had reached the súmmit; the giant was precipitated from the rámpart; he rose on one knee, and was agáin opprésed by a shówer of darts and stones. But his succéss had proved that the achíevement was póssible: the walls and tówers were instantly cóvered with a swarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now dríven from the vántage ground, were overwhélméd by incréasing múltitudes. Amídst these múltitudes, the émpéror, who accómplished all the dúties of a géneral and a sóldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nóbles who fought round his pérson, sustáined till their last breath, the hónorable names of Palæólogus and Cantacúzene: his móurnful exclamácion was heard, «Cánnót there be found a Christian to cut=óff my head?»— and his last fear was that of fálling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prúdent despáir of Cónstantine cast=awáy the púrple: amídst the túmült he fell, by an unknówn hand, and his bódý was búried únder a móuntain of the slain. Áfter his death, resistance and órder were no more: the Greeks fled tówards the city, and mány were pressed and stifled in the nárrow pass of the gate of St. RománuS. The victórious Turks rushed=thréugh the bréaches of the inner wall, and as they advánced into the streets, they were soon joined by their bréthren who had forced the gate Phénar on the side of the hárbour. In the first heat of the pursúit, abóut two thóusand Christians were put to the sword; but ávarice soon preváiled óver crúelty; and the victors acknówledged that they should immédiately have given quárter, if the válour of the émpéror and his chósen bands had not prépared them for a similar opposítion in évery part of the cápital. It was thus, áfter a siege of fifty three days, that Constantinóple, which had defied the pówers of Chósroes, the Chágan, and the cáliphs, was irretrievably subdúed by the arms of Mahómet II. Her émpire ónly had been subvérted by the Látins: her religion was trámpled in the dust by the Móslem cónquerors.

NOTES. — *Dracóses* (or *Palæólogus*) *Cónstantine*, the last of the Greek émpérorS, succéded to the throne in 1449. He was killed, as abóve státed, in bravély déféding Constantinóple, agáinst Mahómet II., who, in 1453,

besieged the city with 300,000 men. The heróic válour of Cónstantine in this unéqual cóntest demánds admirácion: but válour was of no aváil, the city was taken by storm, and thus énded the Greek émpire.

# HUMAN LIFE.

*Dr. Cunningham Géikie.*

DR. CUNNINGHAM GÉIKIE, a Scótschman, is the áuthor of an éxcellent work entitled  
 «*Life, a Book for Young Men,*» from which the following éxtract is made.

Pron. española. Pron. française.		Pron. española. Pron. française.	
<b>A-byss.</b> . . . e-bis. . . . . e-biss.		<b>Gí-ant.</b> . . . . . dchái-ant. . . . . djái-an'te.	
<b>An-chor.</b> . . . ánk-æ. . . . . án'k-eur.		<b>Gourd.</b> . . . . . gord. . . . . gorde.	
<b>Cóz-en.</b> . . . . . kæds'n. . . . . kéuz-z'n.		<b>Heaved.</b> . . . . . hii'v'd. . . . . hiv'd.	

Bérnard used to say that he could not lóok—at the sun shining in his strength, or at the moon in her brightness, or at the white flock of stars, withóut thinking of that hour when he would weep that he should see their face no more, because the time had come when they must die, while he lived=ón, for éver. The multitudínous waves rise and sink céaselessly, for éver, óver the illimitable wáters that round our life; each wave itself an etérnity! The life of one soul outrúns the ággregate of the lives of all men from the beginning of time to the last trúmpet; and time pásses so quickly. It fades=awáy round us, móment by móment, like a dream, and revéals the chángeless infinite beyónd. Each instant is etérnity till it comes, and the móment it is gone is etérnity agáin. For what is our life but the thin spray of a bróken wave dashed=úp from the deep to glitter for an instant in the light, and then fall=báck into the abyss? Or what is time itself but a thread of light in the infinite dárkness befóre and áfter, with life for a mote, seen for a móment as it floats acróss it.

«Like as the dámask rose you see,  
 Or like the blóssom on the tree,  
 Or like the dáinty flówer of May,  
 Or like the mórning to the day,  
 Or like the sun or like the shade,  
 Or like the gourd which Jónas had,  
 E'en (*éven*) such is man: whose thread is spun  
 Drawn=út, and cut, and so is done.—  
 The rose withers, the blóssom blásteth,  
 The flówer fades, the mórning hásteth,  
 The sun sets, the sháadow flies,  
 The gourd consúmes; —and man, —he dies!

Like to the grass that's (*that is*) néwly sprung,  
 Or like a tale that's new begún,  
 Or like the bird that's here to-dáy,  
 Or like the péarled dew of May,  
 Or like an hour, or like a span,  
 Or like the singing of a swan,



E'en (*éven*) such is man; who lives by breath,  
 Is here, now there, in life and death.—  
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
 The bird is flown, the dew ascended,  
 The hour is short, the span not long,  
 The swan's (*swan is*) near death; man's life is done.»

S. Wästzell, 1502.

It is hard to believe that we have lived as long as we have. The child thinks the old man's life an age; but the old man looks= back on it as a hánd-breadth. Yet we cánot bring oursélves to réalise that it will soon be=over. The móment given us is to last for éver. But it was the same with the generátions that have lived befóre us. Yet where are the búsy crowds that filled the world befóre we were born? They had their days filled with as mány cares and occupátions as ours have. Go=back no fártner than the beginning of this céntury. Where are our cóuntrymen and cóuntrywomen of that day? Their life was warm in them once. Some were cáring for their young fámilies then as some are now; some márrying; some fólloving the past generátion to the grave. The plóughman whistled as he cut the fúrrow; the sáilor heaved the áncor, or dropped it, to his rough « Yo ho! » the smith was búsy at his forge, and wiped his brows, as he résted the hámmar on his ánvil and góssiped with the néighbours on the látest news. They met at márkets, and chúrches, and on the Exchánge. The fairs had their býyers and séllers, and their gáping crowds to see the clowns and the géants. Men were of all kinds then as now. Here, you had an hónest féllow that would put=himsélf=abóut to serve you: yonder, one who had no thought but to cózen you. They were féasting in the great man's house, and wátering a crust with tears in mány a poor widow's gárret, —all that the poor órphans had amóng them. Where are they all now? Not one of them, or hárdly one, but is a pale ghost, gone for éver from the light of the sun! Their mémory has long agó fáded from amóng men, and no one knows that éver they ex=isted. They are fáded and gone like the flówers that once pleased them in the sweet súmmer fields and gárdens of Long-Agó.

NOTES. — *Bérnard* was Ábbot of Cláirvaux, in France. He was a man of great náatural génius: a true ascétic in

an age of corrúption: and did much in his day to keep alive the religious life of Wéstern Éurope. Born 1091, died 1153.

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A day for toil and a day for rest,  
 Gives lábor zeal and pléasure zest.

TO THE NIGHT.

*Shélléy.*

PÉRCY BYSSHE SHÉLLEY, an English poet, of great génius, was born in 1792. He was the son of Sir Timothy Shélléy. Of a dréamy, mystical nature, living in an idéal world, he éarly caught the inféction of French opinions then much in vogue, and drew great dislike on himself and much harsh tréatment by his avówal of them. He was a man of véry pure life and lóving nature, and had he lived, would, in all probability, have risen abóve his éarly strange opinions. But he was drowned in his thirtieth year, off Italy, in 1822.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**A-vów-al.** . e-vaú-al. . . e-vaou-ál.  
**Drowned.** . draun'd. . . draoun'd.  
**Fil-my eyed.** fil-me aid. . . fil-mé ai'd.

**In-wróught.** in-róot. . . in'-ráte.  
**Sigh'd.** . . sai'd. . . . sai'd.  
**Tóuch-ing.** . . tæch-ing. . . tæutch-in'gne

Swiftly walk óver the wéstern wave,  
 Spirit of night!  
 Out of the misty éastern cave  
 Where all the long and lone daylight  
 Thou wóvest dreams of joy and fear,  
 Which make thee térrible and dear,—  
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mántle gray  
 Star-inwróught!  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,  
 Kiss her until she be wéaried-out,  
 Then wánder o'er (*óver*) city, and sea, and land,  
 Tóuching all with thine ópiate wand,—  
 Come, long sought!

When I aróse and saw the dawn,  
 I sigh'd for thee;  
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay héavy on flówer and tree,  
 And the wéary Day turn'd to his rest  
 Língering like an únloved guest,  
 I sigh'd for thee.

Thy bróther Death came, and cried  
 «Wouldst thou me?»  
 My sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Múrmur'd like a nóon-tide bee,  
 «Shall I néstle by thy side?  
 Wouldst thou me?» and I replíed  
 «No, not thee!»

«Death will come when thou art dead,  
 Soon, too soon,—  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
 Of néither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, belóved Night,—  
 Swift be thy approachíng flight,  
 Come soon, soon!»

## THE BRÓKEN HEART.

*Washington Irving.*

WASHINGTON IRVING, the son of a mérchant in New York, was born in that city in 1783. He was éducaté for the law, but abándoned that professíon and joined his bróthers, who were mérchants. On the fáilure of that house in 1817, he turned his attentíon séríously to literature. He lived for some years in Éngland as Sécrétary to the Américan Émbassay, and was súbsequently accrédiatéd as Ambássador to Spain, where he remained four years. This résidence suggésted to him some of the most remarkáble of his works, «*The Tales of the Alhámra,*» «*The Chronícles of the Cónquest of Granáda,*» «*The Légends of the Cónquest of Spain,*» togéther with the more impórtant «*Lives and Vóyages of Colúmbus and of his Compánions.*» He retúrned to Amériica in 1846. His last work, «*The Life of George Washington,*» was completéd not long befóre his death, which took place in 1859. The extrémé purítý of his stýle, the béauty of his lánguage, and the gráceful vígour of his nárrative, lend his wrítings a spéciál charm.

Pron. española.	Pron. française.	Pron. española.	Pron. française.
<b>Bó-som.</b> . . . bú-ás'm.	. . . bóu-zeume.		<b>Mél-an-</b>
<b>Ców-er.</b> . . . káu-æ.	. . . káu-eur.		<b>chol-y.</b> . . . le. . . . . é.
<b>Dé-it-y.</b> . . . di-it-e.	. . . di-i-té.		<b>Ór-ches-tra.</b> . . . óo-kes-træ.
<b>Dove.</b> . . . dæv.	. . . deuv'.		<b>So-ci-e-ty.</b> . . . so-sái-i-te.
<b>Fáil-ure.</b> . . . féel-iuæ.	. . . féle-ieure.		<b>Thresh-öld.</b> . . . zrésch-höld.
<b>Fér-vour.</b> . . . fææ-væ.	. . . féur-veur.		<b>Tomb.</b> . . . tuum. . . . . toume.
<b>Gíd-dy.</b> . . . gúid-e.	. . . guid-é.		<b>Tóuch-ing.</b> . . . tech-ing.
<b>Mas-que-</b>	mas-kæ-		<b>Tri-al.</b> . . . trái-al.
<b>râde.</b> . . . réed.	. . . éde.		<b>Whirl.</b> . . . huææl. . . . . houeurl.

It is a cómmon práctíce with those who have outlived the susceptíbility of éarly féeling, or have been brought-up in the gay héartlessness of díssipated life, to láugh-at all love stóries, and to treat the tales of románític pássion as mere fíctions of nóvelists and póets. My observátions on húman náture have índuced me to think ótherwise. They have convínced me that, howéver the súrfáce of the cháracter may be chilled and frózen by the cares of the world, or cúltívated into mere smíles by the arts of sóciety, still there are dórmant fires lúrking in the dépths of the cóldest bósom, which, when once enkíndled, becóme impétuous, and are sómetimes désolatíng in their effécts. Índéed, I am a true believer in the blínd déity, and go to the full

extént of his dóctrines. Shall I conféss it?—I believe in « bróken hearts, » and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, howéver, consider it a málady óften fátal to my own sex ; but I firmly believe that it withers down mány a lóvely wóman into an éarly grave.

Man is the créature of interest and ambition. His náture leads=him=fóρθ into the strúggle and bústle of the world. Love is but the embéllishment of his éarly life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fórtune, for space in the wórld's thought, and dominíon óver his féllow men. But a wóman's whole life is a history of the afféctions. The heart is her world : it is there her ambition strives for émpire ; it is there her ávarice seeks for hidden trésures. She sends=fóρθ her sympathies on advénture ; she embárks her whole soul in the tráffic of afféction ; and if shipwrecked, her case is hópeless,—for it is a bánkrupcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasíon some bitter pangs : it wounds some féelings of ténderness : it blasts some próspect of felicity : but he is an áctive béing,—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of váried occupátion, or can plunge into the tide of pléasure ; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of páinful associátions, he can shift his abóde at will, and, táking as it were the wings of the mórning, can « fly to the úttermost parts of the earth and be at rest. »

But wóman's is comparátively a fixed, a seclúded, and a méditative life. She is more the compánion of her own thoughts and féelings ; and if they are turned to minísters of sórrow, where shall she look for consolátion ? Her lot is to be wooed and won ; and if unháppy in her love, her heart is like some fórtress that has been cáptured, and sacked, and abándoned, and left désolate.

How mány bright eyes grow dim,—how mány soft cheeks grow pale,—how mány lóvely forms fade=awáy into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their lóveliness ! As the dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cówér and concéal the árrow that is préying on its vítals, so it is the náture of wóman to hide from the world the pangs of wóunded afféction. The love of a délicate fémale is álways shy and silent. Éven when fórtunate, she scárce breathes it to hersélf ; but when ótherwise, she búries it in the recésses of her bósom, and there lets it cówér and brood amóng the rúins of her peace. With her the désire of her heart has fáiled. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglécts all the chéerful éxercises which gládden the spirits, quicken the púlses, and send the tide of life in héalthful cúrrents through the veins. Her rest is bróken,—the sweet refréshment

of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams,—«dry sorrow drinks her blood,» until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to «darkness and the worm.» You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and faded, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reach the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason, in 1803. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young,—so intelligent,—so generous,—so brave,—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country,—the eloquent vindication of his name,—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation,—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the



disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him, when blasted in fortune,—when disgrace and danger darkened around his name,—she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth,—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut-out in a cold and lonely world, from which all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave!—so frightful! so dishonoured! There was nothing for the memory to dwell-on that could soothe the pang of separation,—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene,—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven-in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society; and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul,—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness,—and blast it, never again to put-forth bud or blossom. She did not object to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked-about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked all the blandishments of friendship, and « heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.»

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay,—to see it dressed-out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling-through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter

abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sank into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:—

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her are sighing:  
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking,  
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love,—for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him,—  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the bright sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll (*they will*) shine o'er (*over*) her sleep, like a smile from the west,  
From her own loved island of sorrow.

## IMPÓRTANCE OF VÍRTUE.

	Pron. española. Pron. française.			Pron. española. Pron. française.	
<b>Al-lies.</b> . . .	al-áís. . . . .	al-láize.	<b>U-nites.</b> . . .	iu-nái's. . . . .	iou-náitse.
<b>Dé-it-y.</b> . . .	di-it-e. . . . .	di-i-té.	<b>Vá-lue.</b> . . .	vál-iu. . . . .	vál-iou.
<b>En-dów-</b>	en-daú-	en'-daou-	<b>Vir-tue.</b> . . .	væe-chiu. . . . .	véur-tchiou.
<b>ment.</b> . . . .	ment. . . . .	men'te.	<b>Source.</b> . . .	soos. . . . .	sorce.

Virtue is the foundation of honor and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient.

The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of all the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation; and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his Almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it, no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence. To say no more, it is the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity.

Such is the importance of virtue. Of what consequence, therefore, is it, that we practise it? One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember that this alone is honor, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing: lose this, and all is lost.

# THE ÍVY GREEN.

*Charles Dickens.*

CHARLES DICKENS (*vide* biographical notice at page 107), commenced his literary career as a novelist and humorist with the publication of the «*Sketches by Boz*,» in 1836. His reputation was greatly increased by the appearance in the following year of the famous «*Pickwick Papers*.» These were followed by the long series of tales, the titles of which are «household words» wherever the English language is spoken. In 1841 he visited America, and Italy three years later. On the establishment of the *Daily News* he was appointed chief editor. Of his very numerous works it may suffice to name here, in addition to those already mentioned, and in order of their publication, — «*Oliver Twist*,» «*Nicholas Nickleby*,» «*Master Humphrey's Clock*,» «*Martin Chuzzlewit*,» «*Dombey and Son*,» «*David Copperfield*,» «*Hard Times*,» «*Great Expectations*,» and «*Our Mutual Friend*.» Born, 1812. Died, 1870.

	Pron. española.	Pron. française.		Pron. española.	Pron. française.
<b>Build-ing.</b>	. bild-ing.	. . . . bild-in'gne.	<b>Huge..</b>	. . . hiudeh.	. . . . hioudje.
<b>Dáin-ty.</b>	. . . deen-te.	. . . . dene-té.	<b>Í-vy</b>	. . . . ai-ve.	. . . . ai-ve.
<b>Héart-y.</b>	. . . háat-e.	. . . . hár-té.	<b>Mould.</b>	. . . mold.	. . . . môlde.

Oh! a dáinty plant is the Ívy green,  
 That créepeth o'er (*óver*) ruins old!  
 On right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
 In his cell so lone and cold.  
 The walls must be crúmbled, the stones decáy'd,  
 To pléasure his dáinty whim;  
 And the móuld'ring dust that years have made  
 Is a mérry meal for him.  
 Créeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ívy green.

Fast he stealeth=ón, though he wears no wings,  
 And a staunch old heart has he;  
 How clóselly he twineth, how tight he clings  
 To his friend, the huge Oak Tree!  
 And slíly he tráileth alóng the ground,  
 And his leaves he géntly waves,  
 And he jóyously twines and hugs aróund  
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.  
 Créeping where grim death has been,  
 A rare old plant is the Ívy green.

Whole áges have fled, and their works decáy'd,  
 And nátions have scátttered been;  
 But the stout old Ívy shall néver fade  
 From its hale and héarty green.

The brave old plant in its lónely days  
 Shall fátten on the past;  
 For the státeliest building man can raise  
 Is the Ívy's food at last.  
 Creeping=ón where time has been,  
 A rare old plant is the Ívy green.

## DEATH OF MÓNMOUTH.

*Hume.*

DÁVID HUME, an éminent philósopher and histórian, was born in 1711. He is best known, in our day, by his «*History of Éngland,*» which is béautifully written, but is óften wanting in strict áccuracy, and sómetimes blémished by partiality. Died, 1776.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Ar-gyle.** . . . aa-gáil. . . . ar-gáile.  
**Ców-ard-ice** káu-æed-is. . . káu-cur-  
 dice.  
**Fáil-ure.** . . . féel-iuæ. . . . féle-íeure.  
**Fa-tigue.** . . . fe-tiigúe. . . . fe-tig.

**Fá-vour-ite.** fé-vær-it. . . . fé-veur-ite.  
**Ís-sue.** . . . isch-iu. . . . ich-iou.  
**Món-mouth.** món-mæz. . . . món'-meuth.  
**Re-dou-bled** ri-dæb-'l'd. . . ri-déub-bl'd.  
**Rye.** . . . rai. . . . . raï.

Mónmouth, obsérving that no considérable men joined him, finding that an insurréction, which was projected in the city, had not taken=pláce, and héaring that Argyle, his confédérate, was alréady deféated and táken, sunk=into such despóndency, that he had once resólvéd to withdráw hímsélf, and leave his unháppy fóllowers to their fate. His fóllowers expréséd more cóurage than their léader, and seemed detérminéd to adhére to him in évery fórtune. The négligent díspóition made by Féver-sham, invítéd Mónmouth to attack the King's ármý at Sédgemoor, near Bridgewater; and his men in this áction showed what a nátive cóurage and a prínciple of dúty, éven when unassisted by díscipline, is áble to perfórm. They threw the véteran fórces into dísórdér; drove them from their ground; contínuéd the fight till their ammúnition fáiled them; and would at last have obtáined a víctory, had not the míscónduct of Mónmouth, and the cówardíce of Gray, prévénted it. Áfter a cómbat of three hours the rébels gave=wáy, and were fóllowed with great sláughtér. Ábout 1,500 fell in the báttle and pursúit. And thus was con-clúded in a few weeks this énterprise, ráshly undértáken, and féebly condúcted.

Mónmouth fled from the field of báttle abóve twénty míles, till his horse sunk únder him. He then changed clothes with a

péasant, in órder to concéal himsélf. The péasant was discóvered by the pursúers, who now redóubled the diligençe of their search. At last the unháppy Mónmouth was found lying in the bóttom of a ditch, and cóvered with fern: his bódy depressed with fatígue and húngr; his mind by the mémory of past misfórtunes, by the próspect of fúture disásters. Húman náture is unéqual to such calámitous situátions; much more the témper of a man sóftened by éarly prospéritey, and accústomed to válué himsélf sóley on military brávery. He búrst-into tears when seized by his énemies, and he seemed still to indúlge the fond hope and desíre of life. Though he might have known, from the gréatness of his own offénce, and the sevérity of Jámes's témper, that no mérey could be expécted, he wrote him the most submíssive létters, and conjúred him to spare the issue of a bróther, who had éver been so stróngly attáched to his interest. James, finding such symptoms of depréssion and despóndency in the unháppy prísoner, admítted him to his présence, in hopes of extórting a discóvery of his accómplices; but Mónmouth would not púrchase lifè, howéver loved, at the price of so much infamy. Finding all éfforts váin, he assumed cóurage from despáir, and prépared himsélf for death, with a spirít bétter súited to his rank and chárácter. This fávourite of the péople was attended to the scáffold with a pléntiful effúsió of tears. He warned the execútioner not to fáll-into the érror which he had commítted in behéading Rússell, where it had been nécessary to repéat the blow. This précautió served ónly to dismáý the execútioner. He struck a féeble blow on Mónmouth, who raised his bead from the block, and looked him in the face, as if repróaching him for his fáilure. He géntly laid-dówn his head a sécond time, and the execútioner struck him agáin and agáin to no púrpose. He then threw-asíde the axe, and cried-óut that he was incápable of finishing the blóody óffice. The shériff obliged him to renéw the attépt, and at two blows more the head was sévered from the bódy.

NOTES.— *The Duke of Mónmouth* was the son of Charles II. and a girl called Lúcy Wálters. He was born in 1649; was báníshed from Éngland for his connéctiún with the « Rye House

Plot, » in 1683; he inváded Éngland, at Lyme, in 1685; was prócláimed king; was deféated at Sédgemoor; and was behéaded on Tówer Hill on the 15th July, in the same year.

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## THE ART OF PLÉASING.

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The man, who through the world would pass with ease,  
Must learn the úseful art,— *the world to please.*

## MIDNIGHT CONFÉSSIONS.

*G. Hudson-Montague.*

Pron. española. Pron. française.

<b>Ca-price.</b> . . .	ke-priis. . . .	ke-price.
<b>Chi-na.</b> . . .	châi-næ. . . .	châi-na.
<b>Cléan-li-ness</b>	clên-li-nés. . .	clên'li-nece.
<b>Cóm-pâss.</b> . . .	kæm-pæs. . . .	kéum-peuce.
<b>Éch-oe.</b> . . .	ék-o. . . . .	ék-ô.
<b>E-clipse.</b> . . .	i-klips. . . . .	i-klips.
<b>Guilt.</b> . . . .	guilt. . . . .	guilte.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

<b>Í-dol.</b> . . . .	âi-dæl. . . . .	âi-deul.
<b>Ím-age.</b> . . .	im-edch. . . . .	im-edje.
<b>Pú-ling.</b> . . .	piú-ling. . . . .	piou-lin'gæ.
<b>Sponge.</b> . . .	spendch. . . . .	speun'dje.
<b>Sweat.</b> . . . .	suét. . . . .	souête.
<b>Worm.</b> . . . .	uæsm. . . . .	oueurm.
<b>Wór-ship.</b> . .	úæw-schíp. . .	oueur-chíp.

### *The Cradle*

Is the déath-bed of Innocence and Púurity.

### *Flattery*

Is an ópium for wómen, fools, and Mandarins,—in and out of China.

### *Innocence*

Is robed in white as an émbel of Púurity,—but nów-a-days white is not much in fáshion.

### *Égoism*

Is a mónster with one eye ónly,—and that eye has its púpil turned inward upón ourselves.

### *Dishónor*

Is the cross or médal we sómetimes win in the báttle of life. We wear it within, and not upón, our breast.

### *Cálmány*

Is the hóney with which we daub the backs of our best friends, that húman bees may sting them to death.

### *Intoxicátion.*

Dip not too deep in the cup of Bacchus. He who is not fit to command his two feet, proves that he needs four,—*like a beast.*

### *Hátred*

Would be a virtue,—if we háted ourselves.

### *Cónscience*

Is like a púling báby,—the more it cries, the more we strive to rock and coax it to sleep.

### *Jústice*

Is represented as hóliding the scales with an éven hand. But what about the false weights?

### *Friendship*

Lives in a perpétual Cárnival: which accóunts for its álways wéaring a mask and spéaking in *falsétto.*

### *Hónour*

Is a véry, véry thin enámel cóvering the súrface of our skin,—so thin, that évery-day use soon rubs-it-óff.

### *Advérsity*

Is a tótal eclipse of the sun of Prospéritý. It needs no télescope,—it may be seen well énough with the náked eye.

### *Good Faith*

Is the tráder's idol; which, howéver, as a true Christian, he refúses to wórship.—It sávours too much of Páganism.

*Caprice*

Is a weathercock, set in motion by Wóman's breath. In less than five minutes I have known it to box the compass.

*Philosophy*

Is the nut-cracker which Reason puts into our hands, in order that we may crack the shell and search-for the kernel within.

*Prayer*

Is oftentimes a shriek,—an empty sound, nothing more,—uttered by the Lips startled by Fear. The Échoes refuse to carry the sound beyond the church-roof.

*Cleanliness,*

It is said, is next to Godliness. For this reason we wash « the image of God » (*vide* « Génesis ») every morning in soap and water. What matters the inner man which nobody sees!

*Love*

Is the elixir upon which Youth and Innocence intoxicate themselves for awhile to discover on waking that the phial is labelled « Poison. » It is late,—too late. No stomach-pump can restore life,—no emetic can give-back health. Moral:—We recommend that Love be taken in *homœopathic* doses to avoid all danger to the moral system.

*Repentance*

Is the wet-sponge which we use at our last moments to wipe-off the cold sweat of agony from our brow, the tears of Shame from our conscience, and the stains of Guilt from our Past. We desire, very naturally, to present ourselves, — where? no matter, — a little clean and décent. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

*Decët*

Cannot be a crime. If we deceive others whenever we are able, we at least deceive ourselves also whenever we can.

*In Memoriam.*

If the opinion of step-children be reliable, the step-mother is a living monument of stone, raised by their father, to the memory of his deceased wife.

*Revéngé is sweet.*

Tread on the worm to-day, and his friends and relatives, a century hence if need be, will lay-in-wait for you in the vaults of the churchyard.

*Charity*

Is represented (by the beggar at the corner of the street) as deaf, dumb, and blind. A vile calumny, Mr. Lázarus! She hears, talks, and sees as well as you and I; but the truth is she is suffering from paralysis,—in both her hands.

*Suspicion*

Is short-sighted and wears spectacles, the better to look-at its neighbours and friends. It would be just as well then, I think, if you and I were to keep our spectacles on when we look-at ourselves in our looking-glasses of a morning. *Entre nous*, you know, we are not much better than our neighbours.

*Háppiness*

Is not an Utopian dream, thank God! There is the North Pole on the point of discovery, where neither Wóman nor Móney have yet taken root. Exclude the former by a rigorous Sálíc law, and the latter by a quarantine enactment against infection, and Milton's «Paradise Regáined» may become a terréstrial reality.



## WIT AND HUMOUR.

	<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>		<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>
<b>Coup-let.</b>	kæp-let.	kéup-lete.	<b>Hù-mour.</b>	hiù-mæ.	hiou-meur.
<b>Dév-il.</b>	dév-l.	dév-l.	<b>I-té-a.</b>	ai-di-se.	ai-di-a.
<b>Ex-âg-ger-ate.</b>	ekgs-âdch-æ-rect.	egz-âdj-eur-ète.	<b>I-vo-ry.</b>	ai-væ-re.	ai-veur-é.
			<b>Mé-re-ly.</b>	mie-le.	mi-eur-le.

Wit was originally a général name for all the intelléctual pówers, méaning the fáculy which kens, percéives, knows, understánds; it was grádually nárrowed in its significátion to expréss mérely the resémblance betwéen idéas; and lástly, to note that resémblance when it occásioned lúdicrous surpríse. Hù-mour originally méant móisture, a significátion it metaphórically rétáins, for it is the véry juíce of the mind, óozing fróm the brain, and enriching and fértilizing wheréver it falls. Wit exists by antípathy: Hùmour by sympáthy. Wit láshes extérnal appéarances, or cúnningly exággerates síngle fóibles into cháracter: Hùmour glídes=into the heart of its óbject, looks lóvingly on the infirmities it detécts, and réprésents the whole man. Wit is abrúpt, dárting, scórnful, and tósses its análogies in your face: Hùmour is slow and shy, insínuating its fun into your heart. Wit is négative, analytical, destrúctive: Hùmour is créative. The French are witty, but Sáncho Pánza is a hùmorous création. Wit, when éarrest, has the éarrestness of pássion, séeking to destróy: Hùmour has the éarrestness of afféction, and would lift=úp what is séemingly low into our chárity and love. Wit, bríght, rápid, and blásting as lightning, flashes, strikes, and vánishes in an ínstant: Hùmour, humáne, sóftens with mirth the rágged ínequalities of existence, promótes tólerant views of life, brídges=óver the spáces which séparate the lófty from the lówly, the gréat from the hùmble. Old Dr. Fúller's remárk, that a Négro is «the ímage of God cut in ébony,» is hùmorous: Hórace Smith's ínversión of it, that the táskmaster is «the ímage of the dévil cut in ívory,» is witty.

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At thírty, man suspécts hímsélf a fool;  
 Knows it at fórtý, and refórms his plan;  
 At fífty, chides his ínfamous deláy;  
 Púshes his prúdent púrpose to resólvé,  
 In all the magnánímity of thought!  
 Resólvés, and re-resólvés, then — *dies the same.*

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# THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

*Thómas Hood.*

« Drown'd! Drown'd! » — *Hamlet.*

THÓMAS HÓOD, (*vide* biographical notice at page 245), a poet alike of infinite humour and infinite pathos, was the son of a bookseller. He was a large contributor to the periodical press of London of clever and whimsical bagatelles, which have acquired for him a world-wide fame. A long and wearing illness preceded his death, which took place in 1845. He was born in 1798.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Be-há-vi-our** bi-hév-iaē . . . bi-hév-ieur.  
**Blind-ly** . . . bláind-le. . . bláin'd-le.  
**Bridge** . . . bridch. . . . . bridje.  
**Dumb-ly** . . . dæm-le. . . . . deúm-lé.

**Es-tránged** . . . es-tréndch'd. es-trén'dj'd.  
**Fásh-ion'd** . . . fásch-æn'd. : fách-eun'd.  
**Thóm-as** . . . tòm-æs. . . . . tóm-euce.  
**Touch** . . . tæch. . . . . teutche.

One more unfortúnate,  
 Wéary of breath,  
 Ráshly impórtunate,  
 Gone to her death!

Still, for all slips of hers,  
 One of Eve's fá mily,—  
 Wipe those poor lips of hers  
 Óozing so clámmily.

Take=her=úp ténderly,  
 Lift her with care;  
 Fáshion'd so slénderly,  
 Young, and so fair!

Lóop=up her trésses  
 Escáped from the comb,  
 Her fair áuburn trésses;  
 Whilst wónderment guésses  
 Where was her home?

Lóok=at her gárments  
 Clínging like cérements;  
 Whilst the wave cónstantly  
 Drips from her clóthing;  
 Take=her=úp instantly,  
 Lóving, not lóathing.

Who was her fáther?  
 Who was her móther?  
 Had she a síster?  
 Had she a bróther?  
 Or was there a déarer one  
 Still, and a néarer one  
 Yet, than all óther?

Touch her not scórnfully;  
 Think of her móurnfully,  
 Géntly and húmanly;  
 Not of the stains of her,  
 All that remáins of her,  
 Now is pure wómanly.

Alás! for the rárity  
 Of Chrístian chárity  
 Únder the sun!  
 Oh! it was pitiful!  
 Near a whole city full,  
 Home had she none.

Make no deep scrútiny  
 Ínto her mítiny  
 Rash and undútiful:  
 Past all dishónor,  
 Death has left on her  
 Ónly the béautiful.

Sísterly, brótherly,  
 Fátherly, mótherly  
 Féelings had changed:  
 Love, by harsh évidence

Thrown from its éminence;  
 Éven God's próvidence  
 Séeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
 So far in the river,  
 With mány a light  
 From window and casement,  
 From gárret to básement,  
 She stood, with amáze-ment,  
 Hóuseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
 Made her trémble and shíver;  
 But not the dark arch,  
 Or the black flówing river:  
 Mad from life's hístory  
 Glad to death's mystery,  
 Swift to be hur'l'd,—  
 Ánywhere, ánywhere  
 Out of the world!

In she plunged bóldly,  
 No mátter how cöldly  
 The rough river ran,—  
 Óver the brink of it,  
 Picture it,—think of it,  
 Dissolute Man!  
 Lave in it, drink=of it,  
 Then, if you can!

Take=her=úp ténderly,  
 Lift her with care;  
 Fásion'd so slénderly,  
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
 Stiffen too rigidly,  
 Décently,—kíndly,—  
 Smooth and cómpose them;  
 And her eyes, close them,  
 Stáring so blíndly!

Dréadfully stáring  
 Thro' múddy impú-  
 rity, As when with the dáring  
 Last look of despáiring,  
 Fixed on futú-  
 rity.

Périshing glóomily,  
 Spurr'd by contúmely,  
 Cold inhumánity,  
 Búrning insánity,  
 Ínto her rest.—  
 Cross her hands húmbly,  
 As if práying dúmbly,  
 Óver her breast!

Ówning her wéakness,  
 Her évil beháviour,  
 And léaving, with méekness,  
 Her sins to her Sáviour!

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## HÓNOUR.

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Can hó-nour set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take=awáy the grief of a wound? No. Hónour hath no skill in súrgery then? No. What is hó-nour? A word. What is that word hó-nour? Air. Who hath it? He that died on Wédnesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insénsible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the líving? No. Why? Detráction will not súffer it: thérefore I'll (*I will*) none of it. Hónour is a mere escútcheon: and so ends my cátechism.

# MÓNSIEUR MARGÓT, OR THE FRENCH PROFÉSSOR.

FROM « PÉLHAM ».

*Lord Búlwer-Lytton.*

LORD ÉDWARD BÚLWER-LYTTON, the distinguished nóvelist, drámatisht, póet, and státesman, was born in 1805. He was the son of Général Búlwer, and was éducatéd at Cámbridge. His triumph as a nóvelist was won in 1828, by the publicatión of « *Pélham*, » and this was fóllowéd by a long list of nóvels which enjóy wórl-d-wide célébrity. In 1831, he first énteréd párlíamént; in 1835, he was créatéd a báronet; in 1858, he was appóintéd Sécrtary-of-Státe for the Cólónies; and in 1866, he was raísed to the péérage. As a drámatisht he will be best remémberéd by the cómedy of « *The Lády of Lyons*, » and « *Richelieu*. » He díed in 1872, and his remáins were íntérred in Wéstmínster Ábbey. His óny son, a póet and díplómatisht, succéedéd to the títle, and is at présent Viceroy of Índia.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**A-gile.** . . . ách-il. . . . ádj-il.  
**Ar'n't** (*are not*). . . . aant. . . . arnte.  
**Chiv-al-ry.** . . schiv-él-re. . . chiv-eul-ré.  
**E-clípse.** . . . i-klips. . . . i-klips.  
**Fie.** . . . fai. . . . . fai.  
**Fóre-head.** . . . fór-hed. . . . fór-hed.  
**Gén-u-ine.** . . . dchén-iu-in. . . djén-iou-ine.

**Jáun-dice.** . . . dchóon-dis. . . dján-díce.  
**O-páque.** . . . o-péek. . . . ó-peke.  
**Phys-i-óg-no-my.** . . . fids-i-ón-o- fiz-i-ón'-ó- me. . . . . mé.  
**Po-lice.** . . . po-liis. . . . pô-lice.  
**Quix-ote.** . . . kuik-sét. . . . kouik-seutó.  
**Vís-count.** . . . vai-kaunt. . . . vái-kaoun'té.  
**Yea.** . . . . ié. . . . . ié.

When I first went to Páris, I took a French máster to perféct me in the Parísian pronuciátion. This « Háberdasher of Prónouns » was a pérson of the name of Margót. He was a tall, sólemn man, with a face of the most impertúrbable grávity. He would have been inéstimable as an úndertaker. His hair was of a pale yéllow; you would have thought it had caught a bílious compláint from his compléxion; the láttér was, indéed, of so sómbre a sáffron, that it looked as if ten lívers had been forced into a jáundice in órder to supply its cólour. His fórehead was high, bald, and véry nárrow. His chéek-bones were extrémely próminent, and his cheeks so thin, that they seeméd háppier than Pyramus and Thísbe, and kissed each óther ínside wíthout ány separátion or dívisión. His face was as sharp and álmóst as long as an ínvérted pyramid, and was gárnished on éíther side by a míserable hálf-starved whískey, which seeméd scárcely áble to maintáin ítsélf amid the géneral symptoms of átrophy and decáy. This chárming cóuntenance was suppórted by a figure so long, so stráight, so shádowy, that you might have táken it for *the mónument in a consúption!*

But the chief characteristic of the man was the útter and

wonderful gravity I have spoken of. You could no more have coaxed a smile out of his countenance, than you could out of the poker, and yet M. Margot was by no means a melancholy man. He loved his joke, and his wine, and his dinner, just as much as if he had been of a fatter frame; and it was a fine specimen of the practical antithesis, to hear a good story or a jovial expression leap friskily out of that long, curved mouth; it was at once a paradox and a bathos,—it was the mouse coming-out of its hole in Ely Cathedral.

I said that this gravity was M. Margot's most special characteristic. I forgot:—he had two others equally remarkable; the one was an ardent admiration for the chivalrous, the other an ardent admiration for himself. Both of these are traits common enough in a Frenchman, but in M. Margot their excesses rendered them uncommon. He was a most ultra specimen of *le chevalier amoureux*,—a mixture of Don Quixote and the *Duc de Lauzun*. Whenever he spoke of the present tense, even *en professeur*, he always gave a sigh to the preterit, and an anecdote of Bayard; whenever he conjugated a verb, he paused to tell me that the favorite one of his female pupils was *je t'aime*.

In short, he had tales of his own good fortune and of other people's brave exploits, which, without much exaggeration, were almost as long, and had, perhaps, as little substance as himself! But the former was his favourite topic: to hear him, one would have imagined that his face, in borrowing the sharpness of the needle, had borrowed also its attraction;—and then the prettiness of M. Margot's modesty!

« It is very extraordinary, » said he, « very extraordinary, how much I am beloved by my fair pupils. I am not handsome, Monsieur, at least, not very; a certain *air noble*, (my first cousin, Monsieur, is the Chevalier de Margot) and, above all, *de l'âme* in my physiognomy; the fair sex love soul, Monsieur,—something intellectual and spiritual always attracts them; but yet their predilection for me is singular. Even in the house where I lodge, Monsieur, there is an English lady *en pension*, who has taken a great fancy for me. »

I expressed my envy at M. Margot's good fortune, and when he had sufficiently dilated upon it, he withdrew. Shortly afterwards my friend Vincent entered,—« I have a dinner invitation for both of us to-day, » said he; « you will come? »

« Most certainly, » replied I: « but who is the person we are to honour? »

« A Madame Laurent, » replied Vincent; « one of those ladies only found in Paris, who live upon any thing rather than their

income. She keeps a *tólerable* *táble*, háunted by Poles, Rússians, Austrians, and idle Frénchmen. As yet, she has not had the háppiness to be acquáinted with ány Énglishman (though she boards one of our cóuntrywomen), and (as she is desírous of máking her fórtune as soon as póssible) she is véry ánxious of háving that hónor. She has heard vast repórts of our wealth and wisdom, and flátters hersélf that we are so mány ámbulatory Índies : in good truth, a Frénchwoman thinks she is néver in want of a fórtune as long as there is a rich fool in the world. »

« *Madame Láurent!* » repéated I; « why, sírely that is the name of M. Margót's *lándlady*. »

« I hope not, » cried Vincent, « for the sake of our dinner; he reflects no *crédit* on her good cheer —

« Who eats fat dinners, should himself be fat. »

« At all événts, » said I, « we can try the good *lady* for once. I am véry ánxious to see a cóuntrywoman of ours, próbably the véry one you speak of, whom M. Margót *éulogizes* in glówing *colours*, and who has, moreóver, táken a violent *fáncy* for my sólemn *precéptor*. What think you of that Vincent? »

« Nóthing *extraórdinary*, » replied Vincent; « the *lady* ónly *excláims* with the *móralist* —

« Love, virtue, *váLOUR*, yea, all *húman* charms,  
Are shrunk and *céntred* in that *heap* of bones.  
Oh! there are wóndrous *béauties* in the *grave!* »

I made some *púnn*ing *rejóinder*, and we sallied=óut to earn an *appetite* in the *Tuilleries* for *Madame Láurent's* dinner.

At the hour of *hálf-past* five we repáired to our *engágement*. *Madame Láurent* recéived us with the most *évident* *satisfáction*, and *introdúced* us forthwith to our *cóuntrywoman*. She was a *prétty*, fair, *shréwd-looking* *pérson*, with an eye and *forehead* which *bespóke* good sense, but at the same time *gáiety* of heart.

*Présently*, M. Margót made his *appéarance*. Though véry much surprised at *séeing* me, he did not *appéar* the least *jéalous* of my *attentions* to his *inamoráta*. *Indéed*, the good *géntleman* was far too much pleased with himself to be *suscéptible* of the *suspícions* *cómmón* to less *fórtunate* *lóvers*. At dinner I sat next the *prétty* *Énglishwoman*, whose name was *Green*.

« M. Margót, » said I, « has óften *spóken* to me of you, *befóre* I had the háppiness of *béing* *pérsonally* *convínced* how true and *unexággerated* were his *séntiments*. »

« Oh! » cried Mrs *Green* with an *arch* laugh, « you are *acquáinted* with M. Margót, then? »

« I have the hónor, » said I. « I recéive from him évery mórning léssons both in love and lánguages. He is pérfect máster in both. »

Mrs Green broke=óut into one of those peals so pecúliarly British.

« Ah, *le pauvre Professeur!* » cried she. « He is too absúrd! »

« He tells me, » said I grávely, « that you are not quite indifférent to his mérits both méntal and physical. »

« Tell me, Mr Pélham, » said the fair Mrs Green, « can you pass by this street abóut hálf-past twelve to-night? »

« I will make a point of dóing so, » replied I, not a little surpriséd by the remárk.

« Do, » said she; « and now let us talk of Éngland. »

When we went=awáy, I told Vincent of my appóintment.

« What! » said he, « eclipse M. Margót! Impóssible! »

« You are right, » replied I, « nor is it my hope; there is some trick aflóat, at which we may as well be spectátors. »

« *De tout mon cœur!* » ánswered Vincent; « let us go till then to the Dúchesse de G—. » I assénted, and we drove to the Rue de —.

Abóut the fixed time we took our way to the street in which Madáme Láurent resided. Meanwhile súffer me to get=rid of mysélf, and to introdúce you, dear Réader, to my friend M. Margót, the whole of whose advéntures were súbsequently détailed to me by the gárrulous Mrs Green.

At the hour appóinted, he knocked at the door of my fair cóuntrywoman, and was cárefully admítted. He was attired in a dréssing-gown of séa-green silk, in which his long, lean, húngry bódy, looked more like a river pike than ány thing húman.

« Madáme, » said he, with a sólemn air, « I retúrn you my best thanks for the hónor you have done me,—behóld me at your feet! » and so sáying, the lean lóver grávely knelt=dówn on one knee.

« Rise, Sir, » said Mrs Green, « I conféss that you have won my heart; but that is not all,—you have yet to show that you are wóthy of the opínion I have formed of you. It is not, M. Margót, your pérson that has won me,—no! it is your chívalrous and nóble séntiments,—prove that these are génuine, and you may commánd my admirátion. »

« In what mánnér shall I prove it, Madáme? » said M. Margót, rising, and grácefully dráwing his séa-green gown more clóselly round him.

« By your cóurage, your devótion, and your gállantry! I ask but one proof,—you can give it me on the spot. You remémber,

Mónsieur, that in the days of románcé, a lády threw her glove upón the stage on which a líon was exhibited, and told her lóver to pick-it=úp. M. Margót, the trial to which I shall put you is less sevére. Look!» (and Mrs. Green threw=open the window), — «look! I throw my glove out into the street,—descénd for it.»

«Your commánds are my law,» said the romántic Margót, I will go forthwith,» and so sáying, he went to the door.

«Hold, Sir!» said the lády, «it is not by that símple máñner that you are to descénd,—you must go the same way as my glove, — *out of the window.*»

«Out of the window, Madáme!» said poor M. Margót, with astónished solémnity; «that is impóssible, becáuse this apártment is three stóries high, and cónsequently I shall be dashed to piéces.»

«By no means,» áñswered the dame; «in that córner of the room there is a básket, to which (alréady foreséeing your determinátion) I have affixed a rope; by that básket you shall descénd. See, Mónsieur, what expédients a próvident love can suggést.»

«H—e—m!» said, véry slówly, M. Margót, by no means liking the áiry vóyage impósed upón him; «but the rope may break, or your hand may súffer it to slip.»

«Feel the rope,» cried the lády, «to sátisfy you as to your first doubt; and, as to the sécond, can you,—can you imáagine that my afféction would not make me twice ás cáreful of your pérson as of my own. Fie! ungráteful M. Margót! fie!»

The mélancholy chévalier cast a rúeful look at the básket. «Madáme» said he, «I own I am véry avérse to the plan you propóse: súffer me to go down-stáirs in the órdinary way; your glove can be as éasily picked=úp whéther your adórer goes=óut of the door or the window. It is ónly, Madáme, when órdinary means fail that we should have recóurse to the extraórdinary.»

«Begóne! Sir,» excláimed Mrs Green; «begóne! I now percéive that your chivalry was ónly a preténce. Fool that I was to love you as I have done,—fool that I was to imáagine a héro where I now find a —»

«Pause, Madáme, I will obéy you, —my heart is firm, —see that the rope is —»

«Gállant M. Margót!» cried the lády: and géing to her dréssing-room, she called her maid to her assistance. The rope was of the most unquéstionable thickness, the básket of the most capácious diménsions. The fórmér was fástened to a strong hook,—and the láttér lówered.



«I go, Madáme,» said M. Margót, feeling the rope; «but it réally is a most dángerous explóit.»

«Go, Mónsieur! and the God of St. Lóuis befriend you!»

«Stop,» said M. Margót; «let me fetch my coat: the night is cold, and my dréssing-gown thin.»

«Nay, nay, my Chévalier,» returned the dame, «I love you in that gown; it gives you an air of grace and dignity, quite enchánting.»

«It will give me my death of cold, Madáme,» said M. Margót éarrestly.

«Bah!» said the Énglishwoman: «what knight éver feared cold? Besídes you mistáke; the night is warm, and you look so hándsome in your gown.»

«Do I?» said the vain M. Margót, with an expréssion of satisfáction; «if that is the case, I will mind it less; but may I return by the door?»

«Yes,» replied the lády; «you see that I do not requíre too much from your devótion,— énter.»

«Behóld me!» said the French máster, insérting his bódy into the básket, which immédiately begán to descénd.

The hour and the políce of course made the street émpy; the lády's hándkerchief waved in tóken of encóuragement and triúmph. When the básket was withín five yards of the ground, Mrs Green cried to her lóver, who had hitherto been élevating his sérious cóuntenance tówards her, in sóber, yet gállant sádness—

«Look, look, Mónsieur,—straight befóre you.»

The lóver turned-róund, as rápidly as his hábits would allów him, and at that instant the wíndow was shut, the light extínguished, and the básket arrésted. There stood M. Margót, úpright in the básket, and there stopped the básket, mótionless in air!

What were the exáct refléctions of M. Margót, in that position, I cánot préténd to detérmine, becáusè he néver fávoured me with them; but abóut an hour áfterwards, Vincent and I (who had been deláyed on the road), strólling-up the street accórding to our appóintment, percéived by the dim lamps some opáque bódy léaning agáinst the wall of Madáme Láurent's house, at abóut the distance of fifteen feet from the ground.

We hástened our steps tówards it; a méasured and sérious voice, which I well knew, accósted us.

«For God's sake, géntlemen, procúre me assístance: I am the víctim of a perfídious wóman, and expéct évery móment to be precipítated to the earth.»

« Good Héavens! » said I, « sûrely it is M. Margót whom I hear. What are you dóing there? »

« Shívering with cold, » ánswered M. Margót, in a tone trémulously slow.

« But what are you in? — for I can see nóthing but a dark súbstance. »

« I am in a básket, » replíed M. Margót, « and I should be véry much obliged to you to let me out of it. »

« Well,— indéed, » said Víncent, ( for I was too much engáged in láughing to give a réady reply ), « Château-Margót has but a cool céllar. But there are some things in the world éasier said than done. How are we to remóve you to a more desirable place? »

« Ah, » retúrned M. Margót, « how indéed! There is, to be sûre, a ládder in the pórtér's lodge long énough to delíver me; but then, think of the gibes and jeers of the pórtér,—it will get wind,— I shall be rídículed,—and what is worse, I shall lose my púpils. »

« My good friend, » said I, « you had bétter lose your púpils than your life; and the dáy-light will soon come, and then, instéad of béing rídículed by the pórtér, you will be rídículed by the whole street! »

M. Margót groaned. « Go, then, my friend, » said he, « procúre the ládder! Oh, those she-dévils! — what could make me such a fool! »

Whilst M. Margót was vénting his spleen in a scárceley artícu- late mútter, we repáired to the lodge, knocked=úp the pórtér, commúnicated the *accídent*, and procúred the ládder. Howéver, an obsérvant eye had been upón our procédings, and the wíndow abóve was re-ópened; though so silently, that I ónly percéived the áction. The pórtér, a jólly, bluff, héarty-lóoking féllow, stood grínning belów with a lántern, while we set the ládder (which ónly just reached the básket) agáinst the wall.

The chévalier looked wístfully forth, and then, by the light of the lántern, we had a fair view of his rídículous figure,—his teeth cháttered wófully, and the uníted cold wíthout and anxíety wíthin, threw a dóuble sádnness and solémnity upón his wíthered cóuntenance; the night was véry wíndy, évery ínstánt a rápid cúrrent seized the unháppy séa-green vésture, whirled it in the air, and threw it, as if in scorn, óver the véry face of the míserable proféssor. The cónstant recúrrence of this spórtive irrévérrence of the gales, the high sídes of the básket, and the trémbling agítation of the ínmate, néver too ágile, réndered it a work of some tíme for M. Margót to transfér hímsélf from the básket to the ládder; at length he fáirly got=óut one thín, shívering leg.

« Thank God ! » said the pious professor, — when at that instant the thanksgiving was checked, and, to M. Margót's inexpressible astonishment and dismay, the basket rose five feet from the ladder leaving its tenant with one leg dangling out, like a flag from a balloon.

The ascent was too rapid to allow M. Margót even time for an exclamation; and it was not till he had had sufficient leisure in this present elevation to perceive all its consequences, that he found words to say, with the most earnest tone of thoughtful lamentation, « One could not have foreseen this! — it is really extremely distressing! — would to God that I could get my leg in, or my body out! »

While we were yet too convulsed with laughter to make any comment upon the unlooked-for ascent of the luminous Margót, the basket descended with such force as to dash the lantern out of the hand of the porter, and to bring the professor so precipitously to the ground, that all the bones in his skin rattled audibly.

« My God ! » said he, « I am done-for! — be witness how inhumanly I have been murdered. »

We pulled him out of the basket, and carried him between us into the porter's lodge; but the woes of M. Margót were not yet at their termination. The room was crowded. There was Madame Laurent; there was the German Count, whom the professor was teaching French; there was the French Viscount, whom he was teaching German; there were all his fellow-lodgers, — the ladies whom he had boasted of, the men he had boasted to: Don Juan, in the infernal regions, could not have met with a more unwelcome set of old acquaintances than M. Margót had the happiness of opening his bewildered eyes upon in the porter's lodge.

« What ! » cried they all, « M. Margót, is that you who have been frightening us so? We thought the house was attacked; the Russian general is at this very moment loading his pistols; lucky for you that you did not *choose* to stay longer in that situation. Pray, Monsieur, what could induce you, to exhibit yourself so, in your dressing-gown too, and the night so cold? Ar'n't you (*are you not*) ashamed of yourself? »

All this, and infinitely more, was levelled against the miserable professor, who stood shivering with cold and fright; and turning his eyes first upon one and then on another, as the exclamations circulated round the room, —

« I do assure you — » at length he began.

« No, no, » cried one, « it is of no use explaining now! »

« *Mais Messieurs* — » querulously recommenced the unhappy Margót.

«Hold your tongue,» exclaimed Madame Laurent, «you have been disgracing my house.»

«*Mais, Madame, écoutez-moi —*»

«No, no,» cried the German, «we saw you,—we saw you.»

«*Mais Monsieur le Comte —*»

«Fie, fie!» cried the Frenchman.

«*Mais Monsieur le Vicomte —*»

At this, every mouth was opened, and the patience of M. Margót being by this time exhausted, he flew into a violent rage; his tormentors pretended an equal indignation, and at length he fought his way out of the room as fast as his shattered bones would allow him, followed by the whole body, screaming, and shouting, and scolding, and laughing after him.

The next morning passed without my usual lesson from M. Margót; that was natural enough; but when the next day and the next rolled on, and brought neither M. Margót nor his excuse, I began to be uneasy for the poor man. Accordingly I sent to Madame Laurent's to inquire after him: judge of my surprise at hearing that he had, early the day after, taken his departure and left his lodgings with his small possession of books and clothes, leaving only a note to Madame Laurent enclosing the amount of his debt to her, and that no one had since seen or heard of him.

From that day to this, I have never once beheld him. The poor professor lost even the little money due to him for his lessons,—so true is it that, in a man of M. Margót's temper, even interest is a subordinate passion to vanity.

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## LOST TIME.

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SHOULD THE GREATER part of people sit down and draw up a particular account of their time, what a shameful bill it would be! So much in eating, drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires; so much in revelling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance; so much in gaming, plays, and masquerades; so much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent visits; so much in idle and foolish prating; so much in censuring and reviling our neighbours; so much in dressing out our bodies and in talking of fashions; and so much wasted and lost in doing nothing at all.

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## ÍVRY. *Lord Macáulay.*

*Vide* biographical notices at pages 119 and 275.

The battle of Ívry was fought on the 14th of March, 1590. The joint forces of the Húguenots and of the Liberal Cathólic nobility, who supported Hénry of Navárré's claim to the French throne after the assassinátion of Hénry III., were on the one side; and on the other, was the army of the Cathólic League, under the Duke of Mayenne, brother of the Duke of Guise, recently murdered by Hénry III. Hénry of Navárré (afterwards Hénry IV.) won a great victory. He was a Prótéstant at this time (or Cálvinist, as Prótéstants were then called in France), and hence his triumph caused great joy among the Húguenots, whose chámption he was. The ballad is supposed to be the utterance of one of the victórious party. The Refórmed opinions had made great prógress in France so far back as 1558, and had been espóused by some of the highest pésonages in the state, including the first prince of the blood, the King of Navárré, fáther of Hénry IV. The Róman Cathólics had, howéver, oppósed them víolently, and civil war had bróken-out as éarly as 1562, and had raged with brief intervals of nóminal peace for twénty eight years.

	<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>		<u>Pron. española.</u>	<u>Pron. française.</u>
<b>Gui-ding</b>	. gáid-ing.	. gáid-in'gne.		<b>Sóv-er-eign</b>	. sóv-er-en.. . sóv-er-ene.
<b>Hur-ráh..</b>	. hur-á.. . . . .	hour-rá.		<b>Ta'en (tá-ken)</b>	teen.. . . . tene.
<b>Leag-e..</b>	. liigue.. . . .	ligue.		<b>Wrought.</b>	. root.. . . . rate.

Now glóry to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glóries are!  
 And glóry to our Sóvereign Liege, King Hénry of Navárré!  
 Now let there be the mérry sound of músic and of dance,  
 Through thy córn-fields green, and súnný vines, oh pléasant land  
 of France!

And thou, Rochéille, our own Rochéille, proud city of the wáters,  
 Agáin let rápture light the eyes of all thy móurning dáughters.  
 As thou wert cónstant in our ills, be jóyous in our joy,  
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they, who wrought thy walls  
 annóy.

Hurráh! Hurráh! a single field hath turned the chance of war,  
 Hurráh! Hurráh! for Ívry, and Hénry of Navárré.

Oh! how our hearts were béating, when, at the dawn of day,  
 We saw the army of the League drawn-out in long arráy;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Égmont's Flemish spears.  
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;  
And, as we looked-on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled  
flood,  
And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
He looked-upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked-upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout, « God save our Lord the  
King. »

« And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of  
war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre. »

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.  
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies — upon them with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;  
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned  
his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven  
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
« Remember St. Bartholomew! » was passed from man to man.  
But out spake gentle Henry, « No Frenchman is my foe:  
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go. »

Oh! was there éver such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
As our Sóvereign Lord, King Hény, the sóldier of Navárre?

Right well fought all the Frénchmen who fought for France  
to-dáy,

And mány a lórdly bánnér God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;

And the good Lord of Róсны hath ta'en (*táken*) the córnet white,

Our own true Maximilian the córnet white has ta'en (*táken*),

The córnet white with crósses black. the flag of false Lorráine.

Up with it high ; unfúrl it wide ; that all the host may know

How God hath húmbléd the proud house, which wrought his  
church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trúmpets sound their lóudest point  
of war,

Fling the red shreds, a fóotcloth meet for Hény of Navárre.

Ho! máidens of Viénna; ho! mátrons of Lucérne!

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who néver shall  
retúrn.

Ho! Philip, send, for chárity, thy Méxican pistóles,

That Ántwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spéarmen's  
souls.

Ho! gállant nóbles of the League, look that your arms be bright ;

Ho! búrghers of Saint Géneviève, keep watch and ward to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,

And mocked the cóunsel of the wise and the válour of the brave.

Then glóry to His hólý name, from whom all glóries are ;

And glóry to our Sóvereign Lord, King Hény of Navárre.

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## THE PHILÓSOPHER OUTDÓNE.

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A léarnéd philósopher béing véry búsy in his stúdy, a little  
girl came to ask him for some fire. « But, » said the dóctor,  
« you have nóthing to take it in. » As he was géing to fetch  
sómething for that púrpose, the little girl stooped-dówn to the  
fire-place, and, táking some cold áshes in one hand, she put búrn-  
ing émbérs on them with the óther. The astónished dóctor  
threw-dówn his books, excláiming, — « With all my léarning, I  
should néver have discóvered that expédient! »

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# THE VÍSION OF MÍRZA.

*Addison.*

JÓSEPH ÁDDISON, the célebrated essayist and pœet, was the son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, and was born in 1672. He was éducatéd at Chárter House and Óxford. His contribútions to the « *Tatler*, » « *Spectátor*, » and « *Guárdian*, » as the first and best samples of a new style, hold a high place in the history of clássic English literature. In 1713, his célebrated trágedy of « *Cáto* » was performed. In 1716, he married the Cóuntess Dówager of Wárwick, but the únion was far from háppy. The fóllowing year he becámé Sécetary-of-State, which óffice he soon resigned on a pénsion of 1500 pounds a year. He closed his life in a máñner sùitable to his carácter. On his death bed, in 1719, he sént-for his stépson, the young Earl of Wárwick, whom he was ánxious to recláim from an évil course of life, and, grásping his hand, exclaimed impréssively, — « See in what peace a Christian can die. » It is not on Áddison's poetical works that his fame rests. His prose works have a lásting worth, and charm us by their grácefulness, délicate fáncy, pure morality, and original hùmour.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Ád-di-son.** . . . ád-is'n. . . . . ád-dis'n.  
**Air-ing.** . . . æer-ing. . . . . é-eur-in'gne.  
**Dów-a-ger.** . . . dau-æ-dchæ. . . . . daou-a-djeur  
**Gé-ni-us.** . . . dchi-ni-æs. . . . . dji-ni-euce.

**Léi-sure-ly** . . . lësh-æ-le. . . . . lé-jeur-lé.  
**Pur-suit.** . . . pææ-siút. . . . . peur-sioute.  
**Scim-i-tar.** . . . sim-i-tæ. . . . . sim-i-teur.  
**Wár-wick.** . . . uár-ik. . . . . ouár-ik.

On the fifth day of the moon,—which, accórding to the cústom of my fórefathers, I álways keep hóly,—háving washed mysélf, and óffered-up my mórning devótions, I ascéded the high hills of Bágdad, in órder to pass the rest of the day in meditátion and práyer. As I was here áiring mysélf on the tops of the móuntains, I féll-into a profóund contemplátion on the váníty of húman life; pássing from one thought to anóther, « Súrely, » said I, « man is but a shádw, and life a dream. » Whilst I was thus músing, I cast my eyes tówards the súmmit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discóvered one in the hábit of a shépherd, with a little músical instrument in his hand. As I lóoked-upon him, he applied it to his lips, and begán to pláy-upon it. The sound of it was excéeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpréssibly melódius, and altogéther different from ánything I had éver heard; they put me in mind of those héavenly airs that are played to the depárted souls of good men, upón their first arríval in Páradise, to wéar-out the impréssions of the last ágonies, and qualífy them for the pléasures of that háppy place. My heart mélted-away in sweet ráptures.

I had been óften told that the rock befóre me was the haunt of a génius, and that séveral had been entertáined with that músic who had pássed-by it, but néver heard that the musician had



before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the spot where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature, and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, « Mirza, » said he, « I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me. »

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, « Cast thine eyes eastward, » said he, « and tell me what thou seest. » « I see, » said I, « a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. » « The valley that thou seest, » said he, « is the Vale of Misery; and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity. » « What is the reason, » said I, « that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? » « What thou seest, » said he, « is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. » « Examine now, » said he, « this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. » « I see a bridge, » said I, « standing in the midst of the tide. » « The bridge thou seest, » said he, « is Human Life; consider it attentively. » Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several of them broken, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition in which I now beheld it. « But tell me further, » said he, « what thou discoverest on it. » « I see multitudes of people passing over it, » said I, « and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. » As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance to the

bridge, so that throngs of péople no sóoner bróke-through the cloud, than mány of them féll-into them. They grew thinner tówards the middle, but múltiplied and lay clóser togéther tówards the end of the árches that were entíre. There were, indéed, some pérsóns, but their númer was véry small, that continued a kind of hóbbling march on the bróken árches, but fell-through, one áfter anóther, béing quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplátion of this wónderful strúcture, and the great variety of óbjects which it présenté. My heart was filled with a deep mélancholy to see séveral dróp-ping unexpéctedly in the midst of mirth and jóllity, and cáatching-at éverything that stood by them to save themsélves. Some were looking-up tówards the héavens in a thóughtful pósture, and in the midst of a speculátion stúmbled and fell out of sight. Múltitudes were véry búsy in the pursúit of búbbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced befóre them; but óften, when they thought themsélves withín reach of them, their fóoting failed, and down they sank. In this confúsió of óbjects, I óbserved some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upón the bridge, thrústing séveral pérsóns on tráp-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escáped, had they not been thus forced upón them.

The géníus, séeing me indúlge mysélf in this mélancholy próspect, told me I had dwelt long énough upón it: « Take thine eyes off the bridge, » said he, « and tell me if thou séest ánything thou dost not compréhend. » Upón looking-up, « What mean, » said I, « those great flights of birds that are perpétually hóvering ábout the bridge, and séttling upón it from time to time? I see vúltures, hárpies, rávens, córmorants, and, amóng mány óther féathered créatures, séveral little winged boys, that perch in great númer upón the middle árches. » « Those, » said the géníus, « are ény, ávarice, superstition, despáir, love, with the like cares and pássións that infést húman life. »

The géníus then dirécted my attentíon to a vast ócean plánted with innúmerable islands that were cóvered with fruits and flówers, and interwóven with a thóusand little shíning seas that ran amóng them. « These, » said he, « are the mánsions of good men áfter death, who, accórding to the degré and kinds of virtue in which they excélléd, are distributed amóng these séveral islands, which ábúnd with pléasures of different kinds and degrés, súitable to the rélishes and perféctiós of those who are séttled in them: évery island is a páradise accómmodated to its respéctive inhábítants. Are not these, O Mírza, habitátions

worth contéding for? Does life appéar miserable that gives thee opportúnities of éarning such a réwárd? Think not man was made in vain who has such an etérnity resérved for him.» I gazed with inexpréssible pléasure on those háppy islands. At length, said I, « Show me now, I beséech thee, the sécrets that lie hid únder those black clouds which cówer the ócean on the óther side of the rock of ádamant.» The génius máking me no ánswer, I turned=abóut to adress mysélf to him a sécond time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned agáin to the vision which I had been so long cóntemplating; but, instéad of the rólling tide, the arched bridge, and the háppy islands, I saw nóthing but the long hóllow vólley of Bágdad, with óxen, sheep, and cámel's grázing upón the sides of it.

## THE DEATH OF DON CÁRLOS.

*Préscott.*

WILLIAM HICKLING PRÉSCOTT, one of the most éminent Américan histórians, was born in 1796, and gráduated at Hárvard University. While at collége he lost by an accident the sight of one of his eyes, while the óther becáme so weakened as to detér him from ány professión or pursúit in which strong eye-sight was indispénsable. In 1827, he selected the «*Reign of Férdinand and Isabélla*» as the súbject of his first great work, which he published áfter more than 10 years' lábor, in 1838. In 1843 appéared «*The Cónquest of México*,» and 4 years láter «*The Cónquest of Perú*,» All these works were received both in Améica and Éurope with great appláuse. In 1850 he begán what he intéded to be his gréatest work «*The History of Philip II.*,» of which three vólumes ónly have been published; and the world was lóoking=fóward to its cómplétion, when the áuthor was súddenly áttacked by parálýsis, and died in 1859.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**And-i-ron.** . . . ánd-ai-sen. . . . . án'd-ai-eurn.  
**Christ-en-** . . . kris'n-dæm. . . . . kris-s'n-  
**dom.** . . . . . deume.  
**Draught.** . . . draft. . . . . drafte.  
**Dun-geon.** . . . dæn-dchæn. . . . . deun'-djeune

**Hal-ber-dier** hal-bæ-diæ. . . . . hal-beur-di-  
**High-way-** . . . . . eur.  
**man.** . . . . . hái-ue-man. . . . . hái-oue-mane  
**Prés-cott.** . . . prés-kæt. . . . . prés-keute.  
**Stóm-ach.** . . . stæm-æk. . . . . stæum-euk.

At eléven o'elóck, on the évening of the 18th of Jánuary, 1568, Philip II. descéded the stair, wéaring ármour óver his clothes, and his head protécted by a hélmet. He was accómpanied by the duke of Féria, cáptain of the guard, with four or five óther lords, and twelve privates of the guard. The king órdered the válet to shut the door, and allów no one to énter. The nóbles and the guards then pássed=into the prince's chámber; and the duke of Féria, stéaling sóftly to the head of the bed, secúred a sword and dágger which lay there, as well as a músket lóaded with two balls. The prince slept with as mány précautions as

a highwayman, with his sword and dagger by his side, and a loaded musket within reach, ready at any moment for action. Carlos, roused by the noise, started up, and demanded who was there. The duke, having got possession of the weapons, replied, — «It is the council of state.» Carlos, on hearing this, leaped from his bed, and uttering loud cries and menaces, endeavoured to seize his arms. At this moment, Philip, who had prudently deferred his entrance till the weapons were mastered, came forward, and bade his son return to bed and remain quiet. The prince exclaimed, «What does your majesty want of me?» «You will soon learn,» said his father, and at the same time ordered the windows and doors to be strongly secured, and the keys of the latter to be delivered to him. All the furniture of the room, with which Carlos could commit any violence, even the andirons, were removed. The king, then turning to Féria, told him that «he committed the prince to his especial charge, and that he must guard him well.» Addressing next the other nobles, he directed them «to serve the prince with all proper respect, but to execute none of his orders without reporting them to himself; finally, to guard him faithfully, under penalty of being held as traitors.»

At these words Carlos exclaimed, — «Your majesty had better kill me than keep me a prisoner. It will be a great scandal to the kingdom. If you do not kill me, I will make away with myself.» «You will do no such thing,» said the king; «for that would be the act of a madman.» «Your majesty,» replied Carlos, «treats me so ill, that you force me to this extremity. I am not mad, but you drive me to despair!» Other words passed between the monarch and his son, whose voice was so broken by sobs as to be scarcely audible.

Having completed his arrangements, Philip, after securing a coffer which contained the prince's papers, withdrew from the apartment. That night, the duke of Féria, the count of Lerma, and Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, eldest son of Ruy Gómez, remained in the prince's chamber. Two lords, out of the six named for the purpose, performed the same duty in rotation each succeeding night. From respect to the prince, none of them were allowed to wear their swords in his presence. His meat was cut up before it was brought into his chamber, as he was allowed no knife at his meals. The prince's attendants were all dismissed, and most of them afterwards provided for in the service of the king. A guard of twelve halberdiers were stationed in the passages leading to the tower in which the apartment of Carlos was situated. Thus all communication from without was cut

óff; and as he was unable to look from his strongly barricaded windows, the unhappy prisoner, from that time, remained as dead to the world as if he had been buried in the deepest dungeon of Simancas.

Philip's queen, Isabella, and his sister Joanna, who seem to have been deeply afflicted by the course taken with the prince, made ineffectual attempts to be allowed to visit him in his confinement; and when Don John of Austria came to the palace dressed in a mourning suit, to testify his grief on the occasion, Philip coldly rebuked his brother, and ordered him to change his mourning for his ordinary dress.

Philip could not be persuaded to mitigate in any degree the rigor of his son's confinement, which produced the effect to have been expected on one of his fiery, ungovernable temper. At first he was thrown into a state bordering on frenzy, and, it is said, more than once tried to make away with himself. As he found that thus to beat against the bars of his prison-house was only to add to his distresses, he resigned himself in sullen silence to his fate,—the sullenness of despair. In his indifference to all around him, he ceased to take an interest in his own spiritual concerns. Far from using the religious books put into his possession, he would attend to no act of devotion, refusing even to confess, or to admit his confessor into his presence.

The mental excitement under which he labored, combined with the want of air and exercise, produced its natural effect upon his health. Every day he became more and more emaciated; while the fever, which had so long preyed upon his constitution, now burned in his veins with greater fury than ever. To allay the intolerable heat, he resorted to such desperate expedients as seemed to indicate, says the Pápal nuncio, that if debarrred from laying violent hands on himself, he would accomplish the same end in a slower way, but not less sure. He deluged the floor with water, not a little to the inconvenience of the companions of his prison, and walked about for hours, half naked, with bare feet, on the cold pavement. He caused a warming-pan filled with ice and snow to be introduced several times in a night into his bed, and let it remain there for hours together. As if this were not enough, he would gulp down such draughts of snow-water as distance any achievement on record in the annals of hydrópathy. He pursued the same mad course in respect to what he ate. He would abstain from food an incredible number of days,—some writers say three, others, seven days,—and then, indulging in proportion to his former abstinence, he would devour a pástry of four partridges, with

all the paste, at a sitting, washing it down with three gallons or more of iced water!

No constitution could long withstand such violent assaults as these. The constitution of Carlos gradually sunk under them. His stomach, debilitated by long inaction, refused to perform the extraordinary tasks that were imposed upon it. He was attacked by incessant vomiting; dysentery set in; and his strength rapidly failed. The physician, Olivares, who alone saw the patient, consulted with his brethren in the apartments of Ruy Gómez. Their remedies failed to restore the exhausted energies of nature; and it was soon evident that the days of Carlos were numbered.

Nor was Carlos allowed the society of his amiable stepmother, the queen, nor of his aunt Joanna, to sweeten, by their kind attentions, the bitterness of death. It was his sad fate to die, as he had lived throughout his confinement, under the cold gaze of his enemies. Yet he died at peace with all: and some of the last words that he uttered were to forgive his father for his imprisonment, and the ministers,—naming Ruy Gómez and Espinosa in particular,—who advised him to it.

Philip, however, took the occasion, when Carlos lay asleep or insensible, to enter the chamber; and, stealing softly behind the prince of Eboli and the grand-prior, Antonio de Toledo, he stretched out his hands towards the bed, and, making the sign of the cross, gave the parting benediction to his dying son.

Carlos now grew rapidly more feeble, having scarcely strength enough left to listen to the exhortations of his confessor, and with low, indistinct murmurings began to adore the crucifix which he held constantly in his hand. On the 24th of July, soon after midnight, he was told it was the Vigil of St. James. Then suddenly rousing himself, with a gleam of joy on his countenance, he intimated his desire for his confessor to place the holy taper in his hand: and feebly beating his breast, as if to invoke the mercy of Heaven on his transgressions, he fell back, and expired without a groan. «No Catholic,» says Nobili, «ever made a more catholic end.»

A few days before his death, Carlos is said to have made a will, in which, after imploring his father's pardon and blessing, he commended his servants to his care, gave away a few jewels to two or three friends, and disposed of the rest of his property in behalf of sundry churches and monasteries. Agreeably to his wish, his body was wrapped in a Franciscan robe, and was soon afterwards laid in a coffin covered with black velvet and rich brocade. At seven o'clock that same evening, the remains

of Cárlos were borne from the chámber where he died, to their place of intérmént.

It cáannot be denied that suspícions of foul play to Cárlos were not ónly cúrrent abróad, but were entertained éven by pérsons of rank at home,—where it could not be safe to útter them. Amóng óthers, the célebrated António Pérez, one of the hóusehold of the prince of Éboli, infórms us that, « as the king had found Cárlos guilty of high-tréason, he was condémméd to death by cásuists and inquisitors. But in órder that the execútion of this séntence might not be brought too pálpably befóre the públic, they mixed for four months togéther a slow póison in his food.»

Thus, in the mórning of his life, at little more than twénty three years of age, pérished Cárlos, prince of Astúrias. No one of his time cáme into the world únder such brilliant áuspices : for he was heir to the nóblest émpire in Christendom ; and the Spániards, as they discerned in his childhood some of the germs of fúture gréatness in his cháracter, looked cónfidently fórward to the day when he should rival the glóry of his grándfather, Charles V. But he was born únder an évil star, which counteracted all the gifts of fórtune, and turned them into a curse. His náaturally wild and héadstrong témpér was exásperated by diséase; and, when encóuntered by the distrust and alienátion of him who had the contról of his déstiny, was exálted into a state of frénzy, that fúrnishes the best apólogy for his extrávagances, and vindicates the necéssity of some méasures, on the part of his fáther, to restráin them. Yet, can those who rejéct the imputátion of *murder*, acquit that fáther of inexorable rigor tówards his child in the méasures which he emplóyed, or of the dréadful responsíbility which attáches to the cónsequences of them?

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## GRÉATNESS AND GÓODNESS.

*Cóleridge.*

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Gréatness and góodness are not means, but ends!  
Hath he not álways tréasures, álways friends,  
The great good man? Three tréasures, love, and light,  
And calm thoughts, régular as infant's breath ;  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,  
Himsélf, his Máker, and the Angel Death.

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GOOD NIGHT.

From « *Childe Harold.* »  
Lord Byron.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, (*vide* biographical notice at page 256), was the grandson of Sir John Byron, an eminent naval commander and circumnavigator, and succeeded to the family title and estate when he was only ten years old, in 1798. His first work was « *Hours of Idleness,* » a collection of poems that excited the bitterest censure from the *Edinburgh Review*, to which he replied in his celebrated satire of « *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* » His principal poems are « *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* » « *Don Juan,* » « *The Giaour,* » « *The Bride of Abydos,* » « *Lara,* » « *The Corsair,* » « *Manfred,* » « *Beppo,* » « *Mazéppa,* » « *Cain,* » etc. In 1823, the state of the Greeks awoke his sympathy; and, with disinterested generosity, he resolved to devote his fortune, his pen, and his sword to their cause. He was, however, attacked by fever, and expired at Missolonghi, on the 19th April, 1824, in the 37th year of his age.

<b>A-by-dos.</b> . . e-bái-dos. . . e-bái-doce.	<b>Giaour.</b> . . . gáu-æ. . . . . gáu-æ-ur.
<b>A-dieu.</b> . . . e-diú. . . . . e-diou.	<b>Hearth.</b> . . . haaz. . . . . harth.
<b>A-thwárt.</b> . . e-zuáat. . . . e-thouárte.	<b>Jú-an.</b> . . . dchiú-an. . . . djiou-ane.
<b>By-ron.</b> . . . bái-ren. . . . . bái-reune.	<b>Pár-a-mour.</b> . . . pâr-æ-mu-æ. . . . pâr-a-mou-æ-ur.
<b>Cór-sair.</b> . . kóo-sea. . . . . kór-cère.	<b>Yeó-man.</b> . . ió-man. . . . . ió-mane.
<b>Éd-in-burgh</b> . . . éd-in-beur-æ. . . . . éd-in'-beur-a.	

Adiéú, adiéú! my nátive shore  
Fades o'er (*óver*) the wáters blue;  
The Níght-winds sigh, the bréakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild séa-mew.  
Yon Sun that sets upón the sea  
We fóllo in his flight:  
Farewéll aw híle to him and thee,  
My Nátive Land,— Good Níght!

A few short hours, and he will rise  
To give the mórrów birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my móther earth.  
Desérted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is désolate;  
Wild weeds are gáthering on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

Come híther, híther, my little page  
Why dost thou weep and wail?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
Or trémble at the gale?



But dash the téar-drop from thine eye ;  
Our ship is swift and strong :  
Our fléettest fálcón scarce can fly  
More mérrily alóng.

« Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind :  
Yet márvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sórrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my fáther gone,  
A móther whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alóne,  
But thee, — and One abóve.

« My fáther bless'd me férvently,  
Yet did not much compláin ;  
But sórely will my móther sigh  
Till I come=báck agáin. — »  
Enóugh, enóugh, my little lad !  
Such tears becóme thine eye ;  
If I thy guileless bósom had,  
Mine own would not be dry.

Come híther, híther, my staunch yéoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale ?  
Or dost thou dread a French fóeman ?  
Or shíver at the gale?—  
« Deem'st thou I trémbles for my life ?  
Sir Childe, I'm (*I am*) not so weak ;  
But thinking on an ábsent wife  
Will blanch a fáithful cheek.

« My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Alóng the bórdering lake,  
And when they on their fáther call,  
What ánsver shall she make? — »  
Enóugh, enóugh, my yéoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsáy ;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee=awáy.

For who would trust the séeming sighs  
Of wife or páramour ?  
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw stréaming o'er (*óver*).

For pléasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor périls gáthering near ;  
My gréatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

And now I'm (*I am*) in the world alóne,  
Upón the wide, wide sea :  
But why should I for óthers groan  
When none will sigh for me ?  
Perchánce my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stránger hands ;  
But long ere I come=báck agáin  
He'd (*he would*) tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll (*I will*) swiftly go  
Athwárt the fóaming brine ;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not agáin to mine.  
Wélcome, wélcome, ye dark blue waves !  
And when you fail my sight,  
Wélcome, ye déserts, and ye caves !  
My Nátive Land — Good Night !

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### SÓCRATES' SPEECH TO MONTÁIGNE :

*From Montáigne's « Dialogues of the Dead. »*

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Antiquity is an object of a peculiar sort : distance mágnifies it. If you had been personally acquainted with Aristótle, Phócian, and me, you would have found nóthing in us véry different from what you may find in péople of your own age. What cómmonly préjudices us in fávour of antiquity is, that we are préjudiced agáinst our own times. We raise the áncients, that we may deprés the móderns. When we áncients were alive, we estéemed our áncestors more than they déserved. And our postérité estéem us more than we déserve. But the véry truth of the mátter is, our áncestors, and we, and our postérité, are all véry much alike.

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The Duke of Wéllington's wit was sômetimes cáustic enóugh, but néver ill-nátured. A géntleman, not remárkable for álwáys sáying the right thing at the right móment, háppened to dine in his cómpány one day, and dúring a pause in the conversátion, asked abrup'tly, — « Duke, weren't (*were not*) you surprísed at Wáterloo? » — « No, » was the ánswer, delivered with a smile, « but I am now. »

A Colónial Bîshop háving rémonstrated with the Sécretary of State becáuse military guards were not turned=óut and instrúcted to salúte him, the mínister sent the létter to the Duke, who retúrned it with this remárk in the márgin, — « The óny attentíon which sóldiers are to pay to the Bîshop must be to his sérmons. »

The late Sir William Állen béing sént=for to receíve the price of his picture of the *Battle of Wáterloo*, he found the Duke cóunting=óver whole piles of bánk-notes. Sir William, ánxious to save the Duke's time, véntured to obsérve that a cheque upón his Gráce's bánk-ers would serve the púrpose quite as well as notes. Where-upón the Duke, not óver=and=abóve delighted with the interrúption, looked=úp and said, — « Do you think I am géing to let my bánk-ers know what a d—d (*damned*) fool I've (*I have*) been? »

A cávalry régiment béing súddenly órdered to the Cape of Good Hope, one of the ófficers, not remárkable for zeal in the pérformance of his dúties, applied for leave to exchánge. The ánswer was this: *He must sail or s'ill.*

Of his kîndly dísposítion, the fólloving are manifestátions. An old géntleman of the name of Róbertson desired one day partícularly to see him. He was admítted to an áudience, and státed he did not expéct to live long, but could not die in peace wíthout séeing the Duke, and that he had trávelled from Scótlánder for that síngle púrpose. Touched with the old man's máner, the Duke not óny exprésed his ówn gratíficátion, but begged Mr Róbertson to stay and dine with him. « Mány thanks, » replíed the old Scot, « I can't (*cannot*) do that. I have seen your Gráce, and have now nóthing more in thís world to wísh=for: » and so wíthdréw.

He was wálking one day in the streets of a manufácturing town, when an óperative accósted, and desired permíssion to shake hands with him. « Cértáinly, » replíed the Duke; « I am álwáys háppy to shake hands with an hónest man. »

He néver met, in his rides and wálks amóng the lanes near Wálmer or Stráthfieldsáye, ány poor man who claimed to have served únder him, wíthóut géving him a sóvereign. He used to

laugh=at himself for doing so, and acknowledged that it was ten to one against the object of his bounty deserving it; but nothing could induce him to abandon the practice.

But perhaps the most touching testimony to his gentleness is that which Mr Richard Óastler, the great and honest mob orator, has placed on record. Describing an interview to which the Duke admitted him, and his own embarrassment when he found himself closeted with the hero of the age, Mr Óastler continues: — « On that space, » (a space free from papers on the sofa,) « at the bidding of the Duke, I sat. His Grace, standing before me said, 'Well, Mr Óastler, what is it you wish to say to me?' I observed, 'It is very strange that I should sit whilst the Duke of Wellington stands, and in Ápsley House too' 'Oh,' said his Grace, 'if you think so, and if it will please you better, I'll (*I will*) sit.' So saying, he took a seat on an easy-chair, between the sofa and the fire-place. I was then desired to proceed. Being strangely affected with a reception so very different from that anticipated, I expressed my surprise, and craved the Duke's indulgence. Placing his hand on my shoulder, his Grace said, 'We shall never get=on if you are embarrassed. Forget that you are here: fancy yourself talking with one of your neighbours at Fixby, and proceed'. » Mr Óastler was deeply moved by the great man's kindness of manner.

The Duke dined one day in Páris with M. Cambacères, one of the most renowned *gourmets* of France. The host having pressed a *recherché* dish upon the Duke, asked eagerly, when the plate was cleared, how he had liked it. « It was excellent, » replied the Duke; « but to tell you the truth, I don't (*do not*) care much what I eat. » « Good heavens! » exclaimed Cambacères, « don't care what you eat! Why then did you come here? »

It is a remarkable fact in this great man's history, that though always ready, often too ready, to expose himself in action, he never received a wound which left a scar behind. At Seringapatám, in Índia, a bullet tore the cloth of his overalls and grazed his knee. Again at Órthes, a spent ball struck him so sharply as to unhorse him. On this occasion, he was watching the progress of the battle, — Général Aláva sitting on horseback near him, — when a musket-ball struck the Spániard severely on that part of the person, any injury to which is the occasion more frequently of mirth than of commiseration. The Duke, as was to be expected, laughed=at Aláva, but had not long enjoyed his joke, when another ball, after hitting the guard of his own sword, glanced=off, and gave him such a blow as to cause him to spring from his saddle and fall to the ground. He got=up, rubbed the part,

laughed again, but rather more faintly, remounted, and went through the action; but for several days afterwards he was unable to ride, and suffered great pain.

It is almost more singular that he who carried on war in so many parts of the world should never have lost a gun to the enemy. «Returning with him one day from the hunting-field,» says Lord Ellesmere, «I asked him whether he could form any calculation of the number of guns he had taken in the course of his career.» «No,» he replied, «not with any accuracy: somewhere about 3000, I should guess. At Oporto, after the passage of the Douro, I took the entire siege-train of the enemy. At Vittoria and Waterloo, I took every gun they had in the field. What, however, is more extraordinary is, I don't (*do not*) think I ever lost a gun in my life. After the battle of Salamanca, three of my guns attached to some Portuguese cavalry were captured in a trifling affair near Madrid, but they were recovered next day. In the Pyrenées, Lord Hill found himself obliged to throw eight or nine guns over a precipice; but those also were recovered, and never fell into the enemy's hands at all.»

Referring to the advance from the Douro to the Ébro, the Duke stated that «he got famously taken-in on one occasion. The troops had taken-to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it; and I issued an order announcing that the first man caught in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting-down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the prévôt. The case against them was clear; and I had nothing-for-it but to order that they should be led-away, and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked, and could not eat their dinner. I didn't (*did not*) like it much myself; but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings; I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went-off rather gravely, and next morning, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high-road. It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering. But you may guess my astonishment, when some months afterwards I learned, that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and as three men had just died in hospital, they hung-them-up, and let the three culprits return to their régiments.»

The Duke's liberality to persons in distress was unbounded, and, contrary to all precedent, seemed to increase with his years.

He subscribed álsó, but quietly, to mány cháritable institútions, and espécially to órphan asylums; assigning as his réason, that he had been the invóluntary means of máking mány órphans, and was, thérefore, bound to do what he could to provide for them. That he was imposed-upón continually is quite true; and it is équally true that he was not blind to these acts of imposition; yet they néver dried-up the springs of his benévócence. His friend, Mr Arbúthnot, went one mórníng into the Duke's room, and found him stúffing a hándful of bánk-notes into séveral envelopes. «What are you dóing, Duke?» «Dóing? Dóing what I am obliged to do évery day. It would take the wealth of the Índies to meet all the demánds that are made-upón me.»

Of the Duke's rígid intégriety, an instance occúrréd in référéncé to his estáte at Stráthfieldsaye, which is well worth plácing on récord. Some farm adjóining his lands was for sale, and his ágént négótiated for him the púrchase. Háving conclúded the bússiness, he went to the Duke, and told him that he had made a cápítal bárgain. «What do you mean?» asked the Duke. «Why, your Grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more.» «Are you quite sure of that?» «Quite sure, your Grace, for I have cárefully survéyed it.» «Véry well, then, pay the géntleman from me the bálance betwéen what you have alréady gíven and the réal válué of the estáte;» and it was done.

On the night succéeding the Báttle of Wáterloo the Duke retíred to bed, worn-out with fatigue, and excítement, and grief. He slept till an hour which was late for him; that is to say, at séven next mórníng Dr. Hume arríved to make his repórt, and found that his chief was not yet stírring. Háving wáited till eight, Dr. Hume took it upón him to knock at the béd-room door, and béing desired to énter, he did so. The Duke sat-up in his bed. He was undréssted, but had néither washed nor shaved over-night. His face was, thérefore, black with the dust and pówder of the great báttle, and in that plight he desired the chief of his médical staff to make his repórt. Dr. Hume read on; but becóming himsélf déeplý affécted, he stopped as if to draw breath, and looked-up. The tears were rúnning from the Duke's eyes, máking fúrrows and chánnels for themsélves through the grime upón his cheeks. «Go-on,» he said, «go-on; for God's sake, go-on. Let me hear it all. This is térrible.» Dr. Hume finished his páper, and withdréw, léaving his great chief in an ágony of distréss.

On the capitulátion of Páris in 1815, the Duke was súbjected to mány pétty óutrages on the part of the French. The French

márshals háted him ; so did the King, and all the Róyal fámyly. He was in the fréquent hábit of atténding the King's *levées*, and on such occásions úsually found himsélf besét with civilities. Abóut this time he went as úsual, and obsérved that one márshal áfter anóther held alóof from him. At last, as if a cómmon féeling áctuated them, they all túrned=about and walked=awáy. The King saw, and though not himsélf free from the contágion, affécted to consider this a strong méasure, for he áppróached the Duke, and begán to make some excúses for it. « Don't (*do not*) distréss yoursélf, Sire, » obsérved the Duke quietly ; « *it is not the first time they have turned their backs on me.* » It was a sharp stroke of wit, which, when repéated, obtáined great fávour éven with the French. The márshals, amóng óthers, felt its force, there might be little increase of cordiálisty amóng them ; but they took good care néver agáin to turn their backs upón the Duke when they saw him áppróaching.

The cásuálisties amóng the Duke's pórsonal staff on the day of Wáterloo proved véry great. One áfter anóther they were borne from the field éither killed or désperately wóunded, till he was left withóut a single stáff-officer to cárry a méssage. The Duke was quite alóne, and a pórtion of his cávalry, too éager in pursúit, was in imminent dánger. He looked round for an áide-de-camp whom he might send with órders to bring=úp some súppórt, but the ónly móunted pórson near was a géntleman in plain clothes. « Would you be afráid to ride to the front ? » ásked the Duke, cálmly. « You see that group of hórsemen there, » póinting tówards a brigáde of cávalry which was hálted. « I want them to move=ón. Would you objéct to cárry my méssage ? » « No, your Grace, » was the ánswer, « provided you will make a written note of what you want, becáuse I might mistáke, not béing of your Gráce's trade. » « True, true, » ánswered the Duke, with a smile, and then táking a piece of páper out of his pócket, he wrote upón it with a péncil, and gave it to the civilian. The civilian galloped=óff. The Duke saw him pass through a line of héavy fire and reach the cávalry brigáde, which moved as he had wished it to do ; but he saw his méssenger no more. The náatural conclúsióon was, that the poor féllow had been killed, and próbably the Duke néver thought of him agáin. But séveral years áfterwards, háving occásióon to énter a shop in the city (Lóndon), he saw behind the cóunter a face which áppéared to be fámiar to him. After lóoking for a while at the individual, he said, — Súrely, I have seen you befóre. You are not the man who cárried a méssage for me at Wáterloo, are you ? » « I am, indéed, your



Grace.» «And why the *dévil* didn't (*did not*) you come=back, that I might have thanked you, and given you in my despâches the praise that you deserved?» «To tell your Grace the truth, I had had enough of it. I felt that I had no *búsiness* there, and did not quite know where to find you again. Nor was I at all anxious to ride a *sécond* time through that *shówer* of *búllets*. So háving *escápé* unhurt, I turned my *hórsé's* head *tówards* Brússels, and got=back to Éngland as fast as I could.»

In the thick of the *báttle* of Wáterloo, an artillery *ófficer*, whose guns the Duke had *appróched*, *excláimed*, — «There's (*there is*) *Búonaparte*, sir; I think I can reach him, may I fire?» «No, no,» replied the Duke, «*Général*s *commánding* *ármies* have *sómeting* else to do than to shoot at one *anáther*.»

With the *báttle* of Tóulouse, fought on the 10th *Ápril*, 1814, in which *Soult* was finally *overthrówn*, the great *Peninsular* War may be said to have come to an end. On the 12th, Lord *Wéllington* *éntered* Tóulouse. The same *évening* he gave a *grand* *dínnér*, to which all the French *cívil* *notabilitíes* were invited. While the *cómpány* sat at *táble*, *Cólonel* *Cooke* arrived from *Páris*, bringing with him the *astóunding* *intélligence* of *Napóleon's* *abdicátion*. Lord *Wéllington* *immédiately* rose, and glass in hand, *propósed* the health of *Lóuis* *XVIII*. The shout with which the *cómpány* *recéived* the toast, was soon taken=up out of doors, and ran from street to street. Yet it was *scárcely* so loud, and *cértainly* far less *córdial* than the *gréeting* which *atténded* the next toast, of which *Général* *Aláva* was the *propóser*—«Lord *Wéllington*, *Líberador* *di* *Espáña*.» *Évery* *pérsón* in the room sprang to his feet; some stood on chairs, *séveral* *upón* the *táble*, and there *fóllowed* in quick *succéssion*, *úttéred* in *Portuguése* and in *French*, «*Líberador* *de* *Pórtugal*,» «*Le* *Libérateur* *de* *la* *France*,» «*Le* *Libérateur* *de* *l'Europe*.» *Próbably* on no *occásion* *dúring* his long and *váried* life, was Lord *Wéllington* so much *overcóme*; and no *wónder*. Men shook each *óther* by the hand, or *rúshed=into* each *óther's* arms, *shrieking*, *láughing*—some of them *wéeping* from *excítement*. So *treméndous* was the *revúlsion*, from a state of *chrónic* war to a state of peace, so *unbóunded* their *admirátion* of the man, whom they *regárded* as the *chief* *instrúment* in *brínging=it* *abóut*. As to Lord *Wéllington*, he rose to *retúrn* thanks, but could not *úttér* a word. He looked round at the *cómpány*, *déeply* *móved*, and *cálling* for *cóffee*, sat=dówn again.

The *fóllowing* *ánecdote* brings *próminently* into view both the *kindness* of the Duke's *nátúre*, and his *shrínking* *avérsion* from the *véry* *appéarance* of *decéit*. He had *becóme* *pártially* deaf

in one ear, and felt impatient under the affliction. All the legitimate skill and science which London could supply were called-in, but without effect. At last, Mr Stéphenson, the celebrated aurist, was recommended to the Duke as one who had been éminently successful in similar cases. The Duke sent-for him. After trying, to no purpose, a less énergétic méthode of tréatment, Mr Stéphenson had recóurse to his great rémedy, — the injéction by a syringe into the ear of a strong solútion of cáustic. « I don't (*do not*) think, » the Duke used to say, « that I éver súffered so much in my life. It was not pain ; it was something far worse. The sense of héaring becáme so acúte, that I wished mysélf stone deaf. The noise of a cárriage pássing along the street was like the loudest thúnder, and everybody that spoke seemed to be shrieking at the véry top of his voice. » By great good fórtune, Dr Hume, his friend and fá mily physician, called next mórning. He was shown into the Duke's room, and found him sitting at the táble, unsháved and unwáshed, with blóod-shot eyes and a flushed cheek, and obsérvéd that when he rose he stággered like a drúnken man. His whole appéarance; indéed, to use Dr Hume's expréssion, « was that of one who had not yet recóvered from a térrible debáuch. » Now, as Dr Hume knew péréctly well that his illústrious pátient néver committed such debáuches, he becáme gréatly alármed, and expréssed himsélf so. « I fáncy there is something wrong with my ear, » was the Duke's réply ; « I wish you would lóok-at it. Dr Hume did lóok-at it. A fúrious inflammátion was going-ón, which, had it been permitted to run its course for anóther hour, must have reached the brain. Hume órdered his pátient immédiately to bed, and sent-óff for Sir Hé nry Hálfórd and Sir Ástley Cóoper. Vigórous rémedies were applied, and the inflammátion ceased. But the sense of héaring on that side of the head was destróyed for éver. I must not omít the séquel to this little tale. The grief and mortificátion of Mr Stéphenson, when he heard of the résú lts of his práctice, knew no bounds. He hástened to Apsley House, and béing admitted to the Duke's présence, expréssed himsélf as ány right-minded péro n, under the circumstánces, would have done. But he was instantly stopped, though in the kíndest má nner :— « Don't (*do not*) say a word about it ; you ácted for the best ; it has been unfórtunate, no doubt, for both of us, but you are not at all to blame. » Gráteful for this recéption, Mr Stéphenson went-ón to say :— « But it will be the rúin of me. Nóbody will emplóy me ány more, when they hear that I have been the cause of such súffering and dánger to your Grace. » « Why should they hear ánything about

it?» said the Duke; «keep your own counsel, and depend=upon it I won't (*will not*) say a word to any one.» «Then your Grace will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show the world that you have not withdrawn your confidence from me.» «No,» replied the Duke, still kindly but firmly; «I can't (*cannot*) do that, for that would be a lie.» So strong, even in a case which made no common appeal to his generosity, was the Duke's love of truth. He would not act a falsehood any more than he would speak one. Let me not, however, fail to do Mr Stéphen's memory the same justice which the Duke did to his professional character while he lived. «It was not his fault,» he used to say. «He distinctly warned me that if I felt any uneasiness in the ear, I must get cupped at once; and I said, «Véry well!» But I néver was cupped in my life. I néver thought more about it, and so, I suppose, the inflammation had time to run=on.»

## MARÍA.

*Sterne.*

LAURENCE STERNE, a divine and miscellaneous writer of a véry singular and original cast, was a grandson of the Archbishop of York, and was born in 1713. In 1759 appeared two volumes of his celebrated «*Tristram Shandy*,» which was not concluded till 1767. In 1768 he published his «*Sentimental Journey*,» which acquired great popularity. He died in the same year. Sterne possessed true wit and great original humour, but his writings are often bléished by indéencies which mar their otherwise high reputation.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**A-tieu**. . . . e-diú. . . . e-diou.  
**Cou-ple**. . . . krep'l. . . . kéup-pl'.  
**El-bow**. . . . el-bo. . . . él-bô.  
**Héart-ache**. háat-eek. . . . hárté-éke.

**Mai-den**. . . . mée-d'n. . . . mé-d'n.  
**Ma-ri-a**. . . . me-rái-æ. . . . me-rái-a.  
**Vi-brate**. . . . vái-breét. . . . vái-bréte.  
**Vir-gin**. . . . vææ-dchin. . . . véur-djine.

They were the swéetest notes I éver heard; and I instantly let=dówn the fóre-glass to hear them more distinctly. 'Tis (*it is*) María, said the postilion, obsérving I was listening. Poor María, continued he, (léaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwéen us,) is sitting=upón a bank pláying her véspers upón a pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young féllow uttered this with an áccent and a look so péréfectly in tune to a féeling heart, that I made a vow I would give him a four and twénty sous piece when I got to Móulines.

And who is poor María? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages aróund us, said the postilion. It is but three years agó, that the sun did not shine upón so fair, so quick-witted, and ámiable a maid; and bétter

fate did María deserve, than to have her bans forbid by the intrigues of the cúrate of the párish who published them —

He was going—ón, when María, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air agáin, — they were the same notes, — yet were ten times swéeter: It is the évening sérvíce to the Vírgin, said the young man, — but who has taught her to play it, or how she cáme—by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Héaven has assisted her in both; for éver since she has been unséttled in her mind, it seems her ónly consolátion, — she has néver once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that sérvíce upón it álmóst night and day.

The postilion delivered this with so much discrétion and náatural éloquence, that I could not help decíphering sómething in his face abóve his condítion, and should have sifted—out his hístory, had not poor María táken such full posséssion of me.

We had got—úp by this time álmóst to the bank where María was sitting; she was in a thin white jácket, with her hair, all but two trésses, drawn—úp in a silk net, with a few ólive leaves twisted a little fantástically on one side, — she was béautiful; and if éver I felt the full force of an hónest héart—ache, it was the móment I saw her —

God help her! poor dámsel! abóve a húndred másses, said the postilion, have been said in the séveral párish chúrches and cónvents aróund for her, — but withóut efféct: we have still hopes, as she is sénsible for short intervals, that the Vírgin at last will restóre her to hersélf; but her párents are hópeless upón that score, and think her sénses are lost for éver.

As the postilion spoke this, María made a cádence so mélancholy, so ténder, and quérulous, that I sprúng—out of the chaise to help her, and found mysélf sitting betwéen her and her goat, befóre I relápsed from my enthúsiásm.

María looked wistfully at me, and then at her goat, — and then at me, — and then at her goat agáin, and so on altérnately.

Well, María, said I sóftly, — What resémb lance do you find?

I do entréat the cándid réader to believe me, that it was from the húmblest convíction of what a beast man is, that I asked the quéstion; and that I would not have let fall an unséasonable pléasantry in the vénérable présence of Mísery, to be entitled to all the wit that éver Rábelais scátttered.

Adíeu, María! — adíeu, poor hápless dámsel! — some time, but not now, I may hear thy sórrows from thy own lips, — but I was decéived; for that móment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose—úp, and with bróken and irrégular steps, walked sóftly to my chaise.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar, — she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand, — a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines, and I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithful as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string, — « Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio, » said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her goat; for as she spoke the words, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own, — and then in hers, — and then in mine, — and then I wiped hers again, — and as I did it, I felt such indescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts, — that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beaten him for the theft: she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it: she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril: on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once, — and returned back, — that she found her way alone across the Apennines, — had travelled over all Lombardy without money, — and through the flinty roads of

Savóy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell, — but God tempers the wind, said María, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup; I would be kind to thy Sylvio; in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek=after thee and bring thee back; when the sun went=down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play the evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and María observing, as I took=out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream. And where will you dry it, María? said I. — I will dry it in my bosom, said she; it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, María? said I.

I touched=upon the string on which hung all her sorrows: she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin. The string I had touched ceased to vibrate: in a moment or two María returned to herself, — let her pipe fall, — and rose=up.

And where are you going, María? said I. She said, to Moulins. Let us go, said I, together. María put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow, — in that order we entered Moulins.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got=into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of María.

María, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms; affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly, — still she was feminine: and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eyes look=for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn=out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup, but María should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds, — the Béing who has twice bruised thee can only bind=them=up for ever.

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# CÁTO'S SOLÍLOQUY:

ON THE IMMORTÁLITY OF THE SOUL.

*From the trágedy of « Cáo. »*

*Addison.*

*Vide biográphical nóice at page 372.*

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Cæ-sar.** . . . si-dsæ. . . si-zeur.  
**Con-jéc-ture** kæn-dchèk- keun'-djék-  
 chiæ. . . . tchieur.

**Else.** . . . . els. . . . . else.  
**Nought.** . . . noot. . . . . náte.  
**Va-ri-e-ty.** . ve-rái-i-ti. . . ve-rái-i-ti.

It must be so — Pláto, thou réason'st well —  
 Else, whence this pléasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This lónging áfter immortálicity?  
 Or whence this sécret dread, and inward hórror,  
 Óf fálling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on hersélf, and stártles at destrúction?  
 'Tis (*it is*) the Divinity that stirs withín us:  
 'Tis Héaven itsélf, that póints-out an hereáfter,  
 And intimates Eternity to man.  
 Eternity! — thou pléasing — dréadful thought!  
 Through what variety of úntried béing,  
 Through what new scenes and chánges must we pass!  
 The wide, the unbóunded próspect lies befóre me;  
 But sháadows, clouds, and dárkness, rest upón it. —  
 Here will I hold. If there's (*there is*) a Pówer abóve us,  
 (And that there is, all náture calls alóud  
 Through all her works), He must delight in vírtue;  
 And that which he delights in must be háppy.  
 But when? or where? This world — was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm (*I am*) wéary of conjéctures — this must end them —

*Láying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I dóubly arm'd. My death and life,  
 My bane and ántidote, are both befóre me.  
 This — in a móment brings me to an end;  
 But this infórms me I shall néver die.  
 The Soul, secúred in her existence, — smiles  
 At the drawn dágger, and defies its point. —  
 The stars shall fáde-away, the Sun bimsélf  
 Grow dim with age, and Náture sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flóurish in immórtal youth,  
 Unhúrt amidst the war of élements,  
 The wreck of mátter, and the crash of worlds.







ness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can Ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence! The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemies;— and ministers do not, and dare not interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities: and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent:— doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay-down my arms— *never, never, never!*

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate with our arms, the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods? To delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of this barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; « for it is perfectly

allowable,» says Lord Suffolk, «to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.» I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation, — I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called-upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! — «That God and nature have put into our hands!» What ideas of God and nature, that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! — to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call-upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call-upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, — upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call-upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call-upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. *I invoke the genius of the Constitution.* From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these, worse than Pókish cruelties, and inquisitorial practices, are endured amongst us. To send-forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! to lay-waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible savages! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of México: we, more ruthless, loose those brutal warriors against our countrymen in América, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call-upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp-upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call-upon the venerable prelates of our religion, to do-away

this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at présent unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to allow me to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even repósed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my stédfast abhórrence of such enórmous and prepósterous principles.

## SPEECH OF LORD BRÓUGHAM: ON NÉGRÓ SLÁVERY.

HENRY, LORD BRÓUGHAM and VAUX, Lord Cháncellor of Éngland, was born at Édinburgh in 1779, éducaté at the Unívérsty of his nátive city, called to the English Bar in 1808, and was élected mêmber of párlíament in 1810. From that time his caréer was one of unparálleled énergy and activity, as ádvocate, politician, áuthor, law and éducatíonal réformer, man of sciénce, and Lord Cháncellor. He spent the láttér years of his life at Cannes, in the south of France, where he díed in 1868, áged 89.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Bróugh-am.**.. broom. . . . brôme.  
**Fíng-er.** . . fíng-æ. . . . fíng-gueur.

**Né-gro.** . . . ni-gro. . . . ni-gró.  
**Ráp-ine.** . . . rap-in. . . . rap-ine.

I trust that, at length, the time is come, when párlíament will no longer bear to be told, that sláve-owners are the best láw-givers on slávery: no longer súffer our voice to roll acróss the Atlántic, in émpy wárnings and frúitless órders. Tell me not of rights,—talk not of the próperty of the plánter in his slaves. I deny his right,—I acknówledge not the próperty. The principles, the féelings of our cómmon náture, rise in rebéllion agáinst it. Be the appéál made to the understanding or to the heart, the séntence is the same—that rejécts it! In vain you tell me of láws that sánctíon such a claim! There is a láw abóve all the enáctments of húman codes—the same, throug hóut the world—the same, in all times: such as it was, befóre the dáring géníus of Colúmbus píerced the níght of áges, and ópened to one world the sóurces of pówer, wealth; and knówledge; to anóther, all útterable woes,—such is it at this day: it is the láw wríttén by the fínger of God on the heart of man; and by that láw, unchángeable and etérnal,—while men despíse fraud, and loathe rápine, and hate blood,—they shall rejéct, with indignátion, the wild and gúilty fántasy, that man can hold próperty in man!

In vain you appéál to tréatíes—to cóvenants betwéen nátions.

The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite—and not untruly; for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by parliament leading the way: but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware,—let their assemblies beware,—let the government at home beware,—let the parliament beware! The same country is once more awake,—awake to the condition of negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering, that annihilated the slave trade; and if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall, will not be destroyed before I have warned them; but I pray, that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God!

SPEECH OF HÓRACE WÁLPOLE:  
IN REPRÓOF OF WÍLLIAM PITT  
(EARL OF CHÁTHAM.)

HÓRACE WÁLPOLE, Earl of Órford, the youngest son of Sir Róbert Wálpole, Prime Minister of England, was born in 1717, and was educated at Éton and Cámbridge. He entered parliament in 1741, but literature and the arts were the chief sources of his delight. Among his many works is the once popular novel «*The Castle of Otránte*.» But his reputation as a writer rests chiefly on his letters, in which he is admitted to be without a rival in the English language. His correspondence extends over 62 years, and occupies 9 volumes. He died in 1797.

Pron. española.    Pron. française.

Pron. española.    Pron. française.

**Bú-si-ness.** . . . bids-nes. . . . biz-nece.  
**Ép-i-thet.** . . . ép-i-zet. . . . ép-i-thete.

**Gés-ture.** . . . dchês-chise. . . djês-tchieur.  
**Rhét-o-ric.** . . . rét-o-rik. . . . rét-ô-rik.

Sir,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill with such fluency of

rhétoric, and such véhémence of gésture; who charged the advocates for the expédients now proposéd with háving no regard for ány interest but their own, and with máking laws ónly to consúme páper; and threátened them with the deféction of their adhérents, and the loss of their influence, upón this new discóvery of their fólly and their ígnorance. Nor, sir, do I now ánswer him for ány óther púrpose, than to remind him how little the elámours of rage and pétulancy of invéctives contribute to the púrposes for which this assémbly is called togéther; how little the discóvery of truth is promotéd, and the secúry of the nátion established, by pómpous diction and théátrical emótion. Fórmidable sounds and fúrious declamátions, cónfident assértions and lófty périods, may afféct the young and inexpérienced; and perháps the géntleman may have contracted his hábits of óratory, by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knówledge, and more succéssful méthods of communicating their séntiments. If the heat of his témpor, sir, would súffer him to atténd to those whose age and long acquáintance with bússiness give them an indisputable right to déference and superiórity, he would learn in time, to réason ráther than to decláim, and to préfér jústice of árgument, and an áccurate knówledge of facts, to sóunding épithets and spléndid supérlatives, which may distúrb the imaginátion for a móment, but leave no lásting impréssion on the mind. He would learn, sir, that to accúse and to prove are véry different; and that repróaches, unsupported by évidence, afféct ónly the cháracter of him that útters them. Excúrsions of fáncy and flights of óratory are indéed párdonable in young men, but in no óther; and it súrely would contribute more, éven to the púrpose for which some géntlemen appear to speak (that of depréciating the cónduct of the administrátion), to prove the inconveniencies and injústice of this bill, than bárely to assért them, with whatever magnificence of lánguage, or appearance of zeal, hónesty, or compássion.

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A MORE glórious victory cánot be gained óver anóther man, than this, that when the injury begán on his part, the kindness should begín on ours.

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TÁSSO, béing told that he had a fair occásion to avéngé himself of an ényemy, ánswered,—«I do not wish to take—away his life, his hónor, or his wealth; but mérely his ill-will.»

SPEECH OF WILLIAM PITT (EARL OF CHATHAM):

IN REPLY TO HORACE WALPOLE.

For biographical notice *vide* page 396.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Cén-sure** . . . sèn-schièr. . . sèn'-chieur.  
**Mien** . . . . . miin. . . . . mine.

**Sùre-ly** . . . schiùze-le. . . chioù-cur-lé.  
**Vil-lain** . . . vil-en. . . . . vil-enè.

Sir, — The atrocious crime of béing a young man, which the hónorable géntleman has with such spírit and décency charged upón me, I shall néither attépt to pálliate nor deny; but contént mysélf with wishing that I may be one of those whose fóllies may close with their youth, and not of that númer who are ignorant in spite of expérience. Whéther youth can be impúted to ány man as a repróach, I will not, sir, assúme the próvince of détérmining; but, súrely age may becóme jústly contéptible, if the opportúnities which it brings have passed away withóut impróvement, and vice appéars to preváil when the pássions have subsided. The wretch who, áfter háving seen the cónsequences of a thóusand érrors, continues still to blúnder, and whose age has óny ádded óbstinacy to stupidity, is súrely the óbject of éither abhórrence or contépt, and desérves not that his gray hairs should secúre him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhórred, who, as he has advánced in age, has recóded from virtue, and becóme more wicked with less temptátion; who próstitutes himsélf for móney which he cánnót enjóy, and spends the remáins of his life in the rúin of his cóuntry. But youth, sir, is not my óny crime: I have been accused of ácting a théátrical part. A théátrical part may éither imply some peculiárities of gésture, or dissimulátion of my réal séntiments, and an adóption of the opínions and lánguage of anóther man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confúted, and desérves óny to be méntioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like évery óther man to use my own lánguage; and though, perháps, I may have some ambítion to please this géntleman, I shall not lay mysélf únder ány restráint, or véry sollicitously cópy his díction or his mien, howéver matúred by age or módelled by expérience. But if ány man shall, by chárging me with théátrical beháviour, imply that I útter ány séntiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calúmniator and a

villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment;—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that has offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

SPEECH OF LORD LYTTLETON :  
ON THE REPEAL OF THE JEW BILL, A. D. 1753.

LORD GEORGE LYTTLETON, poet, historian, and statesman, was born in 1709, educated at Eton and Oxford, entered parliament, and on the resignation of Walpole, was appointed one of the lords of the treasury, and subsequently Chancellor of the Exchequer. On resigning this office in 1757, he was raised to the peerage. He was author of a «*History of Henry II.*,» «*Poems.*,» etc. He died in 1773.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**En-déav-our** en-dév-œ. . . en'-dév-œur.  
**En-gine** . . . en-dchin. . . en'-djine.  
**Height** . . . haít. . . . . haíte.

**Mis-chief** . . mis-chef. . . mis-tchef.  
**Ób-lo-guy** . . ób-lo-kui. . . ób-lô-koui.  
**Syn-a-gogue** sin-e-gogue. sin'-e-gogue

Sir, — It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his Majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted pleasures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which has often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fear

into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take-away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept-up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government: it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorise it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring-back persecution, we bring-back the anti-christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled,



there is no fréedom. Spiritual tyranny puts=ón the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called=in, to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and mány óther cóntries; we have fórmerly both seen and felt it in Éngland. By the bléssing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppréssion. Let us take care that they may néver retúrn.

## ÁNTONY'S ORÁTÍON ÓVER CÆSAR'S BÓDY. *Shákspere.*

*Vide* biográphical nótiées at páges 261 and 309.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

Pron. española. Pron. française.

**Bú-ry** . . . . . bér-e. . . . . bér-é.  
**Cæ-sar** . . . . . si-dsæ . . . . . si-zeur.  
**Cæs-si-us** . . . . . kásch-ies. . . . . ká-chieuce.

**Flood** . . . . . flæd. . . . . fleude.  
**Fú-ner-al** . . . . . fiú-næ-ræl. . . . . fiou-ner-al.  
**Stir** . . . . . stææ. . . . . steur.

Friends, Rómans, cóntrymen! lend me your ears;  
I come to búry Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The évil that men do lives áfter them;  
The good is oft intérréd with their bones:  
So let it be with Cæsar! The nóble Brútus  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a griévous fault;  
And griéviously hath Cæsar ánswered it!  
Here, únder leave of Brútus and the rest,  
(For Brútus is an hónourable man;  
So are they all, — all hónourable men;)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's fúnéral.

He was my friend, fáithful and just to me:  
But Brútus says he was ambitious;  
And Brútus is an hónourable man.  
He hath brought mány cáptives home to Rome,  
Whose ránsoms did the géneral cóffers fill:  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of stérner stuff:  
Yet Brútus says he was ambitious;  
And Brútus is an hónourable man.  
You all did see, that, on the Lúpercal,  
I thrice présentéd him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refúse — was this ambition?



Yet Brútuſ says he was ambitious ;  
 And, ſure, he is an honourable man.  
 I ſpeak, not to diſpróve what Brútuſ ſpoke ;  
 But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once ; not without cauſe :  
 What cauſe withholdſ you then to mourn for him ?  
 O júdgment ! thou art fled to brútiſh beaſts,  
 And men have loſt their réaſon — Bear with me ;  
 My heart is in the cóffin there with Cæſar ;  
 And I muſt pauſe till it come=báck to me.

But yéſterday, the word of Cæſar might  
 Have ſtood agáinſt the world ; now lies he there,  
 And none ſo poor to do him rév'rence,  
 O Máſters ! if I were diſpóſed to ſtir  
 Your hearts and minds to mútiny and rage,  
 I ſhould do Brútuſ wrong, and Cássius wrong ;  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
 I will not do them wrong ; I ráther chooſe  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myſélf, and you,  
 Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.  
 But here's (*here is*) a párchment with the ſeal of Cæſar :  
 I found it in his clóſet, 'tis (*it is*) his will !  
 Let but the cómmóns hear this téſtament,  
 ( Which, párdon me, I do not mean to read, )  
 And they would go and kiſſ dead Cæſar's woundſ,  
 And dip their nápkins in his ſácred blood ;  
 Yeá, beg a hair of him for mémory,  
 And, dying, méntion it withín their willſ,  
 Bequéathing it as a rich légaey  
 Únto their iſſue !

If you have tearſ, prépare to ſhed them now.  
 You all do know this mántle ! I reméber  
 The firſt time éver Cæſar put-it=ón :  
 'Twaſ (*it waſ*) on a ſúmmer's évening in his tent,  
 That day he overcáme the Nérvií : —  
 Look ! in this place ran Cássius' dágger through —  
 See what a rent the énvioúſ Cásca made :  
 Through thiſ the well-belóved Brútuſ ſtabb'd ;  
 And, as he pluck'd hiſ cúrſed ſteel áway,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæſar fóllowed it !  
 As rúſhing out of doorſ to be reſólvéd  
 If Brútuſ, ſo unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
 For Brútuſ, as you know, waſ Cæſar's ángel :  
 Júdge, O ye godſ, how déarly Cæſar loved him !

This, this was the unkindest cut of all ;  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingrátitude, more strong than tráitor's arms,  
Quite vánquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
And, in his mántle, múffling=up his face,  
Even at the base of Pómpey's státue  
( Which all the while ran blood ) — great Cæsar fell.  
Oh, what a fall was there, my cóuntrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell=dówn ;  
Whilst blóody tréason flóurished óver us.

Oh, now you weep ; and I percéive you feel  
The dint of pity : these are grácious drops.  
Kind souls ! what, weep you, when you but behóld  
Our Cæsar's vésture wóunded ? Look you here !  
Here is himsélf — marr'd, as you see, by tráitors !

Good friends ! sweet friends ! let me not stir=you=úp  
To such a súdden flood of mútiny :

They that have done this deed are hónourable ;  
What private griefs they have, alá, I know not,  
That made them do it ; they are wise and hónourable,  
And will, no doubt, with réason ánsWER you.

I come not, friends, to steal=awáy your hearts :

I am no órator, as Brútus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well,  
That gave me públic leave to speak of him :

For I have néither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor útt'rance, nor the pówer of speech,  
To stir men's blood ; I ónly speak right on.

I tell you that which you yóurséives do know ;  
ShóW you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brútus,  
And Brútus Ántony, there were an Ántony  
Would rúffle=up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In évery wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mútiny !

---

SINCÉRITY is to speak as we think, to do as we prétend and profess, to perform and make=góod what we promise, and réally to be what we would seem and appear to be.

# HAMLET AND THE GHOST.

*Shákspere.*

The following are the dates and age at which Shákspere has been supposed to have written his works.

	DATE.	AGE.		DATE.	AGE.
SHÁKSPERE WAS BORN. . . . .	1564		<i>Much ado about Nothing.</i>	1600	36
<i>Pérides.</i> . . . . .	1590	26	<i>Hámlet.</i> . . . . .	1600	36
<i>Hénry VI. (2nd part.)</i> . . . . .	1591	27	<i>Merry Wives of Windsor.</i> . . . .	1601	37
<i>Hénry VI. (3rd part.)</i> . . . . .	1591	27	<i>Twelfth Night.</i> . . . . .	1601	37
<i>Comedy of Errors</i> . . . . .	1592	28	<i>Tróilus and Cressida</i> . . . . .	1602	38
<i>Love's Labour Lost.</i> . . . . .	1592	28	<i>Hénry VIII.</i> . . . . .	1603	39
<i>Richard II.</i> . . . . .	1593	29	<i>Méasure for Méasure.</i> . . . .	1603	39
<i>Richard III.</i> . . . . .	1593	29	<i>Othello.</i> . . . . .	1604	40
<i>Midsummer Night's Dream.</i>	1594	30	<i>King Lear.</i> . . . . .	1605	41
<i>Taming of the Shrew.</i> . . . . .	1596	32	<i>Macbéth.</i> . . . . .	1606	42
<i>Rómeo and Juliet.</i> . . . . .	1596	32	<i>Július Cesar.</i> . . . . .	1607	43
<i>Mérchant of Vénice.</i> . . . . .	1597	33	<i>Antony and Cleopátra.</i> . . . .	1608	44
<i>Hénry IV. (1st part.)</i> . . . . .	1597	33	<i>Cymbeline</i> . . . . .	1609	45
<i>Hénry IV. (2nd part.)</i> . . . . .	1598	34	<i>Coriolánus.</i> . . . . .	1610	46
<i>King John</i> . . . . .	1598	34	<i>Timon of Athens.</i> . . . . .	1610	46
<i>All's Well that ends well.</i> . . . .	1598	34	<i>Winter's Tale.</i> . . . . .	1611	47
<i>Hénry V.</i> . . . . .	1599	35	<i>Tempest.</i> . . . . .	1612	48
<i>As you like it.</i> . . . . .	1599	35	SHÁKSPERE DIED, 23rd April,	1616	52

*Hámlet.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us !  
 Be thou a spirit of health, or góblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee airs from Héav'n, or blasts from Hell,  
 Be thy intent wicked or cháritable,  
 Thou com'st in such a quéstionable shape,  
 That I will speak to thee. I'll (*I will*) call thee Hámlet,  
 King, Fáther, Róyal Dane! oh! ánswer me!  
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,  
 Why thy cánoniz'd bones, hearsed in earth,  
 Have burst their cérements! why the sépulchre,  
 Whereín we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
 Hath op'd (*opened*) his pónderous and márble jaws,  
 To cast thee up agáin? What may this mean?  
 That thou, dead corse, agáin in complète steel,  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Máking night hideous, and us fools of náture,  
 So hórribly to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyónd the réaches of our souls?  
 Say, why is this? whérefore? what should we do?

*Ghost.* Mark me.—

*Hámlet.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is áalmost come,  
When I to súlph'rous and torménting flames  
Must rénder=up mysélf.

*Hámlet.* Alás! poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Píty me not, but lend thy sérious héaring  
To what I shall unfóld.

*Hámlet.* Speak, I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revéngé, when thou shalt hear.

*Hámlet.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy fáther's spírit,  
Doom'd for a cértain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fire,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of náture  
Are burnt and purg'd=awáy. But that I am forbid  
To tell the sécrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfóld, whose lightest word  
Would hárrow=up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knótty and combin'd locks to part,  
And each partícular hair to stand on end  
Like quills upón the frétful pórcupine:  
But this etérnal blázon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!  
If thou didst éver thy dear fáther love—

*Hámlet.* O Héav'n!

*Ghost.* Revéngé his foul and most unnát'ral múrder!

*Hámlet.* Múrder?

*Ghost.* Múrder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnátural.

*Hámlet.* Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift  
As meditátion, or the thoughts of love,  
May fly to my revéngé!

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;  
And dúller should'st thou be, than the fat weed  
That roots itsélf in ease on Léthe's wharf,  
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hámlet, hear;  
'Tis (*it is*) giv'n=óut, that, sléeping in my órchard,  
A sérpent stung me. So the whole ear of Dénmark  
Is by a fórged prócess of my death  
Ránkly abús'd: but know, thou nóble youth,  
The sérpent that did sting thy fáther's life  
Now wears his crqwn.

*Hámlet.* O my prophétic soul! my úncle?

*Ghost.* Ay, that incéstuous, that adúl'trate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with tráit'rous gifts,  
(O wicked wit and gifts, that have the pów'r  
So to sedúce!) won to his shámeful lust  
The will of my most séeming virtuous queen.  
Oh Hámlét, what a fálling-off was there!  
But soft! methinks I scent the mórníng air—  
Brief let me be: Sléeping withín mine órchar'd,  
My cústom álways in the áfternoon,  
Upón my secúre hour thy úncle stole  
With juice of curséd hébony in a phíal,  
And in the pórches of mine ear did pour  
The léprous distilment. —

Thus was I, sléeping, by a bróther's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once beréft;  
Cut-off év'n in the blóssoms of my sin:  
No réck'ning made! but sent to my accóunt  
With all my imperfécions on my head!

*Hámlet.* Oh hórrible! oh hórrible! most hórrible!

*Ghost.* If thou hast náture in thee, bear it not;  
But howsoéver thou pursú'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contríve  
Agáinst thy móther aught; leave her to Héav'n,  
And to those thorns that in her bósom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare-thee-wéll at once!  
The glów-worm shows the mátin to be near,  
And 'gins (*begins*) to pale his inefféctual fire.  
Adíeu, adíeu, adíeu! remémber me.

*Hámlet.* O all you host of Héav'n! O earth! what else?  
And shall I cóuple Hell? oh fie! hold, heart!  
And you, my sínews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up. Remémber thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while mém'ry holds a seat  
In this distrácted globe! Remémber thee!  
Yeá, from the táble't of my mémory  
I'll (*I will*) wípe-away all trívial fond recórd's,  
All saws of books, all forms, all préssures past,  
That youth and observátion cópied there;  
And thy commándment all alóne shall live  
Withín the book and vólume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with báser mátter.

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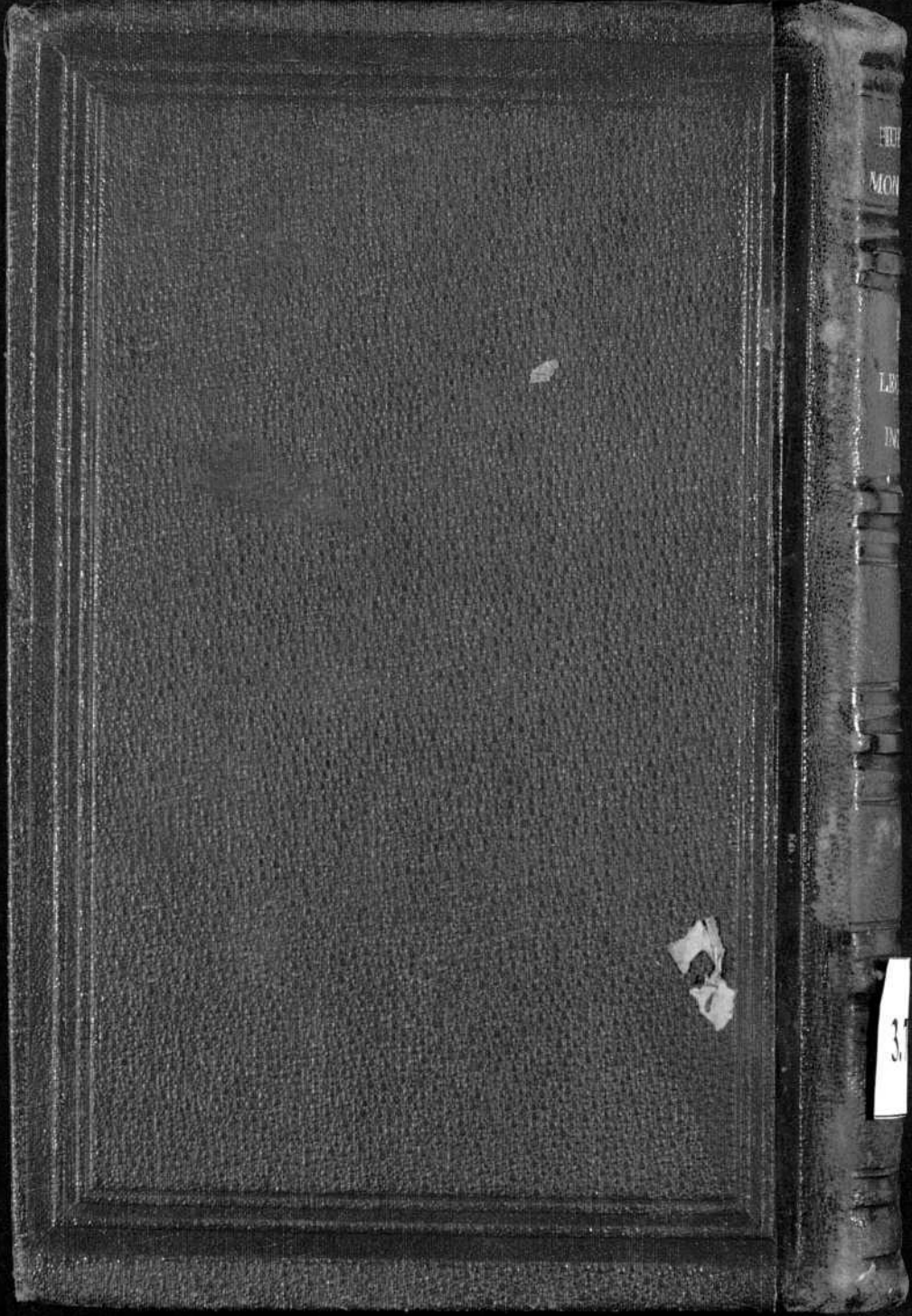


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