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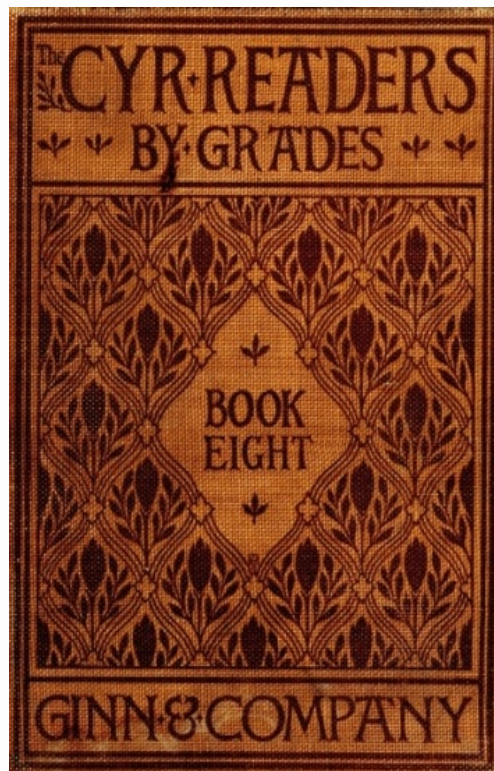
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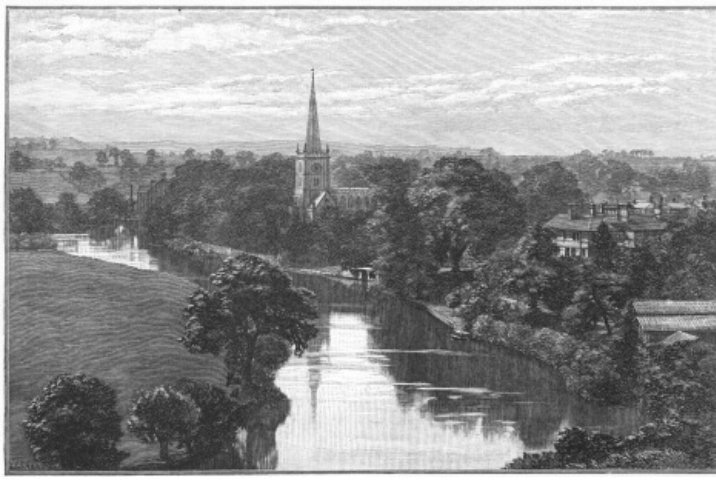
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CYR READERS: BOOK 8 ***



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STRATFORD ON AVON

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THE CYR READERS

ARRANGED BY GRADES

BY
ELLEN M. CYR

BOOK EIGHT

BOSTON, U.S.A.
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1901

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TO

MY LITTLE SON

Ruel Stevenson Smith

PREFACE.

THE appreciative reading of a piece of good literature is an experience far reaching in its influence. There is a delight in following a great author as he reveals the treasure of his thought or presents to the imagination the beauty which he beholds and interprets.

The study of literature assists one to enjoy these experiences and profit by them.

Among the countless books which have been written are a few which have been chosen by all mankind. They stand the test of time and change; for they are the outcome of those giant souls, who were not limited by time nor space and who seemed to gaze with far-seeing eyes into eternity.

A large proportion of the pupils in our grammar schools would never read these classics, if their interest in them were not awakened in the schoolroom.

Many of these books are represented in this series, for this has been the end constantly in view. The names of the world's greatest writers and their faces have become familiar to the child, so that he is now able to take down from the shelves the writings of many great men, and giving his imagination to the author's leading, be transported into any region or age, and experience joys and sorrows outside of his own life.

I acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Little, Brown & Co., for extract from

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A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born in a little village in Scotland, in the year 1795.

His father, James Carlyle, was a poor mason, so poor that at times there was scarcely enough food in the house for his family; but the father resolved that the boy should have an education, and saved, little by little, the money to pay for it.

When Thomas was ten years old, he and his father walked to the town of Annan, where Thomas was to enter the academy. The father little dreamed, as they trudged along together, that one day his son would be famous as one of the world's greatest writers, so great that even the Queen of England would wish to talk with him.

He studied at the academy of Annan for three years. His father, dressed in his coarse workman's clothes, once visited him there. Thomas was afraid that the other boys would laugh at him, but the sturdy Scotchman was so dignified that he won their respect.

When Thomas reached the age of thirteen his parents decided to send him to the great University at Edinburgh. They walked through the village streets with him and watched him start on the highway. It was a journey of a hundred miles, and he traveled all the way on foot.

These experiences made the boy brave and resolute. He was not afraid of the world.

A few years after leaving the University he began to earn his living by writing. For many years his income was small, as he would only write what he thought would make the world better. He used to say that he would write his books as his father built his houses, so that they would last. He scolded the world for its faults, but he was very kind-hearted.



His "History of the French Revolution" is a wonderful work. When the first volume of this history was written, Carlyle loaned it to a friend, and the manuscript was accidentally destroyed. Carlyle did not utter a word of reproach, although the loss meant months of study and thought, but set manfully to work and wrote it once more.

He was fond of German literature, and translated the "Wilhelm Meister" by Goethe. He wrote many other books, and became so famous that when Gladstone retired from office as Lord Rector of Edinburgh, Carlyle was made his successor. It was a great triumph for the mason's son; but in the midst of his new honors his wife died, and there was no one to share his happiness.

Not long after this, Queen Victoria sent for Carlyle and granted him a personal interview. On his eightieth birthday he was honored by gifts from Scotland, England, and Germany. He died in 1881.

IN the village of Entepfuhl dwelt Andreas Futteral and his wife—childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful, though now verging toward old age.

Andreas had been grenadier sergeant and even regimental schoolmaster under Frederick the Great; but now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning hook, cultivated a little orchard, on the produce of which he lived not without dignity.

Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties came in their season, all of which Andreas knew how to sell. On evenings he smoked or read (as beseemed a regimental schoolmaster), and talked to the neighbors about the victory of Rossbach; and how "Fritz the Only" had once with his own royal lips spoken to him, and had been pleased to say, when Andreas as camp sentinel demanded the password, "Peace, hound!" before any of his staff adjutants could answer. "There is what I call a king!" would Andreas exclaim; "but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting his eyes."

Gretchen, the housewife, had been won by the deeds rather than the looks of her husband, nevertheless she at heart loved him both for his valor and wisdom. Was not Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, downrightness, that understood Büsching's Geography, had been in the victory of Rossbach, and left for dead on the battlefield?

The good Gretchen, for all her fretting, watched over him and hovered round him as only a true house-mother can; she cooked and sewed and scoured for him; so that not only his old regimental sword and grenadier cap, but the whole habitation, where on pegs of honor they hung, looked ever trim and gay; a roomy cottage, embowered in fruit trees and forest trees, evergreens and honeysuckles, rising many-colored from amid shaven grass plots, flowers struggling in through the very windows; under its long projecting eaves nothing but garden tools and seats where, especially on summer nights, a king might have wished to sit and smoke and call it his.

Into this home, one meek, yellow evening, it was that a stranger of reverend aspect entered, and, with grave salutation, stood before the two rather astonished housemates. He was closely muffled in a wide mantle, which without farther parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom what seemed some basket, over-hung with green Persian silk, saying only: "Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it; with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty will it one day be required back." Uttering which singular words in a clear, bell-like, forever memorable tone, the stranger gracefully withdrew; and before Andreas and his wife, gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or answer, was gone.

Neither out of doors could aught of him be seen or heard; he had vanished in the thickets, in the dusk; the orchard gate stood quietly closed; the stranger was gone once and always. So sudden had the whole transaction been in the autumn stillness and twilight, so gentle and noiseless, that the Futterals could have fancied it all a trick of imagination, or a visit from some spirit; only that green silk basket, such as neither imagination nor spirits are wont to carry, still stood visible and tangible on their little parlor table.

Toward this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil to see what invaluable it hid, they descried there, amid down and rich white wrappings, no Pitt diamond or Hapsburg regalia, but in the softest sleep a little red-colored infant! Beside it lay a roll of gold, the exact amount of which was never publicly known; also a baptismal certificate, wherein, unfortunately, nothing but the name was decipherable.

To wonder and conjecture were unavailing then and thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl did tidings transpire of any such figure as the stranger. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, the grand practical problem was what to do with this little sleeping infant! Amid amazements and curiosities which had to die away without satisfying, they resolved, as in such circumstances charitable, prudent people needs must, on nursing it, if possible, into manhood.

Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by such diminutive had they in their fondness named him, traveled forward by quick but easy stages. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself; above all, that he seldom cried. He already felt that time was precious; that he had other work cut out for him than whimpering.

Most graceful is the following little picture: "On fine evenings I was wont to carry forth my supper, bread crumbs boiled in milk, and eat it out of doors. On the coping of the orchard wall, which I could reach by climbing, or still more easily if Father Andreas would set up the pruning ladder, my porringer was placed; there many a sunset have I, looking at the western mountains, consumed my evening meal.

"Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of the world's expectation as day died, were still a Hebrew speech for me; nevertheless I was looking at the fair, illuminated letters, and had an eye for their gilding."

With the little one's friendship for cattle and poultry we shall not much intermeddle. It may be that hereby he acquired a certain deeper sympathy with animated nature. He says again: "Impressive enough was it to hear in early morning the swineherd's horn, and know that so many hungry quadrupeds were, on all sides, starting in hot haste to join him for breakfast on the heath. Or to see them at eventide, all marching in again with short squeak, almost in military order; and each trotting off in succession to the right or left, through its own lane, to its own dwelling."

Thus encircled by mystery, waited on by the four seasons, with their changing contributions, for even grim winter brought its skating matches, its snowstorms and Christmas carols, did the child sit and learn. These things were the alphabet whereby in after time he was to syllable and partly read the grand volume of the world; what matters it whether such alphabet be in large gilt letters or in small ungilt ones, so you have an eye to read it?

For Gneschen, eager to learn, the very act of looking thereon was a blessedness that gilded all; his existence was a bright, soft element of joy, out of which wonder after wonder bodied itself forth to teach by charming.

From "Sartor Resartus."

A SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

SCENE I.

[WILLIAM TELL, ALBERT HIS SON, AND GESLER.]

Gesler. What is thy name?

Tell. My name?

It matters not to keep it from thee now:—

My name is Tell.

Ges. Tell!—William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Ges. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen

For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?

And such a master of his bow, 'tis said

His arrows never miss!—Indeed—I'll take

Exquisite vengeance!—Mark! I'll spare thy life—

Thy boy's too!—both of you are free—on one

Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Ges. I would see you make

A trial of your skill with that same bow

You shoot so well with.

Tell. Name the trial you

Would have me make.

Ges. You look upon your boy

As though instinctively you guessed it.

Tell. Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon

My boy as though I guessed it!—Guessed the trial

You'd have me make!—Guessed it

Instinctively! you do not mean—no—no—

You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child!—Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it?

Ges. No.

Tell. No!—I'll send the arrow through the core!

Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great Heaven, you hear him!

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give—
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. O monster!

Ges. Wilt thou do it?

Albert. He will! he will!

Tell. Ferocious monster!—Make
A father murder his own child.

Ges. Take off
His chains, if he consent.

Tell. With his own hand!

Ges. Does he consent?

Alb. He does. [*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains. Tell all the time unconscious what they do.*]

Tell. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand—This hand!
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!
'Tis beyond horror—'tis most horrible.
Amazement! [*His chains fall off.*] What's that you've done to me.
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb. Father—father!
You will not hit me, father!—

Tell. Hit thee!—Send
The arrow through thy brain—or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye—or, if thine eye escape,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses!—Hit thee—hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart—

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father—no!
To save me!—You'll be sure to hit the apple—
Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth—
I'll make the trial!

Alb. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me! Do
You know for what?—I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corpse before her!

Ges. Then he dies this moment—and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.

Tell. Well—I'll do it: I'll make the trial.

Alb. Father—

Tell. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice—Thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be—Earth should be dumb
And Heaven—unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!—

Ges. When all's ready.

Tell. Well! lead on!

SCENE II.

PERSONS.—*Enter, slowly, People in evident distress—Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and soldiers—one bearing Tell's bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.*

Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is the line a true one?

Ges. True or not, what is't to thee?

Tell. What is't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing—a yard or two
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.

Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler!—Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun!

Ges. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back—the sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun—
I will not shoot against the sun!

Ges. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

Ges. Stay! show me the basket!—there—

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have.

Tell. O! do you?—But you see
The color on't is dark—I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges. Take it as it is:

Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.

Tell. True—true! I did not think of that—I wonder
I did not think of that—Give me some chance
To save my boy! [*Throws away the apple with all his force.*]
I will not murder him,
If I can help it—for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

Ges. Well, choose thyself.

Tell. Have I a friend among the lookers on?

Verner. [*Rushing forward.*] Here, Tell!

Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief:
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy!—the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage
To stand it.

Ver. Yes.

Tell. How looks he?

Ver. Clear and smilingly:
If you doubt it—look yourself.

Tell. No—no—my friend:
To hear it is enough.

Ver. He bears himself so much above his years—

Tell. I know!—I know.

Ver. With constancy so modest!—

Tell. I was sure he would—

Ver. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you—

Tell. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man!—Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not—Do not mind me!—Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees—and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me,—
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady—tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver. Come, Albert! [*Leading him out.*]

Alb. May I not speak with him before I go?

Ver. No.

Alb. I would only kiss his hand.

Ver. You must not.

Alb. I must!—I cannot go from him without.

Ver. It is his will you should.

Alb. His will, is it?
I am content, then—come.

Tell. My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him.*]

Alb. My father! [*Rushing into Tell's arms.*]

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I?—Go, now,
My son—and keep in mind that I can shoot—
Go, boy—be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple—Go!—God bless thee—go.—My
bow!— [*The bow is handed to him.*]

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou?—Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant—No,
I'm sure of thee—I know thy honesty.
Thou art stanch—stanch.—Let me see my quiver.

Ges. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Sol. I do.

Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather jagged:

[*Breaks it.*]

That's all the use 'tis fit for.

Ges. Let him have another.

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take—'tis heavy in the shaft:
I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver.
Bring it!—'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.—

Ges. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

Tell. See if the boy is ready.

[*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.*]

Ver. He is.

Tell. I'm ready, too! Keep silent for
Heaven's sake and do not stir—and let me have
Your prayers—your prayers—and be my witnesses
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it. [*To the people.*]

Ges. Go on.

Tell. I will.
O friends, for mercy sake, keep motionless
And silent.

[*Tell shoots—a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd—Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*]

Ver. [*Rushing in with Albert.*] The boy is safe,—no hair of him is touched.

Alb. Father, I'm safe!—your Albert's safe, dear father,—
Speak to me! Speak to me!

Ver. He cannot, boy!

Alb. You grant him life?

Ges. I do.

Alb. And we are free?

Ges. You are. [*Crossing angrily behind.*]

Alb. Thank Heaven!—thank Heaven!

Ver. Open his vest,
And give him air.

[*Albert opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eye upon Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*]

Tell. My boy!—My boy!

Ges. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast?—Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

ADDRESS TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER, one of the greatest of American statesmen, was born at Salisbury, N. H., in 1782.

His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a farmer and Justice of the County Court. He had been an officer in the Revolutionary war.

Daniel received his early instruction from his mother, a woman of rare intellectual powers, and from the country school which he attended during the winters.

Although he became a distinguished orator, he failed utterly in public speaking at school. He afterwards said: "There was one thing I could not do; I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school."

Daniel showed so great ability as a student that the family decided he must attend college, although this step called for additional hardship and sacrifice on the part of those at home. He studied under the direction of a clergyman in a neighboring town, spent one year at Phillips Exeter Academy, and entered Dartmouth College when he was fifteen years old. During his vacations he taught school to pay his expenses. He also assisted his brother Ezekiel in obtaining his education.

He finished his course at college with credit, and then studied law in Boston. He began his practice in Boscawen, a country town near his home; but after the death of his father he removed to Portsmouth, and was soon regarded as the leading man in his profession.

After a time he removed to Boston, where he became known as one of the ablest lawyers of his time.

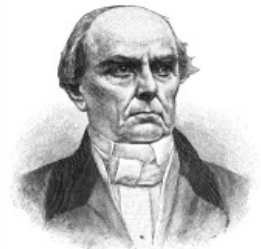
Webster was elected to Congress from Boston, and took his seat in December, 1823, and continued to serve in that position till he was elected to the Senate, in which body he took his seat on the 4th of March, 1827.

The awkward village lad who could not declaim in the district school now ranked among the most eloquent orators of the country.

On the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, Webster delivered a stirring oration, which made him famous throughout the country; and at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument he delivered an address which has not been equaled in this century. From that time Daniel Webster was sought after for every public occasion. He twice held the office of Secretary of State. He resigned the latter office on account of failing health during the summer of 1852, and retired to his country seat at Marshfield, Mass., where he died in the following October.

You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder in the strife of your country. Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death,—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you today with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils, and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

But, alas! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work, had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like



another morn,
Risen on mid-noon,—

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

Veterans of half a century! when, in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this. At a period to which you could not reasonably hope to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them! and when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

THE AMERICAN UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I HAVE not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. Nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may v be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in all their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, of "Liberty first, and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, and blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—"Liberty AND Union—now and forever—one and inseparable!"

RECESSIONAL.

A Victorian Ode.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

RUDYARD KIPLING was born in Bombay, India, in 1865.

His father and mother used to meet beside Lake Rudyard, and gave its name to their son. John Lockwood Kipling, the father, was at the head of the Lahore School of Art, and has illustrated a recent edition of his son's works.

On reaching the school age, young Kipling was sent to England to be educated, as was the custom among the English residents of India. He was educated in the United Services College, returning home at the age of eighteen.

It was his ambition to become a writer and he secured employment on the "Civil and Military Gazette." His work here familiarized him with the life in the garrisons, which he afterwards turned to good account in his ballads and short stories.

He was twenty-one years old when he became assistant editor of the "Lahore Journal." It was a strange newspaper office, judging by accounts which he has given us of it. There were native typesetters and a queer Mohammedan foreman. In a story which he wrote, called "The Man Who Would be King," Kipling tells how they worked in the stifling Indian heat.

From time to time Kipling published verses and stories in the local paper, and when these had been gathered together and sent out into the world in the form of a book called "Plain Tales from the Hills," the name of the young author and poet became famous.

He then went to England and made his home in London. He wrote many stories and poems of the old life in India, one of the best collections of which is the "Barrack-Room Ballads."

In London he met Walcott Balestier, of Brattleboro, Vt., and they wrote stories together until Balestier's death. Not long after, Kipling married Caroline Balestier. They came to this country and lived for a time in Vermont, where the poet surrounded himself with everything that would remind him of the life in India.

Among other works of Kipling are "Soldiers Three," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw, and Other Stories," the two Jungle Books, and "The Day's Work."

At the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee, Kipling wrote what was perhaps his greatest poem, the "Recessional," which was published in "The London Times."



God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born in the quaint old town of Salem, Mass., on the 4th of May, 1796. His father was a successful lawyer, and his mother was a lady of great ability who spent much time in educating and training her son. William was a bright, merry boy, who learned with ease, and was a great favorite among the boys. The first school he attended was taught by a gentle, old-fashioned lady, who was called the school mother. When he was seven years old he was sent to a more advanced school, taught by "Master Knapp," and remained there for five years.

Though strong and large of his age, he cared more for books than he did for boyish sports. He never remembered a time when he did not love to read.

When he was twelve years old his father removed to Boston, and William was sent to the best classical school then known in New England. He had George Ticknor the historian for a classmate and friend. The two boys progressed so rapidly in Latin and Greek that they outdistanced the rest of the class and recited by themselves.

Books and reading matter were then much more rare than now; but not far from the Prescott home there had been started a library, called the Boston Athenæum. The founder, Mr. William Shaw, who also acted as librarian, was fond of bright boys and allowed a few of them to read there. William, who was one of his favorites, spent many an hour in these rooms, reading whatever pleased his fancy. He was especially fond of romances and tales of wild adventure.

His most intimate friend was a son of Dr. Gardiner, his teacher, and the boys were constantly together. They used to invent stories to tell each other on their way to and from school. Prescott's tales were the wilder, for he had a vivid imagination and had read many books of adventure.

William's grandfather, Colonel Prescott, had commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill, and William often listened to the story of this battle, and gazed with awe upon the sword which the colonel wore during the contest. He and young Gardiner amused themselves with fighting mock battles, dressing in some pieces of old armor which they found among the curiosities of the Athenæum, and imagining that they were Revolutionary heroes, Greeks or Romans, or knights of the olden time.

Prescott entered Harvard College at the age of fifteen, passing his examinations with credit. He wished to hold a high rank in his class, and as it was an effort for him to apply himself, he made rules devoting a certain time to each study. He was of a happy, gay disposition and enjoyed the college life; but his course was interrupted by a painful accident. He was passing out of the dining hall one day when the sound of some frolic attracted his attention and he turned his head to see what it was. At that moment one of the students threw a piece of bread, which struck him on the open eye.

The shock of the blow was so great that he fell and was taken to his home and placed in the charge of a physician. After several weeks he returned to college, but the sight of the injured eye was entirely destroyed. He was graduated with honors in spite of this affliction, and wrote a Latin poem for Commencement.



On leaving college Prescott entered his father's law office, but continued reading Latin and Greek. After several months his sound eye became affected and there was fear of his becoming totally blind. He spent four months in a darkened room and bore his suffering bravely, always greeting the family with some word of cheer, as though they were the sufferers and it was his place to comfort them. As soon as he was able to travel he was sent to visit his grandfather Hickling, who was United States Consul at the Azores.

The passage was long and trying, and he was glad to reach land and receive the hearty welcome of his relatives. They lived in a delightful country house, in the midst of a beautiful garden, and Prescott was charmed with the tropical plants and orange groves.

He had been there but a fortnight when his eye again became affected, and he was obliged to spend three months in a darkened room. But he was so bright and patient that he won the hearts of all, and it was with sorrow that they finally saw him sail away.

After leaving the Azores, he spent several months in Europe, and then returned to America, spending the next winter at home. He was obliged to avoid the light; but his old school friend, Gardiner, read some of his favorite books to him each day, and his sister spent the greater part of her time with him, reading to him for hours.

Prescott was now twenty-two years old, and his outlook for the future was discouraging. He did not know what profession to follow, for there was no hope of his fully regaining his sight. There seemed no improvement in spite of his quiet life, and he began to go about and enjoy society.

He was married, when he was twenty-four years of age, to Miss Susan Amory, who was his devoted wife and companion. Mrs. Prescott's grandfather had also been a commander at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and captain of a British sloop-of-war.

The swords worn by the soldier and the sailor on that day had been handed down in both families, and hung for many years in Prescott's library, peacefully crossed above his books.

Prescott had now chosen a life of literary work, and persuaded himself that so long as his hearing was spared he would be able to succeed. He felt that he must make especial preparation in order to gain the place he desired, and began to study as if he were a schoolboy, reading the best English, Latin, French, and Italian authors.

He intended to study German, but he became interested in some lectures on Spanish literature, written by his friend Mr. Ticknor, and decided to write a history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

This was slow work, for although he learned the language, he was unable to use his eyes and depended on the reading of a man who could only pronounce the Spanish words. He finally secured a secretary and reader who understood Spanish and could copy his notes for him. His own writing was done with the aid of an instrument used by the blind, which guided his hand upon the paper.

After ten years of labor his book was published. Its success was remarkable, and it was reprinted in England, Germany, and Spain.

Mr. Prescott was then nearly forty-two years old, tall, handsome, and attractive in his manner. He led a regular life, planning his days carefully, rising at a fixed hour each morning, and taking exercise in the open air. He was a good horseman and composed some of his most stirring battle scenes as he galloped along the country roads.

He divided his time among three residences—one in the city of Boston, another at Lynn, with a view of the ocean, and a third at Pepperell, the old home of Colonel Prescott.

The success of "Ferdinand and Isabella" led the author to continue his writing, and after resting for some months, he began to prepare the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," which was published six years after his first history. This work was greeted with applause throughout the country. Four years later he wrote the "History of the Conquest of Peru." He next undertook the "History of Philip the Second," but it was never finished.

In spite of his loss of sight, Prescott gained the first place among our historians. He visited London in 1850, and received a most cordial welcome and many attentions. On his return his health failed and he spent less time in writing. His family were always very dear to him, and he delighted in gathering his children and grandchildren about him in the old homestead at Pepperell. Mr. Prescott died in 1859.

STORMING THE FORTRESS.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

THE cheering words and courageous bearing of the cavaliers went to the hearts of their followers. All now agreed to stand by their leader to the last. But, if they would remain longer in their present position, it was absolutely necessary to dislodge the enemy from the fortress; and, before venturing on this dangerous service, Hernando Pizarro resolved to strike such a blow as should intimidate the besiegers from further attempts to molest his present quarters.

He communicated his plan of attack to his officers and formed his little troop into three divisions. The Indian pioneers were sent forward to clear away the rubbish, and the several divisions moved up the principal avenues towards the camp of the besiegers; and the three bodies, bursting impetuously on the disordered lines of the Peruvians, took them completely by surprise. For some moments there was little resistance, and the slaughter was terrible. But the Indians gradually rallied, and, coming into something like order, returned to the fight with the courage of men who had long been familiar with danger. They fought hand to hand with their copper-headed war clubs and poleaxes, while a storm of darts, stones, and arrows rained on the well-defended bodies of the Christians.

The barbarians showed more discipline than was to have been expected; for which it is said they were indebted to some Spanish prisoners, from several of whom the Inca, having generously spared their lives, took occasional lessons in the art of war. The Peruvians had also learned to manage with some degree of skill

the weapons of their conquerors; and they were seen armed with bucklers, helmets, and swords of European workmanship, and even in a few instances mounted on the horses which they had taken from the white men. The young Inca in particular, accoutered in the European fashion, rode a war horse which he managed with considerable address, and, with a long lance in his hand, led on his followers to the attack.

After a gallant struggle, in which the natives threw themselves fearlessly on the horsemen, endeavoring to tear them from their saddles, they were obliged to give way before the repeated shock of their charges. Many were trampled under foot, others cut down by the Spanish broadswords, while the arquebusiers, supporting the cavalry, kept up a running fire that did terrible execution on the flanks and rear of the fugitives. At length, trusting that the chastisement he had inflicted on the enemy would secure him from further annoyance for the present, the Castilian general drew back his forces to their quarters in the capital.

His next step was the recovery of the citadel. It was an enterprise of danger. The fortress, which overlooked the northern section of the city, stood high on a rocky eminence, where it was defended only by a single wall. Towards the open country it was more easy of approach; but there it was protected by two semicircular walls, each about twelve hundred feet in length and of great thickness. Within the interior wall was the fortress, consisting of three strong towers, one of great height, which, with a smaller one, was now held by the enemy, under the command of an Inca noble, a warrior of well-tried valor, prepared to defend it to the last.

As the fortress was to be approached through the mountain passes, it became necessary to divert the enemy's attention to another quarter. A little while before sunset Juan Pizarro left the city with a picked corps of horsemen, and took a direction opposite to that of the fortress, that the besieging army might suppose the object was a foraging expedition. But, secretly countermarching in the night, he fortunately found the passes undefended and arrived before the outer wall of the fortress without giving the alarm to the garrison.

The entrance was through a narrow opening in the center of the rampart; but this was now closed up with heavy stones that seemed to form one solid work with the rest of the masonry. It was an affair of time to dislodge these huge masses in such a manner as not to rouse the garrison. The Indian natives, who rarely attacked in the night, were not sufficiently acquainted with the art of war even to provide against surprise by posting sentinels. When the task was accomplished, Juan Pizarro and his gallant troop rode through the gateway and advanced towards the second parapet.

But their movements had not been conducted so secretly as to escape notice, and they now found the interior court swarming with warriors, who, as the Spaniards drew near, let off clouds of missiles that compelled them to come to a halt. Juan Pizarro, aware that no time was to be lost, ordered one-half of his corps to dismount, and, putting himself at their head, prepared to make a breach as before in the fortifications. Leading on his men, he encouraged them in the work of demolition in the face of such a storm of stones, javelins, and arrows as might have made the stoutest heart shrink from encountering it. The good mail of the Spaniards did not always protect them; but others took the place of such as fell, until a breach was made, and the cavalry, pouring in, rode down all who opposed them.

The parapet was now abandoned, and the Indians, hurrying with disorderly flight across the enclosure, took refuge on a kind of platform or terrace, commanded by the principal tower. Here, rallying, they shot off fresh volleys of missiles against the Spaniards, while the garrison in the fortress hurled down fragments of rock and timber on their heads. Juan Pizarro, still among the foremost, sprang forward on the terrace, cheering on his men by his voice and example; but at this moment he was struck by a large stone on the head, not then protected by his buckler, and was stretched on the ground. The dauntless chief still continued to animate his followers by his voice till the terrace was carried and its miserable defenders were put to the sword. His sufferings were then too much for him, and he was removed to the town below, where, notwithstanding every exertion to save him, he survived the injury but a fortnight. He had served in the conquest of Peru from the first, and no name on the roll of its conquerors is less tarnished by the reproach of cruelty or stands higher in all the attributes of a true and valiant knight.

Though deeply sensible to his brother's disaster, Hernando Pizarro saw that no time was to be lost in profiting by the advantages already gained. Committing the charge of the town to Gonzalo, he put himself at the head of the assailants and laid vigorous siege to the fortresses. One surrendered after a short resistance. The other and more formidable of the two still held out under the brave Inca noble who commanded it. He was a man of an athletic frame, and might be seen striding along the battlements, armed with a Spanish buckler and cuirass, and in his hand wielding a formidable mace, garnished with points or knobs of copper. With this terrible weapon he struck down all who attempted to force a passage into the fortress. Some of his own followers who proposed a surrender he is said to have slain with his own hand. Ladders were planted against the walls; but no sooner did a Spaniard gain the topmost round than he was hurled to the ground by the strong arm of the Indian warrior. His activity was equal to his strength; and he seemed to be at every point the moment that his presence was needed.

The Spanish commander was filled with admiration at this display of valor; for he could admire valor even in an enemy. He gave orders that the chief should not be injured, but be taken alive, if possible. This was not easy. At length, numerous ladders having been planted against the tower, the Spaniards scaled it on several quarters at the same time, and, leaping into the place, overpowered the few combatants who still made a show of resistance. But the Inca chieftain was not to be taken; and, finding further resistance ineffectual, he sprang to the edge of the battlements, and casting away his war club, wrapped his mantle around him and



STORMING THE FORTRESS.

threw himself headlong from the summit. He died like an ancient Roman. He had struck his last stroke for the freedom of his country, and he scorned to survive her dishonor. The Castilian commander left a small force in garrison to secure his conquest, and returned in triumph to his quarters.

From "History of the Conquest of Peru."

A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

Joseph Addison.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born in England in 1672. His father was a clergyman, well educated and of strong character. He was devoted to his family, and their home life was delightful.

Joseph first attended the schools in the neighborhood, and was then sent to the Charterhouse, which was one of the best-known schools in England.

He entered Oxford when he was fifteen years old, and was looked upon as a promising scholar. After two years at this college a copy of some Latin verses written by him fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, a man of influence, and he was elected to a scholarship in Magdalen College.

His life there was quiet; he studied late at night, and went on long, solitary walks. He continued to write Latin verses, and became so familiar with the Latin writers that he could recite many of their poems. Every little touch of beauty was appreciated by him and filled him with delight.

From his twenty-first to his thirty-second year Addison spent his time in study, writing, and thought.

He spent several years in traveling about France and Italy. While in Paris he lived at the house of the ambassador, where he met the most brilliant society; and in Italy he studied the great works of art. These views of life, added to his natural grace and love of refinement, made him a master of literary style and expression. On his return from his travels he held several offices for the government, and later became a member of Parliament.



Richard Steele, an old schoolfellow and writer of some note, started some periodicals—"The Tatler," followed by "The Spectator," and later by "The Guardian." Addison became interested in these publications and wrote a large number of essays for them—among them the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers." His characters were taken from life and he describes the manners and customs of the time in language which is cited by all critics as a model of pure English. He also wrote several dramas and poems.

Addison led a happy life. His position under the government brought him a good income. He was looked upon as one of the foremost writers of the day. He loved truth, purity, and kindness, and his works are models of grace and beauty.

He died in 1719, and was buried in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.

.....

My friend, Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense.

He has often told me that at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and, at the same time, employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.



**SIR ROGER MEETING HIS TENANTS
AT CHURCH.**

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon

recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing. I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion.

This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, who stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother.

Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

From "The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers."

THE KING OF GLORY.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory?

The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of Glory.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of Glory shall come in.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

[ABRIDGED.]

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE was born in Boston in 1822. He was named for his uncle, Edward Everett, the celebrated orator. When six years of age he had begun the study of Latin, and entered Harvard College when he was thirteen. Though young Hale was a diligent student, he excelled in athletic sports, and his great physical strength is shown even now in his large frame and powerful hands and arms.

The future author and preacher was graduated from Harvard with honors when he was seventeen years old. He assisted his father in newspaper work, and was able to write editorials, keep the books, or set type, as the occasion required. He afterwards studied theology.

His first pastorate was at Worcester, Mass. He remained there for ten years. He then settled in



Boston. He was with the Massachusetts Rifle Corps when the Civil War broke out, and it was upon an incident of that war that he founded his story of "The Man without a Country." This is one of the strongest stories of patriotism ever written, and has been reprinted in several languages.

For many years Dr. Hale has been pastor of the South Congregational Church in Boston. He has written many books; among them the best known are "Ten Times One is Ten" and "In His Name."

One can hardly imagine a busier life than he leads. His daily tasks consist in aiding public and private charities, lecturing, editing, writing, and preparing his sermons.

He was once asked how he was able to accomplish so much, and he replied: "If you are working with Aladdin's lamp, or with Monte Cristo's treasures, you are not apt to think you will fail. Far less is your risk with the omnipotence of the Lord God behind you."

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans, or somewhere above on the river, he met this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him, and led him to turn traitor to his country.

Nolan was proved guilty; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy: "Curse the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness.

Morgan called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes with a face like a sheet, to say: "Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed; but nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there." The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship."

Nolan had the freedom of the ship he was on, so long as he heard nothing of his country. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea.

Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America.

Among these books was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and then began, without a thought of what was coming:—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said."

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time, but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically:—

" 'This is my own, my native land!' "

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well."

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he colored crimson and staggered on:—

“For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,—

And here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, and we did not see him for two months again. He never read aloud again unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again.

.....

In one of the great frigate duels with the English, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck,—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time,—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said: “I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir.”

The commodore said: “I see you are, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir.”

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said: “Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here.”

And when Nolan came he said: “Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the dispatches.”

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

.....

I first came to understand anything about “the man without a country” one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret if the captain wished, as he understood the language.

“Tell them they are free,” said Vaughan.

Then there was a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet.

“Tell them,” said Vaughan, well pleased, “that I will take them all to Cape Palmas.”

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said: “*Ah, non Palmas.*” The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down and said: “He says, ‘Not Palmas.’ He says, ‘Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.’ He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says,” choked out Nolan, “that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in a barracoon.”

As quick as Vaughan could get words, he said: “Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home.”

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: “Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy,” and the words rattled in his throat, “and for that flag,” and he pointed to the ship, “never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.”

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would by all that was holy,

and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

.....
Extract from a letter written in 1863:—

"LEVANT, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED:

"I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and he said he should like to see me. Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak, and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance and said with a sad smile: 'Here, you see, I have a country!'

.....
"An hour after I had left him, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: 'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written: 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams, or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

In Memory of

PHILIP NOLAN,

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

He loved his country as no other man has
loved her; but no man deserved
less at her hands.' "

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well.
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

THE HEROINE OF NANCY.

IN the year 1476, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to the town of Nancy, capital of the duchy of Lorraine. In the absence of the young duke, René II., who had gone to raise troops among the enemies of Charles, the town and its little garrison were left in charge of a brave and patriotic governor, who had an only daughter, named Télésile. It is with the noble conduct of this heroic young girl that our story has chiefly to do.

Charles the Bold—who ought rather to have been called the Rash, or the Furious, from his headlong and violent disposition—had sought to erect a kingdom within the dominions of his great rival, Louis XI. of France. To extend his power, he had overrun provinces, which, as soon as his strong hand was withdrawn, took the first opportunity to revolt against him. Lorraine was one of these; and he now appeared before the walls of Nancy, resolved to punish its inhabitants, whom he regarded as rebels.

But, thanks to the governor and his heroic daughter, the city held out bravely, both against the assaults of his soldiers, and the threats and promises with which he tried to induce a surrender. While the governor directed and encouraged the defenders, Télésile inspired their wives and daughters.

"Let us do," she cried, "as did the women of Beauvais when this same cruel Charles laid siege to their town. Mothers armed themselves, young girls seized whatever weapons they could find,—hatchets, broken lances, which they bound together with their hair; and they joined their sons and brothers in the fight. They drove the invader from their walls; and so will we defeat and drive him back!"

"Put no trust in the tyrant!" said the intrepid governor, addressing the people. "He is as faithless as he is cruel. He has promised to spare our lives and our property if we will accept him as our ruler; but be not deceived. Once within our walls, he will give up to massacre and pillage the city that has cost him so dear.

"But if not for our own sakes," he went on, "then for the love of our rightful lord, Duke René, let us continue the glorious struggle. Already at the head of a brave Swiss army, he is hastening to our relief. He will soon be at our gates. Let us hold out till then; or, sooner than betray our trust, let us fall with our defenses and be buried in the ruins of our beloved city!"

Thus defended, Nancy held out until Charles, maddened to fury by so unexpected and so prolonged a resistance, made a final, desperate attempt to carry the town. By stratagem, quite as much as by force, he succeeded in gaining an entrance within the walls; and Nancy was at his mercy.

In the flush of vengeance and success, he was for putting at once all the inhabitants—men, women, and children—to the sword. A young maiden was brought before him.

"Barbarian!" she cried, "if we are all to perish, over whom will you reign?"

"Who are you, bold girl! that dare to speak to me thus?" said the astonished Charles.

"Your prisoner, and one who would prevent you from adding to the list of your cruelties!"

Her beauty, her courage, and the prophetic tones in which she spoke, arrested Charles's fury.

"Give up to me your governor, whom I have sworn to punish," he said, "and a portion of the inhabitants shall be spared."

But the governor was her own father,—for the young girl was no other than Télésile. Listening to the entreaties of his friends, he had assumed the dress of a private citizen; and all loved the good old man too well to point him out to the tyrant.

When Télésile sorrowfully reported to her father the duke's words, he smiled. "Be of good cheer, my daughter!" he said. "I will see the Duke Charles, and try what I can do to persuade him."

When brought before the conqueror, he said, "There is but one man who can bring the governor to you. Swear on your sword to spare all the inhabitants of the town, and he shall be given up."

"That will I not!" cried the angry duke. "They have braved my power too long; they have scorned my offers; they have laughed at my threats; now woe to the people of Nancy!"

Then, turning to his officers, he commanded that every tenth person in the town should be slain, and they at once gave orders for the decimation. The inhabitants, young and old, women and infants, were assembled in a line which extended through the principal street of the city; while soldiers ransacked the houses, in order to drive forth or kill any that might remain concealed.

It was a terrible day for the doomed city. Families clung together, friends embraced friends; some weeping and lamenting, some trying to comfort and sustain those who were weaker than they, others calmly awaiting their fate.

Then, at a word from the conqueror, a herald went forth, and, waving his hand before the gathered multitude, began to count. Each on whom fell the fatal number *ten* was to be given at once to the sword. But at the outset a difficulty arose.

Near the head of the line Télésile and the governor were placed; and the devoted girl, watching the movements of the herald, and hearing him count aloud, saw by a rapid glance that the dreaded number was about to fall upon her father. Quick as thought, she slipped behind him and placed herself at his other side. Before the old man was aware of her object, the doom which should have been his had fallen upon his daughter. He stood for a moment stupefied with astonishment and grief, then called out to the herald, "Justice! justice!"

"What is the matter, old man?" demanded the herald, before passing on.

"The count is wrong! there is a mistake! Not her!" exclaimed the father, as the executioners were laying hands upon Télésile; "take me, for I was the tenth!"

"Not so," said Télésile calmly. "You all saw that the number came to me."

"She put herself in my way,—she took my place,—on me! let the blow fall on me!" pleaded the old man; while she as earnestly insisted that she was the rightly chosen victim.

Amazed to see two persons striving for the privilege of death at their hands, the butchers dragged them before Charles the Bold, that he might decide the question between them.

Charles was no less surprised at beholding once more the maiden and the old man who had already appeared before him, and at learning the cause of their strange dispute; for he knew not yet that they were parent and child. Notwithstanding his violent disposition, the conqueror had a heart which pity could sometimes touch, and he was powerfully moved by the sight that met his eyes.

"I pray you hear me!" cried Télésile, throwing herself at his feet. "I am a simple maiden; my life is of no account; then let me die, my lord duke! But spare, oh, spare him, the best, the noblest of men, whose life is useful to all our unhappy people!"

"Do not listen to her!" exclaimed the old man, almost too much affected to speak; "or if you do, let her own words confute her argument. You behold her courage, her piety, her self-sacrifice; and I see you are touched! You will not, you cannot, destroy so precious a life! It is I who am now worthless to my people. My days are almost spent. Even if you spare me, I have but a little while to live."

Then Télésile, perceiving the eyes of Charles bent upon her with a look of mingled admiration and pity, said: "Do not think there is anything wonderful in my conduct; I do but my simple duty; I plead for my father's life!"

"Yes, I am her father," said the old man, moved by a sudden determination. "And I am something more. My lord duke, behold the man on whom you have sworn to have revenge. I am he who defended the city so long against you. Now let me die!"

At this a multitude of people broke from the line in which they had been ranged, and, surrounding the governor and his daughter, made a rampart of their bodies about them, exclaiming, "Let us die for him! We

will die for our good governor!"

All the better part of the rude Charles's nature was roused. Tears were in his own eyes, his voice was shaken by emotion. "Neither shall die!" he cried. "Old man! fair maiden! I spare your lives and, for your sake, the lives of all these people. Nay, do not thank me; for I have gained in this interview a knowledge which I could never have acquired through years of conquest—that human love is greater than kingly power, and that mercy is sweeter than vengeance!"

Well would it have been for the rash Charles could he have gained that knowledge earlier, or have shaped his future life by it even then. Still fired by ambition and love of power, he went forth to fight Duke René, who now appeared with an army to relieve his fair city of Nancy. A battle ensued, in which Charles was defeated and slain; and in the midst of joy and thanksgiving, the rightful duke entered and once more took possession of the town.

Warmly as he was welcomed, there were two who shared with him the honors of that happy day—the old man who had defended Nancy so long and well, and the young girl whose heroic conduct had saved from massacre one-tenth of all its inhabitants.

HUMANITY.

WILLIAM COWPER.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

AN ICEBERG.

RICHARD H. DANA, Jr.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR., was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1815, and died in 1882.

He was educated at Harvard College. During his course there his eyesight became affected, and he was obliged to leave college for a time.

Being advised to take a sea voyage, he shipped for California and spent two years as a common sailor. On his return he published an account of his adventures, entitled "Two Years before the Mast." This book became popular both in England and America. It is still widely read.

Mr. Dana was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-five years old, and always held a prominent position as a lawyer and writer.

THIS day the sun rose fair, but it ran too low in the heavens to give any heat, or thaw out our sails and rigging; yet the sight of it was pleasant, and we had a steady "reef-topsail breeze" from the westward. The atmosphere, which had previously been clear and cold, for the last few hours grew damp and had a disagreeable, wet chilliness in it; and the man who came from the wheel said he heard the captain tell "the passenger" that the thermometer had fallen several degrees since morning, which he could not account for in any other way than by supposing that there must be ice near us, though such a thing was rarely heard of in this latitude at this season of the year.

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, doctor?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun.

All hands were soon on deck looking at it, and admiring, in various ways, its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and really the sublimity of the sight. Its great size,—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height,—its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, together with its nearness and approach, which added to a slight element of fear, all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with foam, and, as it grew thin and transparent towards the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly towards the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon, and when we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay to quite near it for a greater part of the night.

Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them and now

shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Towards morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

From "Two Years before the Mast."

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born in 1608, in a house called "The Spread Eagle," in the very heart of old London.

His father, also John Milton, was a scrivener or lawyer, and was well known as a musical composer. He had received a good education and took great pains with his son, employing private tutors for him, and afterwards sending him to St. Paul's school, where he was for some time a day scholar.

The boy was as desirous of an education as his father could wish, and became so interested in his books that he would read and study until after midnight.

His compositions and verses attracted attention during his early boyhood. Before he was sixteen years old he had written two of the Psalms in verse.

While at St. Paul's he formed a close friendship with Charles Diodati, the son of an exiled Italian physician. This friendship aroused Milton's interest in Italian literature.

Milton entered Christ's College, Cambridge, when he was seventeen years old, remaining there seven years. The handsome, graceful young man, with his scorn of all that lacked refinement, was not popular during the first years of his college course, and the students called him "The Lady." They soon learned to honor his

high character and brilliant scholarship. He was regarded as the best student of the university.

He had at first intended to become a clergyman, but gave up this plan and was uncertain as to what he should do. His father had taken a house at Horton, about twenty miles from London, and, after leaving Cambridge, Milton spent five years at home, studying Greek and Latin, taking solitary walks, and writing wonderful verses. He also continued the study of music under his father's teaching, and took great delight in it. Some of his most famous poems were written during those years at Horton.

Milton had long desired to travel, and after the death of his mother he found his home so lonely that he persuaded his father to allow him to visit France, Italy, and Switzerland. This journey occupied nearly sixteen months, and was a season of delight to the young poet, who, by reading, had become familiar with these old cities and the famous men who had walked their streets. He also became acquainted with many learned men and persons of rank, and was received everywhere with courteous attention. During his stay at Florence he met the astronomer, Galileo, then old and blind, and recently released from prison, where he had been confined on account of his theories and discoveries.

The house at Horton was occupied but a short time after Milton's return. His father went to live with his son Christopher, and the poet went to London. He hired a pretty "garden-house," large enough for himself and his books, and lived there with his two nephews, of whose education he took charge. He was fond of teaching, and gradually several other boys joined the class, and his house became a small private school.

In the spring of his thirty-fifth year Milton went to Oxford and returned a month later, bringing home a bride and a party of her relatives. After several days spent in feasting, the young wife of seventeen summers was left alone with her husband, who became once more absorbed in his books. Mrs. Milton cared nothing for literature, and before the summer was over she went to visit her father, promising to return during September. She refused to go home at the appointed time and remained away for two years.

During the meantime Milton's father had come to live with him, and the number of his pupils had so increased that he had taken a larger house. After the death of his father, Milton decided to devote more time to writing, so he dismissed his pupils and removed to a smaller house. He became deeply interested in politics, writing some bold and daring essays on the questions of the day. When he was forty years old he was appointed Secretary of Foreign Tongues, with a large salary and a residence in Whitehall Palace in Scotland Yard. His eyesight had begun to fail, and three years after accepting this office he became blind. He continued, however, to attend to his duties with the aid of two assistants. Shortly after he lost his sight his wife died, leaving three little daughters. Four years later he married a second time, but this wife lived but a short time.



MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST."

In 1660, when Milton was fifty-two years old, there came another change in the government, and Milton's life was in danger. He was obliged to hide for several months. Life seemed very gloomy to the blind man. His friends were dead or in exile, he had lost a large share of his property, and his work during the last twenty years seemed thrown away.

Many years before, Milton had planned to write his great poem of "Paradise Lost." He now devoted himself to this work, dictating it to Dorothy, his youngest and favorite child, who bore some resemblance to her father, and who was most in sympathy with him.

Milton married for the third time during his fifty-fifth year. This wife proved a blessing to him. She was a lover of music, and sang to him while he accompanied her upon the organ or bass viol. They walked together and talked about his favorite books and men of learning. His poem "Paradise Lost" was finished during the next two years. He loaned a copy to a friend, who suggested his writing "Paradise Regained," which was published about four years later.

These poems rank as the grandest works of one of the greatest minds that the world has ever known. The poet's humble home became an attraction for many visitors, who wished to look upon and talk with the man whose genius was so great.

Milton died in 1674.

DEATH OF SAMSON.

JOHN MILTON.

Scene—In Gaza.

OCCASIONS drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street: little I had dispatched,
When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theater
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats, where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these, aloof, obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armèd guards,
Both horse and foot; before him and behind
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be essayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed,
All with, incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the archèd roof gave main support.

He, unsuspecting, led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved;
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed;
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,—
Lords, ladies, captains, counselors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

From "Samson Agonistes."

MAY MORNING.

JOHN MILTON.

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

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

JOHN MILTON.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—————
How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK was born in England in 1834. He is a banker and has introduced great improvements into banking and custom-house business.

He has written a number of books on literary and scientific subjects.

CHEERFULNESS is a great moral tonic. As sunshine brings out the flowers and ripens the fruit, so does cheerfulness—the feeling of freedom and life—develop in us all the seeds of good—all that is best in us.

Cheerfulness is a duty we owe to others. There is an old tradition that a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth, and there are some people whose smile, the sound of whose voice, whose very presence seems like a ray of sunshine, to turn everything they touch into gold.

Men never break down as long as they can keep cheerful. "A merry heart is a continual feast" to others besides itself. The shadow of Florence Nightingale cured more than her medicines; and if we share the burdens of others, we lighten our own.

All wish, but few know how, to enjoy themselves. They do not realize the dignity and delight of life.

Do not magnify small troubles into great trials. We often fancy we are mortally wounded when we are but scratched. A surgeon, says Fuller, "sent for to cure a slight wound, sent off in a great hurry for a plaster. 'Why,' said the gentleman, 'is the hurt then so dangerous?' 'No,' said the surgeon, 'but if the messenger returns not in post-haste, it will cure itself.' " Time cures sorrow as well as wounds.

"A cultivated mind, I do not mean that of a philosopher, but any mind to which the fountains of knowledge have been opened, and which has been taught in any tolerable degree to exercise its faculties, will find sources of inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds it; in the objects of Nature, the achievements of Art, the imagination of Poetry, the incidents of History, the ways of Mankind, past and present, and their prospects in the future."

From "The Pleasures of Life."

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

FOR eighty days the fort of Lucknow had held out against fifty thousand rebel Sepoys. Disease, famine, and the fire of the enemy had thinned the ranks of the little garrison until but twenty remained. Day after day the garrison had hoped for relief, but now hope itself had died away. The Sepoys, grown desperate by repulse, had decided to overwhelm the fort with their whole force. The engineers had said that within a few hours all would be over, and not a soul within Lucknow but was prepared for the worst.

A poor Scotch girl, Jessie Brown, had been in a state of excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered, especially on that day, when, as she said, she was "lukin far awa, far awa upon the craigs of Duncleuch as in the days of auld lang syne." At last, overcome with fatigue, she sank on the ground too tired to wait.

As the Sepoys moved on to the attack, the women, remembering the horrible scenes of Cawnpore, besought the men to save them from a fate worse than death, by killing them with a volley from their guns. The soldiers for the last time looked down the road whence the long-looked-for relief must come; but they saw no signs of Havelock and his troops. In despair they loaded their guns and aimed them at the waiting group; but suddenly all are startled by a wild, unearthly shriek from the sleeping Scotch girl. Starting upright, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening, with a look of intense delight breaking over her countenance, she exclaimed: "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin'; it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!" Then, flinging herself upon her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor.

The soldiers were utterly bewildered; their English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and they thought poor Jessie still raving. But she darted to the batteries, crying incessantly to the men: "Courage! Hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'! Here's help at last!" For a moment every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there was a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women began anew as the colonel shook his head. Their dull Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry.

A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk to the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line: "Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin'. D' ye hear? D' ye hear?"

At that moment they seem to hear the voice of God in the distance, as the bagpipes of the Highlanders brought tidings of deliverance; for now there was no longer any doubt of their coming. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound which rose above all other sounds could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers.

Yes! It was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh as the threatening vengeance of the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard save bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THEODORE O'HARA.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past.
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death!"

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air!
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war its richest spoil,—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London in 1716. His father neglected his family, and the boy was dependent upon his mother, who worked hard to provide her son with an education.

Through the influence of an uncle, who was an assistant at Eton, the future poet was educated at that famous school, and at Cambridge. He spent his vacations at his uncle's house. He cared nothing for the sports of the times, but loved nature. He would sit for hours in a quiet nook, surrounded by hills and cliffs, reading, dreaming, and watching the gambols of the

hares and squirrels.

Gray was twenty-two years old when he left Cambridge. He spent the following six months at home, and then accepted the invitation of one of his college friends to accompany him, free of expense, on a tour through France and Italy. His notes and letters written during this trip show remarkable taste and learning.

After two and a half years of travel he returned to England. His father died during the next fall, after wasting his fortune. Gray began the study of law, but had not the means to finish the course. He began to devote his time to writing, left London, where he had spent the winter, and went with his mother to visit an uncle who lived in a country hamlet called Stoke Poges. In this quiet village he wrote his "Ode on the Spring," "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and began the "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard."



The "Elegy" is one of the most celebrated poems ever written. It was begun when Gray was twenty-six years old, but he did not finish it until eight years later. Its fame spread over the world, and it still holds its rank as the most perfect of English poems.

The poet lived at Cambridge, where he devoted his time to study. The "Elegy" and a later work, "The Bard," placed him at the head of English poets. He was offered the office of poet laureate, which he refused.

In 1768 Gray accepted the chair of Modern History and Languages at Cambridge.

The last years of the poet's life were spent very quietly. He avoided society and was rarely seen in public. He died in London in 1771.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.



CHURCH AT STOKE POGES.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonor'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
'Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
'That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
'His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove

'But that his wayward wishes he would love,
 'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 'Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
 'Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
'Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
 'Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n (t'was all he wish'd) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BELSHAZZAR the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels, which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king and his princes and his wives might drink therein.

Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God, which was at Jerusalem; and the king, his princes and his wives, drank in them.

They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake and said to the wise men of Babylon: "Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof.

Then was King Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet house: and the queen spake and said: "O king, live for ever: let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed:

"There is a man in thy kingdom in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father, the king, I say, thy father, made him master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers;

"Forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar: now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel: "Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king, my father, brought out of Jewry?"

"I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee.

"And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof: but they could not show the interpretation of the thing:

"And I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts: now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered and said before the king: "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation.

"O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and

honor:

“And for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down.

“But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him:

“And he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses: they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.

“And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this;

“But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords and thy wives, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified:

“Then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written.

“And this is the writing that was written:—

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

This is the interpretation of the thing:—

MENE;

God hath NUMBERED thy kingdom,
And finished it.

TEKEL;

Thou art WEIGHED in the balances,
And art found wanting.

PERES;

Thy kingdom is DIVIDED,
And given to the Medes and Persians.”

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

And Darius, the Median, took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

From “The Bible,” Book of Daniel, Chap. V.

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

FRANCIS PARKMAN was born in Boston in 1823. He was graduated from Harvard College when he was twenty-one. He visited Europe and on his return went on a tour in the far West, across the prairies and among the Rocky Mountains. He became well acquainted with the Indians, sharing their camps and hunting buffaloes with them. His book, “The California and Oregon Trail,” contains a vivid account of his explorations. This book was followed by “The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac” and a novel called “Vassal Morton.”



Mr. Parkman devoted a number of years to writing histories of the attempts of the French and English to settle North America. His qualities as a writer were of a high order. His style is marked by uncommon vigor. His pages are alive with thrilling adventure, brilliant description, and romantic episodes. He has left no room for a competitor in the same field. Mr. Parkman died in 1893.

THE eventful night of the 12th was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe’s malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions or the impetuous energy of his action. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along,

and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river and the low voice of Wolfe, as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which had recently appeared and which he had just received from England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words,—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. "Gentlemen," he said as he closed his recital, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

As they approached the landing-place, the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

They reached the landing-place in safety—an indentation in the shore about a league above the city, and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore.

Meanwhile the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and, with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and, from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide-extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation. He, too, had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town, when, on that disastrous morning, the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers."



**THE ASCENT TO THE
PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.**

At a little before ten the English could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and in a few moments all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting, after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were

scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed; men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were leveled for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound and showed no sign of pain. A moment more and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and, staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier raised him together in their arms, and, bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked him if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run!" one of the officers exclaimed as the French fled in confusion before the leveled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes, like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised! I will die in peace," he murmured; and, turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

From "Montcalm and Wolfe."

THE STARLING.

LAURENCE STERNE.

LAURENCE STERNE, an English novelist, was born in Ireland in 1713.

He was the son of an English officer, and the first ten years of his life were spent in traveling about with his father's

regiment. He then entered a school near Halifax, where he studied for eight or nine years, and completed his education at the University of Cambridge.

Mr. Sterne became a clergyman of the Church of England, but devoted a large portion of his time to the writing of fiction. He died in London in 1768.

AND as for the Bastille, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastille is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year. But with nine *livres* a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion—I forget what—to step into the courtyard, as I settled this account, and remember I walked downstairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. "Beshrew the *somber* pencil!" said I vauntingly; "for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened. Reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true," said I, correcting the proposition, "the Bastille is not an evil to be despised. But strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man, which holds you in it, the evil vanishes and you bear the other half without complaint."

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained it could not get out. I looked up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling, hung in a little cage. "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling. "God help thee!" said I; "but I'll let thee out, cost what it will." So I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling; "I can't get out—I can't get out."

I never had my affections more tenderly awakened, nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille; and I heavily walked upstairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess,"—addressing myself to Liberty,—"whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy scepter into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, "grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy miters, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them."

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood. He had seen no sun, no moon in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children!—

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh. I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears. I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

From "The Sentimental Journey."

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

NATHANIEL PARKER Willis was born in Portland, Me., in 1807, and died near Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., in 1867. His

father was an editor and founded "The Youth's Companion." His sister was an authoress who wrote under the name of "Fanny Fern."

Nathaniel was graduated at Yale College, and wrote poems and literary essays during his college course. He spent several years in traveling about Europe, and wrote a series of letters for the newspapers during this time.

Mr. Willis published a number of poems, books of travel, and novels. He possessed great natural gifts and there is much beauty in his prose and verse.

On the cross-beam, under the Old South bell,
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air;
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shadow has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filméd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird, I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

LADY UNA AND THE LION.

EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER was a famous English, poet who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was born in London in 1553 and received his education at Cambridge, where he was a sizar. There is a mulberry tree which Spenser is said to have planted still standing in the garden of the college.

His early boyhood was passed in London, with frequent visits among the glens of northern England.

Spenser left Cambridge when he was twenty-four years old, and spent several years with his relations in the north of England. On his return to London, he published a series of twelve poems named after the months, and called "The Shepherde's Calender." This gained him a name as the first poet of the day. The next summer he went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey.

Several years later he was awarded the Castle of Kilcolman for his services. Here he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh. Spenser had written three books of "The Faerie Queene," his greatest poem, and Raleigh listened to them as the two poets sat beneath the alder trees beside the River Mulla, which flowed through the castle grounds. Raleigh was delighted with the poem, and persuaded Spenser to accompany him to England, where he was presented to the Queen.

The first three books of "The Faerie Queene" were dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. It was the first great allegorical poem that England had produced, and it has never lost its power.

Spenser possessed a wonderful imagination, and had but to close his eyes and he was in an enchanted land.

"The Faerie Queene" is the story of noble knights fighting against wrong, and a beautiful lady rescued from danger. Only six books of the twelve which Spenser planned were published.

The last years of Spenser's life were filled with sadness. During a rebellion his castle was burnt, and he and his family fled to England.

He died in London in 1599, at the age of forty-six, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.



That moves more dear compassion of mind,^[a]
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empassionèd so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful handling,^[b]
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her Knight divorcèd in despair,
And her due loves derived to that vile Witch's share.^[c]

Yet she, most faithful Lady all this while,
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's press, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd
To seek her Knight; who, subtilly betray'd
Through that late vision which th' Enchanter wrought,
Had her abandon'd: she, of nought affray'd,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,^[d]
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place:
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
Soon as the royal Virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
O, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate:—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorr'd?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echo'd from the neighbor wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the Virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayèd Champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.

Of her sad troubles and misfortunes true:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

From "The Faerie Queene."

Una is the heroine of the first Book of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." She appears to have been intended, at least in part, as a poetical impersonation of Truth. At all events, she is one of the sweetest and loveliest visions that ever issued from a poet's brain.

[a] l. 2. In Spenser's time the endings *sion*, *tion*, as also *cian*, and various others, were often used as two syllables.

[b] l. 13. That is, *handling*, in the sense of *treatment*. Here, again, we have a relic of ancient usage. So, too, in *commandement*, in the last stanza of this piece. And in many other like words the old poets often make two syllables where we now make but one.

[c] l. 18. An old witch named Duessa, painted and dressed up into a false show of beauty, and dealing in magic arts. She had lied and cheated the red-cross Knight, the hero of the story, out of his faith in Una and beguiled him with her mighty spells.

[d] l. 32. *undight*, took off. l. 33. *stole*, a long, loose garment reaching to the feet. l. 48. *weet*, understand. l. 64. *Redounding*, flowing.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

OVER the plum and apricot there may be seen a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; for it never grows but once.

The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew, arrayed with jewels, once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell lightly upon it from heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your fingers, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be immediately obliterated.

So in youth there is a purity of character which when once touched and defiled can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be reëmbroidered.

When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss he can never make whole again.

DELIGHTS OF READING.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Books are to mankind what memory is to the individual. They contain the history of our race, the discoveries we have made, the accumulated knowledge and experience of ages; they picture for us the marvels and beauties of nature; help us in our difficulties, comfort us in sorrow and in suffering, change hours of weariness into moments of delight, store our minds with ideas, fill them with good and happy thoughts, and lift us out of and above ourselves.

There is an Oriental story of two men: one was a king, who every night dreamt he was a beggar; the other was a beggar, who every night dreamt he was a prince and lived in a palace. I am not sure that the king had very much the best of it. Imagination is sometimes more vivid than reality. But, however this may be, when we read we may not only (if we wish it) be kings and live in palaces, but, what is far better, we may transport ourselves to the mountains or the seashore, and visit the most beautiful parts of the earth, without fatigue, inconvenience, or expense.

Many of those who have had, as we say, all that this world can give, have yet told us they owed much of their purest happiness to books. Ascham, in "The Schoolmaster," tells a touching story of his last visit to Lady Jane Grey. He found her sitting in an oriel window reading Plato's beautiful account of the death of Socrates. Her father and mother were hunting in the park, the hounds were in full cry and their voices came in through the open window. He expressed his surprise that she had not joined them. But, said she, "I wist that all their pleasure in the park is but a shadow to the pleasure I find in Plato."

Macaulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet he tells us in his biography that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In a charming letter to a little girl he says: "Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays, and sights in the world. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

Books, indeed, endow us with a whole enchanted palace of thoughts. There is a wider prospect, says Jean Paul Richter, from Parnassus than from the throne. In one way they give us an even more vivid idea than the actual reality, just as reflections are often more beautiful than real nature. All mirrors, says George MacDonald, "are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I look in the glass."

English literature is the birthright and inheritance of the English race. We have produced and are

producing some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No race can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature—richer than our commerce, more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride and glory of our country, and for it we cannot be too thankful.

Precious and priceless are the blessings which the books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the noblest spirits, through the most sublime and enchanting regions,—regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

“Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet’s dream.”

Without stirring from our firesides we may roam to the most remote regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spenser’s shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton’s angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of Paradise. Science, art, literature, philosophy,—all that man has thought, all that man has done,—the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations,—all are garnered up for us in the world of books.

From “The Use of Life.”

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

For a sketch of the life of Tennyson, see Book V, page 102.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman’s boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill:
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in the year 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon, in England. Queen Elizabeth was on the throne then, and it was one of the most brilliant periods in all English history. The poems and plays that Shakespeare wrote are the greatest in the English language, and one cannot appreciate the best there is in literature unless he has studied them. It is strange that no one thought, in the time that he lived, of writing his history, so that we might know as much about him and his boyhood as we do of most other great men.

Stratford is in the heart of England, and the stream of Avon winds through a beautiful country. There were two famous old castles near by, which had been peopled by knights in armor, and out of whose great stone gateways they had ridden to battle.

We are sure that Shakespeare loved to listen to the tales of these old battles, for in later years he based several of his great historical plays upon them.

One of these plays is called “Richard III.,” and part of the scenes are laid in the old Warwick Castle, near his home. He tells how the young son of the Duke of Clarence was kept a prisoner in one of the great gloomy towers, by the wicked Duke of Gloucester, who afterward became King Richard III.; and the play ends with the Battle of Bosworth Field, where King Richard is slain.

We know that Shakespeare was fond of the woods and the fields, for his plays are filled with charming descriptions of their beauty. The forest of Arden was near Stratford, and its streams and woods filled him with such delight that when he became a man he made them forever famous by writing a play called “As You Like It,” the most beautiful scenes of which are laid in this forest.

He liked to imagine that fairies dwelt in the Arden woods, and though he could not see them in their frolics, he could picture them in his brain. When he saw the grass and flowers wet with dew, it pleased him to think that this had been a task set by the Queen of the Fairies in the night for her tiny subjects. So in his play, “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” he makes a fairy say:—



“Over hill, over dale,
Thorough brush, thorough brier,

.....
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moony sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen.”

Then the fairy tells its companion it must hasten away to its task:—

“I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.”

Shakespeare must have been in the forest of Arden often in the summer mornings and seen the dewdrops clinging to the cowslips and glistening in the sunlight like pearls.



BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.

The exact day that Shakespeare was born is not certain, but it was about the 23d of April, and many men who have made a study of the poet’s life accept that as his birthday. The house in which he was born is still standing, although it has, of course, undergone many changes in the last three hundred years.

During the early boyhood of the poet, his father, John Shakespeare, was a prosperous tradesman. He was a wool dealer and farmer. When Shakespeare was four years old his father became high-bailiff, or mayor of the town.

The future dramatist was sent to the village school at about the age of seven. He could already read, having learned his letters at home from a very queer primer. It was called the “horn-book,” because it was made of a single printed leaf, set in a frame of wood like our slates, and covered with a thin plate of horn.

The boy remained at school only about six years. His father had failed in many enterprises, and it is probable he needed his son to help him in his work. Just what Shakespeare learned at school we do not know, but his writings show some knowledge of Greek and Latin, for these languages were taught in the schools at that time.

It is certain that Shakespeare’s education went on after he left school. That is, he learned something from everything he saw about him and from all that he read. Even the trees in the forest and the streams in the meadows taught him lessons about nature. And this idea he expresses in his own beautiful way in the play “As You Like It,” when he makes the banished Duke in the forest of Arden say:—

“And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

It is quite probable that John Shakespeare unconsciously decided the career of his son, for it was while he was mayor of Stratford that plays were first presented there, and the players must have obtained his consent in order to give their performances.

We can also learn from his writings what games Shakespeare was fond of, or, at least, what sports the boys of his time took delight in. In Shakespeare’s “Comedy of Errors” he refers to the game of football, and in the historical play of “Julius Cæsar,” there is a fine description of a swimming match between Cæsar and Cassius. Cassius tells the story to Brutus of how Cæsar challenged him to leap into the river Tiber, armed as they were for battle:—

“Cæsar said to me, ‘Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?’ Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar’d and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.”

Cassius then tells how Cæsar’s strength gave out and he cried for help, and how Cassius brought him safe to land.

Other sports of Shakespeare’s day were archery, wrestling, hunting, and falconry, where a bird called a falcon was let loose into the air to pursue its prey.

When Shakespeare was in his nineteenth year he married Anne Hathaway, and a few years later he set out to seek his fortune in London.

He had played some small parts on the stage at Stratford, and it is not surprising that we soon find him among the players in London, filling such trifling parts as were offered to him, and even, some accounts say, holding horses at the stage door to help support himself and his family.

His leisure time was spent in study. "Plutarch's Lives" furnished him with material for his plays of "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," and parts, at least, of others.

He was a great student of the Bible, so much so that a learned bishop who made a study of his plays found that Shakespeare in all his writings had in five hundred and fifty different places either quoted from the Scriptures or referred to them.

Shakespeare rose to fame rapidly. He was associated in the building of a new theater called the Globe, where his plays were acted before thousands. Then the Blackfriars Theater was built, and these two houses divided the honor of producing his plays.

He gathered up the history of England, the grandeur of its courts, the beauty of its woods and fields, and the deeds of its people, and told of it all in such masterful dramas that his name leads all other English writers.

The last few years of his life were spent at Stratford-on-Avon, where he had become a large land-owner. He died in the year 1616, at the age of fifty-two.

Nearly every great English writer and poet ever since has referred, in some way or other, to the plays of Shakespeare. The speeches of our statesmen owe much of their strength and beauty to the influence of his writings. It has been said that "Shakespeare is like a great primeval forest, whence timber shall be cut and used as long as winds blow and leaves are green."

THE THREE CASKETS.

[ABRIDGED.]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House. Three Caskets of
Gold, Silver, and Lead on Table.*

Portia, a beautiful and accomplished heiress, is sought in marriage by a large number of suitors, whose fate is to be determined by the choice they make of one of three caskets—gold, silver, and base lead.

The following are the comments of three of the suitors—the Prince of Morocco, the Prince of Arragon, and Bassanio:—

Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco.

PORTIA.

Now make your choice.

MOROCCO.

The first, of gold, which this inscription bears,—

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;

The second, silver, which this promise carries,—

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,—

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.—

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

PORTIA.

The one of them contains my picture, Prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOROCCO.

Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;

I will survey th' inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: men, that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afeard of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But, more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:

..... Deliver me the key;

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

PORTIA.

There, take it, Prince, and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

MOROCCO.

What have we here?

A carrion Death, within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] *All that glisters is not gold,—*

Often have you heard that told:

Many a man his life hath sold,

But my outside to behold:

Gilded tombs do worms infold.

Had you been as wise as bold,

Young in limbs, in judgment old,

Your answer had not been inscroll'd:

Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labor lost;

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!—

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
[Exit with train.]

Enter Prince of Arragon.

PORTIA.

Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince;
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARRAGON.

I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

PORTIA.

To these injunctions everyone doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

ARRAGON.

And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire!—That *many* may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

And well said too: for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

I will assume desert.—Give me a key,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
[He opens the silver casket.]

PORTIA.

Too long a pause for that which you find there.

ARRAGON.

What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.—
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!

Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

PORTIA.

T' offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposèd natures.

ARRAGON.

What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.*

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrath.

[*Exeunt Arragon and Train.*

Enter Bassanio.

BASSANIO.

So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?

.....
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crispèd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposèd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian feature; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou stale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatenest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

—What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit!

—Here's the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune:—

*You that choose not by the view
Chance as fair, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

PORTIA.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,

To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That, only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of—something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpracticed:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; then happier in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

From "The Merchant of Venice."

QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

ADVERSITY.

SWEET are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

"As You Like It."

REPUTATION.

GOOD name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

"Othello."

FEAR OF DEATH.

COWARDS die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

"Julius Cæsar."

SHAKESPEARE'S POETRY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY was born in Edinburgh in 1773 and died in 1850. He attended the schools of his native city and completed his education in the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford, preparing himself for the pursuit of law.

He was also a writer of essays and criticisms and attained high rank as a judge and writer. He was at one time editor of the famous "Edinburgh Review."

SHAKESPEARE alone, when the object requires it, is always keen and worldly and practical; and yet, without changing his hand or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with Spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace. He is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery and splendor than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares.

More full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed, he is also more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world. And he has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but everything is so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another.

The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading, the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets; but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.

HOME.

HENRY W. GRADY.

HENRY W. GRADY was born in Georgia in 1851. While a student at the University of Georgia, he excelled in debate. On graduation, he determined to make journalism his life-work. As the editor of the "Atlanta Constitution," he rapidly grew into prominence as a journalist and an orator. Mr. Grady died in 1889.

A FEW days later I visited a country home. A modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest; barns and cribs well filled and the old smoke-house odorous with treasure; the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking; inside the house, thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure the newborn babes of the family, and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family and the heart and conscience of the home.

Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house, the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father.

As they drew near the door, the old mother appeared, the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or, weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest.

And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies; the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry; the restless bird called from the neighboring wood; and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home!

And as I gazed, the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, "Surely here—here in the homes of the people—is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength; here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility." The homes of the people—let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn—here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do.

Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law; that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all, let us honor God in our homes—anchor them close in His love. Build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers, and crown them with the Bible—that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain.

Let us keep sacred the Sabbath of God in its purity, and have no city so great, or village so small, that every Sunday morning shall not stream forth over towns and meadows the golden benediction of the bells, as they summon the people to the churches of their fathers, and ring out in praise of God and the power of His might. Let us keep the states of this Union in the current of the sweet old-fashioned, that the sweet rushing waters may lap their sides, and everywhere from their soil grow the tree, the leaf whereof shall not fade, and the fruit whereof shall not die.

Let us remember that the home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

A PALACE IN A VALLEY.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, England, in 1709, and died in 1784.

He was educated at Oxford, where he gained honor as a student in spite of his poverty and defective eyesight.

After leaving college Johnson held a position as an usher, and later was employed by some booksellers.

He gradually began a literary life, publishing some poems, and then conducted "The Rambler" and "The Idler," two periodicals.

He wrote the story of "Rasselas" to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. His greatest work was a Dictionary of the English Language.

Dr. Johnson's character was a strange union of strength and weakness. His manners were uncouth, but his conversation was rich in wit and wisdom. His genius was recognized during the latter years of his life.

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow,—attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor in whose dominions the Father of Waters begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty and scatters over half the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom Nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures; on another, all beasts of chase frisking in the lawns. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century deriding the rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practiced to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life,

and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man.

To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the happy valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquillity.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves,—all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from their pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change and endeavored to renew his love of pleasure. He neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals.

This singularity of his humor made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

“What,” said he, “makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same bodily necessities with myself; he is hungry and crops the grass, he is thirsty and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied and sleeps; he rises again and is hungry; he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty, like him; but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want; but am not, like him, satisfied with fullness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and singer, but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification, or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy.”

After this he lifted up his head, and, seeing the moon rising, walked toward the palace. As he passed through the fields and saw the animals around him, “Ye,” said he, “are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity, for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments.”

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacency in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

From “Rasselas.”

TRUE HEROISM.

LET others write of battles fought,
Of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero stanch and brave
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed,—
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume, or drum,—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread;
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part,—
Who conquers and is free!
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

THE PEN.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

BENEATH the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing
But taking sorcery from the master's hand
To paralyze the Cæsars and to strike
The loud earth breathless! Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it.

From "Richelieu."



MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

GEORGE BANCROFT was born at Worcester, Mass., in 1800 and died in 1891.

He was graduated from Harvard College when he was seventeen, bearing off the second honors of his class.

The following year he sailed for Europe and spent five years studying under the most learned professors in Germany, France, and Italy.

On his return to America he became a tutor at Harvard and was afterwards connected with a classical school at Northampton.

He was deeply interested in the affairs of the nation, but refused to enter public life, as he had decided to write a history of the United States.

The first volume of this history appeared in 1834, and the series occupied his time for many years.

Mr. Bancroft held the position of secretary of the navy for about a year under President Polk. It was due to his efforts that the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., was established.

He was appointed minister to England in 1846 and remained abroad for three years.

He returned to this country and resumed his literary work. In 1867 he was appointed minister to Berlin by President Grant.

The "History of the United States" is without a rival. It is generally accepted as an authority. Mr. Bancroft spared no pains in his researches among old manuscripts, and his style is full of interest.

At eleven years old, left, an orphan, to the care of an excellent but unlettered mother, Washington grew up without learning. Of arithmetic and geometry he acquired just knowledge enough to be able to practice measuring land; but all his instruction at school taught him not so much as the orthography or rules of grammar of his own tongue. His culture was altogether his own work, and he was in the strictest sense a self-made man; yet from his early life he never seemed uneducated. At sixteen he went into the wilderness as surveyor, and for three years continued the pursuit, where the forest trained him, in meditative solitude, to freedom and largeness of mind; and Nature revealed to him her obedience to serene and silent laws.

In his intervals from toil, he seemed always to be attracted to the best men, and to be cherished by them. Fairfax, his employer, an Oxford scholar, already aged, became his fast friend. He read little, but with close attention. Whatever he took in hand, he applied himself to with care; and his papers, which have been preserved, show how he almost imperceptibly gained the power of writing correctly; always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity of language and grace.

Courage was so natural to him that it was hardly spoken of to his praise; no one ever at any moment of his life discovered in him the least shrinking from danger; and he had a hardihood of daring which escaped notice, because it was so enveloped by superior calmness and wisdom.

He was as cheerful as he was spirited; frank and communicative in the society of friends; fond of the fox-chase and the dance; often sportive in his letters; and liked a hearty laugh. This joyousness of disposition remained to the last, though the vastness of his responsibilities was soon to take from him the right of displaying the impulsive qualities of his nature, and the weight which he was to bear up was to overlay and repress his gayety and openness.

His hand was liberal; giving quietly and without observation, as though he were ashamed of nothing but being discovered in doing good. He was kindly and compassionate, and of lively sensibility to the sorrows of others; so that, if his country had only needed a victim for its relief, he would have willingly offered himself as a sacrifice. But while he was prodigal of himself, he was considerate for others; ever parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen.

His faculties were so well balanced and combined that his constitution, free from excess, was tempered evenly with all the elements of activity, and his mind resembled a well-ordered commonwealth; his passions, which had the intensest vigor, owned allegiance to reason; and with all the fiery quickness of his spirit his impetuous and massive will was held in check by consummate judgment. He had in his composition a calm which gave him, in moments of highest excitement, the power of self-control, and enabled him to excel in patience, even when he had most cause for disgust. Washington was offered a command when there was little to bring out the unorganized resources of the continent but his own influence, and authority was connected with the people by the most frail, most attenuated, scarcely discernible threads; yet, vehement as was his nature, impassioned as was his courage, he so restrained his ardor, that he never failed continuously to exert the attracting power of that influence, and never exerted it so sharply as to break its force.

His understanding was lucid, and his judgment accurate; so that his conduct never betrayed hurry or confusion. No detail was too minute for his personal inquiry and continued supervision; and at the same time he comprehended events in their widest aspects and relations. He never seemed above the object that engaged his attention; and he was always equal, without an effort, to the solution of the highest questions, even when there existed no precedents to guide his decision.

In this way he never drew to himself admiration for the possession of any one quality in excess; never made in council any one suggestion that was sublime but impracticable; never in action took to himself the praise or the blame of undertakings astonishing in conception, but beyond his means of execution. It was the most wonderful accomplishment of this man that, placed upon the largest theater of events, at the head of the greatest revolution in human affairs, he never failed to observe all that was possible, and at the same time to bound his aspirations by that which was possible.

Profoundly impressed with confidence in God's providence, and exemplary in his respect for the forms of public worship, no philosopher of the eighteenth century was more firm in the support of freedom of religious opinion; none more tolerant, or more remote from bigotry; but belief in God and trust in His overruling power formed the essence of his character. Divine wisdom not only illumines the spirit, it inspires the will. Washington was a man of action, and not of theory or words; his creed appears in his life, not in his professions, which burst from him very rarely, and only at those great moments of crisis in the fortunes of his country, when Earth and Heaven seemed actually to meet, and his emotions became too intense for suppression; but his whole being was one continued act of faith in the eternal, intelligent, moral order of the Universe. Integrity was so completely the law of his nature, that a planet would sooner have shot from its sphere, than he have departed from his uprightness, which was so constant that it often seemed to be almost impersonal.

They say of Giotto, that he introduced goodness into the art of painting: Washington carried it with him to the camp and the cabinet, and established a new criterion of human greatness. The purity of his will confirmed his fortitude; and, as he never faltered in his faith in virtue, he stood fast by that which he knew to be just; free from illusions; never dejected by the apprehension of the difficulties and perils that went before him; and drawing the promise of success from the justice of his cause. Hence he was persevering, leaving

nothing unfinished; free from all taint of obstinacy in his firmness; seeking and gladly receiving advice, but immovable in his devotedness to right.

Of a "retiring modesty and habitual reserve," his ambition was no more than the consciousness of his power, and was subordinate to his sense of duty; he took the foremost place, for he knew, from inborn magnanimity, that it belonged to him, and he dared not withhold the service required of him; so that, with all his humility, he was by necessity the first, though never for himself or for private ends. He loved fame, the approval of coming generations, the good opinion of his fellow-men of his own time; and he desired to make his conduct coincide with their wishes; but not fear of censure, not the prospect of applause, could tempt him to swerve from rectitude; and the praise which he coveted was the sympathy of that moral sentiment which exists in every human breast, and goes forth only to the welcome of virtue.

This also is the praise of Washington, that never in the tide of time has any man lived who had in so great a degree the almost divine faculty to command the confidence of his fellow-men and rule the willing. Wherever he became known, in his family, his neighborhood, his county, his native state, the continent, the camp, civil life, the United States, among the common people, in foreign courts, throughout the civilized world of the human race, and even among the savages, he, beyond all other men, had the confidence of his kind.

NATIONAL HYMN.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH was born in Boston in 1808, and died in 1895.

He attended the Boston Latin School, was graduated at Harvard College, and then studied for the ministry at the Andover Theological Seminary. While in Harvard he was a classmate of Oliver Wendell Holmes. At a reunion of his class, held many years after they had left college, Holmes read a poem which he had written for the occasion, called "The Boys," and spoke of Mr. Smith in these words:

"He chanted a song for the brave and the free,
Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of thee.' "

He referred to the poem beginning "My country, 'tis of thee," the national hymn of America, written by Mr. Smith when he was a young theological student, and first sung at a children's celebration, held on one Fourth of July, in the Park Street Church, Boston.

A collection of his hymns and poems has been published under the title of "Lyric Gems."

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

THE LARK IN THE GOLD-FIELDS.

CHARLES READE.

CHARLES READE, the youngest of eleven children of John Reade, an English country squire, was born in Ipsden in 1814. His father and mother loved him dearly, but found it convenient, after the custom of the time, to intrust his early instruction and care to tutors and masters of boarding schools. Thus the memory of frequent floggings survived in the boy's mind, as marking the thorny road of his first school days.

He entered Magdalen College in **1831** and three years later was appointed to a fellowship which he held for fifty years, until his death in **1884**. The income of this enabled him to strive for many years against disappointments and finally achieve fame as a writer. He toiled long and hard for recognition and it was not until he was nearly forty years of age that he became known.

In the meantime he had studied law and had written many plays which he had vainly tried to have accepted.

His first successful work of note was the brilliant comedy, "Masks and Faces." This he turned later into the novel, "Peg Woffington." His stories are throughout strong in dramatic situations and, despite his greater success as a novelist, he always considered himself primarily a playwright.

Like his friend Charles Dickens, he aimed in his writings to correct social abuses, and his literary lance was ever couched to aid the unfortunate.

He wrote "It's Never too Late to **Mend**" to abolish the evils of the English prison system. Its success was tremendous, and later, when it was dramatized and produced at the Princess Theater, there was almost a riot in the audience.

"Hard Cash" was directed against the abuses in insane asylums; "Foul Play" dealt with those connected with the merchant shipping service; "Put Yourself in His Place" took up the hardships of the laboring man. Thus in his books he assailed the evils of his time.

First and always, however, he was a literary artist. He knew how to weave together hard, homely facts and romantic incidents so that his blows for right struck all the harder because of the reader's absorbing interest in the plot of his story. "It would require a chemical analysis to separate the fiction from the reality," said Justin McCarthy of Reade's novels.

"The Cloister and the Hearth" is considered his greatest story.

PART I.

"Tom, I invite you to a walk."

"Well, George, a walk is a great temptation this beautiful day."

It was the month of January in Australia. A blazing hot day was beginning to glow through the freshness of morning. The sky was one cope of pure blue, and the southern air crept slowly up, its wings clogged with fragrance, and just tuned the trembling leaves,—no more.

"Is not this pleasant, Tom?—isn't it sweet?"

"I believe you, George! and what a shame to run down such a country as this! There they come home and tell you that the flowers have no smell, but they keep dark about the trees and bushes being haystacks of flowers. Snuff the air as we go, it is a thousand English gardens in one. Look at those tea-scrubs, each with a thousand blossoms on it as sweet as honey; and the golden wattles on the other side, and all smelling like seven o'clock."

"Ay, lad! it is very refreshing; and it is Sunday, and we have got away from the wicked for an hour or two. But in England there would be a little white church out yonder, and a spire like an angel's forefinger pointing from the grass to heaven, and the lads in their clean frocks like snow, and the lasses in their white stockings and new shawls, and the old women in their scarlet cloaks and black bonnets, all going one road, and a tinkle-tinkle from the belfry, that would turn all these other sounds and colors and sweet smells holy, as well as fair, on the Sabbath morn. Ah, England! Ah!"

"You will see her again,—no need to sigh. But this is a lovely land."

"So 'tis, Tom, so 'tis. But I'll tell you what puts me out a little bit;—nothing is what it sets up for here. If you see a ripe pear and go to eat it, it is a lump of hard wood. Next comes a thing the very sight of which turns your stomach, and that is delicious,—a loquat, for instance. There, now, look at that magpie! well, it is Australia, so that magpie is a crow and not a magpie at all. Everything pretends to be some old friend or other of mine, and turns out a stranger. Here is nothing but surprises and deceptions. The flowers make a point of not smelling, and the bushes, that nobody expects to smell or wants to smell, they smell lovely."

"What does it matter where the smell comes from, so that you get it?"

"Why, Tom," replied George, opening his eyes, "it makes all the difference. I like to smell a flower,—a flower is not complete without smell; but I don't care if I never smell a bush till I die. Then the birds,—they laugh and talk like Christians; they make me split my sides, bless their little hearts! but they won't chirrup. It is Australia! where everything is inside-out and topsy-turvy. The animals have four legs, so they jump on two. Ten-foot square of rock lets for a pound a month; ten acres of grass for a shilling a year. Roasted at Christmas, shiver o' cold on Midsummer Day. The lakes are grass, and the rivers turn their backs on the sea and run into the heart of the land; and the men would stand on their heads, but I have taken a thought, and I've found out why they don't."

"Why?"

"Because, if they did, their heads would point the same way a man's head points in England."

Tom Robinson laughed, and told George he admired the country for these very traits. "Novelty for me against the world. Who'd come twelve thousand miles to see nothing we couldn't see at home? One does not want the same story always. Where are we going, George?"

"Oh, not much farther,—only about twelve miles from the camp."

"Where to?"

"To a farmer I know. I am going to show you a lark, Tom," said George, and his eyes beamed benevolence on his comrade.

Robinson stopped short. "George," said he, "no! don't let us. I would rather stay at home and read my book."

"Why, Tom, am I the man to tempt you to do evil?" asked George, hurt.

"Why, no! but, for all that, you proposed a lark."

"Ay, but an innocent one,—one more likely to lift your heart on high than to give you ill thoughts."

"Well, this is a riddle!" and Robinson was intensely puzzled.

"Carlo!" cried George suddenly, "come here; I will not have you hunting and tormenting those kangaroo rats to-day. Let us all be at peace, if *you* please. Come, to heel."

The friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon a small squatter's house and premises. "Here we are," said George, and his eyes glittered with innocent delight.

THE LARK IN THE GOLD-FIELDS.

CHARLES READE.

PART II.

THE house was thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground around it. A furze bush had been planted by the door. Vertical oak palings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle of them. From the little plantation all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded with amazing resolution and consistency, and oak and ash reigned, safe from overtowering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for on the oval grass-plot and gravel-walk he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

"Ah, well," said he, on reflection, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves, and, indeed, it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way: here it is, here it is,—there." Tom looked up, and in a gigantic cage was a light-brown bird.

He was utterly confounded. "What! is it this we came twelve miles to see?"

"Ay! and twice twelve wouldn't have been much to me."

"Well, and now where is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it."

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

"Oh! ay, I see! Ha, ha! ha, ha!"

Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

"Stop your noise!" cried one; "he is going to sing." And the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation towards the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began as it were to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps; but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst the breathless silence and the glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme,—the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he loved so well,—a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him. And when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey-clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one tear trickled from fierce, unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Sweet home!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys, and most of them had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and they were full of oaths and drink, and passions and remorse, but no note was changed in this immortal song.

And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; they came back bright as the immortal notes that lighted them,—those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes,—ding-dong-bell, ding-dong-bell, ding-dong-bell; the clover-field hard by, in which he lay and gambolled while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked; the sweet, sweet hours of youth, innocence, and home.

SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;—
Give me them and that peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

SHAKESPEARE.

For a sketch of the life of Shakespeare, see page 117.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus 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 judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

.....
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

.....
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!—
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

.....
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

From "Julius Cæsar."

THE TWO ROADS.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER was born in 1763 at Wunsiedel, in the principality of Bayreuth, where his father was at different times schoolmaster, organist, and preacher. His passion for letters developed at an early age, and he read by stealth in his father's library at times when severer tasks were appointed him.

He attended the gymnasium at Hof and in 1781 matriculated as a student of theology in the University of Leipsic. He soon abandoned the study of theology for that of literature.

That his early works did not suit the popular taste is shown by the fact that in 1784 he was obliged to flee from Leipsic to escape the debtor's prison. He persevered, however, with his writings, earning a bare livelihood by tutoring. He called the books he wrote "his own children," as contrasted with those he taught.

Success came with hard work, and he was honored with a pension, was made Councilor of Legation, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Heidelberg.

He was an original thinker, a humorist, and a true poet.

His death occurred in 1825.

It was New Year's night; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journeys nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind was vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "Oh, days of my youth, return! Oh, my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

He saw wandering lights float away over dark marshes, and then disappear; these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in the darkness, and this was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young, his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years have passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "Oh, youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!"

NAPOLEON'S GREATNESS.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, a grandson of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born at Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780.

He was graduated with honors at Harvard College, at eighteen years of age, and first thought of studying medicine, but decided to enter the ministry. After spending some time as private tutor in Richmond, he returned to Cambridge and studied theology.

In 1803 he was ordained, and became pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston, where he remained during his ministerial life. He was associated with Ralph Waldo Emerson and a welcome guest at his house.

His writings show freedom of thought, wide interests, and love of literature. His death occurred at Bennington, Vt., April 2, 1842.

SUCH was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte.

There are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind.

Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a god, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition.

His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world.

Next to moral comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting, frames to itself, from its own fulness, lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, and to the master-spirits in poetry and the fine arts.

Next comes the greatness of *action*; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects.

To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne; who changed the face of

the world; who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations; who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans; whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny; whose donatives were crowns; whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes; who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps, and made them a highway; and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab,—a man, who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question, whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action—an energy equal to great effects.

From "*Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.*"

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

[ABRIDGED.]

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol, England, on the 12th of August, 1774. He was a sensitive child, easily affected by even the simple tales told him in infancy by his loving mother and his faithful nurse.

Little Robert was taken by an aunt to Bath when he was about four years old. Here he led a lonely life without playmates, and guarded upon every side. He was allowed to wander about the garden by himself and made friends with the insects and flowers, often gazing wistfully toward a sham castle on Clamton Hill, two miles distant. Oh, how the little fellow longed for freedom! When he was six years old he returned to his father's house.

He went soon after to visit his grandmother at Bedminster. This was a wonderful change for the boy. Free to roam at his own sweet will, every hour in the day was a delight to him, and the influence of this emancipation followed him throughout his entire life.

On his return home, he was sent as day scholar for a year to a Mr. Foot and then to a boys' school at Corston, nine miles from home. The teaching was of little value, and the household arrangements were very crude. Each morning the boys washed in a brook which ran through the yard. This brook was like a jolly playfellow, bringing apples from the orchards through which it ran, and affording scope for many a game. Southey gained little learning from the two years spent here, but he had formed a taste for literature when very young. His aunt had taken him to see many of Shakespeare's plays while he visited her, and her conversation was largely of actors and authors. Little Robert soon learned to look upon the authors with reverence. His earliest efforts at literature were associated with the drama. He began to write little plays. He read Shakespeare again and again, and had read Beaumont and Fletcher before he was eight years of age.



Southey was sent to school at Westminster when he was fourteen years old and remained there four years. He was then sent away because of a sarcastic article which he had written on flogging.

Through the generosity of an uncle he was enabled to go to Oxford. He already took great delight in verse making and was a strong, noble youth with a vivid imagination.

In 1794 Southey made the acquaintance of Coleridge. The two young men dreamed of a world of their own creation. They would go to America and live as brothers. Each would take a wife, and they would live an ideal life, tilling the soil and studying among rural surroundings. They had friends ready to join them, and Southey was especially eager to carry out this scheme for he loved Edith Flicker, who promised to be his wife.

But Edith was penniless, and Southey was cast off by his aunt when she learned of the intended marriage. Young Southey had written an epic poem on Joan of Arc and received fifty pounds for it—a most timely assistance.

Soon after the publication of "Joan of Arc" Southey's uncle arrived from Lisbon and persuaded Robert to return with him. On the day he sailed he was secretly married in Redcliffe Church, Bristol.

On Southey's return from Spain he gave up his former plans for founding a brotherhood, but was still busy with schemes for tragedies, comedies, and romances which were to be written.

He spent twelve months in London drudging over law books and then spent another year traveling through England. His health failing, he made a second visit to Portugal, taking his wife with him. On his return he accepted the position of secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, but soon gave up the position and went to Greta Hall, Keswick, the home of Coleridge, where he spent the remainder of his life. Here Southey showed his true greatness, supporting his own and Coleridge's families by his literary work, and always showing the loving nature of a good father, husband, and friend.

In 1813 Southey was made Poet Laureate, a recognition of his youthful work, for he now devoted the greater part of his time to prose writing. The "History of Brazil," "History of Portugal," and the lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper are among his best known works.

He spent what time he could in studying and found pleasure in the friendships of Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Landor, and Shelley.

He was offered a baronetcy, and later, a seat in Parliament, but declined both honors.

He died on the 31st of March, 1843, his death being hastened by overwork.

EARLY on the following morning Horatio Nelson reached Portsmouth; and, having despatched his business on shore, endeavored to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face;—many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England.

They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavored to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero, the



ADMIRAL NELSON.

darling hero of England.

The station which Nelson had chosen was some fifty or sixty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's. At this distance he hoped to decoy the enemy out, while he guarded against the danger of being caught with a westerly wind near Cadiz, and driven within the Straits. The blockade of the port was rigorously enforced, in hopes that the combined fleet might be forced to sea by want.

The order of sailing was to be the order of battle; the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest-sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their rear: he would lead through the center, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the center. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off.

At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west,—light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee-line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather-line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote this prayer:—

"May the Great God whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may his blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

.....

Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal:—"England expects every man to do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars: but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honor I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honor I will die with them."

A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the southwest. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendor of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates.

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee-line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the center of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side; "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was? and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said

Nelson;—"good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them "shake hands like Englishmen."

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant-sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away.

The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike.

An incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*.

The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon-shot, while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavored to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!"

Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped and looked anxiously at each other, each supposing the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships; Hardy informed him of this, and asked which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was then ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire*: so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Téméraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder,—about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action.

He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he.

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.



From the painting by Ernest Slingeneyer.

It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero.

An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am going fast," said he;—"it will be all over with me soon." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly—but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor."

He desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise.—"Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—forever.

His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer; doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired.

It is almost superfluous to add that all the honors which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £6000 a year; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters; and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson,—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them,—and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would alike have delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of England,—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

From "Life of Nelson."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past years dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

A PICNIC BY THE BALTIC.

[ABRIDGED.]

YESTERDAY, by way of a change, we went for a picnic to the shores of the Baltic, ice-bound at this season, and utterly desolate at our nearest point. I have a weakness for picnics, especially in winter, when the mosquitoes cease from troubling and the ant-hills are at rest; and of all my many favorite picnic spots this one on the Baltic is the loveliest and best. There must be deep snow, hard frost, no wind, and a cloudless sky; and when, on waking up, I see these conditions fulfilled, then it would need some very potent reason to keep me from a sleigh and going off. It is, I admit, a hard day for the horses; but why have horses if they are not to take you where you want to go, and at the time you want to go? And why should not horses have hard days as well as everybody else? It is a beautiful spot, endless forest stretching along the shore as far as the eye can reach; and after driving through it for miles you come suddenly, at the end of an avenue of arching trees, upon the glistening, oily sea, with the orange-colored sails of distant fishing-smacks shining in the sunlight. Whenever I have been there it has been windless weather, and the silence so profound that I could hear my pulses beating. The humming of insects and the sudden scream of a jay are the only sounds in summer, and in winter the stillness is the stillness of death.

Every paradise has its serpent, however, and this one is so infested by mosquitoes during the season when picnics seem most natural, that those of my visitors who have been taken there for a treat have invariably lost their tempers and made the quiet shores ring with their wailing and lamentations. These despicable but irritating insects don't seem to have anything to do but to sit in multitudes on the sand, waiting for any prey Providence may send them; and as soon as the carriage appears they rise up in a cloud and rush to meet us, almost dragging us out bodily, and never leave us until we drive away again. The sudden view of the sea from the mossy, pine-covered height directly above it where we picnic; the wonderful stretch of lonely shore with the forest to the water's edge; the colored sails in the blue distance; the freshness, the brightness, the vastness,—all is lost upon the picnickers, and made worse than indifferent to them, by the perpetual necessity they are under of fighting these horrid creatures. It is nice being the only person who ever goes there or shows it to anybody, but if more people went, perhaps the mosquitoes would be less lean, and hungry, and pleased to see us.

But on a brilliant winter's day my conscience is as clear as the frosty air itself, and yesterday morning we started off in the gayest of spirits. Only our eyes were allowed to peep out from the fur and woolen wrappings necessary to our heads if we would come back with our ears and noses in the same places they were in when we started, and for the first two miles the mirth created by each other's strange appearance was uproarious,

—a fact I mention merely to show what an effect dry, bright, intense cold produces on healthy bodies, and how much better it is to go out in it and enjoy it than to stay indoors and sulk. As we passed through the neighboring village with cracking of whip and jingling of bells, heads popped up at the windows to stare, and the only living thing in the silent, sunny street was a melancholy fowl with ruffled feathers, which looked at us reproachfully as we dashed with so much energy over the crackling snow.

“Oh, foolish bird!” Irais called out as we passed; “you’ll be indeed a cold fowl if you stand there motionless, and every one prefers them hot in weather like this!”

And then we all laughed exceedingly, as though the most splendid joke had been made, and before we had done we were out of the village and in the open country beyond, and could see my house and garden far away behind, glittering in the sunshine; and in front of us lay the forest, with its vistas of pines stretching away into infinity, and a drive through it of fourteen miles before we reached the sea.

It was a hoar-frost day, and the forest was an enchanted forest leading into fairyland, and though Irais and I have been there often before, and always thought it beautiful, yet yesterday we stood under the final arch of frosted trees, struck silent by the sheer loveliness of the place. For a long way out the sea was frozen, and then there was a deep blue line, and a cluster of motionless orange sails; at our feet a narrow strip of pale yellow sand; right and left the line of sparkling forest; and we ourselves standing in a world of white and diamond trceries. The stillness of an eternal Sunday lay on the place like a benediction.

We went back to the sleigh and had the horses taken out and their cloths put on, and they were walked up and down a distant glade while we sat in the sleigh and picnicked. It *is* a hard day for the horses—nearly thirty miles there and back and no stable in the middle; but they are so fat and spoiled that it cannot do them much harm sometimes to taste the bitterness of life. I warmed soup in a little apparatus I have for such occasions, which helped to take the chilliness off the sandwiches,—this is the only unpleasant part of a winter picnic, the clammy quality of the provisions just when you most long for something very hot.

It is the most difficult thing in the world to eat sandwiches with immense fur and woolen gloves on, and I think we ate almost as much fur as anything, and choked exceedingly during the process. Minora was angry at this, and at last pulled off her glove, but quickly put it on again.

“How very unpleasant!” she remarked after swallowing a large piece of fur.

“It will wrap round your pipes, and keep them warm,” said Irais.

“Pipes!” echoed Minora, greatly disgusted by such vulgarity.

“I’m afraid I can’t help you,” I said, as she continued to choke and splutter; “we are all in the same case, and I don’t know how to alter it.”

“There are such things as forks, I suppose,” snapped Minora.

“That’s true,” said I, crushed by the obviousness of the remedy; but of what use are forks if they are fifteen miles off? So Minora had to continue to eat her gloves.

By the time we had finished the sun was already low behind the trees and the clouds beginning to flush a faint pink. The old coachman was given sandwiches and soup, and while he led the horses up and down with one hand and held his lunch in the other, we packed up—or, to be correct, I packed, and the others looked on and gave me valuable advice.

This coachman, Peter by name, is seventy years old, and was born on the place, and has driven its occupants for fifty years, and I am nearly as fond of him as I am of the sun-dial; indeed, I don’t know what I should do without him, so entirely does he appear to understand and approve of my tastes and wishes. No drive is too long or difficult for the horses if I want to take it, no place impossible to reach if I want to go to it, no weather or roads too bad to prevent my going out if I wish to—to all my suggestions he responds with the readiest cheerfulness. In the summer, on fine evenings, I love to drive late and alone in the scented forests, and when I have reached a dark part stop, and sit quite still, listening to the nightingales repeating their little tune over and over again after interludes of gurgling, or, if there are no nightingales, listening to the marvelous silence, and letting its blessedness descend into my very soul. The nightingales in the forests about here all sing the same tune, and in the same key—E flat:



I don’t know whether all nightingales do this, or if it is peculiar to this particular spot. When they have sung it once they clear their throats a little, and hesitate, and then do it again, and it is the prettiest little song in the world. How could I indulge my passion for these drives with their pauses without Peter? He is so used to them that he stops now at the right moment without having to be told, and he is ready to drive me all night if I wish it, with no sign of anything but cheerful willingness on his nice old face.

The brightness of Peter’s perfections is sullied, however, by one spot, and that is, that as age creeps upon him, he not only cannot hold the horses in if they don’t want to be held in, but he goes to sleep sometimes on his box if I have him out too soon after lunch, and has upset me twice within the last year—once last winter out of a sleigh, and once this summer, when the horses shied at a bicycle, and bolted into the ditch on one side of the high-road, and the bicycle was so terrified at the horses shying that it shied too into the ditch on the other side, and the carriage was smashed, and the bicycle was smashed, and we were all very unhappy, except Peter, who never lost his pleasant smile, and looked so placid that my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth when I tried to make it scold him.

“But I should think he ought to have been *thoroughly* scolded on an occasion like that,” said Minora, to whom I had been telling this story as we wandered on the yellow sands while the horses were being put in the sleigh; and she glanced nervously up at Peter, whose mild head was visible between the bushes above us. “Shall we get home before dark?” she asked.

The sun had altogether disappeared behind the pines and only the very highest of the little clouds were still pink; out at sea the mists were creeping up, and the sails of the fishing-smacks had turned a dull brown; a flight of wild geese passed across the disk of the moon with loud cacklings.

"Before dark?" echoed Irais; "I should think not. It is dark now nearly in the forest, and we shall have the loveliest moonlight drive back."

"But it is surely very dangerous to let a man who goes to sleep drive you," said Minora apprehensively.

"But he's such an old dear," I said.

"Yes, yes, no doubt," she replied testily; "but there are wakeful old dears to be had, and on a box they are preferable."

Irais laughed.

"You are growing quite amusing, Miss Minora," she said.

"He isn't on a box to-day," said I; "and I never knew him to go to sleep standing up behind us on a sleigh."

Peter, however, behaved beautifully on the way home, and Irais and I at least were as happy as possible driving back, with all the glories of the western sky flashing at us every now and then at the end of a long avenue as we swiftly passed, and later on, when they had faded, myriads of stars in the narrow black strip of sky over our heads.

From "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

NATURE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The rounded world is fair to see,
Nine times folded in mystery:
Though baffled seers cannot impart
The secret of its laboring heart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.
Spirit that lurks each form within
Beckons to spirit of its kin;
Self-kindled every atom glows,
And hints the future which it owes.

THERE are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection; when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when everything that has life gives sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts.

These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather which we distinguish by the name of the Indian summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he takes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her.

We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication and second thought, and suffer nature to entrance us. The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently-reported spells of these places creep on us.

The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year.

How easily we might walk onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

These enchantments are medicinal,—they sober and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own, and make friends with matter, which the ambitious chatter of the schools would persuade us to despise. We never can part with it; the mind loves its old home: as water to our thirst, so is the rock, the ground, to our eyes and hands and feet. It is firm water; it is cold flame; what health, what affinity! Ever an old friend, ever like a dear friend and brother when we chat affectedly with strangers, comes in this honest face, and takes a grave liberty with us, and shames us out of our nonsense. Cities give not the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. There are all degrees of natural influence, from these quarantine powers of nature, up to her dearest and gravest ministrations to the imagination and the soul. There is the bucket of cold water from the spring, the wood-fire to which the chilled traveler rushes for safety,—and there is the sublime moral of autumn and of noon. We nestle in nature, and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains, and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies, which call us to solitude, and foretell the remotest future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet. I think if we should be rapt away into all that we dream of heaven, and should converse with Gabriel and Uriel, the upper sky would be

all that would remain of our furniture.

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains; the waving rye-field; the mimic waving of acres of houstonia, whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes; the musical steaming odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps; the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the flames, or of pine logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting-room,—these are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion.

My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river, and with one stroke of the paddle I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities, behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation. We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty; we dip our hands in this painted element; our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura, a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste, ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging stars, with their private and ineffable glances, signify it and proffer it. I am taught the poorness of our invention, the ugliness of towns and palaces. Art and luxury have early learned that they must work as enhancement and sequel to this original beauty. I am over-instructed for my return. Henceforth I shall be hard to please. I cannot go back to toys. I am grown expensive and sophisticated. I can no longer live without elegance, but a countryman shall be my master of revels. He who knows the most; he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments,—is the rich and royal man.

Only as far as the masters of the world have called in nature to their aid, can they reach the height of magnificence. This is the meaning of their hanging-gardens, villas, garden-houses, islands, parks and preserves, to back their faulty personality with these strong accessories. I do not wonder that the landed interest should be invincible in the State with these dangerous auxiliaries. These bribe and invite; not kings, not palaces, not men, not women, but these tender and poetic stars, eloquent of secret promises. We heard what the rich man said, we knew of his villa, his grove, his wine, and his company, but the provocation and point of the invitation came out of these beguiling stars. In their soft glances I see what men strove to realize in some Versailles, or Paphos, or Ctesiphon. Indeed, it is the magical lights of the horizon and the blue sky for the background which save all our works of art, which were otherwise bawbles.

When the rich tax the poor with servility and obsequiousness, they should consider the effect of men reputed to be the possessors of nature, on imaginative minds. Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches! A boy hears a military band play on the field at night, and he has kings and queens and famous chivalry palpably before him. He hears the echoes of a horn in a hill country, in the Notch Mountains, for example, which converts the mountains into an Æolian harp,—and this supernatural *tiralira* restores to him the Dorian mythology, Apollo, Diana, and all divine hunters and huntresses. Can a musical note be so lofty, so haughtily beautiful! To the poor young poet, thus fabulous is his picture of society; he is loyal; he respects the rich; they are rich for the sake of his imagination; how poor his fancy would be, if they were not rich! That they have some high-fenced grove which they call a park; that they live in larger and better garnished saloons than he has visited, and go in coaches, keeping only the society of the elegant, to watering-places and to distant cities,—these make the groundwork from which he has delineated estates of romance, compared with which their actual possessions are shanties and paddocks. The muse herself betrays her son, and enhances the gifts of wealth and well-born beauty by a radiation out of the air, and clouds, and forests that skirt the road,—a certain haughty favor, as if from patrician genii to patricians, a kind of aristocracy in nature, a prince of the power of the air.

The moral sensibility which makes Edens and Tempes so easily, may not be always found, but the material landscape is never far off. We can find these enchantments without visiting the Como Lake, or the Madeira Islands. We exaggerate the praises of local scenery. In every landscape the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghenies. The stars at night stoop down over the brownest, homeliest common with all the spiritual magnificence which they shed on the Campagna, or on the marble deserts of Egypt. The up-rolled clouds and the colors of morning and evening, will transfigure maples and alders. The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in the beholders. There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.

From "Essay on Nature."

TWO EXTRACTS FROM "HENRY ESMOND."

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

For a sketch of the life of Thackeray, see Book VI, page 28.

I.

MY SUPERIORS ARE ENGAGED IN PLOTS FOR THE RESTORATION OF KING JAMES II.

NOT having been able to sleep for thinking of some lines for eels which he had placed the night before, the lad was lying in his little bed, waiting for the hour when the gate would be open, and he and his comrade, Job Lockwood, the porter's son, might go to the pond and see what fortune had brought them. At daybreak Job was to awaken him, but his own eagerness for the sport had served as a *réveillé* long since—so long that

it seemed to him as if the day never would come.

It might have been four o'clock when he heard the door of the opposite chamber, the chaplain's room, open, and the voice of a man coughing in the passage. Harry jumped up, thinking for certain it was a robber, or hoping perhaps for a ghost, and, flinging open his own door, saw before him the chaplain's door open, and a light inside, and a figure standing in the doorway, in the midst of a great smoke which issued from the room.

"Who's there?" cried out the boy, who was of a good spirit.

"Silence!" whispered the other; "'tis I, my boy!" and, holding his hand out, Harry had no difficulty in recognizing his master and friend, Father Holt. A curtain was over the window of the chaplain's room that looked to the court, and Harry saw that the smoke came from a great flame of papers which were burning in a brazier when he entered the chaplain's room. After giving a hasty greeting and blessing to the lad, who was charmed to see his tutor, the father continued the burning of his papers, drawing them from a cupboard over the mantelpiece wall, which Harry had never seen before.

Father Holt laughed, seeing the lad's attention fixed at once on this hole. "That is right, Harry," he said; "faithful little friend, see all and say nothing. You are faithful, I know."

"I know I would go to the stake for you," said Harry.

"I don't want your head," said the father, patting it kindly; "all you have to do is to hold your tongue. Let us burn these papers and say nothing to anybody. Should you like to read them?"

Harry Esmond blushed and held down his head; he *had* looked as the fact was, and without thinking, at the paper before him; and though he had seen it, could not understand a word of it, the letters being quite clear enough, but quite without meaning. They burned the papers, beating down the ashes in a brazier so that scarce any traces of them remained.

Harry had been accustomed to see Father Holt in more dresses than one; and he was, in consequence, in no wise astonished that the priest should now appear before him in a riding dress, with large buff leather boots, and a feather to his hat, plain, but such as gentlemen wore.

"You know the secret of the cupboard," said he, laughing, "and must be prepared for other mysteries"; and he opened—but not a secret cupboard this time—only a wardrobe, which he usually kept locked, and from which he now took out two or three dresses and perruques of different colors, and a couple of swords of a pretty make (Father Holt was an expert practitioner with the small-sword, and every day while he was at home he and his pupil practiced this exercise, in which the lad became a very great proficient), a military coat and cloak, and a farmer's smock, and placed them in the large hole over the mantelpiece from which the papers had been taken.

"If they miss the cupboard," he said, "they will not find these; if they find them they'll tell no tales, except that Father Holt wore more suits of clothes than one."

Harry was alarmed at the notion that his friend was about to leave him; but "No," the priest said, "I may very likely come back with my lord in a few days. We are to be tolerated; we are not to be persecuted. But they may take a fancy to pay a visit at Castlewood ere our return; and, as gentlemen of my cloth are suspected, they might choose to examine my papers, which concern nobody—at least not them." And to this day, whether the papers in cipher related to politics or to the affairs of that mysterious society whereof Father Holt was a member, his pupil, Harry Esmond, remains in entire ignorance.

The rest of his goods, his small wardrobe, etc., Holt left untouched on his shelves and in his cupboard, taking down—with a laugh, however,—and flinging into the brazier, where he only half burned them, some theological treatises which he had been writing. "And now," said he, "Henry, my son, you may testify, with a safe conscience, that you saw me burning Latin sermons the last time I was here before I went away to London; and it will be daybreak directly, and I must be away before Lockwood is stirring."

"Will not Lockwood let you out, sir?" Esmond asked. Holt laughed; he was never more gay or good-humored than when in the midst of action or danger.

"Lockwood knows nothing of my being here, mind you," he said; "nor would you, you little wretch! had you slept better. You must forget that I have been here; and now farewell. Close the door and go to your own room and don't come out till—stay, why should you not know one secret more? I know you will never betray me."

In the chaplain's room were two windows; the one looking into the court facing westward to the fountain; the other a small casement strongly barred, and looking on to the green in front of the hall. This window was too high to reach from the ground; but, mounting on a buffet which stood beneath it, Father Holt showed me how, by pressing on the base of the window, the whole framework of lead, glass, and iron stanchions descended into a cavity worked below, from which it could be drawn and restored to its usual place from without; a broken pane being purposely open to admit the hand which was to work upon the spring of the machine.

"When I am gone," Father Holt said, "you may push away the buffet, so that no one may fancy that an exit has been made that way; lock the door; place the key—where shall we put the key?—under Chrysostom on the bookshelf; and if any ask for it, say I keep it there, and told you where to find it, if you had need to go to my room. The descent is easy down the wall into the ditch; and so once more farewell, until I see thee again, my dear son." And with this the intrepid father mounted the buffet with great agility and briskness, stepped across the window, lifting up the bars and framework again from the other side, and only leaving room for Harry Esmond to stand on tiptoe and kiss his hand before the casement closed, the bars fixing as firm as ever, seemingly, in the stone arch overhead. When Father Holt next arrived at Castlewood, it was by the public gate on horseback; and he never so much as alluded to the existence of the private issue to Harry, except when he had need of a private messenger from within, for which end, no doubt, he had instructed his young pupil in the means of quitting the hall.

Esmond, young as he was, would have died sooner than betray his friend and master, as Mr. Holt well knew; for he had tried the boy more than once, putting temptations in his way, to see whether he would yield to them and confess afterward, or whether he would resist them, as he did sometimes, or whether he would

lie, which he never did.

II.

SIXTEEN YEARS AFTER.

Esmond took horses to Castlewood. He had not seen its ancient gray towers and well-remembered woods for nearly fourteen years, and since he rode thence with my lord, to whom his mistress with her young children by her side waved an adieu. What ages seemed to have passed since then; what years of action and passion, of care, love, hope, disaster! The children were grown up now and had stories of their own. As for Esmond, he felt to be a hundred years old; his dear mistress only seemed unchanged; she looked and welcomed him quite as of old. There was the fountain in the court babbling its familiar music, the old hall and its furniture, the carved chair my late lord used, the very flagon he drank from.

Esmond's mistress knew he would like to sleep in the little room he used to occupy; 'twas made ready for him, and wallflowers and sweet herbs set in the adjoining chamber, the chaplain's room.

In tears of not unmanly emotion, with prayers of submission to the awful Dispenser of death and life, of good and evil fortune, Mr. Esmond passed a part of that first night at Castlewood; lying awake for many hours as the clock kept tolling (in tones so well remembered); looking back, as all men will that revisit their home of childhood, over the great gulf of time, and surveying himself on the distant bank yonder, a sad little melancholy boy with his lord still alive,—his dear mistress, a girl yet, her children sporting around her.

Years ago, a boy on that very bed, when she had blessed him and called him her knight, he had made a vow to be faithful and never desert her dear service. Had he kept that fond boyish promise? Yes, before Heaven; yes, praise be to God! His life had been hers; his blood, his fortune, his name, his whole heart ever since had been hers and her children's. All night long he was dreaming his boyhood over again and waking fitfully; he half fancied he heard Father Holt calling to him from the next chamber, and that he was coming in and out from the mysterious window.

Esmond rose up before the dawn, passed into the next room, where the air was heavy with the odor of the wallflowers, looked into the brazier where the papers had been burnt, into the old presses where Holt's books and papers had been kept, and tried the spring and whether the window worked still. The spring had not been touched for years, but yielded at length, and the whole fabric of the window sank down. He lifted it and it relapsed into its frame; no one had ever passed thence since Holt used it sixteen years ago.

Esmond remembered his poor lord saying, on the last day of his life, that Holt used to come in and out of the house like a ghost, and knew that the father liked these mysteries, and practised such secret disguises, entrances, and exits; this was the way the ghost came and went, his pupil had always conjectured. Esmond closed the casement up again as the dawn was rising over Castlewood village; he could hear the clinking at the blacksmith's forge yonder among the trees, across the green, and past the river, on which a mist still lay sleeping.

Next Esmond opened that long cupboard over the woodwork of the mantelpiece, big enough to hold a man, and in which Mr. Holt used to keep sundry secret properties of his. The two swords he remembered so well as a boy lay actually there still, and Esmond took them out and wiped them with a strange curiosity of emotion. There were a bundle of papers here too, which no doubt had been left at Holt's last visit to the place, in my Lord Viscount's life, that very day when the priest had been arrested and taken to Hexham Castle. Esmond made free with these papers, and found treasonable matter of King William's reign, and a letter from the king at St. Germain's offering to confer upon his trusty and well-beloved Francis Viscount Castlewood the titles of Earl and Marquis of Esmond, bestowed by patent royal, and in the fourth year of his reign, upon Thomas Viscount Castlewood and the heirs-male of his body, in default of which issue the ranks and dignities were to pass to Francis aforesaid.

This was the paper whereof my lord had spoken, which Holt showed him the very day he was arrested, and for an answer to which he would come back in a week's time. I put these papers hastily into the crypt whence I had taken them, being interrupted by a tapping of a light finger at the ring of the chamber door; 'twas my kind mistress, with her face full of love and welcome. She, too, had passed the night wakefully no doubt, but neither asked the other how the hours had been spent. There are things we divine without speaking, and know though they happen out of our sight. This fond lady hath told me that she knew both days when I was wounded abroad. Who shall say how far sympathy reaches, and how truly love can prophesy? "I looked into your room," was all she said; "the bed was vacant, the little old bed! I knew I should find you here." And tender and blushing faintly with a benediction in her eyes, the gentle creature kissed him.

They walked out hand in hand through the old court and to the terrace walk, where the grass was glistening with dew, and the birds in the green woods above were singing their delicious choruses under the blushing morning sky. How well all things were remembered! The ancient towers and gables of the hall darkling against the east, the purple shadows on the green slopes, the quaint devices and carvings of the dial, the forest-crowned heights, the fair yellow plain cheerful with crops and corn, the shining river rolling through it toward the pearly hills beyond; all these were before us, along with a thousand beautiful memories of our youth, beautiful and sad, but as real and vivid in our minds as that fair and always-remembered scene our eyes beheld once more. We forget nothing. The memory sleeps but wakens again; I often think how it shall be, when, after the last sleep of death, the *réveillé* shall arouse us forever, and the past in one flash of self-consciousness rush back, like the soul, revived.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY was born at Boston in 1796. His ancestors were prominent in the Revolution, and he came of a

brave and godly race.

He graduated from Harvard in 1815, and three years later accepted the pastorate of a Unitarian church in Boston. He became engaged in literary work and leaving the ministry took a professorship at Harvard. He held this position for eight years, from 1831 to 1839.

In 1836 he became editor of the "North American Review" and held this position until 1843.

He became interested in politics and was elected a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and later, Secretary of State. His best literary work was the "History of New England."

He died at Cambridge in 1881.

A GOOD daughter!—there are other ministries of love, more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given.

But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad; and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection that is following him, perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom, which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice.

He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but all-expressive proofs of love.

And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! What an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh, how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart!

A true love will, almost certainly, always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

[ABRIDGED.]

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE orders of animals are the serpent and the bird: the serpent, in which the breath or spirit is less than in any other creature, and the earth-power greatest; the bird, in which the breath or spirit is more full than in any other creature, and the earth-power least.

We will take the bird first. It is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like blown flame; it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it,—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lispings and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air; on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds; the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky,—all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand; even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes,—seen, but too soft for touch.

And so the Spirit of the Air is put into, and upon, this created form; and it becomes, through twenty centuries, the symbol of divine help, descending, as the Fire, to speak, but as the Dove, to bless....

The deep of air that surrounds the earth enters into union with the earth at its surface, and with its waters, so as to be the apparent cause of their ascending into life. First, it warms them, and shades, at once, staying the heat of the sun's rays in its own body, but warding their force with its clouds. It warms and cools at once, with traffic of balm and frost; so that the white wreaths are withdrawn from the field of the Swiss peasant by the glow of Libyan rock.

It gives its own strength to the sea; forms and fills every cell of its foam; sustains the precipices, and designs the valleys of its waves; gives the gleam to their moving under the night, and the white fire to their plains under sunrise; lifts their voices along the rocks, bears above them the spray of birds, pencils through

them the dimpling of unfooted sands. It gathers out of them a portion in the hollow of its hand: dyes, with that, the hills into dark blue, and their glaciers with dying rose; inlays with that, for sapphire, the dome in which it has to set the cloud; shapes out of that the heavenly flocks; divides them, numbers, cherishes, bears them on its bosom, calls them to their journeys, waits by their rest; feeds from them the brooks that cease not, and strews with them the dews that cease.

It spins and weaves their fleece into wild tapestry, rends it, and renews; and flits and flames, and whispers, among the golden threads, thrilling them with a plectrum of strange fire that traverses them to and fro, and is enclosed in them like life.

It enters into the surface of the earth, subdues it, and falls together with it into fruitful dust, from which can be moulded flesh; it joins itself, in dew, to the substance of adamant, and becomes the green leaf out of the dry ground; enters into the separated shapes of the earth it has tempered, commands the ebb and flow of the current of their life, fills their limbs with its own lightness, measures their existence by its indwelling pulse, moulds upon their lips the words by which one soul can be known to another; is to them the hearing of the ear, and the beating of the heart; and, passing away, leaves them to the peace that hears and moves no more.

From "Athena, Queen of the Air."

THANATOPSIS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

For an account of Bryant's life see Book IV.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, and pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone;
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-head man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

JOAN OF ARC.

[ABRIDGED.]

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was the son of a prosperous merchant in England. He was born at Manchester on the 15th of August, 1785, but spent his childhood in a country house near the town.

He was a shy, dreamy boy, and his later writings record many impressions which he received in these early years. His father died when he was about seven years old, and his mother, a stately lady with fine intellect, cared for her little ones at their country home, doing her best for their education.

De Quincey learned to read and write while he was a very little child, but his first schooling was given him by one of his guardians, who was curate in Salford, two miles from De Quincey's home.

After the father's death William De Quincey, a boy of twelve, returned from boarding school. He was five years older than Thomas, boisterous, frank, and clever, and led his younger brother a hard life. William waged war with the factory boys on his way to and from school, and poor little Thomas was forced to join in their battles. The hours of reverie and poetical thought were interrupted, for William took possession of him like a whirlwind.

Four years later the old home was sold, De Quincey's mother went to live at Bath, and Thomas entered the grammar school of the town, where he remained for two years.

He was very popular among the teachers because of his aptness as a Latin scholar.

He was next sent to a private school, where he was a favorite because of his kind and friendly disposition and his willingness to help any of the boys with their Latin or Greek. He was a leader in their games, but showed his literary turn of mind in mimic fights between the Greeks and Trojans.

He had become acquainted with young Lord Westport, who invited him to travel with him about England and Ireland. While with Lord Westport he met King George III., who chatted with him, asking if he was of French descent. Thomas proudly assured his majesty that the English De Quinceys dated back to the Conquest. He met the king several times at fêtes to which he was invited with Lord Westport.

On his return home, De Quincey desired to attend the grammar school at Bath. He did not care for the private school, for there was no one there with whom he could contend. It was decided, however, that he should attend the grammar school at Manchester, where he studied for a year and a half, and then, after appealing in vain to his guardians, ran away.

He first intended to wander among the English Lakes. He had read some of Wordsworth's poems and longed to meet the poet, but, recognizing that a runaway would hardly be looked upon with favor, returned to his home.

Here he found an uncle who furnished him with funds and gave him permission to travel about for a season and enjoy his liberty.

De Quincey traveled about North Wales from July until the late fall of 1802, and then went to London. Here he lived a wretched life,—his money gone,—and he was dependent on charity, living from hand to mouth.

He was finally discovered and reclaimed by some friends and went back to Chester, where his mother resided.

In the autumn of 1803 he accepted an offer made by his guardians and entered Worcester College, Oxford. Little is known of De Quincey's life at college beyond the fact that he spent much of his time in quiet reading and study.

It was during these days as a student that De Quincey began to take opium,—first as a release from pain and later for its effect as a stimulant.

In 1807 he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, whom he regarded with the love of a son. This friendship led to an introduction to Wordsworth. Two years later he took up his abode at the Lakes, in the pretty cottage at Grasmere, where Wordsworth had been living, and this was his home for more than twenty years.

Coleridge, Southey, and John Wilson ("Christopher North") had their homes in this region, and De Quincey spent many hours in walks and talks with his friends.

For seven years De Quincey lived alone in his pretty cottage and then married a lovely young girl named Margaret Simpson.

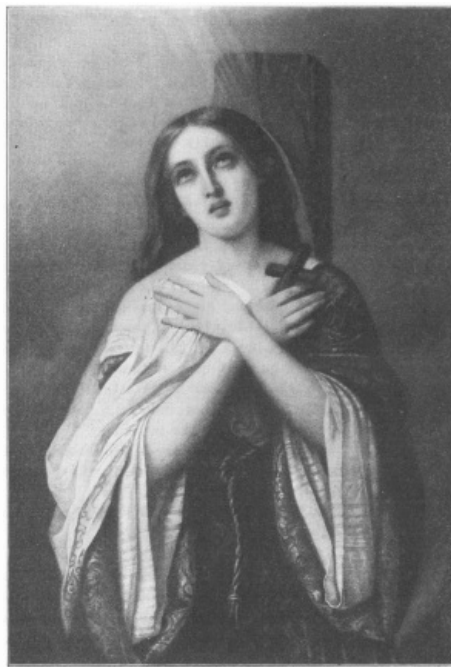
The habit of opium taking had almost mastered him, so that he lost ambition and capacity for work. Three years after his marriage he determined to break off this terrible habit. His family were in need, and he must support them.

He was offered the position of editor of a Westmoreland newspaper. He awoke from his life of indulgence and opium dreams and became connected with the magazines.

His connection with Blackwood drew him to Edinburgh, where he was often a guest at the home of his old friend "Christopher North." He became acquainted here with Carlyle.

At length, in 1830, he took his family to Edinburgh, which was his home until his death in December of 1859.

JOANNA, as we in England should call her, but, according to her own statement, Jeanne D'Arc, was born at Domremy, a village on the marches of Lorraine and Champagne. Here lay two roads, not so much for travelers that were few, as for armies that were too many by half.



After the painting by Guizard.
JOAN OF ARC.

The situation of Joanna was full of profound suggestions to a heart that listened for the stealthy steps of change and fear that too surely were in motion. But, if the place were grand, the time, the burden of the time, was far more so. The air overhead in its upper chambers was hurtling with the obscure sound; was dark with sullen fermenting of storms that had been gathering for a hundred and thirty years.

It was not wonderful that in such a haunted solitude, with such a haunted heart, Joanna should see angelic visions and hear angelic voices. These voices whispered to her forever the duty, self-imposed, of delivering France. Five years she listened to these monitory voices with internal struggles. At length she could resist no longer. Doubt gave way, and she left her home forever in order to present herself at the dauphin's court.

.....
Joanna was a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests, and hills, and fountains, but did not the less seek him in chapels and consecrated oratories. This peasant girl was self-educated through her own meditateness. If the reader turns to that divine passage in "Paradise Regained," which Milton has put into the mouth of Christ when first entering the wilderness,—

Oh, what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compared!
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end—

he will have some notion of the vast reveries which brooded over the heart of Joanna in early girlhood, when the wings were budding that should carry her from Orleans to Rheims; when the golden chariot was dimly revealing itself that should carry her from the kingdom of *France Delivered* to the eternal kingdom.

When Joanna appeared, the dauphin had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, distressed as they were, and of flying to the south of France. She taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war. Entering the city after sunset, on the 29th of April, she sang mass on Sunday, May 8, for the entire disappearance of the besieging force.

On the 29th of June, she fought and gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay; on the 9th of July, she took Troyes by a coup-de-main from a mixed garrison of English and Burgundians; on the 15th of that month, she carried the dauphin into Rheims; on Sunday, the 17th, she crowned him; and there she rested from her labor of triumph. All that was to be done she had now accomplished; what remained was—to suffer.

But she, the child that, at nineteen, had wrought wonders so great for France, was she not elated? Did she not lose, as men so often have lost, all sobriety of mind when standing upon the pinnacle of success so giddy? Let her enemies declare. During the progress of her movement, and in the center of ferocious struggles, she had manifested the temper of her feelings, by the pity which she had everywhere expressed for the suffering enemy.

She forwarded to the English leaders a touching invitation to unite with the French, as brothers in a common crusade against infidels, thus opening the road for a soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded—she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English soldier, and to comfort him with such ministrations, physical or spiritual, as his situation allowed. She sheltered the English, that invoked her aid, in her own quarters.

On the day when she had finished her work, she wept; for she knew that, when her triumphal task was done, her end must be approaching. Her aspirations pointed only to a place, which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered, between smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, a broken prayer that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more.

It was a half fantastic prayer, because, from childhood upwards, visions that she had no power to mistrust, and the voices which sounded in her ear forever, had long since persuaded her mind that for her no such prayer could be granted.

All went wrong from this time. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. At length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally surrendered to the English.

Now came her trial. Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense, and all its hellishness of attack. Oh, child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning, and true as God's lightning to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood!

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air currents.

What else, I demand, than mere weight of metal, absolute nobility of deportment, broke the vast line of battle then arrayed against her? What else but her meek, saintly demeanor won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a fagot on her scaffold, as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood?

What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to his share in the tragedy! And if this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers.

Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for him, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave her to God.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Domremy, saw the fountain of Domremy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of springtime, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from her, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers.

By special privilege, for her might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like that, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled.

The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—died amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

From "Biographies."

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

ā	as in fāte
ã	" senãte
ǎ	" făt
ä	" ärm
ą	" ąll
â	" âsk
â	as in câre
ē	" mēte
ê	" êvent
ě	" mět
ê	" hêr
ī	" īce
ĩ	as in ĩdea
ĩ	" ĩt

ĩ	"	sĩr
ô	"	ôld
ố	"	ốbey
ố	"	nốt
ôô	as in	fôôd
ốố	"	fốốt
ũ	"	ũse
ú	"	únite
ủ	"	ủp
û	"	fûr

II. EQUIVALENTS.

ạ	= ỗ	as in	whạt
ê	= â	"	thêre
ĩ	= ẽ	"	gĩrl
ỗ	= ôô	"	mỗve
ọ	= ốố	as in	wọlf
ò	= ử	"	sòn
ô	= ạ	"	hờse
ũ	= ôô	"	rũle
ụ	= ốố	as in	pụll
ỹ	= ỉ	"	flỹ
ỳ	= ỉ	"	babỹ

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

ç	= s	as in	miçe
e or c (unmarked)	= k	as in	call
ch	= k	as in	schôô
ch (unmarked)		"	child
ğ	like j	"	caäge
ğ (hard)		"	ğêt
ñ	= ng	"	ĩnk
th		"	thêm
th (unmarked)		as in	thin
ph	= f	"	phantom
ş	= z	"	iş
z (like s sonant)		"	zone
qu (unmarked)		"	quite
ж	= gz	"	eжact
x (unmarked)	= ks	"	vex

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral form, are italicized. Silent letters are also italicized.

WORD LIST.

The following is an alphabetical list of the most difficult words used in this Reader.

The less difficult words that have been used in the previous Readers of this series are omitted.

This list may be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

For an explanation of the diacritical marks, see preceding page.

The syllable *tion* is not re-spelled in this list, but wherever it occurs should be pronounced *shũn*.

ăb hờ' rẻnçe
 ăb' sô lũte lỹ
 â bỹss'
 ăc çẻs' sô rĩes
 ăc clâ mã' tion
 ăc côm' mỗ dậte
 ăc cỗu' tẻred
 ăc cũ' mú lậ tẻd

ăd' â mânt
â dieu'
ăd' jú tants
ăd ô rã' tion
ăd vân' tá gês
ăd vër' sî tỹ
Ae(ê) ô' lî an
ăf fin' ì tiēs
ăf flic' tion
â fôre' said (sêd)
ăl' ien (yên) âte
ăl lê' giançe
ăl lé gôr' ic al
ăl têt' náte lỹ
ăm bäs' sâ dor (dêr)
ăm bi tious (bish' ùs)
ăm phi thê' â têt
ăn' ehô ráge
ăn gël' ic
ăn' ì mã têt
ăn nĩ vër' sá rỹ
ăn noy' ançe
ăn tăg' ô nist
ăn' té chãm bêt
ăn tĩç' ì pã têt
ăn tiq ui (tĩk' wĩ) tỹ
ăp' â thỹ
ăp pãl' ìng
ăp pã rã' tũs
ăp pã rĩ' tion
ăp prê ci (shĩ) â' tion
ăp pré hên' sion (shũn)
ăp prên' tĩçe ship
ăp prô' pĩr' âte lỹ
â' pĩr' eôt
ärch' êr y
â rē' nã
är' gú ment
är is tóc' rá cỹ
är qué bũs jêrs'
är rêt' êd
är tĩl' lêt y
ăs pĩr' ant
ăs pĩ rã' tions
ăs sãl' ants
ăs sêm' blỹ
ăs sô' ci (shĩ) â têt
ăs suaged (swãjd')
â stêrn'
ăs trôl' ô gêrs
ăs trôn' ô mêt
Ăth é naē' um
ăth lêt' ic
ăt tẽn' ú â têt
ăt' trĩ bũtes
ạu thòr' ì tỹ
ạux ìl' ìá riēs
ăv' é nũe

bãl' iff
bãp tĩs' mal
bãr bã' rĩ ans
bãr' rã cõn
bãr' rĩ êr
băt tãl' ion (yũn)
băt' têt ies
băt' tle ment
bêe' tĩng
bé guiled'
bêt lig' êr ent
bên é dĩa' tions
bên é fãc' trêss
bé sãē' gêrs
bĩ' cỹ cle

bĩg' ọt rỹ
bì ốg' rà phỹ
bĩv' ouac (wăk)
blëss' ẻd nẻss
boun' tẻ ous lỹ
bră' zier (zhẻr)
brĩl' liant (yant)

cả lảm' ỉ tỹ
cản nỏn ảde'
ca pắc' ỉ tỹ
cấp tiv' ỉ tỹ
cả rẻered'
cảr' rĩ ỏn
cas (kăzh') ú al tỹ
căt' ả phrắct
căt' ả rắct
căt' ẻ ehĩs ỉng
cảv ả liẻr' lỹ
cảv' ỉ tẻs
çẻl' ản dẻne
çẻ lẻs' tial (chal)
çẻr' ẻ mỏ nỹ
çẻr' tĩf' ỉ cáte
chảl' lẻngẻd
chảm' pỉ ỏn ỉng
chấp' lản
chảr' ỉ ỏt
chảr' ỉ tả ble
chảs' tẻse ment
chỉl' lỉ nẻss
ehỹm' ỉc
çỉ' phẻr
çỉr' cũt
çỉr' cũm' fẻr ençẻ
çỉr' cũm' scribed
çít' ả del
clẻr' gỹ man
clỉ' mảte
cỏ ỉn çẻde'
cỏm' bắt ant
cỏm' mẻnçẻ' ment
cỏm' mỏn wẻalth
cỏm' mũ' nỉ cả tẻve
cỏm' mủn' ion (yủn)
cỏm' pảr' ả tẻve lỹ
cỏm' pas sion (pảsh' ửn)
cỏm' pẻt' ỉ tors (tẻrs)
cỏm' plả' çẻnçẻ
cỏm' plẻte'
cỏn çẻde'
cỏn çẻn' tẻred
cỏn grẻ gả' tion
cỏn jẻc' tẻre
cỏn' sẻ quẻnçẻ
cỏn sỉs' tẻn çỹ
cỏn spỉc' ử ous
cỏn spỉr' ả çỹ
cỏn' stỏn çỹ
cỏn strức' tion
cỏn' sủm mảte
cỏn tẻmned'
cỏn tẻm plả' tion
cỏn tẻnt' ment
cỏn trỉ bủ' tions
cỏn vả lẻs' çẻnçẻ
cỏn vủl' sion (shủn)
cỏ rỏl' lâ
coun' tẻr fẻit
coun' tẻr mảrch ỉng
cỏup-đẻ-mảm
cỏur' tẻ ous
cỏv' ẻt ẻd
cỏv' ẻt ous nẻss

cow' ard (ěrd) iče
crè dū' lĩ tỹ
crĩ tē' rĩ òn
crỹpt
cui rass (kwé rās')
cup board (cũb' běrd)
cú pĩd' ĩ tỹ

dạu' phĩn
dé çẽt' fũl lỹ
dẽç ĩ mã' tion
dè çĩ' phẽr â ble
dè çĩ' sive
dẽc lâ mã' tion
dé fi cien (fĩsh' en) çĩes
dé gẽn' ẽr âte
dè lĩn è â' tion
dé lĩv' ẽr ançe
dè lũ' sion (zhũn)
dẽm õ lĩ' tion
dé pũrt' mẽnt
dé scrip' tions
dẽs' pic â ble
dè tẽr mĩ nã' tion
dí ãm' é tẽr
dĩl' ĩ gẽnt
dĩ mĩn' ú tĩve
dĩ ręc' tion
dĩş ãs' trõus
dis cern (dĩz zẽrn') ĩ ble
dĩs' çĩ plĩne
dĩs cõrd' ant
dĩs cõũr' á gĩng
dĩş ẽm bãrkẽd'
dĩ shẽv' elẽd
dĩş hõn' ored (ěrd)
dĩş pens' ẽr
dĩş sèv' ẽred
dĩş tĩnct' nẽss
dĩş tĩnc' tion
dĩ vẽr' sion (shũn)
dĩz' zĩ lỹ
dõ mĩn' ion (yũn)
dõn' á tĩves
drã' mã tĩst
drã' pẽr ỹ
dú rã' tion
dỹes

ẽd' ĩ fiçe
ẽd ĩ tũ' rĩ als
ẽd ú cã' tion
ẽl' é gỹ
ẽl' õ quẽnçe
é mẽr' gẽn çỹ
ẽm' pẽr ors (ěrs)
ẽn snãr' ẽr
ẽn vẽl' õped
ẽn' vĩ õũs
ẽp' au lẽtte
ẽp' ĩ sõdes
ẽ quĩ nõc' tial (shal)
é rũp' tion
ẽs tĩ mã' tion
eú rẽ' kã
ẽx ãg' gẽr âte
ẽx ąl tã' tion
ẽx çĩte' mẽnt
ẽx' cré mẽnt
ẽx é cũ' tion ẽrs
ẽx ẽm' plã rỹ
ẽx ẽmpt'

ěx is' tençe
ěx pěrt' něss
ěx plō rā' tions
ěx plō' sion (zhǔn)
ěx' quǐ šite
ěx traōr' dī ná rỹ
ěx ũl tā' tion
ěx ũlt' ěd

făb' rīc
făc' ũl tīes
făg' òt
fâ năt' ĩc
făn tās' tīc
fās' çī nā tēd
fē' al tỹ
feign (fān)
fé liç' ĩ tỹ
fēr mēnt' ĩng
fēr' ule (īl)
fēr' vēnt lỹ
fēs' tī val
feūds
fic' tion
fī dēl' ĩtỹ
fil' chēs
fīl' ial (yal)
fōr' eīgn ěrs
fōr' mīd â ble
fōr tī fī cā' tions
foun dā' tion
frâ tēr' nal
frēn' zīed
frīg' áte
fūrze

gār' nēred
gār' rī sons
gauze (gəz)
glăç' ĩ ěr
gōr' geōūs
grăt ĩ fī eā' tion
grăt' ĩ fỹ ĩng
grēn â dĕr'
grĕv' oūs
guīle' fūl
guīn' éa
gy(jī) rā' tions

hăb ĩ tā' tion
hâ bīt' ú al
hăl' bērt
hăl' çỹ òn
hăr' bīn gēr
heärt' ĩ něss
hēdge' rōw
hēr' ald rỹ
hērb' ágge
hēr' ō ĩne
hēr' ō ĩsm
hĭck' ō rỹ
hīl' òck
hīs tōr' ĩc al
hōs' tēl rīes
hōus tō' nī à
hūr' rāhed'
hūr' rī cāne
hurt' līng

ī' çī cles
īl lū' mī nā tēd

ĩ lū ´ sion (zhũn)
ĩ lūs ´ trá tẽd
ĩm ´ ágẽ rỹ
ĩm mẽ ´ dĩ áte lỹ
ĩm mỗr tãl ´ ỉ tỹ
ĩm pẽarled ´
ĩm pẽr çẽp ´ tĩ blỹ
ĩm pẽr ´ tĩ nençẽ
ĩm pẽt ´ ú ous lỹ
ĩm pỗs ´ sĩ ble
ĩm prãc ´ tĩ câ ble
ĩm prõve ´ ment
ĩn ãd vẽrt ´ ent
ĩn cõm mũ ´ nĩ câ ble
ĩn cõn vẽn ´ ience (yens)
ĩn crẽd ´ ỉ ble
ĩn cùm ´ bent
ĩn dẽn tã ´ tion
ĩn ´ dĩ gõ
ĩn dĩs ´ sõl ú blỹ
ĩn ẽf ´ fã ble
ĩn ẽf f ẽc ´ tú al
ĩn ẽv ´ ỉ tâ ble
ĩn ẽx hậust ´ ỉ ble
ĩn ẽx prẽs ´ sĩ blỹ
ĩn fin ´ ỉ tỹ
ĩn gẽ nũ ´ ỉ tỹ
ĩn gẽn ´ ú ous
ĩn hãb ´ ỉt ants
ĩn i ti ate (ish ´ ỉ ãt)
ĩn jũnc ´ tions
ĩn serõlled ´
ĩn sẽn ´ sĩ ble
ĩn sẹp ´ à rã ble
ĩn sĩg ´ nĩ ã
ĩn stãl ´ ments
ĩn stĩnc ´ tĩve lỹ
ĩn strũct ´ or (ẽr)
ĩn tẽg ´ rĩ tỹ
ĩn tẽl lẽc ´ tú al
ĩn tẽnse ´ lỹ
ĩn tẽr çẽpt ´ ẽd
ĩn tẽr fẽr ´ ỉng
ĩn ´ tẽr lũde
ĩn tẽ ´ rĩ or (ẽr)
ĩn tẽr mẽd ´ dle
ĩn tẽr mẽ ´ dĩ áte
ĩn tẽr ´ põ lâ tẽd
ĩn tẽr prẽ tã ´ tion
ĩn tẽr ´ prẽt ẽr
ĩn tẽr rỏg ´ à tõ rỹ
ĩn tẽr rũp ´ tion
ĩn tĩ mã ´ tions
ĩn trẽp ´ ỉd
ĩn vãl ´ ú ã ble
ĩn vẽn ´ ỉve
ĩn vĩn ´ çĩ ble
ĩn vĩ tã ´ tions
ĩr rẻg ú lãr ´ ỉ tỹ
ĩr ´ rĩ tã tĩng
ỉ tĩn ´ ẽr ant

jãve ´ lĩns
jỏc ´ ũnd
jỏl lĩ fĩ câ ´ tion
jũ ´ bĩ lẻe
jũ ´ nĩ pẽr

kãn gã rỏõ ´

lãm ẻn tã ´ tion
lãt ´ ỉ tũde
lẻc ´ tú r ỉng

lē' ward
lēg' â cȳ
lí brā' rī an
liéu tēn' ant
light' en ēr
līht' nīng
līt' ēr â tūre
lōn gēv' ĩ tȳ
lō' quat
love' lī ēr
love' lī nēss
lūt' â nist
lȳr' ĩc

má chin (shēn') er ȳ
má gi cians (jīsh' ans)
māg nā nīm' ĩ tȳ
māl' â dȳ
mān ĩ fēs tā' tion
mān' tel piēçe
mār' tired (tērd)
mā' son rȳ
mēa' gēr
mé ehān' ĩc al lȳ
mēd ĩ tā' tion
mēd' ĩ tá tīve nēss
mé dīç' ĩ nāl
mēm' ō rā ble
mēr' rī mēnt
mé trōp' ō līs
mī li tia (līsh' â)
mīs' sīle
mīz' zen-tōp
mōn' ĩ tō rȳ
môt' gāge
mōuld' ēd
moun' tain ōs
mū' tī nȳ
mȳs tē' rī ōs
mȳth ōl' ō gȳ

nāt' ú ral ĩst
né çēs' sī tȳ
nō bīl' ĩ tȳ
nō vi ti ate (vīsh' ĩ át)
nū' mēr ōs
nūp' tial (shal)
nūrs' ērȳ mān

ō bē' dī ençe
ōb līt' ēr â tēd
ōb sē' quī ōs nēss
ōb' stī nā cȳ
ōc' cú pānt
ōc' cú pā' tion
ō' dor(dēr) ōs
ōf fi cious (fīsh' ūs) nēss
ōff' sprīng
ōm nīp' ō tençe
ō' pī ūm
ōr' â tō rīes
ō rī ēn' tal
ōr' nā ment
ōr thōg' rā phȳ
ō vēr whēlmed'

pār' â grāph
pār' â pēt
pār' â sīte
pārch' ment
pā rīsh' ĩon ērs

pär sǐ mō' nǐ ous
pär' tǐ cle
pär tic ú lǎr' ǐ tǐes
pas sion (pǎsh' ün) áte
pá tri cian (trǐsh' ân)
pā' trǐ ôt ǐsm
pəwn' brō kēr
pəaş' ant rȳ
pēn' ǐ tēnt
pēn' nǐ lēss
pēr chānçe'
pēr fōrm' an çēs
pē rǐ öd' ǐc als
pēr' mâ nent lȳ
pēr pēt' ú al
pēr ruque (rȳk')
pēr' sé cū tēd
pēr sòn ǎl' ǐ tǐes
pēr spǐ eáč' ǐ tȳ
pēr sua sion (swā' zhǔn)
pēr tǔrbed'
phǐ lōs' ô phērs
phǐl ô sōph' ǐc al
pǐck' â nǐn nǐes
pǐc tǔr esque (ěsk')
pĕrçe
pǐn' nâ eles
plâm' tǐve
pō lit' ǐ cal
pōl lūt' ěd
pōp' ú lácę
pōr' rǐn ģēr
pōş ses sions (zěsh' ũns)
pōst' hú mōus
prăc' tǐsed
prăc tǐ' tion ěr
prăē' tōr
prăi' rĕ
pręc' é dent
prē' çinct
pré çǐp' ǐ tǎ tēd
pré dōm' ǐ nant
prĕf' ěr â ble
pré lim' ǐ ná rȳ
prē' lȳde
prēm' ǐs ěs
pré şĕrves'
prí mē' val
prōc lâ mâ' tion
prōd' ǐ gal
prō fes sion (fĕsh' ũn)
prō fi cient (fĭsh' ěnt)
prōph' é sȳ
prōs pēr' ǐ tȳ
prōs' pēr ous
prōv ô câ' tion
pū ǐs' sançe
pǔp' pĕts

quăd' rȳ pĕds
quăr' an tine (tĕn)

răp' tǔr ous
rĕa' şon â blȳ
ré çĕss' ěs
ręc ǐ tǎ' tion
rĕck' lĕss lȳ
ręc' ōm pĕnse
ręc' tǐ tȳde
ré doubt' â ble
ré doubt' ěd
ré dound' ǐng
rĕ ěch (ĕk') ōed

ré gā' lǐ à
rěg ú lā' tion
ré mēm' brançe
ré môrse' lëss
rêp â rā' tion
rêp' rǐ mând
rêp' tīe
rêp ú tā' tion
rē' quǐ ěm
ré quīt' al
ré șent' ment
ré șist' ançe
rêș' ô nant
ré spēc' tīve
re veille (rā vā' yā)
rêv' êr end
rê vīv' i fięd
rêv ô lū' tion á rỹ
rǐd' ǐ cūle
right eous (rǐ' chūs) nëss
rǐg' or (ěr) oūs lỹ
rō mănçe'

săc' rǐ fice (fiz)
sâ găç' ǐ tỹ
săl vā' tion
sănc' tǐ tỹ
sănd' wǐch
sap phire (săf' fir)
săt' ǐr ists
seăf' fōlds
scēn' êr y
sehēd' úle
sehēme
sehōl' ar (ěr) shǐp
seoúrġed
serive' nēr
sé clū' sion (zhũn)
sēc' ré tá rỹ
sělf-săc' rǐ fiçe
sěn â tō' rǐ al
sěn sǐ bǐl' ǐ tỹ
sěn' tǐ ment
sêp' úl ehēr
sē' quěl
sé quēs' tēred
sēr vǐl' ǐ tỹ
shĭed
shỹ' ینگ
sǐm pliç' ǐ tỹ
sǐ mǔl tā' né oūs
sǐn gú lăr' ǐ tĭes
sǐ' zar (zěr)
sō brǐ' é tỹ
sō çǐ' é tỹ
sōl' áçe
sōl' ěmn
sōl' ěm nize
sō lǐl' ô quỹ
sō phīs tǐ cā' tion
sōr' çēr y
sòv' êr eign tỹ
spē' cies (shēz)
spēc tā' tors (tērs)
spęed' ǐ lỹ
spǐ' ral
stăn' chions (shũns)
stēppes
stĭm' ú lá tǐng
străt' â ġēm
stú pèn' doūs
sǔb mǐs' sive
sǔb ôr' dĩ náte
sǔb ôr dĩ nā' tion

sũb tẽr rã' né an
sũb' tlẽr
sũe ces sion (sẽsh' ùn)
sũg gẽs' tion
sũm' mã rỹ
sũ pẽr flũ' i tĩes
sũ pẽr' flũ oũs
sũ pẽr nãt' ú ral
sũ pẽr vi sion (vĩzh' ùn)
sũr rẽn' dẽr ãng
sũr vey or (vã' ẽr)
sũr viv' or (ẽr)
sũs pi cion (pĩsh' ùn)
sỹl' lâ ble
sỹs tẽm ãt' ãc

tãn' gĩ ble
tẽ' dĩ oũs nẽss
tẽ mẽr' i tỹ
tẽmp tã' tions
tẽr' rãç ẽs
tẽs' tà mẽnt
thẽ õ lõg' ãc al
thẽ' õ riẽs
thrẽat' en ãngs
thrẽe'-dẽck ẽrs
tĩer
tõl' ẽr â ble
tõp gãl' lant
tõp' sỹ-tũr' vỹ
trã' çẽriẽs
trãg' é dĩ
trãn' quĩl
trãns fig' úre
trãn' sient (shent)
trãv' ẽrs ẽs
trẽa' sãn â ble
trẽs' pass ãng
trĩ ùm' phant
trõp' ãc al
twĩt' tẽr ãng

ũg' lĩ nẽss
ú nan' i m o ùs
ũn ãs sũm' ãng
ũn á vãl' ãng
ũn bãr rĩ eãde'
ũn cõn' scious (shus) lỹ
ũn cõn trõl' lãble
ũn dãunt' ẽd
ũn dĩght'
ũn dú lã' tions
ũn dĩ' tĩ ful
ũn fãl' tẽr ãng
ũn flẽ dĩged'
ũn fõr' tú náte
ũn gòv' ẽrn â ble
ũ nĩ vẽr' sĩ tỹ
ũn õr' gan ized
ũn ùt' tẽr â ble
ũn vã' riẽd
ũp rôar' i oũs
ũ su (zhũ') rĩ oũs
ũt' tẽr ançe

vãn' quĩsh ẽs
vã' rĩ ançe
vã rĩ' é tĩes
vãunt' ãng lỹ
vẽ' hé mẽnt
vé lõç' i tỹ
vẽngẽ' ançe

vẽn' òm òũs.
vẻ' ỉ fiẻd
vẻ mĩ' ion (yũn)
vẻt' ẻr ans
ví brầ' tion
vỉ çis' sỉ tũdes
vỉg' or (ẻr) òũs
vỉs' count
vỉ vắç' ỉ tỹ
vỏl' leỹs
vouch sắfẻd'
vũl gầr' ỉ tỹ

wắt' tles
wẻar' ỉ nẻss
whẻe in'
work (wủrk') mản ship
wound (wỏỏnd') ẻd

PROPER NAMES.

ADDITIONAL SIGNS USED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST.

ẹ as in **dẹ** (Fr.).

ĩ (=ẽ) as in **pĩque** (Fr.).

(K)

ö (=ẻr) as in **Götz** (Ger.).

ũ as in **Dũs' sel dorf**.

K (=ch) as in **Rĩch'tẻr** (Ger.). **W** (=V) as in **Wĩl hẻlm** (Ger.).

(N)

N as in **Pe pin'** (Fr.).

Ă' brầ hằm
Ăb ỹs sỉn' ỉ ầ
Ăg' as siz (sẻ)
Ăl' lẻ ghẻ nẻs
Ăn' drẻ as Fủt' tẻr al
Ăn' tồ nỹ
Ăr' rầ gỏn
Aus trầ' lỉ ầ
A zỏres'

Bắb' ỹ lỏn
Bắ ẻs tẻr'
Bắs sắ' nỉ ỏ
Bắs tillẻ (tẻl')
Bẻat' tỹ
Bẻl shắz' zar
Bỏn' ầ pắrtẻ
Bỏs' ẻầ wẻn
Bủ çẻn' tắure
Bủr' gủn dỹ
Bủsch' ỉng

Cầ' dỉz
Çầẻ' sắr
Cam pắgna (Kầm pắn' yầ)
Çầr lỹẻ'
Cầs' cầ
Cas sủs (Kắsh' ửs)
Chắl dẻ' ans
Chrỉs' tồ phẻr
Chrỷs' ỏs tỏm
Elẻ ỏ pầ' trầ

Dỉ ầ' nầ
Dỉ ỏ dầ' tỉ
Dỉ ỏg'ẻ nẻs
Dỏ mỉn' ỉ cần
Dom re my (DỏN re mẻ')
Dủ ẻs' sầ

Ĕb ěn ě' zĕr
Ĕ ġyp' tian (shan)
Ĕn tĕp' fuhl

Faust (Foust)

Gā' brĭ ěl
Gāl ĭ lĕ' ō
Gā' zā
Gĕs' lĕr
Gĭot' tō

Her(âr) nān' dō Pĭ zār' rō

Ī rā' ĩs

Knōwles

Lā hōe'
Lōr rāine'
Lūck' now
Lú pĕr' cal

Mā çu' laỹ
Ma dĕi' ra
Mag da len (Mạđ' lĭn) Cōl Jĕge
Mĭ' das
Mĭ nō' rā
Mōnt' eām
Mōnt' mō rĕn çĭ
Mō rōc' eō

Nā pō' lĕ ōn
Nĕb ú ehad nĕz' zar
Nĕr' vĭ ĭ
Nĭn' é veh

Ōr' lé ans
Ō thĕl' lō

Pāl' mās
Pār nās' sūs
Pā tāy'
Phĭl ĩs' tĭ â
Plā' tō
Pōm' pĕy
Pōr' ti (shĭ) â
Pōr' tú guĕşe

Rạ' lĕgh
Rās' sé las
Rĕ ne (nā')
Rhĕims
Rich e lieu (Rĕsh' ĕ loo)
Rich (RĭK') tĕr
Rōss' bach (bāK)
Rōth' er ham

Sạlis' bur (ber) y
Sām' son Ağ on ĩs' tĕş
Sār' tor Ré sār' tūs
Sĕ' poy

Sõc´ râ tēs
Stōke Pō´ ġes

Tele sile (Tā lā zīl´)
Tém é raire
(Tēm é rāire´)
Tēm´ pē
Trăf ăl ġăr´
Troyes (Trwă)
Tÿre

Ū´ rī ěl

Wědnes´ dáy
Wěst mīn´ stěr
Words worth (Wûrdz´ wûrth)

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