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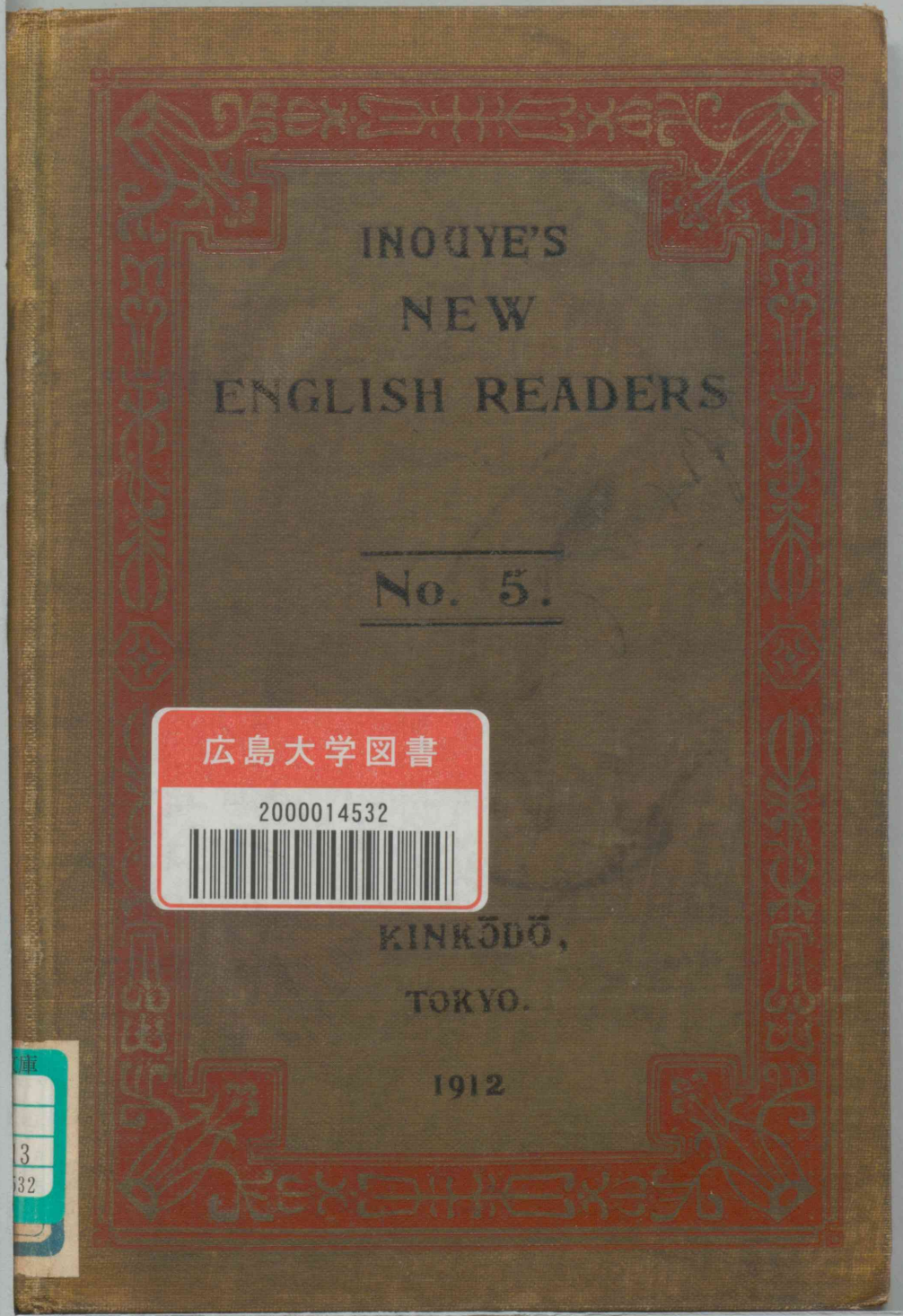
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東京大學
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CONTENTS.

Lesson.		Page.
I.	Behind 'time.	1
II.	The Discontented Pendulum.	5
III.	On Conversation.	10
IV.	Cage Birds.	16
V.	<i>A Song of the Sea.</i>	20
VI.	Poor Richard on Industry.	22
VII.	Show and Use.	26
VIII.	A Noble Servant.	31
IX.	Dust.	36
X.	The Wreck of the "Birkenhead."	41
XI.	<i>The Loss of the "Birkenhead."</i>	46
XII.	Books.	50
XIII.	The Cat.	54
XIV.	The Mail-coach Passengers. I.	58
XV.	The Mail-coach Passengers. II.	62
XVI.	A Boat-race.	67
XVII.	The Death of Prince William.	71
XVIII.	<i>He Never Smiled Again.</i>	76
XIX.	The Black Hole of Calcutta.	78
XX.	The Battle of Plassey.	84
XXI.	A Luckless Skater. I.	90
XXII.	A Luckless Skater. II.	94
XXIII.	<i>The Soldier's Dream.</i>	97
XXIV.	A Fight with an Ostrich.	100
XXV.	The Last Charge of Ney.	105
XXVI.	The Coyote.	109



CONTENTS.

Lesson.		Page.
XXVII.	The Battle of Nanshan. I.	113
XXVIII.	The Battle of Nanshan. II.	118
XXIX.	The Dog.	123
XXX.	<i>The Officer's Grave.</i>	129
XXXI.	The Death of Nelson. I.	130
XXXII.	The Death of Nelson. II.	136
XXXIII.	The Native Village.	141
XXXIV.	Lessons from Nature. I.	147
XXXV.	Lessons from Nature. II.	150
XXXVI.	<i>Song of the Airman.</i>	154
XXXVII.	A Man of Iron. I.	156
XXXVIII.	A Man of Iron. II.	161
XXXIX.	The Babyhood of Birds. I.	165
XL.	The Babyhood of Birds. II.	168

FIFTH READER.

LESSON I.

BEHIND TIME.

1. A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which two trains usually met. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the up-train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity: and all because an engineer had been behind time.

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated, for eight hours, on the enemy posted on the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were

station	conductor	period	locomotive
collision	precipitated	reinforcements	obstinate

column 柱 柱 elapsed 經過 period 時期

bound to 必來平既
 enormous - large 浩大
 on inquiry 問
 maturing 滿期
 bill 匯票

already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

3. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the Imperial Guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost; Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena, because one of his marshals was behind time.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and if they arrived, its credit, its honour, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold.

5. At last came the fatal day on which the firm was bound to meet bills which had been maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the

conqueror Waterloo commercial bankruptcy
 prosperity maturing telegraphed final 最後
 charge 攻擊 summoned 召集 confident 確實
 reserve 後備 marshals 先驅 副官 firm 會社
 bankruptcy 破產 remittance 匯票 credit 信用
 prosperity 繁榮 leading 領

insolvents 負債不清的人 ruined 破產
 agent 代辦 remitting 匯款
 condemned 裁判處 led out = sign circumstance 事
 behalf 利益 便宜 sheriff 執事 confident 確實
 messenger 報信員 分辦 - 3 - bolt 螺絲

house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting the money, had been behind time.

6. A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation; and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favourable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up.

7. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body hung suspended in the air. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express-rider with the reprieve; but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had

insolvents execution provocation petitions
 sympathy reprieve frantically 狂亂 comparatively
 ignominious 屈辱 suspended 懸掛 steed = horse
 foam 泡 packet 小包 comparatively 比較
 innocent 清白

been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive behind time.

8. It is continually so in life. The best-laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honour, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time."

9. Five minutes, in a crisis, are worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune, or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "behind time."

FREEMAN HUNT.

EXERCISE.

1. The train rushed past the station at lightning speed.
2. The position must be carried with one final charge, or the battle would be lost.

continually individuals sacrificed undertake
 cultivated punctuality important weal
 weal crisis redeem

3. If the corps came up in season, all would yet go well.

4. If the remittances arrived in time, the firm's credit would be preserved.

5. Bills to enormous amounts had been maturing, and the firm had now to meet them.

6. He had killed a man under circumstances of the greatest provocation.

7. Some men fail in all their undertakings simply through their being behind time.

LESSON II.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

1. An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm, the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course, the wheels remained motionless with surprise, the weights hung speechless, each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal

ineffectual instituted

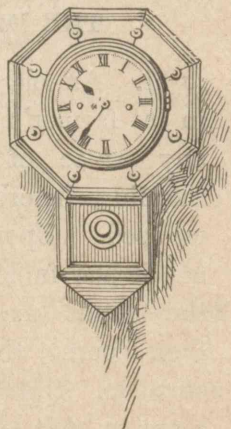
inquiry into the cause of the stop, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence; but now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum who thus spoke:

2. "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is that I am tired of ticking."

3. Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate.

4. "As to that," replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness—you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen.



Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag

inquiry protested pendulum assign

backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

5. "Why," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning, I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next four-and-twenty hours—perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum.

6. The minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect: so after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—I'll stop."

7. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance

employment calculating fatigue hesitation

during this harangue; but resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do, and though this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, will it fatigue us to do? Would you now do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

8. The pendulum complied and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "was that exertion fatiguing to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum: "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

9. "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

10. "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

harangue gravity astonished industrious suggestion
illustrate recollect execute hereafter staggers

"Then I hope," added the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

11. Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever, while a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

12. When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

From *Contributions of Q. Q.*,

BY JANE TAYLOR.

EXERCISE.

1. The clock had always kept good time and never given its owner any cause of complaint.

influence

2. Each of them was disposed to lay the blame on others.

3. I confess that I am the sole cause of the stoppage.

4. It is easy for you who have nothing to do to accuse other people of laziness.

5. For all that, I could not stop even for an instant.

6. It is no wonder if I was discouraged by the prospect.

7. However often you may have to swing, you will always have a moment to swing in.

LESSON III.

ON CONVERSATION.

1. Dear children, I thank God I came well to Farrington this day about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

2. Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

3. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

4. Let your words be few, especially when your superiors, or strangers, are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity, (which you might otherwise have had,) to gain knowledge, wisdom, and ex-

falsehood humanity injury occasions equivocate
positively authority superiors experience

perience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

5. Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

6. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use. Thoughtless persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

7. Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with, and at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

8. If any one whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates

impertinent violent husbandry mathematics sobriety

strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offence, or being abused for too much credulity.

9. Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

10. Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and displeasing to others to hear such commendations.

11. Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary ^{it} ^{not} for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

12. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the con-

familiar credulity reputation commendations suitable

dition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

13. Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproofed: but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and instead of reforming the offence, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprovee justly open to reproof.

14. If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and

impression	menacing	exasperate	reprovee
passionate	exquisite	distemper	

punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

EXERCISE.

1. I cannot spend the time more to your benefit than by giving you some good counsel.
2. A liar can scarcely tell truth, even when there is not the least necessity for lying.
3. By your impertinent talking you rob yourself of the opportunity of gaining knowledge and wisdom.
4. You will the better understand what a man says by hearing him out.
5. By putting a man upon talking on the subject in which he excels, you will easily acquire what may be useful to you.
6. A man who commends you to your face, has most probably deceived you.

moderation serenity composure

7. Self-commendation is a sign that the speaker has but a small reputation.

8. Silence is the most effective revenge for reproach.

LESSON IV.

CAGE BIRDS.

1. Almost every breed of bird is subjected, (more or less,) to captivity. But there are few homes where some poor bird is not dragging out its existence with needless sufferings within its wire prison, simply through the ignorance or carelessness of a selfish and unthinking owner.

2. It is certainly no recommendation to the inmates of a house when one sees in one of the windows a bird confined in a small cage, however neat it may be.

3. Cages are to birds what prisons are to people, and if those who keep birds confined in little, cramped, miserable cages, where it is almost an impossibility for them even to flap their wings, had themselves to pass six months within a room, though they were supplied with every necessity and even dainty food during their imprisonment,

captivity existence sufferings ignorance
impossibility imprisonment

they would be only too willing to do with whatever food they could find if they could obtain their freedom again.

4. It is the duty of every one to do to others as he would be done by. As this is what we owe in our dealings with our fellow-men, surely the dumb defenceless animals we are given subjection over are also entitled to our kindest sympathies and most indulgent care.

5. Many people think they do no harm in keeping caged birds, if their captives, having been bred in cages, have never known what liberty is, or even learned how to use their wings. Such an excuse makes the matter no better. It is the duty of everyone who keeps birds to grant them a fair amount of liberty to enable them to exercise their wings, and anyone who keeps them constantly confined in small cages is guilty of cruelty.

6. It must not be thought for a moment that it is cruel to keep birds as pets about our home. On the contrary, all kinds of birds (except larks) that have never been wild can be as happy and as contented in captivity as those that are free in the fields and woods, but they ought to be

defenceless entitled indulgent liberty
exercise contrary

kept in spacious aviaries and, when this cannot be afforded, in large room cages, and allowed daily to fly about a room.

7. Larks should never be kept in confinement, and it is indeed a sad sight when they are. A caged lark is sometimes to be seen above a public-house door, sitting on a bit of withered turf. Even its imprisonment does not crush out its spirit entirely, for it finds heart to sing, though faintly, as it beats its wings against its sides in its imaginary flight through the heavens. No one of any feeling or refinement would ever think of keeping a lark in a cage.

8. It is not necessary, however, for anyone who really enjoys the presence of birds to have them confined in wire enclosures, as the greatest amount of pleasure is derived from seeing one's little favourite flying about perfectly free and happy among the trees and shrubs of our lawns and gardens, and coming hourly to its cage placed by one of the windows where they were nurtured and reared, if not by their own parents, by quite as attentive and thoughtful foster-ones.

9. It is certainly to be hoped that the fashion of keeping birds constantly confined in small, unsuitable cages will soon cease, and that people

spacious aviaries imaginary enclosures unsuitable

will be proud instead to show us at their windows that their pets fly to and fro while enjoying perfect liberty.

10. Nothing can be more shockingly cruel than to capture wild birds and imprison them in cages, and many a poor bird has died struggling for its liberty against the bars of its cage, while its jailer stood by and looked complacently on.

11. Bird-lovers should be determined never to purchase or keep any bird in confinement that ever knew what liberty was, and to do all in their power to stop the trade in foreign birds. These are invariably caught wild; consequently thousands of them die on the voyage home, or shortly after arrival in England.

From *The Uses and Abuses of Domestic Animals*,
BY WILLIAM SMITH.

EXERCISE.

1. The poor bird drags out its existence in a miserable cage.
2. It is no recommendation for people to keep birds in small cages.
3. Prisoners would be more than willing to take poor food if only they could regain their freedom.

4. Birds should be granted a fair amount of liberty to enable them to exercise their wings.

5. We hope that people will, instead of confining birds in cages, be proud to show their pets in enjoyment of perfect liberty.

6. Bird-lovers should determine not to keep in confinement birds that ever knew what liberty was.

LESSON V.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

1. The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.
2. I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.
3. I love (O! how I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,

When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

4. I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!
5. The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild;
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!
6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

B. W. PROCTER.

LESSON VI.

POOR RICHARD ON INDUSTRY.

1. Friends and neighbours, the taxes are indeed very heavy. If those laid on by the government were the only ^{taxes} ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many ^{taxes} others, much more grievous to some of us.

2. We are taxed twice as ^{taxes} much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly: and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us, 'God helps them that help themselves.'

3. [It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or in doing nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments, or in amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life.

government discharge grievous commissioners
abatement absolute diseases

"Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the key often used is always bright." "Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of."

4. ^{time} How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the "sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave." "If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality;" since we are told, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough." Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so, by diligence, shall we do more, with less perplexity.

5. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry makes all easy;" and he "that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;" while "Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him." "Drive thy business, let not that drive thee:" and "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

6. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for "At the working man's house Hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the
prodigality perplexity.

bailiff or the constable enter; for "Industry pays debts, but Despair increases them." "Diligence is the mother of good luck," and "God gives all things to industry; then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep."

7. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows;" and further, "Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? do it to-day." "If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? If, then, you are your own master, be ashamed to catch yourself idle."

8. Industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures and they'll follow you;" "The diligent spinner has a large web;" and, "Now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow." But with our industry we must likewise be steady, and settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for--

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That thrive so well as those that settled be."

9. "Three removes are as bad as a fire."
"Keep the shop, and thy shop will keep thee."

"If you would have your business done, go; if not, send!" *any one else* *yourself*

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

10. "The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands." "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge." "Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open."

11. "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself." "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy;—all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

EXERCISE.

1. No abatement is allowed on the taxes by our pride, folly, and idleness.
2. Work hard while you live, for you will have plenty of time for sleep when you are dead.
3. If time be the most precious thing in the world, he who wastes time must be the greatest of spendthrifts.

4. If we put off doing things, thinking there is enough time for doing them, we shall in the end find that there is no time.

5. Be beforehand with your business; and do not be driven to it by press of time.

6. Flee from pleasures, and they will come to you without your seeking.

7. The master who oversees his servants gets more work done than if he worked himself.

LESSON VII.

SHOW AND USE.

1. One morning, Lord Richmore, coming down to breakfast, was welcomed with the tidings that his favourite mare, Miss Slim, had brought a foal, and also that a she-ass, kept for his lady's use as a milker, had dropped a young one. His lordship smiled at the inequality of the presents nature had made him.

2. ^{read} "As for the foal," said he to the groom, "that, you know, has been long promised to my neighbour, Mr. Scamper, and as for young Balaam, you may dispose of him as you please."

The groom thanked his lordship, and said he would then give him to Isaac, the woodman.

inequality

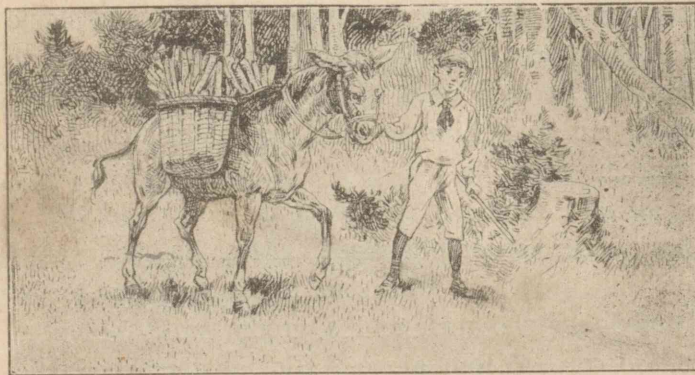
3. In due time Miss Slim's foal, which was the son of a noted racer, was taken to Squire Scamper's, who received him with great delight, and, out of compliment to the donor, named him Young Peer. He was brought up with at least as much care and tenderness as the Squire's own children, kept in a warm stable, fed with the best of corn and hay, duly dressed, and regularly exercised.

4. As he grew up, he gave tokens of great beauty. His colour was bright bay, with a white star on his forehead; his coat was fine, and shone like silk; and every point about him seemed to promise perfection of shape and make. Everybody admired him, as the completest colt that could be seen.

5. So fine a creature could not be destined to any common employment. After he had passed his third year, he was sent to Newmarket to be trained for the turf, and a groom was appointed to the care of him alone. His master, who could not well afford the expense, saved part of it by turning off a domestic tutor whom he kept for the education of his sons, and was content with sending them to the curate of the parish.

compliment	exercised	perfection	destined
domestic	education	curate	

6. At four years old, Young Peer started for a subscription purse, and came in second out of a number of competitors. Soon after, he won a county plate, and filled his master with joy and triumph. The Squire now turned all his attention to the turf, made matches, betted high, and was at first tolerably successful. At length having ventured all the money he could raise upon one grand match, Young Peer ran on the wrong side of the post, was distanced, and the Squire ruined.



7. Meantime, young Balaam went into Isaac's possession, where he had a very different training. He was left to pick up his living as he could, in the lanes and commons; and, on the coldest days in winter, he had no other shelter than the

subscription competitors tolerably distanced

lee-side of the cottage, out of which he was often glad to pluck the thatch for a subsistence.

8. As soon as ever he was able to ^{bring} bear a rider, Isaac's children got upon him, sometimes two or three at once; and, if he did not go to their mind, a broomstick or bunch of furze was freely applied to his hide. Nevertheless, he grew up, as the children themselves did, ^{grew} strong and healthy; and, though he was rather bare on the ribs, his shape was good, and his limbs vigorous.

9. It was not long before his master thought of putting him to some use; so, taking him to the wood, he fastened a load of faggots on his back, and sent him, with his son Tom, to the next town. Tom sold the faggots, and, mounting upon Balaam, rode him home. As Isaac could get plenty of faggots and chips, he found it a profitable trade to send them for daily sale upon Balaam's back.

10. Having a little garden, which, from the barrenness of the soil, yielded him nothing of value, he bethought him of loading Balaam back from town with dung, for manure. Though all he could bring at once was contained in two small panniers, yet this in time amounted to enough to meet the soil of his whole garden, so

subsistence vigorous profitable barrenness panniers

that he grew very good cabbages and potatoes, to the great relief of his family.

11. Isaac, being now sensible of the value of his ass, began to treat him with more attention. He got a small stack of rushy hay for his winter fodder, and, with his own hands, built him a little shed of boughs and mud, in order to shelter him from the bad weather. He would not suffer any of his family to use Balaam ill, and, after his daily journeys, he was allowed to ramble at pleasure.

12. He was now and then cleaned and dressed, and upon the whole, made a reputable figure. Isaac took in more land from the waste, so that by degrees he became a little farmer, and kept a horse and cart, a cow, and two or three pigs.

13. This made him quite a rich man, but he had always the gratitude to impute his prosperity to the good services of Balaam, the groom's present; while the Squire cursed Young Peer as the cause of his ruin, and many a time wished his lordship had kept his dainty gift to himself.

EXERCISE.

1. His lordship smiled when he thought of the difference in the animals which had been born.

potatoes sensible reputable

2. You may do with the young ass as you please.

3. Out of compliment to the nobleman, who made the present, he named the foal Young Peer.

4. Everything about him gave promise of perfection.

5. He turned off his son's tutor and used the money so saved for the training of his horse.

6. The horse won the cup of gold or silver which was offered as prize at a county race.

7. As he had little food, he was glad to pluck and eat the thatch of the cottage.

8. The children beat him with sticks if he did not go to their mind.

9. The cultivation of his garden greatly relieved the wants of his family.

LESSON VIII.

A NOBLE SERVANT.

1. A Russian nobleman was travelling in the early part of the winter over a bleak plain. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a relay of horses to go on. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed, for there was danger abroad; the wolves were out.

2. The nobleman thought the object of the man was to keep him as a guest for the night; and saying it was too early for the wolves, ordered the horses to be harnessed. In spite of the continued warnings of the landlord, the carriage drove away with the nobleman, his wife, and their only daughter.

3. On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate and who loved his master as he loved his life. They rolled on over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon began to shed her light, so that the road appeared like polished silver.

At length the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange dull sound that I just heard?" Her father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees of the ^{only} forest we have just passed."

4. The child shut her eyes, and was quieted for the time; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with affright, she turned to her father, and said, "Surely, that was not the wind. I heard it again; did you *hear* it too? Listen!" The nobleman listened; and far, far away in the distance behind him, but distinct enough in the

nobleman polished

clear, frosty air, he heard a sound, of which he knew the meaning, though she did not.

5. He put down the glass, and, speaking to the serf, said, "I think they are after us; we must make haste; tell the post-boy to drive faster, and get your musket and pistols ready; I will do the same, we may yet escape."

6. The man drove faster; but the mournful howling which the child had first heard began to come nearer and nearer; and it was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent and were in pursuit of them.

7. Meanwhile he tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, single out the leader and fire; I will single out the next; and as soon as one falls, the rest will stop to devour him; that will be some delay at least."

8. By this time they could see the pack fast approaching with their long measured tread, a large dog-wolf leading. They singled out two, and these fell. The pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades, and soon tore them to pieces. The taste of blood only made the others advance with more fury, and they were again soon baying at the carriage.

9. Again the nobleman and his servant fired, and two more fell, which were instantly devoured as before; but the next post-house was still far distant.

10. The nobleman then cried to the post-boy, "You must let one of the horses loose from the carriage, in order that, when the wolves come up to him, their destruction of the horse may gain us a little time."

11. This was done, and the horse was left on the road. In a few minutes they heard the loud agonising shriek of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. They urged on the remaining horses; but again their enemies were in full pursuit. A second horse was sent adrift, and shared the same fate as his fellow.

12. At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own life; it is perfectly clear to me that we cannot all reach the post-house alive; I am quite prepared, and I ask you to let me die for you."

"No, no," said the master; "we will live together or die together; it must not be so."

13. But the entreaties of the man at length prevailed. "I shall leave my wife and children

agonising entreaties

to you; you will be a father to them; you have been a father to me. When the wolves next reach us, I will jump down and do my best to arrest their progress."

14. The carriage rolls on as fast as the two remaining horses can drag it; the wolves are close on their track, and almost dash against the doors of the carriage. Presently is heard the discharge of the servant's pistols ~~as~~ he leaps from the seat. Soon the door of the ^{post-house} is reached, and the family is safe.

15. They went to the spot, the following morning where the wolves had pulled the devoted servant to pieces.

There now stands a large wooden cross, erected by the nobleman, with this text upon it:

^{no man hath greater love}
"Greater love hath no man ~~(this)~~ than a man lay down his life for his friends."

EXERCISE.

1. He thought the man wished to stop him for the night at his inn, and said that the season was too early for the wolves to appear.

2. He knew the meaning of the sound which

arrest

he heard and saw that the wolves were coming after them.

3. A pack of wolves had got scent of the party and were now making straight for the carriage.

4. Single out the leader; the rest will tear him to pieces, and that will delay their pursuit.

5. A second horse was unharnessed and sent adrift; and he shared the fate of the first horse.

6. I will jump down and do my best to delay their pursuit.

LESSON IX.

DUST.

1. If I were to ask you whether dust is of any use, you would reply that it is of no use at all, but it is only a nuisance. The girls would tell me that dust in the home makes it very unhealthy, and much time has to be spent every day in dusting the rooms.

2. These answers would be only partly right. Too much dust is very bad for us, and brings discomfort and disease. Yet, after all, dust, like dirt, is only "matter in the wrong place." You will be surprised to learn that we owe to dust

nuisance unhealthy discomfort

the gentle rain, the soft daylight, the beauty of the blue sky, and the glory of the sunset.

3. Watch a sunbeam pass into a dark room through a chink in the shutters. How it lights up the room at once! In the path of the beam you see hundreds of particles of dust gleaming like gold. Without this dust the sunbeam would be quite invisible until it fell upon the floor or the wall. The dust reflects the light and spreads it around.

4. It is the same out of doors. The dust gives us our soft, pleasant daylight; without it, there would be either a strong glare of sunshine, or a black shadow in which we could see nothing.

5. If I were to put a thick prism of glass in the path of the sunbeam, the white light would be split up into all the colours of the rainbow.

6. When sunlight shines on a pearl shell, the fine grooves in the shell break it up into colours, and you see the shell gleaming with changing light. Now, dust particles in the air also reflect all these colours, but they blend together again to form white light.

7. The higher we go, the smaller and lighter are the particles of dust in the air. These fine particles reflect only the blue light, and it is for

invisible particles

this reason that the clear sky appears blue. The coarse dust near the earth reflects a good deal of white or yellow light, and this mingles with the blue so that the blue of the sky is not so deep or pure as it otherwise would be.

8. If we go up a high mountain, most of the coarse dust is below us. We then find that the sky is of a much deeper blue than it was when seen from the base of the mountain.

9. The lovely hues of sunrise and sunset are also due in great measure to dust. When the sun is near the horizon, we see it through a great thickness of the lower air, with its coarse dust. The very fine dust of the upper air reflects the blue away from us, and leaves us the yellow and red light. That is how the sun appears so red at sunrise and sunset. We can hardly believe that the wondrous beauty of the sunset sky is the gift of mere dust!

10. Some years ago a great volcanic eruption took place in the East Indies. Vast clouds of dust were shot forth into the sky, and were carried by air currents all round the earth. Some months afterwards the sunsets were glorious to see. The sky was flushed with the richest crimson night after night, not only in the East

otherwise horizon volcanic eruption

Indies, but all over the world. These specially grand sunsets were due to the dust from the volcano.

11. If there were no dust in the air, our earth would not be fit for us to live upon. Let me tell you why. You know that without rain the earth would be a parched desert; you probably do not know that dust is necessary to give us the rain which waters the earth and makes it fit for the abode of man.

12. The heat of the sun turns the water of the ocean into vapour, which rises unseen into the air. As it rises, the cold air about it condenses it into the form of clouds. When these clouds are further cooled by being forced to rise over a range of mountains, or when they are chilled by meeting colder currents of air, their vapour falls on the earth as rain.

13. Not many years ago it was discovered that without dust in the air there could be no clouds; the cooling of the vapour would not produce clouds unless there were solid particles of matter in the air. The vapour would remain invisible, and would float about until the whole air was full of moisture.

14. On the mountain sides, however, this moisture would turn into water. There the rain

would fall in vast sheets, and would roar down the mountain slopes in fierce torrents, sweeping away every living thing. The lowlands would be parched deserts where no creature could live.

15. Now, I think you begin to understand what a great debt we owe to dust. Who would have thought that mere scraps of dirt could do so much for mankind? It shows that even the tiniest and most worthless thing has its part to play in the work of nature. That which we despise is often more important in the life of the world than that which seems to us great and important.

EXERCISE.

1. Dirt is dirt only when it is found where it ought not to be.
2. If there were no dust in the air, the sunbeam would be invisible until it fell on some object.
3. The coarse dust makes the sky less blue than if there were only fine particles of dust.
4. It is due in great measure to dust that the sun appears so red at sunrise and sunset.
5. But for dust, the earth would be unfit for the abode of man.

6. Who would have thought that mere scraps of dirt would prove so important to mankind?

7. Even the most worthless thing plays its part in the work of nature.

LESSON X.

THE WRECK OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

1. Of all the wonderful instances of human courage on record, there is none more striking than that which is ^{history} contained in the sad history of the loss of the *Birkenhead* troop-ship.

2. Like a familiar text-book used as an ^{unfailing} standard, and quoted from generation to generation, the devotion to duty under the most terrible circumstances displayed by the undaunted heroes who went down with the *Birkenhead* will ever be held up as an example to be followed in all ages.

3. The *Birkenhead* was an iron paddle-wheel steamer, one of the finest of her class. She sailed from Queenstown, Ireland, on the 7th of January, 1852, for the Cape of Good Hope, and took out a detachment of the 12th Lancers, and detachments of nine regiments of the line. In all there were

instances generation devotion undaunted

six hundred and thirty-eight persons on board, including the ship's company, and the wives and children of the soldiers.

4. She made a fair and prosperous voyage, sighted the Cape, and as she ran down the coast her passengers looked forward to a speedy release from the pleasant confinement of her decks.

5. The evening was clear, the land was but a league distant, and the *Birkenhead* was steaming at the rate of eight miles an hour, not dreaming of harm, and unconscious of the proximity of danger.

6. Suddenly there was a blow that shook every one of the ship's timbers, the *Birkenhead* trembled from stem to stern, stooped, and began to sink. A rock, unknown to navigators, had found her out; and, having pierced her side, thrust up its pointed head into the engine-room. A mass of water rushed in that must have instantaneously drowned upwards of a hundred men, who were in their hammocks on the lower deck.

7. The rest of the troops and the officers thus startled from their sleep rushed on deck. There was alarm, but no confusion. Instantly, as though they had been waiting for the accident instead of waiting to go ashore, the ship's officers and the officers of the troops issued their necessary

release proximity navigators instantaneously

orders. The women and children were taken on the upper deck, and the soldiers were mustered there, while the sailors, in obedience to the captain's commands, lowered the ship's boats and made ready to go.

8. The boats being manned alongside, the women and children were handed into them, with such of the crew as were necessary to take them to the shore. Few, if any, of the soldiers (who saw their beloved ones departing) were able to go in the boats, for it was found that the utmost the boats could accommodate, without endangering the safety of their occupants, was but one hundred and eighty-four, out of the total number of six hundred and thirty-eight on board.

9. The land was near; Simon's Bay, to which port the *Birkenhead* was bound, was close at hand; there was a chance that the boats might return before the final catastrophe came, or help might come at any moment from the port of destination. Some there might have been who indulged in this hope, until it was rudely dashed to pieces; but the majority of the men knew that escape was all but impossible; that before the boats could return from their first trip, to say nothing of a second, all would certainly be

endangering occupants catastrophe destination

over. The force with which the ship struck had been so great as to drive the rock bodily into her ; she was being pressed down by the weight of the water that had rushed in, and was showing signs of giving way amidships.

10. Not a murmur was heard from the soldiers as they stood at their death parade, no hint was there of unruliness, of selfishness, or complaint. With death staring them in the face, the men felt comfort in knowing that the women and children were beyond the reach of harm. The world's history presents no page on which a more glorious picture of heroism is to be found.

11. Some few solemn words of consolation, but none of earthly hope, were spoken by the colonel in command of the troops ; and the brave captain of the *Birkenhead* was not slow to second him in bidding the men resign themselves to their inevitable fate.

12. [Soon the fatal moment came. The good ship which lay so badly wounded on the sharp spear, that had pierced her, could last no longer,] she gave a few convulsive throbs, there was a cracking and a rending, and the *Birkenhead* parted in the middle, sinking in two pieces on either

amidships unruliness history heroism
consolation inevitable convulsive

side of the rock. ~~Long ere~~ the boats could get back to her from the shore, long before the news of her disaster could be told at Simon's Bay, the brave men who had unavoidably been left in her had been drowned in the sea or devoured by sharks. A very few—less than a dozen—saved themselves by swimming, or by clinging to broken pieces of wreck, managed to reach the shore.

EXERCISE.

- 1, The story of the *Birkenhead* is the most stirring instance of human courage on record.
2. Their devotion to duty will be held as an example to be followed in all ages.
3. Those on board did not dream of harm and were quite unconscious that danger was at hand.
4. The ship trembled from stem to stern, for a rock had found her out and pierced her side.
5. The officers instantly gave necessary orders as though they had been prepared for the accident.
6. Before the boats could return from their first trip to the shore, to say nothing of a second trip, the ship would certainly have sunk and all would be over.

disaster unavoidably

7. She had been struck with such force that she showed signs of giving way amidships.

LESSON XI.

THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

1. Right on our flank the sun was dropping down ;

The deep sea heaved around in bright repose ;

When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,

A cry of women rose.

2. The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast, Caught without hope upon a hidden rock :

Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them passed

The spirit of that shock.

3. And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks

In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,

Drifted away, disorderly, the planks From underneath her keel.

disorderly

warried - wanted. stay a while

4. So calm the air—so calm and still the flood, That low down in its blue translucent glass

We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,

Pass slowly, then repass.

5. They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !

The sea turned one clear smile ! Like things asleep

Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay, As quiet as the deep.

6. Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,

Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,

Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck Form'd us in line to die.

7. To die !—'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd

Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers :—

All to the boats ! cried one—he was, (thank God,

No officer of ours.

translucent azure Colonel

The weak control the strong 弱者強者制す
The weak are prey to strong 弱者強者の餌

— 48 —

8. Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir:

That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:

On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
To keep without a spot.

9. They shall not say in England, that we fought

With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek;

Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

10. So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,

Still, under steadfast men.

11.—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died

Died without flinching in the bloody surf,

They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
As others under turf.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

deserters

— 49 —

EXERCISE.

1. Her timbers thrilled like nerves when the shock passed through them.

2. Like cowardly soldiers who leave their ranks in the hour of danger when they are attacked by the enemy, her planks drifted away in disorder from her keels.

3. So still was the sea that we saw the sharks, ever waiting for their prey, pass and repass by the ship.

4. Amid the screams of women and their faint questions waiting for no answer, our colonel gave the word of command and formed us in line to die.

5. "All go to the boats!" cried one man; but he was, I am glad to say, no officer of our regiment.

6. We took no notice of the appeal to go to the boats, for we had to keep our flag spotless on land and sea.

7. No one shall say that we fought shamefully to preserve our lives and sought safety by trampling upon the weak.

8. Why need we recall what happened after that? The brave men died without flinching in the ship; they sleep as well under the sea as others do under turf.

LESSON XII.

BOOKS.

1. All books are divisible into two classes—the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction: it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

2. The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person, whom you cannot otherwise converse with, (printed for you) Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education

divisible	distinction	species	discussions
pathetic	multiplying		

becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

3. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are ^{read} not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful or necessary to-day; whether worth (keeping or not) is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day.

4. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a 'book' at all, nor, in the real sense, to be 'read.'

5. A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing, and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its

peculiar characteristic usurp essentially permanence

author cannot speak to thousands of people at once: if he could, he would; the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India: if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere conveyance of voice.

6. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it.

7. He is bound to say it—clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him—this the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever—engrave it on rock if he could, saying, “This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” That is his ‘writing.’ That is a ‘Book.’

conveyance melodiously manifest

Art is long & life is short!

8. Perhaps you think no books were ever so written? Whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. Books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men, by great readers, great statesmen, great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short.

From *Sesame and Lilies*,

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

EXERCISE.

1. The difference between books of the hour and those of all time is one not only of quality, but also of species.

2. The good book of the hour is often useful and pleasant as a sensible friend's present talk would be.

3. A book is essentially a written thing, written with the view of permanence.

4. A man writes a book, because he has something to say, which, so far as he knows, no one else has yet said or can say.

benevolently

5. This is the piece of true knowledge which his life on earth has permitted him to seize.

6. These great books are at your choice; and remember that life is short.

LESSON XIII.

THE CAT.

1. This most useful animal is to be found domesticated in every part of the civilised world.

Although this country possessed a wild breed of cat, which would naturally be considered the original progenitor of the common domestic cat, there is now little doubt that for our household cat we are indebted originally to Egypt, where it was held sacred, and was not only honoured and protected during its lifetime, but even after death its body was embalmed and received funeral honours such as only fall to the lot of distinguished and wealthy personages.

2. Whether wild or tame, or whatever may be the breed, cats all possess the same tiger-like nature and habits, and they are most wonderfully made and supplied with every possible aid to enable them to find and kill their prey.

domesticated	civilised	original	progenitor
funeral	personages		

a servitude balance endowment
 積貯 + Camera
 their money
 following up = running after

3. How admirably adapted are their eyes for seeing in the dark; how sensitive are the whiskers, or feelers, attached to their upper lips for enabling them to know exactly if there is room for their bodies to pass quietly through an opening; how well padded and noiseless are their feet as they creep upon their unsuspecting victims!

4. Not only are they possessed of these wonderful powers and instincts for following up and seizing their prey, but they are endowed with great courage and perseverance; and they will sit and watch the burrows and hiding-places of their prey for days, until their object is attained.

5. Possessing so many qualifications for exterminating rats and mice, and being capable, when properly and kindly treated, of showing such affection for their owners, it is certainly not to be wondered at that cats are to be found sharing our hearths and homes. There can be no more homely sight than to see a well-cared-for cat sitting itself down by a clean and cosy fireside, looking the picture of contentment, and showing its tail round over its toes.

6. Cats are exceedingly intelligent in many ways, and are capable of being taught to do many

admirably	sensitive	unsuspecting	qualifications
exterminating	intelligent		

tricks. They ~~have a great fondness for~~ their homes, and cannot bear change of any kind. When removed from one home to another, even though accompanied by their owners, if set at liberty before the bustle and commotion of the flitting is thoroughly over, they will almost to a certainty return to their old abode, whatever the distance and however unknown the road. They have a most remarkable instinct for finding the way back, sooner or later, to their old haunts—and if these are any great distance off, the poor things often suffer terribly in their wanderings.

7. It is ~~this~~ great repugnance to bustle and commotion that has made many people think their cats had no real affection for them after all, because they ran away and forsook them. This is not the ~~case~~, however. A cat will still continue to show ^{reason} great affection to its old master or mistress in a new abode, only it must never be allowed its liberty until all is quiet and time can be spared to show it a little attention ^{when} as it wanders about and inspects its new surroundings. Any cat, however old, when treated in such a way, will never wish to forsake old friends for the sake of an old home.

8. A great many people think that if a cat

accompanied repugnance

is well fed it will not keep down mice and rats. This is a mistake. A well-fed cat, like any other animal, is more able for work than a poor emaciated, half-starved creature, and will kill more vermin than a hungry one, though it may not eat them. It will kill mice for the enjoyment it derives from the sport, while the hungry cat will kill what it requires for food, and then go to sleep.

From *The Uses and Abuses of Domestic Animals*,
BY WILLIAM SMITH.

EXERCISE.

1. Even after death it received such honours as were paid only to distinguished personages.
2. Its whiskers are so sensitive that it can tell with them whether an opening is large enough for its body to pass.
3. The cat sits by the fireside, looking the picture of contentment.
4. They will almost to a certainty return to their old abode if they are set at liberty before the bustle of the flitting is over.
5. It is a mistake to suppose that a well-fed cat will not keep down mice and rats.

emaciated vermin

coach & four 四馬車

LESSON XIV.

THE MAIL-COACH PASSENGERS.—I.

1. It was bitterly cold, the sky glittered with stars, and not a breeze stirred. "Bump"—an old pot was thrown at a neighbour's door; and "bang, bang," went the guns; for they were greeting the New Year. It was New Year's Eve, and the church clock was striking twelve. "Tan-ta-ra-ra, tan-ta-ra-ra," sounded the horn, and the mail-coach came lumbering up. The clumsy vehicle stopped at the gate of the town; all the places had been taken, for there were twelve passengers in the coach.

2. "Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the people in the town; for in every house the New Year was being welcomed and as the clock struck, they stood up, the full glasses in their hands, to drink success to the new comer. "A happy New Year," was the cry; "a pretty wife, plenty of money, and no sorrow or care."

3. The wish passed round, and the glasses clashed together till they rang again; while before the town-gate the mail coach stopped with the twelve strange passengers. And who were these

vehicle

see in (into) = examined
arrayed in (clad in
dressed in
fix their hopes = depend upon

strangers? Each of them had his passport and his luggage with him; they even brought presents for me, and for you, and for all the people in the town. "Who were they? what did they want? and what did they bring with them?"

4. "Good-morning," they cried to the sentry at the town-gate.

"Good-morning," replied the sentry; for the clock had struck twelve. "Your name and profession?" asked the sentry of the one who alighted first from the carriage.

5. "See for yourself in the passport," he replied. "I am myself;" and a famous fellow he looked, arrayed in bear-skin and fur boots. "I am the man on whom many persons fix their hopes. Come to me to-morrow, and I'll give you a New Year's present. I throw shillings and pence among the people; I give balls, no less than thirty-one; indeed, that is the highest number I can spare for balls. My ships are often frozen in, but in my offices it is warm and comfortable. My name is JANUARY. I'm a merchant, and I generally bring my accounts with me."

6. Then the second alighted. He seemed a merry fellow. He was a director of a theatre, a manager of masked balls, and a leader of all the

profession

consist + of (组成)
consist + in (在于)
consist + with (一致)
His daily actions do not consist with his principle.

— 60 —

amusements we can imagine. His luggage consisted of a great cask.

“We’ll dance the bung out of the cask at carnival time,” said he; “I’ll prepare a merry tune for you and for myself too. Unfortunately I have not long to live—the shortest time, in fact, of my whole family—only twenty-eight days. Sometimes they pop me in a day extra; but I trouble myself very little about that. Hurrah!”

7. “You must not shout so,” said the sentry.

“Certainly I may shout,” retorted the man; “I’m Prince Carnival, travelling under the name of FEBRUARY.”

The third now got out. He looked a personification of fasting; but he carried his nose very high, and was a weather prophet. But that is not a very lucrative office, and therefore he praised fasting. In his button-hole he carried a little bunch of violets, but they were very small.

8. “MARCH, March,” the fourth called after him, slapping him on the shoulder, “don’t you smell something? Make haste into the guard room; they’re drinking punch there; that’s your favourite drink. I can smell it out here already. Forward, Master March.

9. But it was not true; the speaker only

carnival personification lucrative

— 61 —

wanted to remind him of his name, and to make an APRIL fool of him; for with that fun the fourth generally began his career. He looked very jovial, did little work, and had the more holidays.

10. “If the world were only a little more settled,” said he; “but sometimes I’m obliged to be in a good humour, and sometimes a bad one, according to circumstances; now rain, now sunshine. I can laugh or cry, according to circumstances. I have my summer wardrobe in this box here, but it would be very foolish to put it on now. Here I am. On Sundays I go out walking in shoes and white silk stockings, and a muff.”

11. After him, a lady stepped out of the coach. She called herself Miss MAY. She wore a summer dress and overshoes; her dress was a light green, and she wore anemones in her hair. She was so scented with wild-thyme, that it made the sentry sneeze.

“Your health, and ^{may} God bless you,” was her salutation to him.

How pretty she was! and such a singer! not a theatre singer, nor a ballad singer; no, but a singer of the woods; for she wandered through the gay green forest, and had a concert there for her own amusement.

jovial anemones salutation

EXERCISE.

1. As the clock struck twelve, they stood up and took full glasses in their hands to drink success to the New Year.

2. The wish for the New Year was passed from one to another, and each time the glasses clashed till they rang again and again.

3. In a leap-year they give me a day extra, but I do not trouble myself about that.

4. He was a weather prophet, which is not a lucrative office; and so he praised fasting.

5. On the first of April people make for fun April fools of their acquaintances.

6. April did little work, and had so much the more holidays.

7. In April the weather is unsettled, so that I have to change my humour according to circumstances.

LESSON XV.

THE MAIL-COACH PASSENGERS.—II.

1. "Now comes the young bride," said those in the carriage; and out stepped a young dame, delicate, proud, and pretty. It was Mistress JUNE,

in whose service people become lazy and fond of sleeping for hours. She gives a feast on the longest day of the year, that there may be time for her guests to partake of the numerous dishes at her table. Indeed, she keeps her own carriage; but still she travelled by the mail, with the rest, because she wished to show that she was not light-minded.

2. But she was not without a protector: her younger brother, JULY, was with her. He was a plump young fellow, clad in summer garments and wearing a straw hat. He had but very little luggage with him, because it was so troublesome in the great heat; he had, however, swimming-trousers with him, which are nothing to carry.

3. Then came the mother herself, Madame AUGUST, a wholesale dealer in fruit, proprietress of a large number of fish-ponds and a land cultivator. She was fat and heated, yet she could use her hands well, and would herself carry out beer to the labourers in the field. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," said she; "it is written in the Bible." After work, came the recreations, dancing and playing in the greenwood, and the "harvest homes." She was a thorough housewife.

partake wholesale proprietress cultivator recreations

4. After her a man came out of the coach, who is a painter; he is the great master of colours, and is named SEPTEMBER. The forest, on his arrival, had to change its colours when he wished it; and how beautiful are the colours he chooses! The woods glow with hues of red and gold and brown. This great master painter could whistle like a blackbird. He was quick in his work, and soon entwined the tendrils of the hop plant around his beer jug. This was an ornament to the jug, and he has a great love for ornament. There he stood with his colour pot in his hand, and that was the whole of his luggage.

5. A landowner followed, who in the month for sowing seed attended to the ploughing and was fond of field sports. Squire OCTOBER brought his dog and his gun with him, and had nuts in his game bag. "Crack, crack." He had a great deal of luggage—even an English plough. He spoke of farming, but what he said could scarcely be heard for the coughing and gasping of his neighbour.

6. It was NOVEMBER, who coughed violently as he got out. He had a cold, which caused him to use his pocket-handkerchief continually; and yet he said he was obliged to accompany

ornament

servant girls to their new places, and initiate them into their winter service. He said he thought his cold would leave him when he went out wood-cutting, for he was a master sawyer, and had to supply wood to the whole parish. He spent his evenings preparing wooden soles for skates, for he knew, he said, that in a few weeks these shoes would be wanted for the amusement of skating.

7. At length the last passenger made her appearance,—old Mother DECEMBER, with her fire-stool. The dame was very old, but her eyes glistened like two stars. She carried on her arm a flower-pot, in which a little fir-tree was growing.

8. "This tree I shall guard and cherish," she said, "that it may grow large by Christmas Eve, and reach from the ground to the ceiling, to be covered and adorned with flaming candles, golden apples, and little figures. The fire-stool will be as warm as a stove, and I shall then bring a story book out of my pocket, and read aloud till all the children in the room are quite quiet. Then the little figures on the tree will become lively, and the little waxen angel at the top will spread out his wings of gold-leaf, and fly down from his green perch. He will kiss every one in the room, great and small; yes, even the

poor children who stand in the passage, or out in the street singing a carol about the 'Star of Bethlehem.'

9. "Well, now the coach may drive away," said the sentry; "we have the whole twelve. Let the horses be put up."

"First, let all the twelve come to me," said the Captain on duty, "one after another. The passports I will keep here. Each of them is available for one month; when ^{a month} that has passed, I shall write the behaviour of each on his passport. Mr. JANUARY, have the goodness to come here." And Mr. January ^{please come here} stepped forward.

10. When a year has passed, I think I shall be able to tell you what the twelve passengers have brought to you, to me, and to all of us. Now I do not know, and probably even they won't know themselves, for we live in strange times.

From *Fairy Tales*.

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.

EXERCISE.

1. She gives a feast on Midsummer's Day, the 21st of June, so that her guests may have time to partake of all the dishes.

behaviour

2. He had with him swimming-trousers, which are so light that they are practically nothing to carry.

3. September is a great painter; how beautifully he colours the forest when he comes!

4. You could scarcely hear what October said for the coughing of November.

5. In November most servant-girls enter service and have to be taught what to do.

6. Each passport is available for one month; and at the end of the month I shall write down on it how each person has behaved.

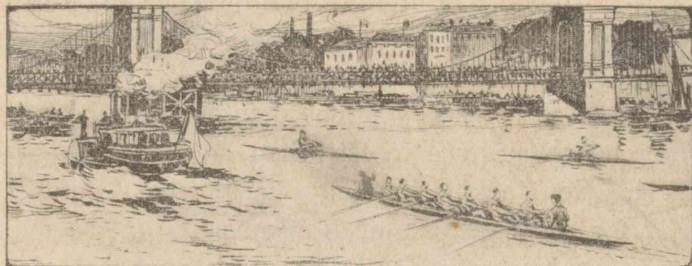
LESSON XVI.

A BOAT RACE.

1. Putney Bridge at half an hour before high tide; thirteen or fourteen steamers; five or six thousand boats, and fifteen or twenty thousand spectators. This is the morning of the Great University race, about which every member of the two great Universities, and a very large section of the general public, have been fidgeting and talking for a month or so.

2. The bridge is black, the lawns are black,

spectators fidgeting



every balcony and window in the town is black; the steamers are black with a swarming, eager multitude, come to see the picked youths of the upper class try their strength against one another. There are two friends of ours nearly concerned in the great event of the day. Charles Ravenshoe is rowing three in the Oxford boat, and Marston is steering. This is a memorable day for both of them, and more especially for Charles.

3. Now the crowd surges to and fro, and there is a cheer. The men are getting into their boats. The police-boats are busy clearing the course. Now there is a cheer of admiration. Cambridge dashes out, swings round, and takes her place at the bridge.

4. Another shout. Oxford sweeps majestically out and takes her place by Cambridge. Away go the police-galleys, away go all the London club-

multitude memorable majestically

with the graveness of a clergyman 牧师の顔 = 英国国史の記

決黄 — c
細 — ①

boats, ~~at~~ ten miles an hour down the course. Now the course is clear, and there is almost a silence.

5. Then a wild hubbub; and people begin to squeeze and crush against one another. The boats are off; the fight has begun; then thirteen steamers coming roaring on after them, and their wake is alive once more with boats.

6. Everywhere a roar and a rushing to and fro. Frantic crowds upon the towing-path, mad crowds on the steamers, which make them sway and rock fearfully. Ahead Hammersmith Bridge, hanging like a black bar, covered with people as with a swarm of bees. As an eye-piece to the picture, two solitary flying boats, and the flashing oars, working with the rapidity and regularity of a steam-engine.

7. "Who's in front?" is asked by a thousand mouths; but who can tell? We shall see soon. Hammersmith Bridge is stretching across the water not a hundred yards in front of the boats. For one half-second a light shadow crosses the Oxford boat, and then it is out into the sunlight beyond. In another second the same shadow crosses the Cambridge boat. Oxford is ahead.

8. The men with light-blue neckties say that,

solitary rapidity

supporters 負數人(負人)
“By George, Oxford can't keep that terrible quick stroke going much longer;” and the men with dark-blue ties say, “Can't she, by Jove?” Well, we shall know all about it soon, for here is Barnes Bridge.

9. Again the shadow goes over the Oxford boat, and then one, two, three, four seconds before the Cambridge men pass beneath it. Oxford is winning! There is a shout from the people at Barnes. Cambridge has made a furious rush, and drawn nearly up to Oxford; but it is useless. Oxford leaves rowing, and Cambridge rows ten strokes before they are level.

EXERCISE.

1. The general public have been talking for a month or so about the great boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge.

2. They have come to see the picked youths of the upper class at the Universities try their strength against one another.

3. Charles is the third oarsman of the Oxford boat and Marston is its steersman.

4. Nearer to them than the bridge, they see two boats which are being rowed with the rapidity and regularity of a steam-engine.

5. For a half-second the shadow of the bridge falls on the Oxford boat, and then the boat is seen in the sunlight beyond it.

6. The supporters of the Cambridge men declare that Oxford cannot keep that quick stroke going much longer.

7. Cambridge has to row ten strokes before she is level with Oxford.

LESSON XVII.

THE DEATH OF PRINCE WILLIAM.

1. After a successful campaign in France, happily concluded through the Pope's mediation by a peace, Henry I embarked from Barfleur for England, with his son, then recently married, and in his seventeenth year. One of the finest vessels in the fleet was a galley of fifty oars called the *White Ship*, and commanded by a certain Thomas Fitz Stephens, whose grandfather had carried over the Conqueror when ~~the~~ ^{conqueror} invaded the kingdom which he had won. Upon this ground Fitz Stephens solicited the honour of now conveying the King, upon an occasion as much more joyful as it was less momentous.

campaign mediation momentous

nephew
niece

— 72 —

2. Henry was pleased with a request preferred for such a motive; and, though having chosen a vessel ^{from} ~~for~~ himself, he did not think proper to alter his own arrangements, he left Prince William, with the rest of his family, and their friends and attendants, to take their passage in the *White Ship*; and embarking towards evening on the 25th of November, in fair weather, he sailed for England.

3. There were with the Prince his brother Richard, and their sister the Lady Marie, Countess of Perth, Richard Earl of Chester with his wife, who was the King's niece, and her brother the Prince's governor, the flower of the young nobility both of Normandy and England, 140 in number, eighteen being women of the first rank; these and their retinues amounting, with the crew, to about 300 persons.

4. The Prince, being detained a little after his father, imprudently ordered three casks of wine to be distributed among the men; and the captain, as well as the sailors, drank, in the joy of his heart, too freely, and promised to overtake every ship that had sailed before them. Accordingly he hoisted all sail, and plied all oars.

arrangements	attendants	nobility	retinues
imprudently	distributed		

turn a deaf ear = } turn a cold shoulder
 } turn a back

— 73 —

5. The evening ~~had~~ closed before they started, but it was bright moonlight; the men exerted themselves under all the excitement of hilarity and pride and emulation, dreaming of no danger; the captain and the helmsman, under the same excitement, were unmindful of any; and when the ship was going through the water ^{dancel} with all the stress of oars and sails, she struck upon a rock, called the Catteraze, with such violence that several planks were started, and she instantly began to fill.

6. A boat was immediately lowered, and the Prince was escaping in it, which he might easily have done, for the shore was at no great distance, when his sister, whom there had been no time to take off, or who in the horror of the moment had been forgotten, shrieked out to him to save her. It was better to die than ~~turn a deaf ear~~ to that call; he ordered the boat to put back and take her in; but such numbers leapt into it at the same time, that the boat was swamped, and all perished.

7. The ship also presently went down with all on board; only two persons, the one a young noble, son of Gilbert de Aquila, the other a butcher of Rouen, saved themselves by climbing the mast,

hilarity	emulation	excitement
----------	-----------	------------

well nigh = well enough

— 74 —

and clinging to the top, they kept their heads above water. Fitz Stephens rose after the vessel had sunk, and might have taken the same chance of preservation; but calling to mind that he had been the unhappy occasion of this great calamity, he preferred present death as the least evil.

8. The youth became exhausted during the night; and commending his poor companion to God's mercy with his last words, he lost his hold and sank. The butcher held on till morning, when he was seen from the shore and saved; and from him, being the only survivor, the circumstances of the tragedy were learnt.

9. The ^{news} tidings reached England in the course of that day; but no one would communicate it to the King; no one, not even those who had lost dear connections of their own by the same awful event, could ^(not) bear to witness the first emotions of his grief.

10. Three days they persisted in thus concealing it, till the King's anxiety being at length well nigh as painful as the certainty could be, a little boy was then sent in, who, weeping bitterly, with no counterfeited passion, fell at his feet, and told him that the *White Ship*, with all on board was lost.

— 75 —

11. The King, strong ^{as} he was in body and in mind, and in heart also, ^{then} fainted at the shock; and though he survived it many years, he was never afterwards seen to smile.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EXERCISE.

1. Henry's father had crossed the channel in the ship commanded by Fitz Stephens's grandfather for the invasion of England.

2. Upon this ground Fitz Stephens now solicited a similar honour on an occasion more joyful and less momentous than the invasion.

3. In the joy of his heart the captain partook too freely of the wine.

4. The prince might easily have escaped, had not his sister who had been left behind, shrieked out to him to save her.

5. It was better for him to die than to turn a deaf ear to her cry.

6. The ship went down with all on board, except two persons who managed to keep their heads above water.

stately = majestic solemn

— 76 —

7. He preferred immediate death to being punished by Henry.

8. Not even those whose dear relations had perished in the ship, could bear to tell the king and see his grief.

9. The king's anxiety was now as painful to behold as the knowledge of the calamity could be.

LESSON XVIII.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

1. The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on ;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son ?
He lived—for life may long be borne—
Ere sorrow break its chain ;—
Why comes not death to those who
mourn ?—
He never smiled again !
2. There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave ?

*reckless = imprudent
in that time = in the course of time*

— 77 —

Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But ~~seas~~ ^{waves} dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again !

3. He sat where festal bowls went round ;
He heard the minstrel sing ;
He saw the Tourney's victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring :
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again !

4. Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers ~~took~~ the kinsman's ~~place~~
At many a joyous board ;
Graves, which true love had bathed with
tears,
Were left to Heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
(but) He never smiled again !

FELICIA HEMANS.

EXERCISE.

1. What was the glory of the English throne to the king who had lost his only son?
2. Life may last long before sorrow brings death.
3. With every strain of music he seemed to hear the sounds of winds and waves.
4. In course of time lovers forgot the vows they had made, and strangers took the place of the kinsmen at many tables.
5. Graves, at which the survivors had wept, were now left uncared for; and with other years came new hopes.

LESSON XIX.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

1. From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they

exaggerated uncultivated incapable

been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter.

2. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

3. The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example.

4. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance;

compensate	violence	expectation	delivered
military	commandant	resistance	

at the mercy of
Nabob
the English

and great numbers of English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

5. Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left ^{at the} ~~at the~~ mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans.

insolence memorable singular atrocity
retribution malefactor solstice

The weak and undisciplined man is at the mercy of every temptation; he cannot say No, but falls before it.

6. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

7. Nothing in history or in fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, ^{not} ~~approaches~~ the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, (who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind) offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was, that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders; that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him.

8. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the

absurdity expostulated hesitated survivors

gaoler = gaoler retention

places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings.

9. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.

10. But these things, (which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror) awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted

pittance blasphemed gaolers charnel-house
promiscuously

Suspected case of cholera (疑難症)

no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty.

11. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release.

From the *Essay on Lord Clive*,

BY LORD MACAULAY.

execrable intercessions

EXERCISE.

1. Surajah had hated the English ; he had no reason for it, it was merely his whim.

2. The governor was frightened out of his wits and fled ; and the commandant thought that he could not do better than follow his example.

3. They laughed and jested at the idea, but soon discovered their mistake.

4. There staggered out twenty-three persons whose figures were so changed that their own mothers would not have recognised them.

5. He had a suspicion that they knew more than they chose to tell about the Company's treasures.

LESSON XX.

THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY.

1. In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence, it was determined that an expedition should be sent to

sentment vengeance intelligence expedition

enmity retaliation

the Hooghly, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry, fine troops, and full of spirits, and fifteen hundred sepoy, composed the army which sailed to punish a prince who had more subjects than Louis XV. or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed ; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.

2. Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar ; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey ; and still Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

3. Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity, or in the courage of his confederate ; and, whatever

encounter conspirator overpowered evasive
remonstrances situation sincerity confederate

confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed nearly an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

4. The river was passed; and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-

responsibility majority concurrence hazard toilsome

ordnance = cannon

trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard through the whole night the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

5. Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

6. The day broke—the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each

distracted apprehensions appalled

pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these, nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline.

7. The battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered

auxiliaries	practised	discipline	cannonade
artillery	execution	expediency	insidious

his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down by the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wag-gons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

From the *Essay on Lord Clive*,

BY LORD MACAULAY.

EXERCISE.

1. The fleet had to make its way against unfavourable winds and only reached Bengal in December.

dispirited fugitives innumerable

2. His fears overpowered his ambition; and he gave evasive answers when called upon to fulfil his engagements.

3. He was himself again, and resolved to put everything to the hazard.

4. His heart sank now and then when he reflected that he had to contend against fearful odds.

5. His terror increasing every moment with the spread of disorder in his army, he gave an order to retreat, which sealed his fate.

LESSON XXI.

A LUCKLESS SKATER. I.

1. "Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to; "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes;" replied Mr. Winkle,

"I—I—am rather out of practice."

2. "Oh, do skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

substantial

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

3. This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more, down-stairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

4. Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight; and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old

objection	exquisite	shovelled	dexterity
marvellous	astonishing	enthusiasm	

Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

5. All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

6. "Now, then, Sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show ^{them} 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop," said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

7. "Not an uncommon thing upon ice, Sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, Sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

evolutions complicated observation demonstration

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

8. "I'm afraid there's an awkward gentleman in 'em, Sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter: "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a going to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, Sir, start off."

EXERCISE.

1. As they were hungry, they did ample justice to the lunch set before them.

2. I have not skated for a long time, and I am now out of practice.

3. This objection was at once overruled, for skates were immediately brought out.

4. He skated a great distance without once stopping for breath.

5. Mr. Snodgrass knew no more about skates than a native of a country where there is no skating.

disengage

6. The ladies are all anxiety, as they wish to see you skate.

LESSON XXII.

A LUCKLESS SKATER. II.

1. "Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home, that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

2. Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away, to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam, I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, Sir," replied Mr. Weller,

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle.

"There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

3. Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, Sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a calling? Let go, sir."

4. With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

5. "Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

agonized	administered	impetus	accuracy
unparalleled	spasmodic	anguish	lineament

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

6. "What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer. Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

7. The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it, in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

8. "You're a humbug, Sir."

"A what!" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

emphatic

"A humbug, Sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, Sir."

"With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

From the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*,

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

EXERCISE.

1. Never mind touching your hat; you need not take your hand away from me to touch your hat.

2. I shall soon get in the way of it when I become used to skating.

3. Mr. Winkle was far too wise to attempt to rise to his feet with the skates on, for he was sure to fall again.

4. I really think you had better let me bleed you.

5. I will speak more plainly, if you wish. You're an impostor, Sir.

LESSON XXIII.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

1. Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud
had lower'd

impostor

And the sentinel stars set their watch
 in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground
 overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded
 to die.

2. When reposing that night on my pallet
 of straw
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guard-
 ed the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision
 I saw;
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt
 it again.

3. Methought from the battle-field's dreadful
 array
 Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate
 track:
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on
 the way
 To the home of my fathers, that
 welcomed me back.

4. I flew to the pleasant field traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my
 bosom was young;

sentinel vision methought desolate

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating
 aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the
 corn-reapers sung.

5. Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly
 I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends
 never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times
 o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her ful-
 ness of heart.—

6. “Stay—stay with us!—rest:—thou art
 weary and worn!”—
 And fain was their war-broken soldier
 to stay:—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of
 morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear
 melted away.

T. CAMPBELL.

LESSON XXIV.

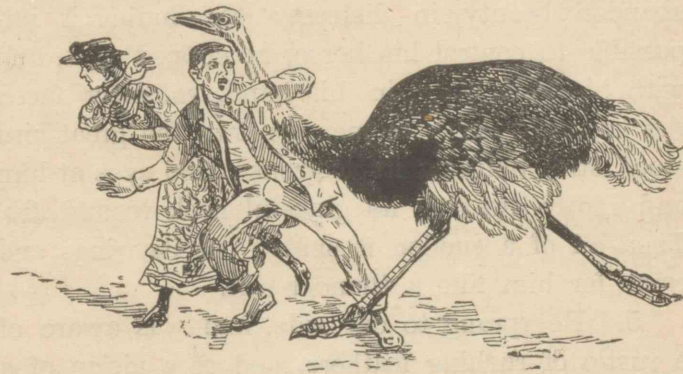
A FIGHT WITH AN OSTRICH.

1. Captain John Niel was riding along one afternoon in the Transvaal, when on the further side of a gentle slope before him there suddenly appeared an extraordinary sight. Over the crest of the rise of land, now some four or five hundred yards away, a pony with a lady on its back came wildly galloping, and after it, with wings spread and outstretched neck, a huge cock ostrich was speeding along, covering twelve or fifteen feet at every stride of its long legs. The pony was still twenty yards ahead of the bird, and coming toward John rapidly; but strive as it would, it could not distance the swiftest thing on all the earth. Five seconds passed—the great bird was close alongside now—Ah! and John Niel turned sick and shut his eyes as he rode, for he saw the ostrich's thick leg fly high into the air and then sweep down like a leaded bludgeon!

2. Thud! It had missed the lady and struck her horse upon the spine, behind the saddle, for the moment completely paralysing ^{it} so that it fell all of a heap on to the veldt. ^{horse} In a moment

extraordinary outstretchd ostrich paralysing

the girl on its back was up and off toward him, and after her came the ostrich. Up went the



great leg again, but before it came crashing on to her shoulders she had flung herself face downward on the grass. In an instant the huge bird was on the top of her, kicking at her, rolling over her, and ^{head} crushing the very life out of her.

3. It was at this juncture that John Niel arrived upon the scene. The moment the ostrich saw him he gave up his attacks upon the lady on the ground and began to waltz toward him with a pompous sort of step that these birds sometimes assume before they give battle.

4. Now Captain Niel was unaccustomed to the ways of ostriches, and so was his horse, which showed a strong inclination to bolt; as, in-
unaccustomed

deed, under other circumstances, his rider would have been glad to do himself. But he could not abandon beauty in distress; so, finding it impossible to control his horse, he slipped off it, and with his hide whip in his hand, valiantly faced the enemy. For a moment or two the great bird stood still, blinking its lustrous round eyes at him and gently swaying its graceful neck to and fro. Then all of a sudden it spread out its wings and came for him like a thunder-bolt.

5. He sprang to one side, and was aware of a rustle of rushing feathers, and of a vision of a thick leg striking downward past his head. Fortunately it missed him, and the ostrich sped past like a flash. Before he could turn, however, it was back and had landed the full weight of one of its awful forward kicks in the broad of his back, and away he went head over heels like a shot rabbit.

6. In a second he was on his legs again, shaken indeed, but not much the worse, and perfectly mad with fury and pain. At him came the ostrich, and at the ostrich went he, catching it a blow across the slim neck with his whip, that staggered it for a moment. Profiting by the check, he seized the bird by the wing and held

abandon

on like grim death with both hands. Then they began to gyrate, slowly at first, then quicker, and yet more quick, till at last it seemed to Captain John Niel that time and space and the solid earth were nothing but a revolving vision fixed somewhere in the watches of the night. Above him, like a stationary pivot, towered the tall graceful neck, beneath him spun the top-like legs, and in front of him was a soft black and white mass of feathers.

7. Thud! and a cloud of stars! He was on his back, and the ostrich, who did not seem to be affected by giddiness, was on him, punishing him dreadfully. Luckily an ostrich can not kick a man very hard when he is flat on the ground. If he could, there would have been an end of John Niel.

8. Half a minute or so passed, during which the bird worked his sweet will upon his prostrate enemy, and at the end of it the man began to feel very much as though his earthly career was closed. Just as things were growing faint and dim to him, however, he suddenly saw a pair of white arms clasp themselves round the ostrich's legs from behind, and heard a voice cry—

“Break his neck while I hold his legs, or he will kill you.”

gyrate stationary

9. This roused him from his torpor, and he staggered to his feet. Meanwhile the ostrich and the young lady had come to the ground, and were rolling together in a confused heap, over which the elegant neck and open hissing mouth wavered to and fro like a cobra about to strike. With a rush he seized the neck in both his hands, and, putting out all his strength (for he was a strong man), he twisted it till it broke with a snap, and after a few wild and convulsive bounds and struggles the great bird lay dead.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

EXERCISE.

1. Strive as it would, the pony could not distance the ostrich.
2. The blow so completely paralysed the pony that it fell all of a heap on the ground.
3. The bird rolled over her and crushed the very life out of her.
4. Niel himself would, under other circumstances, have been glad to bolt, but he could not abandon a lady in distress.
5. The bird kicked him in the broad of his

convulsive

back, and he fell head over heels like a shot rabbit.

6. With both hands he held on to the bird by the wing like grim death.

7. The bird worked his sweet will on the man, who began to feel that his earthly career was coming to a close.

LESSON XXV.

THE LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

1. The whole Continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been taxed to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the battle-field.

2. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith,—now blazing out in its ancient splendour, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single chance.

continental spectacle energy tottering zenith

3. Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

4. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down; yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each man, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

5. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before ^{it} also sank to the earth. ^{another horse} Again and again did that unflinching man feel steed after steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with

batteries squadrons battalions

his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines.

6. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose, and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not stand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

7. Ney was borne back in the receding tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and would have fallen where he stood. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavoured to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, ^{but had not been} had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks.

8. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ; and though Ney did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name; and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations.

From *Napoleon and his Marshals*,

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

EXERCISE.

1. He was to battle for Europe upon the plains of Waterloo, and he resolved to stake it on one bold throw.
2. The fate of his empire now rested on a single chance, which was the result of the Battle of Waterloo.
3. Ney did not prove unworthy of the great trust which Napoleon put upon him.
4. Steed after steed sank down until five had been shot under him.

5. The fate of Napoleon was decided; and nothing that the "bravest of the brave" could do could reverse that decision.

LESSON XXVI.

THE COYOTE.

1. The coyote of the farther deserts is a long, slim, sick, and sorry-looking skeleton with a grey wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that for ever hangs down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.
2. He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologising for it. And he is so homely! so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful!
3. When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and he turns a little out

skeleton allegory apologising

Don't follow in the wake of such mean persons

— 110 —

of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol-range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you. He will trot fifty yards, and stop again; and, finally, the grey of his gliding body blends with the grey of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

4. But if you start a swift-footed dog after him you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck farther to the front, and pant more fiercely, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain.

5. All this time the dog is only a short deliberate

(strenuous life) - 奮闘の生活

— 111 —

in any way
twenty feet behind the coyote, and, to save the life of him, he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along, and never pants or sweats, or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm soft-footed trot is.

6. And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

7. This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say—

“Well, I shall have to tear myself from you, but—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day.” And

aggravated ignoble concentrated desperate

forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

MARK TWAIN.

EXERCISE.

1. He is always hungry and poor; he is a living allegory of want.
2. While his exposed teeth appear to convey a threat, the rest of his face is all the time apologising for it.
3. You will enjoy the race ever so much if you start after the coyote a dog that has a good opinion of himself and thinks he can really run fast.
4. He cannot, to save the life of him, understand why he cannot get any closer.
5. It is aggravating to him to see how shamefully he has been taken in by the coyote.
6. I am sorry to leave you, but—business is business, and I cannot be fooling along in this way all day.

atmosphere solitude

LESSON XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF NANSHAN. I.

1. For two months or more the Russians had been preparing to defend the narrow approach to the Liao-tung Peninsula. Behind the quaint, little Chinese walled town of Kinchau there is a small clump of hills, called Nanshan, which dominates the narrowest part of the neck. This position the Russians occupied, and, employing large numbers of coolies, began laboriously fortifying after their customary elaborate methods. With the relatively limited forces at their disposal, ~~and chiefly to~~ the folly of fighting on the Yalu, they were unable to prepare and hold the much higher range of hills to the right front. These, too, (they probably observed,) might be turned or occupied by the Japanese landing upon the west instead of the east side. The Russians protected the Nanshan works by numerous trenches, the approaches to which, in turn, were obstructed by barbed wire entanglements, pitfalls, and mines. They had in the emplacements in the works, besides large howitzers, 15-centimetre cannon and quick-firing 4.7 guns.

dominates laboriously customary elaborate relatively
entanglement emplacement howitzers centimetre

2. As you leave the great bay of Talienwan and the once habitable-looking town of Dalny, nestling in the corner thereof to the south, you see Nanshan on the left, and on the right the north-east range of hills already alluded to, called the Sanchishan. As seen from Junk Bay, a northern corner of the great Talienwan Bay, Nanshan lifts its abrupt low heads but slightly above the rising ground. It is a four or more multiple-topped hill, and about four hundred feet or less in height. In truth, it is a pigmy to the raw-ribbed Sanchishan, five miles away to the north-east, whose rough lower slopes almost give access to Nanshan. But bulk is no true measure in that which interests mankind, and lesser Nanshan will long loom on the human horizon. These clubbed Nanshan hills present no striking features in the isthmian landscape. There are far greater hills to the south as well as to the north of them, ranges thick strewn, with the restless sea on either side, where the tides seek to fret away and overlay the land. Nanshan's lower gullies and rain-washed ruts were all converted into trenches and used as rifle-pits.

3. On May 21st the encounter began with an artillery attack that was to determine the fate of isthmian

Nanshan, and therewith Port Arthur. On the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th the guns were still laid upon the lower works, which replied at times to the Japanese batteries, but the latter did very little damage. Finally, General Oku's attacking columns advanced by the right towards Kinchau, several of his guns being moved forward into new positions. The leading troops gradually extended and took up ground to the left, *i. e.*, south, overlapping on that side the Russian defences. This proved to be a somewhat risky enterprise, for the Russians still held Dalny and Talienwan Bay, and one of their gun-boats was enabled to pour a heavy fire upon the left of the column. Rough weather on May 24th prevented the effective co-operation with the land forces of the three Japanese gun-boats and torpedo flotilla ordered into Kinchau Bay. Even on the 25th the warships were unable to render any assistance, and it was not until the following day that the contest, which they were to determine, entered upon the ferocious and decisive stage.

4. With the descent of the Japanese into the low ground, the Russians had withdrawn within their out-posts without offering serious resistance.

overlapping	enterprise	co-operation	torpedo
flotilla	ferocious	decisive	resistance

Kinchau also fell into the hands of the Japanese. General Oku formed up for attack with the Fourth or Osaka Division on his right, the First Division in the centre, and the Third Division on his left. It was in that formation, they advanced after dark and took up their attacking positions. It had been arranged that the assault upon Nanshan was to open with a heavy bombardment at half-past four in the morning, but there being a fog, General Uchiyama, who commanded the guns, did not begin firing until an hour afterwards. At 6 a.m. four of the Japanese shallow-draft gunboats began bombarding Nanshan from Kinchau Bay. The Russians replied with all their guns, of which they probably had about 111 in the field, and the action rapidly became furious. Several of the Japanese ships were hit, and one of the gunboats, through a shell bursting upon the deck, lost her captain and nine men.

5. For three hours the artillery duel raged, when the Russian fire began to slacken, mainly through the raking fire of the squadron, which drew close in upon the rising tide. By eleven in the morning all the Muscovite forts had been silenced, and two of their quick-firing batteries were seen to retreat hastily to the high ground

bombardment Muscovite

at Nankwanling, ten miles south of Kinchau. The Japanese troops on the right and centre rushed in and gained cover in positions from 300 to 600 yards from the trenches. A Russian steamer from Dalny skilfully shelled the Third Division. She also escorted five steam launches filled with troops in order to disembark them, to assail the apparently lost Third Division on the flank; but a Japanese detachment boldly moving forward to meet the Russian landing party, they reconsidered the matter and retired. The battle went on ding-dong, and a battery of large guns, fired from a point 7,000 metres away at the unfortunate Third Division, wrought disaster and checked their attempted enveloping operation.

EXERCISE.

1. The Russians had fortified the position after their usual elaborate methods.
2. Their folly in fighting on the River Yalu had reduced the forces at their disposal.
3. Things do not interest men according to their size, and lesser Nanshan will continue to attract the attention of the world.

apparently detachment reconsidered disaster
enveloping operation.

4. The guns which were still laid upon the lower works, replied at times to the Japanese batteries, but with little effect.

5. After an artillery duel of three hours, the Russian forts were silenced by the raking fire of the squadron.

LESSON XXVIII.

THE BATTLE OF NANSHAN. II

1. Meanwhile the other two divisions persistently tried to advance; but the strong defences, the many entanglements, machine guns and cannon, foiled every effort of the Japanese to get to close quarters. General Oku, like Kuroki, had sent in his troops at first in very close order, and, as at the Yalu, their casualties were unduly swelled on that account. Again and again the Japanese sought to break through the entanglements and assault the enemy's works; but the Russian infantry made so obstinate a defence that they could not penetrate to the main line, nor were their batteries able to make a sufficient breach in the defences. Hours were passing, and the roll of the uselessly slain was increasing.

2. The unlucky Third Division, which had all persistently casualties

but lost touch on the right, was virtually surrounded by the Russians, who had reinforced their right. It was in imminent danger of annihilation or of capture. The infantry of the First Division, with incredible bravery, repeatedly charged, though losing heavily by the Russian fire. The day was closing, apparently disastrously for the Japanese, for the ammunition of their batteries had run short, and they were preparing to withdraw from the field. Yet, though the sun was sinking to rest, it was determined to make one further grand combined effort to storm the Russian position, and afford an illustration of the maxim, that a battle is never lost or won until the dead and the spoils have been counted and put away. The Russian trenches, which on every side ran out towards the sea, had their ends turned back so as to afford protection against attempts to turn their flank. But there seemed to be an opportunity for getting around and behind the position if it were possible for troops to move across the wet sands, wade the shallow water, and then swing round and take Nanshan in the rear. And this is exactly what the gallant leader of the Fourth Division essayed.

imminent annihilation incredible disastrously
ammunition illustration

discarding all shelter = appearing out of shelter

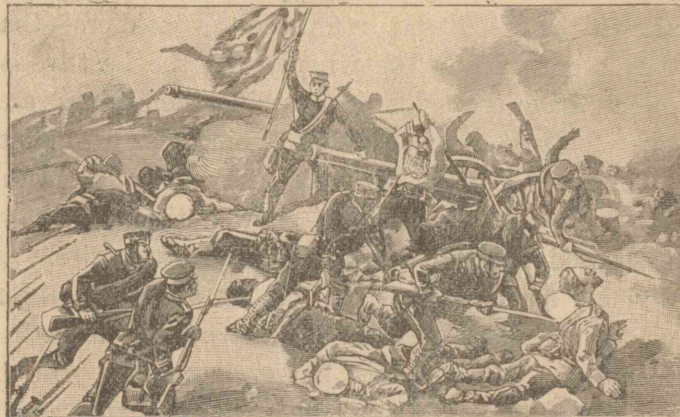
3. Major-General Nishijima led his brigade for a final stroke down towards the sea-sands, the men rushed into the water, wading far out, and, swinging round, they advanced to the assault, covered by a savage and well-directed fire from the gunboats. The Russians strove to check this extraordinary feat, hurrying out bodies of riflemen, turning their quick-firing machine guns and cannon on the daring soldiers; but the remainder of the infantry of the First Division, discarding all shelter, leaped anew to create a diversion in their comrades' favour. With a mighty rush the brigade of the Fourth Division bounded ashore, gained the trenches and forts, and then in hand-to-hand combat, with pistol, sword, and bayonet, drove the enemy out of their last lines of defence and captured the summit of the works. Amid a lurid scene of fire and slaughter and wild excitement, the whole of the Japanese line ran in, the Third Division also joining in the movement, which at 7 p.m. carried the whole of Oku's assaulting columns into and over the Russian works, sweeping away all opposition.

4. The setting sun had sunk below the horizon ere the "Rising Sun," the flag of Japan, was waving in triumph over the forts which command-

discarding diversion bayonet

as usual = as it is the case with Russian

ed the neck of the Liaotung Peninsula. It was a triumph and a rout, the Russians flying in



disorder towards Nankwan and Port Arthur. The victory had not been cheaply gained, for, although the Japanese casualties were at first given as 4,204, I have reason to know that they totalled, killed and wounded, over 5,000. The Russians left 500 dead upon the field; during the fight they had been able to remove many of their wounded and slain to the rear. Their total losses in the battle were probably about 8,000. As usual, they fled just in time to escape being caught in the final successful rush.

5. The Japanese captured a quantity of stores, much ammunition, mines, and seventy-eight machine

ammunition

guns and cannon. But what was of far more importance than all these portable trophies, they had shown their splendid hardihood as soldiers—that they were men before whom even the best troops might have occasion to examine themselves and tighten their girths, before going down against them to do battle. In the conflict at Nanshan, the Japanese officers and men showed that they were possessed of the spirit of the true soldier. A division surrounded, their gun ammunition all but exhausted, there seemed no alternative but retirement for Oku's army; but their courage rose to the occasion, and they struck with all their force a death or glory blow, and deservedly triumphed.

6. We will have to turn over many pages of many histories before finding an action fit to be compared with the fight for the Liaotung neck, the throat of Port Arthur.

From "*The Empire of the East*,"

BY BENNETT BURLEIGH.

EXERCISE.

1. The Japanese were foiled in all their efforts to get to close quarters.

hardihood alternative

2. The Third Division, which had all but lost touch with the rest of the army, was now in danger of annihilation.

3. The issue of a battle is never decided until the field has been cleared.

4. One of the regiments rushed out of shelter to create a diversion in favour of the other.

5. Their courage rose to the occasion, and they struck with deserved success a death or glory blow.

LESSON XXIX.

THE DOG.

1. When a dog, young and yet unskilled, follows his master across the meadows, it often happens that he meets with difficulties which sorely try the capacity of the inexperienced brain. The two come to a broad deep brook. The man glances at the opposite bank, and compares in his mind the distance to the other side with other distances he previously leaped. The result is not quite satisfactory; somehow a latent doubt develops itself into a question of his ability to spring over.

2. He cranes his neck, looks at the jump sideways to get an angular measurement, retires

capacity inexperienced satisfactory

a few paces to run, shakes his head, deliberates, instinctively glances round as if for assistance or advice, and presently again advances to the edge. No; it will not do. He recalls to mind the division of space into yards, feet, and inches, and endeavours to apply it without a rule to the smooth surface of the water. He can judge a yard on the grass, because there is something to fix the eye on—the tall bennet or the buttercup yonder; but the water affords no data.

3. On second thoughts, yes—even the smooth flowing current has its marks. Here, not far from the steep bank, is a flag, bowed or broken, whose pennant-like tongue of green floats just beneath the surface, slowly vibrating to and fro, as you wave your hand in token of farewell. This is mark one—say three feet from the shore.

4. Somewhat farther there is a curl upon the water, not constant, but coming every few seconds in obedience to the increase or decrease of the volume of the stream, which there meets with some slight obstacle out of sight. For, although the water appears level and unvarying, it really rises and sinks in ever so minute a degree with a rhythmic alternation. If you will lie down on

deliberates	instinctively	endeavours	vibrating
rhythmic	alternation		

the sward, you may sometimes see it by fixing a steady gaze upon the small circular cave where the gallery of a water-rat opens on this the Grand Canal of his Venice. Into it there rises now and again a gentle swell—barely perceptible—a faint pulse rising and falling.

5. The stream is slightly fuller and stronger at one moment than another; and with each swell the curl, or tiny whirlpool, rotates above the hidden irregularity of the bottom. If you sit by the dam higher up the brook, and watch the arch of the ~~contract~~ ^{cateract} rolling over, it is perhaps more visible. Every now and then a check seems to stay the current momentarily: and at night, when it is perfectly still, listening to the murmur of the falling water from a distance, under the apple-trees in the garden, it runs a scale—now up, then down; each variation of volume changing the musical note. This faint undulation is more visible in some brooks than others.

6. A third mark is where a branch, as it was carried along, grounded on a shallow spot; and one mast, as it were, of the wreck protruding upwards catches the stray weeds as they swim down and holds them. Thus, step by step, the

circular	perceptible	momentarily	variation
musical	undulation	protruding	

mind of the man measures the distance, and assures him that it is a little beyond what he has hitherto attempted; yet will not extra exertion clear it?—for having once approached the brink, shame and the dislike of giving up pull him forward.

7. He walks hastily twenty yards up the brook, then as many the other way, but discovers no more favourable spot; hesitates again; next carefully examines the tripping place, lest the turf, undermined, yield to the sudden pressure, as also the landing, for fear of falling back. Finally he retires a few yards, and pauses a second and runs. Even after the start, uncertain in mind and but half resolved, it is his own motion which impels the will, and he arrives on the opposite shore with a sense of surprise. Now comes the dog, and note his actions; contrast the two, and say which is instinct, which is mind.

8. The dog races to the bank—he has been hitherto hunting in a hedge and suddenly misses his master—and, like his lord, stops short on the brink. He has had but little experience in jumping as yet; water is not his natural element, and he pauses doubtfully. He looks across earnestly, sniffs the air as if to smell the distance, then whines in distress of mind.

hesitates

9. Presently he makes a movement to spring, checks it, and turns round as if looking for advice or encouragement. Next he runs back a short way as if about to give it up; returns, and cranes over the brink; after which he follows the bank up and down, barking in excitement, but always coming back to the original spot. The lines of his face, the straining eye, the voice that seems struggling to articulate in the throat, the attitude of the body, all convey the idea of intense desire which fear prevents him from translating into action.

10. There is indecision—uncertainty—in the nervous grasp of paws on the grass, in the quick short coursing to and fro. Would infallible instinct hesitate? He has no knowledge of yards, feet, and inches—yet he is clearly trying to judge the distance. Finally, just as his master disappears through a gate-way, the agony of his 'mind' rises to the highest pitch.

11. He advances to the very brink—he half springs, stays himself, his hinder paws slip down the steep bank, he partly loses his balance, and then makes a great leap, lights with a splash in midstream, and swims the remainder with ease.

articulate attitude indecision uncertainty
infallible

There is, at least, a singular coincidence in the outward actions of the two.

EXERCISE.

1. A doubt arises somehow in his mind as to whether he will be able to jump over the brook.

2. The green blade of the flag slowly vibrates to and fro, just as you would wave your hand in token of farewell.

3. The curl upon the water comes every few seconds according as the stream increases or decreases in volume upon meeting with some slight obstacle under the surface.

4. Having once approached the brink of the stream, he is impelled to make the jump by shame and his dislike of giving up the attempt.

5. He jumps and reaches the opposite shore with a sense of surprise.

6. Contrast the actions of the man and the dog, and say which is due to instinct and which to mind.

7. His attitude shows his intense desire to jump, which he is prevented by fear from putting into effect.

coincidence

LESSON XXX.

THE OFFICER'S GRAVE.

1. There is in the wide, lone sea
A spot unmark'd but holy ;
For there the gallant and the ^{free} ~~free~~ ^{officer}
In his ocean-bed lies lowly,
2. Down, down, within the deep
That ~~oft to~~ ^{his} triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep,
With the salt waves dashing o'er him.
3. He sleeps serene and safe
~~From~~ ^{free} From tempest or from billow,
Where the storms that high above him chafe
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.
4. The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever :
It was ^{his} ~~his~~ home while he had breath :
'Tis now his rest for ever !
5. Sleep on, thou mighty dead !
A glorious tomb they've found thee ;
^{for}

The broad blue sky above thee spread:
The boundless waters round thee.

H. F. LYTE.

LESSON XXXI.

THE DEATH OF NELSON. I.

1. Nelson, ^{was} certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Captain 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 ^{ships} were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

2. Soon afterward 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

triumphant situation

invest { 1. 投資 (investment)
2. 看
3. 授 (investiture)

memory, of England shall endure,—Nelson's last signal: "England expects every man will do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation.

3. "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."



4. 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 was beheld with ominous apprehension 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

acclamation Ornaments conspicuous

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.

5. "In honour I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them."

6. 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 on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her 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 mizen-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 action. He fell upon his face. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

epaulette

"I hope not," cried Hardy.

"Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through."

7. 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 honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth.

8. 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, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and

sensation

To lose the day 負け
to {gain} the day 勝利
vain

attend to those to whom he might be useful: “for,” said he, “you can do nothing for me.” All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero.

9. But he became impatient to see Hardy: and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: “Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!”

10. An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time 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?”

11. “Very well,” replied Hardy: “ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked,

alleviate sublimest

impatient = desirous

and show an intention to bear 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.”

12. Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. “I am a dead man, Hardy,” said he; “I am going fast; 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. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.”

Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

EXERCISE.

1. Nelson, being certain that the day's battle would end in his triumph, asked Blackwood what he would consider as a victory.

2. His officers beheld with apprehension these stars which made him such a conspicuous mark for the enemy's shot.

3. They knew he would be highly displeased

if any one entreated him to change his dress or cover the stars.

4. He set an example of humanity by giving orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable* which he supposed had struck.

5. Being certain that no human care could avail him, he insisted that the surgeon should attend to those to whom he might be useful.

6. Five of the van have tacked and are bearing down upon us, but we shall give them a drubbing.

LESSON XXXII.

THE DEATH OF NELSON. II.

1. By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast." putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "so great. that I wish I were dead. Yet," said in a lower voice, "I would like to live a little longer, too!"

2. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and again

taking the hand of his dying friend, the 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.

3. "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.

4. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise.

5. "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!"

congratulated bargained ineffectually

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 for ever.

6. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

7. 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. So per-

articulation

maritime nation

fectly indeed had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; 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 their chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died.

8. 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 surpass-

maritime magnitude character posthumous legislature

ing 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 that 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.

9. There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yes, he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours and at the height of human fame. He has left us a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them

From *Life of Nelson*,
BY R. SOUTHEY.

frustrated.

EXERCISE.

1. I feel something rising in my breast, which tells me that I am dying.
2. He desired to be buried beside his parents, unless the King should be pleased to order him to be buried elsewhere.
3. Upon receiving the intelligence of his death, men started and turned pale as at the loss of a dear friend.
4. In its grief for this death, the country scarcely took into account what it had lost in its greatest naval hero.
5. This most signal victory scarcely seemed to add to our security, for we were almost as secure while Nelson was living to watch the enemy's squadrons.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

1. A kind of dread had hitherto kept me back; but I was restless now, till I had accomplished my wish. I set out one morning to walk; I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon: after a slight breakfast at my inn, where I was

mortified to perceive the old landlord did not know me again—old Thomas Billet, he has often made angle-rods for me when a child—I rambled over all my accustomed haunts.

2. Our old house was vacant, and to be sold; I entered, unmolested, into the room that had been my bedchamber. I kneeled down on the spot where my little bed had stood; I felt like a child; I prayed like one. It seemed as though old times were to return again. I looked round involuntarily expecting to see some face I knew; but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. My little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the sun, when I awoke in a fine summer's morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass.

3. I visited by turns every chamber; they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord, probably to be sold: I touched the keys; I played some old Scottish tunes, which had delighted me when a child. Past associations revived with the music, blended with a sense of unreality, which at last became too powerful—I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

mortified unmolested involuntarily desolate
harpsichord association unreality

4. I wandered, scarce knowing where, into an old wood, that stands at the back of the house; we called it the Wilderness. A well-known form was missing that used to meet me in this place: it was thine, Ben Moxam, the kindest, gentlest, politest of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family. Honest creature, thou didst never pass me in my childish rambles without a soft speech and a smile. I remember thy good-natured face. But there is one thing for which I can never forgive thee, Ben Moxam; that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot to lop away the hanging branches of the old fir-trees. I remember them sweeping to the ground.

5. I have often left my childish sports to ramble in this place; its gloom and its solitude had a mysterious charm for my young mind, nurturing within me that love of quietness and lonely thinking which have accompanied me to maturer years.

6. In this Wilderness I found myself after a ten years' absence. Its stately fir-trees were yet standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood: the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood-pigeon—all was

mysterious luxuriant melancholy

as I had left; my heart softened at the sight—it seemed as though my character had been suffering a change since I forsook these shades.

7. My parents were both dead; I had no counsellor left, no experience of age to direct me, no sweet voice of reproof. The Lord had taken away my friends, and I knew not where He had laid them. I paced round the Wilderness seeking a comforter. I prayed that I might be restored to that state of innocence in which I had wandered in those shades.

8. Methought my request was heard, for it seemed as though the stains of manhood were passing from me, and I were relapsing into the purity and simplicity of childhood. I was content to have been moulded into a perfect child. I stood still as in a trance. I dreamed that I was enjoying a personal intercourse with my heavenly Father, and extravagantly put off the shoes from my feet, for the place where I stood, I thought, was holy ground.

9. This state of mind could not last long, and I returned, with languid feelings, to my inn. I ordered my dinner, green peas and a sweetbread; it had been a favourite dish with me in my childhood—I was allowed to have it on my

wilderness simplicity extravagantly

birthdays. I was impatient to see it come upon table; but when it came I could scarce eat a mouthful, my tears choked me. I called for wine; and not till then had I dared to visit the churchyard where my parents were interred.

10. The cottage lay in my way. Margaret had chosen it for that very reason, to be near the church, for the old lady was regular in her attendance on public worship. I passed on, and in a moment found myself among the tombs.

11. I had been present at my father's burial, and knew the spot again; my mother's funeral I was prevented by illness from attending: a plain stone was placed over the grave, with their initials carved upon it, for they both occupied one grave.

12. I prostrated myself before the spot; I kissed the earth that covered them; I contemplated with gloomy delight the time when I should mingle my dust with theirs, and kneeled, with my arms incumbent on the gravestone, in a kind of mental prayer, for I could not speak.

13. Having performed these duties, I arose with quieter feelings, and felt leisure to attend to indifferent objects. Still I continued in the churchyard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralising upon them with that kind of levity which

initials incumbent inscriptions moralising

will not unfrequently spring up in the mind in the midst of deep melancholy. I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, where be all the bad people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children, what cemeteries are appointed for these? Do they not sleep in consecrated ground—or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out men's epitaphs when dead, who, in their lifetime, discharged the offices of life perhaps but lamely? Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. Man was not with the dead. It is a trait of human nature, for which I love it.

CHARLES LAMB.

EXERCISE.

1. I was mortified at the inn that the landlord did not know me again.
2. The music revived in me thoughts of the past and with them a sense of unreality which became so overpowering that I could no longer remain in the room.
3. In this place I missed Ben Moxam, the

cemeteries consecrated survivors

gentlest of human beings, though he was no more than a gardener in my family.

4. The mysterious charm which its solitude had for my young mind nurtured in me that love of quiet which has accompanied me to maturer years.

5. When the dish came upon table, I was so choked with tears that I could scarcely eat a mouthful.

6. Margaret who was regular in her attendance upon public worship had chosen the cottage in order to be near the church.

LESSON XXXIV.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.—I

1. Have you ever thought of the very important part insects play in the economy of Nature? By their aid a great many species of trees and plants are fertilised. Many flowers absolutely depend upon insect visitors to distribute or carry pollen. There are special insects peculiarly adapted for gaining entrance into, and obtaining nectar from, certain flowers. Plants which open their blossoms at night—the sweet-scented tobacco plant,

economy fertilised distribute

in due season = when right time comes

for example—often have a long corolla tube, and we find that night-flying insects possess a long proboscis, or tongue, wherewith to reach the nectar secreted at the base of the corolla tube.

2. The construction of the flower is no less wonderful than the insect which visits it, and the attractions which it offers, either by means of its shape, colour, position, or scent, all afford useful and interesting object-lessons of the great design one may see by a careful study of Nature.

3. Further, the other traits in the characters of insects are really wonderful biographies—where and how they lay their eggs, and why they lay them in certain places; the story of the egg when it has hatched into a larva or caterpillar; the transformation from the larva to the pupa or chrysalis state; the apparently dead, inanimate form of the pupa, until all in due season its hiding-place is split asunder and it emerges a perfect and oftentimes beautiful creature.

4. Then we might follow the perfect insect, and notice how, when seen on certain flowers, on bark, on trees, and in other situations, its colours harmonise with the surroundings. The wonderful dwellings of the wood ant; the great design which

proboscis object-lessons biographies caterpillar
transformation chrysalis inanimate harmonise

may be observed in the busy and thickly populated ant city; the intelligence displayed by these wise little insect atoms, and the industrious life they lead; the mission of the honey-bee, the queen bee, and the drone; the cleanliness of insects; the sanitary agents in Nature; the usefulness and the cleverness of the inhabitants of spider-land;—these all reveal to us a fund of wonder and of beauty.

5. What a field, too, is opened up before us in the plant world! I often think that if every man, woman, and child were to take an intelligent interest in even our commonest plants, how much richer their store of knowledge, and how much brighter and better they would be! Who is there among us who knows intimately and thoroughly the life-history of the common daisy, the dandelion, or the buttercup?

6. I make bold to state there is not one single person in the wide world who knows properly one single animal or plant. The nearest bankside or rubbish-heap will supply sufficient subjects to engage a life's attention. We make a great mistake in these days of specialisation by overlooking the common things of the country.

populated sanitary intimately specialisation

EXERCISE.

1. Insects play a very important part in the economy of nature.
2. Flowers which open at night are visited by night-flying insects specially adapted for gaining entrance into their corollas.
3. It is interesting to observe how the colours of an insect often harmonise with its surroundings.
4. No one can say that he knows intimately the life-history of even such common things as the daisy and the dandelion.
5. Even the rubbish-heap will supply a man with sufficient subjects to occupy his attention for a lifetime.

LESSON XXXV.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.—II.

1. As Sir Robert Ball has truly said, "a whole lifetime devoted to the study of the common daisy would not be sufficient to reveal all the mysteries of its life." This is really a wonderful little plant. Have you ever noticed how the crafty plant contrives to place its leaves flat upon

mysteries

the ground in the form of a rosette, so as to stop other plants from springing up in its immediate vicinity and choking it?

2. What is it, I ask, that has implanted this wonderful habit in the little daisy, given the thistle prickles to keep off animals which would otherwise surely eat it. tendrils to the bryony where with to clasp its fellows and obtain support, winding powers to the honeysuckle, and clinging habits to the ivy?

3. How, and in what manner, and by whom, have the flowers been designed? What has given them their beautiful variety of form, scent, coloration? Why do some flourish on chalk, others on clay, others on gravel? How comes it some grow on dry soil and there flourish abundantly, some only on the hilltop and the mountain, others only in the valley, others in the water or in its near vicinity? Why do we find some plants thrusting forth their spikes of bloom on a sun-kissed bank, whilst others are found delighting in the cool shade of a blossoming thorn or in the deep recesses of the forest?

4. What rules and controls the seasons? Why are certain plants found in bud, blossom, or seed at certain times of the year? Why are

rosette vicinity bryony honeysuckle coloration

they not found in hopeless confusion, in a tangled mass, just tossed here, there, and everywhere? Why are early spring flowers mostly yellow, green, or white in colour? Because, it is reasonable to make reply, there are fewer insects on the wing than in the full glow of summer, and it is not so necessary for plants to vie with one another in luxury of dress, and thus attract insect visitors.

5. True; but I want you to think and reason out a deeper, more hidden meaning than this, and I want you to endeavour to instil into the minds of young and growing children—through their senses—similar thoughts to the few examples I have most humbly suggested to you.

6. What do we owe to plants and trees? Our very existence depends upon them, I am almost tempted to reply. They help to beautify the landscape and our gardens, thus making our earthly sojourn a more pleasant place, and they are happy sanctuaries for birds and other forms of wild life; the roots aid in the consolidation of the soil; the foliage shades the ground, attracts moisture, and tempers the winds; the air is purified by the fragrance they exhale, and trees

existence	beautify	sanctuaries	consolidation
foliage	purified		

thus act as veritable sanitary agents in Nature; they supply us with fruit, fuel, raiment, medicine, and timber!

7. Truly, you say, I had never considered trees and plants were so useful. No, for the simple reason you have never stopped to think or study the matter out.

From *The Boy's Nature Book*;

BY W. PERCIVAL WESTALL.

EXERCISE.

1. The common daisy places its leaves flat on the ground so that other plants shall not grow around it and choke it.

2. How have these various habits been implanted in them to enable them to flourish in their different surroundings?

3. Early spring flowers are plain in colour, because they need not compete with one another in attracting the few insects that are on the wings.

4. Our very existence upon earth depends, I may almost say, upon plants and trees.

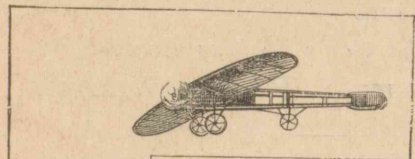
5. You did not consider that trees were so useful; the reason is that you never took the trouble to think the matter out.

veritable

LESSON XXXVI.

SONG OF THE AIRMAN.

1. I sail the air as a yacht the sea, when
the waves are
combing and
singing;



I know the glee of
the screaming
gull as she rides the plung-
ing blast;

The motor's roar is the thud of
my heart, and the planes
are plumes of my winging:

I am sail and wing and storm
and fate, as I toss the town-
ships past.

2. I have done with the weight of
the labouring world, and
time and space and re-
sistance;

I drive the clouds like frighten'd
sheep, I catch and loose the
wind;

The spires and chimneys dive and run,
the rivers wink into distance;
I worry the trains like a frolicsome dog,
till they drop with a pant behind.

3. The wondering winds come gathering round,
like cattle, snuffing and lowing—
A turn of my hand, a shake of my wings,
they butt and scatter and fly!
I thread the lights of the station-sites in
a necklace glowing and growing:
I fling the beats of my heart behind to
measure the rounded sky.

4. The song of the lark comes sparkling
down, like rain on my open fingers;
I swoop between the swooping hawk and
the dove she has all but torn;
I dodge the teeth of the lightning-flash as
it hisses and turns and lingers:
I am free in the void as a shooting star
let loose when the worlds were born.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

EXERCISE.

1. The roar of my motor is the beating of
my heart, and the planes are my wings.

2. I am like a ship, bird, storm, and fate when I fly past towns.

3. I chase the trains as a frolicsome dog chases a hare, until they pant and drop behind.

4. As I pass between station-lights, my path looks like a glowing necklace.

5. I dash between the flying hawk and the dove which she has almost caught and killed.

6. I fly as freely in space as a shooting star which was let loose when the worlds were first created.

LESSON XXXVII.

A MAN OF IRON.—I.

1. From the position of a bobbin boy with a wage of five shillings a week, to that of an ironmaster with a fortune estimated at eighty million pounds sterling, is a change so great, even in these days of great and startling things, that it is not easily believed to be possible of accomplishment in the life of one man who may still be considered in the prime and vigour of middle age.

2. The name of the man who has accomplish-

ironmaster estimated accomplishment

ed this stupendous task is Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who until recently was at the head of the undertaking at Pittsburg which bears his name, and which is not only the greatest ironworks in the world, but presumably the largest single industrial concern of any country or any period.

3. It was in 1837, in a low, one-storied cottage in Dunfermline, that Andrew Carnegie first saw the light. His father was a damask weaver, who had made a fair living at his trade until, some ten years after Andrew's birth, the advent of steam-power deprived him of his means of livelihood. For the sake of his two sons, Andrew and Thomas, the father decided to emigrate, and the family accordingly went to America, it being supposed that in a new country there would be a better chance for the lads to get on.

4. Having friends in Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, the Carnegies settled there; but even in that comparatively new place steam-power had already become a recognised factor; and the father was thankful when able to obtain work in a cotton factory, on terms which were so unsatisfactory that family were unable to live on his meagre wages; and very shortly after they had

stupendous presumably

Knowledge is something, but wisdom is everything

— 158 —

established themselves in their new home, Andrew had to seek work in order to augment the little income.

5. The lad quickly found employment as a "bobbin boy" in a linen factory at a wage of five shillings per week; and Andrew Carnegie has never yet forgotten the thrill of joy with which he received his first earnings.

6. "I cannot tell you," he says, "how proud I was when I received my first week's own earnings—no longer entirely dependent on my parents, but at last admitted to the family partnership. I think this makes a man out of a boy sooner than anything else. It is everything to feel you are useful."

7. His next step was to secure a position for his father in the same factory. Young Andrew quickly showed that he had a liking for machinery, and he was given charge of the stationary engine in the factory. For nearly two years he kept his position, oily, begrimed, and wearing over-alls, and then he sought something with a higher motive, and became a messenger boy for the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company, of Pittsburg.

8. This, in Mr. Carnegie's mind, was his best move. After long and successful years, Mr. Carnegie wrote of this change:—

stationary

— 159 —

"My entrance into the telegraph office was a transition from darkness to light, from firing a small engine in a dirty cellar to a clean office with bright windows and a literary atmosphere, with books, newspapers, pens, and pencils all around me. I was the happiest boy alive."

9. Very soon this ambitious youth advanced another step—for there were two points which Andrew Carnegie kept ever before him: one was to discharge his duties faithfully, and the other was to be always on the alert for fresh opportunities. He now began to earn five pounds per month as a telegraph clerk, and felt that his fortune was made. His smartness and devotion to duty soon attracted the attention of Mr. James W. Reid, the superintendent of the telegraph company, who says he can remember distinctly the first day that Andrew Carnegie went to work.

10. "He was so determined," says Mr. Reid, recalling the day, "that I became interested in him at once. He seemed to have determination written on his face. His eagerness to work and learn was very noticeable. Before he had been with me a month, he asked to be taught telegraphy. When I consented, he spent all his spare time in practice, transmitting and receiving by sound, and

transition ambitious superintendent

not by tape. He was the third operator in the United States to read the Morse signals by sound."

11. While he was employed by Mr. Reid, his father died, and he became the bread-winner for his mother and his younger brother, Thomas. He took up the duty with a light heart, and determined, a few years later, that he would not marry as long as his mother lived. He kept his word. His mother lived to enjoy the fruits of her son's early successes. In 1886 she passed away, and Thomas Carnegie followed her soon after.

EXERCISE.

1. It is hard to believe that one who was a poor bobbin-boy could become a great iron-master while still in the prime of middle age.
2. The introduction of steam-power ruined the damask-weaver's craft.
3. The terms on which he entered the factory was so unsatisfactory that he was unable to maintain his family with his meagre wages.
4. The feeling that you are useful makes a man out of a boy sooner than anything else.
5. He was faithful in the discharge of his duties and was always on the look-out for fresh opportunities.

LESSON XXXVIII.

A MAN OF IRON.—II.

1. One year in the employ of the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company made Andrew Carnegie an expert operator. It was soon after his fifteenth birthday that the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company said to Mr. Reid:

"We need a telegraph operator. Do you know a good one?"

"There's a young man in my office named Carnegie," said Mr. Reid, "who shows that he wants to work. He might suit you."

2. It so happened that the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad needed particularly a man who "wanted to work." He told Mr. Reid to send Carnegie to him.

3. In his new position, Andrew Carnegie further showed his "grit." He quickly mastered the details of train-despatching, and was promoted to the headquarters of the company, and soon after became superintendent of the western division of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He was then but twenty-four years old.

4. In that position he became the friend of

operator

Mr. Thomas A. Scott, superintendent of the Pittsburg division. Mr. Scott often said that Carnegie showed such a desire to go ahead and master every situation that his energy and determination in this respect were fascinating. Mr. Scott made a personal friend of Carnegie, and, when he was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, he asked the young man to take charge of the military railroads and telegraphs of the Government. The youth accepted; but, as politics did not appeal to him, he returned to railroading.

5. At thirty years of age, Mr. Carnegie began his wonderful career as an ironmaster. The turning point in his career was when an order was received that the wooden railway bridge at Pittsburg was to be rebuilt, and that iron was to be used exclusively in its construction instead of wood.

6. Mr. Carnegie, with that wonderful insight which has always distinguished him, saw that a revolution in bridge-building was at hand, and that before long iron would entirely replace wood in the construction of bridges. He offered to become responsible for all the future bridge-building of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; and so great was the confidence of the directors in their young superintendent that they accepted his offer.

fascinating

7. With the help of the money he had made, and with good credit at his bank, which enabled him to borrow, he started the Keystone Bridge Works. He stuck to his business, and, as he afterwards said, was "bound to make it succeed." His ventures did succeed, and in 1888 Mr. Carnegie owned seven iron and steel works, besides many coke works.

8. As if by magic, the Carnegie enterprises began to grow, and soon the commercial world was startled by a new name and a new power. While others slept, Andrew Carnegie had been "toiling upward in the night." He flashed on the world a meteor of finance, and his light has never been grown dim.

9. Apart from his wonderful business aptitude, Mr. Carnegie has other and nobler claims to distinction. As soon as his wealth had reached a figure which enabled him to do some good in the world, he made charity an equal factor with business. In the last decade of the nineteenth century his benefactions reached the huge total of over twelve millions of pounds. He is also an author of repute; and by such books as his *Triumphant Democracy* has shown that he knows

enterprises	commercial	meteor	finance
aptitude	charity	Triumphant	Democracy

not only how to write, but also how to hold the attention and win the respect of his readers.

10. Such a many-sided and well-ordered life is full of lessons that rich and poor might learn with profit; and Mr. Carnegie, undaunted by poverty, unspoiled by wealth, is an example to all who would have inscribed on the story of their lives by those that come after, "Well Done!"

From *Famous Boys*,

BY CHARLES D. MICHAEL.

EXERCISE.

1. Mr. Scott was fascinated by the energy and determination which Carnegie showed in his desire to go ahead and master every situation.
2. The youth accepted the post, but soon gave it up as he had no taste for politics.
3. He saw that wood would before long be entirely replaced by iron in the construction of bridges.
4. He stuck to his business with such success that in a few years he was already a great iron-master.
5. His enterprises grew as by magic, and he became a power in the commercial world.

6. When he became wealthy, he gave as much attention to the work of charity as he did to business.

LESSON XXXIX.

THE BABYHOOD OF BIRDS.—I.

1. It does not seem to be generally known that young birds differ in many ways, and present great variety in their early life-histories. Thus young birds which are born in a nest—the song thrush and the blackbird, for example—are exceedingly helpless for several days, and stay in the feathered nursery until ten days or a fortnight old before essaying upon their first, oftentimes perilous, journeys. Naturally, the nest safely harbours the young fledgelings during the time they remain in it, and the parent birds tend their families in the most fatherly and motherly way.

2. Then, too, the absolute cleanliness of nest-building birds has especially to be recorded. When next, my young reader, you find a nest full of birds, notice how scrupulously clean the nest and the immediate surroundings are, the male and female parents having cleared away all the unsightly

perilous fledgelings scrupulously

excrement, rejected food (if any), etc. I write 'if any' because young birds, as a general rule, possess enormous appetites, and if the food brought by their parents is in any way to their liking, very little is rejected by the voracious young fledgelings.

3. These young birds of hedgerow or tree-nesting species are usually helpless, as also the young of those species of birds which nest upon the ground, but whose habitat or position is such that the nest is well hidden and the young can shelter themselves when they first leave the neighbourhood of the old home.

4. Several kinds of birds, however, found in our beautiful island home, hatch out chicks which, almost during the first few hours of their little lives, are able to run about and take care of themselves.

5. Take the moorhen, for example. This bird lays a large clutch of eggs, often as many as ten or twelve being found, yet the fluffy little black balls of down—as the young moor-hens appear during their babyhood—may be seen actively engaged in swimming cleverly in the water and procuring food on their own account at a very tender age indeed.

excrement voracious habitat

6. It is an interesting sight to see a brood of young moorhens swimming in the water, the mother and father looking on with great pride, and evidently distinctly proud of their clever little babies. Sometimes the young moorhens clamber on the back of one of the parents and are taken for a ride across the water.

7. The dapper little ringed plover, a bird of the seashore, called in some localities by a number of names, affords us another interesting example of where young birds, soon after being hatched, are able to look after themselves. This species lays its pear-shape eggs very often on a pebbly beach, no attempt whatever being made to build a nest.

8. Why is no nest built, but simply a slight depression in the beach chosen as a nesting site? Because if the ringed plover used any materials to construct a nest, the same would at once attract the eye of any one rambling along the beach, and the nest would be discovered much sooner than if no materials were used.

9. The eggs are placed in the depression with the small end tapering towards the centre, so that the bird can sit on the eggs in the least restricted space; and the egg is large, considering the size of the bird.

materials depression restricted

EXERCISE.

1. Young birds which are born in a nest stay in it a fortnight before making their first attempts at flight.

2. The fledgelings seldom reject the food brought by their parents that is in any way to their liking.

3. Young moorhens can at a very tender age swim skilfully in the water and procure food on their own account.

4. The ringed plover lays its eggs on the beach without making any attempt to build a nest.

5. If any materials were used in building a nest, they would attract notice much sooner than a slight depression in the beach which serves the plover for a nest.

LESSON XL.

THE BABYHOOD OF BIRDS.—II.

1. Why is this? I wonder whether you are clever enough to guess? Perhaps I had better tell you. Because it is necessary that the young of the ringed plover, when hatched, should be able to run about and take care of themselves,

there being very few bushes, trees, or other hiding-places in the locality this bird frequents,

2. When seen, these clever little chicks run along the beach and then squat down. So like is their plumage to the general surroundings that it needs a trained eye to see them, and so it is with the eggs. I have often shown a lantern slide of the eggs of this bird placed among shingle, and my audience has been unable to locate them. Imagine, then, how very much more difficult it is to see the eggs in their natural position!

3. The stone curlew is another bird which is interesting in this way. It places its two eggs on the bare ground in waste, stony places, and so closely do they resemble the surroundings that it is most difficult to observe them. Hiding-places of bushes and other herbage are almost absent from the stone curlew's haunts, and hence it comes about that the young of this bird must have recourse to some other means of concealment when any one happens to be in the vicinity of them.

4. What is the solution of this problem? Let me tell you. The young stone curlew is well advanced when hatched, and is soon able to run about and protect itself from many enemies. At

locality

a very tender age indeed, it possesses the habit of its mother and father, of crouching on the ground with neck outstretched, and unless you happen to possess a very keen eye it is a difficult matter to detect the clever youngster, although he may be almost at your very feet.

5. One day I found a young stone curlew, and placed it on a pocket-handkerchief to see if it would crouch on it in a similar manner to the parent birds. No sooner had it been placed on the handkerchief than it did as I anticipated it would, namely, stretched out its little neck and remained motionless, the bird not having the sense to know that, being on a white ground, it could still be plainly seen.

6. This incident proves that baby birds at a very tender age inherit from their parents habits which make for their protection and preservation.

The young cuckoo affords us an illustration of a bird which, when hatched, is soon able to take care of himself, contrary to the rule of many birds hatched in nests. When only a few hours old he will eject the eggs or young of the rightful owners of the nest in which he happens to be hatched, and becomes eventually the sole tenant.

7. The very first thing which a young bird seems to do when it emerges from its shelly home

is to open its mouth wide for food. I have often observed a young song thrush just as it was coming out of the egg-shell, and the very first thing it did on clearing itself from the shell was to thrust upwards its heavy little head and open its mouth for food, which the parent bird was not long in supplying, so as to appease the appetite of the new arrival.

8. It is most interesting to record that young birds which are practically helpless at birth, such as whitethroats, thrushes, robins, and other species, are born blind, but the young of those species of birds which are able to run about almost immediately they extricate themselves from the egg-shell are born with their eyes open—the moorhen, ringed plover, stone curlew, and common pheasant, for examples.

From *The Boy's Nature Book*,

BY W. PERCIVAL WESTALL.

EXERCISE.

1. The young of the ringed plover must be able to take care of themselves as there are few hiding-places in the localities which they frequent.

2. Only a trained eye can detect their plumage in their general surroundings.

3. Unless you have a very keen eye, you will be unable to see the young curlew even when it is at your very feet.

4. The parent birds transmit to their young those habits which make for their protection and preservation.

5. The young birds which are nursed by their parents are born blind, while those which can take care of themselves immediately they emerge from the egg-shell, are born with their eyes open.

— [THE END] —

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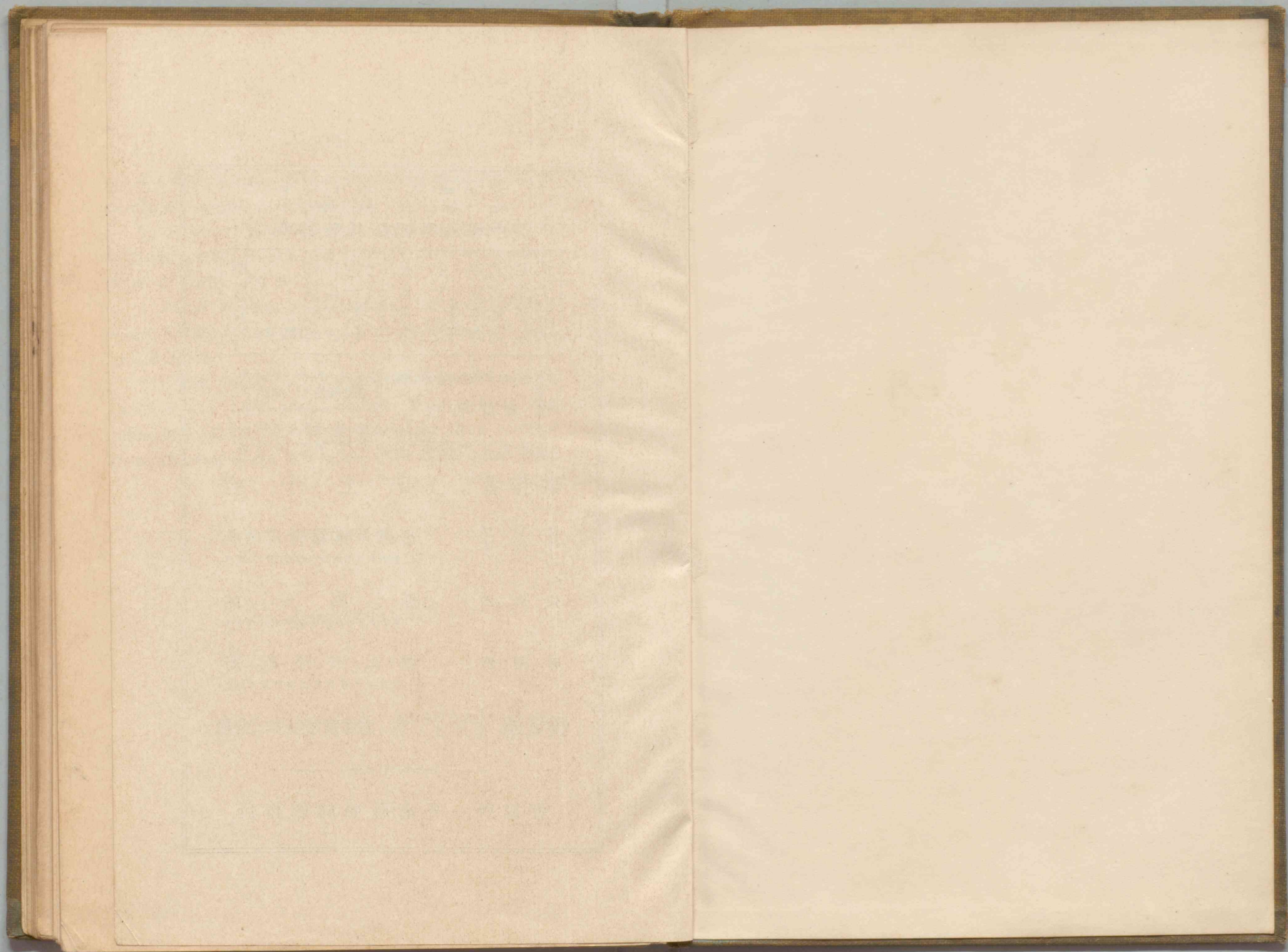
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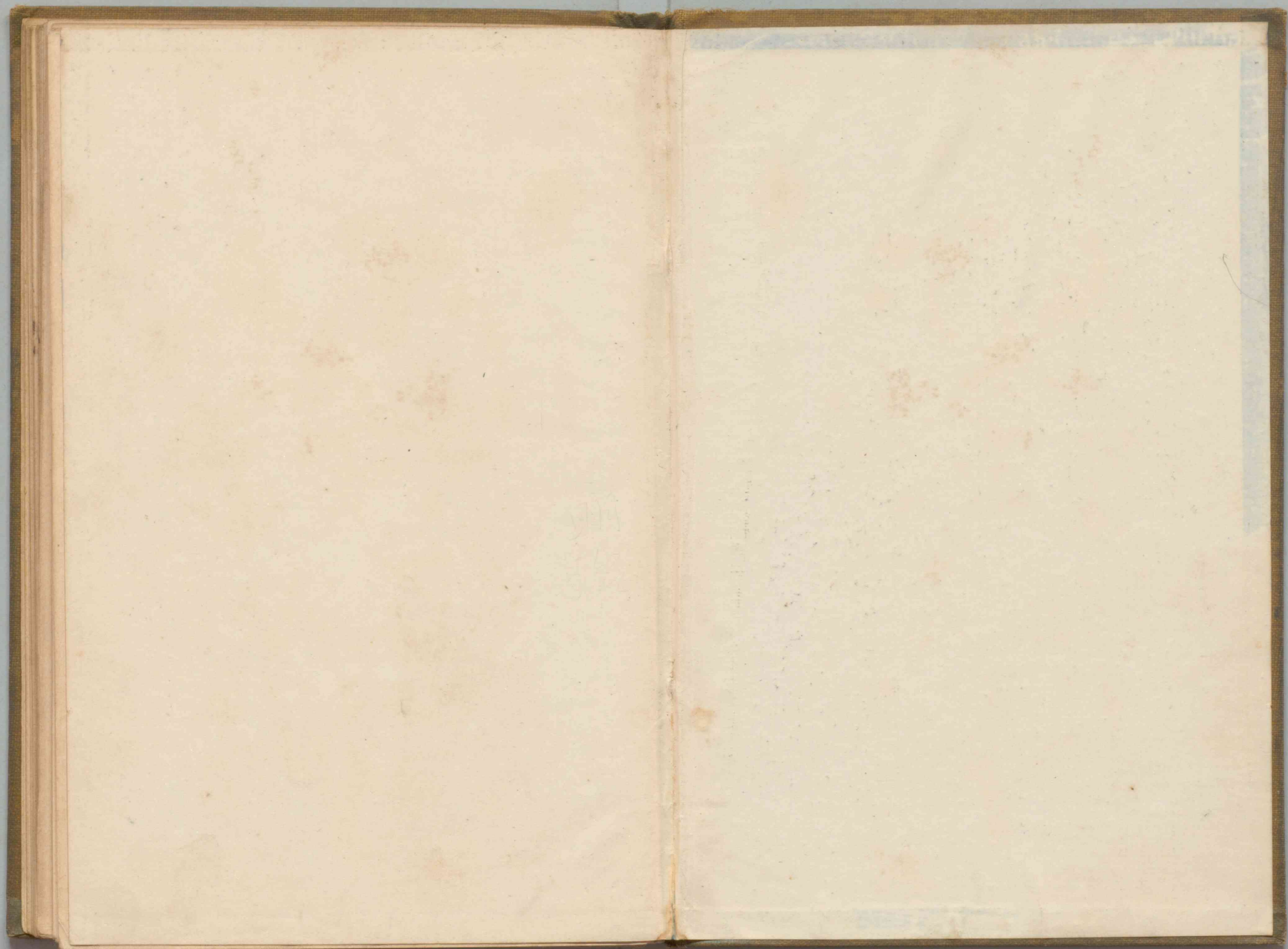
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