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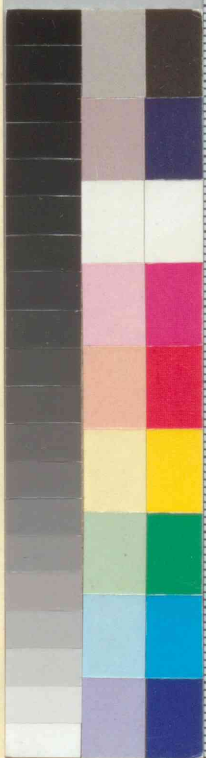

THE KING'S CROWN READERS

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BOOK FIVE

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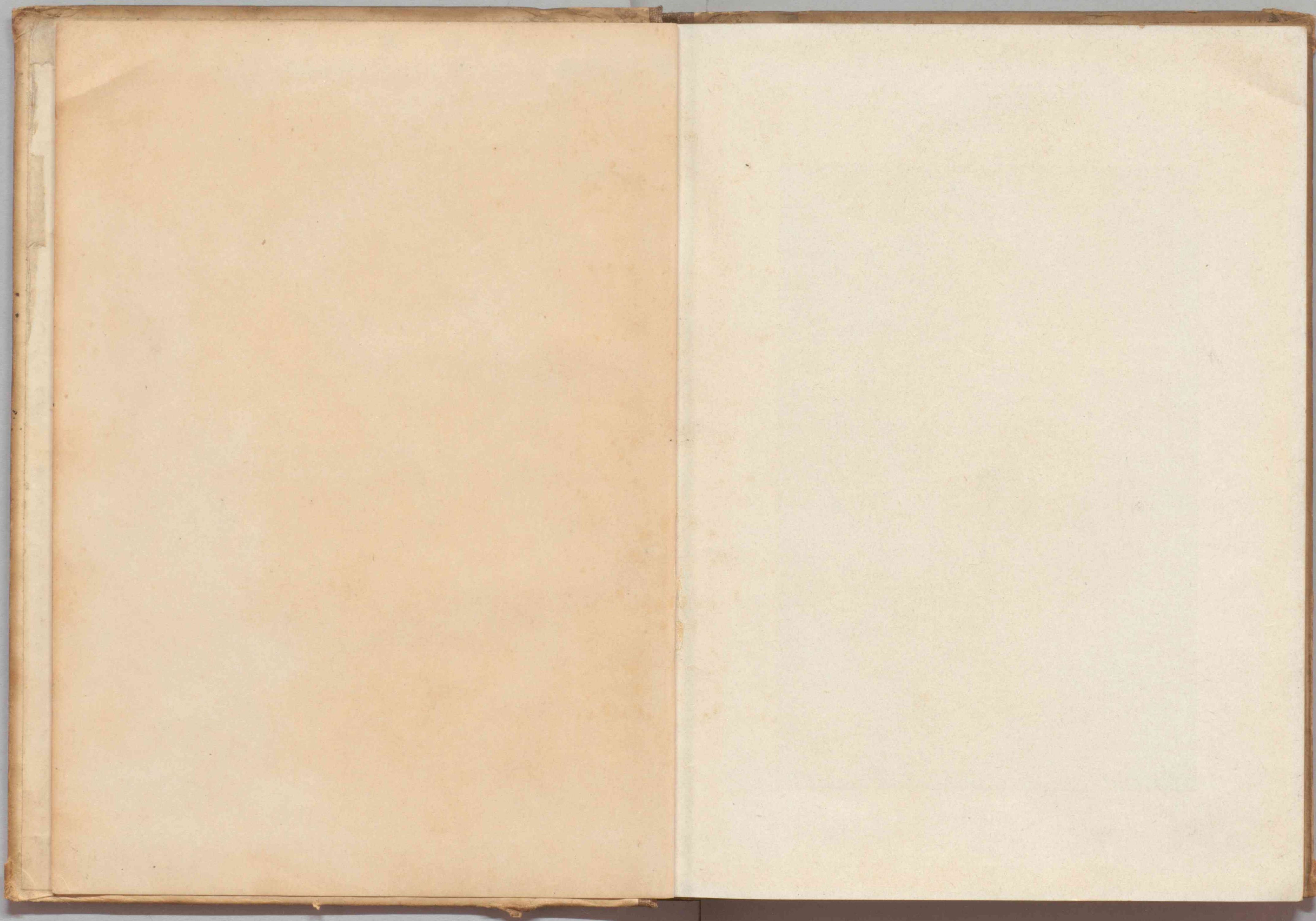


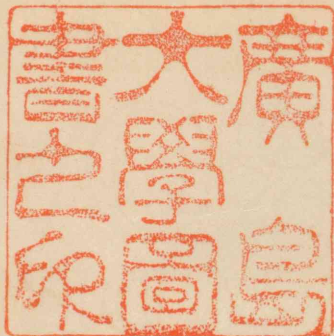
Shipwrecked (See Lesson XV)

大正十五年十二月二十一日
文部省檢定濟
中學校外國語科用

THE KING'S CROWN READERS

BOOK FIVE

~SANSEIDO~



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BOOK FIVE

LESSON I

A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE

A certain German nobleman provided his son with a tutor, whose duty it was to cultivate the mind and morals of the youth. One day, as they were taking one of their customary walks in the country, they came to the edge of a wood, where they observed a half-felled tree, and saw lying near it a pair of wooden shoes.

The day being warm, the woodman, resting from his toil, was cooling his feet in a neighbouring brook. The young nobleman, in a spirit of fun, picked up a few small rounded pebbles, saying: "I'll put these in the old fellow's shoes, and we'll enjoy his grimaces when he tries to put them on. It will be great fun."

---

joke (dʒouk) **nobleman** (nóublmən) **tutor** (tjú:tə)
customary (kʌ́stəm ə)ri) **half-felled** há:ffél d)
grimaces (griméisiz)

"Well," said the tutor, "I doubt if you will get much fun out of that. He must be a poor man; no doubt his lot is a hard one. Would there be fun in adding to his troubles by such a petty annoyance? I can't help thinking that if you were to surprise him in a different way—say, by putting a little money in each shoe—you would enjoy his grimaces better. You have plenty of money. What do you say? Is it worth trying?"

The boy, who, though mischievous, was very kind-hearted and generous, caught quickly at the proposal of the tutor, and he slipped a goodly coin into each shoe. Then they hid behind a hedge to watch the outcome of their innocent prank. They had not long to wait. An elderly man came back to his work—hard work it was; too hard for a man of his years—and slipped his right foot into his shoe.

Feeling something hard in the shoe, he withdrew his foot, and looked to see what the object might be, when lo! he discovered the coin. A look of puzzled amazement came over his sad

annoyance (ənɔ́iəns) **mischievous** (mís-tʃivəs)
proposal (prəpóuz(ə)l) **hedge** (hedʒ) **outcome** (áutkʌm)
innocent (ínosnt) **withdrew** (wiðdrú:) **lo** (lou)

face, which made the two watchers chuckle with amusement. He turned the coin over and over in his hand, and gazed at it in astonishment. As he looked at it, he felt with his foot for the other shoe, and slipped it on. To his great surprise, that shoe too held a coin.

Holding up both silver pieces, and staring at them in silence, he made a most impressive picture, which was by no means lost upon the two beholders. Then, suddenly clasping his hands together, he fell upon his knees, and gave thanks for the blessing that had come upon him.

impressive (imprésiv) **clasping** (klá:spiŋ)

As he prayed, the boy and his tutor learned from his words that his poor wife was sick and helpless at home, and that his orphaned grandchildren were suffering for want of food, while he, old and feeble, was striving by heavy toil to earn a crust. The old man invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the unknown but generous soul who had pitied his poverty, upon the kind heart that could thus beat warm in charity and kindness for the hungry and the poor.

"He has gone," said the old man, "without even waiting to be thanked. But go where he may, far as he may, the earth is not wide enough but that the blessing of an old man shall seek him out, and find him. The blessing of the poor flies fast," he cried; "it will overtake him, and abide with him to the end of his life. May the charity of God and the care of His angels go with him, keep him from poverty, shield him from sickness, guard him from evil, and ever fill his heart with warmth and joy, as he has filled mine this day!"

---

orphaned (ɔ́ːf(ə)nd) **crust** (krʌst) **invoked** (invóukt)
abide (əbáid) **angels** (éin(d)ʒ(ə)lz)

"I'll work no more to-day," said the aged labourer. "I'll go home to my wife and the children, and they shall join me in calling for blessings upon their kind helper." He put on his shoes, shouldered his axe, and departed.

Then the two watchers in the thicket had a little dialogue. "Now I call this capital fun," said the tutor, in a voice that was rather shaky. "Why, boy, what are you snivelling at?"

"You are snivelling too," said the boy.

"Well, then, both of us are snivelling," said the tutor. "So, you see, fun may lead to snivelling, as well as to laughing. Of all the pleasures of life, those are the most blessed which are expressed by tears rather than laughter."

"Come on!" said the boy.

"Where next?" asked the tutor.

"Why, to follow him, to be sure. I want to know where they live, and who they are. Do you think I will let his wife be sick, and his grandchildren be hungry, if I can prevent it? I have learned a new kind of fun, and I want more of it."

---

thicket (θíkit) **dialogue** (dáiəlɔg) **snivelling** (snívliŋ)
grandchildren (grǽn(d)tʃìldr(ə)n)

"My dear boy, I don't for a moment think you will let them be hungry. Youth, with a heart like yours, never does things by halves."

So they followed the subject of their joke to his home, and the young nobleman, by means of his well-furnished purse, found means to enjoy much more of his new-found variety of fun.

—Charles Reade.

GRAMMAR

(1)

I can't *help thinking* that if you were to surprise him in a different way—**say, by putting a little money in each shoe**—you would enjoy his grimaces better.

If you had gone about the task in a different wa —**say, by making joint efforts with Mr. S.**—surely you would have won success and fame.

(2)

But *go where he may, far as he may,* the earth is not wide enough **but that** the blessing of an old man *shall* seek him out, and find him.

Wherever you may go, you will find that al men are born good; that there is no man **so** rough **that** he can look at such a sight in cold blood.

---

halves (hɑːvz)

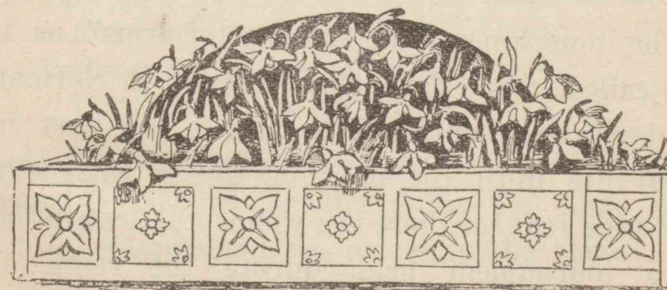
(3)

May the charity of God and the care of His angels **go** with him!

Unfurl all your flags to the breeze. Raise the exultant cry affirming the vow: Now and ever God **protect** Italy, the King, and the person of Benito Mussolini.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

—Shakespeare.



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unfurl (ʌnfə́ːl) **exultant** (igzʌ́lt(ə)nt) **affirming** (əfə́ːmiŋ)
vow (vau) **Benito** (beiníːto) **Mussolini** (mùːsɔlíːniː)

LESSON II

THE IDEAL OF KNIGHTHOOD

The mere mention of Norman England at once conjures to the mind pictures of knightly deeds. It is hardly possible to think of those times—the days of the lion-hearted Richard, the mighty Edward I.—without seeing, in imagination, the figures of armed knights covering themselves with glory on the field of battle, rescuing distressed damsels from danger, or tilting joyously at tournaments.

The tournament, or "passage-of-arms" as it was called, was a favourite diversion in Norman England, and continued to play a big part in social life until the days of Queen Elizabeth. In Scott's *Ivanhoe* there is a wonderful description of a tournament held, during the reign of Richard I., at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire.

---

conjures (kʌ́n(d)ʒəz) **knightly** (náitli) **lion-hearted** (láiənhɑ́:tid)
rescuing (réskju:iŋ) **damsels** (dǽmz(ə)lz) **tilting** (tíltiŋ)
tournaments (túənəmənts) **diversion** (daivə́:ʃ(ə)n) **social** (sóuʃ(ə)l)
Ivanhoe (aív(ə)nhou) **Ashby-de-la-Zouch** (ǽʃbideləzú:tʃ)

Magnificent must have been spectacles such as this. Neither trouble nor expense was spared in the preparation of the arena; and, wherever a tournament was held, the whole countryside flocked to the spot. The people loved to see these displays, when valiant knights—each clad in his richest armour, and wearing the badge, or "favour," of his dear lady—waged mimic war among themselves.

> The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
> The hard brands shiver on the steel,
> The splintered spear shafts crack and fly,
> The horse and rider reel.
>
> They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
> And when the tide of combat stands,
> Perfume and flowers fall in showers
> That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

At the conclusion of the sports, the fairest lady present, crowned as the Queen of Love and Beauty, distributed the prizes to the victors.

In times of peace, an occasional tournament

---

magnificent (mægnífisnt) **arena** (ərí:nə) **countryside** (kʌ́ntrisaid)
displays (displéiz) **valiant** (vǽljənt) **mimic** (mímik)
shrilleth (ʃríliθ) **brands** (brændz) **shiver** (ʃívə)
splintered (splíntəd) **shafts** (ʃɑ:fts) **crack** (kræk)
clanging (klǽŋiŋ) **conclusion** (kənklú:ʒ(ə)n)
distributed (distríbju(ː)tid)

served to keep knights and their horses in exercise. But the passage-of-arms sometimes degenerated to mere extravagance, and, by firing passions already fierce, often resulted in the loss of valuable lives. At one tournament, in the year 1240, sixty knights were killed. Wise kings, therefore, discouraged their knights engaging too frequently in these displays.

Yet the tournament was an essential part of chivalry. And the spirit of chivalry was the finest product of the feudal system. It inspired generous thoughts and actions, "and laid," it has been said, "the foundations of that most perfect character, the true English gentleman." It did more than anything to correct the ferocity of feudal institutions, and to give men a chastening discipline in a brutal age.

In Norman England, knighthood was not, as it is now, the reward of mere worldly success. The title could be won only by bravery. Noble birth, though a useful qualification, was by no means essential.

---

degenerated (didʒénəreitid) **chivalry** (ʃív(ə)lri)
feudal (fjú:dl) **ferocity** (fərɔ́siti) **chastening** (tʃéisniŋ)
brutal (brú:tl)

The training began in early years. At the age of seven, the aspirant to knighthood went to some noble household, where for seven years he served as a *varlet* or page. "Varlet", like "villain," is one of those words which have changed in meaning; we now use it to describe a "rascal", though in the form of "valet" it still retains something of its earlier meaning.

At the age of fourteen or fifteen he became a squire. Thenceforth he was required to be up early and late, ever ready to answer his lord's call, to take care of his lord's armour, and to supply his lord at need, in battle or tournament, with a fresh horse or a new lance. In his hours of leisure he had to wait upon the ladies of the household—to play with them at chess, to walk with them in the gardens, to accompany them if they wished to hunt or go out hawking.

Falconry or hawking, the catching of game with the aid of trained hawks, was a favourite sport in England from the days of Alfred to those of James I. Men and women alike

---

aspirant (əspáiər(ə)nt) **varlet** (vá:lit) **villain** (vílən)
thenceforth (ðénsfɔ́:θ) **lance** (lɑ:ns) **chess** (tʃes)
falconry (fɔ́:lk(ə)nri)

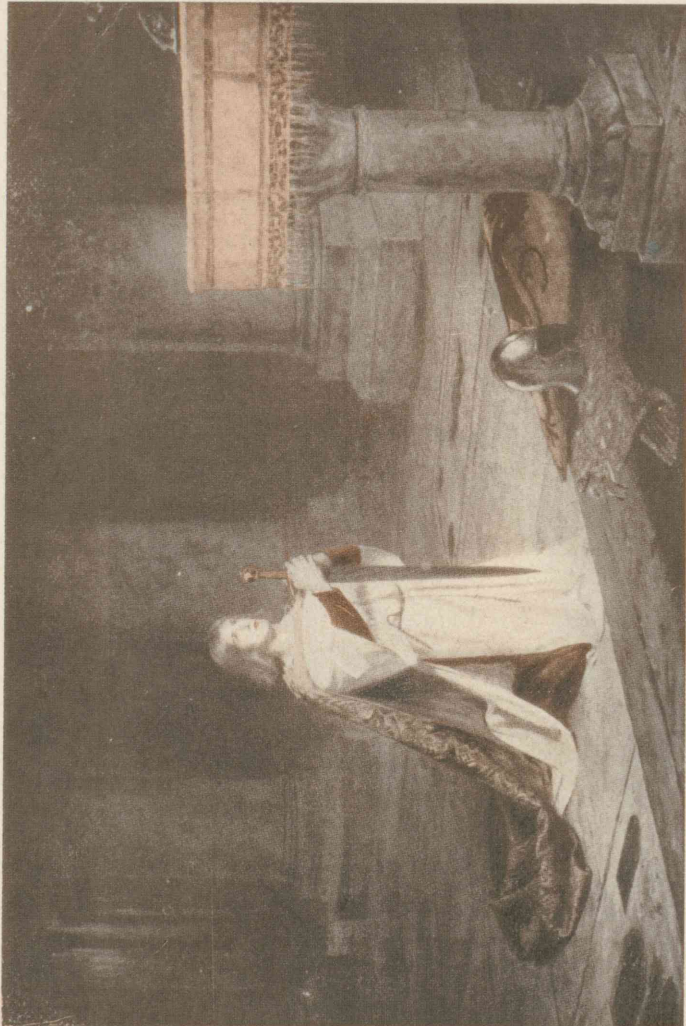
indulged in it. The hawks were chosen and trained with the greatest care, and their owners carried them attached to the wrist by a leather strap.

The manifold duties imposed upon a squire were designed to make the young man perfect in the accomplishments and virtues of a knightly character. If he bore himself well, he was in due course dubbed a knight. The usual mode of doing this was for the chief of the army or some valiant knight to strike the candidate thrice with the flat of his sword and pronounce a brief formula of creation.

On extraordinary occasions a more elaborate ritual was observed, of which the following may be taken as a fair account. First the candidate for knighthood confessed his sins to a priest, and received the sacrament. Then he bathed, and put on first a white tunic, symbolic of purity, then a red robe, symbolic of the blood he might

---

wrist (rist) **strap** (stræp) **manifold** (mǽnifould)
imposed (impóuzd) **designed** (dizáind) **dubbed** (dʌbd)
candidate (kǽndidit) **pronounce** (prənáuns) **formula** (fɔ́:mjulə)
elaborate (ilǽb(ə)rit) **ritual** (rítju(ə)l) **confessed** (kənfést)
sins (sinz) **sacrament** (sǽkrəmənt) **tunic** (tjú:nik)
symbolic (simbɔ́lik) **purity** (pjúəriti)



The Vigil

be called upon to shed in defence of the oppressed; and, over these, a tight-fitting black garment, representing the mystery of death.

Thus clad, he was left alone in a church, for twenty-four hours, to fast and pray, and to watch over the arms which, as a knight, he would bear. Next day, clad in full armour, he kneeled before his lord and took the knightly oath.

The lord then tapped him on the shoulder three times with the flat of a sword, and pronounced these words:

"In the name of God, of St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight. Be valiant, fearless, and loyal."

And so another member joined the great Christian brotherhood of chivalry,

> A glorious company, the flower of men,
> To serve as model for the mighty world.

The oath of chivalry bound a knight always to serve God and his king; to love honour and be true to his word; to despise gain; to persist to the end in any adventure he might undertake;

---

shed 〔ʃed〕 **oppressed** 〔əprést〕 **tapped** 〔tæpt〕
Michael 〔máikl〕 **persist** 〔pəsíst〕

to be humble and courteous; to respect purity and to protect maidens from harm. Few knights lived up to the ideal. It was, none the less, a fine ideal to strive after.

The spirit of chivalry found its highest expression in the Crusades. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, thousands of brave English knights engaged in these enterprises and left our shores, as soldiers of the Cross, pledged to redeem the Holy Land from the hand of the infidel. Great lords sold their lands, and great ladies gave up their jewels, to furnish them with arms.

Politically, the Crusades accomplished little. Socially, they had a very great influence.

The Crusades brought men from the West into contact for the first time with the amenities and comforts of Oriental life. Knights who sailed with King Richard from England, expecting to find the mighty Saladin a savage chieftain and his Saracen followers mere barbarians, were

---

courteous [kə́:tiəs] **Crusades** [kru:séidz] **infidel** [ínfid(ə)l]
amenities [əmí:nitiz] **Oriental** [ɔ̀:riéntl]
Saladin [sǽlədin] **chieftain** [tʃí:ftən] **Saracen** [sǽrəsn]

astonished by the refinements with which they met in Palestine. Those who survived the campaign returned home more than vaguely dissatisfied with the roughness and the coarse ways of mediæval England.

The Crusades led to commerce between East and West, to the introduction of many new arts and crafts into Europe, and to a general raising of the standard of living in England.

GRAMMAR

(1)

It is **hardly** possible to think of those times **without** seeing, in imagination, the figures of armed knights.

At night it was worse still—for then the men could **hardly** keep on deck **without** having their hands or feet frost-bitten.

(2)

The lord then **tapped** him **on** the shoulder three times with the flat of a sword.

The bullet **truck** him **in** the left shoulder, and entered his body.

---

refinements [rifáinmənts] **Palestine** [pǽlistain]
campaign [kæmpéin] **dissatisfied** [dí(s)sǽtisfaid] **coarse** [kɔ:s]
mediæval [mèdií:v(ə)l] **frost-bitten** [frɔ́:s(t)bitn]

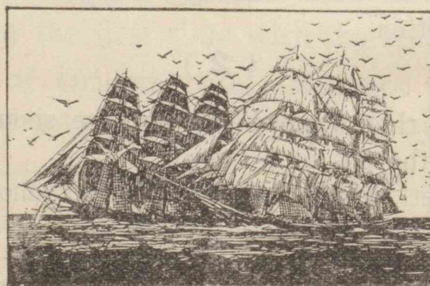
(3)

Those who survived the campaign returned home **more than vaguely** dissatisfied with the roughness and the coarse ways of mediæval England.

The professor distinguished himself in philosophy, and was **more than usually** proficient in the German language.

FOR STUDY

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are reputation and life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.



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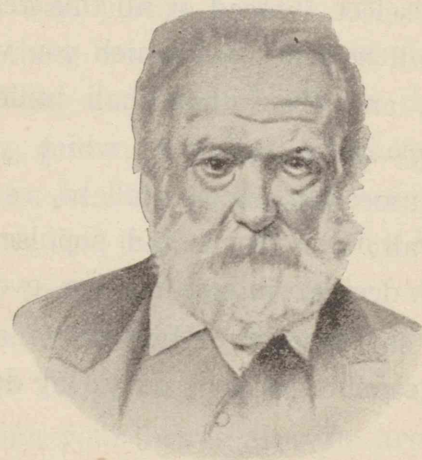
reputation (rèpju(:)téiʃən) **contemptible** (kəntém(p)təbl)

LESSON III

FRIENDSHIP AMONG NATIONS



Victor Hugo

Let us suppose that four centuries ago some far-seeing prophet dared to predict to the duchies composing the kingdom of France that the day would come when they would no longer make war upon each other. Let us suppose him saying:—

---

predict (pridíkt) **duchies** (dʌ́tʃiz)

"You will have many disputes to settle, interests to contend for, difficulties to resolve; but do you know what you will select instead of armed men, instead of cavalry, and infantry, of cannon, lances, pikes and swords?

"You will select, instead of all this destructive array, a small box of wood which you will term a ballot-box, and from that shall issue—what? An assembly—an assembly in which you shall all live; an assembly which shall be, as it were, the soul of all; a supreme and popular council, which shall decide, judge, resolve everything; which shall say to each, 'Here terminates your right, there commences your duty: lay down your arms!'

"And in that day you will all have one common thought, common interests, a common destiny; you will embrace each other, and recognize each other as children of the same blood and of the same race; that day you shall no longer be

---

disputes (dispjúːts) **contend** (kənténd) **select** (silékt)
infantry (ínf(ə)ntri) **pikes** (paiks) **destructive** (distrʌ́ktiv)
array (əréi) **term** (təːm) **ballot-box** (bǽlətbɔks)
supreme (sju(ː)príːm) **terminates** (təːmineits)
destiny (déstini) **embrace** (imbréis)

hostile tribes—you will be a people; you will be no longer merely Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Provence—you will be France! You will no longer make appeals to war; you will do so to civilization."

If, at that period I speak of, some one had uttered these words, all men would have cried out: "What a dreamer! what a dream! How little this pretended prophet is acquainted with the human heart!" Yet time has gone on and on, and we find that this dream has been realized.

Well, then, at this moment we who are assembled here say to France, to England, to Spain, to Italy, to Russia: "A day will come, when from your hands also the arms they have grasped shall fall. A day will come, when war shall appear as impossible, and will be as impossible, between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, as it is now between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia.

Burgundy (bə́ːg(ə)ndi) **Normandy** (nɔ́ːməndi) **appeals** (əpíːlz)
Berlin (bəːlín) **Rouen** (rúːɑ̃ː(ŋ)) **Amiens** (ǽmjɛ̃ː(ŋ))
Philadelphia (fìlədélfiə)

"A day will come, when you, France; you, Russia; you, Italy; you, England; you, Germany; all of you nations of the continent, shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and shall constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battlefield shall be the market open to commerce, and the mind open to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and shells shall be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the arbitration of a great sovereign senate."

Nor is it necessary for four hundred years to pass away for that day to come. We live in a period in which a year often suffices to do the work of a century.

Suppose that the people of Europe, instead of mistrusting each other, entertaining jealousy of

---

distinctive 〔distíŋ(k)tiv〕 **individuality** 〔ìndivìdjuǽliti〕
blended 〔bléndid〕 **unity** 〔jú:niti〕 **fraternity** 〔frətə́:niti〕
Lorraine 〔lorέin〕 **universal** 〔ju(:)nivə́:s(ə)l〕 **suffrage** 〔sʌ́fridʒ〕
arbitration 〔ὰ:bitréiʃ(ə)n〕 **senate** 〔sénit〕 **suffices** 〔səfáisiz〕
mistrusting 〔místrʌ́stiŋ〕 **jealousy** 〔dʒéləsi〕

each other, hating each other, become fast friends; suppose they say that before they are French or English or German they are men, and that if nations form countries, human kind forms a family. Suppose that the enormous sums spent in maintaining armies should be spent in acts of mutual confidence. Suppose that the millions that are lavished on hatred, were bestowed on love, given to labor, to intelligence, to industry, to commerce, to navigation, to agriculture, to science, to art.

If this enormous sum were expended in this manner, know you what would happen? The face of the world would be changed. Isthmuses would be cut through. Railroads would cover the continents; the merchant navy of the globe would be increased a hundredfold. There would be nowhere barren plains nor moors nor marshes. Cities would be found where now there are only deserts. Asia would be rescued to civilization; Africa would be rescued to man; abundance

---

mutual 〔mjú:tju(ə)l〕 **lavished** 〔lǽviʃt〕 **hatred** 〔héitrid〕
agriculture 〔ǽgrikʌltʃə〕 **expended** 〔ikspéndid〕
railroads 〔réilroudz〕 **hundredfold** 〔hʌ́ndrədfould〕
marshes 〔má:ʃiz〕

would gush forth on every side, from every vein of the earth at the touch of man, like the living stream from the rock beneath the rod of Moses.

—Victor Hugo.

GRAMMAR

(1)

And from that **shall** issue an assembly—an assembly in which you **shall** all live; an assembly which **shall** be, as it were, the soul of all.

A day will come, when all of you nations of the continent **shall** be blended into a superior unity, and **shall** constitute an European fraternity.

(2)

Nor is it necessary **for** four hundred years **to** pass away **for** that day to come.

It is difficult **for** us, in these days of steam and electricity, **to** realize how long it took to dispatch a message in the seventeenth century.

(3)

Suppose that the enormous sums spent in maintaining armies **should** be spent in acts of mutual confidence.

---

vein (vein) **Moses** (móuziz)

Suppose you **should** have to live abroad, what country would you like to live in?

FOR STUDY

1. The first condition under which education can be given usefully is, that it should be clearly understood to be no means of getting on in the world, but a means of staying pleasantly in your place there.
2. His father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more.

---

open-minded (óupnmáindid)

LESSON IV

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Wilson

The formation of a League of Nations, due largely to the initiative of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, has given the world at least a chance of realizing the hope that the Great War may prove to be the war fought to end war. It represents a courageous attempt to substitute for the cruel arbitrament of war the procedure of an international court administering a code of international law.

Men in a civilized community, when a dispute arises between them, do not—as a rule—resort

league (li:g) **formation** (fɔ:méiʃ(ə)n) **initiative** (iníʃiətiv)
Woodrow (wúdrou) **Wilson** (wílsn) **substitute** (sʌ́bstitju:t)
arbitrament (ɑ:bítrəmənt) **procedure** (prəsí:dʒə)
international (ìntə(:)nǽʃnl) **administering** (ədmínist(ə)riŋ)
resort (rizɔ́:t)

to blows. They refer the matter in dispute to a court of justice, and accept without question the judge's ruling. Why, then, should not the nations of a civilized world do the same? That is the whole idea of the League of Nations.

The idea is neither original nor new.

The Roman Empire of old, it should be remembered, actually bequeathed to Europe a unified system in Church and State. Under pressure of nationalist aspirations, this system broke down, and in its place there rose a European polity based on the recognition of the individual rights of a number of separate states. These nation-states have kept Europe in an almost constant condition of war. The problem of redeeming the Continent from international anarchy has been engaging the attention of thinking men for more than three centuries.

A very famous King of France, Henry of Navarre, in his *Great Design;* the Dutch jurist, Hugo Grotius, in his *War and Peace;* and

bequeathed (bikwí:ðd) **unified** (jú:nifaid) **aspirations** (æ̀spəréiʃ(ə)nz)
polity (pɔ́liti) **based** (beist) **recognition** (rèkəgníʃ(ə)n)
anarchy (ǽnəki) **Navarre** (nəvɑ́:) **jurist** (dʒúərist
Hugo (ˈhju:gou) **Gotius** (gróuʃiəs)

Immanuel Kant, in his essay on *Perpetual Peace*, all anticipated the idea of an international league. The Czar Alexander I. of Russia sought to give the idea a practical application.

In 1814, after Napoleon had been banished to Elba, the Czar conceived the idea of remodelling Europe as a great Christian republic. At his instigation, the sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, and Russia entered, in 1815, into the so-called Holy Alliance. This was an undertaking on the part of the contracting monarchs to be guided in matters of internal administration and of foreign policy only by the spirit of Christianity.

The alliance failed altogether to achieve the purpose for which it had been designed, and came generally to be regarded as symbolic of all that was reactionary and oppressive. The Holy Alliance failed because it rested on obsolete and

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Immanuel (imǽnju(ə)l) **Kant** (kænt) **perpetual** (pəpétju(ə)l)
anticipated (æntísipeitid) **Czar** (zɑː) **Alexander** (æ̀ligzɑ́ːndə)
Elba (élbə) **application** (æ̀plikéiʃ(ə)n) **remodelling** (ríːmɔ́dliŋ)
instigation (ìnstigéiʃ(ə)n) **Prussia** (prʌ́ʃə) **holy** (hóuli)
alliance (əláiəns) **undertaking** (ʌ̀ndətéikiŋ)
contracting (kəntræ̀ktiŋ) **Christianity** (krìstiǽniti)
reactionary (ri(ː)ǽkʃənəli) **oppressive** (əprésiv)
obsolete (ɔ́bsoliːt)

outworn principles. It was a league of autocrats. It was not a league of free peoples.

The League of Nations came into being in January, 1920. Its purpose—in the words of the covenant—is "to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war." Any self-governing state can become a member of the League, if it gives guarantees for the observance of the rules, and if its admission is approved by two-thirds of the Assembly.

The Assembly is a kind of parliament which meets at stated intervals. It is made up of representatives of all the states that are members of the League. In addition to the Assembly, there is another deliberative body, the Council. This, being smaller, can meet more often and more easily. There is also a permanent secretariat.

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outworn (áutwɔːn) **autocrats** (ɔ́ːtəkræts) **covenant** (kɔ́vinənt)
cooperation (ko(u)ɔ̀pəréiʃ(ə)n) **acceptance** (əksépt(ə)ns)
obligations (ɔ̀bligéiʃ(ə)nz) **self-governing** (sélfgʌ́vəniŋ)
observance (əbzə́ːv(ə)ns) **admission** (ədmíʃ(ə)n) **stated** (stéitid)
intervals (íntəv(ə)lz) **representatives** (rèprizéntətivz)
deliberative (dilíbəreitiv) **permanent** (pə́ːmənənt)
secretariat (sèkrətɛ́əriət)

The permanent secretariat, which assures to the League continuity of action and policy, has its headquarters at Geneva. Historically, Geneva is closely associated with the settlement of international problems. A more appropriate place than this Swiss town could hardly have been chosen as the seat of the League.

Towards the end of 1920 the Permanent Court of International Justice, the most essential feature of the League, was finally constituted. This court meets annually at The Hague, and consists of eleven judges who hold office for nine years

Members of the League referring disputes to this court are pledged not to resort to hostilities until three months have elapsed after the court has given its decision. Any state which infringes this rule is at once to be considered at war with all the other members of the League.

The League of Nations does not restrict itself to deal only with questions of peace and war. It aims, as we have said, at finding the basis

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continuity (kòntinjú(:)iti) **Geneva** (dʒiní:və) **Swiss** (swis)
Hague (heig) **decision** (disíʒ(ə)n) **infringes** (infrín(d)ʒiz)
restrict (ristríkt)

for a social compact between nations, and so seeks to establish "fair and humane conditions of labour for men, women, and children" in all countries, to facilitate commerce, and to secure freedom of communications.

During its short existence the League has satisfactorily settled several difficult international disputes. But its machinery is largely experimental, and only time can show whether those who have constructed it can make the League a vital force in world politics.

The effort deserves and demands encouragement. For, as has truly been said, "if the world cannot organize against war . . . nations can protect themselves henceforth only by using whatever destructive agencies they can invent, till the resources of science and invention end by destroying the Humanity they were meant to serve."

By 1922, fifty-one countries had become members of the League of Nations. The most

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compact (kɔ́mpækt) **humane** (hju(:)méin) **facilitate** (fəsíliteit)
satisfactory (sæ̀tisfǽkt(ə)ri) **experimental** (ekspèriméntl)
constructed (kənstrʌ́ktid) **politics** (pɔ́litiks) **henceforth** (hénsfɔ́:θ)
agencies (éidʒ(ə)nsiz) **humanity** (hju(:)mǽniti)

noteworthy absentees were Germany and the United States. Under President Harding, who succeeded President Wilson in 1920, the United States officially withdrew from participation in the movement.

GRAMMAR

(**1**)

This was an undertaking **on the part of** the contracting monarchs to be guided in matters of internal administration and of foreign policy only by the spirit of Christianity.

He is quite averse to such a step, which he says would require great labour **on his part.**

(**2**)

A more appropriate place than this Swiss town **could hardly have been chosen** as the seat of the League.

Almost any other man **would have put** the dog to immediate death.

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noteworthy (nóutwə̀:ði) **absentees** (æ̀bsntí:z) **Harding** (há:diŋ)
officially (əfíʃ(ə)li) **participation** (pɑ:tìsipéiʃ(ə)n)
averse (əvə́:s) **immediate** (imí:djət)

LESSON V

THE NEWSPAPER—I

Early every morning, when the streets are empty, except for milkmen, and early workers hastening to their toil, the paper-boy goes his round, slipping the morning newspaper into scores of letter-boxes. He is one of the humblest in a great chain of workers who have made it possible for us to receive a benefit that few of us appreciate at its full value.

Have you ever stopped to consider how wonderful a thing a newspaper is, and what it does for us? By means of the newspaper we are enabled to read of events that happened in lands thousands of miles away. We are kept in touch with affairs at home. We learn what our Government is doing, and what the people at large think of the laws that are made. By means of the newspaper the facts of the world's progress are placed before us. We are enabled to form our own opinion

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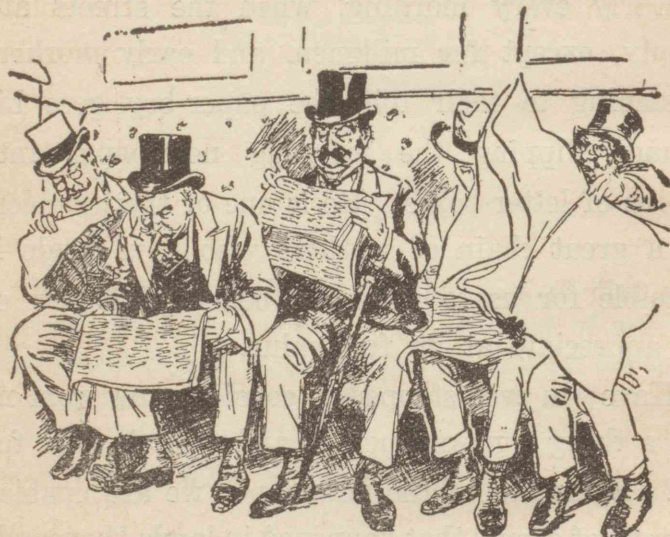
milkmen (mílkmən)

about them, and so to become more intelligent and therefore worthier citizens.

Take up a morning newspaper and glance quickly through its pages. Here, on the front



In the City-train

page, or in the most prominent position, are telegrams from the Continent. They are headed "From Our Own Correspondent." In time of war, every great newspaper sends representatives to the front. It is their duty to describe the

intelligent (intélidʒ(ə)nt) **prominent** (prɔ́minənt)
correspondent (kɔ̀rispɔ́ndənt)

events of the war, and to keep their papers supplied with information concerning the opposing armies. The position of war-correspondents is often one of great peril. They do not fight, but they undergo many of the risks of the soldier, and some of them lose their lives in pursuit of duty.

In other parts of the paper you may see other messages also headed "From Our Own Correspondent." Here is one from Paris, and another from Peking. Overleaf is an account of some destructive flood in Kent, while in the next column is a description of an election in New York.

A large newspaper has correspondents in every part of the globe. They do not all send telegrams every day, but they are on the spot when required, and directly any event of importance happens they send an account of it to their papers.

In the capital cities of Europe—in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Petrograd, and the rest, the correspondent of a great London newspaper is a

undergo (ʌ̀ndəgóu) **Peking** (piːkíŋ) **overleaf** (óuvəlíːf)
election (ilékʃ(ə)n) **Petrograd** (pétrogræd)

very important man indeed. He often knows secrets of State that are hidden from the ordinary citizen, both at home and abroad. He is on friendly terms with statesmen and ministers, who know that, to a very large extent, he can influence public opinion in his own country.

Turning again to the newspaper, we find that under some of the telegrams from abroad appear the words "Reuter's Agency," or simply "Reuter." This is the name of a famous news-distributing agency founded in 1821 by a German named Paul Reuter.

At the present time Reuter's Agency is the largest business of its kind in the world. It has representatives in the remotest parts of the globe. In places where there are no telegraph wires, as in some parts of China, special messengers are employed to carry information, sometimes over long distances.

Besides Reuter's there are various other agencies which supply items of news to the newspaper. Such are the Central News, the Central Press, and the Press Association, telegrams from which

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Reuter (rɔ́itə) **wires** (wáiəz) **items** (áitemz) **central** (séntr(ə)l)

may from time to time be seen in our journals.

Now, let us turn to another part of our newspaper, and look at the Parliamentary Reports. These sometimes seem dull reading to boys and girls, but every good citizen likes to know what is going on in Parliament.

Yesterday, you see, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made an important speech in the House, and here it is, word for word as he uttered it. Parts of that speech were published in the evening papers last night. Indeed, before the Chancellor had finished speaking, the first part of his speech was being read by thousands of people.

In the House of Commons there is a special gallery set aside for the use of reporters. Of these every London and large provincial newspaper has its own staff. They take down the speeches in shorthand; but it is a great strain to write for a long period at the rate of 180 to 200 words a minute, so each reporter works for a certain time and is then relieved by a companion.

One of the most famous men who has ever

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journals (dʒə́:nḷz) **parliamentary** (pà:ləméntəri)
chancellor (tʃá:nsələ) **exchequer** (ikstʃékə) **staff** (stɑ:f)
shorthand (ʃɔ́:thænd) **strain** (strein)

worked in the Reporter's Gallery was Charles Dickens, the great novelist. At the beginning of his career, when still a young and struggling author, he taught himself shorthand, and made himself one of the finest reporters in the land.

GRAMMAR

(1)

It is their duty to **keep** their papers **supplied** with information concerning the opposing armies.

He is always travelling, but **keeps** me well **posted** up.

(2)

Indeed, **before** the Chancellor **had finished** speaking, the first part of his speech **was being read** by thousands of people.

Before the case **had appeared** in the newspapers, it **was** really **being investigated** by a private detective.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

Dickens (díkinz) **investigated** (invéstigeitid) **detective** (ditéktiv)

LESSON VI

THE NEWSPAPER—II

The daily newspaper is prepared on the night before the day it is issued. From eight o'clock in the evening to three o'clock in the morning, when the rest of the city is asleep, the newspaper offices are astir with bustle and stress.

All day long telegrams have been pouring into the office from all parts of the world. Telephone bells have been ringing, and the newspaper staff have been receiving messages and sending them. Reporters have been despatched to various parts of the city to write accounts of interesting events. Correspondents in various towns have delivered their daily messages. Long before the task of making-up the paper has begun, there is a great mass of news, which, if it were all printed, would fill every column many times over.

Now begins the task of selecting what is to appear in the paper. This is the duty of the editors.

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astir (əstə́:) **stress** (stres)

A great newspaper has several editors. There is, first of all, the Chief Editor, who is responsible for every line that appears. He, too, decides what the policy of the paper shall be. Every newspaper, you know, has its own "opinion" on matters of great public interest. This opinion is set out in what are called the "leading articles," which are written by authors specially chosen for their ability and knowledge.

The Managing Editor has control of the whole supply of news, while the Literary Editor is responsible for all original contributions. Then each department of the paper has its own chief. The Sporting Editor, for instance, watches over the columns devoted for cricket, football, and the like; while the Financial Editor attends to the reports of dealings on the Stock Exchange, and business matters generally.

By nine o'clock in the evening the newspaper office is a scene of great activity. Down below, in the basement, where the great presses are, the

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editors (éditəz) **managing** (mǽnidʒiŋ)
contributions (kɔ̀ntribjúːʃ(ə)nz) **department** (dipáːtmənt)
sporting (spɔ́ːtiŋ) **basement** (béismənt)

compositors are busy setting the type. This is done by means of a wonderful machine, called the linotype. To work this machine the operator simply presses down keys similar to those on the typewriter, and marked with the letters of the alphabet. Letter by letter he rapidly spells out the words of the "copy" in front of him, and as each key is pressed a type falls into a slot at the front of the machine. When a whole line is set up in this way the operator pulls a lever. The big wheels turn; there is a whirring, crushing sound, and clink! a solid bar of type drops into the slot, still warm from the casting.

Line by line the "copy" is set up until the article is complete; then a "proof" or rough impression, is taken, and a messenger carries it to one of the subeditors upstairs.

Seated at his desk, beneath the glow of the electric light, the subeditor rapidly reads through the proof, altering a word here, cutting out a passage there. His blue pencil runs over the

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compositions (kɔ̀mpəzíʃ(ə)nz) **linotype** (láinotaip) **keys** (kiːz)
typewriter (táipràitə) **spells** (spelz) **lever** (líːvə)
whirring (wə́ːriŋ) **crushing** (krʌ́ʃiŋ) **clink** (kliŋk)
proof (pruːf) **impression** (impréʃ(ə)n) **subeditors** (sʌ́béditəz)

lines with marvellous swiftness, for there is much to do and little time to spare.

Meanwhile news is pouring into the office from many sources. Perhaps a serious fire has broken out in a distant part of London, and warning has been sent to the office by telephone. Immediately a night reporter is sent to the scene of the fire, with instructions to write an account of the affair. Or, it may be, a dreadful railway collision has occurred away up in Scotland, and long telegrams describing the scene have been despatched. They have come at the last minute, but room must be found for them somehow, and in a very short time an account of the disaster is in type.

The hours wear away, and gradually the newspaper is taking shape. The advertisement pages were sent long ago; whatever happens, sufficient space must always be allowed for them, for without the income derived from its advertisements no newspaper could live a week.

At last, in the small hours of the morning,

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collision (kəlíʒ(ə)n) **somehow** (sʌ́mhau)
disaster (dizáːstə) **advertisement** (ədvə́ːtismənt)

the paper is ready to go to press. All the articles are in type, and have been arranged in their proper places. The various items of news have also been placed in position, according to their subject or importance; each with its own head-lines drawing attention to the chief points. Nothing must delay the paper now, or it will not be in time to catch the morning trains, and to miss these would be a serious thing indeed.

Down below in the basement the powerful presses are set to work, and the rumble and roar of machinery fills the air. Up above, in the offices, the strain and stress are over, and the editor has gone home to bed; down here activity is at its height. Not a moment's rest will any of the men enjoy until the last paper is printed and the presses are cold and silent once again.

They are wonderful things these machines. The paper is fed in at one end, from an enormous roll, and the newspaper comes out complete at the other end, printed, cut, and folded. As fast

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head-lines (hédlainz) **rumble** (rʌ́mbl)

as they are delivered the papers are packed into bundles and taken to the streets, where carts are waiting to carry them to the different railway stations for despatch to all parts of England.

So, you see, the news-boy, who pushes the morning paper through our letter-boxes, may

truly be said to be a link in a great chain of workers extending to the uttermost parts of the earth. They together have made the newspaper for us, and it is the sum-total of their work that we buy for a penny.

A hundred years ago the price of a newspaper

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uttermost (ʌ́təmoust) **sum-total** (sʌ́mtóutl)

was sixpence or sevenpence. There was a tax of fourpence on every copy printed, so that it could not well be sold for less. Very few people could afford to buy newspapers in those days. Copies were handed from one person to another until there was hardly a piece of them left. It was quite a common thing for half a dozen people to club together to buy the newspaper, and then take it in turns to read it.

GRAMMAR

(1)

All day long telegrams **have been pouring** into the office from all parts of the world. The telephone **has been ringing,** and the newspaper staff **have been receiving** messages and **sending** them.

(2)

Perhaps a serious fire **has broken out** in a distant part of London, and warning **has been sent** to the office by telephone.

---

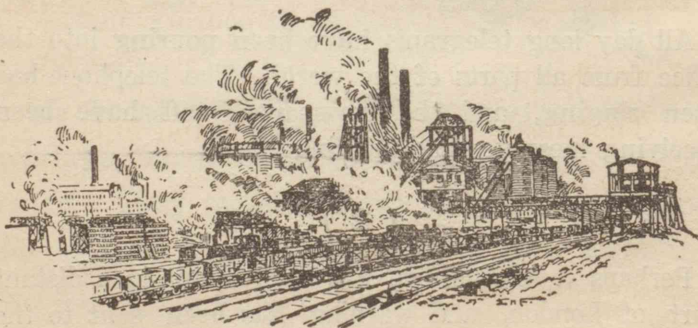
club (klʌb)

Reporters **have been despatched** to various parts of the city to write accounts of interesting events.

Bible study **has been excluded** from most of the public schools. This has left many young people with a very hazy knowledge as to the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

FOR STUDY

One bright June morning a young man, who happened to be waiting at a rural station to take a train, discovered one of the foremost of American writers, who was, all things considered, perhaps the most richly cultured man whom the country has yet produced, sitting on the steps intent upon a book, and entirely oblivious of his surroundings.



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hazy (héizi) **oblivious** (oblíviəs)

LESSON VII

DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils!
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

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vale (veil) **fluttering** (flʌ́təriŋ)

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—William Wordsworth.

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continuous [kəntínjuəs] **milky** [mílki] **margin** [má:dʒin]
sprightly [spráitli] **jocund** [dʒɔ́kənd] **couch** [kautʃ]
pensive [pénsiv] **mood** [mu:d] **inward** [ínwəd]
bliss [blis] **solitude** [sɔ́litju:d]

"Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature."

—Matthew Arnold.

"Wordsworth loved to look on the face of Nature, but to him this face was precious as the index of the soul. It was the meaning of things he cared for, not the things themselves. It was the inner voice that he heard and echoed. There was no rock, no flower, no creature in short, human or other, in the world, but for him it was one of Nature's words."

—J. W. Hales.

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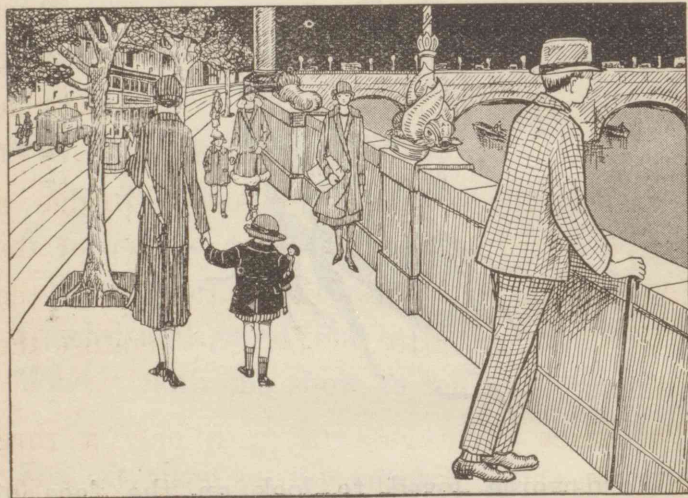
poetry [pó(u)itri] **index** [índeks] **inner** [ínə] **echoed** [ékoud]

LESSON VIII

THE DIAMOND MAKER



Some business had detained me in Chancery Lane until nine in the evening, and thereafter, having some inkling of a headache, I was disinclined either for entertainment or further work. So much of the sky as the tall houses of the narrow lane left visible, spoke of a serene night, and I determined to make my way down to the

detained (ditéind) **Chancery** (tʃáːns(ə)ri) **inkling** (íŋkliŋ)
disinclined (dísinkláind) **visible** (vízəbl) **serene** (siríːn)

Embankment, and rest my eyes and cool my head by watching the variegated lights upon the river.

Beyond comparison the night is the best time for this place, a merciful darkness hides the dirt of the waters, and the lights of this transition age, red, glaring, orange, gas-yellow, and electric white are set in shadowy outlines of every possible shade between grey and deep purple.

Through the arches of Waterloo Bridge a hundred points of light mark the sweep of the Embankment, and above its parapet rise the towers of Westminster, warm grey against the starlight.

The black river goes by with only a rare ripple, breaking its silence, and disturbing the reflections of the lights that swim upon its surface.

"A warm night," said a voice at my side. I turned my head, and saw the profile of a man who was leaning over the parapet beside me.

embankment (imbǽŋkmənt) **variegated** (vέərigeitid)
transition (trænsíʒ(ə)n) **glaring** (glέəriŋ)
gas-yellow (gǽsjélou) **outlines** (áutlainz) **purple** (pə́ːpl)
Waterloo (wɔ̀ːtəlúː) **parapet** (pǽrəpit) **starlight** (stáːlait)
ripple (rípl) **profile** (próufiːl)

It was a refined face, not unhandsome, though pinched and pale enough, and the coat collar turned up and pinned round the throat marked his status in life as sharply as a uniform. I felt I was committed to the price of a bed and breakfast, if I answered him.

I looked at him curiously. Would he have anything to tell me worth the money, or was he the common incapable—incapable even of telling his own story?

There was a quality of intelligence in his forehead and eyes, and a certain tremulousness in his nether lip that decided me.

"Very warm," said I; "but not too warm for us here."

"No," he said, still looking across the water, "it is pleasant enough here. . . . just now."

"It is good," he continued after a pause, "to find anything so restful as this in London. After one has been fretting about business all day, about getting on, meeting obligations and parrying dangers, I do not know what one would

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refined (rifáind) **pinched** (pin(t)ʃt) **status** (stéitəs)
uniform (júːnifɔːm) **forehead** (fɔ́rid) **nether** (néðə)
fretting (frétiŋ) **parrying** (pǽriiŋ)

do if it were not for such pacific corners."

He spoke with long pauses between the sentences.

"You must know," he resumed, "a little of the irksome labour of the world, or you would not be here. But I doubt if you can be brain-weary and footsore as I am. . . . Bah! Sometimes I doubt if the game is worth the candle. I feel inclined to throw the whole thing over—name, wealth, and position—and take to some modest trade. But I know if I abandoned my ambition, I should have nothing but remorse left for the rest of my days."

He became silent. I looked at him in astonishment.

If ever I saw a man hopelessly hard-up, it was the man in front of me. He was ragged and he was dirty, unshaven and unkempt; he looked as though he had been left in a dust-bin for a week. And he was talking to me of the irksome worries of a large business. I almost laughed outright.

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irksome (əːksəm) **footsore** (fútsɔː) **remorse** (rimɔ́ːs)
unshaven (ʌ́nʃéivn) **unkempt** (ʌ́nkém(p)t)
dust-bin (dʌ́s(t)bin) **outright** (áutráit)

Either he was mad or playing a sorry jest on his own poverty.

"If high aims and high positions," said I, "have their drawbacks of hard work and anxiety, they have their compensations. Influence, the power of doing good, of assisting those weaker and poorer than ourselves; and there is even a certain gratification in display...."

My banter under the circumstances was in very vile taste. I spoke on the spur of the contrast of his appearance and speech. I was sorry even while I was speaking.

He turned a haggard, but very composed face upon me. He said: "I forget myself. Of course you would not understand."

He measured me for a moment. "No doubt it is very absurd. You will not believe me even when I tell you, so that it is fairly safe to tell you. And it will be a comfort to tell some one. I really have a big business in hand, a very big business. But there are troubles just now. The fact is....I make diamonds."

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jest (dʒest) **drawbacks** (drɔ́ːbæks) **banter** (bǽntə) **vile** (vail)
appearance (əpíər(ə)ns) **haggard** (hǽgəd)
composed (kəmpóuzd) **absurd** (əbsə́ːd)

"I suppose," said I, "you are out of work just at present."

"I am sick of being disbelieved," he said impatiently, and suddenly unbuttoning his wretched coat he pulled out a little canvas bag that was hanging by a cord round his neck. From this he produced a brown pebble. "I wonder if you know enough to know what that is?"

He handed it to me.

Now, a year or so ago, I had occupied my leisure in taking a London science degree, so that I have a smattering of physics and minera-

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unbuttoning (ʌ́nbʌ́tniŋ) **canvas** (kǽnvəs) **cord** (kɔːd)
smattering (smǽt(ə)riŋ) **physics** (fíziks) **mineralogy** (mìnərǽlədʒi)

logy. The thing was not unlike an uncut diamond of the darker sort, though far too large, being almost as big as the top of my thumb. I took it, and saw it had the form of a regular octahedron with the curved faces peculiar to the most precious of minerals. I took out my penknife and tried to scratch it, but in vain. Leaning forward towards the gas-lamp I tried the thing on my watch-glass, and scored a white line across that with the greatest ease.

I looked at my interlocutor with rising curiosity.

"It certainly is rather like a diamond. But if so, it is a behemoth of diamonds. Where did you get it?"

"I tell you I made it," he said. "Give it back to me."

He replaced it hastily and buttoned his jacket. "I will sell it you for one hundred pounds," he suddenly whispered eagerly. With that my suspicions returned. The thing might, after all, be merely a lump of that almost equally hard

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octahedron (ɔ́ktəhíːdr(ə)n) **penknife** (pénnaif)
interlocutor (ìntə(ː)lɔ́kjutə) **behemoth** (bihíːmɔθ)
suspicions (səspíʃ(ə)nz) **lump** (lʌmp)

substance, corundum, with an accidental resemblance in shape to the diamond. Or if it was a diamond, how did he come by it, and why should he offer it at a hundred pounds?"

We looked into each other's eyes. He seemed eager, but honestly eager. At that moment I believed it was a diamond he was trying to sell.

Yet I am a poor man; a hundred pounds would leave a visible gap in my fortunes, and no sane man would buy a diamond by gaslight from a ragged tramp on his personal warranty only. Still a diamond of that size conjured up a vision of many thousand pounds. Then, thought I, such a stone could scarcely exist without being mentioned in every book on gems, and again I called to mind the stories of contraband and light-fingered Kaffirs at the Cape.

I put the question of purchase on one side.

"How did you get it?" said I.

"I made it."

I had heard something of Moissan, but I knew

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resemblance (rizémbləns) **gaslight** (gǽslàit) **warranty** (wɔ́r(ə)nti)
exist (igzíst) **light-fingered** (láitfíŋgəd) **Kaffirs** (kǽfəz)
Moissan (ˌmwɑːˈsɑ̃)

his artificial diamonds were very small. I shook my head.

"You seem to know something of this kind of thing. I will tell you a little about myself. Perhaps then you may think better of the purchase." He turned round with his back to the river, and put his hands in his pockets.

He sighed. "I know you will not believe me."

"Diamonds," he began—and, as he spoke, his voice lost its faint flavour of the tramp and assumed something of the easy tone of an educated man—"are to be made by throwing carbon out of combination in a suitable flux and under a suitable pressure; the carbon crystallizes out, not as blacklead or charcoal-powder, but as small diamonds. So much has been known to chemists for years, but no one yet has hit upon exactly the right flux in which to melt up the carbon, or exactly the right pressure for the best results. Consequently the diamonds made by chemists are small and dark, and worthless

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assumed [əsjúːmd] **carbon** [káːbən] **combination** [kɔ̀mbinéiʃ(ə)n]
crystallizes [krístəlaiziz] **blacklead** [blǽkléd]
charcoal [tʃáːkoul] **chemists** [kémists]
consequently [kɔ́ns(i)kwəntli]

as jewels. Now, I, you know, have given up my life to this problem—given my life to it."

And he told me his life of poverty and unceasing work. In order to pursue his scientific experiments he had been put almost to every shift, in fact had grudged himself every thing except scientific appliances, had spent a thousand pounds he had inherited, and had kept things going only by reducing himself to starvation, till at last he had produced three big diamonds, like the one I had seen and five small ones.

"But now," he continued, "I realize that I am in a hole. I cannot part with the things for love or money. If I go in to respectable jewellers, they ask me to wait, and go and whisper to a clerk to fetch a policeman, and then I say I cannot wait. And I found a receiver of stolen goods, and he simply stuck to the one I gave him and told me to prosecute if I wanted it back. I am going about now with several hundred pounds worth of diamonds round my neck, and without either food or shelter. You are the first

---

scientific [sàiəntífik] **starvation** [stɑːvéiʃ(ə)n]

person I have taken into my confidence. But I like your face and I am hard driven."

He looked into my eyes. "It would be madness," said I, "for me to buy a diamond under the circumstances. Besides, I do not carry hundreds of pounds about in my pocket. Yet I more than half believe your story. I will, if you like, do this: come to my office to-morrow. . . ."

"You think I am a thief," said he keenly. "You will tell the police. I am not coming into a trap."

"Somehow I am assured you are no thief. Here is my card. Take that, anyhow. You need not come to any appointment. Come when you will."

He took the card and an earnest of my good will. "Think better of it and come," said I.

He shook his head doubtfully. "I will pay back your half-crown with interest some day—such interest as will amaze you," said he. "Anyhow you will keep the secret? . . . . Don't follow me."

He crossed the road and went into the dark-

half-crown (há:fkráun)

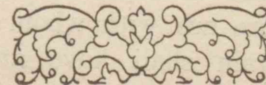
ness towards the little steps under the archway leading into Essex Street and I let him go. And that was the last I ever saw of him.

Afterwards I had two letters from him asking me to send banknotes—not cheques—to certain addresses. I weighed the matter and took what I conceived to be the wisest course. Once he called upon me when I was out.

Was he an ingenious monomaniac or a fraudulent dealer in pebbles or had he really made diamonds as he asserted?

The latter is just sufficiently credible to make me think at times that I have missed the most brilliant opportunity of my life—I sometimes think I might at least have risked five pounds.

—H. G. Wells.



Essex (èsiks) **banknotes** (bǽŋk-nouts)
monomaniac (mɔ́no(u)méiniæk) **fraudulent** (frɔ́:djulənt)
credible (krédəbl)

GRAMMAR

(**1**)

I do not know what one **would** do **if it were** not **for** such pacific corners.

If it were not **for** the civic courage of this old statesman, I do not know what **would** be the fate of the country.

(**2**)

He was ragged and he was dirty, unshaven and unkempt; he looked **as though** he **had been left** in a dust-bin for a week.

"Look there," he returned, nodding with his head, **as though** he **had been** afraid to point.

FOR STUDY

Travelling ought to teach us distrust; but at the same time we shall discover, how many truly kind-hearted people there are with whom we never befo e had, or even again shall have any further communication, who yet are ready to offer us the most disinterested assistance.

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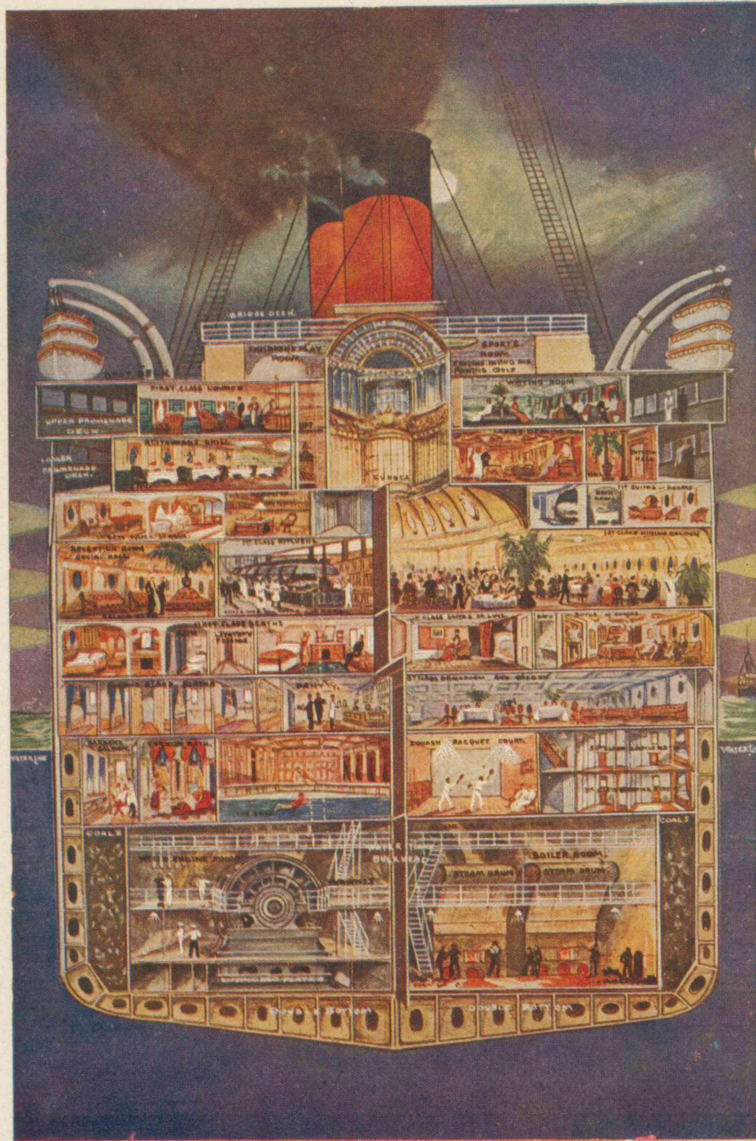
civic (sívik) **disinterested** (disíntristid)



A Section of an Atlantic Liner.

LESSON IX

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Crossing the Atlantic nowadays is merely a short pleasure trip, for the traveller may breakfast in Liverpool on a Saturday and on the following Friday be dining in New York. He has just time to get over his seasickness and to begin to feel at home on board ship when the voyage is over, and he has not had sufficient time to become sick of the sea. Further, the voyage performed is as great comfort as if he had spent the time in a first-rate hotel, for a big liner is simply a floating hotel.

What a contrast a liner affords to the ships in which Columbus and other early navigators first crossed the "herring pond," as our American cousins playfully call the broad Atlantic! And what a host of world-known names thoughts of those not very far distant times recall! Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Humphrey

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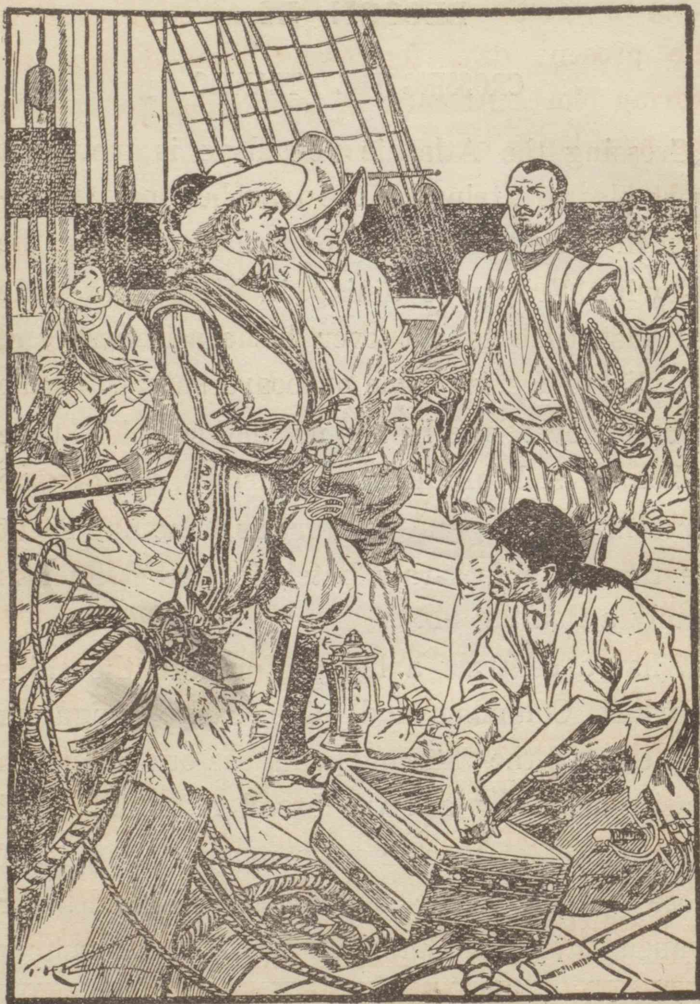
first-rate (fə́:stréit) **playfully** (pléif(u)li) **Humphry** (hʌ́mfri)



Gilbert, Martin Frobisher, and scores of others who, in vessels no larger than coasting craft of the present day, fearlessly plunged into the stormy North Atlantic in their quest for gold in the new lands of the West.

And what a splendid creation a liner is! No longer at the mercy of the wind, she ploughs her way in spite of all kinds of weather, and keeps her time with the regularity and punctuality of an express train. Such a ship is a floating palace, with comfortable cabins, a luxuriously furnished saloon where hundreds of people can dine in comfort, and where meals are served as well as in a first-class hotel. Everything is well cooked, and the wants of the passengers are attended to by a body of polite and attentive stewards. Cool chambers keep the food fresh, and so mid-Atlantic, fresh fish, meat, bread, milk, game, poultry, fruit, etc., can be obtained in nearly as good condition as on shore.

Liverpool is the chief point of departure on the English side, and New York on the American.

Gilbert (gílbət) **Frobisher** (fróubiʃə) **regularity** (règjulǽriti)
cabins (kǽbinz) **luxuriously** (lʌgzjúəriəsli) **saloon** (səlúːn)
first-class (fəːs(t)kláːs) **stewards** (stjúədz)

The train deposits its passengers on the quay close to the landing-stage, which, resting on floating pontoons, rises and falls with the tide. Alongside the stage and towering high above it is the huge liner with its sloping gangways. It is connected with the shore by bridges, one of which is also afloat. Her forepart is being rapidly filled and heaped up with passengers' baggage. Here are trunks, boxes, and impediments of all colours, shapes, and sizes, from the huge Saratoga trunk on wheels—the sure sign of the travelling American—to the solid leather portmanteau, without which the Englishman seems incapable of moving far.

A constant stream of people is passing along the gangway; not all of them are passengers, for many are merely going to see their friends off. At length all are aboard, ropes are cast off, and the smoke and steam that are escaping all show her readiness to be off. What a splendid craft she is! fifty thousand tons register, and capable of carrying five thousand souls across

---

landing-stage (lǽndiŋsteidʒ) **pontoons** (pɔntúːnz)
alongside (əlɔ́ŋsáid) **forepart** (fɔ́ːpɑːt) **baggage** (bǽgidʒ)
impediments (impédimənts) **Saratoga** (sæ̀rətóugə)
aboard (əbɔ́ːd) **readiness** (rédinis)

more than three thousand miles of ocean in five or six days—a triumph of human skill.

The pilot is on the bridge, and in a few minutes our good ship is churning into waves the muddy water of the Mersey and leaving a broad band of heaving white behind.

An hour later and the bar is crossed, and we begin to look round to see what our fellow-passengers are like. There are the usual families of Americans who are returning home after "doing Europe," and laden with the spoils thereof; business men, many of whom have crossed and recrossed over and over again; the usual sprinkling of foreigners; a few who are at sea for the first time, and try to look as if they were used to it and like it.

The sea is smooth, and after lunch people begin to pick out their deck-chairs from the great heap that is stacked upon the upper deck, and seek for snug places upon the lee side, for the wind is cool, and the ship makes a strong draught as she reels off her twenty-three knots

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pilot (páilət) **churning** (tʃə́ːniŋ) **Mersey** (mə́ːzi) **band** (bænd)
heaving (híːviŋ) **spoils** (spɔilz) **recrossed** (ríːkrɔ́ːst)
sprinkling (spríŋkliŋ) **deck-chairs** (déktʃέəz) **lee** (liː) **knots** (nɔts)

an hour. People who came on board in the glory of silk hats and smart bonnets now appear in caps of varied shapes and colours. Books make their appearance, and heavy coats and rugs are to be seen. The Englishmen on board are beginning to recover from their shyness, and exchange a few words with each other. The Americans are already formed into pleasant groups, and are laughing and talking as if they had known each other all their lives, or were members of some large family just reunited after a long absence.

At dinner people have found their proper seats at table, and all the passengers are present at this meal, for as the ship speeds down the St. George's Channel she is steady as a church; and here, in the saloon, we scarcely feel the throb of the mighty engines. By midnight Queenstown is reached. Here the mails are brought on board. Hundreds of sealed bags full of letters. What can all the letters be about? They are quickly stowed away in the

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smart (smɑːt) **bonnets** (bɔ́nits) **varied** (vɛ́ərid)
reunited (ríːjuːnáitid) **speeds** (spiːdz) **throb** (θrɔb)
Queenstown (kwíːnztaun) **sealed** (siːld) **stowed** (stoud)

mail-room, the engines again begin their beat, not to stop again for six days, and we are soon leaving the Fastnet behind us. Now we are fairly into the Atlantic, and the ship begins to respond to the motion of the long rollers that come sweeping towards the east. There is no wind, and the swell is but the after-effects of a storm that has passed. As our course is "dead on" to the sea, our ship merely bows gracefully to the endless procession.

At breakfast-time there are a few vacant chairs, but most of the passengers are all right up till now. In the smoking-room there is a good deal of talk going on about the capacities of our ship: the length of her quickest trip; her longest run in a day; the relative merits of rival lines; her qualities as a sea-boat; the character of her captain, and so on; and though our ship is not a record-breaker, and can be beaten by several others, still the general opinion is that, taking all things into consideration, it would not be possible to find a better ship in which to

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Fastnet (fáːs(t)nit) **gracefully** (gréisf(u)li) **procession** (prəséʃ(ə)n)
capacities (kəpǽs(i)tiz) **consideration** (kənsìdəréiʃ(ə)n)

cross the Atlantic—a very satisfactory conclusion to arrive at, and proof, of course, of the wisdom of all present who have taken their passage by her.

Everything goes on like clockwork; the sea is smooth and the ship steady. Meals are well-cooked and served, and the stewards are attentive and obliging. The passengers are very sociable; there are some good musicians on board, and the time passes very pleasantly. This happy state of affairs lasts for two days, and the most confirmed croakers are beginning to prophesy a smooth passage and a fast run.

But on the third day all this is changed. As we get out of our beds, for bedsteads have now taken the place of the old-fashioned berth, we find that dressing is not quite so easy. The ship is certainly pitching more, and rolling too. During the night a gale has sprung up, and on reaching the deck we see that a nasty sea has got up and meets the ship on her port bow. The sky is grey and cheerless. The wind is

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clockwork (klɔ́kwəːk) **sociable** (sóuʃəbl) **confirmed** (kənfə́ːmd)
croakers (króukəz) **prophesy** (prɔ́fisai) **bedsteads** (bédstedz)
old-fashioned (óuldfǽʃ(ə)nd)

nearly in our teeth, and blowing at the rate of about forty miles an hour. The air is full of flying scud and spray, and there is but little comfort on deck. The officers and crew have got into oilskins, everything on deck has been made fast with extra lashings, and the ship has the appearance of being ready for anything in the shape of weather. The steerage passengers are all below, for as she rolls into the sea a wave occasionally tops the bulwark and floods the waist, and runs off, hissing, through the scuppers.

At meals the fiddles are on the tables; and of the gay crowd that sat down yesterday there are but a score or so of old stagers. The rest have sought "the seclusion which a cabin grants," there to remain till the ship moves steadily again. There will not be much rest for the stewards to-night; most of the passengers will not be able to sleep with the constant rolling and pitching, the unusual sounds caused by the "racing" of the screw, and added to all the miseries of seasickness, he must be a well-

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scud (skʌd) **spray** (sprei) **extra** (ékstrə) **lashings** (lǽʃiŋz)
steerage (stíəridʒ) **bulwark** (búlwək) **waist** (weist)
scuppers (skʌ́pəz) **stagers** (stéidʒəz) **seclusion** (siklúːʒ(ə)n)
screw (skruː)

seasoned voyager indeed who is able to snatch much rest.

Forty-eight hours of this and the gale has blown itself out, and the only wind is a gentle breeze upon our beam. The sea goes down, and soon most of the passengers are on deck again. Many look rather pale, but comfort themselves with the thought that a fit of seasickness will do them a world of good. Everybody says so.

Soon we are looking out for a pilot-boat. We pick one up about three hundred miles east of New York, and next day we are passing up the Bay, past the Statue of Liberty, Governor's Island, and Castle Gardens, and steam slowly to our pier at New York. The good ship has made a fast trip, and, though we say we like the sea, we all seem glad to be ashore again.

GRAMMAR

(1)

Forty-eight hours of this and the gale has **blown** itself **out**, and the only wind is a gentle breeze upon our beam.

For want of water, the firebrigade could do nothing but wait till the fire **burnt** itself **out.**

(2)

The ship has the appearance of being ready for anything **in the shape of** weather.

A great quantity of wood is daily consumed **in the shape of** paper.

FOR STUDY

1. Any system of competition, any system which supposes a reward for virtue other than virtue itself, may be accused of promoting selfishness and other ugly qualities. The doctrine that virtue is its own reward is very charming in the mouth of the virtuous man; but when his neighbours use it as an excuse for not rewarding him, it becomes rather less attractive.

2. The idea of his mother waiting for the letter he had promised her, and perhaps thinking him forgetful of her, was as bitter a grief as any which he had to undergo for many a long year.

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firebrigade (fáiəbrigèid) **consumed** (kənsjú:md) **doctrine** (dɔ́ktrin) **virtuous** (və́:tjuəs) **attractive** (ətrǽktiv)

LESSON X

ANECDOTE OF SIR MATTHEW HALE

A gentleman who possessed an estate in the eastern part of England had two sons. The elder, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years his father died, when the younger son, destroying the will that had been made in his elder brother's favour, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of this report.

In the course of time the elder brother returned, but being in destitute circumstances, found it difficult to establish his claims. At length he met with a lawyer, who interested himself in his cause so far as to consult the first judge of the age, Sir Matthew Hale. The judge satisfied himself as to the justice of the claims of the elder brother, and then promised his assistance.

The cause was tried at Chelmsford, in Essex.

Matthew (mǽθjuː) **Hale** (heil) **bribed** (braibd)
witnesses (wítnisiz) **destitute** (déstitjuːt)
Chelmsford (tʃélmsfəd)

On the appointed day, Sir Matthew Hale disguised himself in the clothes of an honest miller whom he had met on his way, and entered the county hall, where the cause was to be tried. Here he found out the plaintiff, and entering into conversation with him, enquired what were his prospects; to which the plaintiff replied: 'My cause is very doubtful, and if I lose it I am ruined for life.'

'Well, honest friend,' replied the pretended miller, 'will you take my advice? Every Englishman has the right to take exception to any one juryman through the whole twelve; now, do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and if possible get me chosen in place of some one whom you shall challenge, and I will do you all the service in my power.'

The plaintiff shook the pretended miller by the hand and promised to follow his advice; and so, when the clerk called over the names of the jurymen, he objected to one of them. The judge on the bench was much offended at this liberty.

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plaintiff (pléintif) **enquired** (inkwáiəd) **prospects** (prɔ́spekts)
exception (iksépʃ(ə)n) **juryman** (dʒúərimən) **privilege** (prívilidʒ)
objected (əbdʒéktid)

'What do you mean,' he asked, 'by taking exception to that gentleman?'

'I mean, my lord,' said the plaintiff, 'to assert my privilege as an Englishman without giving a reason why.'

The judge had been highly bribed, and in order to conceal it by a show of candour, and having confidence in the superiority of his party, he said: 'Well, sir, whom do you wish to have in the place of him you have challenged?'

After a short time spent in looking round upon the audience, 'My lord,' said the plaintiff, 'I will choose yonder miller, if you please.' Accordingly the supposed miller was directed to take his place on the jury.

As soon as the clerk of the court had administered the usual oath to all, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment and slipped ten golden guineas into the hand of every one of the jurymen except the miller, to whom he gave but five.

The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel,

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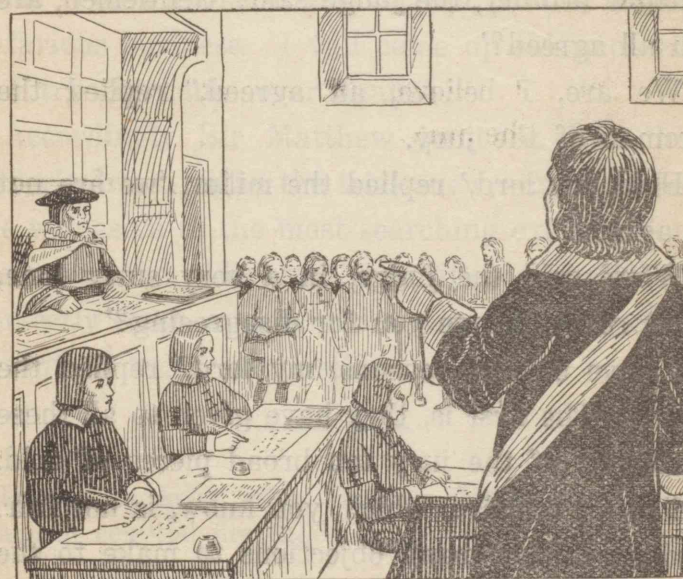
conceal (kənsíːl) **candour** (kǽndə) **yonder** (jɔ́ndə) **jury** (dʒúəri)
dexterous (dékst(ə)rəs) **guineas** (gíniz) **counsel** (káuns(ə)l)

and all the scraps of evidence that could be adduced in his favour were brought forward.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses, all plentifully bribed like the judge.



The witnesses deposed that they were in the same country where the brother died, and had seen the burial of his mortal remains. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and

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scraps (skræps) **adduced** (ədjúːst) **deposed** (dipóuzd)
burial (bériəl) **mortal** (mɔ́ːt(ə)l) **gravity** (grǽviti)

deliberation. 'And now, gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'lay your heads together and bring in your verdict as you shall deem just.'

They waited but a few minutes, and then, supposing that all were agreed in favour of the younger brother, the judge said: 'Gentlemen, are you all agreed?'

'We are, I believe, all agreed,' replied the foreman of the jury.

'Hold, my lord,' replied the miller, 'we are not all agreed.'

'Why,' said the judge, in a very surly tone, 'what reasons have you for disagreeing?'

'I have several reasons, my lord,' replied the miller. 'The first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five, which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the contradictory evidence of the witnesses.'

As the speaker was going on, the judge in great surprise stopped him:—

'Where did you come from, and who are you?'

---

deliberation (dilìbəréiʃ ə'n) **verdict** (vɔ́:dikt) **foreman** (fɔ́:mən)
surly (sɔ́:li) **disagreeing** (dìsəgrí:iŋ) **contradictory** (kɔ̀ntrədíkt(ə)ri)
evidence (évid(ə)ns)

'I came from Westminster Hall,' replied the miller, 'my name is Matthew Hale. I am Lord Chief Justice. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this nefarious business. I will come up this moment and try the cause over again.'

Accordingly Sir Matthew went up with his miller's dress, began the trial anew, and subjected the witnesses to the most searching examination. He made the elder brother's title to the estate perfectly clear, and gained a complete victory in favour of truth and justice.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.

—George Washington.

Eighty years hence it will matter little whether we were a peasant or a peer, but it will matter much whether we did our duty as one to another.

—Stopford A. Brooke.

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iniquity (iníkwiti) **proceedings** (prəsí:diŋz) **nowise** (nóuwaiz)
corrupt (kərʌ́pt) **nefarious** (niféəriəs) **anew** (ənjú:)
subjected (səbdʒéktid) **title** (táitl) **spark** (spɑ:k) **celestial** (siléstjəl)
hence (hens)

GRAMMAR

(**1**)

Every Englishman has the right to **take exception to** any one juryman through the whole twelve.

I have many **objections** to make **to** the contradictory evidence of the witnesses.

(**2**)

Accordingly the supposed miller was directed to take his place **on** the jury.

He was appointed **on** the committee.

(**3**)

At length he met with a lawyer, who *interested* himself *in* his cause **so far as to consult** the first judge of the age, Sir Matthew Hale.

He went **so far as to say**: "Our destiny has been and is on the sea. The sea is ours. No one can stop our inexorable will."

committee (kəmíti) **inexorable** (inéks(ə)rəbl)

LESSON XI

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS—I

Jack discovered, one fine morning, on the other side of a hedge, an apple-tree bearing tempting fruit. He immediately broke through the hedge, and, climbing the tree, plucked the fairest apple, and began to eat it.

"I say, you, sir, what are you doing there?" cried a rough voice.

Jack looked down, and perceived a stout, thick-set man, in gray coat and red waistcoat, standing beneath him.

"Don't you see what I'm about?" replied Jack. "I'm eating apples. Shall I throw you a few down?"

"Thank you kindly—the fewer that are pulled the better. Perhaps, as you are so free to give them to others as well as to help yourself, you may think that they are your own property?"

"Not a bit more my property than they are

tempting (tém(p)tiŋ) **plucked** (plʌkt) **perceived** (pəsí:vd) **thick-set** (θíkset) **waistcoat** (wéiskout)

yours, my good man," replied Jack.

"Those apples are mine, my lad; and I'll trouble you to come down as fast as you can. When you're down we can settle our accounts; and," continued the man, shaking his cudgel, "depend upon it, you shall have your receipt in full."

Jack did not much like the appearance of things.

"My good man," said he, "it is quite a prejudice on your part to imagine that apples were not given, as well as all other fruits, for the benefit of us all. They are common property, believe me."

"That's a matter of opinion, my lad, and I may be allowed to have my own."

"You'll find it in the Bible," says Jack.

"I never did yet, and I've read it through and through," replied the man.

"Then," said Jack, "go home and fetch a Bible, and I'll prove it to you."

"I suspect you wouldn't wait till I came back. No, no; I have lost plenty of apples, and have long wanted to find out the robbers. Now I've

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cudgel (kʌ́dʒ(ə)l) **prejudice** (prédʒudis)

caught one I'll take care that he doesn't escape without apple sauce, at all events. So come down, you young thief; come down directly, or it will be all the worse for you."

"Thank you," said Jack, "but I am very well here. I will, if you please, argue the point from where I am."

"I've no time to argue the point, my lad; I've plenty to do. But do not think I'll let you off. If you don't choose to come down, why, then, you must stay there; and, I'll answer for it, as soon as work is done, I shall find you safe enough."

"What can be done," thought Jack, "with a man who will not listen to argument? What a world is this! However, I've a notion he'll not find me here when he comes back."

But Jack soon found that escape was not to be so easy as he imagined. The farmer walked to the hedge and called a boy, who took his orders and ran to the farmhouse. In a minute or two a large bulldog was seen bounding along

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sauce (sɔːs) **farmhouse** (fáːmháus) **bulldog** (búldɔg)

the orchard to his master. "Mark him, Caesar!" said the farmer to the dog; "mark him!"

The dog crouched down on the grass, with his head up, his eyes glaring at Jack, and showing

a row of teeth that drove all desire for argument out of our hero's head.

"*I* can't wait here, but Caesar can; and I will tell you, as a friend, that if he gets hold of you he'll not leave go. When work's done I'll come back." So saying, the farmer walked off, leaving

orchard (ɔ́ːtʃəd) **Caesar** (síːzə) **crouched** (krautʃt)

Jack and the dog to argue the point, if so inclined.

After a while the dog laid his head down and closed his eyes as if asleep; but Jack observed that at the least movement on his part one eye was seen partially to unclose. So Jack, like a prudent boy, resolved to remain where he was. He picked a few more apples, for it was his dinner-time, and as he chewed he ruminated.

Jack had been ruminating only a few minutes before he was interrupted by another ruminating animal, a bull, which had been turned out with full possession of the orchard. The bull advanced, bellowing occasionally and tossing his head at the sight of Caesar, whom he considered as much a trespasser as his master had considered Jack.

Caesar started to his feet and faced the bull, who advanced pawing, with his tail up in the air. When within a few yards the bull made a rush at the dog, who dodged him and attacked him in return. Thus did the warfare continue until the opponents were some distance from the

prudent (prúːdənt) **ruminated** (rúːmineitid) **interrupted** (intərʌ́ptid) **bull** (bul) **pawing** (pɔ́ːiŋ) **warfare** (wɔ́ːfεə) **opponents** (əpóunənts)

apple-tree. Jack prepared for immediate flight, but unfortunately the combat was carried on by the side of the hedge at which he had gained admission.

"Never mind," thought Jack, "there are two sides to every field;" and, although the other hedge joined on to the garden near to the farm-house, there was no choice. "At all events," he said, "I'll try it."

Jack was slipping down the trunk, when he heard a tremendous roar. The bulldog had been tossed by the bull, and was then high in the air. Jack saw him fall on the other side of the hedge, and the bull was celebrating his victory with a flourish of trumpets.

Jack, perceiving that he was relieved from his sentry, slipped down the rest of the tree and took to his heels. Unfortunately for him, the bull saw him, and, flushed with victory, the furious animal immediately set up another roar and bounded after him. Jack saw his danger, and fear gave him wings; he not only flew over

flourish (flʌ́riʃ) **trumpets** (trʌ́mpits) **sentry** (séntri)
furious (fjúəriəs)

the orchard, but he flew over the hedge as well just as the bull drove his head into it.

"Look before you leap" is an old proverb. Had Jack done so he would have done well, for

when he got to the other side of the hedge he found that he had pitched upon two hives of bees, and upset them. The bees strongly resented the intrusion, and Jack had hardly time to get upon his legs before he found them very busy stinging him in all quarters.

resented (rizéntid) **intrusion** (intrúːʒ(ə)n)

All that Jack could do was to run for it, but the bees flew faster than he could run; and he was mad with pain when he stumbled, half-blinded, over the brickwork of a well. He could not avoid pitching into the well, but he seized the iron chain as it struck him across the face.

Down went Jack, and round went the windlass, and after a rapid descent of forty feet our hero found himself under water, and no longer troubled with the bees. Jack rose from his immersion, and seized the rope to which the chain of the bucket was made fast. As all of it had been unwound from the windlass, Jack was able to keep his head above water.

GRAMMAR

(**1**)

"**Not a bit more** my property **than** they are yours, my good man," replied Jack.

He is **no more** a gentleman **than** my gardener.

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stumbled (stʌ́mbld) **half-blinded** (hɑ́ːfbláindid)
brickwork (bríkwəːk) **windlass** (wíndləs) **descent** (disént)
immersion (imə́ːʃ(ə)n) **bucket** (bʌ́kit) **unwound** (ʌ́nwáund)

(**2**)

Jack had been ruminating only a few minutes before he was interrupted by another ruminating animal, a bull, which had been turned out with full possession of the orchard.

He **had been learning** English for two years, **before** he was admitted into a middle school.

(**3**)

Had Jack **done** so, he **would have done** well.

Had I **been** alone, I **could have managed** it better.

FOR STUDY

Really there are two distinct moralities believed in by the whole civilized world, however much the fact may be denied. One is a religious morality, framed in words and taught by precepts. The other is the iron law of the universe, older than all religions, and stronger; it is not in accordance with human ideas of right and wrong. And yet, whatever you believe, you have to obey that law.

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admitted (ədmítid) **moralities** (mərǽlitiz) **framed** (freimd)
precepts (príːsepts) **universe** (júːnivəːs) **religions** (rilídʒ(ə)nz)
accordance (əkɔ́ːd(ə)ns)

LESSON XII

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS—II

After a few seconds Jack felt something touching his legs. It was the bucket, about two feet under the water. He put his feet into it, and found himself pretty comfortable; for the water, after the sting of the bees and the heat he had got into by the race with the bull, was quite cool and refreshing.

"At all events," thought Jack, "if it had not been for the bull I should have been watched by the dog, and then thrashed by the farmer. But then, again, if it had not been for the bull I should not have tumbled among the bees, and if it had not been for the bees I should not have tumbled into the well, and if it had not been for the chain I should have been drowned. Such has been the chain of events, all because I wanted to eat an apple.

"However, I have got rid of the farmer, and the dog, and the bull, and the bees. All's well

that ends well; but how am I to get out of the well?"

After all, it must be acknowledged that although there are cases of distress in which a well may become a place of refuge, a well is not at all suitable for a prolonged residence and so thought Jack. After he had been there some fifteen minutes, his teeth chattered and his lips trembled; he felt a numbness all over, and he thought it high time to call for assistance. At first he would not do this, as he was afraid he would be pulled up to encounter the indignation of the farmer.

Jack could not, however, stay there, and he was arranging his jaws for a halloo, when he felt the chain being pulled up, and he slowly rose from the water. At first he heard complaints of the weight of the bucket, at which he was not surprised; then he heard a tittering and laughing between two persons.

At last his head appeared above the low wall,

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residence (rézid(ə)ns) **numbness** (nʌ́mnis) **indignation** (ìndignéiʃ(ə)n) **halloo** (həlúː) **tittering** (títəriŋ)

and he was about to extend his arms so as to secure a position on it, when those who were working at the windlass caught sight of him. They were a farming man and a maid-servant.

"Thank you," said Jack.

One should never be too quick in returning thanks. The girl screamed and let go the winch. The man, frightened, did not hold it fast; it slipped from his grasp, whirled round, struck him under the chin, and threw him over headlong; and, before the "Thank you" was fairly out of Jack's lips, down he went again like lightning to the bottom.

Fortunately for him, he had not yet let go the chain, or he might have struck the sides and been killed. As it was, he was merely soused a second time, and in a minute or two he regained his former position.

"This is mighty pleasant," he thought, as he clapped his wet hat once more on his head. "At all events, they can't now plead ignorance; they must know that I'm here."

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extend (iksténd) **maid-servant** (méidsə́ːv(ə)nt) **winch** (wintʃ)
grasp (grɑːsp) **whirled** (wəːld) **headlong** (hédlɔŋ) **soused** (saust)
plead (pliːd)

In the meantime the girl ran into the kitchen, and threw herself down on a stool, from which she fell off in a fit upon sundry heaps of dough which were on the floor before the fire, waiting to be baked in the oven.

"Mercy on me! what is the matter with Susan?" exclaimed the farmer's wife. "Here—where's Mary—where's John? Deary me, if the loaves won't all be as flat as pancakes!"

John soon followed, holding his under-jaw in his hand, and looking very dismal and very frightened, for two reasons: one because he thought that his jaw was broken, and the other because he thought he had seen a ghost.

"Mercy on us, what is the matter?" exclaimed the farmer's wife again.—"Mary, Mary, Mary!" screamed she, beginning to be frightened herself, for, with all her efforts, she could not remove Susan from the bed of dough, where she lay senseless and heavy as lead.

Mary answered to her mistress's loud appeal, and with her assistance Susan was raised; but

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sundry (sʌ́ndri) **dough** (dou) **Susan** (súːzn) **deary** (díəri)
pancakes (pǽnkeiks)

as for the dough, there was no hope of its ever rising again. "Why don't you come here and help Susan, John?" cried Mary.

"Aw-yaw-aw" was all the reply of John, who had had quite enough of helping Susan, and who continued to hold his head in his hand.

"What's the matter, missis?" exclaimed the farmer, coming in. "Highty-tighty, what ails Susan?—And what ails you?" continued the farmer, turning to John.—"Everything seems to go wrong to-day. First, there be the apples stolen; then there be the hives turned topsy-turvy in the garden; then there be Caesar with his flank opened by the bull; then there be the bull broken through the hedge and tumbled into the saw-pit; and now, when I come to get more help to drag him out, I find one woman dead-like, and John looking as if he had seen a ghost."

"Aw-yaw-aw," replied John, nodding his head very significantly.

"One would think that all the evil spirits in

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missis (mísiz) **highty-tighty** (háititáiti) **ails** (eilz)
topsy-turvy (tɔ́psitə́ːvi) **blank** (blæŋk) **deadlike** (dédlaik)
significantly (signífikəntli)

the world had broken loose to-day. What is it, John? Have you seen a ghost?"

"Aw-yaw."

"He's stopped your jaw, at all events, and I thought nothing in the world could have done that. We shall get nothing out of *you*.—Is that girl coming to her senses?"

"Yes, yes, she's better now.—Susan, what's the matter?"

"Oh, oh, ma'am, the well, the well"——

"The well! Something wrong there, I suppose. Well, I'll go and see."

The farmer trotted off to the well. He saw that the bucket was at the bottom and all the rope out. He looked about him, and then he looked into the well. Jack, who had become very impatient, had been looking up for some time for the assistance which he expected would have come sooner.

"Here I am," cried Jack. "Get me up quick, or I shall be dead;" and what he said was true, for, although his courage had not failed him,

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ma'am (mæm) **trotted** (trɔ́tid)

he was quite done up through having been so long in the water.

"Hallo! there be somebody fallen into the well," cried the farmer; "no end to mishaps this day. Well, we must get a Christian out of a well before we get a bull out of a saw-pit, so I'll go and call the men."

In a very short time the men who were assembled round the saw-pit were brought to the well.

"You, down below there, hold on now!"

"Never fear!" cried Jack.

Round went the winch, and once more Jack had an extended horizon to survey. As soon as he was at the top, the men hauled him over the bricks and laid him down upon the ground, for Jack's strength had failed him.

"If it bean't the chap that was on my apple-tree!" cried the farmer. "Howsomever, he mustn't die for stealing a few apples. Lift him up, lads, and take him in. He is half-dead with cold, and no wonder."

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mishaps (míshæps) **horizon** (horáizn) **survey** (səːvéi) **bean't** (biːnt) **chap** (tʃæp) **howsomever** (hàusəmévə)

The farmer led the way, and the men carried Jack into the house, where the host gave him a sip of brandy. This restored Jack's circulation, and in a short time he was all right again.

After some conversation, in which Jack narrated all that had happened, "What may be your name?" inquired the farmer.

"My name is Easy," replied Jack.

"What! be you the son of Mr. Easy, of Forest Hill?"

"Yes."

"Why, he be my landlord, and a right good landlord, too! Why didn't you say so when you were up in the apple-tree? You might have picked the whole orchard and welcome."

—*Captain Marryat.*

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sip (sip) **circulation** (sə̀ːkjuléiʃ(ə)n) **narrated** (næréitid) **landlord** (lǽnlɔːd)

GRAMMAR

(**1**)

At first he would not do this, as he was afraid he would be pulled up **to encounter** the indignation of the farmer.

He amassed money only **to have** it squandered by his prodigal son.

(**2**)

Fortunately for him, he had not yet let go the chain, **or** he **might have struck** the sides and been killed.

The tree must have been dying then, **or it would have borne** flowers.

FOR STUDY

1. There is, indeed no such thing as a person entirely good or bad; virtue and vice are blended and mixed together, in a great or less proportion, in every one.
2. Happiness, we need to learn at home and in the school, is something not merely to be desired or talked about, but to be made like a work of art.

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prodigal (prɔ́dig(ə)l) **proportion** (prəpɔ́:ʃ(ə)n)

LESSON XIII

NATURE AND SCIENCE

A great many of the things brought to our knowledge by our senses, such as houses and furniture, carriages and machines are termed artificial things or objects, because they have been shaped by the art of man; indeed, they are generally said to be made by man. But a far greater number of things owe nothing to the hand of man, and would be just what they are if mankind did not exist—such as the sky and the clouds; the sun, moon, and stars; the sea with its rocks and shingly or sandy shores; the hills and dales of the land; and all wild plants and animals. Things of this kind are termed natural objects, and to the whole of them we give the name of Nature.

Although this distinction between nature and art, between natural and artificial things is very easily made and very convenient, it is needful to

shingly (ʃíŋgli) **dales** (deils)

remember that in the long run, we owe everything to nature; that even these artificial objects, which we commonly say are made by man, are only natural objects, shaped and moved by men; and that in the sense of creating, that is to say of causing something to exist which did not exist in some other shape before, man can make nothing whatever. Moreover, we must recollect that what men do in the way of shaping and bringing together or separating natural objects, is done in virtue of the powers which they themselves possess as natural objects.

Artificial things are, in fact, all produced by the action of that part of nature which we call mankind, upon the rest.

Among natural objects, as we have seen, there are some that we can get hold of and turn to account. But all the greatest things in nature and the links of cause and effect which connect them, are utterly beyond our reach. The sun rises and sets; the moon and the stars move through the sky; fine weather and storms, cold and heat, alternate. The sea changes from violent

recollect (rèkəlékt) **alternate** (ɔ́:ltə:neit)

disturbance to glassy calm, as the winds sweep over it with varying strength or die away; innumerable plants and animals come into being and vanish again, without our being able to exert the slightest influence on the majestic procession of the series of great natural events. Hurricanes ravage one spot; earthquakes destroy another; volcanic eruptions lay waste a third. A fine season scatters wealth and abundance here, and long drought brings pestilence and famine there. In all such cases, the direct influence of man avails him nothing; and, as long as he is ignorant, he is the mere sport of the greater powers of nature.

But the first thing that men learned, as soon as they began to study nature carefully, was that some events take place in regular order and that some causes always give rise to the same effects. The sun always rises on one side and sets on the other side of the sky; the changes of the moon follow one another in the same order and

disturbance (distə́:bəns) **exert** (igzə́:t) **hurricanes** (hʌ́rikənz)
ravage (rǽvidʒ) **volcanic** (vɔlkǽnik) **eruptions** (irʌ́pʃ(ə nz)
drought (draut) **pestilence** (péstiləns) **famine** (fǽmin)
avails (əvéilz)

with similar intervals; some stars never sink below the horizon of the place in which we live; the seasons are more or less regular; water always flows down-hill; fire always burns; plants grow up from seed and yield seed, from which like plants grow up again; animals are born, grow, reach maturity, and die, age after age in the same way. Thus the notion of an order of nature and of a fixity in the relation of cause and effect between things gradually entered the minds of men. So far as such order prevailed, it was felt the things were explained; while the things that could not be explained were said to have come about by chance, or to happen by accident.

But the more carefully nature has been studied, the more widely has order been found to prevail, while what seemed disorder has proved to be nothing but complexity, until at present, no one is so foolish as to believe that anything happens by chance, or that there are any real accidents, in the sense of events which have no cause. And

down-hill (dáunhíl) **maturity** (mətjúəriti) **fixity** (fíksiti) **disorder** (disɔ́:də) **complexity** (kəmpléksiti)

if we say that a thing happens by chance, everybody admits that all we really mean is that we do not know its cause or the reason why that particular thing happens. Chance and accidents are only aliases of ignorance.

—Huxley.

GRAMMAR

(1)

But a great number of things owe nothing to the hand of man, and **would** be just what they are if mankind **did** not exist.

(2)

The more carefully nature has been studied, **the more** widely has order been found to prevail, while what seemed disorder has proved to be nothing but complexity.

The scientific man and all men of brains put their heads well inside their hats; **the more** scientific the mind is, **the deeper** the head goes inside the hat.

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aliases (éiliæsiz)

LESSON XIV

PSALM OF LIFE

(1)

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  "Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

(2)

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
  Was not spoken of the soul.

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psalm (sɑːm) **mournful** (mɔ́ːnf(u)l) **art** (*v.*) (ɑːt)

(3)

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

(4)

Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
  And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

(5)

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

(6)

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
  Let the dead past bury its dead:
Act,—act in the living present,
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

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muffled (mʌ́fld) **funeral** (fjúːn(ə)r(ə)l) **bivouac** (bívuæk)

(7)

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

(8)

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

(9)

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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remind (rimáind) **sublime** (səbláim) **footprints** (fútprints)
forlorn (fəlɔ́:n) **shipwrecked** (ʃíprekt)

LESSON XV

SHIPWRECKED

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, either they had their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew indeed that shellfish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold

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bred (bred) **shellfish** (ʃél-fiʃ) **limpets** (límpɪts)
buckies (bʌ́kiz) **periwinkle** (périwiŋkl) **diet** (dáiət)

and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I that at first they seemed to me delicious.

Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching, and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had no other) did better with me and revived my strength.

But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me. All day it streamed rain; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

From a little up the hillside over the bay I could catch a sight of the great ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona.

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raw (rɔː) **giddiness** (gídinis) **retching** (rétʃiŋ)
boulders (bóuldəz) **bog** (bɔg) **Iona** (aióunə)

And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold and had my head half-turned with loneliness, and think of the fireside and of the company till my heart burned. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shellfish (which had soon grown to be a disgust), and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. That was very like a king with a palace at his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on

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Ross (rɔs) **homestead** (hóumsted) **loneliness** (lóunlinis)
alive (əláiv) **disgust** (disgʌ́st) **luck** (lʌk)

that miserable isle. It was the height of summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

There is a pretty high rock on the north-west of Earraid, which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the Sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not that I ever stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble, with a brown

Earraid (íəreid) **hopefully** (hóupfuli) **deliverance** (dilív(ə)r(ə)ns)
scanned (skænd) **jutted** (dʒʌ́tid) **coble** (kóbl)

sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the colour of their hair—and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue, and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew right on, before my eyes, for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously; even after they were out of reach of my voice I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone I thought my heart would burst.

The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shellfish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before

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wickedness (wíkidnis) **piteously** (pítiəsli) **bodily** (bódili)

I observed a boat coming down the Sound, and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back accordingly upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds.

The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid.

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry I must wet it with the sea water before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on; and now

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marvel (mάːv(ə,l)

I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-heed with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word 'whateffer' several times; but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

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supplications (sʌ̀plikéiʃ(ə)nz) **tee-heed** (tiːhíːd)
Hebrew (híːbruː)

"Yes, yes—yes, yes," said he, and then he looked at the other men as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, 'tide.' Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand toward the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out?"—I cried and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter), leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half-an-hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid, which is only what they call a tidal

creek (kriːk) **trickle** (tríkl) **tidal** (táid(ə)l)

islet, and, except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish—even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free.

It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings but in my present case, being clothed like a beggar man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

I have seen wicked men and fools—a great many of both—and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first. —*R. L. Stevenson.*

islet (áilit) **neaps** (niːps) **dry-shod** (dráiʃɔd) **ebbs** (ebz)
pitiful (pítif(u)l) **illusion** (ilúːʒ(ə)n) **folly** (fɔ́li)

GRAMMAR

(**1**)

Being inland bred, I was as much **short of** knowledge as of means.

Being a sort of a spendthrift, he soon ran **short of** money.

(**2**)

But at least I had *no sooner* eaten my first meal *than* I was seized with giddiness and retching, and lay for a long time **no better than** dead.

From his words and actions we clearly saw that he was **no better than** an idiot.

(**3**)

On the south of my rock a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side and I be **none the wiser**.

The two men were not at all alike, but they agreed **none the worse.**

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spendthrift (spéndθrift) **idiot** (ídiət)

LESSON XVI

CLIVE'S EARLY LIFE

The Clives had been settled, ever since the twelfth century, on an estate of no great value, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire. In the reign of George the First, this moderate but ancient inheritance was possessed by Mr. Richard Clive, who seems to have been a plain man of no great tact or capacity. He had been bred to the law, and divided his time between professional business and the avocations of a small proprietor. He married a lady from Manchester, of the name of Gaskill, and became the father of a very numerous family. His eldest son, Robert,

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Market Drayton (má:kitdréitən) **Shropshire** (ʃrópʃiə)
moderate (mód(ə)rit) **inheritance** (inhérit(ə)ns)
tact (tækt) **professional** (prəféʃn̩l) **avocations** (æ̀vokéiʃ(ə)nz)
proprietor (prəpráiətə) **Gaskill** (gǽskil)

the founder of the British Empire in India, was born at the old seat of his ancestors on the twenty-ninth of September, 1725.

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year; and from these letters it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Rob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he

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lineaments (líniəmənts) **discerned** (dizə́:nd)
fiery (fáiəri) **sustained** (səstéind) **constitutional** (kònstitjú:ʃn̩l)
intrepidity (ìntripíditi) **compatible** (kəmpǽtəbl)
addicted (ədíktid) **imperiousness** (impíəriəsnis) **relate** (riléit)

formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the safety of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

Far different were the prospects of Clive from those of the youth whom the East India College

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predatory (pr´dət ə)ri) **submit** (səbmít) **tribute** (tríbju:t)
sagacious (səgéiʃəs) **dunce** (dʌns) **reprobate** (réprobit)
headstrong (hédstrɔŋ) **writership** (ráitəʃip) **Madras** (mədrǽs)

now annually sends to the Presidencies of our Asiatic Empire. The Company was then purely a trading corporation. Its territory consisted of a few square miles, for which rent was paid to the native governments. Its troops were scarcely numerous enough to man the batteries of three or four ill-constructed forts, which had been erected for the protection of the warehouses. The natives, who composed a considerable part of these little garrisons, had not yet been trained in the discipline of Europe, and were armed, some with swords and shields, some with bows and arrows. The business of the servant of the Company was not, as now, to conduct the judicial, financial and diplomatic business of a great country, but to take stock, to make advances to weavers, to ship cargoes, and above all to keep an eye on private traders who dared to infringe the monopoly. The younger clerks were so miserably paid that they could scarcely subsist without incurring debt; the elder enriched them-

presidencies (prézidənsiz) **Asiatic** (èiʃiǽtik)
corporation (kɔ̀ːpəréiʃ(ə)n) **batteries** (bǽtəriz)
ill-constructed (ílkənstrʌ́ktid) **forts** (fɔːts) **garrisons** (gǽrisnz)
judicial (dʒu(ː)díʃ(ə)l) **diplomatic** (diplomǽtik) **subsist** (səbsíst)

selves by trading on their own account; and those who lived to rise to the top of the service often accumulated considerable fortunes.

Clive's voyage was unusually tedious even for that age. The ship remained for some months at the Brazils, where the young adventurer picked up some knowledge of Portuguese and spent all his pocket money. He did not arrive in India till more than a year after he had left England. His situation at Madras was most painful. His funds were exhausted. His pay was small. He had contracted debts. He was wretchedly lodged, no small calamity in a climate which can be made tolerable to an European only by spacious and well-placed apartments. He had been furnished with letters of recommendation to a gentleman who might have assisted him; but when he landed at Fort St. George he found that this gentleman had sailed to England. The lad's shy and haughty disposition withheld him from introducing himself to strangers. He was

accumulated (əkjúːmjuleitid) **tedious** (tíːdiəs)
Portuguese (pɔ̀ːtjugíːz) **funds** (fʌndz) **exhausted** (igzɔ́ːstid)
torelable (tɔ́rələbl) **spacious** (spéiʃəs) **withheld** (wiðhéld)

several months in India before he became acquainted with a single family. The climate affected his health and spirits. His duties were of a kind ill suited to his ardent and daring character. He pined for his home, and in his letters to his relations expressed his feelings in language softer and more pensive than we should have expected either from the waywardness of his boyhood, or from the inflexible sternness of his later years. "I have not enjoyed," says he, "one happy day since I left my native country;" and again, "I must confess, at intervals, when I think of my dear native England, it affects me in a very particular manner. . . . If I should be so far blest as to revisit my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that I could hope or desire for would be presented before me in one view."

One solace he found of the most respectable kind. The Governor possessed a good library, and permitted Clive to have access to it. The young man devoted much of his leisure to read-

affected (əféktid) **ardent** (á:dənt) **pined** (paind)
waywardness (wéiwədnis) **inflexible** (infléksəbl)
blest (blest) **solace** (sóləs)

ing, and acquired at this time almost all the knowledge of books that he ever possessed. As a boy he had been too idle, as a man he soon became too busy for literary pursuits.

But neither climate nor poverty, neither study nor the sorrows of a homesick exile, could tame the desperate audacity of his spirit. He behaved to his official superiors as he had behaved to his schoolmasters, and was several times in danger of losing his situation. Twice, while residing in the Writers' Buildings, he attempted to destroy himself, and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. This circumstance, it is said, affected him as a similar escape affected Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really well loaded, he burst forth into an exclamation that surely he was reserved for something great.

—Thomas Macaulay.

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homesick (hóumsik) **exile** (éksail) **desperate** (désparit)
audacity (ɔ:dǽsiti) **Wallenstein** (vá:lenʃtain)

GRAMMAR

(1)

In his letters to his relations he expressed his feelings in language softer and more pensive than we **should have expected** from the waywardness of his boyhood.

His thought was couched in language more incisive than **could have been expected** from a man of his gentle nature.

(2)

If I **should** be so far blest as to revisit my own country, all that I could hope or desire for **would** be presented before me in one view.

If any one **should** succeed in discovering a way to draw freely upon atmospheric electricity, he **would** most probably become the greatest millionaire in the world.

FOR STUDY

The character of Napoleon has been matter of great discussion and of most opposed opinion; and this necessarily so, since, in the judgment of lives, men differ so widely in their basis of judgment.

incisive (insáisiv) **atmospheric** (ætməsférik)
discussion (diskʌ́ʃ(ə)n) **opposed** (əpóuzd)

LESSON XVII

DAVID SWAN—I

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life and our final destiny. There are other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the highroad from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was a native of New

David (déivid) **final** (fáinl̩) **vicissitudes** (visísitju:dz)
serenity (siréniti) **illustrated** (íləstreitid) **grocery** (gróusəri)
New Hampshire (nju:hǽmpʃiə)

Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy.

After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. He kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief.

The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The

classic (klǽsik) **Gilmanton** (gílmənt(ə)n) **academy** (əkǽdəmi)
stage-coach (stéidʒkoutʃ) **tuft** (tʌft) **maples** (méiplz) **recess** (risés)
bubbling (bʌ́bliŋ) **wayfarer** (wéifɛərə) **shirts** (ʃə:ts)
pantaloons (pæ̀ntəlú:nz) **striped** (straipt) **lair** (lɛə)

spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake and passed to and fro afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected it on David Swan.

A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his

murmured (mə́:məd) **perchance** (pətʃá:ns) **afoot** (əfút)
bedchamber (bédtʃèimbə) **scorn** (skɔ:n) **ejected** (idʒéktid)
middle-aged (mídléidʒd) **wrought** (rɔ:t)

evening's discourse, as an instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage.

While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple-trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would

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censure (sénʃə) **merriment** (mérimənt) **indifference** (indífrəns)
bowled (bould) **standstill** (stǽndstil) **linchpin** (líntʃpin)
momentary (móumənt(ə)ri) **coachman** (kóutʃmən)
impressed (imprést) **awe** (ɔː) **trod** (trɔd) **gout** (gaut)

allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it; and having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

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spouse (spauz) **rustle** (rʌ́sl) **gown** (gaun)
opiate (óupiit) **income** (ínkəm) **wakefulness** (wéikf(u)lnis)
damask (dǽməsk) **brooding** (brúːdiŋ) **intercept** (ìntə(ː)sépt)

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendour who fell asleep in poverty.

Providence (prɔ́vidəns) **hither** (híðə) **methinks** (miθíŋks)
waken (wéik(ə)n) **agitated** (ǽdʒiteitid) **heir** (ɛə)
magician (mədʒíʃ(ə)n) **awaken** (əwéik(ə)n) **splendour** (spléndə)

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

GRAMMAR

(1)

There soon appeared such a fresh bubbling spring that it **seemed never to have sparkled** for any wayfarer but David Swan.

No clothes **seemed to have ever** so well **become** me.

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persuasively (pəswéisivli) **reddened** (rédnd)
ridiculous (ridíkjul(ə)s) **asylum** (əsáiləm) **nap** (næp)

(2)

He **had slept** only a few moments, **when** a brown carraige, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting-place.

We **had driven** seven miles and were getting near our village, **when** a star or two were seen twinkling dimly here and there through the rifts of the clouds.

(3)

Our slumber is **no more** like his **than** our wakefulness.

A whale is **no more** a fish **than** a horse is.

FOR STUDY

One principal reason why our existence has so much less of happiness crowded into it than is accessible to us, is that we neglect to gather up these minute particles of pleasure which every moment offers to our acceptance.

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rifts (rifts) **minute** (mainjú:t) **particles** (pá:tiklz)

LESSON XVIII

DAVID SWAN—II

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. She turned aside into the shelter of the maple-trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan.

The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good

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tripping (trípiŋ) **bosom** (búzəm) **buzz** (bʌz) **eyelid** (áilid) **free-hearted** (frí:há:tid) **intruder** (intrú:də)

deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deep blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face?

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came. Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighbourhood, and happened, at that very time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good Fortune—

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quickened (kwík(ə)nd) **blush** (blʌʃ) **youthful** (júːθf(u)l)
blushed (blʌʃt) **phantoms** (fǽntəmz) **succession** (səkséʃ(ə)n)

the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living in whatever way they could, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow:

"Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away

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aslant (əsláːnt) **smartness** (smáːtnis) **interim** (íntərim)
villainy (víləni) **hist** (hist) **winked** (wiŋkt) **leered** (liːəd)
bet (bet) **pocket-book** (pɔ́kitbuk) **hoard** (hɔːd)

among his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple-trees, and

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dirk (dəːk) **unconscious** (ʌnkɔ́nʃəs) **dagger** (dǽgə)
ghastly (gɑ́ːstli) **guilt** (gilt) **victim** (víktim) **fiends** (fiːndz)
tranquil (trǽŋkwil) **stirs** (stəːz) **scenting** (séntiŋ)

gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and they left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of

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alternately (ɔːltə́ːnitli) **lapped** (læpt) **pshaw** (pɾː, (p)ʃɔː)
murder (mə́ːdə) **durable** (djúərəbl) **withdrawn** (wiðdrɔ́ːn)

toil had burdened it. Now he stirred—now moved his lips, without a sound—now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber —and there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dream-like vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the fairy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.

—N. Hawthorne.

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noonday (nú:ndei) **spectres** (spéktəz) **rattling** (rǽtliŋ) **dispersing** (dispə́:siŋ)

GRAMMAR

(1)

A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead —buzz, buzz, buzz.

He is a millionaire, and lives in **a palace of** a house.

(2)

As free-hearted **as she was** innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade.

I am **as** positive that yesterday was Sunday **as I am** that I sit here.

(3)

These rascals had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which **was to have been decided** here under the trees.

I **was to have left** this place the day before yesterday, but I was prevented by unexpected business.

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. *—J. Keats.*

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ye (ji:)

LESSON XIX

HOW TO TREAT AN ENEMY

James Harrod was called the 'Lone Long-Knife' by the Indians, who dreaded the wonderful power he possessed of finding out their intentions.

He on several occasions entered their villages in the night to ascertain their plans; and once, when discovered by a young warrior, struck him to the earth with his huge fist, and then threw himself into the neighbouring forest, though not without being seen and pursued; twenty or thirty warriors followed him, and so close were they upon his heels at the start, that their rifle balls showered like hail about him.

The swiftness of Indian runners has passed into a proverb, but they had a man before them more swift than themselves. He gained so much upon them, that by the time they reached the Miami, which was ten miles distant, there were

Harrod (hǽrəd) **Lone** (loun) **intentions** (inténʃ(ə)nz)
ascertain (æ̀sətéin) **fist** (fist) **rifle** (ráifl)
showered (ʃáuəd) **hail** (heil) **Miami** (maiǽmi)

only three warriors who seemed to be continuing the chase.

Harrod swam the river without hesitation; as he reached the opposite bank they came up, and fired at him as he climbed the bank: the river was wide here, and the balls fell short. He now took to a tree upon the edge of the forest, and removing the waterproof cover of deer's bladder from the lock of his rifle, prepared for them, should they attempt to cross the river.

The Indians hesitated a moment, for it had now been some time full daylight, and they seemed to have some fear that he might make a stand, but hearing at this instant the coming yells of those who had fallen behind, they replied, and plunged into the stream.

Harrod waited until they were more than half across, when at the crack of his rifle the foremost sank; the other two paused, then turned to go back; but before they could get out of range, he wounded a second desperately, who gave himself up to the current, and was swept

hesitation (hèzitéiʃ(ə)n) **waterproof** (wɔ́ːtəpruːf)
bladder (blǽdə) **lock** (lɔk)

down. The third, by a series of rapid dives, after the manner of a chased wild duck, succeeded in getting out of range.

Harrod heard the furious howl of the main body of his outwitted pursuers, who had reached the river as he was making off again through the forest: the chase was not continued farther.

Two hours afterwards, as Harrod struck the bank of the Miami again, he saw upon a pile of driftwood, which had collected at the mouth of one of the small tributaries of the stream, some living object, which he took for a large turtle glistening in the sun, as he struggled to drag his unwieldy body upon the logs to bask.

He stopped to gaze; and imagine his astonishment when he saw a tall Indian drag his body slowly from the water, and finally seat himself upon the logs. He had lost his gun, and commenced endeavouring to stifle the bleeding from a bullet wound in his shoulder. . . . Harrod knew that this was the second Indian he had shot, and who had most probably reached one of the pieces

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outwitted (autwítid) **driftwood** (dríftwud)
turtle (tə́:tl) **unwieldy** (ʌnwí:ldi)

of driftwood of which the swollen river was at the time full, and sustained himself by it all this distance, badly wounded as he was.

Here was a trial for such a man as Harrod; his foe was wounded and helpless; to take him prisoner he feared would be impossible, and letting him escape he felt to be contrary to his duty to his own people. He thought within himself some little time before deciding upon his course, for shoot the poor wretch he could not.

His determination formed, he made a wide circuit, and crept cautiously upon the wounded warrior from behind. A large tree stood close to the drift, which being gained, Harrod laid down his gun, then suddenly stepping into full view from behind the tree, raised his hands to show that he was unarmed.

'Ugh!' grunted the astonished warrior, making a sudden movement as if to plunge into the water again. Harrod placed his hand upon his heart, and spoke two words in the Shawnee tongue. The Indian paused, and looking at him

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swollen (swóul(ə)n) **circuit** (sə́:kit) **cautiously** (kɔ́:ʃəsli)
drift (drift) **ugh** (ɯ:x, ɯh, ʌx, uf, uh, ə:h)
grunted (grʌ́ntid) **Shawnee** (ʃɔ:ní:)

a moment earnestly, bowed his head in token of submission.

Harrod helped him to the bank, tore his own shirt and bound up the wound with cooling herbs; and then, as he found the savage unable to walk, threw him across his broad shoulders, and bore him, not to the 'station,' but to a cave which he used as one of his places of deposit. No one knew of the existence of this hiding-place but himself, and he had discovered it by the accident of having driven a wounded bear into it.

Here Harrod concealed his wounded foe; for the generous hunter having once determined to aid him, possessed too much delicacy of feeling to subject the proud warrior to the humiliation, worse to him than death, of being paraded before his white foes as a prisoner. Harrod took care of him till his recovery, visiting him regularly on his hunting excursions.

When the warrior grew strong again, Harrod gave him a supply of provisions, and pointing

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submission (səbmíʃ(ə)n) **herbs** (həːbz) **delicacy** (délikəsi)
humiliation (hju(ː)mìliéiʃ(ə)n) **paraded** (pəréidid)
recovery (rikʌ́vəri)

towards the north, bade him return to his people, and tell them how the 'Long-Knife' treats his wounded foe.

Nothing was ever heard directly from this warrior again, though Boone, who was aware of the circumstance, and who was a second time taken prisoner by the Shawnees a short time afterwards, always attributed the kind treatment he received from the Indians, and their good faith to eighteen of his men, to the good offices of this grateful savage.

—*Fenimore Cooper.*

GRAMMAR

(1)

So close were they **upon** his heels at the start, **that** their rifle balls showered like hail about him.

He gained **so** much **upon** them, **that** by the time they reached the Miami, there were only three warriors who seemed to be continuing the chase.

Boone (buːn) **aware** (əwέə) **attributed** (ətríbju(ː)tid)

(2)

The Indian had sustained himself by it all this distance, badly **wounded as he was.**

Much **distressed as he was,** he endeavoured to summon up coolness and presence of mind.

(3)

A large tree stood close to the drift, **which being gained,** Harrod laid down his gun.

I hastened downstairs, the last step of which **being reached,** I beheld before me a strangely dressed person.

FOR STUDY

No single man, if he spent his life in travel could hope to gain more than an imperfect knowledge of a small portion of the earth's surface. No man, whatever his gifts and industry, could hope to solve a millionth of the problems still unanswered concerning the earth and its life as we know it to-day. No man can say how old it is, yet we know that it is of an age so great that we cannot grasp it.

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millionth (míljənθ)

LESSON XX

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND THE WAITER

(1)

Dickens

The coach was in the yard, shining very much all over, but without any horses to it as yet; and it looked in that state as if nothing was more unlikely than its ever going to London. I was thinking this, and wondering what would ultimately become of me, when a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meats were hanging up, and said:

Copperfield (kɔ̀pəfiːld) **ultimately** (ʌ́ltimitli)
bow-window (bóuwíndou) **joints** (dʒɔints)

"Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am" I said.

Then the lady said, "Your dinner is paid for here," rang the bell, and called out, "William! show the coffee room!" upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he was only to show it to a *mere boy.*

It was a large, long room, with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of casters on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner

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Blunderstone (blʌ́ndəstoun) **casters** (kɑ́ːstəz)
chops (tʃɔps) **bouncing** (báunsiŋ)

that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying very affably, "Now, six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said:

"There's half-a-pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him, and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"It seems a good deal," he said, "doesn't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed,

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offence (əféns) **affably** (ǽfəbli) **splashing** (splǽʃiŋ)
half-a-pint (hɑ́ːfəpáint) **ale** (eil) **tumbler** (tʌ́mblə)

pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here yesterday," he said—"a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?'

"No," I said, "I don't think——"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, and grey coat," said the waiter.

"No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure——"

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not —drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of

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pimple-faced (pímplfeist) **a-kimbo** (əkímbou)
Topsawyer (tɔ́psɔːjə) **gaiters** (géitəz) **bashfully** (bǽʃf(u)li)
shocked (ʃɔkt) **melancholy** (mélənkəli)

his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But I'll drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"Lord bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know they were chops. Why, a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a

---

'em (əm) **carpet** (káːpit) **ain't** (eint)

very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop, and another potato; and after that another chop and another potato. When he had done, he brought me a pudding, and, having set it before me, seemed to ruminate, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

"How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer.

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me, so it is! What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding?"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, taking up a tablespoon, "is my favourite pudding! Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win; but what with his tablespoon to my teaspoon, his dispatch to my dispatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first

extreme (ikstríːm) **satisfaction** (sàtisfǽkʃ(ə)n)
rousing (ráuziŋ) **tablespoon** (téiblspuːn) **'un** (ʌn)

mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw anyone enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, it was then that I asked for the pen and ink and paper, to write to Peggotty. He not only brought it immediately, but was good enough to look over me while I wrote the letter. When I had finished it, he asked me where I was going to school.

I said, "Near London," which was all I knew.

"Oh! my eye!" he said, looking very low-spirited, "I am sorry for that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh, Lord!" he said, shaking his head, "that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs—two ribs—a little boy he was. I should say he was—let me see—how old are you, about?"

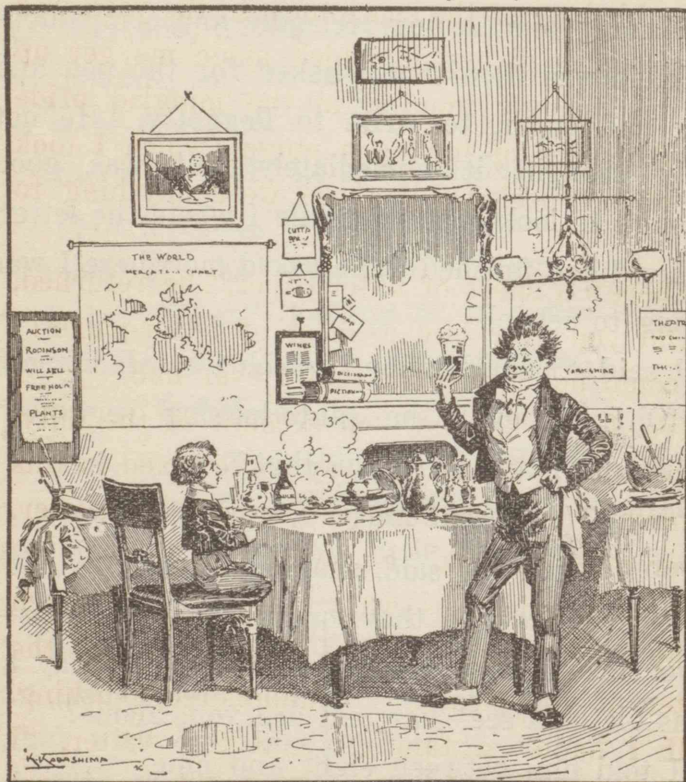
I told him between eight and nine.

"That's just his age," he said. "He was

mouthful (máuθf(u)l) **companionable** (kəmpǽnjənəbl)
Peggotty (pégəti) **low-spirited** (lóuspíritid)

eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight years and eight months old when they broke his second, and did for him."

I could not disguise from myself, or from the



waiter, that this was an uncomfortable coincidence, and inquired how it was done. His

coincidence [ko(u)ínsid(ə)ns]

answer was not cheering to my spirits, for it consisted of two dismal words, "With whopping."

(**2**)

The blowing of the coach-horn in the yard was a seasonable diversion, which made me get up and hesitatingly inquire, in the mingled pride and diffidence of having a purse (which I took out of my pocket), if there were anything to pay.

"There's a sheet of letter-paper," he returned. "Did you ever buy a sheet of letter-paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

"It's dear," he said, "on account of the duty. Three-pence. That's the way we're taxed in this country. There's nothing else, except the waiter. Never mind the ink. I lose by that."

"What should you—what should I—how much ought I to—what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?" I stammered, blushing.

"If I hadn't a family," said the waiter, "I wouldn't take a sixpence. If I didn't support an aged parent, and a lovely sister"—here the

whopping [wɔ́piŋ] **seasonable** [sí:zn̩əbl] **diffidence** [dífid(ə)ns]

waiter was greatly agitated—"I wouldn't take a farthing. If I had a good place, and were treated well here, I should beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking it. But I live on broken victuals—and I sleep on the coals"—here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and felt that any recognition short of ninepence would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings, which he received with much humility and veneration, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of.

It was a little disconcerting to me to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this from overhearing the lady in the bow-window say to the guard, "Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst!" and from observing that the women-servants who were about the place came out to look and giggle at me as a young phenomenon.

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farthing (fá:ðiŋ) **victuals** (vítlz) **brutality** (bru:tǽliti)
veneration (vènəréiʃ(ə)n) **humility** (hju(:)míliti)
disconcerting (dìskənsə́:tiŋ) **overhearing** (òuvəhíəriŋ)
giggle (gígl) **phenomenon** (finɔ́minən)

My unfortunate friend the waiter, who had quite recovered his spirits, did not appear to be disturbed by this, but joined in the general admiration without being at all confused. If I had any doubt of him, I suppose this half awakened it; but I am inclined to believe that with the simple confidence of a child, and the natural reliance of a child upon superior years I had no serious mistrust of him on the whole, even then.

I felt it rather hard, I must own, to be made, without deserving it, the subject of jokes between the coachman and guard as to the coach drawing heavy behind, on account of my sitting there.

The story of my supposed appetite getting wind among the outside passengers, they were merry upon it likewise; and asked me whether I was going to be paid for, at school, as two brothers or three, and whether I was contracted for, or went upon the regular terms; with other pleasant questions.

But the worst of it was, that I knew I should be ashamed to eat anything when an opportunity

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confused (kənfjú:zd) **reliance** (riláiəns)

offered, and that, after a rather light dinner, I should remain hungry all night—for I had left my cakes behind, at the hotel, in my hurry. My apprehensions were realised.

When we stopped for supper, I couldn't muster courage to take any, though I should have liked it very much, but sat by the fire and said I didn't want anything. This did not save me from more jokes, either; for a husky-voiced gentleman with a rough face, who had been eating out of a sandwich-box nearly all the way, except when he had been drinking out of a bottle, said I was like a boa-constrictor, who took enough at one meal to last him a long time.

—Charles Dickens (Adapted).

Love the old, if you are young;
Help the weak, if you are strong;
Keep a guard upon your tongue;
Own a fault, if you are wrong.

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apprehensions (æ̀prihénʃ(ə)nz) **muster** (mʌ́stə)
husky-voiced (hʌ́skivɔist) **boa-constrictor** (bóuəkənstríktə)

GRAMMAR

(1)

On the contrary, I thought he seemed **the fresher for** it.

All at once a voice which was **the more** sinister because no one could be seen, shouted, "Who goes there?"

(2)

But **what with** his tablespoon **to** my teaspoon, his dispatch **to** my dispatch, and his appetite **to** my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful.

What with her increasing population and her lack of raw materials, Italy is suffering from the high cost of living. The Italians need more arable, above all, more mineral territory.

FOR STUDY

Queer things happen in the world: you may live a long while with some people, and be on friendly terms with them, and never once speak openly with them from your soul; with others you have scarcely time to get acquainted, and all at once you are pouring out to him—or he to you—all your secrets, as though you were at confession.

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sinister (sínistə) **arable** (ǽrəbl) **confession** (kənféʃ(ə)n)

LESSON XXI

ODE TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
  run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

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ode (oud) **mellow** (mélou) **fruitfulness** (frú:tf(u)lnis)
maturing (mətjúəriŋ) **conspiring** (kənspáiəriŋ)
thatch-eaves (θǽtʃi:vz) **core** (kɔ:) **gourd** (gɔ:d) **plump** (plʌmp)
hazel (héizl) **budding** (bʌ́diŋ) **clammy** (klǽmi)
winnowing (wíno(u)iŋ)

Life-mask of Keats

From an electrotype in the National Portrait Gallery

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are
they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

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furrow (fʌ́rou) **drowsed** (drauzd) **fume** (fjuːm) **poppies** (pɔ́piz)
hook (huk) **swath** (swɔːθ) **twined** (twaind) **gleaner** (glíːnə)
cyder-press (sáidəpres) **ay** (ai) **bloom** (bluːm)
stubble-plains (stʌ́blpleinz) **rosy** (róuzi) **wailful** (wéilf(u)l)
choir (kwaiə) **gnats** (næts) **river-sallows** (rívəsǽlouz)
bleat (bliːt) **hilly** (híli) **bourn** (buən)
hedge-crickets (hédʒ-kríkits) **garden-croft** (gáːdnkrɔ́ːft)

LESSON XXII

EDINBURGH

The ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May lighthouse, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean; and away to the west, over all the carse of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi.

But Edinburgh pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with

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Edinburgh (édinb(ə)rə) **metropolis** (mitrópəlis) **estuary** (éstjuəri)
precipice (préspis) **terraced** (térəst) **champaigns** (tʃǽmpeinz)
sunset (sʌ́nset) **firth** (fəːθ) **expands** (ikspǽndz) **carse** (kɑːs)
Stirling (stə́ːliŋ) **Ben Ledi** (bén-lédi) **liable** (laiəbl)

the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring. The delicate die early, and I, as a survivor, among bleak winds and plumping rain, have been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate.

For all who love shelter and the blessings of the sun, who hate dark weather and perpetual tilting against squalls, there could scarcely be found a more unhomely and harassing place of residence. Many such aspire angrily after that Somewhere-else of the imagination, where all troubles are supposed to end. They lean over the great bridge which joins the New Town with the Old—that windiest spot, or high altar, in this northern temple of the winds—and watch the trains smoking out from under them and vanishing into the tunnel on a voyage to brighter skies.

Happy the passengers who shake off the dust

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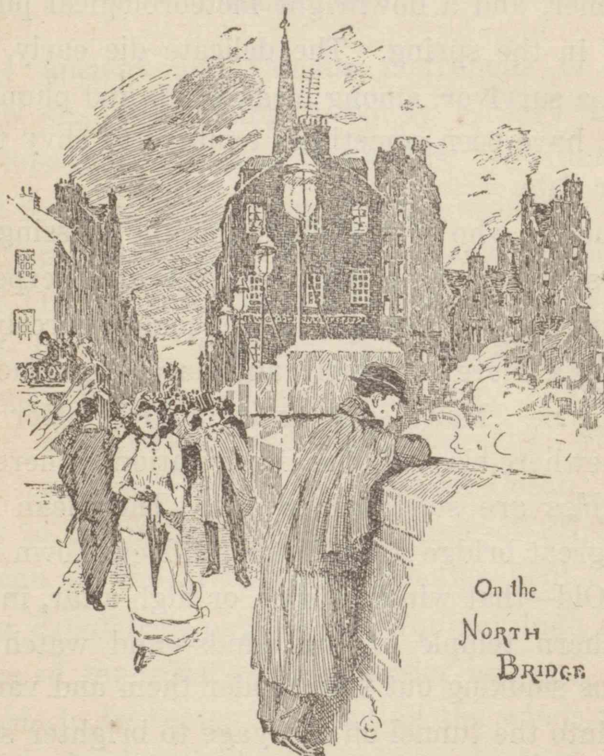
boisterous (bɔ́ist(ə)rəs) **shifty** (ʃífti) **ungenial** (ʌ́ndʒíːniəl)
downright (dáunrait) **meteorological** (mìːtjərəlɔ́dʒik(ə)l)
purgatory (pə́ːgət(ə)ri) **survivor** (səːváivə) **plumping** (plʌ́mpiŋ)
tempted (témptid) **squalls** (skwɔːlz) **harassing** (hǽrəsiŋ)
aspire (əspáiə)

of Edinburgh, and have heard for the last time the cry of the east wind among her chimney-tops! And yet the place establishes an interest



On the North Bridge

in people's hearts; go where they will, they find no city of the same distinction; go where they will, they take a pride in their old home.

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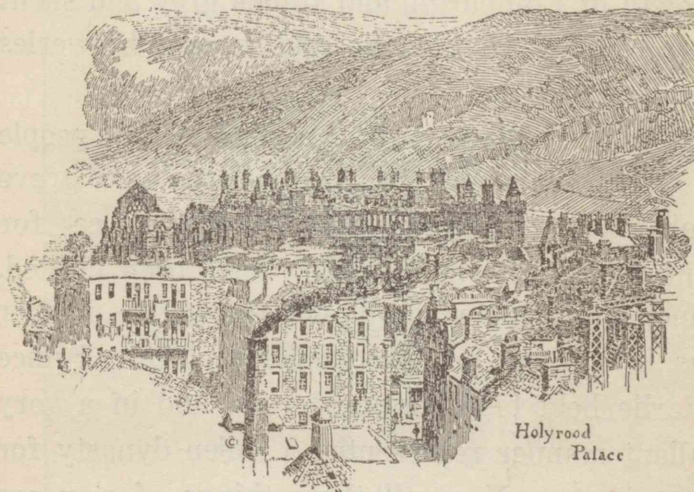
chimney-tops (tʃímnitɔps)

Venice, it has been said, differs from all other cities in the sentiment which she inspires. The rest may have admirers; she only, a famous fair one, counts lovers in her train. And indeed, even by her kindest friends, Edinburgh is not considered in a similar sense. These like her for



Holyrood Palace

many reasons, not any one of which is satisfactory in itself. They like her whimsically, if you will, and somewhat as a virtuoso dotes upon his cabinet. Her attraction is romantic in the narrowest meaning of the term. Beautiful as

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differs (difə́ːz) **whimsically** (wímzikəli) **virtuoso** (vèːtjuóuzou)
dotes (douts) **attraction** (ətrǽkʃ(ə)n)

she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting.

She is pre-eminently Gothic, and all the more so since she has set herself off with some Greek airs, and erected classic temples on her crags. In a word, and above all, she is a curiosity. The Palace of Holyrood has been left aside in the growth of Edinburgh, and stands grey and silent in a workmen's quarter and among breweries and gas works.

It is a house of many memories. Great people of yore, kings and queens, buffoons and grave ambassadors, played their stately farce for centuries in Holyrood. Wars have been plotted, dancing has lasted deep into the night, murder has been done in its chambers. There Prince Charlie held his phantom levees, and in a very gallant manner represented a fallen dynasty for some hours. Now, all these things of clay are mingled with the dust, the king's crown itself is shown for sixpence to the vulgar; but the stone palace has outlived these changes. For fifty weeks together, it is no more than a show for

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pre-eminently (pri(:)éminəntli) **Gothic** (góθik) **crags** (krægz)
Holyrood (hóliru:d) **breweries** (brúəriz) **yore** (jɔ:)
buffoons (bʌfú:nz) **farce** (fɑ:s) **plotted** (plótid) **Charlie** (tʃá:li)
levees (léviz) **dynasty** (dinǽsti) **outlived** (autlívd)

tourists and a museum of old furniture; but on the fifty-first, behold the palace reawakened and mimicking its past. The Lord Commissioner, a kind of stage sovereign, sits among stage courtiers; a coach and six and clattering escort come and go before the gate; at night, the

windows are lighted up, and its near neighbours, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the palace music. And in this the palace is typical. There is a spark among the embers; from time to time the old valcano smokes.

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reawakened (riəwéik(ə)nd) **Commissioner** (kəmíʃ(ə)nə) **stage** (steidʒ)
clattering (klǽtəriŋ) **escort** (éskɔ:t) **typical** (típik(ə)l)

Edinburgh has but partly abdicated, and still wears, in parody, her metropolitan trappings. Half a capital and half a country town, the whole city leads a double existence; it has long trances of the one and flashes of the other; like the king of the Black Isles, it is half alive and half a monumental marble. There are armed men and cannon in the citadel overhead; you may see the troops marshalled on the high parade; and at night after the early winter evenfall, and in the morning before the laggard winter dawn, the wind carries abroad over Edinburgh the sound of drums and bugles. Grave judges sit bewigged in what was once the scene of imperial deliberations. Close by in the High Street perhaps the trumpets may sound about the stroke of noon; and you see a troop of citizens in tawdry masquerade; tabard above, heather-mixture trouser below, and the men themselves trudging in the mud among un-

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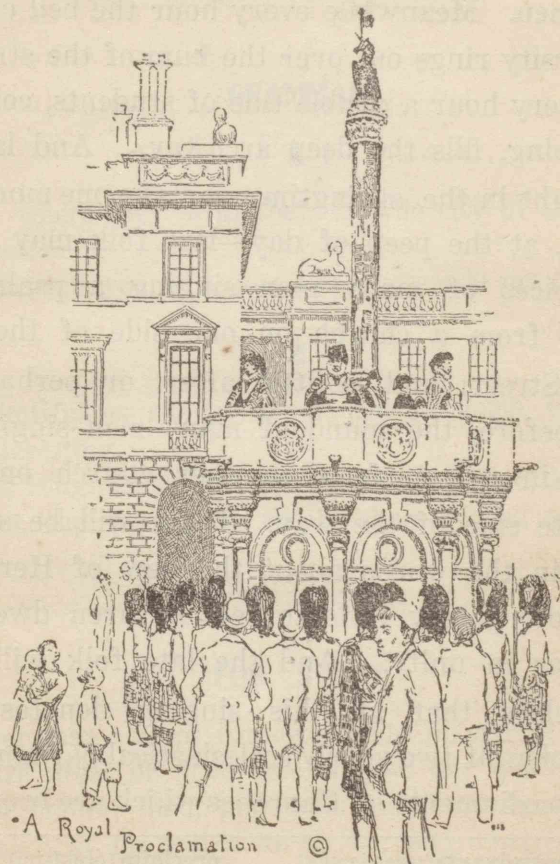
abdicated (ǽbdikeitid) **parody** (pǽrədi)
metropolitan (mètrəpɔ́lit(ə)n) **trappings** (trǽpiŋz)
trances (trɑ́ːnsiz) **monumental** (mɔ̀njuméntl) **citadel** (sítədl)
parade (pəréid) **evenfall** (íːvnfɔːl) **laggard** (lǽgəd)
bugles (bjúːglz) **bewigged** (biwígd) **imperial** (impíəriəl)
tawdry (tɔ́ːdri) **masquerade** (mæ̀skəréid) **tabard** (tǽbəd)
heather-mixture (héðəmikstʃə) **trudging** (trʌ́dʒiŋ)

sympathetic bystanders. The grooms of a well-appointed circus tread the streets with a better presence. And yet these are the Heralds and


A Royal Proclamation

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sympathetic (sìmpəθétik) **bystanders** (báistæ̀ndəz)
grooms (gruːmz) **well-appointed** (wéləpɔ́intid) **heralds** (hér(ə)ldz)

Pursuivants of Scotland, who are about to proclaim a new law of the United Kingdom before two-score boys, and thieves, and hackney-coachmen. Meanwhile every hour the bell of the University rings out over the hum of the streets, and every hour a double tide of students, coming and going, fills the deep archways. And lastly, one night in the springtime—or say one morning rather, at the peep of day—late folk may hear the voices of many men singing a psalm in unison from a church on one side of the old High Street; and a little after, or perhaps a little before, the sound of many men singing a psalm in unison from another church on the opposite side of the way. There will be something in the words about the dew of Hermon, and how goodly it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity. And the late folk will tell themselves that all this singing denotes the conclusion of two yearly ecclesiastical parliaments—the parliaments of Churches which are brothers

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pursuivants (pə́:swivənts) **proclaim** (prəkléim)
hackney-coachman (hǽknikòutʃmən) **hum** (hʌm) **unison** (jú:nizn)
Hermon (hə́:mən) **brethren** (bréðrin) **denotes** (dinóuts)
ecclesiastical (iklì:ziǽstik(ə)l)

in many admirable virtues, but not specially like brothers in this particular of a tolerant and peaceful life.

GRAMMAR

(1)

Go where they **will,** they find no city of the same distinction.

Say what you **will,** you can't persuade me to do it.

(2)

Beautiful as she **is,** she is not so much beautiful as interesting.

The rough track still skirted the sea, and, **high as** it **was,** the spray from the breakers drifted across it.

FOR STUDY

Everyman stamps his own value upon himself, for we are great or little according to our will. We try to be honest, kind, and true, and little by little we become that for which we strive; and what once was difficult, by degrees becomes less and less so.

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tolerant (tɔ́lərənt) **skirted** (skə́:tid)

LESSON XXIII

DOBBIN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF—I

Cuff's fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and many other names expressive of contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen.

His father was a grocer in the city, and it was noised abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called 'mutual principles'—that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money. He stood there—almost at the bottom of the school—in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting—as the representative of so many pounds of tea,

Cuff (kʌf) **Dobbin** (dɔ́bin) **Swishtail** (swíʃteil) **heigh-ho** (héihóu)
gee-ho (dʒí:hóu) **board** (bɔ:d) **defrayed** (difréid)
scraggy (skrǽgi) **corduroys** (kɔ́:djurɔiz) **seams** (si:mz)

candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very small proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other goods of a similar nature.

A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poaching excursion for hardbake and polonies, espied the cart of Dobbin & Rudge, grocers and oilmen, Thames Street, London, at the doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. 'Hullo, Dobbin!' one wag would say, 'here's good news in the paper. Sugar is ris', my boy.' Another would set a sum, 'If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?' and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, who considered that the selling of goods by retail merited the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

'Your father's only a merchant, Osborne,'

mottled-soap (mɔ́tldsoup) **youngsters** (jʌ́ŋgstəz)
excursion (ikskə́:ʃ(ə)n) **hardbake** (há:dbeik) **polonies** (pɔ́ləniz)
Rudge (rʌdz) **oilmen** (ɔ́ilmən) **ris'** (riz)
mutton-candles (mʌ́tnkændlz) **knaves** (neivz) **retail** (rí:téil)

Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, 'My father's a gentleman, and keeps a carriage;' and Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote outhouse in the playground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe.

Now, William Dobbin, from inability to acquire the rudiments of the Latin language, was compelled to remain among the very last of Doctor Swishtail's scholars, and was 'taken down' continually by little fellows with pink faces when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with his downcast, stupefied look, his dog-eared Latin primer, and his tight corduroys.

High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up his corduroys. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain soap and candles.

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outhouse [aúthaus] **woe** [wou] **inability** [inəbíliti]
rudiments [rú:dimənts] **pink** [piŋk] **giant** [dʒáiənt]
stupefied [stjú:pifaid] **dog-eared** [dógiəd] **primer** [prímə]
shins [ʃinz]

There was no little fellow but had his joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of Swishtail School. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold watch, and took snuff like the doctor. He had been to the opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors. He could knock off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do? They said even the doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, in splendid style. This one blacked his shoes; that toasted his bread; others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. 'Figs' was the fellow whom he despised most, and to whom, though always abusing him and

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ponies [póuniz] **top-boots** [tópbu:ts] **snuff** [snʌf] **opera** [ópərə]
unquestioned [ʌnkwéstʃ(ə)nd] **toasted** [tóustid] **fag** [fæg]
Figs [figz] **abusing** [əbjú:ziŋ]

sneering at him, he scarcely ever spoke directly.

One day, in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. 'Figs,' alone in the school-room, was blundering over a home letter, when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some errand.

'I can't,' says Dobbin; 'I want to finish my letter.'

'You *can't?*' says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labour, and tears, for the poor fellow was writing to his mother). 'You *can't?*' says Mr. Cuff. 'I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old Mother Figs tomorrow?'

'Don't call names,' Dobbin said, getting off the bench, very nervous.

'Well, sir, will you go?' crowed the cock of the school.

'Put down the letter,' Dobbin replied; 'no gentleman reads letters.'

'Well, *now* will you go?' says the other, putting down the letter.

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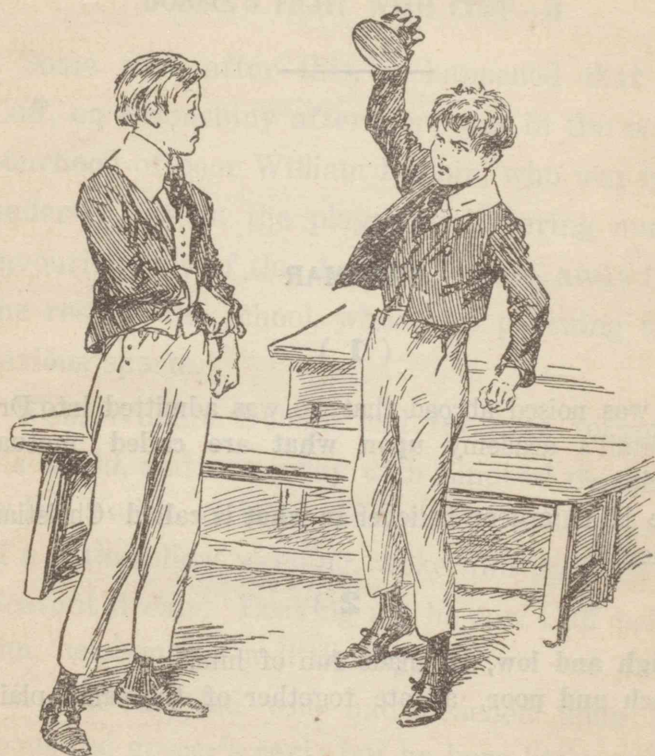
blundering (blʌ́ndəriŋ) **document** (dɔ́kjumənt) **misspelt** (misspélt) **pray** (prei) **nervous** (nə́:vəs)

'No, I won't.—Don't strike, or I'll *smash* you!' roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked that Mr. Cuff paused,



turned down his coat-sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the

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smash (smæʃ) **leaden** (lédn) **coat-sleeves** (kóut-sli:vz) **meddled** (médld)

grocer's boy after that, though he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

GRAMMAR

(1)

It was noised abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy **upon what are called** 'mutual principles'.

He is an ardent believer **in what is called** 'Christian science'.

(2)

High and low, all made fun of him.

Rich and poor, all ate together of the same plain food.

(3)

There was no little fellow **but** had his joke at Dobbin.

There was not a member in the family **but** was prepared for the worst.

LESSON XXIV

DOBBIN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF—II

Some time after this, it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighbourhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, poring over a favourite copy of the *Arabian Nights*, away from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sindbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke him up from his pleasant dream. Looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, especially toward the young and small.

'How dare you, sir, break the bottle?' says

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sunshiny (sʌ́nʃaini) **poring** (pɔ́:riŋ) **Arabian** (əréibiən)
Sindbad (sínbæd) **woke** (wouk) **belabouring** (biléibəriŋ)
malice (mǽlis)

Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall, to run a quarter of a mile, to purchase a pint of rum-shrub on credit, and to clamber back into the playground. During the performance of this feat, his foot had slipped, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilt, and his trousers had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a trembling, though harmless, wretch.

'How dare you, sir, break it?' says Cuff; 'you blundering little thief! You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir.'

Down came the stump with a heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Roc had whisked away Sindbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds far into the clouds; and there was everyday life before honest William, and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

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urchin (ɔ́ːtʃin) **cricket-stump** (kríkit-stʌ́mp) **rum-shrub** (rʌ́mʃrʌ́b)
performance (pəfɔ́ːməns) **spilt** (spilt) **damaged** (dǽmidʒid)
shrub (ʃrʌb) **stump** (stʌmp) **thumb** (θʌm)
roc (rɔk) **whisked** (wiskt)

'Hold out your other hand, sir,' roars Cuff to his little schoolfellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

'Take that, you little villain!' cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand.

Up sprang Dobbin, and screamed out, 'Hold off, Cuff; don't bully that child any more, or I'll'——

'Or you'll what?' Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption.—'Hold out your hand, you little beast.'

'I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life,' Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder at seeing this amazing champion appear suddenly to defend him; while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less.

Fancy Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting, and you have

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schoolfellow (skúːlfèlou) **distorted** (distɔ́ːtid) **wicket** (wíkit)
gasping (gáːspiŋ) **champion** (tʃǽmpjən) **Goliath** (goláiəθ)

the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this challenge was thrown at him.

'After school,' says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, 'Make your will between this time and that.'

'As you please,' Dobbin said.—'You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne.'

'Well, if you like,' little Osborne replied; for, you see, his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

GRAMMAR

(1)

And he appeared before his employer **a trembling, though harmless, wretch.**

After ten years' hard labour abroad, he returned to his native country **a man of a considerable fortune.**

(1)

You drank the shrub, and now you pretend **to have broken** the bottle.

This mountain is said **to have smoked,** but vast clouds of dust may have given rise to this appearance.

Reginald (rédʒinḷd) **bottle-holder** (bótlhòuldə)

LESSON XXV

DOBBIN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF—III

When the hour of battle came, little Osborne was almost ashamed to say, 'Go it, "Figs;"' and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat. At the commencement the scientific Cuff, with a scornful smile on his face, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honour of offering the conqueror a knee.

'What a licking I shall get when it's over!' young Osborne thought, picking up his man.—'You'd best give in,' he said to Dobbin; 'it's only a thrashing, "Figs," and you know I'm used to it.'

But 'Figs,' all of whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his

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commencement (kəménsmənt) **adversary** (ǽdvəsəri)
unlucky (ʌ́nlʌ́ki)

little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, 'Figs' now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part. Accordingly, being a left-handed man, he brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might—once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. 'Well hit!' says little Osborne, with the air of a judge, clapping his man on the back. 'Give it him with the left, "Figs," my boy.'

'Figs's' left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round there were almost as many fellows shouting out, 'Go it, "Figs,"' as there were youths exclaiming, 'Go it, Cuff.'

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preceding (prisí:diŋ) **left-handed** (léft-hǽndid) **nostrils** (nɔ́strilz)

At the twelfth round the latter champion had lost all presence of mind, and nearly all power of attack or defence. 'Figs,' on the contrary, was as calm as a judge. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding freely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air.

Nevertheless, his still unbeaten adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time. Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

'I think *that* will do for him,' 'Figs' said, as his opponent dropped on the grass; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for 'Figs' as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle, and brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog 'Figs' violently, of course; but

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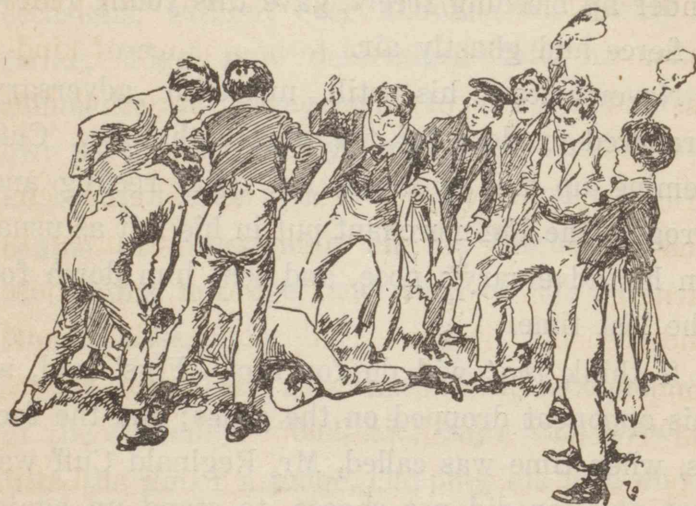
groggy (grɔ́gi) **uproar** (ʌ́prɔ:)

Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, 'It's my fault, sir—not "Figs's"—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy, and he served me right.' By which speech he not only saved his conqueror



a whipping, but got back all his power over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

In consequence of Dobbin's victory, his character rose enormously in the estimation of all his schoolfellows, and the name of 'Figs,' which had been a byword of reproach, became as respectable

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whipping (wípiŋ) **estimation** (èstiméiʃ(ə)n) **byword** (báiwəːd)

and popular a nickname as any other in use in the school.

'After all, it's not his fault that his father's a grocer,' said George Osborne, who, though a little chap, was very popular among the Swishtail youth; and his opinion was received with great applause. 'Old Figs' grew to be a name of kindness and endearment; and the boys jeered at him no longer.

Dobbin's spirit rose with his altered circumstances. He made wonderful advances in learning. The superb Cuff himself, at whose condescension Dobbin could only blush and wonder, helped him on with his Latin verses, and 'coached' him in play-hours.

It was discovered that although dull at Latin, at mathematics he was uncommonly quick. To the contentment of all, he passed third in Algebra, and got a French prize-book at the midsummer examination. You should have seen

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nickname (níkneim) **endearment** (indíəmənt) **jeered** (dʒiəd)
advances (ədváːnsiz) **superb** (sju(ː)pə́ːb)
condescension (kɔ̀ndisénʃ(ə)n) **coached** (koutʃt)
mathematics (mæ̀θimǽtiks) **uncommonly** (ʌnkɔ́mənli)
algebra (ǽldʒibrə) **midsummer** (mídsʌ̀mə)

his mother's face when the prize was presented to him by the doctor in the presence of the whole school and the parents and their friends. All the boys clapped hands in token of friendship and sympathy. His blushes, his stumbles, his awkwardness, and the number of feet which he crushed as he went back to his place, who shall describe or calculate? Old Dobbin, his father, gave him two guineas publicly, most of which he spent in a general tuck-out for the school; and he came back in a tail-coat after the holidays.

GRAMMAR

(1)

Accordingly, being a left-handed man, he **brought** that arm **into action.**

It is in struggling against some disadvantage that your best faculties **are brought into play.**

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awkwardness (ɔ́:kwədnis) **tuck-out** (tʌ́k-áut)
disadvantage (dìsədvá:ntidʒ) **faculties** (fǽkəltiz)

(2)

And now all the boys set up such a shout for 'Figs' as **would have made** you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle.

Thereupon he used such high words that you **would have taken** him as a man of a very violent temper.

FOR STUDY

1. While your wants and requirements are supplied by your indulgent fathers and generous brothers, you do not attach least importance to the cost of living. But as soon as you come into the world and bread earning begins to absorb your tender mind, you would for the first time understand its bearing upon your innocent life.

2. He chose to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself. In his travels, he used the railroad only to get over so much country as was unimportant to his purpose, walking hundreds of miles, avoiding inns, buying a lodging in farmers' and fishermen's houses, as cheaper and, more agreeble to him.

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thereupon (ðɛ́ərəpɔ́n) **indulgent** (indʌ́ldʒ(ə)nt)
absorb (əbsɔ́:b)

LESSON XXVI

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
  Old year, you must not die;
  You came to us so readily,
  You lived with us so steadily,
  Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
  Old year, you must not go;
  So long as you have been with us,
  Such joy as you have seen with us,
  Old year, you shall not go.

knee-deep (ní:-dí:p) **toll** (toul)

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
  Old year, you shall not die;
  We did so laugh and cry with you,
  I've half a mind to die with you,
  Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste.
But he'll be dead before.
  Every one for his own.
  The night is starry and cold, my friend,
  And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
  Comes up to take his own.

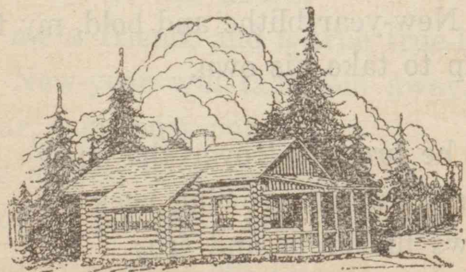
How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:

froth'd (frɔ:θt) **bumpers** (bʌ́mpəz) **quips** (kwips)
starry (stá:ri) **blithe** (blaið) **flicker** (flíkə)

The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
  Shake hands, before you die.
  Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
  What is it we can do for you?
  Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
  And waiteth at the door.
  There's a new foot on the floor, my friend.
  And a new face at the door, my friend,
  A new face at the door.

—Alfred Tennyson.



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chirps (tʃə:ps) **alack** (əlǽk) **corpse** (kɔ:ps)

LESSON XXVII

HOW TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHED THE FENCE?

Saturday morning was come and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face, and a spring in every step. The locust-trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and the gladness went out of nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of broad fence nine feet high! It seemed to him that life was hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the

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Sawyer (sɔ́:jə) **fence** (fens) **locust-trees** (loúkəst-trí:z)
sidewalk (sáidwɔ:k) **long-handled** (lɔ́ŋhǽndld)
topmost (tɔ́pmoust) **insignificant** (ínsignífikənt)

far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work —the very thought of it burnt him like fire.

He got out his worldly wealth and examined it —bits of toys, marbles and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work maybe, but not enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his strained means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys.

At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him. Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration. He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently; the very boy of all boys whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop, skip, and jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He

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far-reaching (fáː-ríːtʃiŋ) **multiplied** (mʌ́ltiplaid)
trash (træʃ) **Rogers** (rɔ́dʒəz) **hove** (houv) **ridicule** (rídikjuːl)
gait (geit)

was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding dong dong, ding dong dong, for he was personating a steamboat.

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamer. Ben stared a moment, and then said—

'Hi-yi! You're up a stump, ain't you!'

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said—

'Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?'

'Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing.'

'Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd rather work, wouldn't you? 'Course you would!'

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said—

'What do you call work?'

'Why, ain't that work?'

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melodious (milóudjəs) **ding** (diŋ) **dong** (dɔŋ)
personating (pə́:səneitiŋ) **artist** (á:tist) **ranged** (rein(d)ʒd)
hello (helóu) **hey** (hei)

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly—

'Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer.'

'Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?'

The brush continued to move.

'Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?'

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben, watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said—

'Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little.'

Tom considered; was about to consent; but he altered his mind: 'No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, aunt Polly's awfully particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence, I

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criticised (krítisaizd)

wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awfully particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done.'

'No—is that so? Oh, come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom.'

'Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—'

'Oh, shucks; I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple.'

'Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afraid—'

'I'll give you all of it!'

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist

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lemme (lémi) **injun** (índʒən) **Sid** (sid) **tackle** (tǽkl) **shucks** (ʃʌks)
reluctance (rilʌ́ktəns) **alacrity** (əlǽkriti) **sweated** (swétid)

sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to white-wash.

By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller was bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth.

He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a Jew's harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool-cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a

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dangled (dǽŋgld) **munched** (mʌn(t)ʃt) **slaughter** (slɔ́:tə)
Billy (bíli) **kite** (kait) **repa'r** (ripέə) **Johnny** (dʒɔ́ni)
poverty-stricken (pɔ́vəti-strík(ə)n) **spool-cannon** (spú:l-kǽnən)
unlock (ʌ́nlɔ́k) **fragment** (frǽgmənt) **decanter** (dikǽntə)
tin (tin) **fire-crackers** (fáiə-krǽkəz) **door-knob** (dɔ́:-nɔ́b)

dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it, namely, that, in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain.

—Mark Twain.

GRAMMAR

(1)

Ben Rogers hove in sight presently; **the very boy** of all boys whose ridicule he **had been dreading.**

At last he was to see this great man—**the very sumurai** of all samurais about whom he had been reading with boundless interest.

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dog-collar (dɔ́gkɔ́lə) **dilapidated** (dilǽpideitid)
window-sash (wíndou-sæʃ) **bankrupted** (bǽŋk-rʌptid)

(2)

If he **hadn't run** *out of* whitewash, he **would have bankrupted** every boy in the village.

If I **had** not **run** *short of* money, I **would have defrayed** the expenses with pleasure.

FOR STUDY

1. The social life that started in the family has broadened until it has circled the globe. It is possible now to speak in terms of world life. The interests of society have reached out from country to country, and from zone to zone, just as a child's interests as he grows to manhood expand from the home to the community and from the community to the nation.

2. You will find that when you set your heart upon the things that are worthy of it, the small selfish ends, which used to be so dear to it, will appear almost disgusting; you will wonder that they could have had such hold upon you.

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broadened (brɔ́ːdnd)

LESSON XXVIII

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

The news of your freedom lifts the load of former anxiety from my mind; I can now think of my son without regret, applaud his resignation under calamities, and his conduct in extricating himself from them.

You are now free, just let loose from the bondage of a hard master: this is the crisis of your fate; and as you now manage fortune, succeeding life will be marked with happiness or misery. A few years' perseverance in prudence, which at your age is but another name for virtue, will ensure comfort, pleasure, tranquillity, esteem; too eager an enjoyment of every good that now offers will reverse the medal, and present you with poverty, anxiety, remorse, contempt.

As it has been observed, that none are better

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applaud (əplɔ́:d) **resignation** (rèzignéiʃ(ə)n)
extricating (ékstrikeitiŋ) **bondage** (bɔ́ndidʒ)
prudence (prú:d(ə)ns) **tranquillity** (træŋkwíliti)
reverse (rivə́:s)

qualified to give others advice than those who have taken the least of it themselves; so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorized to offer mine, even though I should waive my paternal authority upon this occasion.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own is, first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third: still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured, that every change of this nature is for the worse: people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age.

In learning the useful part of every profession very moderate abilities will suffice; even if the mind be a little balanced with stupidity, it may in this case be useful. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than

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authorized (ɔ́:θəraizd) **waive** (weiv) **paternal** (pətə́:nl)
assiduity (æ̀sidjúiti) **stupidity** (stju(:)píditi)
serviceable (sə́:visəbl) **possessors** (pəzésəz)

moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the least manageable.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I; if people should ever take it in their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you."

manageable (mǽnidʒəbl) **professors** (prəfésəz)
conjurer (kʌ́n(d)ʒ(ə)rə) **recourse** (rikɔ́ːs)

A famine overspread the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation until you become rich, and then show away: the resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time, a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that

suppress (səprés) **menaces** (ménəsiz) **punctilious** (pʌŋ(k)tíliəs)

way, the goose was immediately at him. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain a right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter.

In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a good mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh. "A plague take thee," cries he, "for a fool! sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil: that fluttering and hissing of thine may one day get thine head snapped off, but it can neither injure thy enemies, nor ever protect thee." So saying, he went forward to

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insidious (insídiəs) **scamper** (skǽmpə) **lounging** (láun(d)ʒiŋ)
guardian (gáːdjən) **flapped** (flæpt) **sly** (slai)
snap (snæp) **nigh** (nai) **plague** (pleig)

the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, attempt to suit themselves to every company, have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public marketplace, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous.

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contiguons (kəntígjuəs) **generality** (dʒènərǽliti) **eminence** (éminəns)
spectator (spektéitə) **erroneous** (iróunjəs)

The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper.

At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot—not a single stroke that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation: not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired.

The people complied; and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty: every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please one half of the world is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties.—Adieu.

—Oliver Goldsmith.

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criticism [krítisizm] **mortified** [mɔ́ːtifaid] **blot** [blɔt]
stigmatized [stígmətaizd] **disapprobation** [dìsæprobéiʃ(ə)n]
adieu [ədjúː]

GRAMMAR

(1)

To know one profession only, is enough for one man; and this (whatever the professors may tell you **to the contrary**) is soon learned.

You think me very idle, but **on the contrary** I am very busy.

(2)

I have no other trade to have recourse **to.**

I think this is the very opportunity for you to take advantage **of.**

(3)

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which **should** please the whole world.

At last he condescended to offer any terms which **should** satisfy the other party.

FOR STUDY

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

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condescended [kɔ̀ndiséndid] **impearled** [impə́ːld] **beads** [biːdz]

APPENDICES

1. LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY
2. LIST OF NEW WORDS
3. WEBSTER'S PHONETIC NOTATION SYSTEM AND THE INTERNATIONAL PHONETIC ALPHABET
4. KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

I

Just within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the Royal Palace, is a broad, open esplanade, called the place or square of the Cisterns, so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, and which may have existed from the time of the Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one of which we now speak is famous throughout Granada, in so much that the water-carriers, some bearing great water jars on their shoulders, others driving asses before them laden with large earthen vessels, are ascending or descending the steep avenues of the Alhambra from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Among the water-carriers who once resorted to this well there was a sturdy, strong-backed little fellow named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water-carrier he was a Gallego, or native of Gallicia, of course.

Nature seems to have formed races of men, as she has of animals, for different kinds of drudgery. In France the shoe-blacks are all Savoyards, the porters of hotels are all Swiss, and in the days of hoops and

hair-powder in England no man could give the regular swing to a sedan-chair but a bog-trotting Irishman. So in Spain the carriers of water and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Gallicia. No man says, "Get me a porter," but "Call a Gallego."

To return from this digression, Peregil, the Gallego, had begun business with merely a great earthen jar, which he carried upon his shoulder; but by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant in the shape of a stout, shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of the donkey, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water jars, covered with fig leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water-carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal.

The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns, "Who wants water, water colder than snow?" "Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra, cold as ice and clear as crystal?"

When he served a customer with a sparkling glass it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile. This Peregil, the Gallego, was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the most civil, pleasant, and happy of mortals.

Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening.

He had a helpmate who was anything but a help to him. She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill at dancing the bolero and rattling the castanets; and she still retained her early manners, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregil in finery, and taking even the donkey for parties into the country on Sundays and Saints' days, and similar holidays, which are rather more numerous in Spain than the days of the week.

With all this she was a little of a slattern, something more of a lie-a-bed, and above all a gossip, neglecting house, household, and everything else to loiter and chatter in the houses of her gossipy neighbours.

Peregil, however, bore all his domestic difficulties with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water jars, and however he might shake his ears in private, he never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern wife.

He loved his children, and his great pleasure was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday, and had a handful of money to spare, to take the whole family with him, some in his arms, some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gambol among the orchards of the Vega.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water-carriers had ceased from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry; the night was one of those delicious moonlights, which tempt the inhabitants of those southern climes to linger in the open air, and enjoy its sweetness, until after midnight. Customers for water were therefore abroad.

Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking little father, thought of his hungry children. "One more journey to

the well," said he to himself, "to earn a Sunday's puchero for the little ones." So saying he trudged manfully up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went.

When arrived at the well, he found it deserted by every one except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on the stone bench in the moonlight.

Peregil paused at first and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach. "I am faint and ill," he said; "aid me to return to the city, and I will repay thee double what thou gainest by thy jars of water."

The honest heart of the little water-carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity."

He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey, and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city the water-carrier demanded whither he should conduct him. "Alas!" said the Moor faintly, "I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow being in so forlorn a plight; so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling.

The children, who had sallied forth open-mouthed as usual on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back frightened when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter stepped forward like a ruffling hen before her brood when a vagrant dog approaches.

"What infidel companion," cried she, "is this you have brought home at this late hour, to draw upon us the eyes of the Inquisition?"

"Be quiet, wife," replied the Gallego; "here is a poor, sick stranger, without friend or home; wouldst thou turn him forth to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated; the little water-carrier, however, for once was stiff-necked, and refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheepskin for him on the ground in the coolest part of the house, being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water-carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness.

During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and addressing him in a low voice, "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity." So saying he opened his cloak, and showed a small box of sandalwood strapped round his body.

"God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be."

The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions returned with increased violence, and in a little while he expired.

II

The water-carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers, and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries.

Poor Peregil was in equal sorrow, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he, "I can convey the dead body out of the city and bury it in the sands on the bank of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill-luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water-carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying and mischief-making of his gossip tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged fellow, supple and insinuating.

It was said that he slept with but one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that, even in his sleep, he might see and hear all that was going on, and repeat all that he heard in his shop the next morning.

This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour at night and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a look-out, and he saw his neighbour assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling.

This was so strange an occurrence that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes he was at his loop-hole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbour's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget; he slipped on his clothes, and, stealing forth silently, followed the water-carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber hied him home, and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer the alcalde, or judge.

The alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to stir the lather in the basin.

"Strange doings," said Pedrugo, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time. "Strange doings, robbery and murder and burial all in one night."

"Hey—how—what is that you say?" cried the alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush—"I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him this blessed night."

"But how do you know this?" demanded the alcalde.

"Be patient, Senor, and you shall hear all about it," replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a

razor over his cheek, and before he had done shaving him he had recounted all that he had seen to the alcalde.

Now it so happened that this alcalde was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most grasping and corrupt men in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, for he sold it at its weight in gold.

He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery; doubtless there must be much rich spoil; how was it to be secured into the hands of the law? For as to merely entrapping the culprit, that would be feeding the gallows; but entrapping the booty, that would be enriching the judge, and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice.

So thinking, he summoned to his presence his trustiest officer of police—a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clothed, according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb, a broad black beaver turned up at the sides, a quaint ruff, a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders, rusty black under-clothes that set off his spare wiry frame, while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded sign of his office.

Such was the bloodhound of the law that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water-carrier, and such was his speed and certainty, that he had caught poor Peregil before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The alcalde bent upon him one of his most terrific frowns. "Hark ye! culprit!" roared he in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together. "Hark ye! culprit! There is no need of denying thy guilt; everything is known to me.

"A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent therefore; render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The water-carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water-carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandal-wood, which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sandal-wood! A box of sandal-wood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels. "And where is this box? Where have you concealed it?"

"An it please your grace," replied the water-carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words when the officers darted off and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandal-wood.

The alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasure it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper.

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justce, even in Spain, is inclined to be impartial. The alcalde, having recovered from his disappointment, and found that there was really no booty in the case, now listened quietly to the explanation of the water-carrier, and being convinced of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest. Nay more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandal-wood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of cost and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water-carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulders.

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon his usual good humour forsook him. "Dog of an alcalde," would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world!"

And then, at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labours, all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart," would he exclaim, resting his burthen on a stone and wiping the sweat from his brow. "Ah, donkey of my heart, I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master; I warrant me thou missest the water jars, poor beast!"

And to add to his afflictions, his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings, and never stopped scolding him for the trouble he had brought upon his family by bringing the poor Moor to die in their house.

III

Was ever mortal so soundly punished for having done a good action as was the poor water-carrier for his kindness to the dying Moor? The unlucky Peregil was much grieved, but still he bore meekly with the railings of his wife.

At length one evening, when after a hot day's toil she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandal-wood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open as if laughing in mockery at his vexation.

Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor: "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof."

As the box struck the floor the lid flew wide open and the parchment scroll rolled forth. Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence.

At length, collecting his ideas, "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care?" Picking it up, therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery, and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of charm for the recovery of hidden treasure that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to

have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay a rock itself, will yield before it."

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure." So saying he shouldered his water jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at the shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature.

Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with fondness upon the popular stories of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they agreed in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the seven floors.

These stories made an unusual impression of the mind of honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he turned alone down the darkling avenues.

"If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower—and if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it." In the sudden joy of the thought he had well-nigh let fall his water jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain.

Bright and early he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind. "You can read Arabic," said he; "suppose we go

together to the tower and try the effect of the charm; if it fails, we are no worse off than before, but if it succeeds, we will share equally all the treasure we discover."

"Hold!" replied the Moslem; "this writing is not enough by itself; it must be read at midnight by the light of a taper specially made and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such taper the scroll is useless."

"Say no more," cried the little Gallego, "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a minute." So saying he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of the yellow wax taper that he found in the box of sandal-wood.

The Moor felt it and smelt it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest wall and most secret cavern will remain open. Woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra and approached that awful tower.

By the light of a lantern they groped their way through bushes, and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty chamber damp and drear, and from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended four several flights lead-

ing into as many vaults one below the other; but the floor of the fourth was solid; and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate further, the others being shut up by strong enchantment. They paused here for a time in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the clock of the watch-tower strike midnight; upon this they lit the waxen taper, which gave out an odour of sweet-smelling gums.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarcely finished when there was a noise as of thunder. The earth shook, and the floor yawning open disclosed a flight of steps.

Trembling with awe they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault, covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the centre stood a great chest, secured with even bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armour, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the charm.

Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of Oriental pearl would stick to their fingers.

Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoils, and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes.

At length, struck by a sudden panic at some fancied

noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another in the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then, seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom.

To make sure of each other's good faith also, they divided the talisman between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water-carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a secret until we have secured the treasure and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde we are undone."

"Certainly," replied the Gallego; "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret, but you have a wife."

"She shall not know a word of it," replied the little water-carrier sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor, "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but, alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife?

Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water-carrier, who was one of the most loving and easily managed of husbands.

On his return home he found his wife moping in a corner. "Mighty well," cried she as he entered; "you've come at last, after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder you have not brought home another Moor as a house-mate."

Then, bursting into tears, she began to wring her hands and smite her breast. "Unhappy woman that I am!" exclaimed she, "what will become of me? My house stripped and plundered by lawyers, and my husband a ne'er-do-well, that no longer brings home bread for his family, but goes rambling about night and day with infidel Moors. O my children! my children; what will become of us? We shall all have to beg in the streets!"

Honest Peregil was so moved by the distress of his spouse that he could not help whimpering also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter he hauled forth three or four gold pieces, and slipped them into her bosom.

The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover her surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"What hast thou been doing, Peregil?" exclaimed his wife. "Surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman

than it became a certainty with her. She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little Gallego hanging from it; and, overcome by the horrors which she saw in her imagination, fell into violent passion.

What could the poor man do? He had no other means of quieting his wife than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had extracted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her caresses.

"Now, wife," exclaimed the little man with honest joy and pride, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth never abuse me for helping a fellow creature in distress."

The honest Gallego retired to his sheep-skin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife; she emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat all night counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and ear-rings, and fancying the figure she would one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches.

IV

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweller's shop to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra.

The jeweller saw that it had an Arabic inscription, and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a

third of its value, with which the water-carrier was perfectly content.

Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys, together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and, returning to his dwelling, set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water-carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day and a half, she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips.

It is true she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologised for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new one, all trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and a new lace scarf. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water-carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health.

In fact, she thought they would all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season.

The neighbours stared at each other, and thought the woman had lost her wits.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, at home she put a string of rich Oriental pearls round her neck and an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backwards and forwards about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist, on one occasion, showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever-watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond.

In an instant he was at his loop-hole, watching the carrier's wife decorated with the splendour of an Eastern bride. No sooner had he made a list of her ornaments than he posted off with all speed to the alcalde. In a little while the officer was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was again dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain?" cried the alcalde in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel that died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art, prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim, and swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water-carrier fell on his knees, and made a full relation of the marvellous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure.

The officer was despatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the charm. The Moslem entered, half-frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the law. When he beheld the water-carrier standing with sheepish looks and downcast face, he understood the whole matter.

"Miserable animal!" said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor agreed exactly with that of his friend; but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out threats of imprisonment and severe public inquiry.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar Fortune's favours in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves—let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced; refuse, and the cave shall remain for ever closed."

The alcalde consulted apart with the officer.

The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the faggot and stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor, "This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have proof of it. This very night you must repeat the charm in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the meantime you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water-carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Towards midnight the alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the officer and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water-carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter to bear off the expected treasure.

They arrived at the tower without being observed, and, tying the donkey to a fig-tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the words of the charm. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps.

The alcalde, the officer, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water-carrier entered the lower vault, and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless.

They removed two of the great jars, filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water-carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but though a strong-backed little man and accustomed to carry burthens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found when slung on each side of his donkey they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor; "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being seen, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there any more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor; "a huge coffer bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping alcalde.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor doggedly; "enough is enough for a reasonable man."

"And I," said the water-carrier, "will bring up no further burthen to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the alcalde turned to his two friends. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying he descended the steps, followed with trembling reluctance by the officer and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in its depths.

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water-carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault."

"It is the will of Allah," said the Moor devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid," replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the Book of Fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer arrive to break the charm. The will of God be done." So saying, he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy; so the Moor and the water-carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow labourer thus restored to him from the clutches of the law; and, in fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment—the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil amicably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinkets, put into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones, but then he always gave the water-carrier instead magnificent jewels of massive gold, of five times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries.

The Moor returned to Africa, to his native city of Tetuan, and the Gallego with his wife, his children, and his donkey made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the tuition of his wife he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the worthy little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side, and laying aside his familiar name of Peregil, assume the more dignified title of Don Pedro Gil, his children grew up thriving and merry-hearted, while Senora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasselled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of untidy fashion and finery.

As to the alcalde and his friends, they remained shut up under the great tower of the seven floors, and there they remain spell-bound at the present day.

(Condensed from Washington Irving's TALES OF THE ALHAMBRA.)

LIST OF NEW WORDS

BOOK V

The vocabulary is arranged in alphabetical order, the figures indicating the page wherein the word appears. The words in brackets are not given in the margins.

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Z

WEBSTER'S PHONETIC NOTATION SYSTEM AND THE INTERNATIONAL PHONETIC ALPHABET

I VOWELS

ā as in	nāme	[ei]	ō̆ as in	ō̆bey	[o]
â ,,	villâge	[i]	ŏ ,,	bŏx	[ɔ]
ă ,,	căt	[æ]	ȯ ,,	sȯn	[ʌ]
a̯ ,,	a̯way	[ə]	ô ,,	fôr	[ɔː]
ä ,,	ärm	[ɑː]	o̯ ,,	develo̯p	[ə]
a̤ ,,	a̤ll	[ɔː]	o͞o ,,	to͞o	[uː]
ȧ ,,	ȧsk	[aː]	o͝o ,,	bo͝ok	[u]
â ,,	âir	[ɛə]	ū ,,	ūse	[juː]
ē ,,	hē	[iː]	ū̆ ,,	Jū̆ly	[u]
ė ,,	bėfore	[i]	ŭ ,,	ŭp	[ʌ]
ĕ ,,	bĕd	[e]	u̯ ,,	circu̯s	[ə]
e̯ ,,	payme̯nt	[ə]	û ,,	tûrn	[əː]
ẽ ,,	hẽr	[əː]	ew=ū ,,	new	[juː]
ī ,,	īce	[ai]	oi ,,	oil	[ɔi]
ĭ ,,	ĭt	[i]	oy=oi ,,	boy	[ɔi]
ĩ ,,	sĩr	[əː]	ou ,,	house	[au]
ō ,,	ōld	[ou]	ow=ou ,,	owl	[au]

II EQUIVALENTS

ạ=ŏ as in whạt ......[ɔ]		o̱=a̱ as in seldo̱m ......[ə]
a̱=u̱ ,, Christma̱s..[ə]		ȯ=ŭ ,, sȯn ....[ʌ]
ẹ=ā ,, thẹy ......[ei]		ô=ạ ,, hôrse ......[ɔː]
ê=â ,, thêre ......[ɛə]		ụ=o͞o ,, rụde ......[uː]
e̱=a̱ ,, payme̱nt ...[ə]		ṳ=o͝o ,, pṳt ....[u]
ĩ=ẽ ,, bĩrd ....[əː]		û=ẽ ,, chûrch......[əː]
ï=ē ,, polïce ......[iː]		ȳ=ī ,, flȳ ....[ai]
ọ=o͞o ,, dọ ....[uː]		y̆=ĭ ,, system ......[i]
o̤=o͝o ,, wo̤lf.........[u]		

III CONSONANTS

c=k as in cake ......[k]	si=sh as in mission ...[ʃ]
ç=s ,, içe ....[s]	ci=sh ,, special ...[ʃ]
ch ,, child ......[tʃ]	s̱i=zh ,, occas̱ion..[ʒ]
g ,, go ....[g]	th ,, thin ......[θ]
ġ=j ,, paġe ...[dʒ]	th ,, this ......[ð]
gh=f ,, laugh ...[f]	ti=sh ,, station ...[ʃ]
n̲=ng ,, in̲k.........[ŋ]	wh=hw ,, why...[(h)w]
ph=f ,, photo......[f]	x=ks ,, box ......[ks]
qu=kw ,, quite ...[kw]	x̱...gz ,, ex̱act ...[gz]
s̱=z ,, is̱ ....[z]	

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

CONSONANTS

Phonetic Alphabet	Normal Spelling	Phonetic Spelling
p	**pipe**	paip
b	**bite**	bait
t	**time**	taim
d	**die**	dai
k	**kite**	kait
g	**guide**	gaid
m	**mind**	maind
n	**nine**	nain
ŋ	**sing**	siŋ
l	**lily**	lili
w	**will**	wil
f	**fill**	fil
v	**visit**	vizit
θ	**thin**	θin
ð	**this**	ðis
s	**sick**	sik
z	**zinc**	ziŋk
ʃ	**ship**	ʃip
ʒ	**vision**	viʒən
r	**risk**	risk
j	**yes**	jes
h	**hill**	hil
tʃ	**chick**	tʃik
dʒ	**gin**	dʒin
ç	**ich** (G.)	iç
x	**loch**	lɔx

VOWELS

	Phonetic Alphabet	Normal Spelling	Phonetic Spelling
SIMPLE VOWELS	iː	**bee**	biː
	i	**ill**	il
	e	**get**	get
	æ	**can**	kæn
	ɑː	**arm**	ɑːm
	ɔ	**box**	bɔks
	ɔː	**all**	ɔːl
	u	**put**	put
	uː	**fool**	fuːl
	ʌ	**cup**	kʌp
	əː	**bird**	bəːd
	ə	**about**	əbaut
	y	**lune** (F.)	lyn
DIPHTHONGS	ei	**day**	dei
	ou	**go**	gou
	ai	**ice**	ais
	au	**how**	hau
	ɔi	**oil**	ɔil
	iə	**here**	hiə
	ɛə	**air**	ɛə
	uə	**poor**	puə

1. The sign (ˌ) placed below a consonant-letter indicates that the consonant is syllabic, e. g., nǽʃn̩l (national).

2. A hyphen (-) is used to mark syllable-division, wherever the transcription without special mark might lead to ambiguity, e. g., póust-ʃeiz (post-chaise).

3. The primary and the secondary accent are shown by (ˊ) (ˋ) respectively, placed on the vowels of the stressed syllables.

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著作者　神田乃武

校訂者　長岡擴

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