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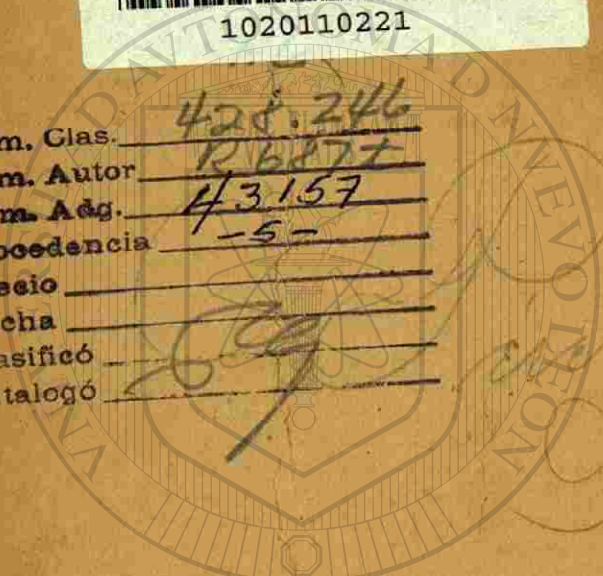
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EL

Traductor Inglés

DE LOS

JOVENES MEXICANOS.

Recopilación graduada y escogida de selectos trozos de lectura inglesa, tomada de los mejores y más modernos autores, y escrita expresamente para todas las Escuelas Oficiales, Colegios Parvularios y Cursos Académicos de ambos sexos de la República Mexicana y adaptada a todos los libros de texto que usan los profesores para la enseñanza del idioma inglés. La Tercera Parte de este Traductor contiene unas importantes biografías de los principales héroes de la Independencia Mexicana y lleva adjunto también un VOCABULARIO con la traducción al español de las palabras más difíciles que figuran en la 1ª y 2ª Partes de esta Obra, por los Profesores



ENRIQUE RODE y J. S. HUNTER

Capitana Alfonso
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MONTERREY, N. L.

TIPOGRAFIA DEL GOBIERNO EN PALACIO,

á cargo de José Sáenz

1898.

BIBLIOTECA UNIVERSITARIA

"ALFONSO REYES"

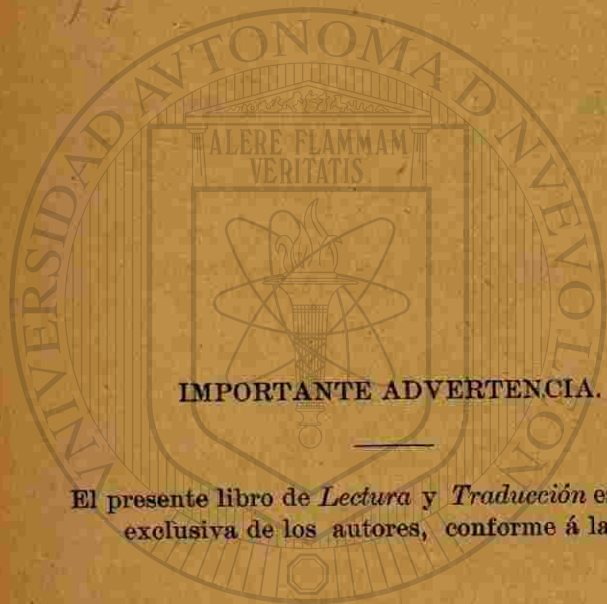
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FONDO NUEVO LEÓN

III.

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▶ "ALFONSO REYES"

Vols. 1625 MONTEREY, MEXICO

Cuatro palabras.

Circulan muchos libros americanos que, con los nombres de «First Reader,» «Second Reader,» «Third Reader, etc» se están utilizando en los países hispano-americanos con el carácter de libros de lectura y traducción y á los cuales acuden los señores Profesores de inglés cuando los discípulos, después de haber aprendido cierto número de lecciones del designado por los primeros para el aprendizaje del mencionado idioma, se hallan en aptitud de hacer ejercicios de lectura y traducción.

Pero como dichos libros americanos tienen el grandísimo inconveniente de que las narraciones, historietas ó trozos literarios contenidos en ellos, no guardan en su encadenamiento

IV.

el orden gradual que se requiere para que los discípulos que estudien el idioma inglés puedan sacar de esa clase de libros el fruto que se busca. hemos creído de oportunidad, ofrecer á todos los señores Profesores de la República Mexicana un nuevo libro con el título de «EL TRADUCTOR INGLÉS DE LOS JOVENES MEXICANOS,» que no es otra cosa que una recopilación muy ordenada de los mejores y mas apropiados trozos sacados de más de cuarenta libros de lectura ingleses y americanos de gran mérito y que hemos tenido cuidado de presentar con una serie de frases separadas del trozo ó historia que se expone, pero inspiradas en el asunto descrito; así como un pequeño cuestionario que, á semejanza de los que se encuentran en el *Método de Inglés de Robertson*, será de muy grande utilidad práctica á los discípulos.

Y para que el «Traductor Inglés» que tenemos la grata honra de dedicar á la Juventud Mexicana, tenga el caracter de *nacional*, hemos agregado algunas páginas biográficas de los principales héroes de la Independencia y el famoso discurso que ante las Cámaras de los Estados Unidos pronunció el célebre ora-

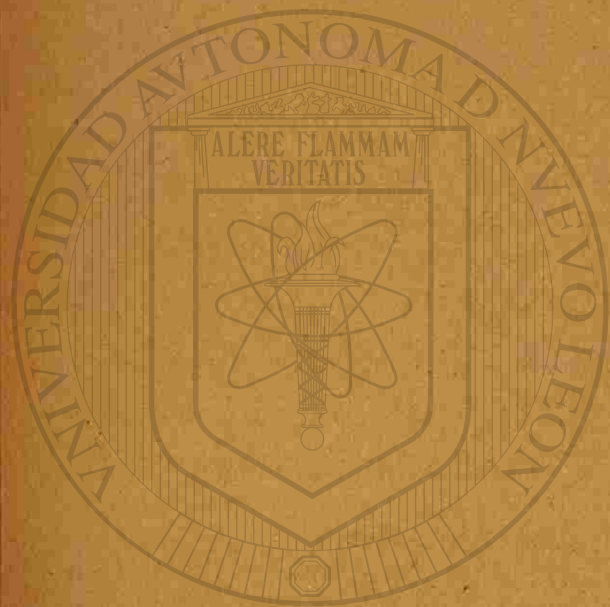
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dor, Thomas Corwin, Senador, con motivo de la pérdida de una gran parte del territorio mexicano.

Al cerrar estas líneas debemos advertir que la presente obrita sería, como libro de lectura y traducción, el que mejor se adaptara á los *Métodos de Robertson, Palenzuela y Carreño, Benot, Cortina, Ibarra, Vingut, Rode* y otros varios, que son los mas generalmente adoptados por los señores Profesores y que el *Vocabulario* que figura en las últimas hojas del libro prestará una grande ayuda á los discípulos, pues en él hallarán la traducción en español de las palabras más difíciles.

Los Autores.





I.

The little red hen.

The little red hen *found* a grain of wheat and she *said*, "Who will *plant* this wheat?"

The cat *said*, "I will not;" the dog *said*, "I will not;" and the horse *said* "I will not."

"I will, then," *said* the little red hen; and she *did*.

When the wheat *was* ripe, she *said*, "Who will *take* this wheat to the mill, to be *ground* into flour?"

The cat *said*, "I will not;" the dog *said*, "I will not;" and the horse *said*, "I will not."

The little red hen *said*, "I will then;" and she *did*.

When she *came* back with the flour, she *said*, "Who will *make* this flour into bread?"

The cat *said*, "I WILL not;" the dog *said*, "I WILL not;" and the horse *said*, "I WILL not."

The little red hen *said*, "I WILL, then; and she DID."

When the bread was *done*, the little red hen *said*, "Who WILL *eat* this bread?"

The cat *said* "I WILL;" the dog *said*, "I WILL;" and the horse *said*, "I WILL."

The little red hen *said*, "No, you WILL not, for I AM *going to do* that myself; and she DID."

Sentences.

- Nº 1. Who will plant this wheat?
 „ 2. When the wheat was ripe.
 „ 3. Who will take this wheat to the mill?
 „ 4. When she came back with the flour.
 „ 5. The little red hen found a grain of wheat.
 „ 6. When the bread was done, the little red hen *said*, "Who will eat this bread?"
 Nº 7. No, you will not, for I am going to do that myself.

Questions.

What is this lesson about? Name the animals in this story. What did the hen say the first time?

What did the cat answer? Where did the hen go with the wheat? Who made the bread? Who ate it?

II.

Spring.

The sun *is* behind the clouds, the sky *is* black and the rain *pours* down.

The children must *stay* in the house.

Now the sun *comes* out again and *smiles* radiantly on all things. The rain drops *shine* on the trees. Oh, *see* the beautiful rainbow!

The grass *is* green, the flowers *are* pretty and the buds on the peach tree *begin* to open.

See how white the cherry tree *is*!

Listen to the birds *singing* in the top of the tree!

Come! Paul! Arthur! Charles!

Come, Mamma *says* we MAY go to the brook and *play*.

Is not the brook too deep?

Oh, no! It *is* only wide.

See how the boys *wade* in it!

WILL they not *get* wet?

Oh, no! for they *have* on their rubber boots.

Now they *rest* a while on the sloping banks of the brook.

LET us *have* a game of ball!

See them *run*, *catch* the ball, *throw* it again.

Paul *has* it! Now, it *is* Charles! What fun!

But, what *is* this?

Run, boys-*run*! The soldiers ARE *coming* down the street. Here they *are*!

Now the band *begins* to play. LET us *stand* still and *listen*.

See the large man in front of the band, with his big hat. How fine he *looks*!

Do you *hear* the drum and the fife? *See* the plumes on their caps!

Oh, there *is* the flag! The glorious flag of Mexico!

Hurrah, Boys! Hurrah!

Sentences.

- Nº 1. The sun is behind the clouds.
 „ 2. The children must stay in the house.
 „ 3. Now the sun comes out again.
 „ 4. Oh, see the beautiful rainbow!
 „ 5. Mamma says we can go to the brook and play.

Nº 6. Now they rest a while on the sloping banks of the brook.

Nº 7. The soldiers are coming down the street.

„ 8 There is the flag, the glorious flag of México!

Questions.

What is spring? What are the names of the boys in this story? Was the weather fine? What did the boys see? What did they do in the brook? What game did they play? What did they see next? What did they hear? Why do they cry "Hurrah?"

III.

Politeness.

Always *say* "Please" when you *ask* for any thing, and "Thank you" when you *get* it.

Some boys and girls *say* "Please" and "Thank you" to strangers, but *forget* to *say* these words to their parents and to their brothers and sisters.

Always *obey* your parents and teachers.

They *know* better than you do, what is good for you.

Obey at once, with a smile, and *show* that you are willing and glad to *do* as you ARE *told* to *do*.

Be gentle and kind to all; not only to those who are kind to you, but to those who are unkind.

Do to others what you *wish* others to *do* to you.

Always *speak* the truth. Never *tell* a lie, either for fun or from fear. Better *confess* a wrong than *tell* a lie. Nobody CAN *trust* a liar.

Always *be* neat and clean. Soap and water ARE easily *obtained* and every child OUGHT to *learn* to *use* them.

Never *fear* hard work. *Play* when you *play*, but *work* hard when you HAVE lessons to *learn* or anything to *do* at home to *help* your parents.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. Always say "please" when you ask for anything.
 „ 2. Obey your parents and teachers.
 „ 3. Be gentle and kind to all.

- „ 4. Always speak the truth.
 „ 5. Always be neat and clean.
 „ 6. Never fear hard work.
 „ 7. Do to others what you wish others to do to you.

Questions.

What is this lesson about? What should you say when asking a favor? What should you say when you receive it? What duty do you owe to your parents and teachers? What is the golden rule?

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"ALFONSO REYES"

Vol. 1625 MONTESCLAY, MEXICO

IV.

The story of a chicken.

A hawk *is* a big bird that *feeds* on little birds.

One day I *saw* a hawk *pounce* upon a poor little duck, and *carry* it off in his claws.

Hawks *will* *eat* chickens too.

One day a little chicken *said*, "Mother, *may* I *go* out into the road? I *see* a bug in the road, and I *wish* to get it."

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"ALFONSO REYES"

But his mother *said*, "No, no, my chick! you must not *go* into the road. I *saw* a hawk, just now, in the old oak tree, and I *am* afraid he *will catch* you."

"O, mother, the hawk *can not catch* me! *See* how swiftly I *can run!* Indeed, I *can* almost *fly*. *See* mother!"

And the chicken *ran* to the pear tree, and back to his mother.

But still his mother *said*, "No, no, my chick! You must not *go* into the road."

He *was* a naughty little chicken; so, when his mother *was hunting* bugs and *did not see* him, he *crept* under the fence, and *ran* out into the road.

He *caught* the bug that he *had seen* and *ate* it. Then he *said* to himself, "Oh! *is* this not fine dust! I *like* to *make* tracks in the soft dust."

So the little chicken *played* in the road, *making* tracks in the dust.

But soon the big hawk *saw* him.

Down he *came* and *caught* him, and *carried* him away to his nest in the old oak tree.

O little chicken! little chicken! why did you not *mind* your mother?

Sentences.

- N^o 1. A hawk is a big bird.
 „ 2. Hawks will eat chickens.
 „ 3. Mother, may I go out into the road?
 „ 4. See, how swiftly I can run.
 „ 5. He was a naughty little chicken.
 „ 6. He caught the bug that he had seen.
 „ 7. The little chicken played in the dust.
 „ 8. But soon the big hawk saw him.
 „ 9. Why did you not mind your mother?

Questions.

What is a hawk? What did the chicken ask of his mother? What did the mother answer? Was the little chicken obedient? Where did he go? What did he eat? Where did he play? What became of him? What is the moral lesson of this story?

Do not be a silent liar.®

Frank Chase *was* a boy who *had never had* much chance to *go* to school; hence he *was* be-

But his mother *said*, "No, no, my chick! you must not *go* into the road. I *saw* a hawk, just now, in the old oak tree, and I *am* afraid he *will catch* you."

"O, mother, the hawk *can not catch* me! *See* how swiftly I *can run!* Indeed, I *can* almost *fly*. *See* mother!"

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Do not be a silent liar.®

Frank Chase *was* a boy who *had never had* much chance to *go* to school; hence he *was* be-

hind other boys in all his studies, except writing. Frank *was* ready with his pen.

There *were* prizes *given* in Frank's school, and he *was* anxious to *merit* one of them. As he *had* no hope of *excelling* in anything but writing, he *made* up his mind to *try* for the writing prize with all his might. He *tried* so hard, and *succeeded* so well, that his copy book *would have done* honor to a boy of twice his age.

When the prizes *were awarded*, the chairman of the committee *held* up two copy books before the pupils, and *said*:

"It *would be* difficult to *say* which of these two books *is* better than the other, *were* it not for one copy in Frank's, which *is* not only superior to Henry's but to every other copy in the same book."

Frank's heart *beat* high with hope, which *was* not *unmixed* with fear. Blushing to his temples, he *said*, Please, Sir, *may* I see that copy?"

"Certainly," *replied* the chairman, *looking* somewhat *surprised*.

Frank *glanced* at the copy, and then, *handing* back the book, *said*:

"Please, Sir, that *is* not my writing. It *was*

written by an upper class boy, who *took* my book instead of his own, one day, by mistake."

"Oh, ho!" *said* the chairman, "that *may alter* the case."

The two books *went* back to the committee, who, after *comparing* them carefully, *awarded* the prize to Henry.

Frank *was disappointed*. The boys *laughed* at him. *Said* one very rude boy: "You *were* a greenhorn to *say* anything about that mistake!"

"I *would not have told!*" *cried* another boy.

"Nor I," *added* a third boy, *laughing*. "The copy *was* in your book, and you *had* a right to *enjoy* the benefit of it. I *tell* you, it *does* not *pay*, Frank, to *be* so good as that."

But, in spite of all they *said*, Frank *felt* that he *was* right. "It *would not have been* the truth," he *replied*, "if I *had not told* them who *wrote* the copy. I *would* rather never *have* a prize, than *get* it by *claiming* the work of some one else."

"Hurrah for Frank!" "Three cheers for Frank!" *shouted* most of the boys; and Frank *went* home to his work *feeling* happier than he *could have done* if, by means of a silent lie, he *had won* the prize.

You see that, if Frank had kept quiet, he would have told a silent lie. His silence would have given the committee a wrong impression, and he would have cheated Henry out of the prize. Now that you know what a silent lie is. I hope you will resolve never to be guilty of silent lying. Hold fast the truth!

Sentences.

- Nº 1. He was behind the other boys in all his studies.
 " 2. He made up his mind to try for the writing prize.
 " 3. The chairman of the committee held up two copy books.
 " 4. It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other.
 " 5. Please sir, that is not my writing.
 " 6. You were a green horn to say something about that mistake.
 " 7. I would rather never have a prize, than get it by claiming the work of some one else.
 " 8. Frank went home to his work feeling happier.
 " 9. You will resolve never to be guilty of silent lying.

Questions.

Was Frank Chase advanced in his studies? Which prize did he try for? Who had the best copy book? Did he get the prize? Why? Who told the chairman? Why did he tell? Was he right? What is a silent liar?

VI.

The anxious leaf.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to cry and sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is blowing. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

The leaf said, "The wind has just told me that, one day, it would pull me off and throw me down upon the ground to die."

The twig told it to the branch and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the trembling leaf.

"Do not be afraid," it said, "hold on tightly, and you shall not go off till you want to."

And so the leaf *stopped sighing*, and *went on singing* and *rustling*. Every time the tree *shook* himself and *stirred* all its leaves, the little leaf *danced* merrily, as if nothing *could* ever *pull* it off. It *grew* all the summer long till October.

And when the bright days of autumn *came*, the leaf *saw* all the leaves around *growing* very beautiful. Some *were* yellow, some *were* brown, and many *were* *striped* with different colors. Then the leaf *asked* the tree what this *meant*.

The tree *said*: "All these leaves *are* *getting* ready to *fly* away, and they *have* *put* on these beautiful colors because of their joy."

Then the little leaf *began* to *want* to *go*, and *grew* very beautiful in thinking of it. And when it *was* gay in colors, it *saw* that the branches of the tree *had* no color in them. So the leaf *said*: "O branch! why *are* you lead-colored while we *are* all beautiful and golden?"

"We *must* *keep* on our work clothes," *said* the tree, "for our work is not yet *done*; but your clothes *are* for holyday, because your tasks *are* over."

Just then a little puff of wind *came* and the

leaf *let* go without thinking of it, and the wind *took* it up and *turned* it over and over and *whirled* it in the air.

Then it *fell* gently down under the edge of the fence, among hundreds of leaves; and *has* never *waked* to *tell* us what it *dreamed* about.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. A gentle wind is blowing.
 " 2. What is the matter, little leaf?
 " 3. Hold on tightly and you shall not go off.
 " 4. It grew all the summer long till October.
 " 5. The leaf saw all the leaves around grow very beautiful.
 " 6. When it was gay in colors, it saw that the branches in the tree had no color.
 " 7. It fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves.

Questions.

What was the leaf crying for? What did the tree say? What did it do all summer? What colors were the leaves when autumn came? What did the leaves put on bright colors for? What did the little leaf do then? Where did she go?

The tiger

The tiger *is* smaller than the lion. It *is* a very beautiful animal, both in form and color.

Its coat *is* of a bright orange color, white underneath, and *marked* with broad black stripes. Its hair *is* soft and rich, and every movement of the creature *is* full of grace.

But it *is* fierce, and very cunning too. It *will lie* in wait a long time for its prey, and *spring* upon it without warning.

There *are* few animals prettier than tiger-cubs.

In India they *are* sometimes *kept* as pets, and so long as they *are fed* upon milk alone they *are* harmless; but if they once *taste* blood, they *are* not to be trusted.

An officer in India *was* one day sitting in his arm-chair *reading*, while his pet tiger-cub *lay* near him. His left arm *was hanging* down by his side.

All at once he *felt* an odd sensation in his hand, and, *looking* down, he *saw* that the cub *HAD been* licking it until he *HAD drawn* blood, and *now was sucking* the place eagerly, and *licking* it for more.

What *was* the gentleman to *do*? If he *drew* his hand away, the tiger *would spring* at him; and it *was* a large, strong creature now.

Its master *HAD not observed* before how fast it *HAD grown*. It *could* hardly be *called* a cub any longer; it *was* a young tiger. Carefully *keeping* his left hand quite still, the gentleman *looked* around for help.

How glad he *was* to see his pistol within reach! The tiger *was* busy with the bleeding hand. The gentleman *grasped* the pistol, *aimed* it at the tiger's head, and *fired*. The creature *fell* dead, and he *was* safe.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. The tiger is smaller than the lion.
 " 2. It will lie in wait a long time for its prey.
 " 3. There are few animals prettier than tiger-cubs.
 " 4. An officer, in India, was, one day, sitting in his arm chair.

- „ 5. All at once, he felt an odd sensation.
 „ 6. What was the gentleman to do?
 „ 7. It could hardly be called a cub any longer,
 it was a young tiger.
 „ 8. The gentleman grasped the pistol, aimed
 it at the tiger's head and fired.

Questions.

What is this lesson about? What color is the tiger? What are tiger-cubs fed upon? What did the officer have for a pet? Did it cause him any trouble? State what occurred. Was there any danger for the officer? Did he conjure it? How?

VIII.

The courageous boy.

In England, one day, a farmer at work in his fields *saw* a party of huntsmen *riding* over his farm. He *had* a field in which the wheat *was* just *coming* up, and he *was* anxious that the gentlemen *should* not *go* into that, as the trampling of the horses and dogs *would* *spoil* the crop.

So he *sent* one of his farm hands, a bright young boy, to *shut* the gate of that field and to *keep* guard over it. He *told* him that he *must*, on no account, *permit* the gate to *be* *opened*.

Scarcely *had* the boy *reached* the field and *closed* the gate when the huntsmen *came galloping* up and *ordered* him to *open* it. This the boy *declined* to *do*.

“Master,” *said* he, “*has* *ordered* me to *per-*
mit no one to *pass* through this gate, and I *can* neither *open* it myself nor *allow* any one else to *do* so.”

First one gentleman *threatened* to *thrash* him if he *did* not *open* it; then another *offered* him a sovereign; but all to no effect.

The brave boy *was* neither to *be* *frightened* nor *bribed*.

Then a grand and stately gentleman *came* forward and *said*: “My boy, do you not *know* me? I *am* the Duke of Wellington—one not *accustomed* to *be* *disobeyed*; and I *command* you to *open* that gate, that I and my friends *may* *pass*.”

The boy *took* off his hat to the great man whom all England *delighted* to *honor* and *answered*:

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, and permit no one to pass without my master's express permission."

The brave old warrior was greatly pleased at the boy's answer, and *lifting* his own hat, he said:

"I honor the man or the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer, not only the french, but the whole world."

As the party galloped away, the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! Hurrah for the Duke of Wellington!"

Sentences.

- N^o 1. A farmer, at work in his fields, saw a party of huntsmen riding.
 " 2. He sent one of his farm hands to shut the gate of that field.
 " 3. The huntsmen came galloping up and ordered him to open it.
 " 4. I can neither open it myself nor allow anybody else to do so.
 " 5. The brave boy was neither to be frightened nor bribed.

- " 6. I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders.
 " 7. The brave old warrior was greatly pleased.

Questions.

Where did this incident occur? What was the farmer's anxiety? Whom did he send to shut the gate? Did he give him any instructions? Which? What was his answer to the huntsmen? What did he say to the boy? What was the boy's answer? Recite Wellington's last words.

IX.

The covetous porter.

A nobleman who lived in a fine mansion near Pisa, in Italy, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. He had obtained every kind of dainty but fish. The sea had been so stormy for some days that no boats had ventured to leave the shore. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large fish.

The nobleman greatly *pleased*, *told* him to name any price he *thought* proper for the fish, and it *SHOULD BE* instantly *paid*.

"Well," *said* the fisherman, "what I *wish* to *have* as the price of my fish *is*, one hundred lashes on my bare back, and I *WILL NOT* *bate* one stroke on the bargain."

The nobleman and his guests *were* astonished at the oddity of the request, and *thinking* the fisherman *was* only in jest, they *offered* him a handsome sum of money, which he *refused*, and *said* they *COULD have* the fish only on the conditions he *HAD stated*.

"Well, well," *said* the nobleman, "the fellow *MUST* be foolish, but the fish we *MUST have*; so *lay on* lightly, and *LET* the price *BE paid* in our presence."

After he *HAD received* fifty lashes, "*Hold, hold,*" *exclaimed* the fisherman; "I *have* a partner in this business, and it *is* right that he *SHOULD receive* his due share."

"What," *cried* the nobleman, "are there two such madcaps in the world? *Name* him, and he *SHALL be sent* for immediately."

"You *need not go* far for him," *said* the fisherman; "you *WILL find* him at your gate, in the shape of your porter, who *WOULD NOT*

let me in until I *HAD promised* that he *SHOULD have* half of whatever I *received* for my fish."

"Oh! ho!" *said* the nobleman, "*bring* him up, then, and he *SHALL receive* the other fifty lashes with the strictest justice."

HAVING whipped the porter, he *dismissed* him from his service, and *amply rewarded* the fisherman.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. A nobleman lived in a fine mansion.
 " 2. A poor fisherman made his appearance with a large fish.
 " 3. What I wish to have as the price of my fish is one hundred lashes.
 " 4. He was offered a fine sum of money.
 " 5. Lay on lightly and let the price be paid in our presence.
 " 6. I have a partner in this business.
 " 7. Are there two such mad-caps in the world?
 " 8. You will find him at your gate, in the shape of your porter.
 " 9. He shall receive the other fifty lashes with the strictest justice.

Questions.

Where did the nobleman live? What feast was he preparing? Did he need anything? What? Who

brought it? What price was paid for it? Was the fisherman alone? Did the other get his share? Was the latter's conduct honest? Was his punishment deserved?

X.

The elephant.

The elephant is the largest of quadrupeds; his height is from eight to fourteen feet, and his length from ten to fifteen feet. His form is that of a hog; his eyes are small and lively; his ears are long, broad and pendulous. He has two large tusks, which form the ivory of commerce, and a trunk or proboscis at the end of the nose, which he uses to take his food with, and for attack or defence. His color is a dark ash brown.

Elephants often assemble in large troops; and, as they march in search of food, the forests seem to tremble under them. They eat the branches of trees, together with roots, herbs, leaves, grain and fruit but will not touch fish nor flesh. In a state of nature they are peac-

eable, mild and brave; exerting their power only for their own protection or in defense of their own species.

Elephants are found both in Asia and Africa, but they are of different species, the asiatic elephant having five toes, and the african, three.

These animals are caught by stratagem, and, when tamed, they are the most gentle, obedient, and patient, as well as the most docile and sagacious of all quadrupeds. They are used to carry burdens, and for traveling. Their attachment to their masters is remarkable; and they seem to live but to serve and obey them. They always kneel to receive their riders or the loads they have to carry.

The anecdotes illustrating the character of the elephant are numerous. An elephant which was kept for exhibition at London, was often required, as is usual in such exhibitions, to pick up with his trunk a piece of money thrown upon the floor for this purpose. On one occasion a sixpence was thrown, which happened to roll a little out of his reach, not far from the wall. Being desired to pick it up, he stretched out his proboscis several times to reach it; failing in this, he stood motionless a

few seconds, evidently *considering* how to act.

He then *stretched* his proboscis in a straight line as far as he could, a little distance above the coin, and *blew* with great force against the wall. The angle *produced* by the opposition of the wall, *made* the current of air act under the coin, as he evidently *supposed* it would, and it *was* curious to *observe* the sixpence *traveling* towards the animal till it *came* within his reach, when he *picked* it up.

A soldier in India, who *had* frequently *carried* an elephant some arrack, *being* one day *intoxicated*, and *seeing* himself *pursued* by the guard whose orders *were* to *conduct* him to prison, *took* refuge under the elephant. The guard, soon *finding* his retreat, *attempted* in vain to *take* him from his asylum; for the elephant *vigorously defended* him with his trunk.

As soon as the soldier *became* sober, and *saw* himself *placed* under such an unwieldy animal, he *was* so *terrified* that he *scarcely durst* move either hand or foot; but the elephant soon *caused* his fears to *subside* by *caressing* him with his trunk, and thus tacitly *saying*, "*Depart in peace.*"

A pleasing anecdote is *related* of an elephant

which *was* the property of the nabob of Lucknow.

There *was* in that city an epidemic disorder, *making* dreadful havoc among the inhabitants. The road to the palace gate *was covered* with the sick and dying, *lying* on the ground at the moment the nabob *was* about to *pass*.

Regardless of the suffering he *must cause*, the nabob *held* on his way, not *caring* whether his beast *trod* upon the poor helpless creatures or not. But the animal, more kind-hearted than his master, *carefully cleared* the path of the poor, helpless wretches as he *went* along. Some he *lifted* with his trunk, entirely out of the road. Some he *set* upon their feet, and, among the others, he *stepped* so *carefully* that not an individual *was* injured.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. The elephant is the largest of quadrupeds.
 „ 2. He has two large tusks and a trunk or proboscis.
 „ 3. They march in search of food, the forests seem to tremble under them.
 „ 4. When tamed they are the most gentle and patient of all quadrupeds.

- „ 5. The anecdotes illustrating the character of the elephant are numerous.
- „ 6. It was curious to observe the sixpence travel towards the animal.
- „ 7. The elephant soon caused his fears to subside.
- „ 8. The road to the palace was covered with the sick and dying.
- „ 9. The animal, more kind-hearted than his master, carefully cleared the path.

Questions.

What is the subject of this lesson? Describe the elephant? What is their food? Are they ferocious? Do they render service to man? Of what kind? How are they caught? Relate an anecdote illustrating their character. Relate one showing the elephant's gratefulness. Another showing his kind hearted disposition.

Faithful Fido.

Little Fido's master HAD to go on a long journey, and he took her with him. He rode a

beautiful horse, and Fido trotted cheerfully at the horse's heels. Often the master WOULD speak a cheering word to the dog, and she WOULD wag her tail and bark a glad answer. And so they traveled on and on.

The sun shone hot, and the road was dusty. The beautiful horse WAS covered with sweat, and poor Fido's tongue lolled out of her mouth, and her little legs WERE so tired that they COULD hardly go any more.

At last they came to a cool, shady wood, and the master stopped, dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree. He took from the saddle his heavy saddle bags: they were heavy because they WERE filled with gold.

The man laid the bags down very carefully in a shady place, and, pointing to them, said to Fido, "Watch them." Then he drew his cloak about him, laid down with his head on the bags, and soon was fast asleep.

Little Fido curled herself up close to her master's head, with her nose over one end of the bags, and went to sleep too. But she did not sleep very soundly, for her master HAD told her to watch, and every few moments she WOULD open her eyes and prick up her ears, to learn if anybody WERE coming.

Her master was *tired*, and *slept* soundly and long—very much longer than he *HAD intended*. At last he was *awakened* by Fido's *licking* his face.

The dog *saw* that the sun was nearly *setting*, and *knew* that it *was* time for her master to *go*. The man *patted* Fido, and *jumped* up, much troubled to find he *HAD slept* so long.

He *snatched* up his cloak, *threw* it over his horse, *untied* his bridle, *sprang* into the saddle and, *calling* Fido, *started* off in great haste. But little Fido *DID NOT seem* ready to *follow* him.

She *ran* after the horse and *bit* at his heels, and then *ran* back again to the woods, all the time *barking* furiously. This she *did* several times; but her master *had* no time to *heed* her foolish pranks, and *galloped* away, thinking she *would follow* him.

At last the little dog *sat* down by the roadside, and *looked* sorrowfully after her master, until he *HAD turned* a bend in the road.

When he *was* no longer in sight, she *sprang* up with a wild bark and *ran* after him. She *overtook* him just as he *HAD stopped* to *water* his horse in a brook that *flowed* across the road. She *stood* beside the brook and *barked*

so savagely, that her master *rode* back and *called* her to him; but, instead of *coming* to him, she *darted* off down the road, still *barking*.

Her master *DID NOT know* what to think, and *began* to fear that his dog *was going* mad. Mad dogs *are* afraid of water, and *act* strangely when they *see* it. While the man was *thinking* of this, Fido *came running* back again, and *dashed* at him furiously. She *leaped* up on the legs of the horse, and *even jumped* up and *bit* the toe of her master's boot; then she *ran* down the road again, *barking* with all her little might.

Her master *was now convinced* that she *was* mad, and, *taking* out his pistol, he *shot* her.

He *rode* away quickly, for he *loved* her dearly, and *did not wish* to *see* her *die*; but he *HAD NOT ridden* very far when he *stopped* as suddenly as if he *HAD himself been* shot. He *felt* quickly under his cloak for his saddle bags. They *were* not there!

HAD he *dropped* them, or *HAD* he *left* them behind in the wood? He *felt* sure he *MUST HAVE left* them behind, in the wood, for he *could not recall picking* them up or *fastening* them

to his saddle. He *turned* quickly about, and *rode* back again as fast as his horse *could go*.

When he *came* to the brook, he *said*, "Poor Fido!" and *looked* about, but he *could see* nothing of her. After he *had crossed* the stream he *saw* some drops of blood upon the ground; and, all along the road, as he *went*, he still *saw* drops of blood. Poor little Fido.

Tears *came* into the man's eyes, and his heart *began* to ache, for he *understood* now why little Fido had *acted* so strangely. She *was* not mad at all. She *knew* that her master *had left* his precious bags of gold, and she *had tried* to tell him in the only way she *could*.

Oh, how guilty the man *felt* as he *galloped* along and *saw* the drops of blood by the road-side! At last he *came* to the wood, and there, all safe, *lay* the bags of gold; and there, beside them, with her little nose *lying* over one end of them, *lay* faithful Fido, dead.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. Fido trotted cheerfully at the horse's heels.
 „ 2. The beautiful horse was covered with sweat.

- „ 3. The master stopped, dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree.
 „ 4. He took from the saddle his heavy saddle bags, filled with gold.
 „ 5. Fido did not sleep soundly, for her master had told her to watch.
 „ 6. He snatched up his cloak, sprang into the saddle, and, calling Fido, started off.
 „ 7. She ran after the horse and bit at his heels, and then ran back again to the woods.
 „ 8. Her master did not know what to think, and began to fear that his dog was going mad and, taking out his pistol, he shot her.
 „ 9. He had not ridden very far when he stopped and felt quickly for his saddle bags.
 „ 10. He turned quickly about, and rode back again as fast as his horse could go.
 „ 11. At last he came to the wood and there, all safe, lay his bags of gold, and, beside them, lay faithful Fido, dead.

Questions.

What is the subject of this lesson? Who was Fido's master? Did they go far? What did the master do when he stopped? What did Fido do? Did she wake him? Tell me what happened afterwards, in a few words. Why did the master kill Fido? Did he miss anything afterwards? What did he do next? What did he find?

XII.

An axe to grind.

When I *was* a little boy, I remember one cold winter morning, I *was* accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?"

Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow," I answered, "Oh, yes, sir; it is down in the shop. "And will you, my little man, "said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you and what is your name?" continued he without waiting for a reply. "I am sure you are one of the finest lads I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new

axe, and I toiled and tugged till I *was* almost tired to death. I found this new axe "as hard to wear" as father did his new boots, which made him very cross for three days. The axe grinding gave me a lesson I shall never forget,—for the school bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground.

At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you have played the truant; cut to school or you will rue it."

Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much. It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, I think to myself, that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is, in private life, a tyrant, me thinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones.

When I see a man, placed in office by party

spirit, without a single qualification to *render* him either respectable or useful, alas! *me thinks*, deluded people, you are *doomed*, for a season, to *turn* the grindstone for a booby.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder.
- „ 2. My pretty boy, has your father a grindstone?
- „ 3. Will you just turn a few minutes for me? I am sure you are one of the finest lads I have ever seen.
- „ 4. I found this new axe as "hard to wear" as father did his new boots.
- „ 5. Now, you little rascal, you have played the truant; cut to school or you will rue it.
- „ 6. It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.
- „ 7. When I see a marchant over polite, I think to myself, that man has an axe to grind.
- „ 8. When I see a man flattering the people, methinks, look out, that fellow would set you turning his grindstone.

Questions.

What means, "an axe to grind?" How was the boy accosted? Why did he answer so readily? What is flattery? Did the man gain his object? Was the boy well paid for his trouble? Was the lesson a good one? Did the boy profit by it? What is the moral of this lesson?

XIII.

The story of a leaf.

I am only a leaf. My home is one of the great trees which *grow* near the school-house.

All winter I was *wrapped* up in a tiny small blanket, *tucked* up in a little brown cradle, and *rocked* by the winds as they *blew*.

Do you not *believe* it, little reader. What I *say* is true.

Next fall *break* off a branch of a tree, and see whether you can not *find* a leafbud on it. It will *look* like a little brown knot.

Break it, and inside you will see some soft, white down; that is the blanket. The brown shell that you *break* is the cradle.

Well, as I was *telling* you, I was *rocked* all winter in my cradle on the branch. When the warm days *came*, and soft rains *fell*, then I *grew* very fast indeed. I soon *pushed* myself out of my cradle, *dropped* my blanket, and *showed* my pretty green dress to all who *came* by.

Oh how glad every one *was* to *see* me! And here I *am*, so happy, with my little brothers and sisters about me. Every morning the birds *come* and *sing* to us; the great sun *shines* upon us, and the winds *fan* us.

We *dance* with the winds, we *smile* back at the bright sun, and *make* a pleasant shade for the birds. Every day, happy, laughing school-children *pass* under our tree.

We are always glad to *see* you, boys and girls—glad to *see* your bright eyes, and *hear* you say, "How beautiful the leaves *are*!"

Sentences.

- Nº 1. I am only a leaf.
 „ 2. I was wrapped up in a tiny small blanket.
 „ 3. Break off a branch of a tree and you can find a leaf bud on it.
 „ 4. The brown shell that you break is the cradle.

- „ 5. I was rocked all winter in my cradle on the branch.
 „ 6. I am so happy with my little brothers and sisters about me.
 „ 7. We dance to the winds, we smile back at the bright sun and make a pleasant shade for the birds.
 „ 8. We are glad to hear you say, "How beautiful the leaves are."

Questions.

What is the subject of this lesson? Where did the little leaf spend the winter? Where are leaf buds to be found? How can you find the leaf's home? How did she grow out of it? Was she happy? What made her happy?

XIV.

UNIVERSIDAD DE NUEVO LEÓN
 BIBLIOTECA UNIVERSITARIA

"ALFONSO REYES"

Indo. 1625 MONTERREY, MEXICO

The lion.

The lion is often *called* the "King of beasts." His height *varies* from three to four feet, and he *is* from six to nine feet long. His coat *is* of a yellowish brown or tawny color, and

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"ALFONSO REYES"

about his neck *is* a great shaggy mane which gives his head a majestic appearance.

The strength of the lion *is* so great that he CAN easily *crush* the skulls of such animals as the horse or ox with one blow of his paw. No one who HAS not *seen* the teeth of a full grown lion, *taken* out of their sockets, CAN have any idea of their real size; one of them forms a good handful, and MIGHT easily BE *mistaken* for a small elephant's tooth.

The home of the lion *is* in the forests of Asia and Africa, where he *is* a terror to man and beast. He generally *lies* concealed during the day, but as darkness *comes* on he *prowls* about where other animals ARE *accustomed* to go for food or drink, and *springs* upon them unawares, with a roar that *sounds* like the rumble of thunder.

The lion sometimes *lives* to a great age. One by the name of Pompey *died* in London, in the year 1760, at the age of seventy years. If *taken* when young, the lion CAN BE *tamed* and WILL even *show* marks of kindness to his keeper.

In a menagerie at Brussels, Belgium, there was a cell where a large lion, *called* Danco used to BE *kept*. The cell *happened* to be in

need of repair, and the keeper, whose name was William, *desired* a carpenter to *come* and *mend* it. The carpenter *came*, but was so afraid of the lion, that he WOULD not go near the cell alone.

So William *entered* the cell, and *led* the lion to the upper part of it, while the other part WAS *refitting*. He *played* with the lion for some time; but, at last, BEING *wearied*, both he and the lion *fell* asleep. The carpenter *went* on with his work, and when he HAD *finished* he *called* out William to *come* and *see* it.

He *called* again and again but no William *answered*. The poor carpenter *began* to BE *frightened*, lest the lion HAD *made* his dinner of the keeper, or else *crushed* him with his great paws. He *crept* round to the upper part of the cell, and there *looking* through the railing, he *saw* the lion and William *sleeping* side by side as contentedly as two little brothers.

He WAS so *astonished* that he *uttered* a loud cry. The lion, *awakened* by the noise, *stared* at the carpenter with an eye of fury, and then, *placing* his paw on the breast of the keeper as if to *say*, "*Touch* him if you *dare*," the heroic beast *lay* down to *sleep* again.

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The carpenter was dreadfully *alarmed*, and, not *knowing* how he could *arouse* William, he *ran out* and *related* what he *had seen*.

Some people *came*, and, *opening* the door of the cell, *contrived* to *awake* the keeper, who, *rubbing* his eyes, quietly *looked* around him, and *expressed* himself very well *satisfied* with his nap. He *took* the lion's paw, *shook* it kindly, and then *retired uninjured* from the cell.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. The lion is of a yellowish brown or tawny color.
 „ 2. He can easily crush the skull of a horse or ox with one blow of his paw.
 „ 3. He generally lies concealed during the day.
 „ 4. If taken young, the lion can be tamed and will even show marks of kindness.
 „ 5. There was a cell where a large lion, called Danco, used to be kept.
 „ 6. William entered the cell, and played with the lion until both fell asleep.
 „ 7. The carpenter, dreadfully alarmed, ran out and related what he had seen.
 „ 8. Some people came and contrived to awake the keeper.
 „ 9. He took the lion's paw, shook it kindly and then retired uninjured from the cell.

Questions.

What is the lion often called? What is the size of a lion? Describe one. Give an idea of his strength. Are his teeth large? Where are lions to be found? What do they feed upon? Can they be tamed? Relate the incident referred to in this lesson.

XV.

A contented workman.

Once upon a time, Frederick, king of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and saw an old laborer ploughing his land by the way side, cheerily singing his song.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this land on which you are working so hard, belong to you?"

"No, Sir," replied the laborer, who knew not that it was the king; "I am not so rich as that: I plough for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

The carpenter was dreadfully *alarmed*, and, not *knowing* how he could *arouse* William, he *ran out* and *related* what he *had seen*.

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"No, Sir," replied the laborer, who knew not that it was the king; "I am not so rich as that: I plough for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Two dollars," *said* the laborer.

"That is not much." *replied* the king; "CAN you get along with that?"

"Yes; and HAVE something left."

"How is that?"

The laborer *smiled* and *said*, "Well, if I MUST tell you, fifty cents are for myself and wife; with fifty I *pay* my old debts, fifty I *lend*, and fifty I *give* away for the Lord's sake."

"That is a mystery which I CAN NOT solve," *replied* the king.

"Then I WILL solve it for you," *said* the laborer. "I have two old parents at home, who *kept* me when I *was* weak and *needed* help; and now, that they *are* weak and *need* help, I *keep* them. This is my debt, towards which I *pay* fifty cents a day. The third fifty cents, which I *lend*, I *spend* for my children, that they MAY receive Christian instruction. This WILL come handy to me and my wife when we *get* old. With the last fifty cents I *maintain* two sick sisters. This I *give* for the Lord's sake."

The king, well *pleased* with his answer, *said*, "Bravely *spoken*, old man. Now I WILL also

give you something to *guess*. HAVE you ever *seen* me before?"

"Never," *said* the laborer.

"In less than five minutes you SHALL see me fifty times, and *carry* in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"That is a riddle which I CAN NOT unravel," *said* the laborer.

"Then I WILL do it for you," *replied* the king. *Thrusting* his hand into his pocket, and *counting* fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, *stamped* with his royal likeness, he *said* to the astonished laborer, who *knew* not what *was* coming, "The coin is good, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I *am* his paymaster. I *bid* you good day."

Sentences.

- Nº 1. Old Fritz took a ride and saw an old laborer ploughing.
- " 2. Does this land, on which you are working so hard, belong to you?
- " 3. I am not so rich as that: I plough for wages.
- " 4. Two dollars is not much, can you get along with that?
- " 5. That is a mystery which I cannot solve.

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- „ 10. The coin is good, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster.

Questions.

What is the tittle of this lesson? Who is the contented workman? Who is "Old Fritz"? What was the farmer doing? What mysterious answer did he give the King? Who solved the mystery? and how? Who proposed a riddle? What was it? How was it answered? What is the moral of this lesson?

XVI.

The Amber beads.

I know a little scotch girl. She lives among the Highlands of Scotland. Her home is hardly more than a hut; her food, broth and bread. Her father keeps sheep on the hillsides, and

instead of wearing a coat, wraps himself in his plaid for protection against the cold winds that drive before them great clouds of mist and snow among the mountains.

As for Jeanie herself, her yellow hair is bound about with a little snood; her face is browned by exposure to the weather, and her hands are hardened by work; for she helps her mother to cook and sew, to spin and weave. One treasure little Jeanie has, which many a lady would be proud to wear. It is a necklace of amber beads.

You have perhaps seen amber, and know its rich sunshiny color, and its fragrance when rubbed; and do you also know that rubbing will make amber attract things to itself somewhat as a magnet does?

Each bead of this necklace had inside of it something tiny, encased as if it had grown in the amber. Jeanie is never tired of looking at and wondering about them. Here is one with a delicate bit of ferny moss shut up, as it were, in a globe of yellow light. In another is the tiniest fly, his little wings outspread and raised for flight. Again, she can show us, lodged in one bead that looks like solid honey, a bee; and a little bright winged beetle in another.

- „ 6. In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times.
- „ 7. That is a riddle which I cannot unravel.
- „ 8. Then I will do it for you.
- „ 9. Counting fifty gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness.
- „ 10. The coin is good, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster.

Questions.

What is the tittle of this lesson? Who is the contented workman? Who is "Old Fritz"? What was the farmer doing? What mysterious answer did he give the King? Who solved the mystery? and how? Who proposed a riddle? What was it? How was it answered? What is the moral of this lesson?

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This one holds two slender pine-needles lying across each other, and here we see a single scale of a pinecone; while yet another shows an atom of an acorn-cup, fit for a fairy's use.

I wish you could see the beads, for I can not tell you the half of their beauty.

Now, where do you suppose they came from, and how did little Scotch Jeanie come into possession of such a treasure?

Old Kenneth, Jeanie's grand-father, who now sits all day in the chimney corner, years ago, when he was a young lad, once went down to the seashore after a great storm hoping to help save something from the wreck of the Goshawk, that had gone ashore during the night. Among the slippery seaweeds, his foot accidentally uncovered a clear, shining lump of amber, in which all these creatures were imbedded.

Now Kenneth loved a pretty Highland lass, and when she promised to be his bride, he brought her a necklace of amber beads. He had carved them himself out of his lump of amber, working carefully to save in the centre of each bead, the prettiest insect or moss, and thinking, while he toiled hour after hour, of the

delight with which he should see his bride wear them.

That bride was Jeanie's grand-mother, and when she died last year, she said; "LET little Jeanie have my amber beads, and wear them as long as she lives."

What puzzled Jeanie was how the amber came to be on the seashore; and most of all, how the bees and mosses came inside of it. Should you like to know? If you would, that is one of Mother Nature's stories, and she will gladly tell it.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. Her home is hardly more than a hut; her food broth and bread.
 „ 2. Cold winds that drive before them great clouds of mist and snow.
 „ 3. Her face is browned by exposure to the weather, and her hands are hardened by work.
 „ 4. One treasure little Jeanie has,—it is a neck-lace of amber beads.
 „ 5. Each bead of this neck-lace has some tiny thing encased inside of it.
 „ 6. How did little Scotch Jeanie come into possession of such a treasure?

- " 7 Among the slippery sea-weeds, his foot accidentally uncovered a clear, shining lump of amber.
- " 8. He had carved them himself out of his lump of amber.
- " 9. Let little Jeanie have my amber beads, and wear them as long as she lives.
- " 10. How did the amber come to be on the seashore?

Questions.

Where does the little scotch girl live? What does her father do for his living? How does she occupy her time? What treasure has she got? Do you know anything particular about amber? Describe the beads of that necklace. Where did they come from? How did Jeanie get them? Who will tell us how they came to be on the seashore, and how the bees, mosses, & came inside of them?

XVII.

Continued.

Here is what she answers to our questions:
 "I remember a time long, long before you were born,—long even before men were living

on the earth,—these Scotch Highlands, as you call them, were covered with forests. There were oaks, poplars, beeches and pines; and among them, one kind of pine, tall and stately, from which a yellow, shining gum flowed, just as you have seen little sticky drops exude from our own pine-trees.

"This beautiful yellow gum was fragrant, and as the thousands of little insects fluttered about it, in the warm sunshine, they were attracted by its pleasant odor, perhaps, too, by its taste,—and, having alighted, they stuck fast and could not get away. The great yellow drops, oozing out, surrounded, and at last covered them entirely.

"So, too, wind-blown bits of moss, leaves, acorns, cones and little sticks, were soon securely imbedded in the fast flowing gum; and, as time went by, it hardened and hardened more and more—and this is amber."

"That is well told, Mother Nature, but it does not explain how Kenneth's lump of amber came to be on the seashore."

Wait, then, for the second part of the story.

"Did you ever hear that in those very old times, the land sometimes sunk down so deep that the water covered it, even to the moun-

tain tops, and what had been land became deep sea?

"You can hardly believe it; yet I myself was there to see, and I remember well when the great forests of the North of Scotland—the oaks, the poplars and the amber pines—were lowered into the deep sea.

"There, lying at the bottom of the ocean, the wood and the gum hardened like stone, and only the great storms can disturb them, as they lie buried in the sand."

It was one of those great storms that brought Kenneth's lump of amber to land.

If we could only walk on the bottom of the sea, what treasures we might find!

Sentences.

- Nº 1. I remember a time long before you were born.
- " 2. There were oaks, poplars, beeches and pines.
- " 3. You have seen little sticky drops exude from our own pine trees.
- " 4. This beautiful yellow gum was fragrant.
- " 5. They stuck fast and could not get away.
- " 6. Bits of moss, leaves, acorns, cones and little sticks were soon imbedded in the fast flowing gum.

- " 7. It hardened more and more and this is amber.
- " 8. The land sometimes sunk down so deep that the water covered it.
- " 9. Lying at the bottom of the ocean, the wood and the gum hardened like stone.
- " 10. Only great storms can disturb them, as they lie buried in the sand.

Questions.

What were the Scotch Highlands covered with? What kind of trees grew there? Which tree did the gum flow from? How did the flies get stuck in it? What else was imbedded in the gum? How did the gum become amber? How did the gum come to be at the bottom of the sea? What brings the amber to the surface.

XVIII.

Pierre's little song.

In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets in Paris, France, a fatherless boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the house; and he had not tasted food all day. Yet he sat humming

tain tops, and what had been land became deep sea?

"You can hardly believe it; yet I myself was there to see, and I remember well when the great forests of the North of Scotland—the oaks, the poplars and the amber pines—were lowered into the deep sea.

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XVIII.

Pierre's little song.

In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets in Paris, France, a fatherless boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the house; and he had not tasted food all day. Yet he sat humming

to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so welcome to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a sou in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own, one he had composed, both air and words; for the child was a genius. He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a great poster with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes sparkled with a new hope. Running to the looking-glass, he smoothed his black curls, and, taking from a little box and old stained paper, he gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who, do you say, is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"Only a very pretty boy, with black curls, who says that if he can just see you, he is

sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual in a child, he walked straight up to the lady, and, bowing, said: "I have come to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at one of your grand concerts, some publisher might buy it, for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was;—she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked,—"you a child! And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh, yes! and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; but I could not leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother, for the evening; and here is five francs, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets: come to night; and that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the glare of lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and the rustling of silks, completely bewildered him. At last she came; and the child sat with his eyes riveted on her face. Could it be that the grand lady, glittering with jewels, and whom every body seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited:—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody: he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy! And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so

mournful, so soul-subduing. Many a bright eye was dimmed with tears, many a heart was moved, by the touching words of that little song.

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened by a visit of Madame Malibran. She laid her hands on his black curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said: "Your little boy, Madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the first publisher in Paris, a large sum for his little song. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As for Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and the tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bed-side and uttered a simple prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she now went about doing good. And on her early

death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and one of the most talented composers of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow and to the fatherless!

Sentences.

- Nº 1. A fatherless boy sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother.
- ” 2. He thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes.
- ” 3. The child was a genius.
- ” 4. Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.
- ” 5. He gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.
- ” 6. Let him come, I can never refuse children.
- ” 7. If you would only sing my little song at one of your grand concerts.
- ” 8. Here are five francs with which you may go and get food and medicine.

- ” 9. Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall.
- ” 10. Many a bright eye was dimmed with tears.
- ” 11. I was offered a large sum for his little song.
- ” 12. One of the most talented composers of the day.

Questions.

Who was little Pierre? Where did he live? What was he singing when we found him? What did he see from his window? Where did he go? Was he received? What did he say? Did he succeed? Where did he go that night? What did he see? What did he hear? Who visited him next day? What news did she bring? Who assisted Madame Malibran at her last moments? Had he succeeded in life? What is the moral of this lesson?

XIX.

My Mother's grave. [®]

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound

death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and one of the most talented composers of the day.

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My Mother's grave. [®]

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound

beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered, too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she so often kissed in an excess of tenderness.

But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing.

The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart; and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at

them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked her why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her as I had been wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly, and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to

bed without bidding my mother good-night; but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?" I could not sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her.

I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! She never spoke more—never smiled upon me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start.

I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I then wished that I might die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I can not call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her man-

ifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent and sting like and adder.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. It was thirteen years since my mother's death.
- " 2. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character.
- " 3. Had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing.
- " 4. That children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.
- " 5. My mother had been ill a long time.
- " 6. She requested me to go down stairs and bring her a glass of water.
- " 7. I pettishly asked her why she did not call a domestic to do it.
- " 8. I went and brought the water but I did not do it kindly.
- " 9. She never spoke more—never smiled upon me again.
- " 10. I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude.

Questions.

What is the subject of this narration? How long was it since her mother died? What remembrances did the sight of her mother's grave bring to her mind? Were they all serene? Tell us what happened? Did she not ask for forgiveness? Why was she not absolved? Does she regret to this day her ingratitude? What is the moral of this lesson?

XX.

A comparison.

Pliny, an old Roman writer, who lived about seventy years after Christ, has made a beautiful comparison between the course of a great river and the life of man.

The river, he says, springs from the earth, and yet its real origin is in heaven. Its beginnings are small enough: at first it is a tiny thing, playing among the flowers of a meadow; then it grows a little larger and waters a garden, or it may be, turns a mill. This may

be likened to the time of childhood. But to our childhood succeeds our youth.

The river has gathered strength, and has grown wild and impetuous. It is impatient of the restraint which it meets with in its rocky home; it is restless and turbulent, quick in its motion, and often unsteady in its course. It dashes away from the hills and rocks, and flows out into the open plain. Thus youth gives place to manhood, and the man goes out into the broad world.

Then we see the river loosing gradually something of its turbulence; it flows more steadily through green fields, which it renders fertile; and instead of dashing headlong against every thing which opposes its course, it yields to obstacles which it cannot overcome, and its stream becomes gentle and winding.

Now it flows past great cities and the busy haunts of men; wherever it goes, it renders service to man; it bears wealth on its broad waters, it enriches the soil, and is at once the support and the ornament of the country.

Other rivers flow into it, and swell its tide, till, at last, it rolls its mighty waters into the broad ocean that awaits it.

Questions.

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Now it flows past great cities and the busy haunts of men; wherever it goes, it renders service to man; it bears wealth on its broad waters, it enriches the soil, and is at once the support and the ornament of the country.

Other rivers flow into it, and swell its tide, till, at last, it rolls its mighty waters into the broad ocean that awaits it.

So, after a busy manhood, it will be with us. Every step of our course will draw us nearer and nearer the great ocean of eternity, into which we must enter at last, and, like the waters of the river when they reach the sea, be lost forever to the eyes of man.

Sentences.

- Nº 1. A beautiful comparison between the course of a river and the life of man.
- „ 2. At first it is a tiny thing playing among the flowers of a meadow.
- „ 3. It is impatient of the restraint which it meets with in its rocky home.
- „ 4. It dashes away from the hills and rocks, and flows out into the open plain.
- „ 5. It yields to obstacles which it cannot overcome, and its stream becomes gentle and winding.
- „ 6. Wherever it flows it renders service to man.
- „ 7. Every step of our course will draw us nearer the great ocean of eternity.

Questions.

Who was Pliny? Where did he live? What are the subjects of his comparison? Relate the first part of the comparison. Relate the second. What do you think of the comparison?



Second Part.

UNIVERSIDAD DE NUEVO LEÓN
BIBLIOTECA UNIVERSITARIA
"ALFONSO REYES"
No. 1625 MONTERREY, MEXICO

XXI.

How to tell bad news.

MR. LEOPOLD AND THE STEWARD.

MR. LEOPOLD. Ha! Steward, how are you, my old boy? How do things go on at home?

STEWARD. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie is dead.

MR. LEOPOLD. Poor Mag! So he is gone. How came he to die?

STEWARD. Overeat himself, Sir.

MR. LEOPOLD. Did he? A greedy dog; why, what did he get he liked so well?

STEWARD. Horse-flesh, Sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

MR. LEOPOLD. How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

STEWARD. All your father's horses, Sir.

MR. LEOPOLD. What! are they dead, too?

STEWARD. Ay, sir; they died of overwork.

MR. LEOPOLD. And why were they overworked, pray?

STEWARD. To carry water, Sir.

MR. LEOPOLD. To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

STEWARD. Sure, Sir, to put out the fire.

MR. LEOPOLD. Fire! what fire?

STEWARD. Oh! Sir, your father's house is burned to the ground.

MR. LEOPOLD. My father's house burned-down! and how came it set on fire?

STEWARD. I think, Sir, it must have been the torches.

MR. LEOPOLD. Torches! What torches?

STEWARD. At your mother's funeral.

MR. LEOPOLD. My mother dead!

STEWARD. Ah, poor lady! she never looked up, after it.

MR. LEOPOLD. After what?

STEWARD. The loss of your father.

MR. LEOPOLD. My father gone, too?

STEWARD. Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

MR. LEOPOLD. Heard of what?

STEWARD. The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

MR. LEOPOLD. What! More miseries! More bad news!

STEWARD. Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, Sir, to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

XXII.

Behind time.

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

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight hours

on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking in the west; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result, Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; and Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and, if they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to large amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought

no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been behind time.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for his reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place, the cap was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve; but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too late, making its bearer arrive behind time.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed, because somebody is "behind time." Here are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year after year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time."

XXIII.

The Will.

Characters.—Swipes, a brewer; Currie, a saddler; Frank Millington; and Squire Drawl.

SWIPES. A sober occasion, this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

CURRIE. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes; and those who live the longest outlive the most.

SWIPES. True, true; but, since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

CURRIE. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

SWIPES. Had you any hint from the Squire what disposition she made of her property?

CURRIE. Not a whisper; the Squire is as close as an underground tomb; but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she had cut off her graceless nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

SWIPES. Has she good soul, has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

CURRIE. And I in my own right; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will, Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer-barrels. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. (*Enter Frank Millington.*) Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last.

SWIPES. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Middleton.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed, because somebody is "behind time." Here are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year after year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time."

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FRANK. It is so, Sir; but I could bear her loss better had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

CURRIE. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

SWIPES. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

CURRIE. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

FRANK. Gentleman, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. (*Going: he meets Squire Drawl.*)

SQUIRE. Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

CURRIE. I hope the Squire is well to day.

SQUIRE. Pretty comfortable for an invalid.

SWIPES. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

SQUIRE. No, I believe not. But, since the

heirs at law are all convened, I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

SWIPES. (*While the Squire is breaking the seal.*) It is a trying thing to leave all one's possessions, Squire, in this manner.

CURRIE. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look around and see every-thing but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, "All is vanity."

SQUIRE. Please to be seated, gentlemen. He puts on his spectacles, and begins to read slowly. "Imprimis; whereas, my nephew, Francis Millington by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler." (*The Squire here takes off his spectacles, and begins to wipe them very leisurely.*)

SWIPES. Generous creature! kind soul! I always loved her!

CURRIE. She was good, she was kind; and

brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I will take the mansion-house.

SWIPES. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

CURRIE. There will be two words to that bargain. Mr. Swipes, And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence. . . .

SWIPES. Am I not first named in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? And who knows. . . .

FRANK. Gentlemen, I must leave you, (*Going*)

SQUIRE. (*Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.*) Pray, Gentlemen, keep your seats, I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Ay, "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer."

SWIPES. Yes.

SQUIRE. "And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, Saddler."

CURRIE. Yes.

SQUIRE. To have and to hold, in trust, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew,

Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty one years, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

SWIPES. What is all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? In trust! How does that appear? Where is it?

SQUIRE. There; in two words of as good old English as I ever penned,

CURRIE. Pretty well, too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughing stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

SWIPES. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

CURRIE. That we will.

SQUIRE. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age and

able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

FRANK. It is, your worship.

SQUIRE. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

XXIV.

The English Sky-Lark.

Take it all in all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice, for both unite to make it the sweetest, the happiest, the welcomest singer that was ever winged, like the high angels of God's love. It is the living ecstasy of joy when it mounts up into its "glorious privacy of light."

On the earth it is timid, silent, and bashful, as if not at home, and not sure of its right to be there at all. It is rather homely withal, having nothing in feather, feature or form to attract notice. It is seemingly made to be

heard, not seen, reversing the old axiom addressed to children when getting noisy.

Its mission is music, and it floods a thousand acres of the blue sky with it several times a day. Out of that palpitating speck of living joy there wells forth a sea of twittering ecstasy upon the morning and evening air. It does not ascend by gyrations, like the eagle and birds of prey. It mounts up like a human aspiration.

It seems to spread its wings and to be lifted straight upwards out of sight by the afflatus of its own happy heart. To pour out this in undulating rivulets of rhapsody, is apparently the only motive of its ascension. This it is that has made it so loved of all generations.

It is the singing angel of man's nearest heaven, whose vital breath is music. Its sweet warbling is only the metrical palpitation of its life of joy. It goes up over the roof-trees of the rural hamlet on the wings of its song, as if to train the human soul to trial flights heavenward.

Never did the Creator put a voice of such volume into so small a living thing. It is a marvel—almost a miracle. In a still hour you

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can hear it at nearly a mile's distance. When its form is lost in the hazy lace-work of the sun's rays above, it pours down upon you all the thrilling semitones of its song as distinctly as if it were warbling to you in your window.

XXV.

Rock me to Sleep.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, Come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care.
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, Mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward. O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;

Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, Mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, Oh, Mother! My heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, Mother.—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old,
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, Mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear Mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;

Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
That manhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, Mother,—rock me to sleep!

XXVI.

Sunrise.

The rising of the sun was noble in the cold and warmth of it; peeping down the spread of light, he raised his shoulder heavily over the edge of gray mountain and wavering length of upland. Beneath his gaze the dew-fogs dipped, and crept to the hollow places; then stole away in line and column, holding skirts, and clinging subtly at the sheltering corners, where rock hung over grass-land; while the brave lines of the hills came forth, one beyond other gliding.

Then the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened mountains, stately with a depth of awe, and memory of the tempests. Autumn's

mellow hand was on them, as they owned already, touched with gold, and red, and olive; and their joy toward the sun was less to a bridegroom than a father.

Yet before the floating impress of the woods could clear itself, suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue and purple, and a tint of rich red rose, according to the scene they lighted on; and the curtain flung around; yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness, all on the wings of hope advancing, and proclaiming "God is here!" Then life and joy sprung reassured from every crouching hollow; every flower, and bud, and bird had a fluttering sense of them; and all the flashing of God's gaze merged into soft beneficence.

So perhaps shall break upon us that eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither happiness, envy glory; but all things shall arise and shine in the light of a Father's countenance, because itself is risen.

Vindication from treason.

(Delivered during the recent rebellion in Ireland.)

MY LORDS,—It is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and a noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance; nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have tried

to serve their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With my country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them: influenced by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of the charge? Any strong observation on it, I feel sincerely, would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord,—you who preside on that bench,—when the passions and the prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it, Was your charge as it ought to be—impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing I have ever done—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying lip the

life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it: even here,—here where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust,—here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me,—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

No, I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up, to make her a benefactor, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world; to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution;—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal: you are no criminal; you are no criminal: I deserve no punishment; we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt; is sanctified as a duty; will be enno-

bled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the court—having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career. I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies, whose factions I have sought to still, whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim, whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments, of an honorable home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart, and a perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of justice, will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

T. F. MEAGHER.

The Patriot's courage.

There is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess, a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I cannot, I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested, a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good, to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage

is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring towards heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transferring thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests

and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

HENRY CLAY.

The Patriot's ambition.

I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure. Ambition! inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those whom we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconceptions both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating,

and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state, to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, grovelling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these states, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in

the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amidst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment, and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land; the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people!

HENRY CLAY.

XXX.

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree,
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the old kirk chimes,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door:
They love to see a flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks, that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes, on Sunday, to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of Life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped,
Each burning deed, and thought.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

XXXI.

British influence.

Against whom are these charges of British predilection brought? Against men who, in the war of the revolution, were in the councils of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country.

Strange, that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are a very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. "Turks, Jews, and Infidels," or the barbarians and savages of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in

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"ALFONSO REYES"

Edo. 1625 MONTERREY, N.L.

arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom, we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation, trial by jury, voting the supplies, writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges, of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots—not more by Washington, Hancock, and Henry—than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British parliament.

It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes,

however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! This is a British influence which I can never shake off.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

XXXII.

The destiny of America.

We may betray the trust reposed in us—we may most miserably defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate, oppression may assume a bolder form of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace! with what weight of mountains will

arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom, we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation, trial by jury, voting the supplies, writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges, of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots—not more by Washington, Hancock, and Henry—than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British parliament.

It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes,

however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! This is a British influence which I can never shake off.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

XXXII.

The destiny of America.

We may betray the trust reposed in us—we may most miserably defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate, oppression may assume a bolder form of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace! with what weight of mountains will

the infamy lie upon our souls! The gulf of our ruin will be as deep, as the elevation we might have attained is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Our beloved country with ashes for beauty; the golden cord of our union broken; its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, from the wildest anarchy to the most ruthless despotism; our "soil drenched with fraternal blood;" the life of man stripped of its grace and dignity; the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its encouragements and supports;—these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lesson we may draw from them.

Remember that we can have none of those consolations which sustain the patriot who mourns over the undeserved misfortunes of his country. Our Rome cannot fall, and we be innocent. No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumph; no countless swarm of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized life beneath a living tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices will fur-

nish the elements of our destruction. With our own hands we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds.

But we will not talk of themes like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor, and despair. We will elevate our minds to the contemplation of our high duties, and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue which cannot be shaken until the laws of the moral world are reversed. From our own breasts shall flow the salient springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory is inevitable. We may calmly smile at all the croakings of all the ravens, whether of native or foreign breed.

The whole will not grow weak by the increase of its parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp as its lofty head is exalted and its broad arms stretched out. The loud burst of joy and gratitude which this, the anniversary of our independence, is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will

never cease to be heard. No chasms of sullen silence will interrupt its course; no discordant notes of sectional madness mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The farthest West shall hear it and rejoice; the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters; the Rocky Mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy crests.

G. S. HILLIARD.

XXXIII.

Brutus justifying the assassination of Cæsar.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend

of Cæsar's, to him I say; that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, where-in he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark

Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKSPEARE.

XXXIV.

The Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

Man marks the earth with ruin: his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them, while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage: their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—Not so thou:
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkles on *thine* azure brow:
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 (Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving)—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

BYRON.

XXXV.

Scene from Pizarro.

Pizarro and Gomez.

Piz. How now, Gomez, what bringest thou?

Gom. On yonder hill, among the palm-trees, we have surprised an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him unresisting.

Piz. Drag him before us. (*Gomez leads in Orozembo.*) What art thou, stranger?

Oro. First tell me who is the captain of this band of robbers?

Piz. Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of, that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree, not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks. Guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha, ha, ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Yes, thee and thy offer! Wealth!— I have the wealth of two gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here; and still my chiefest treasure do I wear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will, for thou canst never tear it from me. An unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares *act* as *thou* dost.

Gom. Obdurate pagan! how numerous is your army?

Dark-heaving)—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
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Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares *act* as *thou* dost.

Gom. Obdurate pagan! how numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of the forest.

Gom. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It is fortified on all sides by justice.

Gom. Where have you concealed your wives and children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him! Alonzo! Our nation's benefactor, the guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Piz. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that, for I love to speak the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army. In war a tiger, in peace a lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him, but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim for Cora's happiness.

Piz. Romantic savage! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not; the terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Gom. Silence or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have

learned to tremble before *man*—why before *thee*, thou *less* than man?

Gom. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! then boast among thy fellows, "I too have murdered a Peruvian."

SECOND SCENE.

Sentinel, Rolla and Alonzo.

[Enter Rolla, disguised as a Monk.]

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is Alonzo, the Peruvian, confined in this dungeon?

Sent. He is.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were your brother.

Rolla. What is to be his fate?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Rolla. Ha! then I am come in time—

Sent. Just to witness his death.

Rolla. (advancing towards the door). Soldier, I *must* speak with him.

Sent. (pushing him back with his gun). Back! back! it is impossible.

Rolla. I do entreat you but for one moment.

Sent. You entreat in vain: my orders are most strict.

Rolla. Look on this wedge of massy gold! look on these precious gems! In thy land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine; let me but pass one moment with Alonzo.

Sent. Away! Wouldst thou corrupt me? *Me,* an old Castilian!—I know my duty better.

Rolla. Soldier! hast thou a wife?

Sent. I have.

Rolla. Hast thou children?

Sent. Four—honest, lovely boys.

Rolla. Where didst thou leave them?

Sent. In my native village, in the very cot where I was born.

Rolla. Dost thou love thy wife and children?

Sent. Do I love them! God knows my heart;—I do.

Rolla. Soldier! Imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in a strange land:—what would be thy last request?

Sent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rolla. What if that comrade was at thy prison door, and should there be told, thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife—what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sent. How?

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child; and I am come but to receive for her, and for her poor babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in. (*Exit Sentinel.*)

Rolla. (*calls.*) Alonzo! Alonzo!

[Enter Alonzo, speaking as he comes in.]

Alon. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, I am ready.

Rolla. Alonzo!—know me!

Alon. *Rolla!* O *Rolla!* how didst thou pass the guard?

Rolla. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle. It has gained me entrance to thy dungeon:—now take it thou, and fly!

Alon. And Rolla—

Rolla. Will remain here in thy place.

Alon. And *die* for me! *No!* rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rolla. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is *thy* life Pizarro seeks, not *Rolla's*; and thy arm may soon deliver me from prison. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted tree in the desert; nothing lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father: the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant depend upon thy life. Go, go, Alonzo! not to save thyself, but Cora, and thy child.

Alon. Urge me not thus, my friend. I am prepared to die in peace.

Rolla. To die in peace! devoting her you have sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death!

Alon. Merciful heavens!

Rolla. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo—now mark me well. Thou knowest that Rolla never pledged his word and shrunk from its fulfilment. Know then, if thou art proudly obstinate, thou shalt have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side.

Alon. O Rollo! you distract me! Wear you the robe, and though dreadful the necessity,

we will strike down the guard, and force our passage.

Rolla. What, the *soldier* on duty here?

Alon. Yes, else seeing two, the alarm will be instant death.

Rolla. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him! That soldier, mark me, is a *man!* All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my *prayers*, refused my *gold*, denying to admit, till his own *feelings* bribed him. I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heart-strings from consuming fire. But haste! A moment's further pause, and all is lost.

Alon. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor and from right.

Rolla. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend? (*Throwing the friar's garment over his shoulders.*) There!—conceal thy face. Now, God be with thee!

KOTZEBUE.

XXXVI.

The war with Mexico.

Sir, I scarcely understand the meaning of all this myself. If we are to vindicate our rights, by battles in bloody fields of war, let us do it. If that is not the plan, why then let us call back our armies into our own territory, and propose a treaty with Mexico, based upon the proposition that money is better for her and land is better for us. Thus we can treat Mexico like an equal, and do honor to ourselves. But what is it you ask? You have taken from Mexico one-fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending about another third, and for what? I ask, Mr. President, for what? What has Mexico got from you for parting with two-thirds of her domain? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained.

She has submitted to the award of your commissioners, and, up to the time of the rupture with Texas, faithfully paid it. And for all that she has lost (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain), what requital do we, her strong, rich, robust neighbor, make? Do we send our missionaries there, "to point the way to heaven?" Or do we send the schoolmasters to pour daylight into her dark places, to aid her infant strength to conquer freedom, and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won? No, no; none of this do we. But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of the solitudes their ravages have made. They proclaim the empty forms of social compact to a people bleeding and maimed with wounds received in defending their hearth-stones against the invasion of those very men who shoot them down, and then exhort them to be free. Your chaplain of the navy throws aside the New Testament and seizes a bill of rights. He takes military possession of some town in California, and instead of teaching the plan of the atonement and the way of salvation to the poor, ignorant Celt, he presents Colt's pistol to his ear, and calls on him

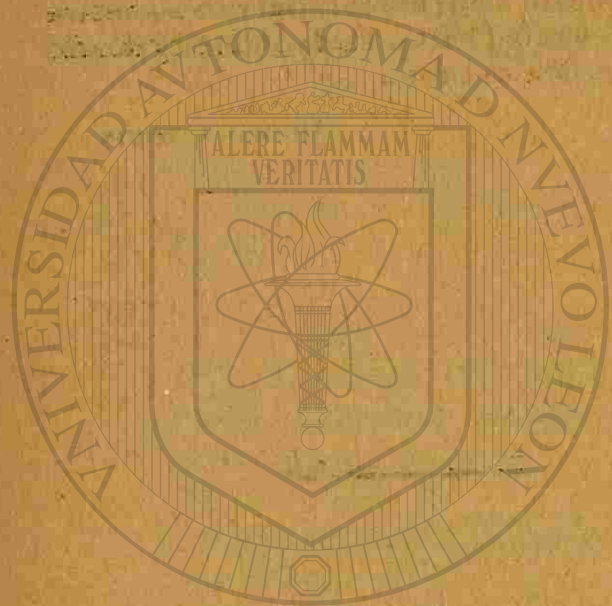
to take "trial by jury and habeas corpus," or nine bullets in his head. Oh! Mr. President, are you not the light of the earth, if not its salt?

What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills, and Saratogas, and Yorktowns are there! The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeath to them, when those battle-fields shall have passed from my possession?"

Sir, had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts—had England's lion ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen and under ninety who would not have been ready to meet him, —is there a river on this continent that would not have run red with blood,—is there a field

but would have been piled high with the unburied bones of slaughtered Americans, before these consecrated battle-fields of liberty should have been wrested from us?

THOMAS CORWIN.



Third Part.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

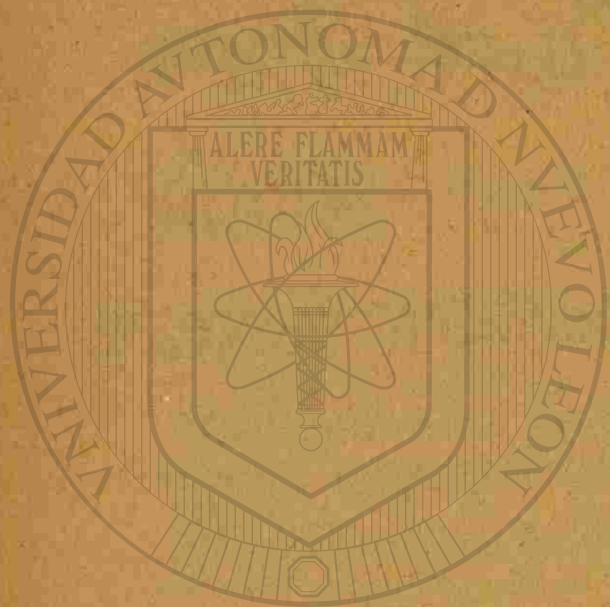
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—OF THE—

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Cada 16.25 MONTERREY, MEXICO

Don Ignacio Allende.

Don Ignacio Allende was born in the Village of San Miguel el Grande on the 25th day of February 1769, he was the son of an honorable Spanish merchant Don Domingo Narciso Allende and of Doña Maria Unzaga.

Allende felt from his childhood an irresistible attraction for military life, and when the Viceroy of Mexico called for volunteers to protect the coasts from foreign invasion he was one of the first to enlist in the Queen's dragoons as a private. By his bravery on the battle field he won a lieutenantancy in 1795 and a captaincy in 1807.

In 1808 his regiment was mustered out of service and Allende returned to his native village where he began to disseminate the idea of the independence of Mexico amongst his relations and friends. He succeeded in

forming committees in San Miguel el Grande and in Queretaro which held secret meetings to discuss the organization of the party and the ways and means of opening the campaign.

In one of these it was suggested to secure a man of great influence amongst the people, one occupying a high position in the society, and, if possible, a member of the Clergy so as to gain the good will of the masses as the head of the organisation and the leader throughout the coming struggle. Allende immediately suggested Hidalgo, parish-priest of Dolores who was respected and beloved by all, and offered to go himself and enlist his services. This was done in due time and Allende stood at the side of Hidalgo when the cry of independence was raised in Dolores on the 16th of September 1810.

From that day on our hero worked and fought incessantly for the cause which was so dear to his heart until, after many hardships and dire experiences, after many a battle lost and won he was made a prisoner with Hidalgo, his chosen chief, at Acotila de Bajan on the 21st of March 1811 and sent to Chihuahua where he was tried by a court martial and where on the 26th of May he

fell a martyr to the noble cause he had fought for.

Allende is one of the grandest figures of the war of independence. Of a frank and open nature, generous to a fault and of indomitable courage there is not a stain on his career, not even a fault which can be imputed to him during the terrible war of reprisals which was waged on both sides, and which finally secured to the people of Mexico their dearly bought freedom.

J. S. H.

XXXVIII.

Hidalgo.

General Don Miguel Hidalgo, Parish-Priest of Dolores, was born in Penjamo, in the State of Guanajuato, the 8th of May 1753, and was the son of Don Cristobal y Costilla and Doña Ana Maria de Gallaga. He studied philosophy and theology in the College of San Nicolas de Valladolid (now Morelia), later on he became rector of the

same College, and in the beginning of 1779 he was sent to take charge of the Parish of Dolores.

It was in this town, on the 16th of September 1810 that Hidalgo raised the cry of independence, and, at the head of a few patriots, started the famous revolution which, a few years later, destroyed Spain's reign over Mexico for ever.

The courage, energy and constancy shown by this virtuous priest at an advanced age, in the midst of the labors, difficulties and hardships of such a terrible strife are as extraordinary as they are admirable. Victorious one day and defeated the next, he would always return to the battle-field with the same ardor and tenacity. After one of these battles in which fate was against him he was taken prisoner with all his followers at Acatila de Bajan on the 21st of March 1811, brought to Chihuahua and shot the 31st of July 1811. Our hero showed in his last moments the same admirable courage and serenity of soul as he did on the battle-field.

The people of Mexico are mostly indebted to this celebrated patriot for the independence of their country, in fact the 27th of

September 1821 is but the sequel of the 16th of September 1810 on which day Hidalgo cast to the echoes of Dolores the first cry of independence.

And, be it said to the honor of the Mexicans, they have done their duty nobly and well towards their liberators. Hidalgo and Allende were declared "*benemeritos de la patria con grado heroico*," their names were inscribed in gold letters in the national Congress hall, and their bones were united and solemnly interred in the beautiful cathedral of Mexico by order of the General Congress in 1824. Every City, town and village has erected monuments to the heroes of the nation and one of the most beautiful sights in Mexico to day is the grand commemoration of the cry of independence all over the Country on the eve of the 16th of September each year, together with the tribute of love and honor which is then paid by the people to the Saviours of the nation.

J. S. H. [®]

XXXIX.

Morelos y Pavon.

The noble work of Hidalgo, the hero of Dolores, was continued by the distinguished Mexican patriot Don Jose Maria Morelos, who was born in Valladolid on the 30th of September 1765; his parents, Don Manuel Morelos and Doña Juana Pavon occupying a modest but honorable position in the social world.

Morelos was educated in San Nicolas College under the rectorship of Hidalgo. After his ordination he was twice out in charge of a Parish *per interim* and was finally made Parish-Priest, and theological examiner in his own right, of Caracuaro and Nircupétaro.

Hidalgo, who knew the patriotic feelings of his pupil of old, had entrusted him with the organization of the revolutionary movement in the South of Mexico. Morelos lost no time in mustering a number of followers

and on the 8th of December 1810 his first engagement with the enemy took place on the Veladero Mountains where he took the Spanish leader Paris by surprise, defeating him with only 700 men, and securing a number of prisoners as well as arms, munitions and the sinews of war of which he was still deficient.

This courageous and patriotic priest waged an unceasing war against the Spaniards during five years; he had at one time as many as 20,000 men under his command, and was victorious in several engagements, until he was finally defeated, made a prisoner in the battle of Yezmalaca, sent to Mexico and shot in the Village of San Cristobal de Ecatepec on the 22nd of December 1815.

It must be stated here to the glory of this celebrated priest and patriot that he could have saved himself from imprisonment and death had he not purposely dallied on the battle field for the purpose of saving the members of the Provisional Government together with its archives and treasury.

Morelos was one of the most energetic, industrious and able leaders of the whole revolutionary war. Upright, honest and fair

with friend or foe, an able tactician, a great judge of human nature and possessed of that magnetic influence which enables a man to carry conviction to the minds of all whom he encounters, he managed to recruit armies, conquer provinces, establish the first form of republican government in Mexico, bring war to the doors of the Capital City itself and would have saved years of strife and bloodshed had he been given sole control of the national forces.

Allende! Hidalgo! Morelos! three names dear to the mexican heart, three martyrs sacrificed on the national altar, three stars shining in the blue sky of Aztec land, which should lead the young generations through life in the path of duty, honor and patriotism!

J. S. H.

XL.

Iturbide

General D. Agustin Iturbide was born in the City of Valladolid (Now Morelia) on the

27th of September 1783; his parents Don Joaquin de Iturbide and Doña Josepha de Aramburu were members of Mexico's most select society.

In 1798, after having followed the course of studies of the Seminary in his native City, he enlisted in the army as Ensign and fought against the patriots in the war of independence until the end of 1820 when he decided to join the ranks of the liberal cause. At that time he was already a Colonel, commanding the Southern division of the army and very popular with the rank and file of the royal forces which he finally brought over to the cause of independence.

On the 24th of February 1821, he proclaimed the independence of Mexico in the town of Iguala, and concerting with the Generals of the united forces, he opened the campaign which finally liberated the mexican people from the Spanish yoke. From that day on victory stood with the cause of the people, and, after a few engagements with the troops of the Viceroy, Iturbide marched triumphantly into Mexico City at the head of the national army on the 27th of September 1821 amidst the rejoicings of the whole people.

After fourteen years of struggle, after sacrificing the lives of its beloved sons on the altar of liberty, after having covered with blood the breadth of its land, Mexico, at last had broken the shackles of slavery, and stood an independent and a free nation!

All honor to those who led the national forces to victory! All honor especially to the numberless unknown heroes who quietly sacrificed their fortunes and their lives for the cause, and whose deeds of valor and abnegation remain unrecorded!

Iturbide organized the government of the country in accordance with the Iguala proclamation, but only after he had altered it to suit his own purposes, and in such a manner that he was able to have himself proclaimed Emperor of Mexico by a *coup d'état* headed by the army of which he was Commander in Chief.—Soon afterwards he dissolved Congress which threatened to dethrone him, and thus became, as he thought, master of the situation.

But the spirit of liberty was with the people and the heroes who had fought Spain and its monarchical form of government were not going to stand even one of their own as a

Dictator. More bloodshed, more valor and more heroism were needed and these were not wanting when liberty claimed its rights in the Aztec land. The battle was fought and won. Congress reasserted its rights, the usurpator was wrenched from power and banished for life under penalty of death.

Blinded by the insatiable ambition of grand-urs whose prey he had been for years Iturbide returned with the hope of regaining his influence over his countrymen, but the Government was inflexible and he was shot on the plaza of the Village of Padilla, Tamaulipas, on the 19th of July 1823.

The man who had been a traitor to the Spanish Government whilst in command of its troops, and who had incited his own soldiers to desert their standard could not be expected to be true to the new born republican government when his own interests were at stake.

However severe may have been the penalty imposed upon him who had finally freed his country from spanish control, it must be admitted that peace and liberty had to be secured at any price.

America was born free and is freedom's

natural home! No emperors! No dictators! No privileged classes! An open field to all intelligences, a free course for all; equal rights, equal duties; equal possibilities, equal responsibilities! these are the sacred privileges of all American citizens throughout the whole western hemisphere, and no sacrifice is too great when they are to be upheld.

J. S. H.

XLI.

Juarez.

Benito Juarez was born in 1809 in the State of Oaxaca which is mostly inhabited by Indians of which race he was a descendant. Poor and without protection, he had to fight his way through all sorts of obstacles and difficulties; but his constancy finally brought him to the fore; he first became Attorney at Law, then was called to the Bar and so far distinguished himself in his profession that he attracted the attention of the political leaders of that period who desired to give their coun-

try the benefit of his brilliant talents.

In 1856 he was elected by his native state as its representative to the national Congress, and, in the following year, he was appointed President of the Supreme Court of Justice, which appointment, in case of an interim, gave him the title and privileges of Vice-President of the Republic.

The public life of Juarez dates from that period. He played a very important part in the civil war, and again in that which he led with so much brilliancy against the French troops sent by Napoleon to uphold the imperial throne of Maximilian. After the latter had paid with his life the penalty of his intrusion, Juarez was re-elected President of the Republic; he immediately convened Congress and worked hard and faithfully to repair the losses caused by the preceding wars.

Juarez arose from the humblest station in life to the highest office in the hands of the people. It was he who finally secured to Mexico the inestimable boon of liberty, and the republican form of government under which it is now progressing: having delivered his country of the possible attempts of any and all of the European powers for ever. He

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died whilst still occupying the presidential chair on the 18th of July 1872 leaving in the hands of another of Mexico's illustrious sons the future destinies of his beloved country.

General Porfirio Diaz was the man selected by the people to succeed their liberator. Twenty five years of peace and prosperity are here to proclaim the wisdom of the nation's choice. Under the beneficent rule of Diaz the country has seen the end of its political strifes, the establishment of a public school system and the encouragement of arts and sciences, the development of its industries, the opening of many of its rich mining deposits, the extension of its commerce with the outside world, the enlargement of its cultivable area, the curtailment of expenses in the management of national affairs, the increase of the public revenue, the part payment of the national debt, and a surplus in the federal treasury!

To day, Mexico stands one of the richest fields open to man's energy and industry in the whole world, one which is sought daily by foreign capitalists who, confident in the stability, uprightness and liberality of General Diaz' government, are bringing in millions

of capital to promote the wealth of this ideal country, and one where some of the ablest specialists and many of the finest intellects of Europe and the United States are coming daily to join hands with Mexico's bright, intelligent and industrious people to form one of the grandest nations in the world.

J. S. H.

VOCABULARIO.



I.

Come back, to.....	Volver
Do, to.....	Hacer
Eat, to.....	Comer
Find, to.....	Encontrar
Flour.....	Harina
Go, to.....	Ir
Grain.....	Grano
Grind, to.....	Moler
Hen.....	Gallina
Little.....	Pequeño
Make, to.....	Hacer
Mill.....	Molino
Plant, to.....	Plantar
Ripe.....	Maduro
Say, to.....	Decir
Take, to.....	Llevar
Then.....	Entonces
Wheat.....	Trigo
When.....	Cuando
Will.....	(Signo del futuro)
Will.....	Querer
Who.....	Quien

II.

Again.....	Otra vez
Ball.....	Pelota

Band	Banda
Banks	Orilla
Beautiful	Hermoso
Begin, to	Comenzar
Behind	Detras
Birds	Aves
Black	Oscuro
Brook	Arroyo
Bud	Boton
Cap	Chacó
Catch, to	Coger
Cherry-tree	Cerezo
Children	Niños
Clouds	Nubes
Come, to	Venir
Come down, to	Bajar
Come out, to	Salir
Deep	Hondo
Drum	Tambor
Fife	Flautina
Fine	Hermoso
Flag	Bandera
Flowers	Flores
Front	Frente
Fun! what	Que regocijo!
Game	Partido
Get wet, to	Mojarse
Glorious	Glorioso
Grass	Yerba
Green	Verde
Hat	Sombrero
Have a game of ball, to	Jugar un partido de pelota
Have on, to	Tener puesto, calzar
Hear, to	Oir
How	Cuan
Hurrah	Viva
Large man	Hombre grande
Listen, to	Oir

Look, to	Parecer
Must	Deber
May	Poder
Now	Ahora
Only	Solamente
Play, to	Jugar
Play, to	Tocar
Plume	Pluma
Wade, to	Vadear
While	Rato
White	Blanco
Wide	Ancho
Pour dow, to (Rain)	Caer á cántaros (Lluvia)
Pretty	Bonito
Radiantly	Radiante
Rain	Lluvia
Rainbow	Arco iris
Rain-drops	Gotas de lluvia
Rest, to	Descansar
Rubber-boots	Botas de goma
Run, to	Correr
See!	Mira!
See, to	Ver
Shine, to	Brillar
Sing, to	Cantar
Sky	Cielo
Sloping	Declive-Declivio
Smile, to	Sonreir
Soldier	Soldado
Stand still, to	Estar quieto
Stay, to	Quedarse
Street	Calle
Sun	Sol
Throw, to	Tirar
Too	Demasiado
Top	Punta
Tree	Arbol

III.

All	Todo
Always	Siempre
Anything to do	Algo que hacer
Ask, to	Pedir
At once	Luego
Better	Mejor
Boy	Muchacho
Brother	Hermano
But	Pero
Can	Poder
Child	Niño
Clean	Limpio
Confess, to	Confesar
Do	(Signo del presente)
Easily	Fácilmente
Either	Sea
Every	Cada
Fear, from	Temor, por
Fear, to	Temer
Forget, to	Olvidar
Fun, for	Por chanza
Gentle	Benévolo
Get, to	Obtener
Girl	Muchacha
Glad	Agradable
Hard work	Trabajo penoso
Have, to	Tener ó haber
Help, to	Ayudar
Home	Hogar
Kind	Afable
Know, to	Saber
Learn, to	Aprender
Liar	Embustero
Lie	Mentira
Neat	Aseado

Never	Nunca
Nobody	Nadie
Obey, to	Obedecer
Obtain, to	Obtener
Only	Solamente
Others	Otros
Ought	Deber
Parents	Padres
"Please"	Si ud. gusta
Say, to	Decir
Show, to	Hacer ver
Sister	Hermana
Smile	Sonrisa
Soap	Jabon
Some	Algunos
Speak, to	Decir
Strangers	Extraños
Teacher	Maestro
Tell, to	Decir
Than	Que
Thank you	Gracias
Trust to	Fiarse
Truth	Verdad
Use, to	Hacer uso
Water	Agua
Wish, to	Querer
Work hard, to	Trabajar con ahinco
Wrong	Culpa
Willing, to be	Querer

IV.

Almost	Casi
Back, to run	Volver corriendo
Big	Grande
Bug	Insecto
Carry off, to	Llevarse
Catch, to	Agarrar

Chick.....	Pollito
Chicken.....	Pollo
Claws.....	Garras
Creep, to.....	Arrastrar
Down, to come.....	Precipitarse sobre
Duck.....	Pato
Dust.....	Polvo
Feed on, to.....	Alimentarse
Fence.....	Cerca
Fine.....	Fino
Fly, to.....	Volar
Get, to.....	Coger
Go out, to.....	Salir
Hawk.....	Halcon
Hunt, to.....	Buscar
Indeed.....	De veras
Into.....	A
Just now.....	Ahora mismo
Make, to.....	Hacer
Mind, to.....	Hacer caso de
Naughty.....	Pícaro
Oak-tree.....	Roble
Pear-tree.....	Peral
Poor.....	Pobre
Pounce upon, to.....	Asir con las garras
Road.....	Camino
Run, to.....	Correr
Run out, to.....	Salir corriendo
Soft.....	Suave
Swiftly.....	Velozmente
Track.....	Huella

V.

About.....	Referente á, acerca
Add, to.....	Agregar
Age.....	Edad
Alter, to.....	Cambiar ó alterar

Anything.....	Cualquiera otra cosa
Anxious.....	Ansioso
As that.....	Hasta ese grado
Award, to.....	Adjudicar
Beat hard, to.....	Palpitar con violencia
Before.....	Delante de
Behind.....	Mas atrasado
Benefit.....	Beneficio
Blush, to.....	Sonrojarse
Carefully.....	Minuciosamente
Case.....	Caso
Certainly.....	Ciertamente
Chance.....	Oportunidad
Chairman.....	Presidente
Cheat out of, to.....	Arrebatar
Cheers.....	Vivas
Claim, to.....	Reclamar
Committee.....	Comité
Compare, to.....	Comparar
Copy.....	Ejemplar ó ejercicio
Cry, to.....	Exclamar
Difficult.....	Difícil
Disappoint, to.....	Contrariarse
Enjoy, to.....	Disfrutar de
Excel, to.....	Sobresalir
Except.....	Excepto
Feel, to.....	Sentirse
Feel, to.....	Reconocer
Give, to.....	Dar—crusar
Glance, to.....	Echar una ojeada
Go back, to.....	Volver
Green horn.....	Majadero
Guilty, to be.....	Hacerse culpable
Hand back, to.....	Devolver
Happier.....	Mas feliz
Hard, to try.....	Esforzarse
Heart.....	Corazón
Hence.....	De aquí es que

Hold fast, to	Conservar
Hold, up, to	Mostrar
Honor, to do	Hacer honor
Hope	Esperanza
Impression	Impresión
Instead	En vez de
Keep quiet, to	Permanecer callado
Laugh, to	Reirse
Liar	Mentiroso
Look, to	Mostrarse
Make up one's mind, to	Resolverse
Means, by	Por medio de
Merit, to	Merecer
Might	Poder
Mistake	Equivocación
Most	Mayor parte
Own, his	El suyo
Pay, not to	No sacar nada
Prize	Premio
Pupils	Alumnos
Rather	Mas bien
Ready with, to be	Estar listo con
Reply, to	Replicar
Resolve, to	Resolverse
Right	Derecho
Right, to be	Tener razón
Rude	Grosero
School	Escuela
Shout, to	Lanzar
Silence	Silencio
Silent lie	Mentira muda
Some one else	Algun otro
Some-what	Un tanto cuanto
Spite of, in	A pesar de
Studies	Estudios
Succeed, to	Lograr
Superior	Superior
Surprise, to	Sorprender

Take, to	Tomar
Tell, to	Decir
Temples	Sienes
Try, to	Ensayar
Twice	Doble
Upper-class	Clase superior
Unmix, to not	No mezclar
Well, so	Tan bien
Were it not	Si no fuera por
Win, to	Ganar
Wrong impression	Mala impresión

VI.

All over	Por todas partes
Around	En derredor
Ask, to	Preguntar
Blow, to	Soplar
Branch	Rama
Bright	Claro, hermoso
Brown	Oscuro
Clothes	Vestidos
Come, to	Llegar
Cry, to	Llorar
Die, to	Morir
Different	Varios
Dream, to	Soñar
Edge	Borde
Fence	Cerca
Fly away, to	Volarse
Gay in colors, to be	Lucir en sus colores
Gentle	Suave
Get ready, to	Prepararse
Go, to	Continuar
Go off, to	Irse
Go on, to	Seguir
Golden	Amarillento
Ground	Tierra

Grow, to	Crecer-hacerse
Hear, to	Oír
Hold on, to	Agarrarse
Holiday	Día festivo
Keep on, to	Conservar-guardar
Joy	Alegría
Just told me	Acaba de decirme
Just then	Al momento
Lead-colored	Aplomoda
Leaf	Hoja
Let go, to	Soltarse
Mean, to	Significar
Merrily	Alegremente
Often	Al menudeo
Once upon a time	En aquel tiempo
Over, to be	Acabar
Puff of wind	Ventolina
Pull off, to	Arrancar
Put on, to	Ponerse
Rustle, to	Crujir
Send word back, to	Volver una palabra
Shake, to	Sacudir
Sigh, to	Suspirar
Stir, to	Agitar
Stop, to	Cesar
Stripe, to	Rayar
Summer long, all	Todo el verano
Take up, to	Levantar ó alzar
Task	Tarea
Think, to	Pensar
Throw down, to	Tirar abajo
Tightly	Firmamente
Tremble, to	Temblar
Turn over, to	Voltear
Twig	Vástago
Wake, to	Despertar
Want, to	Querer
What is the matter?	Qué hay?

Whirl, to	Girar
Wind	Viento
Work clothes	Traje de trabajo
Yellow	Amarilla

VII.

Aim, to	Apuntar
All at once	De súbito
Any-longer	Mas
Arm-chair	Sillón de brazos
Bleed, to	Sangrar
Both	Y-Y
Broad	Ancho
Busy, to be	Ocuparse
Coat (animal's)	Pelo
Creature	Bestia
Cunning	Astuto
Draw away, to	Retirar
Draw blood, to	Tirar sangre
Eagerly	Con avidez
Feed, to	Alimentar ó nutrir
Feel, to	Sentir-Percibir con el tacto
Fierce	Tiezo
Fire, to	Echar fuego
Form	Figura
Grace, full of	Lleno de gracia
Grasp, to	Empuñar
Grow, to	Crecer
Hang down, to	Colgar
Hardly	Apenas
Harmless	Inocente-inofensivo
Help	Socorro
Keep, to	Guardar
Lie in wait, to	Estar emboscado
Lick, to	Lamer
Lay to	Echar
Look, to	Mirar

Mark, to.....	Señalar
Master.....	Amo
Movement.....	Movimiento
Observe, to.....	Notar
Odd.....	Rara
Orange color.....	Anaranjado
Pet.....	Domesticado y acariciado
Prey.....	Presa
Quite still.....	Perfectamente quieto
Rich.....	Frondoso ó pingüe
Safe.....	Seguro
Sensation.....	Sensación
Sit, to.....	Sentarse
Soft.....	Blando
Spring, to.....	Lanzarse
Stripes.....	Rayas
Suck, to.....	Chupar
Taste, to.....	Saber
Tiger.....	Tigre
Tiger-cub.....	Tigrito
Trust to.....	Fiarse
Underneath.....	Abajo
Upon.....	Con
While.....	Mientras
Within reach.....	En su alcance
Without warning.....	Sin aviso
Young tiger.....	Tigrillo

VIII.

Accustom, to.....	Acostumbrar
Allow, to.....	Permitir
Army.....	Ejército
At work.....	Trabajando
Brave (boy).....	Noble
Brave (soldier).....	Valiente
Bribe, to.....	Sobornar
Bright (boy).....	Inteligente

Close, to.....	Cerrar
Come forward, to.....	Adelantar
Command, to.....	Comandar
Conquer, to.....	Conquistar
Crop.....	Cosecha
Decline, to.....	Rehusar
Delight, to.....	Deleitarse
Disobey, to.....	Dosobedecer
Duke.....	Duque
Express permission.....	Permisión expresa
Farm.....	Alquería
Farmer.....	Agricultor
Farm-hand.....	Labrador, jornalero
Field.....	Campo de labor
Frighten, to.....	Asustar
Gallop, to.....	Galopar
Gate.....	Puerta
Grand.....	Grande
Great man.....	Gran hombre
Greatly pleased.....	Sumamente agradado
Honor, to.....	Honrar
Huntsman.....	Cazador
Just coming up.....	En el acto de salir
Keep guard, to.....	Vigilar
Lift (a hat), to.....	Quitarse
Master.....	Amo
Offer, to.....	Ofrecer
On no account.....	Por ningun motivo
Open, to.....	Abrirse
Order, to.....	Mandar, ordenar
Orders.....	Instrucciones
Party of huntsmen.....	Cortejo de cazadores
Pass, to.....	Pasar
Permit, to.....	Permitir
Reach, to.....	Llegar
Ride, to.....	Andar á caballo
Scarcely.....	A penas
Send, to.....	Enviar

Shout, to	Gritar
Shut, to	Cerrar
Sovereign	Libra esterlina
Spoil, to	Echar á perder
Stately	Suntuoso
Sure, to be	Ser cierto
Take off, to	Quitarse
Thrash, to	Aporrear
Threaten, to	Amenazar
To no effect	Sin resultado
Top of voice	Alta voz
Trampling	Piso
Warrior	Guerrero

IX.

About to	En el punto de
Amplly	Ampliamente
Astonished, to be	Atenerse
Bare-back	Espalda nuda
Bargain	Negocio
Bate, to	Rebajar
Boat	Bota
Bring, to	Traer
Business	Negocio
Celebrate, to	Celebrar
Covetous	Codicioso
Cry, to	Exclamar
Dainty	Delicadeza
Dismiss, to	Despedir
Exclaim, to	Exclamar
Feast	Fiesta
Fellow	Pícaro
Find, to	Hallar
Fish	Pescado
Fisherman	Pescador
Foolish	Tonto
Guests	Huéspedes

Half	Mitad
Handsome sum	Generosa suma
Hold!	Para!
However	Sin embargo
Jest	Broma
Justice	Justicia
Kind	Clase
Lashes	Latigazos
Lay on, to	Pegar
Leave, to	Alejarse
Let in, to	Dejar entrar
Lightly	Ligeramente
Live, to	Vivir
Mad caps	Locos
Make one's appearance, to	Presentarse
Mansion	Palacio
Marriage-feast	Boda
Name, to	Indicar
Need, to	Necesitar
Nobleman	Hidalgo
Obtain, to	Conseguir
Oddity	Rareza
Partner	Socio
Porter	Portero
Presence	Presencia
Promise, to	Prometer
Proper	Justo
Receive, to	Recibir
Refuse, to	Rehusar
Request	Instancia
Reward, to	Premiar
Right	Justo
Sea	Mar
Send for, to	Enviar por
Service	Servicio
Shape	Persona
Share, due	Porción debida
Shore	Costa

