

13. "Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance; born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas, I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

14. "I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant, at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for, then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste."

15. "Now, for you and your skill in architecture, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labor and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art."

16. "You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good, plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would, by no means, lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance."

17. "Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect

furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this: whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but fly-bane and a cobweb, or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?"

QUESTIONS.—1. How is the spider here represented? 2. How is his web or mansion described? 3. What attracted thither the bee? 4. What effect did the spider's weight have upon the web? 5. What effect did the bee's attempt to enter have upon the spider within? 6. What was the bee doing when the spider ventured out? 7. How did he behave when he saw the ruins of his fortress? 8. What dialogue took place? 9. How, in the last sentence, is the bee made to utter the *moral* of this piece? 10. What great contest is referred to in this Fable?

LESSON XL.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

PO' TENT ATE, prince; sovereign.	DES' TINIES, ultimate conditions
CEN' TU RY, one hundred years.	AR REST', stop; check.
RIV' U LET, small stream; brook.	DI VERT', turn aside.
UN FATH' OM A BLE, that can not be fathomed, or sounded.	CHRON' I CLES, records; tells of.
MAG NIF' I CENCE, grandeur.	BAR' BA RISMS, savage manners.
MON' ARCHS, kings; princes.	IN VIS' I BLE, unseen.
CON VULS' ED, violently shaken.	ARM' OR, defensive arms.
	WATCH' WORD, signal; motto

ONWARD, ONWARD.

LINNEUS BANKS.

1. Onward! Onward is the language of creation! The stars whisper it in their courses; the seasons breathe it, as they succeed each other; the night wind whistles it; the water of the deep roars it out; the mountains lift up their heads, and tell it to the clouds; and Time, the hoary-headed potentate, proclaims it with an iron tongue! From clime to

clime, from ocean to ocean, from century to century, and from planet to planet, all is onward.

2. From the smallest rivulet down to the unfathomable sea, every thing is onward. Cities hear its voice, and rise up in magnificence; nations hear it, and sink into the dust; monarchs learn it, and tremble on their thrones; continents feel it, and are convulsed as with an earthquake.

3. Men, customs, fashions, tastes, opinions, and prejudices, are all onward. States, counties, towns, districts, cities, and villages, are all onward. That word never ceases to influence the destinies of men. Science can not arrest it, nor philosophy divert it from its purpose. It flows with the very blood in our veins, and every second of time chronicles its progress.

4. From one stage of civilization to another, from one towering landmark to another, from one altitude of glory to another, we still move upward and onward. Thus did our forefathers escape the barbarisms of past ages; thus do we conquer the errors of *our* time, and draw nearer to the invisible.

5. So must we move onward, with our armor bright, our weapons keen, and our hearts firm as the "everlasting hills." Every muscle must be braced, every nerve strung, every energy roused, and every thought watchful. *Onward* is the watchword!

QUESTIONS.—1. What word is here called "the language of creation"? 2. In what things in nature does the progress indicated by the word, "*onward*," appear? 3. How must we move onward?

LESSON XL.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

URG' ED, pressed forward.	VIC TO' RI OUS, triumphant.
STEAD' I LY, constantly.	CON' FLICT, struggle; contest.
OUT STRETCH' ED, extended.	DEAD' LI EST, most destructive.
BE TIDE', overtake; befall.	DAWNS, grows light; opens.
LIN' GERS, delays; loiters.	HU' MAN, relating to mankind.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

J. HAGAN.

1. All is action, all is motion,
In this mighty world of ours!
Like the current of the ocean,
Man is urged by unseen powers.
2. Steadily, but strongly moving,
Life is onward evermore;
Still the present is improving
On the age that went before.
3. Duty points with outstretched fingers,
Every soul to action high;
Woe betide the soul that lingers,—
(*<*) *Onward!* ONWARD! is the cry.
4. Though man's form may seem victorious,
War may waste and famine blight,
Still, from out the conflict glorious,
Mind comes forth with added light.
5. O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life.
6. (°°) *Onward!* onward! ONWARD! ever!
Human progress none may stay;
All who make the vain endeavor,
Shall, like chaff, be swept away.

LESSON XLII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

DES' TIN ED, fated; appointed.	FOOT'-PRINTS, impression of the foot.
MUF' FLED, covered; wrapped up.	MAIN, open sea; ocean.
BIV' OUAC (biv' wak), encampment without tents; a watching.	FOR LORN', forsaken; helpless.
SUB LIME', lofty; grand.	A CHIEV' ING, performing; doing.
SOL' EMN, grave; serious.	PUR SU' ING, following up.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

LONGFELLOW

- 1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
2. Life is *real*! Life is *earnest*!
And the grave is *not* its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the *soul*.
3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
4. Art is long, and time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
5. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!
6. Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.
7. Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time;—
8. Foot-prints, that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
9. Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.

LESSON XLIII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

O R I E N T' AL, eastern.	V O C A' T I O N, calling; occupation.
S A' G E S, wise men; philosophers.	R E C' O G N I Z E D, knew again;
T U' M U L T, excitement; confusion.	recollected.
L U X U' R I O U S, given to pleasure.	A I M' L E S S, without aim, or pur-
C H A R M' E D, enchanted.	pose.
D E S T I N A' T I O N, purpose; aim.	V O I D, destitute of.

HAZAEI AND HIS TEACHER.

KRUMMACHER.

1. Hazael, the son of an Oriental prince, had been reared in the valley of sages, till he became a young man. His father then sent him to Persia, that he might there complete his education, and search out the manners and the ways of men. All freedom was granted to the youth, though secretly Serujah, his old teacher, observed his walk and conversation.

2. When now Hazael had arrived in Persia, the pleasures of the city and the tumult of luxurious life so charmed him, that he utterly forgot his destination, and thoughtlessly gave his heart to pleasure. Thus he thought no longer upon his princely vocation. As he was one day walking in the pleasure-gardens of Ispahan, Serujah passed by him, in the garb of a pilgrim, with a staff in his right hand.

3. Hazael, however, recognized Serujah, and said to him: "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thy way?" Serujah answered and said: "That know I not." The youth was astonished, and said: "How? hast thou left thy home and wandered forth, and knowest not whither?"

4. Serujah answered: "I have forgotten; so I wander to and fro, and whichever of two roads seems to me the broader and lovelier, that do I choose." "And whither will such aimless roving lead thee?" asked the youth in surprise. Serujah answered: "That know I not; why should it concern me?"

5. Then Hazael turned to those who were standing about him, and said: "This man was once the teacher of my youth,

and full of wisdom; but, behold, he has become a fool, and is void of understanding! Alas! how is he changed, and become another!"

6. Then Serujah stepped up to the youth, and threw his traveling-pack to the earth, and said: "Thou sayest it, Hazael: my character has changed just as thine has. Formerly, I was thy teacher, and thou didst follow me upon the way that I pointed out to thee. Now, however, since I have ceased to be thy guide, I have set out to follow thee.

7. "Behold, *my* course, in which I forgot my way and my purpose, is *thine*, and as from *me*, so, also, from *thee*, is judgment departed. Who is the greater fool, *thou* or *I*, and who is traveling the more dangerous road of error?" Thus spoke Serujah. Then Hazael perceived his sin, and turned back upon the way of wisdom that Serujah had taught him.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why was Hazael sent to Persia? 2. What effect did the tumult of life in Persia have upon him? 3. Whom did he meet one day, when walking in the pleasure-gardens of Ispahan? 4. What conversation ensued? 5. What moral does the piece teach?

Why the rising inflection on *whither*, 3d paragraph? Why the falling on *lead* and *concern*, 4th paragraph? Rule II. p. 27. What kind of emphasis on *my*, *thine*, *me*, *thee*, *thou*, and *I*, last paragraph? Note VII. p. 22.

LESSON XLIV.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

DI MIN' ISH ED, lessened.	CLUS' TER ING, gathering.
COUN' CIL-FIRE, place where Indian tribes meet for consultation and advise.	DE PART' ED, vanished; fled away.
CAT' A RACT, great water-fall.	SWOLL' EN, swelled.
	DES-O LA' TION, destruction.

THE FIRE-WATERS.

SPEECH OF YAN-NA-HAR', AN INDIAN CHIEF.—S. W. SETON.

1. Brothers, hear! and with the heart keep my words. My father, Ki-man-cheé, was a noble chief. He was light of foot; the wind only was before him. His strong arm was

as a branch of the mountain-oak. Joy was with him, when he returned from the chase, and his wife and children rejoiced in his shadow, as beneath a spreading tree.

2 The eye of the war-chief was not dim,—his strength was not diminished. He came to the council-fire, and his brothers smiled in the beams of peace. Then the war-path was overgrown with grass, peace came as a river, and joy like the cataracts of the mountain.

3 These were the blessings of Ki-man-cheé and his brothers, when they drank at the forest spring and grew strong. But, alas! where now is Ki-man-cheé, "Swift foot of the prairie?" The Fire-Spirit came like the clouds of the north, and fire and death were on his wings. The shadows of darkness were before him, and the clouds and coldness of the night fell upon his track.

4. Then Ki-man cheé's eyes grew dim, his arm fell, his swift foot turned from the hunting-path, and his tread was like the heavy foot-fall of the wounded buffalo. He slept with the watch-dog in the sun, and, when he awoke, his strength was gone. Ki-man-cheé fell, and the clustering joys that waited at his cabin door, departed.

5. He fell like a tree in summer, torn by the lightning and the mountain blast, and all his green leaves withered. The red man fell before the Fire-Spirit, like the leaves of the forest. Such was the curse of the Fire-Waters—a river of death, swollen with blood, and its waves brought desolation.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is said of Kimanchee's speed? 2. How did his family receive him when he returned from the chase? 3. What is said of his eye? 4. How was he received at the council-fire? 5. What destroyed the noble Kimanchee? 6. What is the Fire-Spirit? 7. How did he look and act after the Fire-Spirit came upon him? 8. How is the Fire-Spirit described in the last paragraph?

Why the rising inflection on *brothers*, first paragraph? Note I. p. 30. What pause after Fire-Waters, last paragraph? Section V. p. 43.

LESSON XLV.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

IR RE SPECT' IVE, without regard to.	SPEC' TA CLE, sight.
PASS' PORT, license; permission.	ROUTES, roads; ways.
DIS TINC' TION, eminence.	AN NOUN' CED, proclaimed.
AN' CES TORS, progenitors.	LIC' TORS, executioners.
IN OR' DIN ATE LY, excessively.	REV E LA' TIONS, disclosures of truth.
RECK' LESS, careless; heedless.	HAR MO' NI OUS, consistent.

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH was born at Salem, Massachusetts, March 26th, 1773. He had no other educational advantages than those afforded in the common schools of his native town, in that period; and was taken from school at ten years of age. Yet, by continuous industry, in the midst of laborious and multiplied employments, he gained a knowledge of several foreign languages, and became one of the most eminent mathematicians and astronomers that this country has yet produced.

VALUE OF CHARACTER.

JOHN TODD.

1. In some circumstances, men may command influence, and receive tokens of honor irrespective of their own personal merits. Titles and estates, in some countries, may descend from father to son. But we can not claim any such circumstances to aid us. To have a name that is of any worth here, we must have character of our own.

2. It is but a poor passport to distinction here, that a man had ancestors who were distinguished,—if this be all. Nay, in some respects, it is a positive disadvantage; because more is expected of such a one, than of others. Nor is it any disadvantage that your father was a mechanic, a farmer, or even a wood-sawyer. The nation will ever call Bowditch the great and the good, though he spent his boyhood in the shop of the tallow-chandler.

3. I am aware that we are often accused of being inordinately covetous; because, it is said, nothing but wealth can make a man respectable here. I know that we are too covetous, and too greedy of gain, and too reckless in its pur-

suit; but I know that there is something vastly more valuable than wealth, in the estimation of our country,—and that is *character*. Property, office, or station, can not be compared with it.

4. Within a short time we have witnessed a curious and beautiful spectacle. An old man, not in office, and never to be in office, not rich, but plain and simple in dress and appearance, has been passing through the every-day routes of travel in our country. Wherever he went, the community,—not his own or any other political party,—but the community, embracing every party and every class of men, has risen up, and gathered around that old man, and bowed in the most respectful manner.

5. He has been greeted, in one place, by the roar of cannon, and, in another, by the silence of the forge and the trip-hammer, and the stoppage of all machinery. All delighted to honor him, from the old man with the silvered head, to lisping infancy. His name, announced without any notice, would, in a few moments, call out the city's crowd, and the worth of the village, so that the journey of a plain citizen has been more glorious than the triumphs of the proudest general that iron-footed Rome ever welcomed.

6. *He* would have the lictors go before him, and his own car of triumph follow, and then the long train of prisoners in irons, about to be beheaded at the Capitol,—and then the shouting army and the untold multitude drawn out to see *the show*. But, in the case before us, it was to honor a man who had never waded in blood, and never gained a name on the field of battle.

7. And what was the secret of all this? It was that this old man had earned a *character*, and there is nothing so valued, in an intelligent community, as character. Wealth may command respect to a certain degree; but it is so much easier to acquire money than character, that they can never be placed on the same level.

8. What is it, in the highest and loftiest Being in the universe, which calls creation around Him in solemn and silent adoration, and in unshaken confidence? Is it the

silver and the gold which are His? Is it the cattle upon a thousand hills, or is it, that, through all His works, His providence and His revelations, which He has made to His creatures, He shows that He possesses a character so great, and so harmonious, so wise, and so good, that all His creation can not but cry aloud:—"Just and true are all Thy ways?"

QUESTIONS.—1. Can men sometimes command respect without personal merit? 2. What is necessary in order to have a name of any worth? 3. What is said of Dr. Bowditch? 4. Is it true that money alone secures respect? 5. What beautiful spectacle is mentioned as an illustration? 6. Which is the easier to acquire, money or character? 7. What is said of the character of God?

Why the falling inflection on *ways*, last paragraph? Rule III. p. 28.

LESSON XLVI.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

SELF-CONCEIT' ED, vain; boastful.	MAG IS TE' RI AL LY, arrogantly.
BE SPOKE', addressed; spoke to.	UP BRAID', reproach; reprove.
DE CIDE', determine.	REG' U LA TED, set right.
IN FORM A' TION, knowledge.	HESITA' TION, doubt; reluctance.
DIS PLAY' ED, shown; exhibited.	CAL CU LA' TION, reckoning.
DE PEND' ENT, relying upon.	CON' FI DENCE, self-reliance.
IM PLORE', beseech; entreat.	EV' I DENCE, proof.
DE RID' ING, ridiculing.	MEET, fit; suitable.

THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.

ANON.

1. It happened on a cloudy morn,
A self-conceited clock in scorn,
A dial thus bespoke:
"My learned friend", if, in thy power,
Tell me exactly what's the hour;
I am upon the strike."
2. The modest dial thus replied:—
"That point I can not now decide;
The sun is in the shade;
My information drawn from him,
I wait till his enlightening beam
Shall be again displayed."

3. "Wait for him, then!" returned the clock.
"I am not that dependent block
His counsel to implore;
One winding serves me for a week,
And, hearken! how the truth I speak,
Ding! ding! ding! ding!—Just four."
4. While thus the boaster was deriding,
And magisterially deciding,
A sunbeam, clear and strong,
Showed on the line three quarters more;
And that the clock, in striking four,
Had told his story wrong
5. On this the dial calmly said:—
(More prompt to advise than to upbraid,)
"Friend, go, be regulated!
Thou answerest without hesitation;
But he who trusts thy calculation,
Will frequently be cheated."
6. "Observe my practice. Shun pretense.
Not *confidence*, but *evidence*,
An answer meet supplies;
Blush not to say; 'I can not tell';
Not speaking *much*, but speaking *well*,
Denotes the truly wise."

QUESTIONS.—1. What moral may be derived from this piece?

LESSON XLVII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

PEAS' ANT, rustic; countryman.	REV' ER ENT, submissive; humble.
RET' I NUE, train of attendants.	BOOR' ISH, clownish; rude.
BLAND' LY, mildly; courteously.	LOUT, awkward fellow.

THE KING AND THE RUSTIC, OR ONE OR THE OTHER.

OLDHAM'S HUMOROUS SPEAKER.

1. In Henry's reign,—the darling king,
Whose praises still the Frenchmen sing,—
A peasant once, with idle song,
Was riding happily along

Toward Paris; and, when near that place,
A stately horseman met his face.
It was the king. His retinue
Was at a distance, out of view;
For so the king had planned the matter,
That he might reach his purpose better.

2. "Which way, good man?" the monarch said.
"Does business you to Paris lead?"
"It does; but, yet another thing,—
I wish to see our darling king,
Who loves his people all so dearly,
And whom *they* love, and that sincerely."
3. The monarch smiled, and blandly said:—
"In that, my friend, I'll give you aid."
"But how," the rustic asked, "shall I,
'Mid all the great folks standing by,
Tell which is *he*?"—"I'll tell you how,"
The king replied. "You've only now
To notice who, of all the crowd
That lowly bow, or shout aloud,
Keeps on his hat, while others bare
Their heads, and gaze with reverent air."
4. Now had they got in Paris quite:
The rustic riding on the right.
Whatever boorish life can teach,
Whatever awkwardness can reach,
In manner, motion, look, or speech,
That simple lout that day displayed,
When he in Paris entry made.
5. He answered all the monarch asked,
And all his humble powers tasked,
To show him how his farm he kept;
How well he fed, how sweet he slept;
How every Sunday 'twas his lot
To have a "pullet in his pot,"—
"Which lot," says he, "is just the thing,
That *all* should have, so says our king!"
6. Long, long he talked,—his tongue ran fleet
As up they rode the crowded street;

Nor yet perceived—most strange to say—
From all that met his eye that day,
What must have seemed the oddest thing,—
A rustic riding with the king.
But, when he saw the windows fly
Open wide, and every eye
Straining at the passers-by,
While all the air was made to ring
With "*Vive le Roi!*"—"Long live the King!"

7. "Friend," said he to his unknown guide,
While with wonder and fright the monarch he eyed,
"Sure, *you* must be the king, or *I*!
For nobody else, in all this crowd,
Has a hat on his head, whether humble or proud."
The good king smiled. "You're right," said he;
"I'm the person you wished to see!"

QUESTIONS.—1. What Henry is here meant? Ans. Henry the Fourth. 2. Where was his retinue when he met the peasant? 3. What did the peasant say he was going to Paris for? 4. What did the king promise to do?

LESSON XLVIII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

AN' NU AL, yearly.	PROM' IS SO RY, giving expecta-
DES SERT', fruit; sweetmeats.	tion.
HAR' MO NY, music.	PA THET' IC, moving the feelings.
IN DULG' ED, gratified.	HU' MOR ED, favored, or went
PAR TIC' I PA TED, took part in.	along with.
PRO DUC' ED, brought forward.	VA RI A' TIONS, changes.
HA RANG' UED, addressed.	RE-ECH' O ED, resounded.
SA GAC' I TY, acuteness.	CIVIL' I TY, courtesy; politeness.
CON CEIV' ED, entertained.	RE SPECT' FUL LY, politely.
LAU' RELS, flowers for garlands;	A CHIEVE' MENT, feat; exploit.
rewards of victory.	BELLES, gay young ladies.
DE PORT', behave; conduct.	CAR' OL ED, sung.
IN TEL' LI GI BLE, plain.	PE' AN, song of triumph.

1. CLEVES, an ancient town in the Prussian dominions, capital of the circle of the same name, and about two and a half miles from the Rhine.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

PRATT'S GLEANINGS.

1. In the town of Cleves, an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family, during the time of the fair, which we shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assembled to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home.

2. One day, after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the traveling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves, and were suffered to play; and, just as they were making their bows for the money, they had received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent.

3. The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, asked permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good-nature, indulged their curiosity—a curiosity, indeed, in which every one participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, goats, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's canary.

4. The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his forefinger:—"Bijou, jewel, you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honor; take care you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report. You have won laurels; beware, then, of erring. In a word, deport yourself like the bijou—the jewel—of the canary birds, as you certainly are."

5. At this time, the bird seemed to listen, and, indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding

twice when his master left off speaking; and, if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these certainly were.

6. "That's good," said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. "Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honor. Give us a tune." The canary sang.

7. "Pshaw! that's too harsh; 'tis the note of a raven, with a hoarseness upon him; something pathetic." The canary whistled as if his little throat was changed to a lute.

8. "Faster," says the man—"slower—very well—what is this foot about, and this little head? No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel—bravo! bravo! my little man!"

9. All that he was ordered or reminded of, did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humored the variations both of tone and movement: and "the sound was a just echo of the sense," according to the strictest law of poetical, and of musical composition.

10. "Bravo!" "bravo!" re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room. The musicians declared the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band.

11. "And do you not show your sense of this civility, sir?" cried the bird-catcher, with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company.

12. His next achievement was going through the martial exercise with a straw gun; after which, "My poor Bijou," says the owner, "thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary; a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Show the ladies how to make a courtesy." The bird here crossed his taper legs, and sank and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush.

13. "That will do, my bird! and now a bow, head and foot corresponding." Here the striplings, for ten miles round London, might have blushed also.

14. "Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow; that's it—keep it up—keep it up."

15. The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause, in which all the musicians joined, to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and caroled a pæan, that sounded like the conscious notes of victory.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where was the English gentleman residing? 2. At what time? 3. What happened one day just after dinner? 4. What is said of the traveling German musicians? 5. What, of the bird-catcher? 6. What, of the famous canary bird? 7. How did the bird-catcher harangue the canary? 8. How did the bird act during this address? 9. What further took place between them? 10. How did the bird sing? 11. What did the musicians say of him? 12. How did the bird acknowledge their civility? 13. What were the next achievements?

LESSON XLIX.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

CA RESS' ING, fondling.	BAN' QUET, feast; rich treat.
COUN' TER FEIT, pretended.	DE PUTE', appoint.
IN' TER VAL, space between.	CON TRI BU' TION, amount given.
EX HIB' IT ING, showing off.	AG' I TATED, moved with feeling.
MIS' AN THROPE, hater of mankind.	DES' PERATE, given up to despair.
UN DIS. SEM' BLED, unfeigned.	TRIB' UTE, testimonial.
SYM' PA THIZ ED, sorrowed.	RAR' EST, most uncommon.
SENS I BIL' I TIES, feelings.	SO PHIST' IC AL, deceptive.
	PA RAD' ING, showy; ostentatious.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.—CONTINUED.

1. "Thou hast done all my biddings bravely," said the master, caressing his feathered servant: "now, then, take a nap, while I take thy place."

2. Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of

the company were stretched out to save him from falling; and, just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering, and dropping as much on the other.

3. At length, sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture, whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself would have the honor to do his best to fill up the interval.

4. While the little bird was thus exhibiting, a huge, black cat, which, doubtless, had been on the watch from some unobserved corner, sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awakened pity even in a misanthrope. He spread himself half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissembled sorrow.

5. It is needless to observe, that every one of the company sympathized with him; but none more so than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and, after whispering, wiping their eyes, and cheeks, depute one from among them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man, the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts.

5. Having wrapped up their contribution, they contrived to put it into the poor man's pocket. As soon as he became aware of what they had done, he took from his pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought out with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the