

hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life, to the adoration of a land, he might almost be said to have created?

7. How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,  
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage!  
All thou hast been, reflects less praise on thee,  
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be.

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OBSERVATION TO TEACHERS.

In order to form finished readers, it will be necessary, after pupils have thoroughly mastered Part First, for them frequently to review the more important elements of elocution. In Part Second, they should be required to study each reading lesson, and learn the definitions and pronunciation of the words given at the bottom of the pages, before attempting to read. The judgment and taste of the pupils should constantly be called into exercise, by requiring them to determine what principle, or principles, of elocution, each reading lesson is best adapted to illustrate.

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KEY

TO THE SOUNDS OF MARKED LETTERS.

āge or āge, āt or āt, ārt, āll, bāre, āsk; wē or wē, ēnd or ēnd, hēr; ice or ice, in or in; ōld or ōld, ōn or ōn, dō-nūte or mūte, ūp or ūp, fūll; thīs; azure; reāl; agēd.

THE

NATIONAL FOURTH READER.

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PART II.

EXERCISES IN READING.

1. SPRING.

THE old chroniclers<sup>1</sup> made the year begin in the season of frōsts; and they have launched us upon the cūrent<sup>2</sup> of the months, from the snowy banks of January. I love better to count time from spring to spring; it seems to me far more cheerful, to reckon the year by blossoms, than by blight.

2. Bernardin de St. Pierre,<sup>3</sup> in his sweet story of Virginia, makes the bloom of the cōcōa-tree, or the growth of the banana,<sup>4</sup> a yearly and a loved monitor<sup>5</sup> of the passage of her life. How cold and cheerless in the comparison, would be the icy chronology<sup>6</sup> of the North;—So many years have I seen the lakes locked, and the foliage die!

3. The budding and blooming of spring, seem to belong properly to the opening of the months. It is the season of the quickest expansion,<sup>7</sup> of the warmest blood, of the readiest growth; it is the boy-age of the year. The birds sing in chōrus in the spring—just as children prattle; the brooks run full—like the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop easily—as young

<sup>1</sup>Chrōn'iclers, historians.—<sup>2</sup>Cūr'rent, a regular flow, or onward movement; progress.—<sup>3</sup>James H. Bernardin de St. Pierre, the celebrated author of "Paul and Virginia," lived between 1737 and 1813.—<sup>4</sup>Banā'na, a tall West India plant, and its fruit, which is valued for food.—<sup>5</sup>Mōn'i tor, an adviser.—<sup>6</sup>Chro nōl'ogy, the method of computing time, and ascertaining the dates of events.—<sup>7</sup>Ex pān'sion, spreading out, like the opening of the leaves of a flower.

tears flow; and the whole sky is as capricious as the mind of a boy.

4. Between tears and smiles, the year, like the child, struggles into the warmth of life. The old year,—say what the chronologists will,—lingers upon the very lap of spring; and is only fairly gone, when the blossoms of April have strewn<sup>2</sup> their pall<sup>3</sup> of glory upon his tomb, and the blue-birds have chanted his requiem.<sup>4</sup>

5. It always seems to me as if an access<sup>5</sup> of life came with the melting of the winter's snows; and as if every rootlet of grass that lifted its first green blade from the matted debris<sup>6</sup> of the old year's decay, bore my spirit upon it, nearer to the largess<sup>7</sup> of Heaven.

6. I love to trace the break of spring, step by step: I love even those long rain-storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering winter,—that melt the snows upon the hills, and swell the mountain-brooks;—that make the pools heave up their glassy cements<sup>8</sup> of ice, and hurry down the crashing fragments into the wastes of ocean. I love the gentle thaws that you can trace, day by day, by the stained snow-banks, shrinking from the grass; and by the gentle drip of the cottage-eaves.

7. I love to search out the sunny slopes by a southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anemone,<sup>9</sup> or the faint blush of the arbut<sup>10</sup> in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart, like a hope of Heaven, in a field of graves! Later come these soft, smoky days, when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snow-drifts, reduced to shrunken skeletons<sup>11</sup> of ice, lie upon the slope of northern hills, leaking away their life.

8. Then, the grass at your door grows into the color of the

Capricious (ka prish' us), apt to change one's mind often and suddenly; changeable.—<sup>2</sup>Strewn (strôn), scattered.—<sup>3</sup>Pall, a covering.—<sup>4</sup>Requiem (rê' kwe em), a song for the dead.—<sup>5</sup>Access, increase.—<sup>6</sup>Debris (dâ bré'), ruins; fragments; pieces worn off.—<sup>7</sup>Largess, bounty; free gift.—<sup>8</sup>Cements, cloths dipped in wax, in which dead bodies were buried; coverings.—<sup>9</sup>Anemone, the wind-flower.—<sup>10</sup>Arbut, the strawberry-tree, not the common strawberry.—<sup>11</sup>Skeletons, frames, or parts of a thing that support the rest; bones without flesh.

sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilacs swell and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plums wear bodices<sup>1</sup> of white. The sparkling oriole picks string for his hammock<sup>2</sup> on the sycamore, and the sparrows twitter in pairs. The old elms throw down their dingy flowers, and color their spray with green; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or the minnow,<sup>3</sup> float down whole fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple.

9. Finally, the oaks step into the opening quadrille<sup>4</sup> of spring, with grayish tufts of a modest verdure, which, by and by, will be long and glossy leaves. The dog-wood pitches his broad white tent, in the edge of the forest; the dandelions lie along the hillocks, like stars in a sky of green; and the wild cherry growing in all the hedge-rows, without other culture than God's, lifts up to Him, thankfully, its tremulous white fingers.

10. Amid all this, come the rich rains of spring. The affections of a boy grow up with tears to water them; and the year blooms with showers. But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly—like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently, and drop daintily to the earth,—with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright—like so many tears of joy. The rain of winter is cold, and it comes in bitter scuds that blind you; but the rain of April steals upon you coyly, half reluctantly,—yet lovingly—like the steps of a bride to the altar.

11. It does not gather like the storm-clouds of winter, gray and heavy along the horizon,<sup>5</sup> and creep with subtle<sup>6</sup> and in sensible approaches to the very zenith;<sup>7</sup> but there are a score<sup>8</sup> of white-winged swimmers afloat, that your eye has chased, as you lay fatigued with the delicious languor of an April sun;—nor have you scarce noticed that a little bevy<sup>9</sup> of those floating clouds had grouped together in a somber<sup>10</sup> company.

12. But presently, you see across the fields, the dark gray streaks stretching like lines of mists, from the green bosom of

<sup>1</sup>Bodices, corsets; stays.—<sup>2</sup>Hammock, bed; nest.—<sup>3</sup>Minnow, a very small fresh-water fish, used for bait.—<sup>4</sup>Quadrille, a dance.—<sup>5</sup>Horizon, the line where the sky and earth appear to meet.—<sup>6</sup>Subtle (sût' tl), sly; artful; cunning.—<sup>7</sup>Zenith, the point in the sky directly overhead.—<sup>8</sup>Score, twenty; any indefinite number.—<sup>9</sup>Bevy, company.—<sup>10</sup>Somber, dark; gloomy.

the valley, to that spot of sky where the company of clouds is loitering; and with an easy shifting of the helm,<sup>1</sup> the fleet of swimmers come drifting over you, and drop their burden into the dancing pools, and make the flowers glisten, and the eaves drip with their crystal bounty. The cattle linger still, cropping the new-come grass; and childhood laughs joyously at the warm rain;—or under the cottage roof, catches, with eager ear, the patter of its fall.

D. G. MITCHELL.

## 2. THE AWAKENING YEAR.

1. THE blue-birds and the violets  
Are with us once again,  
And promises of summer spot<sup>2</sup>  
The hill-side and the plain.
2. The clouds around the mountain tops  
Are riding on the breeze,  
Their trailing azure<sup>3</sup> trains of mist  
Are tangled in the trees.
3. The snow-drifts, which have lain so long,  
Haunting<sup>4</sup> the hidden nooks,  
Like guilty ghosts<sup>5</sup> have slipp'd away,  
Unseen, into the brooks.
4. The streams are fed with generous rains,  
They drink the way-side springs,  
And flutter down from crag to crag,  
Upon their foamy wings.
5. Through all the long wet nights they brawl,<sup>6</sup>  
By mountain homes remote,  
Till woodmen in their sleep behold  
Their ample rafts afloat.

<sup>1</sup> Helm, an instrument for steering a boat; here means direction given to the clouds.—<sup>2</sup> Spot, mark.—<sup>3</sup> Azure (áz'ér), light-blue; sky-colored.—<sup>4</sup> Haunt'ing, intruding on; disturbing; frequenting, as an apparition or spirit.—<sup>5</sup> Ghóst, apparition; the soul of a person who is dead.—<sup>6</sup> Bráwl, make a great noise.

6. The lazy wheel that hung so dry  
Above the idle stream,  
Whirls wildly in the misty dark,  
And through the miller's dream.
7. Loud torrent unto torrent calls,  
Till at the mountain's feet,  
Flashing afar their spectral<sup>1</sup> light,  
The noisy waters meet.
8. They meet, and through the lowlands sweep,  
Toward briny bay and lake,  
Proclaiming to the distant towns  
"The country is awake!"

T. B. READ.

## 3. BIRDS OF SPRING.

THOSE who have passed the winter in the country, are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications<sup>2</sup> of Spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds.

2. The appearance of the blue-bird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson, gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity.<sup>3</sup>

3. The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boblincon, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at this choice portion of the year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June.

4. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight<sup>4</sup> the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of

<sup>1</sup> Spéc' tral, pertaining to the appearance of a person who is dead; ghostly.—<sup>2</sup> In di cá' tion, mark; sign.—<sup>3</sup> Vi cin' i ty, neighborhood.—<sup>4</sup> Blight, injure or destroy.

summer. But in this gēnial<sup>1</sup> interval nature is in all her freshness and fragrance:<sup>2</sup> "the rains are over and gōne, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle<sup>3</sup> is heard in the land."

5. The trees are now in their fullest foliage<sup>4</sup> and brightest verdure;<sup>5</sup> the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the aural; the air is perfumed by the sweet-brier and the wild-rose; the meadows are enameled<sup>6</sup> with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

6. This is the chosen season of revelry<sup>7</sup> of the boblink. He comes amidst the pōmp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility<sup>8</sup> and enjoyment, all sōng and sunshine. He is to be found in the sōft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest mēadōws; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some lōng, flaunting<sup>9</sup> weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the sky-lark, and possessing the same rapturous<sup>10</sup> character.

7. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his sōng as soon as he is upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy<sup>11</sup> at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursūit of his paramour;<sup>12</sup> always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication<sup>13</sup> and delight.

8. Of all the birds of our groves and mēadōws, the boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crōssed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural<sup>14</sup> feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be

Gé' ni al, favorable; natural.—<sup>2</sup> Frá' grance, sweetness of smell.—<sup>3</sup> Turtle (tér' tl), here means a dove or pigeon.—<sup>4</sup> Fól' li age, leaves.—<sup>5</sup> Vêrd' ure, greenness.—<sup>6</sup> En' am' eled, ornamented; appearing like glass.—<sup>7</sup> Rêv' el ry, extreme animal enjoyment; noisy feasting.—<sup>8</sup> Sen si bl' i ty, state of being easily affected; delicacy of feeling.—<sup>9</sup> Fláunt' ing, spreading out loosely.—<sup>10</sup> Rápt' ur ous, full of joy.—<sup>11</sup> Ec' sta sy, excessive or overpowering delight.—<sup>12</sup> Pár' a mour, partner in love.—<sup>13</sup> In tox i cá' tion, drunkenness; an extreme elevation of spirits.—<sup>14</sup> Rural (rú' ral), belonging to or suiting the country.

mewed up, during the livelōng day, in that purgatory<sup>1</sup> of boyhood, a school-room, it seemed as if the little varlet<sup>2</sup> mocked at me, as he flew by in full sōng, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no hateful school; nothing<sup>3</sup> but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather!

9. Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary,<sup>4</sup> which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shōwn him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of mūsic, and sōng, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement.<sup>5</sup> While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the vëry school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference.

10. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, his notes cease to vibrate<sup>6</sup> on the ear. He gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, dōffs his poetical and professional suit of black, assumes a russet or rather dusty garb,<sup>7</sup> and enters into the grōss enjoyments of common, vulgar birds. He becomes a bon vivant,<sup>8</sup> a mere gormand;<sup>9</sup> thinking of nothing but good cheer, and gormandizing<sup>10</sup> on the seeds of the lōng grasses on which he lately swung, and chanted so musically.

11. He begins to think there is nothing like "the joys of the table," if I may be allowed to apply that convivial<sup>11</sup> phrase to his indulgences. He now grows discontented with plain, everyday fare, and sets out on a gastronōm'ical<sup>12</sup> tour, in search of foreign luxuries. He is to be found in myriads among the reeds

<sup>1</sup> Pur' ga to ry, place of punishment.—<sup>2</sup> Vár' let, a saucy fellow; here means the Boblink.—<sup>3</sup> Nothing (núth' ing).—<sup>4</sup> Vo lúpt' u a ry, a seeker of pleasure alone.—<sup>5</sup> Re fine' ment, high state of cultivation.—<sup>6</sup> V' bráte, move backward and forward; quiver.—<sup>7</sup> Gárb, dress.—<sup>8</sup> Bon vivant (bōng' vè vāng'), a good liver.—<sup>9</sup> Gor' mand, a glutton.—<sup>10</sup> Gor' mand' iz ing, eating greedily.—<sup>11</sup> Con viv' i al, relating to a feast; jovial; gay.—<sup>12</sup> Gas tro nōm' i cal, relating to the stomach; seeking something to gratify appetite.

of the Delaware, banqueting on their seeds; grows corpulent<sup>1</sup> with good feeding, and soon acquires the unlucky renown of the *ōr'tolan*.<sup>2</sup> Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! the rusty firelocks of the country are cracking on every side; he sees his companions falling by thousands around him; he is the *reed-bird*, the much sought for tid-bit<sup>3</sup> of the Pennsylvanian epicure.<sup>4</sup>

12. Does he take warning, and reform? Not he! He wings his flight still further south, in search of other luxuries. We hear of him gorging himself in the rice-swamps; filling himself with rice almost to bursting; he can hardly fly for corpulency. Last stage of his career, we hear of him spitted by dozens, and served up on the table of the gormand, the most vaunted<sup>5</sup> of southern dainties, the *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

13. Such is the story of the once musical and admired, but finally sensual and persecuted Boblink. It contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual<sup>6</sup> pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity, during the early part of his career; but to eschew<sup>7</sup> all tendency to that grōss and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

W. IRVING.

#### 4. THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

1. **W**ELL do I love those various harmonies<sup>8</sup>  
That ring so gayly in Spring's budding woods,  
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,  
And lonely copses,<sup>9</sup> of the Summer-time,  
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

2. If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,  
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weigh'd down

<sup>1</sup> Cor'pulent, fat; large.—<sup>2</sup> Or'tolan, a small bird found in the southern part of Europe, and particularly in the Island of Cyprus, esteemed as a great delicacy as food.—<sup>3</sup> Tid-bit, a delicate morsel.—<sup>4</sup> Ep'icure, one given to luxury and pleasure.—<sup>5</sup> Vāunt'ed, boasted.—<sup>6</sup> In tel'lect'ual, relating to the mind.—<sup>7</sup> Es chew', avoid.—<sup>8</sup> Hār'monies, musical strains, or sounds, differing in pitch and quality, so blended as to produce concord.—<sup>9</sup> Cōps'es, woods of small growth.

With any of the ills of human life;  
If thou art sick and weak, or mourn'st the lōss  
Of brēthren gōne to that far distant land  
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,  
The gayest and the gravest, all alike;  
Then turn into the peaceful woods and hear  
The thrilling music of the fōrest-birds.

3. How rich the varied choir!<sup>1</sup> The unquiet finch  
Calls from the distant hōllōws, and the wren  
Uttereth her sweet and mellōw plaint at times,  
And the thrush mourneth where the *kalmia*<sup>2</sup> hangs  
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half-hid  
Amid the lowly dōgwood's snowy flowers;  
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,  
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear  
With its shrill sounding and unsteady cry.

4. With the sweet airs of Spring the robin comes;  
And in her simple sōng there seems to gush  
A strain of sōrrōw when she visiteth  
Her last year's wither'd nest. But when the gloom  
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch  
Upon the red-stemm'd hazel's slender twig,  
That overhangs the brook, and suits her sōng  
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

5. In the last days of Autumn, when the corn  
Lies sweet and yēllōw in the harvest-field,  
And the gay company of reapers bind  
The bearded wheat in sheaves, then peals abroad  
The blackbird's mērry chant. I love to hear,  
Bold plunderer! thy mellōw burst of sōng  
Float from thy watch-place on the mōssy tree,  
Close at the corn-field edge.

6. Lone whip-poor-will,<sup>3</sup>  
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,

<sup>1</sup> Choir (kwlr), a company of singers.—<sup>2</sup> Kāl'mia, a kind of evergreen shrub, having beautiful white or pink flowers; sometimes incorrectly called *laurel*, and also *ivy-bush*.—<sup>3</sup> Whip-poor-will, a bird like the night-hawk.

Heard in the drowsy watches of the night,  
 Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,  
 And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant  
 Thy hollow dirge,<sup>1</sup> like some recluse<sup>2</sup> who takes  
 His lodging in the wilderness of woods,  
 And lifts his anthem<sup>3</sup> when the world is still:  
 And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man  
 And to the herds deep slumbers, and sweet dews  
 To the red roses and the herbs, doth find  
 No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.  
 I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush  
 And the green roving linnet are at rest,  
 And the blithe,<sup>4</sup> twittering swallows have long ceased  
 Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

7. Far up some brook's still course, whose current streams  
 The forest's blacken'd roots, and whose green marge<sup>5</sup>  
 Is seldom visited by human foot,  
 The lonely heron<sup>6</sup> sits, and harshly breaks  
 The Sabbath-silence of the wilderness;  
 And you may find her by some reedy pool,  
 Or brooding gloomily on the time-stain'd rock,  
 Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

8. Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,<sup>7</sup>  
 Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king  
 Of the blue lake; and all the wingèd kind  
 Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.  
 How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookèst down,  
 And seest the shining fishes as they glide;  
 And, poisoning<sup>8</sup> thy gray wing, thy glossy beak  
 Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.  
 Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,  
 Dart, like a specter<sup>9</sup> of the night, and hear

Dirge, a mournful song.—<sup>2</sup> Re cluse', a person who lives in retirement, or apart from others.—<sup>3</sup> An' them, a sacred song.—<sup>4</sup> Blithe, joyful; gay; sprightly.—<sup>5</sup> Marge, edge.—<sup>6</sup> Her' on, a long legged and necked fowl that lives on fish.—<sup>7</sup> Boom, a peculiar noise made by the eagle.—<sup>8</sup> Poisoning, balancing.—<sup>9</sup> Specter, a ghost; the appearance of a person who is dead.

Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream  
 Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

9. And now, wouldst thou, O man! delight the ear  
 With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye  
 With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,  
 And find them midst those many-colored birds  
 That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues  
 Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones  
 Are sweeter than the music of the lute,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush  
 So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

ISAAC MCLELLAN, JR.

#### 5. DANIEL WEBSTER AT SCHOOL.

WHEN Webster first entered Phillips Academy, at Exeter, he was made, in consequence of his unpolished,<sup>2</sup> country-like appearance, and because he was placed at the foot of the class, the butt<sup>3</sup> of ridicule<sup>4</sup> by some of the scholars. This treatment touched his keen sensibility,<sup>5</sup> and he spoke of it with regret to his friends where he boarded. They informed him that the place assigned him in the class was according to the standing regulations of the school, and that by diligence he might rise above it. They also advised him to take no notice of the laughter of the city boys, for after awhile they would become weary of it, and would cease.

2. The assistant tutor, Mr. Emery, was informed of the treatment which Webster received. He, therefore, treated him with special consideration, told him to care for nothing but his books, and predicted<sup>6</sup> that all would end well. This kindness had the desired effect. Webster applied himself with increased diligence, and with signal success. He soon met with his reward, which made those who had laughed at him hang their heads with shame.

<sup>1</sup> Lute, a musical instrument with strings.—<sup>2</sup> Un pol' ished, rude; not refined in manners.—<sup>3</sup> Butt, the object at which a thing is directed.—<sup>4</sup> Rid' i ckle, wit that exposes the object of it to laughter and contempt.—<sup>5</sup> Sen si bil' i ty, quickness of feeling.—<sup>6</sup> Pre dict' ed, foretold.

3. At the end of the first quarter, the assistant tutor called up the class in their usual order. He then walked to the foot of the class, took Webster by the arm, and marched him, in front of the class, to the head, where, as he placed him, he said, "There, sir, that is your proper place." This practical rebuke made those who had delighted to ridicule the country boy feel mortified and chagrined.<sup>1</sup> He had outstripped them.

4. This incident greatly stimulated<sup>2</sup> the successful student. He applied himself with his accustomed industry, and looked forward with some degree of solicitude<sup>4</sup> to the end of the second term, to see whether he would be able to retain his relative<sup>5</sup> rank in the class. Weeks slowly passed away; the end of the term arrived, and the class was again summoned to be newly arranged, according to their scholarship and deportment, as evinced<sup>6</sup> during the preceding<sup>7</sup> term! While they were all standing in silence and suspense,<sup>8</sup> Mr. Emery, their teacher, said, fixing his eye at the same time upon the country boy: "Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap." Not understanding the design of such an order, Daniel complied with troubled feelings. He knew not but he was about to be expelled from school for his dullness.

5. His teacher perceived the expression of sadness upon his countenance, but soon dispelled<sup>9</sup> it by saying: "Now, sir, you will please pass into another room, and *join a higher class*; and you, young gentlemen," addressing the other scholars, "will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for *you will never see him again!*" As if he had said: "This rustic lad, whom you have made the butt of ridicule, has already so far outstripped you in his studies, that, from your stand-point, he is dwarfed<sup>10</sup> in the distance, and will soon be out of sight entirely. He has developed<sup>11</sup> a capacity for study which will prevent you from ever overtaking him. As a classmate, you will never see him again."

<sup>1</sup> Re buke', reproof for faults; check or restraint.—<sup>2</sup> Chagrined (shagrined'), put to shame; vexed.—<sup>3</sup> Stim' u lat ed, excited, or roused to action.—<sup>4</sup> So lic' i tude, anxious care.—<sup>5</sup> Rel' a tive, considered by comparing with others.—<sup>6</sup> E vinced', shown; proved.—<sup>7</sup> Pre ced' ing, going before; previous.—<sup>8</sup> Sus pense', state of uncertainty; doubt.—<sup>9</sup> Dis pelled', drove away.—<sup>10</sup> Dwarfed, made small.—<sup>11</sup> De vel' oped, shown; unfolded.

6. It would be interesting to know who those city boys were who made the young rustic an object of sport. What have they come to? What have they accomplished? Who has heard of the fame of their attainments? Scholars should be careful how they laugh at a classmate because of his unpolished manners or coarse raiment. Under that rough exterior<sup>1</sup> may be concealed talents that will move a nation and dazzle a world, when they in their turn might justly be made a laughing-stock on account of their inefficiency.<sup>2</sup>

BANVARD.

#### 6. WISH FOR NO MAN'S MONEY.

THE health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth, are yours. Young Love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness<sup>3</sup> beat fondly with your own. None—ghoul-like<sup>4</sup>—listen for the death-tick in your chamber. Your shoes have value in men's eyes, only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase greet you, living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you, dying.

2. Be wise in being content with competency.<sup>5</sup> You have, to eat, to drink, to wear, enough? then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously?<sup>6</sup> He shortens life—increases pains and aches—impairs his health thereby. What if his raiments be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy.

3. Nature is yours in all her glory: her ever-varying and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and rocks, and streams, and holy places, know no desecration<sup>7</sup> in the step of poverty; but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty—rich and poor alike.

<sup>1</sup> Ex té ri or, outside.—<sup>2</sup> In ef fi' cien cy, inability; want of power to produce the effect.—<sup>3</sup> Covetousness (kúv' et yus nes), an excessive desire for gain.—<sup>4</sup> Ghoul-like, a ghou was an imaginary evil being, among the Eastern nations, that was supposed to feed upon the dead.—<sup>5</sup> Cóm' pe ten cy, sufficiency for some end or duty.—<sup>6</sup> Súmpt' u ous ly, at great cost.—<sup>7</sup> Des e crá' tion, turning from its sacred character; misusing.

4. Be content! The robin chirps as gayly as the gorgeous bird of Paradise. Less gaudy<sup>2</sup> is his plumage, less splendid his surroundings. Yet no joy that cheers the Eastern beauty, but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flight's as strong, his note as gay; and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no cloud of envy dims it.

5. Let us, then, labor and be strong, in the best use of that we have; wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts already bestowed by a Wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich: while he who counts his millions, hath little joy if he be otherwise.

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### 7. LAD AND HIS NEIGHBOR.

"I HAD," said William Lad, the apostle<sup>3</sup> of peace, "a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm, at some distance from the homestead.<sup>4</sup> Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulcifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt,<sup>5</sup> long-legged kind, active as spaniels; they would spring over the highest fence, and no partition wall could keep them out.

2. "I complained to neighbor Pulcifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two; but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still there; I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them; and, if that would not do, I would pay them, if they would shoot the sheep.

3. "I rode away much agitated; for I was not so much of a peace man then as I am now, and I felt literally<sup>6</sup> full of fight."

<sup>1</sup> Gorgeous, splendid; having bright colors.—<sup>2</sup> Gaudy, showy.—  
<sup>3</sup> Apostle (a pōs'sl), a person sent; one engaged in spreading any doctrine or belief.—<sup>4</sup> Home'stad, the place of a mansion-house.—<sup>5</sup> Gaunt, tall and thin; slender; lean.—<sup>6</sup> Literally, strictly; exactly to the letter.

All at once, a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, 'Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are teaching to others?' I thought it all over, and settled down in my mind as to the best course to be pursued. The next day I rode over to see neighbor Pulcifer I found him chopping wood at his door.

4. "'Good morning, neighbor!' No answer. 'Good morning!' I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt without looking up. 'I came,' continued I, 'to see about the sheep.' At this, he threw down his axe and exclaimed, in an angry manner: 'Now aren't you a pretty' neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it; a rich man, like you, to shoot a poor man's sheep!'

5. "'I was wrong, neighbor,' said I; but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say, that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine; and in the fall you shall take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock.'

6. "Pulcifer looked confounded; he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out: 'Now, Squire, are you in earnest?' 'Certainly I am,' I answered; 'it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out.'

7. "After a moment's silence, 'The sheep shan't trouble you any more,' exclaimed Pulcifer. 'I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that, when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot, too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind, too.'

8. "The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. And, my friends," he would continue, addressing the audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready, too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil with good. There is no other way."

<sup>7</sup> Pretty (prī'ty).—<sup>8</sup> Trēs'passed, passed over the boundary line of another's land



## 8. THE BOY.

1. **T**HERE'S something in a noble boy,  
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,  
With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy,  
His dread of books and love of fun,  
And in his clear and ready smile,  
Unshaded by a thought of guile,  
And unrepress'd by sadness,—  
Which brings me to my childhood back,  
As if I trod its vëry track,  
And felt its very gladness.
2. And yet, it is not in his play,  
When every trace of thought is löst,  
And not when you would call him gay,  
That his bright presence thrills me most,  
His shout may ring upon the hill,  
His voice be echo'd in the hall,  
His mërry laugh like music trill,  
And I in sadness hear it all,—  
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,  
I scarcely notice such things now,—
3. But when, amid the earnest game,  
He stops, as if he music heard,  
And, heedless of his shouted name  
As of the cärol<sup>1</sup> of a bird,  
Stands gazing on the empty air,  
As if some dream were passing there;—  
'Tis then that on his face I look—  
His beautiful but thoughtful face—  
And, like a löng-forgotten book,  
Its sweet familiar meanings trace,—
4. Remembering a thousand things  
Which passed me on those golden wings,  
Which time has fetter'd now;

<sup>1</sup> Un re prëssed', not subdued.—<sup>2</sup> Cär' ol, a song of joy

- Things that came o'er me with a thrill,  
And left me silent, sad, and still,  
And threw upon my brow  
A holier and a gentler cast,  
That was too innocent to last.
- 5 'Tis stränge how thoughts upon a child  
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,  
And when his pulse is beating wild,  
And life itself is in excess<sup>1</sup>—  
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,  
Are all with ardor straining high—  
How in his heart will spring  
A feeling whose mysterious<sup>2</sup> thrall<sup>3</sup>  
Is strönger, sweeter far than all!  
And on its silent wing,  
How, with the clouds, he'll float away,  
As wandering and as löst as they! N. P. WILLIS.

## 9. PETER OF CORTONA.

**A** LITTLE shepherd, about twelve years old, one day abandoned<sup>4</sup> the flock which had been committed to his care, and set öff for Flörence,<sup>5</sup> where he knew no one but a lad of his own age, almost as poor as himself, and who, like him, had left the village of Cortona,<sup>6</sup> to become a scullion<sup>7</sup> in the kitchen of the Cardinal Sachetti. A far nobler object conducted Peter to Florence. He knew that that city contained an academy of fine arts, a school of painting, and the little shepherd was ambitious of being a painter.

2. After searching throughout the city, he stopped at the gate of the Cardinal's palace, and inhaling from a distance the odor of the kitchen, he waited patiently until his lordship was served,

<sup>1</sup> Ex cëss', more than what is necessary; overflowing.—<sup>2</sup> Mys tē' rious, secret; not easily understood.—<sup>3</sup> Thräll, bondage, slavery.—<sup>4</sup> A bän' doned, forsook.—<sup>5</sup> Flör' ence, a noted city in Italy, capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.—<sup>6</sup> Cor tō' na, a town of Tuscany.—<sup>7</sup> Scüllion, the lowest order of servants.