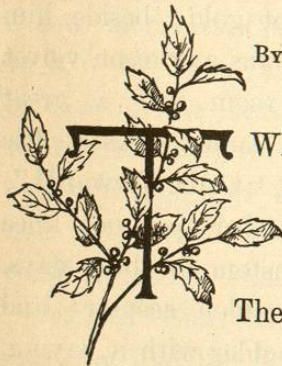


In time he had a beautiful castle of his own, and splendid armor, and a beautiful black horse. The handsome horse used to prance and toss his head proudly in the air, as if he knew what a noble young knight he was carrying. After a while Cedric had a lovely wife and three sweet little children of his own; and, as he rode abroad over the country, many a time the peasants, standing in their cottage doors, would say to one another, "There goes the brave Sir Cedric of Altholstane. God bless him! May he live long to help protect our country!" And all the people loved him.

## XII. A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.



**T** WAS the night before Christmas,  
 when all through the house  
 Not a creature was stirring, not  
 even a mouse;  
 The stockings were hung by the  
 chimney with care,  
 In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there;  
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
 While visions of sugarplums danced through their  
 heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's  
 nap,—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
 I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.  
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
 Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash;  
 The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
 Gave a luster of midday to objects below;  
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear  
 But a miniature<sup>1</sup> sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
 I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick!  
 More rapid than eagles his coursers<sup>2</sup> they came,  
 And he whistled and shouted and called them by  
 name:

"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now  
 Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!  
 To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
 Now dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"  
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
 When they meet with an obstacle,<sup>3</sup> mount to the  
 sky,

So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,  
 With a sleigh full of toys, — and Saint Nicholas, too.

<sup>1</sup> min'-i-a-ture, very small. <sup>2</sup> cours'ers, horses usually, here reindeer.  
<sup>3</sup> ob'sta-cle, something in the way.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a  
bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his  
foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished<sup>1</sup> with ashes and  
soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how  
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the  
snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spake not a word, but went straight to his  
work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a  
jerk,

<sup>1</sup> tar'nished, soiled.

And, laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod,—up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
“MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-  
NIGHT!”

### XIII. LANGUAGE.

**D** ID you ever think how many parts of the human body you use when you speak a word? If not, you will find it interesting. Try it. While you are speaking, see if you can detect how many different organs<sup>1</sup> and muscles you use. As you doubtless know, the voice is made by the breath; so you must think first of the organs which we use in breathing. In order to speak, that is, to give out breath, we must first take the air in.

The lungs, you know, are called the organs of breathing; they are placed in the chest, and are very much like a great sponge. They are soft, and full of countless holes and passages of different sizes, some being so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye, and all of them are filled with air when we draw in a breath.

<sup>1</sup> or'gans, parts or members of the body.

But how do we draw in a breath? Ah, that is another question. We sometimes speak of taking air into the lungs, as if we took hold of it and pulled it in; but that is not the way it is done. We simply make a place for it, and the air itself is pushed in by its own weight. It is in making this place for the air that we use so many muscles.

Nearly all of the muscles of the trunk, from the hips to the throat, are used in breathing. Those of the loins and sides, back and chest, and also of the diaphragm, which is a sort of partition passing across the body and shutting the organs of the chest from those of the abdomen,—all these take part in breathing.

First, they spread themselves out so as to make room for the air. Put your hand on your body, draw in a long breath, and you will feel the muscles swelling. The air rushes in and fills every space that it can reach. The more room it has to fill, the better. That is one reason why tight clothes are not healthful; they do not allow us to swell out our bodies and take in all the air that we need.

When the lungs are filled with air, and the air has taken all the bad matter from the blood, then we want to drive it out again. So we draw the muscles together, and that squeezes or forces the

**air out.** Now, put your hands upon your sides, take in a long breath, and see how the muscles swell. Then breathe it out, and see how they are drawn together.

All this is breathing, you will say, and not talking. That is true; but, so far, you do the same things in talking that you do in breathing. This action of the muscles in breathing goes on without our thinking or knowing anything about it. The air enters the lungs without making any noise, and goes out as quietly; but, if we wish, we can use certain other muscles, so that the breath, when it goes out, will make a noise, which we call voice.

There are in the throat two cords, or strips, called vocal cords, over which the breath passes. If we wish, we can draw these so tight that when the breath passes over them they will vibrate and produce a sound. Did you ever make a noise by blowing upon a blade of grass or a thin piece of rubber? Well, voice is caused in very much the same way. But the blade of grass and the piece of rubber each make only a single sound, while the human voice can make many thousands of different sounds.

There are, therefore, many organs used in making voice besides the vocal cords and those used in breathing. So notice again, as you are speaking, and see if you cannot tell what other organs you use. There are the palate, at the top of the throat, and

the teeth, which change the direction of the breath and the character of the sound it makes. There are the lips, which shut it off or let it pass, and, by the form we give them, make new sounds continually.

The shape of the mouth has much to do with the quality of voice; but the one organ which more than any other causes the different sounds which we make with our voices, is the tongue. Try it and see. Try to hold your tongue still, and see how impossible it is to talk. So much does the tongue have to do with making voice that people sometimes speak as if it were the only organ used for that purpose.

The very words we use are often called *tongue*, as when we say "Hans's mother tongue is German," meaning that German is spoken in his mother country.

We say "John uses bad language," meaning that he speaks words that he ought not to speak. Or we say that "Henry's language is correct," meaning that he uses the words that he should use. But language means the same thing as tongue.

So that, from this one little organ which is in our mouths, men have named all that they speak. The apostle James, in the Bible, says, "The tongue can no man tame," meaning that it is very hard for us not to say what we should not.

We study language, or the tongue, in school more than any other branch, because it is necessary for us to be able to use some language in order to express our thoughts to one another. You know that language is one of the gifts that people have which beasts do not have; for, though beasts have tongues, they cannot use them to pronounce words. So you need to have very great respect for your tongue. Use it so as not to disgrace it.

---

#### XIV. THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

WHAT language do you speak? Most of us speak the English language. This means that the words we use are English words. This book is written in the English language. Most of the books that we use in school, or that we shall read, are written in the same language.

The English language is spoken in England; it is the language of the English people. But it is spoken in many other countries besides England, as in America and Australia. Can you tell why we in America speak the language that is spoken in England rather than that which is spoken in Germany or France, or rather than a language of our own?

As you probably know, when Columbus discovered America, he found here savages like the Indians of our Western plains. They had their own language, but it was a savage tongue. In time, many people came from the different countries of Europe,—from England and Ireland, from France and Spain, from Italy and Germany, and from many other lands, to live in this new country which Columbus had discovered.

They all spoke the languages of the different countries from which they came; and so, for a long time, the Spanish language was spoken in one part of what is now the United States, the French in another, and the English language in still another.

But, after a while, the French and the English colonists had a war, in which the English were successful; so their language was made that of all the country which they owned. Besides, most of the people who fought against England in the war of the Revolution were themselves English, and spoke the English language.

So that the thirteen colonies of the new country, when they became the United States, all spoke the English language; and when, later, that portion of the country where Spanish was spoken became part of the United States, the English speech became the language of these people also.

In this way English came to be the language which

we speak; and now, even if the Germans, or French, or Spaniards come to this country, they cannot get along with their mother tongue; they must learn the English language, because nearly everybody here speaks it, and they cannot do business without it.

Did you ever wonder how the English language came to be spoken in England? Well, that is another story. You will learn all about it some day. I will tell you just a little now. Years and years ago, in the country that is now England, but which was then called Britain, there lived a people who were almost as wild and savage as our Indians. They spoke a strange tongue, of which you could not understand a word if you were to hear it.

By and by, an army of soldiers came by sea from Rome, in Italy. That country you can find on your maps, away down on the Mediterranean Sea. These soldiers made war on the poor savages, and conquered many of them; but they could not conquer them all, nor could they conquer their language.

After a time the Romans went away, and still the people of Britain spoke their strange language. Then, many years after, another army came across the sea from Denmark, and conquered the poor savages; but even they could not conquer their language. The people of Britain still spoke as they had spoken before.

Still later, another people living in the North of Europe, in what is now a part of the German Em-

pire, learned of the beautiful island across the sea, and wanted it. So they came in their war ships, thousand and thousands of them, and made war upon the people living in Britain.

These new comers were themselves savages, — wild, and fierce, and brave. They were strong, and fond of the sea. They had fair complexions, and long yellow hair which hung down upon their shoulders, and were very fierce to look upon.

When they conquered the people of Britain, they settled down and made for themselves homes there, and their language became the language of all the people of the island except a few, some of whom went over to Ireland, but more to the mountainous region of Wales. The language of the Welsh to-day is said to be that which the early savages of Britain spoke.

These strangers from the North of Europe were called Angles, and from their name the name England (Angle-land) comes. So this is the way the English language began. But if some of those barbarian warriors could come here into your schoolroom and speak to you, you would not know that they were talking English. Their language would sound very differently from that which you speak. They would use many words which you do not use; they would not speak many words which you do use now; and the English words that they used they would pronounce very differently from our present way. Be-

cause, although their language became English, it was, after all, only the beginning of the language. Many, many words have been added to it from other languages since.

So that the English language which we speak is really made up of words from many languages, and that is one reason why it is spoken in more and more places every year; and is also the reason why many people believe that at some time the English language will be that of the world.

For many years after the Angles came to Britain and called it Angleland, or England, there were no books written. Children did not have to study grammar, and people pronounced as they pleased. So that the English language became quite different in different parts of England.

But, by and by, people began to write books; then the printing press was invented, and books began to be printed; and people who wrote and printed books gradually came to use the same words, until, at length, a grammar was made, — so that the English language, instead of being different for different people, became one.

As the people read the books that were printed, they began to use the words that the books contained. Thus we see that books made the English language what it is. Probably the book that did more than any other toward this result was the Bible.

## XV. PRINTING.

WE all read books and papers every day, and never stop to think how they are made. Every morning, thousands and thousands and thousands of newspapers are taken from the printing presses, and sent throughout the country.

Every week, many thousands of magazines, of all kinds, are sent out, and so many books are printed every year that one would have to be very good indeed in arithmetic to count them.

These books and papers are printed on great machines, — very wonderful machines, so wonderful that they almost seem to know what they are doing.

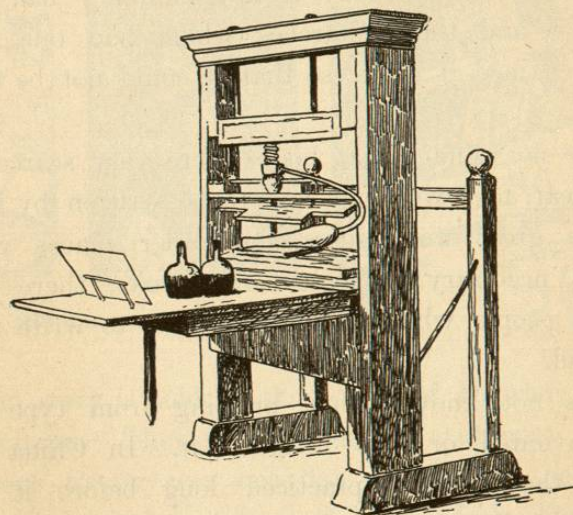
The words are first set up in type, as it is called. Little pieces of metal, with letters on the ends, are arranged in great cases. Men take these and spell out the words with them, arranging them in proper order in frames.

The words so set up are placed on the printing presses, where they are covered with ink, and the sheets of paper passed over them and printed. This is all done by machinery.

In some great offices, even the type is set by machinery. There are vessels containing melted metal. The man who works the machine plays

upon keys as a typewriter does, these keys having letters printed on them. When he strikes one key a little bit of the melted metal is dropped into a mold having the proper letter formed in it.

When the metal becomes cool it is hardened into type with the letter stamped upon the end. When



AN OLD-TIME PRINTING PRESS.

enough of this type has been made to form a line, the machine puts it into the proper place, and soon the case of type is ready to be taken to the printing machine.

From this type the paper is printed, and then is folded by the machine. So rapidly is this done that many thousands of sheets can be printed in a single

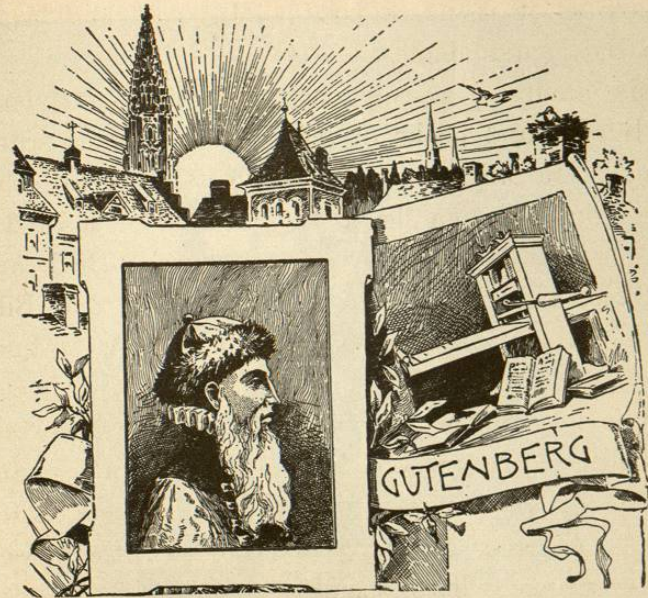
hour; so it is no wonder that books and papers are cheap and abundant.

Six hundred years ago there were no printed books in Europe, and books of any kind were very scarce. They were only to be found in a few great libraries, usually belonging to the Church, or located in some monastery. Only a few churches had even a Bible, and those churches which had one Bible often chained it down so that it could not be taken away.

It is no wonder that books were very scarce and very dear, for every one had to be written by hand. In the great universities and other places where it was necessary to have some books, there were always people whose business it was to write them by hand.

It is not known when printing from type was first invented, or who invented it. In China and Japan the art was practiced long before it was known in Europe, but people did not travel then as they do now; very few ever went to China, and nations did not learn from one another as modern nations do.

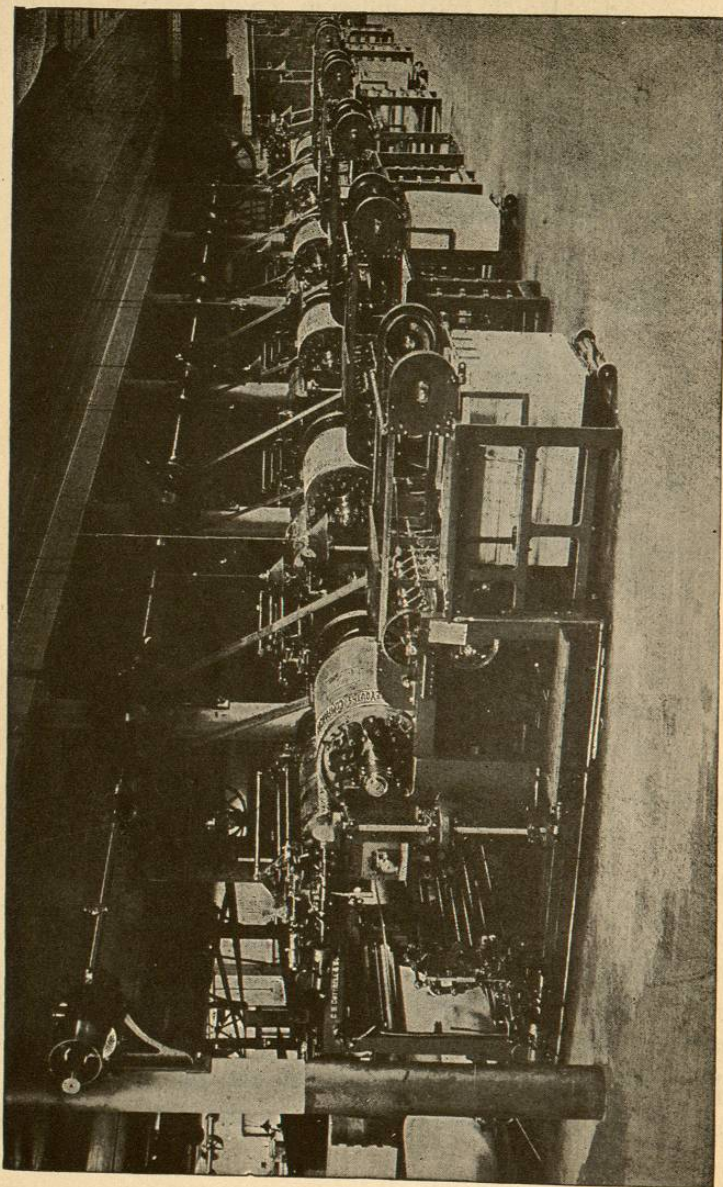
The Europeans invented the art of printing for themselves. The people of several cities claim that the first printing was done in their city, by one of their own citizens, and probably we shall never know who, in truth was the first printer.



One story is told by the people of Haarlem, a city in Holland. They say that an old gentleman named Laurens Coster was one day walking in the woods when he picked up a smooth piece of the bark of a beech tree, and with his knife carved on it some letters. These he took home and gave to his boy as a copy. Afterward he put some ink on the letters and stamped the words he had cut upon paper.

This pleased him so much that he began to make experiments, and finally made some type of lead, and then some of zinc, and began to do printing. But one of his apprentices, who was dishonest, stole the





A MODERN PRINTING OFFICE.

old gentleman's type, and ran away to Germany; and from that man the Germans learned the art of printing. The people of Haarlem believe this story, and have put a statue of Coster in the market place. The Germans say the story is not true, but that one of their own people was the first printer.

They say that at the time when Coster is said to have been making his type in Holland, a German named Johannes<sup>1</sup> Gutenberg was working at the same thing in the city of Strasburg, and succeeded in making a metal type.

He had a partner, and they were bound by solemn oaths not to tell any one what they were doing; but the partner died, and his heirs sued Gutenberg in the courts, trying to compel him to tell the secrets of his new art. Gutenberg won his case, but during the trial it became known that he had been working at a new method of making cheap books.

Gutenberg spent all his money in his experiments, and finally went down the Rhine to the city of Mainz, where he interested in his work a rich man named Johann<sup>2</sup> Fust, and took him as a partner.

They had a man working for them named Schöffer, who, like Coster's apprentice, was dishonest, and told Fust they could do better without Gutenberg. So Fust took all poor Gutenberg's tools in payment for money he had lent him, and with Schöffer

<sup>1</sup> and <sup>2</sup> Johannes and Johann are German for John.

as a partner began to do printing. But Gutenberg was still able to keep at his work, so there were two printing houses in Mainz.

The people of both Strasburg and Mainz are very proud of the fact that Gutenberg, the first printer as they say, worked in their cities, and each one has set up a statue in his honor.

A few years after Gutenberg had printed his first book in Germany, a man named William Caxton began to print books in England. He probably learned the art from the Germans.

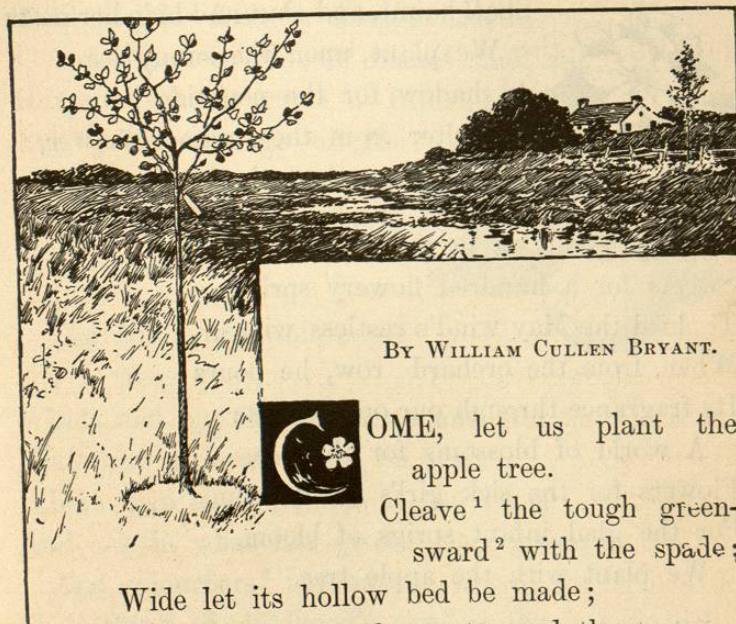
Caxton's printing office was in the famous Westminster Abbey. In one of his books, *The Life of Charles the Great*, he says: "I have specially reduced it after the simple cunning that God has left to me whereof I heartily and with all my heart thank Him, and also pray for my father's and mother's souls, that in my youth sent me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I get my living I hope truly."

These early printers printed books of many kinds, but chiefly Bibles and religious works.

After Caxton's death, one of his printers who continued the work said he hoped for "the happy day when a Bible should be chained in every church for every Christian man to look upon."

It would surely have made these good men very happy if they could have seen into the future, when Bibles would be sold for a few cents each.

## XVI. THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.



BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



COME, let us plant the  
apple tree.

Cleave<sup>1</sup> the tough green-  
sward<sup>2</sup> with the spade;

Wide let its hollow bed be made;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sift the dark mold<sup>3</sup> with kindly care,

And press it o'er them tenderly,  
As round the sleeping infant's feet  
We softly fold the cradle sheet;

So plant we the apple tree.

<sup>1</sup> cleave, cut apart.

<sup>2</sup> green'sward, grassy lawn or field.

<sup>3</sup> mold, soil; earth.