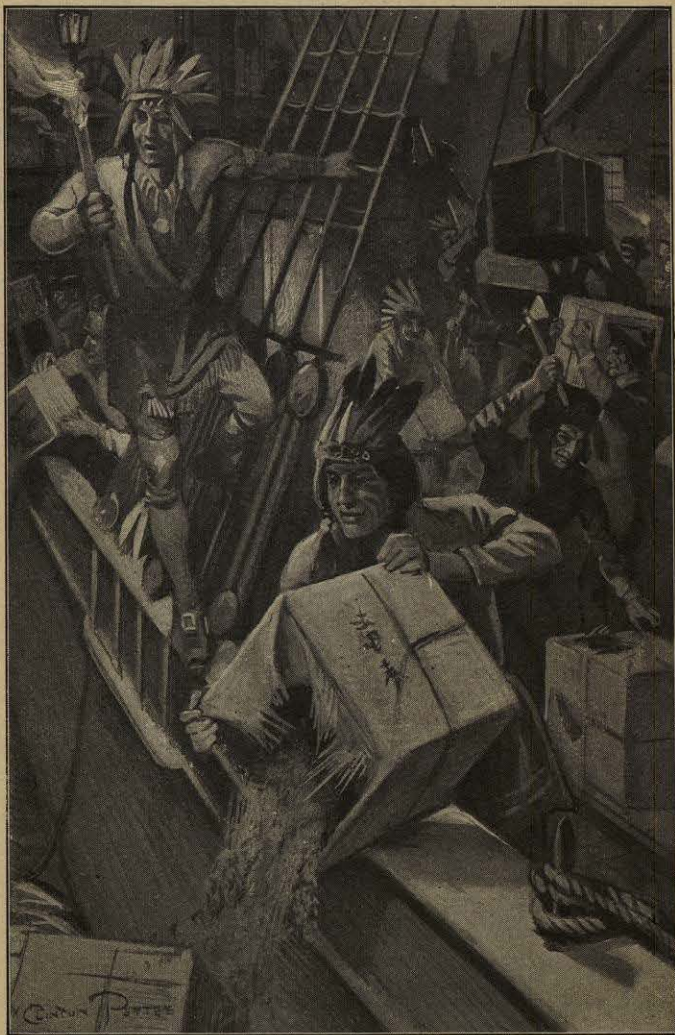


THE BOSTON TEA PARTY



British. One of the leaders of these daring young men was Paul Revere, whose famous midnight ride has been immortalized by Longfellow.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

When the news of the Boston Tea Party was carried across the ocean, the anger of the King was aroused, and he sent a strong force of soldiers to Boston to bring the rebels to terms. This act only increased the spirit of patriotism that burned in the breasts of all Americans.

George P. Morris, the poet, describes this Tea Party, and the origin of the tune "Yankee Doodle," in the following verses, which our American boys and girls of to-day will gladly read and sing:

Once on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have no trials, sir, by
jury;
That no elections should be held, across the briny waters;
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons
and daughters."
Then down he sate in burly state, and blustered like a
grandee,
And in derision made a tune called "Yankee doodle
dandy."
"Yankee doodle"—these are facts—"Yankee doodle
dandy";
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax; you Yankee doodle
dandy!"

John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy duties
rated;
But whether hyson or bohea, I never heard it stated.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

Then Jonathan to pout began—he laid a strong embargo—

“I’ll drink no tea, by Jove!” so he threw overboard the cargo.

Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy,

Whose martial band, when near the land, played
“Yankee doodle dandy.”

“Yankee doodle—keep it up—Yankee doodle dandy—
I’ll poison with a tax your cup, you Yankee doodle dandy.”

A long war then they had, in which John was at last defeated,

And “Yankee Doodle” was the march to which his troops retreated.

Cute Jonathan, to see them fly, could not restrain his laughter;

“That tune,” said he, “suits to a T—I’ll sing it ever after!”

Old Johnny’s face, to his disgrace, was flushed with beer and brandy,

E’en while he swore to sing no more this Yankee doodle dandy.

Yankee doodle,—ho-ha-he—Yankee doodle dandy,
We kept the tune, but not the tea—Yankee doodle dandy.

I’ve told you now the origin of this most lively ditty,
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as “dull and stupid”—
what a pity!

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

With “Hail Columbia” it is sung, in chorus full and hearty—

On land and main we breathe the strain John made for his tea-party.

No matter how we rhyme the words, the music speaks them handy,

And where’s the fair can’t sing the air of Yankee doodle dandy?

Yankee doodle, firm and true—Yankee doodle dandy—
Yankee doodle, doodle do, Yankee doodle dandy!

The people of the thirteen original colonies adopted as a principle, “No taxation without representation.” What did they mean by this? Name the thirteen original colonies.

Are the last syllables of the words *principle* and *principal* pronounced alike? Use the two words in sentences of your own.

What does “with heavy duties rated” mean?

Pronounce distinctly the final consonants in the words *colonists*, *insects*, *friend*, *friends*, *nests*, *priests*, *lifts*, *tempts*.

Write the plural forms of the following words:
solo, echo, negro, cargo, piano, calico, potato, embargo.

How should a word be broken or divided when there is not room for all of it at the end of a line? Illustrate by means of examples found in your Reader.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

scenes source seized re ceiv'
 poised nec' tar re vert's Ju' pi ter
 cat' a ract ex' qui site in tru' sive ly



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
 childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to
 view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-
 wood,
 And every loved spot that my infancy knew;—
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that
 stood by it;
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract
 fell;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the
 well:
 The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the
 well.
 That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
 For often, at noon, when returned from the
 field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
 glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it
 fell;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-
 flowing,

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:

The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from that loved habitation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:

The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well!

Samuel Woodworth.

Make a list of the describing-words of the poem, and tell what each describes. Use each to describe something else.

Make a list of the words of the poem that you never use, and tell what word you would have used in the place of each had you tried to express its meaning. Which word is better, yours or the author's? Why?

THE BOY AND THE CRICKETS

blouse	re ceipt' ed	coun' te nance
ab sorbed'	con trast' ed	for' tu nate ly
mir' a cle	stock'-still	good-hu' mored ly

My friend Jacques went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone, and who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick. While he waited for his change, a little boy six or eight years old, in poor but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop. "Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread." The woman climbed upon the counter (this happened in a country town), took from the shelf of four-pound loaves the best one she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

My friend Jacques then first observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the round, open countenance of the great loaf, of which he was taking the greatest care.

"Have you any money?" said the baker's wife.

The little boy's eyes grew sad.

"No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer

to his thin blouse; "but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow."

"Run along," said the good woman; "carry your bread home, child."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.

My friend Jacques came forward for his money. He had put his purchase into his pocket, and was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf, whom he had supposed to be halfway home, standing stock-still behind him.

"What are you doing there?" said the baker's wife to the child, whom she also had thought to be fairly off. "Don't you like the bread?"

"Oh yes, ma'am!" said the child.

"Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."

The child did not seem to hear. Something else absorbed his attention.

The baker's wife went up to him, and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What are you thinking about?" said she.

"Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes!" cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek, queek, queek, queek!"

My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers' houses.

"It is a little bird," said the dear little fellow; "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do?"

"No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife; "those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" said the child; "are they really crickets?"

"Yes, to be sure," said she good-humoredly. The child's face lighted up.

"Ma'am," said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

"A cricket!" said the baker's wife, smiling; "what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them, they run about so."

"O ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please!" said the child, clasping his little thin hands under the big loaf. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and per-

THE BOY AND THE CRICKETS

haps if we had one at home, mother, who has so much trouble, wouldn't cry any more."

"Why does your poor mamma cry?" said my friend, who could no longer help joining in the conversation.

"On account of her bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all."

My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse. She made her husband catch four, and put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.

When he had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand. "Poor little fellow!" said they both together. Then she took down her account book, and, finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, "Paid."

Meanwhile my friend, to lose no time, had put up in paper all the money in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and had begged the good wife to send it at once

THE BOY AND THE CRICKETS

to the mother of the little cricket-boy, with her bill receipted, and a note, in which he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

They gave it to a baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste. The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that, when he reached home, he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her eyes raised from her work, and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.

The boy believed that it was the arrival of his four little black things which had worked this miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken. Without the crickets, and his good little heart, would this happy change have taken place in his mother's fortunes?

From the French of Pierre J. Hetzel.

Jacques (zhäk), James.

In the selection, find ten sentences that ask questions, and five that express commands or requests.

What mark of punctuation always follows the first kind? The second?

Memorize:

In the evening I sit near my poker and tongs,
And I dream in the firelight's glow,
And sometimes I quaver forgotten old songs
That I listened to long ago.

OUR HEROES

Then out of the cinders there cometh a chirp
Like an echoing, answering cry,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket, and I.

For my cricket has learnt, I am sure of it quite,
That this earth is a silly, strange place,
And perhaps he's been beaten and hurt in the fight,
And perhaps he's been passed in the race.
But I know he has found it far better to sing
Than to talk of ill luck and to sigh,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket, and I.

OUR HEROES

For Recitation:

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe:
All honor to him if he conquers;
A cheer for the boy who says "No"!

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

OUR HEROES

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
And do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right!" be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

From "Poems for the Study of Language." *Phæbe Cary.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

Write sentences each containing one of the following words:

I, me; he, him; she, her; they, them.

Memory Gems:

For raising the spirits, for brightening the eyes, for bringing back vanished smiles, for making one brave and courageous, light-hearted and happy, there is nothing like a good Confession. *Father Bearne, S. J.*

Heroes must be more than driftwood
Floating on a waveless tide.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin. *Father Faber.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,
I have kept the Faith. *St. Paul.*

THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS

troll	cel' er y	new' fan gled
thatch	chink' ing	as par' a gus
im mense'	sauce' pan	de mol' ish ing
sa' vor y	pat' terns	ag' gra va ting

There was a cuckoo clock hanging in Tom Turner's cottage. When it struck one, Tom's wife laid the baby in the cradle, and took a saucepan off the fire, from which came a very savory smell.

"If father doesn't come soon," she observed, "the apple dumplings will be too much done."

"There he is!" cried the little boy; "he is coming around by the wood; and now he's going over the bridge. O father! make haste, and have some apple dumpling."

"Tom," said his wife, as he came near, "art tired to-day?"

"Uncommon tired," said Tom, as he threw himself on the bench, in the shadow of the thatch.

"Has anything gone wrong?" asked his wife; "what's the matter?"

"Matter!" repeated Tom; "is anything the matter? The matter is this, mother, that I'm a miserable, hard-worked slave;" and he clapped his hands upon his knees and uttered in a deep voice, which frightened the children—"a miserable slave!"

THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS

"Bless us!" said the wife, but could not make out what he meant.

"A miserable, ill-used slave," continued Tom, "and always have been."

"Always have been?" said his wife; "why, father, I thought thou used to say, at the election time, that thou wast a free-born Briton."

"Women have no business with politics," said Tom, getting up rather sulkily. Whether it was the force of habit, or the smell of the dinner, that made him do it, has not been ascertained; but it is certain that he walked into the house, ate plenty of pork and greens, and then took a tolerable share in demolishing the apple dumpling.

When the little children were gone out to play, Tom's wife said to him, "I hope thou and thy master haven't had words to-day."

"We've had no words," said Tom, impatiently; "but I'm sick of being at another man's beck and call. It's, 'Tom, do this,' and 'Tom, do that,' and nothing but work, work, work, from Monday morning till Saturday night. I was thinking as I walked over to Squire Morton's to ask for the turnip seed for master,—I was thinking, Sally, that I am nothing but a poor workingman after all. In short, I'm a slave; and my spirit won't stand it."

So saying, Tom flung himself out at the cot-

tage door, and his wife thought he was going back to his work as usual; but she was mistaken. He walked to the wood, and there, when he came to the border of a little tinkling stream, he sat down and began to brood over his grievances.

"Now, I'll tell you what," said Tom to himself, "it's much pleasanter sitting here in the shade, than broiling over celery trenches, and thinning wall fruit, with a baking sun at one's back, and a hot wall before one's eyes. But I'm a miserable slave. I must either work or see my family starve; a very hard lot it is to be a workingman."

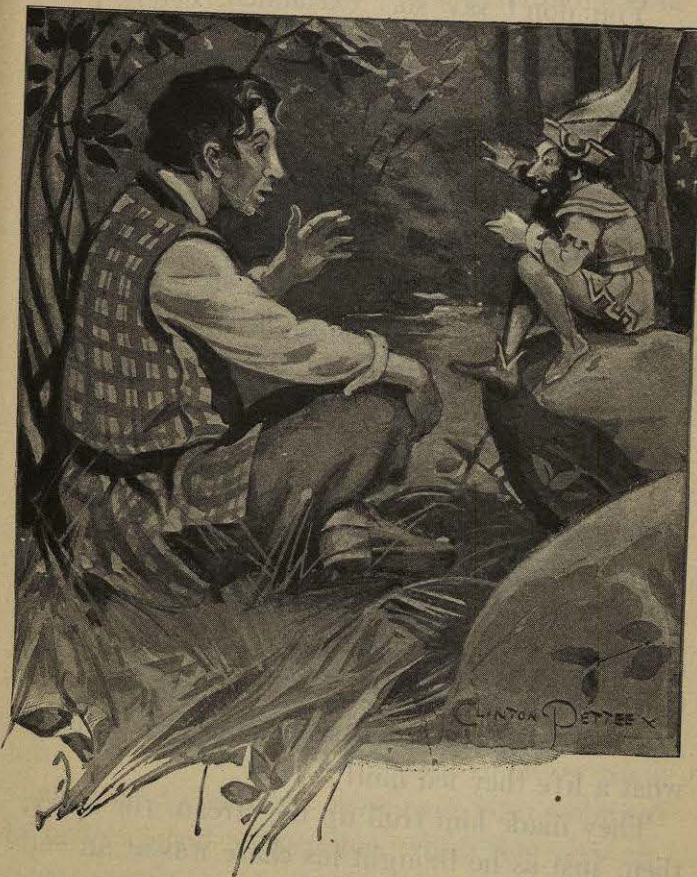
"Ahem," said a voice close to him. Tom started, and, to his great surprise, saw a small man about the size of his own baby, sitting composedly at his elbow. He was dressed in green, —green hat, green coat, and green shoes. He had very bright black eyes, and they twinkled very much as he looked at Tom and smiled.

"Servant, sir!" said Tom, edging himself a little farther off.

"Miserable slave," said the small man, "art thou so far lost to the noble sense of freedom that thy very salutation acknowledges a mere stranger as thy master?"

"Who are you," said Tom, "and how dare you call me a slave?"

"Tom," said the small man, with a knowing look, "don't speak roughly. Keep your rough words for your wife, my man; she is bound to bear them."



"I'll thank you to let my affairs alone," interrupted Tom, shortly.

"Tom, I'm your friend; I think I can help you out of your difficulty. Every minnow in this stream—they are very scarce, mind you—has a silver tail."

"You don't say so," exclaimed Tom, opening his eyes very wide; "fishing for minnows and being one's own master would be much pleasanter than the sort of life I've been leading this many a day."

"Well, keep the secret as to where you get them, and much good may it do you," said the man in green. "Farewell; I wish you joy in your freedom." So saying, he walked away, leaving Tom on the brink of the stream, full of joy and pride.

He went to his master and told him that he had an opportunity for bettering himself, and should not work for him any longer.

The next day, he arose with the dawn, and went in search of minnows. But of all the minnows in the world, never were any so nimble as those with silver tails. They were very shy, too, and had as many turns and doubles as a hare; what a life they led him!

They made him troll up the stream for miles; then, just as he thought his chase was at an end and he was sure of them, they would leap quite out of the water, and dart down the stream again like little silver arrows. Miles and miles he went,

tired, wet, and hungry. He came home late in the evening, wearied and footsore, with only three minnows in his pocket, each with a silver tail.

"But, at any rate," he said to himself, as he lay down in his bed, "though they lead me a pretty life, and I have to work harder than ever, yet I certainly am free; no man can now order me about."

This went on for a whole week; he worked very hard; but, up to Saturday afternoon, he had caught only fourteen minnows.

After all, however, his fish were really great curiosities; and when he had exhibited them all over the town, set them out in all lights, praised their perfections, and taken immense pains to conceal his impatience and ill temper, he, at length, contrived to sell them all, and get exactly fourteen shillings for them, and no more.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Tom Turner," said he to himself, "I've found out this afternoon, and I don't mind your knowing it,—that every one of those customers of yours was your master. Why! you were at the beck of every man, woman, and child that came near you;—obliged to be in a good temper, too, which was very aggravating."

"True, Tom," said the man in green, starting up in his path. "I knew you were a man

THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS

of sense; look you, you are all workingmen; and you must all please your customers. Your master was your customer; what he bought of you was your work. Well, you must let the work be such as will please the customer."

"All workingmen? How do you make that out?" said Tom, chinking the fourteen shillings in his hand. "Is my master a workingman; and has he a master of his own? Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all; he works with his head, keeps his books, and manages his great mills. He has many masters; else why was he nearly ruined last year?"

"He was nearly ruined because he made some newfangled kinds of patterns at his works, and people would not buy them," said Tom. "Well, in a way of speaking, then, he works to please his masters, poor fellow! He is, as one may say, a fellow-servant, and plagued with very awkward masters. So I should not mind his being my master, and I think I'll go and tell him so."

"I would, Tom," said the man in green. "Tell him you have not been able to better yourself, and you have no objection now to dig up the asparagus bed."

So Tom trudged home to his wife, gave her the money he had earned, got his old master to take him back, and kept a profound secret his adventures with the man in green. *Jean Ingelow.*

THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS

"Every minnow in the stream (they are very scarce, mind you) has a silver tail." Here we have a group of words in parenthesis. Read the sentence aloud several times, *omitting* the group in parenthesis. Now read the *whole* sentence, keeping in mind the fact that the words in parenthesis are not at all important,—that they are merely thrown in by way of explanation. You notice that you have read the words in parenthesis in a *lower tone* and *faster time*. Groups of words like the above are not always enclosed by marks of parenthesis; but that makes no difference in the reading of them.

The following examples are taken from "The Martyr's Boy," page 243. Practice on them till you believe you have mastered the method.

I never heard anything so cold and insipid (I hope it is not wrong to say so) as the compositions read by my companions.

Only, I know not why, he seems ever to have a grudge against me.

I felt that I was strong enough—my rising anger made me so—to seize my unjust assailant by the throat, and cast him gasping to the ground.

Memorize:

"Work! and the clouds of care will fly;

Pale want will pass away.

Work! and the leprosy of crime

And tyrants must decay.

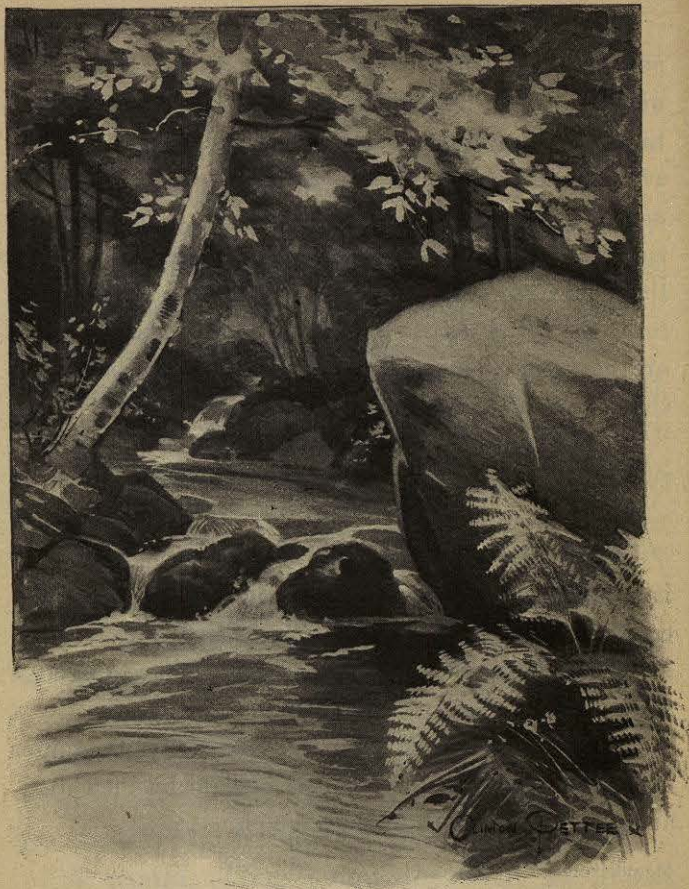
Leave the dead ages in their urns:

The present time be ours,

To grapple bravely with our lot,

And strew our path with flowers."

THE BROOK



I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.
By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,

THE BROOK

By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays;
I babble on the pebbles.
With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.
I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.