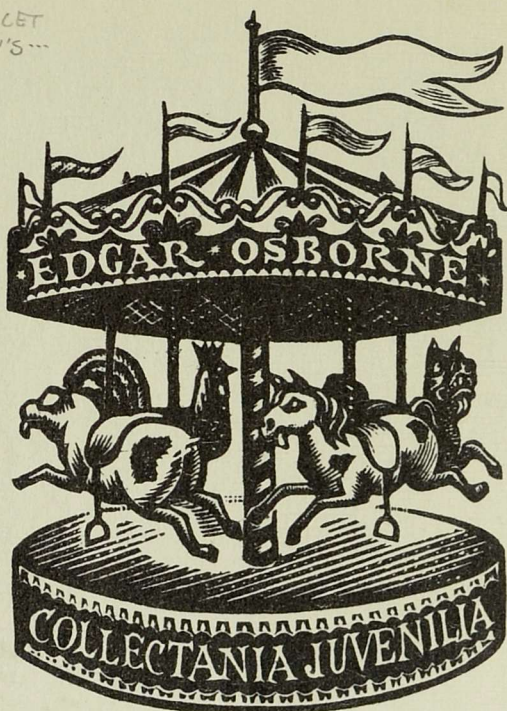


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William John Levis.

MARY'S GRAMMAR;

INTERSPERSED WITH

STORIES,

AND

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.

BY JANE MARCET,

AUTHOR OF

“CONVERSATIONS ON CHEMISTRY,”
&c. &c.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN,
PATERNOSTER-RROW.

1836.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

PREFACE

I HAVE so often pitied children who have been studying a grammar which they did not understand, that I thought I could not do them a better service than endeavour to render so dry and abstruse a subject easy and familiar. In the elucidation of the first elements of grammar, I hope my attempt has not entirely failed; but had I been aware of the *metaphysical* difficulties I should have to encounter in a further development of the subject, I do not think I should have undertaken the task. It is true, that the consideration of such difficulties seldom occurs to the minds of children, and may, perhaps, without inconvenience be disregarded in a work intended for them alone. They form, however, an insuperable obstacle to my rendering this little work as clear and intelligible as might be wished; and will, I trust, afford some apology for its imperfections.

The stories have been introduced with the view of amusing children during the prosecution of so dry a study; but they may be used with advantage as parsing exercises.

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PART THE FIRST.

NOUNS.

LESSON I.

A LITTLE girl was sitting one day with a book in her hand, which she was studying with a woe-begone countenance, when her mother came into the room. "Why, Mary!" said she, "what is the matter? you look as if your book were not very entertaining."

"No indeed it is not," replied the child, who could scarcely help crying; "I never read such a stupid book; and look," added she, pointing to the pencil-marks on the page, "what a long hard lesson I have to learn! Miss Thompson says, that now I am seven years old, I ought to begin to learn grammar; but I don't want to learn grammar; it is all

nonsense ; only see what a number of hard words that I cannot understand !”

Her mother took up the book, and observed that the lesson marked out for her to learn was not the beginning of the Grammar.

“ No mamma, the beginning is all about the letters of the alphabet, and spelling ; but I am sure I know my letters, vowels, and consonants too, and I can spell pretty well ; so Miss Thompson said I might begin here,” and she pointed out the place to her mother, who read as follows : — “ There are in the English language nine sorts of words, or parts of speech : article, noun, pronoun, adjective, verb, adverb, preposition, conjunction, and interjection.”

When she had finished, Mary said, “ Well, mamma, is not all that nonsense ?”

“ No, my dear ; but it is very difficult for you to understand, so you may skip over that. Let us see what follows.” Mary seemed much pleased, and her mother continued reading. “ An article is a word prefixed to nouns to point them out, and show how far their signification extends.”

“ Well, mamma, that is as bad as the rest ; and if it is not real nonsense, it is nonsense

to me at least, for I cannot understand it; so pray let us skip over that too."

"Let us see if something easier comes next," said her mother, and she went on reading. "'A noun is the name of any thing that exists; it is therefore the name of any person, place, or thing.' Now, Mary, I think you can understand that: what is your brother's name?"

"Charles," replied Mary.

"Well then, Charles is a noun, because it is the name of a person."

"And am *I* a noun as well as Charles, mamma?"

"*I* is not your name," replied her mother: "when I call you, I do not say come here *I*."

"Oh no; you say come here, Mary."

"Then *Mary* is a noun, because it is your name."

"But sometimes you say, 'Come here, child;' is child a noun as well as Mary?"

"Yes, because you are called child, as well as Mary."

"And when I am older, mamma, I shall be called a girl, and not a child; and is girl a noun too?"

“ Yes, every name is a noun.”

“ Then papa is a noun, and mamma is a noun, and little Sophy is a noun, and baby is her other noun, because it is her other name; and John and George. Oh, what a number of nouns! Well, I think I shall understand nouns at last;” and her countenance began to brighten up.

“ There are a great number of other nouns,” said her mother. “ Sheep and horses, cats and dogs, in short, the names of all animals are nouns, as well as the names of persons.”

“ But the Grammar does not say so, mamma?”

“ It is true,” replied her mother, “ that it does not mention animals; but when it says that a noun is the name of every thing that exists, animals certainly exist, so they are nouns.”

“ Well, I think, mamma, the Grammar ought to have said persons and animals.”

“ Or it might have said animals alone; for persons are animals, you know, Mary.”

“ Oh yes, I know that men, women, and children are all animals; and they are nouns, as well as geese and ducks, woodcocks and turkeys: oh! and my pretty canary-bird too;

and I suppose the names of ugly animals, such as rats and frogs, and toads, and spiders, are nouns also?"

"Certainly," replied her mother; "but look, Mary, the Grammar says that the name of a place is also a noun."

"What place, mamma?"

"All places whatever. A town is a place that people live in."

"Yes," said Mary; "so London, and Hampstead, and York, are nouns: but a house is a place people live in, too, mamma."

"Therefore *house* is a noun as well as *town*. What is this place we are now sitting in called, Mary?"

"It is called a room; so *room* is a place to sit in, and *stable* a place to keep horses in, and *dairy* a place to keep milk and butter in; and they are all nouns."

"And *cupboard* is a noun, mamma, because it is a place to keep sweetmeats in."

"Certainly," replied her mother.

"Then the *house*, and the *garden*, and the *church*, and the *fields*, are nouns? What great nouns!" exclaimed Mary; "and are little places nouns?"

“Certainly; this little box is a place to hold sugar plums, therefore box is a noun; and the key-hole of the door is a place to put the key in, so key-hole is a noun.”

“And drawer is a noun, I am quite sure, mamma; for it is a place I keep my toys in. But, mamma, I think the key-hole of the lock, and the box for sugar plums, are more like things than places?”

“They are both; for things that are made to hold something, such as a drawer and a box, are also places, especially if they are made for the purpose of keeping the things they hold in safety.”

“Oh yes,” said Mary; “papa’s desk is a place where he keeps his letters and bills so carefully: you know, mamma, I am never allowed to touch any thing in it. Then there is the tea-chest, which is a place and a thing too. It is a very pretty thing, and a very safe place; for you know you always keep it locked. Oh, I begin to like nouns, they make me think of so many pretty things.”

“I am glad to hear it, my dear,” said her mother; but I think we have had enough of them to-day. You must not learn too

much at once, or you will not be able to remember what you learn. We shall find enough to say on nouns for a second lesson."

CONTINUATION OF NOUNS.

LESSON II.

THE following day Mary came skipping into the room with her Grammar in her hand.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "I am glad to see that your face is not quite so long as it was at the beginning of your last lesson."

"Oh, no, mamma," replied Mary; "it is quite a different thing now that you talk to me about my Grammar, and explain it so nicely."

"I do not promise you, Mary, that it will be always entertaining. We cannot learn without taking pains; but if you understand what is taught you, the pains are not very painful," said she, smiling.

"Well, you have now learnt that nouns are the names of persons and of places; but

the Grammar says that they are also the names of things."

"Oh yes, I understand that, without any pains at all, mamma; do pray, let me tell you what things are nouns."

"I hope you do not mean to name them all," said her mother; "for as you know that every thing is a noun, you would never have finished."

"Oh no," replied Mary; "I cannot name every thing in the whole world; only some of those I know best. Table is a noun, and chair, and stool, and my doll, and my toys, too:—but, mamma," cried she, suddenly interrupting herself, "if every thing is a noun, what can the other parts of speech be?"

"Every *thing* is a noun, my dear; but not every word. The words *for* and *pretty*, for instance, are not nouns."

"No," said Mary; "for the words *for* and *pretty* are neither persons, places, nor things; so they cannot be nouns. Well but, mamma, if I were to teach Sophy grammar,—I mean, when she is a little older,—do you know how I should set about it?"

“ No, indeed I cannot guess,” said her mother, laughing; “ but I should be very curious to know what new method you have discovered, after such a profound study of grammar as you have made.”

“ Nay, mamma, do not laugh at me,” said Mary, half vexed.

“ Well, come, let me hear what your method is ? ”

“ Why, then, I should tell Sophy that a noun is the name of every thing, and then it would be done at once; for when she knew that every thing was a noun, there would be nothing more to learn about it.”

“ Your method,” said her mother, “ is the most simple and correct; but do you not think that if she learnt it thus all at once, she might forget it all at once, also? Do you not think that all we have said about nouns, and the dividing them into classes of persons, places, and things, has helped to fix them in your memory ? ”

“ So it has, mamma. I should not have remembered half so well what a noun was, if we had not talked of so many, and found out whether they belonged to persons, places, or

were merely things. Oh, mamma," continued she, looking out at the window, "there is a noun called a carriage coming trotting down the hill so fast!"

"Does the carriage trot, my dear?"

"Oh no, I mean the horses; but you know they are nouns too, as well as the carriage. Horses are nouns, because they are the names of animals; and a carriage is a noun, because it is the name of a place—or of a thing," said she interrupting herself; "but it is certainly not the name of a person."

"But," said her mother, "there are some persons in the place, perhaps?"

"Yes," said Mary, "a carriage is a place that holds *people*, not *things* like a box or drawers."

"I think I have seen things in a carriage, Mary, and felt them too, very inconveniently, when we go into the country, and it is full of packages; but what is there in this carriage?"

"I cannot tell yet, mamma; it is too far off:—oh, now I see a gentleman and a lady; and they are nouns, because they are persons; but I cannot see inside to know whether there are any parcels."

“ And do you hear the sound of the carriage wheels ? ”

“ Yes, that I do, ” replied she ; “ it makes a fine noise, the horses are trotting so fast ! ”

“ Well, then, *noise* is a noun ; for whatever you can hear is a noun, and you can hear a noise. ”

Mary looked astonished ; “ Then, mamma, ” said she, “ nouns are not only things of all kinds, but other words besides ; for noise and sound are not things, at least not like common things, such as chairs and tables. ”

“ That is true, ” said her mother ; “ they are of a different nature, but still they are things. Whatever you can hear, see, taste, smell, or feel, is a noun. Do you not say, a loud noise is a very disagreeable thing—a sweet smell is a pleasant thing ? These nouns are certainly rather more difficult for you to understand, than those which you call common nouns ; but you must take pains to remember that whatever we discern by any of our five senses is a noun. ”

“ Our five senses ! ” repeated Mary : those are seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling. ”

“ And by what sense do you discern those nouns which you call common, such as tables and chairs ? ”

“ Why, we see tables and chairs, and we can touch them too if we please ; so we know them by two senses, seeing and feeling. ”

“ And we discern a sound by the sense of hearing. ”

“ Then, ” said Mary, “ thunder is a noun, because I can hear it, and lightning is a noun, because I can see it ; and you are a noun, mamma, over and over again : for, first, you are a person, then I can see you, and feel you when I touch you, and hear you when you speak, but I cannot smell you. ”

Her mother then took out her handkerchief, and Mary exclaimed, “ Oh ! I can smell you now so sweet ! ” and she jumped upon her mother’s lap to smell the perfumed handkerchief.

“ I hope you are not going to taste me, Mary, ” said her mother, drawing back, and laughing.

Her mother then told her that a noun was often called a noun substantive.

“ What is that ? ” inquired Mary.

“ Every thing that exists, ” replied she, “ is

a substantive; but you will understand that better by and by."

Their attention was then caught by the carriage stopping at the door. "Oh, mamma," cried Mary, "they are getting out. It is uncle and aunt Howard. I am so glad! — and uncle and aunt are nouns, — and I hope the little nouns are come too; you know who I mean, mamma? — Emily and Mary."

"We must go and meet them," said her mother. Mary ran on first, and arrived at the door just in time to receive them.

PRONOUNS.

LESSON III.

"WELL, Mary," said her mother, the following day, "what difficult lesson of grammar have you to learn now?"

"Oh, my grammar is not half so difficult as it was, mamma," replied Mary.

"Or as you thought it was, my dear."

"Yes, but, indeed, it was very difficult

till you explained it to me; but let me see what comes after nouns;” and she read, “ ‘ a pronoun is a word put instead of a noun, to avoid the too frequent repetition of the same word.’ I do not understand that at all, mamma.”

“ I will tell you a story that will make you understand it.” Mary’s eyes brightened at the thought of a story; but her mamma told her it would consist of only a few phrases to explain the pronoun. “ There was a little boy, and the boy climbed up a tree, for the boy wanted to gather some cherries. So the boy laid hold of the branches, but the boy was so busy gathering the cherries, that the boy lost his hold; so the boy fell to the ground, and the boy was very much hurt.”

“ What a number of boys you have said, mamma!” observed Mary, “ and yet there was but one.”

“ And is it not tiresome,” replied her mother, “ to hear the same sound so often repeated?”

“ Yes; why do you not say the boy climbed up the tree, and he gathered cherries, and he fell down and hurt himself?”

“ So then you think it better to put *he* instead of *boy*, to avoid the too frequent repetition of the noun.”

“ Oh yes, now I understand it. Boy is a noun, and *he* is put instead of the boy, that is, instead of a noun, so *he* must be a pronoun; and are there a great many pronouns, mamma?”

“ Not so many as there are nouns, for *he* will stand for other nouns besides a boy. Look at that man, yonder, *he* is whistling to his dog: what is the word *he* put for there, Mary?”

“ Oh, *he* is put instead of man. The dog follows him, mamma; he is very obedient. So, then, *he* will do for boy and man, and dog too.”

“ Very well; I am glad to see you understand it. Now can you tell me what pronoun you would use for that little girl with a blue bonnet, that you see walking there?”

“ Oh, what a pretty blue bonnet she has, mamma!”

“ Well, you have said the pronoun without thinking of it.”

“ Did I ? ” said Mary, surprised. “ What was it ? ”

“ You said, *she* has a very pretty blue bonnet.”

“ Ah, so I did: *she* is the pronoun put instead of the little girl; and *she* will do, also, for the lady, who is with the little girl, just as *he* stands both for the man and the boy? Do you think *she* is her mamma ? ”

“ Whose mamma, my dear ? ”

“ The little girl’s mamma.”

“ And why did you say *her* mamma, instead of the little girl’s mamma ? ”

“ Oh, because it is much shorter and easier to say *her*, than to say little girl over and over again. Ah! now I guess why you smile, mamma: *her* must be a pronoun for the little girl as well as *she*. So, then, there is more than one pronoun for the little girl ? ”

“ Yes, and there is more than one pronoun for man also; you may say *he* or *him*, or *his*: as *he* has a gun in *his* hand, and a dog following *him*. The pronouns, *he*, *his*, and *him*, all relate to the man.”

“ Then,” said Mary, “ if there is more than one pronoun for one noun, what a great number of pronouns there must be ! ”

“ Not so many as you think for; for observe that the same pronoun will stand for a great many nouns.”

“ Yes,” said Mary, “ as *he* stands for man and boy, and dog, and *she* stands both for lady and little girl.”

“ You said just now, ‘ I am very hungry; ’ who does *I* mean ? ”

“ It means *me*, mamma.”

“ And who does *me* mean ? ”

“ Why, your little Mary, you know, mamma.”

“ Well, then, *I* and *me* are both pronouns which you say, instead of Mary, when you speak of yourself. But little Sophy does not know yet what pronouns mean; and she says, ‘ Give Sophy some bread; Sophy is very hungry.’ ”

“ Ah, so she does,” said Mary, “ because she has not learnt grammar.”

“ But *you* used pronouns before you learnt grammar, Mary.”

Mary was a little puzzled to know how she could use pronouns without having learnt them. At length she said, “ I knew what *I* and *me*, and *she*, and *her*, and *him* meant,

though I did not know that they were pronouns, and that they were used instead of nouns."

"Well, Sophy does not even know what *I* and *me*, and *she* and *her*, and *him* mean; so she does not use pronouns yet."

"And when will you teach her, mamma?"

"She will learn it as you did: by hearing pronouns frequently repeated, she will at last find out what they mean. Now tell me, when I speak to you, what do I say instead of Mary?"

"You say dear child, sometimes."

"And do I not often say *you*? I say 'Are you tired of walking? Will you sit down?' So when you speak to another person the pronoun *you* is used."

"But when we talked about the little girl with the blue bonnet we said *she*, not *you*."

"Because we talked *of* her, we did not speak *to* her. If we had spoken *to* her, we might have said, 'You have a very pretty bonnet: is that lady *your* mamma?' Now, Mary, can you find out a pronoun that will stand both for the little girl and the lady at the same time?"

“ Oh no, mamma, that must be very difficult; for the lady is a great woman, and the little girl is quite a child: they are so different, that I cannot conceive how the same pronoun can stand for them both.”

“ *Them* both!” repeated her mother; “ who do you mean by *them*?”

“ I mean the lady and the little girl; oh dear! *them* is the pronoun for them both; and I said it without knowing it.”

“ Look, Mary, *they* are just going out of sight, we can see *them* no longer;” and she laid an emphasis on *they* and *them*, to show that those two words were pronouns.

“ How funny it is, mamma,” said Mary, “ that one pronoun should stand for two nouns at once! Do let me try if I can find an example.” Then, after thinking a few moments, she exclaimed, with exultation, as if she had made a great discovery, “ Look at those sheep, mamma; *they* are feeding in the field. Here is a box of sugar plums, may I taste *them*? See, mamma, what a number of nouns I have made the pronouns stand for; all the sheep, and all the sugar plums!”

“ But the sheep and the sugar plums make only two nouns, my dear.”

“ What do you mean, mamma? Don't you see how many sheep there are in that field? and then the whole box is full of sugar plums.”

“ All the sheep,” replied her mother, “ are sheep; and sheep is one noun, or one name for those animals we see feeding. Then all the sugar plums in the box is one noun also; and in the multiplication table, I believe, Mary, that twice one are two.”

Mary laughed, and her mother continued, “ Now, the lady and the little girl are two different sorts of nouns.”

“ Yes,” said Mary, “ they are not just alike, as the sheep are, and the sugar plums are. But cannot one pronoun stand for a great many different sorts of nouns?”

“ Certainly; look at the nosegay I gathered this morning; there are *roses, jessamine, pinks, carnations*, and a variety of other flowers; *they* smell very sweet, and *their* colours are very bright.”

Her mother then gave her a piece of cake, and told her she might go and play in the garden, as her lesson was now over.

“ How nice it is ! ” said Mary, tasting the cake. She then cried out, “ Oh, mamma ! I have found out a pronoun all alone ; not a pronoun that stands for a great many nouns, but only for one single noun ; not for a person, nor for a place, but a thing. You may guess *it*, mamma ; ” and she laid a slight stress upon the word *it*, to help her mother to guess right.

“ *It*, ” replied her mother. Mary laughed, and thought her mamma was very clever to guess right so easily. She then ran on with a string of examples. “ Here is my book, shall I put *it* by ? and where is my bonnet, I must put *it* on ? and my tippet, I must fetch *it* ? So *it* stands for book, and for bonnet, and for tippet ; and *it* may stand for every thing that is not a person or an animal. ”

“ *It* is often used for animals also, ” said her mother, “ especially for small ones : look at that bird, how fast *it* flies ; and that caterpillar, how slow *it* crawls. ”

THE BEE.

A FABLE FROM PIGNOTTI.

The next morning, when Mary brought her Grammar, her mother said, "No, my dear, we shall not go on any farther to-day; I will read you a little story, and you shall afterwards look out for all the nouns and pronouns in it. That is called parsing."

"Oh, how I shall like that!" said Mary: "a story, and nouns and pronouns too; how funny it will be to find them out!"

"It will require more painstaking than you are perhaps aware of; but now for the story."

"There was once a little girl ——"

"*Girl*," said Mary, "that is a noun; and what did the little girl do?"

"She was playing alone in a pretty garden; she was very young, and ran over the beds of flowers, and rolled on the grass, filling her little hands with daisies."

"What a number of nouns and pronouns,

too!" said Mary, half to herself; "but go on, mamma, I will not interrupt you again."

"All at once," continued her mother, "the little child, as she was lying on the grass, heard a buzzing noise over her head, and looking up, she saw a large yellow and purple bee. The sun shone upon its wings, and made them look as bright as gold; and she thought it was the most beautiful insect she had ever seen. The bee whirled round and round her several times, as if at play; and every time it came near her, she stretched out her little hand to catch it, but it was all in vain, and at length the bee flew far away. The little girl got upon her feet as fast as she could, and ran after the bee, but it flew about above her reach, till it was weary, and then settled to rest on a full-blown rose. When the child saw it remain quiet, she went up to the rose-bush, as gently as possible, treading softly on tiptoe; and when she came within reach, she suddenly stretched out her hand, and grasped the bee and the rose together.

"The bee, angry at being thus disturbed, thrust out its sharp sting, and pierced through

the skin of the poor little hand that held it. The wounded child screamed with pain; and the mother, hearing her cries, ran to her assistance: she took the sting out of her hand, bathed it with hartshorn, and when the child was a little recovered from the pain and fright, her mother said, — ‘ My dear child, do not seize hold of every thing that looks pretty, without knowing what it is; for there are many pretty things which would hurt you.’ ”

Mary was so much taken up with the child’s sufferings, that she quite forgot the nouns and pronouns; and when the story was ended, her mother desired her to read it over attentively, and to find out the nouns and pronouns it contained.

Mary made out above thirty nouns, and nearly as many pronouns; but she did not go through the whole story at once: her mamma divided it into parts of six lines each; and Mary did it at different times, which made it easier for her.

ADJECTIVES.

LESSON IV.

THE following morning Mary came running into her mamma's room, with her Grammar in her hand as usual. "Well, mamma, what am I to learn to-day?" said she: "I begin to like my Grammar;" and observing her mother smile, she added, "Yes, indeed, really, and especially now that there are stories belonging to it."

"I am very glad to hear it," answered her mother: "to-day you shall learn what an *adjective* is."

"Pray explain it, mamma, for it is a very hard word."

"Let us see first what the Grammar says about it, Mary;" and she read, — "An adjective is a word added to a noun to express its quality; as a good child, a pretty toy."

"Oh but, mamma, I do not know what to express its quality means; you must tell me all about it, or I shall never understand it. Cannot you explain it by some little story?"

I do not mean quite a whole story, but something like a story; *that* always makes me understand it."

"You mean an example, I suppose," said her mother; "well, let me think: when I walked out this morning I saw a pony cantering along the road."

"What sort of pony was it, mamma? was it a little brown pony, like Coco?"

"No, my dear, it was a pretty, spirited, grey pony; but larger than Coco. Now your grammar says, that an adjective expresses the quality of the noun; the quality means what sort of a noun it is; the pony is the noun: cannot you tell me what sort of a pony it was that I have been describing?"

"You said, mamma, that it was a pretty, grey, spirited pony, larger than Coco."

"Well, then, *pretty*, *grey*, *spirited*, and *larger*, are adjectives; for they are qualities of the noun pony, and serve to distinguish it from other ponies. If when you asked me what sort of a pony it was, I should reply, 'It has four legs with hoofs, and a head,' would that satisfy you?"

“ No, indeed, for all ponies have legs, and hoofs, and a head ; so I should not know what sort of a pony it was, if you made such an answer.”

“ Well, then, you see that it is necessary to find out something that distinguishes one pony from another, such as being grey and pretty ; and to give you an idea of its size, by saying that it is larger than Coco. Distinctions of this kind are called qualities.”

“ But, mamma, there are many other ponies that are pretty, and grey, and larger than Coco.”

“ That is true, and the pony I have seen is one of those. The adjective does not point out qualities which distinguish one pony from all others, but qualities which distinguish some ponies from other ponies.”

“ But suppose,” said Mary, “ the pony had some quality so very strange, that no other pony in the whole world was like it. Suppose it had wings, that would distinguish it from all other ponies.”

“ I should then call it a monster, Mary, and not a pony, for no pony has wings.”

“ Cato, our black dog, must be an ad-

jective, mamma, because black distinguishes him from dogs of another colour."

"No; Cato, the dog, you know, is a noun, but *black* is an adjective put before the noun, to show one of its distinguishing qualities. Thus *blue* is an adjective put before your frock, to show what is the colour of your frock."

"And in the evening *white* will be the adjective of my frock, mamma, because you know I wear a white frock in the afternoon. And are *pink* and *yellow* and all colours adjectives?"

"Yes, and not only colours, but every word that shows any quality of the noun; for instance, 'you are a *little* girl.'"

"Oh yes," said Mary, "little is an adjective, because it shows what sort of a girl I am; but I shall have another adjective when I am older; it will be a *great* girl."

"And I hope you may also add, a *good* girl," said her mamma; then if you are attentive to your lessons, perhaps you may have the adjective *clever* joined with your name."

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Mary, sud-

denly, "look at that naughty kitten! she has been playing with my new ball of scarlet worsted, and spoiling it."

"You have just said three adjectives," said her mother; "try if you can recollect them."

Mary thought a little, while she wound up the worsted which she had saved from the claws of the kitten, and then said, "*Naughty* kitten, *new* ball, and *scarlet* worsted. Well, mamma, I do think every thing is an adjective."

"You made the same observation upon nouns, Mary, and then you were right; for *things* are nouns; but there is not a single thing that is an adjective."

"True," said Mary; "if it is a thing it must be a noun; and the same word cannot be both a noun and an adjective too."

"No," replied her mother, "kitten, ball, and worsted are nouns, and the adjectives naughty, new, and scarlet, describe the qualities of those nouns."

The lesson finished here; for mamma declared that there was yet enough to say on adjectives to occupy them another morning.

LESSON V.

THE next morning Mary came running into the room, holding a new box in her hand. "Look, mamma," said she, "what a *pretty* box I am going to give Sophy;" and she laid an emphasis on *pretty*, to show that she understood it was an adjective.

"It is, indeed," said her mother; "but yet I think that my work-box is *prettier*."

"Oh, to be sure, mamma; but then the new box aunt Howard gave me is the *prettiest* of all."

"So then, Mary, one box is *pretty*, another is *prettier*, and the third is *prettiest*."

"And are all these *pretties* adjectives, mamma?"

"Yes; when you allow that my box is *prettier* than the box you hold, you compare the two boxes together, do not you?"

"Certainly," replied Mary; "and when I say that my new box is *prettiest*, I compare it with the other two boxes, though it is not here."

"Then you can easily understand why

the adjectives *pretty*, *prettier*, and *prettiest*, are called degrees of comparison."

"Oh yes, because the three boxes are compared one with the other. Look at this large book, mamma," said Mary, taking up one from the table; "but there is another still larger: I can hardly lift it, it is so heavy; now I must look over all the books to find the largest, and then I shall have the three degrees of comparison. Now let me compare something that is little. Here is a little key on your bunch of keys, mamma."

"I do not think it a very small one, my dear."

"No, I did not choose a very small one; because you know I want to find a *littler* and a *littlest*, to show the degrees of comparison."

"But, Mary, you should not say *littler* and *littlest*, but *less* and *least*."

"Ah, so I should," said Mary; "I thought *littler* and *littlest* did not sound right."

"In general, if you add the syllable *er* to the adjective, it gives you the term of comparison, as tall, *taller*, small, *smaller*.

And when you add the syllable *est* it gives you the other degree of comparison; as tall, *tallest*, small, *smallest*; but there are many exceptions to this rule."

"Yes," replied Mary, "for I could not say little, littler, littlest, for the keys; but I might have said, small, smaller, smallest."

"Suppose I were to say, 'You are a good child, Mary,' what are the terms of comparison for *good*?"

"I do not know; for you cannot say gooder and goodest, I am sure."

"No," replied her mother; "but think a little, and you will find them out."

Mary was puzzled; at last she thought of some good cake she had eaten the evening before, when she had been to play with her cousins, and then of some cake she had eaten at home, which she liked still better; and she then exclaimed, "Oh, now I have found it out, — *good* cake, *better* cake, and *best* cake, — those are the three degrees of comparison. And, mamma," added she, "I dare say you will find that I shall be a good girl, a better girl, and a best girl at last."

"I shall be very glad if I do," said her

mother, smiling; “but tell me, did you eat much of this good cake with your cousins?”

“I believe I did, mamma; but Charles ate more.”

“Oh, I am afraid Charles was a greedy boy,” said her mother.

“No; it was Harry who was the greedy boy; for he ate the most of all. Ah! those are the three degrees of comparison,—*much*, *more*, *most*. I ate *much* cake, Charles *more*, and Harry *most*.”

“The degrees of comparison, in adjectives of more than two syllables,” said her mother, “are usually formed by the addition of the words *more* and *most*; for it would be tiresome to lengthen out words that have already three or four syllables: thus, if you say an agreeable woman, you cannot say an agreeabler woman, or an agreeablest woman.”

“No, indeed,” replied Mary, laughing, “that would sound very disagreeable; but you may say a *more agreeable* woman, and a *most agreeable* woman; and you may say a sensible man, a *more sensible* man, and a *most sensible* man.”

“Now,” said her mother, “I will tell you

the names of these degrees of comparison. The first is called *Positive*. If I say this fire is hot, I mean that it is positively hot; but if I say the fire in the dining-room is hotter, then I compare the fire in the drawing-room with the fire in the dining-room; and, therefore, this degree of comparison is called *Comparative*; but where shall we find the hottest fire in the house, Mary?"

"Oh, in the kitchen, mamma, where the cook roasts the meat, and dresses all the dinner."

"Well, then, the kitchen fire is hottest; and hottest is called the *Superlative* degree, which means that it is above the others."

"But, mamma, when you said, 'This fire is hot,' you did not compare it with any other fire; so how can *hot* be a degree of comparison?"

"What you observe is very true, Mary; correctly speaking, the positive adjective is not a degree of comparison."

"I will now write down a few of these terms of comparison;" and she wrote as follows:—

<i>Positive.</i>	<i>Comparative.</i>	<i>Superlative.</i>
Rich	Richer	Richest.
Wise	Wiser	Wisest.
Large	Larger	Largest.
Nice	Nicer	Nicest.
New	Newer	Newest.

“ And pray, mamma,” said Mary, “ write down some of the adjectives that you cannot put *er* and *est* to; you know what I mean.”

“ You mean,” replied her mother, “ when it is necessary to change the word in order to express the degrees of comparison.” Then she wrote:—

<i>Positive.</i>	<i>Comparative.</i>	<i>Superlative.</i>
Good	Better	Best.
Bad	Worse	Worst.
Little	Less	Least.
Much	More	Most.

And there the lesson ended.

ARTICLES.

LESSON VI.

AT the next lesson of grammar, Mary's mother told her there were only two more words to be learnt which relate to nouns, and these were the articles *a* and *the*.

“They are what the parts of speech begin with in the grammar,” said Mary: “here they are,” added she, opening the book and reading, “‘An article is a word prefixed to nouns to point them out and show how far their signification extends, as *a* house, *an* orange, *a* man.’”

“And you may recollect, Mary, that you begged to skip the articles over, to which I consented, as I thought them too difficult for you to begin with; but now that you have learnt three of the other parts of speech, I think you will easily understand what an article means.”

“I will try, mamma, if you will explain it; but *a* is not a word; it is only a single letter?”

“That is no reason why it should not sometimes make a word of itself; the pronoun *I* is only a single letter, but that letter makes an entire word.”

“True,” said Mary, “I never observed that *I* was only one letter; I suppose because it is a great letter, and so it looks more like a word by itself.”

“Great or small makes no difference, my dear; it is the sense, and not the size or the sort of letter, that you must think of. The article *a* is a capital letter when it begins a sentence, as, ‘A man came here;’ but it is a small letter if it comes in the middle of a sentence, as, ‘Give me *a* shilling.’ Now, let us consider the sense or meaning of the articles, and the difference between *a* and *the*. Suppose the gardener were to come in and say, ‘A tree has been blown down in the garden,’ I should not know which of the trees had been blown down.”

“Oh! mamma,” cried Mary, eagerly, “I know what you would do; you would ask the gardener about its adjectives, to know whether it was a large or a small tree, or young or old, or pretty or ugly.”

“ But that would not satisfy me,” said her mother; “ I should want to know, not only what sort of a tree it was that was blown down, but which particular tree it was, and adjectives will not always tell me that.”

Mary was disappointed that she had not guessed right, and she said, “ Then, mamma, you need only ask him which tree it was.”

“ And he might reply,” said her mother, “ *the* great tree that grew on the bank! So you see *the* points out that one particular tree has been blown down; whilst *a* only means that it is some tree or other, without saying which.”

“ But, mamma, *the* would not show you which tree was blown down until the gardener told you that it was the great tree that stood on the bank.”

“ That is true, my dear; *the* does not tell you which tree it is, but it tells you that the explanation is coming; for whenever the article *the* is used, some account or description is sure to follow; the sense is not complete without it; and if the gardener said *the* tree, I should not understand him; but when he

adds, *which stood on the bank*, the meaning is clear."

"Yes," said Mary, "I understand; suppose I were to say, Pray, mamma, buy me *a* doll, I should mean any doll you liked; but, if you took me to the toy-shop, I dare say that I should ask leave to choose it, and I should say, Pray buy me *the* doll with the pretty blue eyes that open and shut."

"Very well," said her mother, "*the* would point out that you wished to have one particular doll, and *pretty blue eyes* would show me which it was."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "the *pretty blue eyes* are the adjectives — I mean *pretty* and *blue*, for I know *eyes* is a noun; and these adjectives help to distinguish the doll from the others: so you see, mamma, the article *the* will not do alone to show which doll I wished for."

"No," replied her mother; "the article *the* only points out the particular doll, the description of which immediately follows; and in the description, adjectives, nouns, and all sorts of words may be introduced."

"The article *a*," continued her mother,

“ can be used before nouns of the singular number only ; you cannot say, *a* houses, *a* flowers.”

“ Oh, no,” said Mary, laughing ; “ but you may say *the* house as well as *the* houses, and *the* flowers as well as *the* flower ; so *the* is both singular and plural.”

“ Or at least,” said her mother, “ *the* can be used before nouns, either singular or plural ; whilst *a* can be used only before a noun singular ; because *a* means one. *The* is called the definite article, because it defines or points out the particular object which is afterwards described, as in the instance, ‘ The great tree that grew on the bank.’ *A* is called the indefinite article, because it does not define any thing, or point out any particular object.”

“ Mamma, will you give me *a* apple ?” said Mary ; “ that is the indefinite article.”

“ But do you think that sounds right, Mary ?”

“ No, I think I ought to say, Give me *an* apple ; but is *an* an article ?”

“ Yes ; when the noun begins with a vowel, as apple does, the article *a* must be

changed into *an*, merely on account of the sound; for the meaning is the same. You know which of the letters are called vowels?"

"Oh, yes; a, e, i, o, u, and y."

"Well, then, think of some noun that begins with a vowel, and see whether you must not change the article *a* into *an* before it."

Mary thought a little, and then said, "Egg begins with a vowel; so I must say *an* egg, not *a* egg."

"And you must, for the same reason, say, an elephant, an ox, an ass, an ape, an orange."

"But there is another case in which *an* must be used instead of *a*; it is when the noun begins with an *h* which is not aspirated: you know what aspirating the *h* is?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mary; and she repeated, horse, hand, heart. "You always make me aspirate the *h*'s when I read, mamma."

"Not always; for they should not always be aspirated. In the word hour the *h* is not aspirated, nor in the word heir or honour;

therefore, you say an hour, an heir, an honour; not a hour, a heir, a honour."

"Oh, no," cried Mary; "that would sound very bad."

"*The*," continued her mother, "never changes, because *the* hour sounds as well as *the* horse, though in hour the *h* is not aspirated, and in horse it is."

"Then, mamma, after all, there are three articles instead of two — a, an, and the?"

"I have no objection to your considering them as three different words; but it appears to me, that as *a* and *an* have exactly the same use, I should call them the same article."

"And can *a* and *the* be put before pronouns as well as nouns?" inquired Mary.

"No, my dear; you cannot say *a* he, *the* she, *an* it: that would be quite nonsense!"

"Articles," continued her mother, "can be placed only before a noun, or before an adjective which is followed by a noun. A pretty, a hard, the high, the blue, is nonsense. But, a pretty flower, a hard stone, the high hill, the blue sky, is sense; you can understand the meaning of each of those phrases clearly."

“ Oh yes, they are very short,” said Mary; “ only three words in each, an article, an adjective, and a noun, and those three words make sense. Then, mamma, if I wanted to know whether a word were a noun or not, I have only to put an article before it, and see whether it makes sense or nonsense. If I put *a* before *tall*, I know that tall is not a noun, because *a tall* is nonsense; but if I put *a* before *man* or *house*, I know that man and house are nouns, because *a man*, or *a house*, is sense.”

“ That is very true, Mary; but I think it is a still better method to know whether a word is a noun or not, by understanding its meaning. I think we may now take leave of articles, and conclude our lesson for to-day.”

“ But, mamma, you will tell me a little story, will you not, that I may find out the adjectives in it? That will help me to remember them.”

“ Very well,” replied her mother; “ but then you must find out, not only the articles, but the nouns, pronouns, and adjectives also. I will read you this story to-morrow, for you have had quite enough grammar to-day.”

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

A hen who was confined under a hen-coop in a poultry yard, had a large brood of young chickens; I believe there were no fewer than twelve of them: they were so small that they could get in and out of the coop between the twigs of the wicker-work, but the hen was too large to get out; and she was sadly afraid of her little chickens running away and being lost. So, when they went out of the coop she called after them as you have heard hens call their chickens; cluck! cluck! cluck! and when the chickens heard her, they ran back into the coop. She sometimes picked up grains of corn to give them to eat; and sometimes she gathered them under her wings, and kept them as warm and snug as if they had been in a nice bed.

One day the hen saw a large hawk flying high up in the air. She knew that it was a bird of prey, that is, a bird which seizes on small birds, and carries them away. The hen was terribly frightened lest the hawk should pounce down upon one of her little

chickens, seize it in his sharp talons, and carry it away ; so she kept calling out, cluck ! cluck ! cluck ! as loud as she could, and the chickens came running into the coop, one after the other, as fast as their little legs could carry them. They all got safe in and hid themselves under her wings, except one little chicken, which had strayed so far from the coop that it could not hear the hen call it. It had been playing about with some ducklings, and when the mother duck called her young ones, the little chicken went with them to see what they were going to do. The great duck was not kept under a coop like the hen, but she waddled about wherever she chose, and the little ducklings followed her. She led them to a pretty little round pond in the poultry yard ; and when she got to the edge of the water, she stepped in and began to swim ; then the little ones all followed her into the pond, and the poor chicken was quite frightened, for she thought they would be drowned ; but to her great surprise they began paddling about in the water with their webbed feet, and could swim almost as well as their mother. Then the little chicken

thought that it must be very easy to swim, and it looked as if it was very pleasant, so she resolved to follow her little play-fellows, and into the pond she went. She tried to move her legs as she saw the ducklings do, but it was all in vain: she could not swim; and when she found herself sinking in the water, she fluttered her wings, but that would not do either — she could not fly; she then struggled to reach the edge of the pond, but her feet no longer felt the ground, and she was very near being drowned.

Helen, a little girl who lived at the farmhouse to which the poultry belonged, took great pleasure in going every morning after breakfast to feed the poultry with the crumbs of bread she gathered from the breakfast-table. She went first to the hen-coop to see the brood of young chickens, who were just then her favourites; and seeing the hen appear much ruffled, and the chickens crouched closely under her wings, she inquired of Betty the dairy-maid, what was the matter.

“Oh, Miss Helen,” said Betty, “there has been a hawk flying over the poultry yard, which has terrified all the poor creatures;

but, what is the worst of all, I fear that it has carried off one of the little chickens, for I have just been counting them over to see if they were all safe, and I can find only eleven!" The tears rushed into poor Helen's eyes; but her mamma, who was with her, said, "Let us search every where to see whether we cannot find it, Helen; that will be much better than crying." So they hunted all through the hen-house, and under some faggots of wood, and a litter of straw, in short, all over the poultry yard, till at last they came to the pond. "It is no use looking there," said Helen, "for the chicken cannot swim." However, as her mamma went on Helen followed; and when they were close to the water's edge, what should they see but the poor little chicken, whose strength was almost exhausted, still faintly struggling to get out. "Oh, there it is, indeed, mamma," cried Helen, gasping for breath between delight and fear. Her mother seized a wooden shovel which happened to lie on the ground, and pushing it into the water under the chicken, brought it safely ashore. Helen hugged it in her arms, though it was wringing with wet, and carried

it into the house, where she dried its feathers, warmed it well, and then gave it some crumbs of bread to eat. "I need not give it any water, mamma, said she; I am sure it has had enough of that, and I dare say the mere sight of water would frighten it: but I believe the crumbs frighten it too, for see, mamma, it will not eat."

"The best comfort you can give the poor bird, Helen," said her mother, "is to take it back to the coop; it will recover more quickly under its mother's wing than any where else." Helen longed to nurse the chicken a little longer; but when she found she could not make it eat, she carried it back to the poultry yard and put it under the coop.

The hen was quite happy to see her safe back! She stretched out her wings for her to nestle under them: then she picked up some grains of corn, which she gave her to eat; and the poor chicken was so glad to get back to her mother, after all the fright she had had, that she thought she would never leave her any more.

"Now, Mary," said her mother, "this story is a great deal too long for you to find

out the nouns, pronouns, and adjectives it contains in one day. I advise you to divide it into portions of six or eight lines, and make each of them a separate exercise of parsing."

VERBS.

LESSON VII.

THERE had been no lesson of grammar during a whole week, in order that Mary might have time to fix in her memory what she had already learned, before she began any thing new. At length she brought her exercise, and showed her mother that she had gone through the whole of the story of the Hen and Chickens, and had found out in it the several parts of speech she had learned. Her mother then thought it time to proceed to the Verbs. Mary accordingly fetched her grammar, and her mother read as follows:—
“ A Verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer.”

“ I cannot understand that at all,” said Mary, looking very grave.

“ You will like the verbs that do something best,” said her mother, “ so we will begin with them. Come here, Mary ;” and, as Mary approached, she added, “ well, what are you doing now ?”

“ I am going to you, mamma, as you desired me.”

“ Then *going* is a verb : and how do you go ?”

“ You see, mamma,” said Mary, smiling — “ I am walking ; and is *walking* a verb too ?”

“ Yes, certainly.”

Mary then began to run. “ Now I am doing another verb,” said she ; “ *run* must be a verb also,” and presently she ran out of the room. Her mother wondered what she was gone for ; but she soon heard her coming back with her skipping-rope ; and when she came in, she skipped very lightly round the room, looking all the while at her mamma, and smiling, as much as to say, “ You see I know that *skipping* is a verb too.” When she reached the door, off she went again, but soon returned with her hoop, which she trundled round the table.

“ Very well, Mary ; I see that you understand, that to skip, and to trundle, are verbs ; but if you run away every time you find out a new verb, we shall not get on much ; so now sit down on that chair.” Mary seated herself, and her mother asked her what she was doing then.

“ Nothing at all, mamma ; I am sure I cannot be doing a verb now, for I am sitting quite still.”

“ But there are some still, quiet verbs, Mary, as well as busy active ones. When you sit down, you do something, for you sit ; besides, you were speaking to me, and to speak is a verb also.”

Mary began laughing. “ Oh, what a number of verbs there are !” said she.

“ To laugh is another verb,” said her mother, “ and sometimes a very noisy one.”

“ So, then, you may do a verb,” said Mary, “ without moving about, if to sit, and to speak, and to laugh, are verbs ?”

“ Yes ; and you may *do* a verb (as you call it), even without the slightest motion of any part of your body ; for the actions of the mind are verbs as well as those of the

body ; so, to *think*, to *hope*, to *fear*, to *wish*, are verbs, as well as to *ride*, to *walk*, to *eat*, and to *drink*."

" While I was working this morning, mamma, I was wishing that my cousins might come to-day, and hoping that they would, and thinking all about it ; but it seemed to me that I did not *do* any thing but work."

" Your body did nothing else, but your mind was active, as you describe ; and your thoughts, Mary, are a part of your mind. Then, verbs not only express the actions of the mind and of the body, but their state or manner of being ; such as, *being* hot, or cold, or *being* hungry, or tired, or *being* pleased, or vexed."

" Well, I am sure I am always either *being* a verb, or *doing* a verb ; for I am always busy about something, unless I am tired, or sleeping, and those you know are *being* verbs."

" Then, Mary, verbs do not only express the action or being of men, women, and children, but of all animals and all things ; as, the *sky* is bright, the *flowers* are faded, the *nut* is cracked, your *frock* is torn."

“ Indeed, mamma !” said Mary, looking anxiously at her frock, “ I did not know it ; where is it ?”

“ The rent will be soon mended,” said her mother, smiling ; “ it was only a make-belief example of the state of your frock.”

“ Oh, mamma, there is one verb I want very much,” said Mary ; “ I am so hungry.”

“ To be hungry, is a verb, it is true,” replied her mother ; “ but to want to be hungry is not very pleasant, in my opinion.”

“ Oh no, mamma, the verb I want, is to eat.”

“ I rather think you would like a noun substantive to eat,” said her mother, giving her a slice of cake.

Mary began eating, and between the mouthfuls, she said, “ Now I have got the noun, and I am doing the verb.” Having finished, she complained that the cake had made her thirsty. “ That is one of the still, quiet verbs,” said she ; “ but I should like to do one of the more busy verbs, with a noun, mamma ; can you guess what I mean ?”

“ I think I can ; you want to drink some water.”

“ Indeed ! how cleverly you have guessed it, to drink was the verb, and water the noun.”

“ I must now tell you, Mary,” said her mother, “ that there are three different sorts of verbs, called *active*, *passive*, and *neuter*.”

“ I know what an active verb means,” cried Mary ; “ it is a busy verb, when you are doing something active, like that bird yonder. Look, mamma, how fast it flies ; I am sure to fly must be an active verb.”

“ No, my dear. An active verb means not only that you do something, but that you do it to somebody or to something else. When I say *I love*, I mean that I love somebody or something else ; do I not ?”

“ Yes, mamma, you love me.”

“ But when the bird flies, his flying has nothing to do with any one else.”

“ Yet, mamma, you sit quite still while you love me ; how can that be an active verb ?”

“ I think, when I love you, Mary ; so my thoughts are active, though I do not move.

However, if you wish for something more active, come here ;” and she gave Mary a kiss. “ To kiss is an active verb, because you must kiss some person or thing, Now, Mary, if you are not satisfied,” added she, laughing, “ I can strike you, and you will think that active enough ;” and she gave Mary several little taps.

“ Oh yes, I understand it, mamma ; though the bird moved so fast, when it flew along, it did not meddle with any body or any thing in flying : so to fly is not an active verb.”

“ Now, can you tell me,” said her mother, “ when Willy flies his kite, is it a verb active or not ?”

Mary was puzzled ; she pondered a little, and then suddenly exclaimed, “ Oh, a verb active, to be sure, because *he* does not fly like the bird, but he flies his kite, and that you know is making something else fly ; so, to fly a kite must be an active verb, though to fly is not.”

Her mother now told her, she had learnt enough of verbs for one lesson, and that they would go on with them at the next.

CONTINUATION OF VERBS.

LESSON VIII.

WHEN Mary came with her grammar the following morning, her mother told her that the next sort of verb was called a *passive verb*, "which means," said she, "that, instead of doing any thing yourself, something is done to you. If you say, 'I am beaten,' it means that some one beats you, while you remain passive."

"Indeed, mamma," cried Mary, "I should not remain passive if I were beaten; I should run away as fast as I could." And off she ran so close to the fire that her mother called out, "Take care, Mary; if you go so near the fire, you will be burnt. Can you tell me what sort of a verb '*to be burnt*' is?"

"That would be something done to me, mamma; for I am sure I should not do it myself, it hurts so. It would be something, not somebody, that burnt me; for it would be the fire that burnt me: but, I suppose, whether it is a thing or a person, does not signify."

“No,” said her mother; “it makes no difference what it is that acts upon you; to be burnt, to be beaten, to be scolded, are all passive verbs.”

“I think passive verbs are very disagreeable,” said Mary; “one has nothing to do but remain quiet, and suffer something to be done to you.”

“No,” said her mother, “that is not necessary: if you were burnt, you would, probably, scream out for help, and run away; but unless you extinguished the flames, so long as *you were burnt* by them, that verb would be passive. When you are acted upon, you are considered as passive, whether you remain quiet or not. *To be caught* is a passive verb, whether you struggle to get free or not: *to be thrown down* is a passive verb, though you are certainly in motion whilst falling; but you are put in motion by some person or thing acting upon you, and making you fall.”

“Oh yes,” said Mary; “but if I throw myself down, it is an active, not a passive verb.”

“Yes, because you are, in that case, both

the person who acts and the object acted upon. But all passive verbs, Mary, are not disagreeable ; what do you think of the verb *to be loved* ? ”

“ Oh, that is very pleasant ; but, mamma, I thought you said the verb *to love* was an active verb. ”

“ *To love* is an active verb, ” replied her mother, “ because you love another person ; therefore, you act upon another person ; but *to be loved* is when another person acts upon you ; you may say, ‘ I am loved by Sophy. ’ ”

“ Well, then, I should love Sophy in return. ”

“ In that case, ” said her mother, “ you would return to the active verb *to love*. In the passive verb you cannot act, nor even move, unless you are moved like a log, or some other inanimate being, as when you are thrown down : or you may be pulled, or pushed, or driven, or drawn ; but the instant you move of your own accord, the verb is no longer passive. *To be admired, to be praised, to be caressed,* are also agreeable passive verbs. ”

“ Yet I like the active verbs the best, mamma, because I have something to do myself.”

“ Then,” said her mother, “ you will like the third kind of verb, which is called the *neuter* verb ; for there you not only do something yourself, but you do it by yourself, without acting on any thing else.”

“ What, like the bird that flew, mamma?”

“ Exactly ; *to fly* is a neuter verb, and so is *to walk*, and *to run*.”

“ Let me think of some neuter verbs, mamma. To cough, to sneeze, to sit, to stand, to sleep, must all be neuter verbs ; for when I do those verbs, I do not meddle with any body or any thing else.”

“ True,” said her mother ; “ but now, Mary, we have been talking so long about verbs, that I think we must go into the garden to refresh ourselves ; so run and put on your bonnet.”

Mary was soon ready, and they went out. “ Look at that snail, mamma,” said she, “ how slowly it crawls ;—to crawl is a neuter verb, I remember that ; but I will make it go a little faster :” she gathered a twig, and

touched the snail with it. The snail drew in its horns. "Oh, poor little snail," said her mother, "do not hurt it."

"Indeed, I did not hurt it, mamma, it is only frightened. *To be frightened* is a passive verb, for the snail is passive while I frighten it; but," added she, "if I say I frighten the snail, that must be an active verb."

"True, because you act upon the snail. *To frighten* is an active verb, because you must frighten some one; but *to be frightened* is a passive verb, because the frightened creature is passive."

"Yes, but mamma, the snail, when it was frightened, drew in its horns."

"Then it became active, for *to draw in your horns* is an active verb."

"Then, mamma, the snail is both active and passive at the same time; for I am sure it is frightened when it draws in its horns."

"It is active," replied her mother, "in the verb *to draw in its horns*, and passive, in the verb *to be frightened*."

Mary's attention was soon after called off by the sight of a man beating a dog.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed she, "look at

that naughty man. I am sure *to beat* is an active verb; see how his arm moves, and what blows he gives the poor dog, who stands quite passive. I wish, mamma," continued she, "that, when we go in, you would write down some active, and some passive, and some neuter verbs; as you did the degrees of comparison of the adjectives:" and when they returned to the house, her mother took a pen and wrote as follows:—

<i>Active.</i>	<i>Passive.</i>	<i>Neuter.</i>
To love.	To be loved.	To dance.
To hate.	To be hated.	To rise.
To lay.	To be laid.	To lie.
To send.	To be sent.	To sit.
To teaze.	To be teazed.	To stir.
To bid.	To be bidden.	To run.
To tell.	To be told.	To leap.

"Why, mamma!" cried Mary, "the active and the passive verbs, in this list, are all the same! I do not mean the same verbs, but the same things."

"That is generally the case," said her mother; "reflect a little, and you will find

it so. If you love, there must be some object to be loved: you may love *Sophy*, or you may love *strawberries*, or you may love *pictures*; the active verb, you know, means that there is some object to be acted on. *Sophy*, *strawberries*, and *pictures*, are the objects you act upon, while they, being loved, form the passive verb."

"Oh yes, to be sure!" said Mary; "I did not think of that; if I teaze somebody, there must be somebody to be teazed."

"You, Mary, who teaze, are the active person, and called the agent of the verb; and the person who is teazed, the object of the verb; try to remember those distinctions. There is a great deal more to be learnt about verbs, my dear; but I think you have had enough of them for the present."

"Oh, but the little story at the end, mamma, you will not forget that. Now I shall have five sorts of words to look out for — nouns, pronouns, adjectives, articles, and verbs."

"Very well, Mary, I will write you a story for to-morrow."

THE FISHERMAN.

A fisherman and his wife, who were very poor, lived in a little hut by the side of a river. They had two children—Jack, a stout lad, eleven years old, and Jenny, who was only eight. The fisherman had a boat, in which he and his son used to go on the river to lay their nets; when they caught plenty of fish, they were very glad, because they took them to the next market town and sold them. For several days the fisherman had caught but very few fish; and when he had but few fish to sell, he could get but little money to buy food. For a long time the family had had nothing but bread and potatoes for dinner, and the poor children longed for a little meat, and some milk with their bread at breakfast. One day the fisherman, in drawing up his nets, felt that they were heavy. “Well, we have caught a fish or two at last,” said he. “Come, Jack, lend us a hand to heave in the nets.” This was soon done, when, to the surprise of both father and son, only three fish were found

in them; one of them, it is true, was very large, but it was still more remarkable for its weight. "Why, one would think this fish was made of lead," said the fisherman; "there must be something inside."

When the fish was dead he ripped it open; and what should he find, instead of lead, but an old purse full of gold! "Well, good luck is come at last!" cried the fisherman; "this money is just in time to pay my quarter's rent; but here's enough to last for years; and I promise you a new suit of clothes, Jack."

"And there's enough to buy a new gown for Jenny, too, father, is there not?"

"Ay, and for your mother and all." They hastened home with the newly found treasure, and the wife was no less pleased than they were; but she could not help saying, what a sad thing it must be to the poor man who lost it. "Poor man!" repeated her husband; "I think he must be a rich one to have so much gold."

"Ay, while he had it," replied she; "but now that he has lost it he must be poor."

"Mayhap, he may have a deal more," said

the fisherman ; “ however, there ’s no finding out whom it belonged to once, so now it belongs to me, who have fished it up.”

“ I wonder how it got into the river,” cried Jack.

“ And how the fish came to swallow it,” said Jenny, “ for gold is not good to eat.”

“ No, but it will buy many things that are,” replied her father ; “ and I promise you a rare dinner to-morrow ; what do you say to a beefsteak pudding, and a pot of ale ?”

They counted over twenty guineas ; the fisherman’s wife rubbed them as bright as she could, and put them into her husband’s leathern purse ; and she gave the old purse, which was quite worn out, to Jenny. There were two metal rings, or runners, to this purse : and little Jenny tried to rub them bright, as her mother had done the guineas. When the dirt and rust were rubbed off, she saw that there were letters engraved on the runners, and she took them to her brother, who could read a little. He examined the letters a long time, and at last made out these words : — “ Mr. Cullen, Heath Lodge.”

“ Good heavens !” exclaimed the mother ;

“this purse belongs to Mr. Cullen, and we must restore it,” added she, with a heavy sigh.

“But father found it,” said Jack; “and if he had not fished it up, Mr. Cullen could never have had it.”

“That don’t signify,” replied his mother; “whatever is found must be restored to the owner, if you can find out who he is.”

The fisherman agreed with his wife. They regretted very much all the good things they had intended to buy with the gold; but it was settled that, the next morning, while the fisherman went to draw his nets, Jack and Jenny should carry the gold to Heath Lodge, which was about two miles off. The next morning away they trudged; and as they went they talked of the number of things they could have bought with so much gold.

“If father had kept but one of the guineas, it would have bought us new clothes, and one good dinner at least,” said Jenny; “and I think that would have been but fair, as he found the purse.”

“Father knows best,” replied Jack, “and he said that it would not be honest to keep

back a single penny ; but that, perhaps, the gentleman would make us a present for taking back the money."

" Oh, I dare say he will," cried Jenny ; " what do you think he will give us ?"

" Indeed, I can't tell," said the lad ; " but mind you don't ask for any thing. Look, yonder's the house ; now take care to behave yourself, Jenny, and make a low courtesy as soon as you see the gentleman."

When they were shown into Mr. Cullen's room, Jenny dropped one of her best courtesys. Jack took off his hat, scraped his foot, and then holding out the purse — " There's your purse, sir," said he ; " father found it inside of a fish." Mr. Cullen was astonished at the sight of his purse. " It is no less than two years," said he, " since I lost it. It dropped into the river one day, when I was rowing, and I never expected to see it again. The purse is spoiled, it is true, but there is every guinea in it safe."

" The runners are not spoiled," said Jenny, " for I rubbed them bright, and so Jack read your name."

" You are very good children," said Mr.

Cullen, "and I thank you for restoring my purse." Jack made his bow, and was going away; but Jenny was so much disappointed that Mr. Cullen had made them no present, that she burst into tears.

"What's the matter, my dear," said Mr. Cullen.

"Oh! nothing at all, sir," cried Jack; "come, Jenny, don't be so silly; she is only crying about the new gown father had promised her, and the beefsteak pudding and ale for dinner."

"Ay, and father can't pay his rent neither," sobbed Jenny, willing to excuse herself from being thought selfish.

"And why not?" inquired Mr. Cullen.

"Oh, sir, because he is so poor. When he found this purse, he thought the money was all his own, till I rubbed the runners bright, and Jack read your name upon them; and then he said it would be dishonest to keep it."

"That is very true," said Mr. Cullen; "you did quite right to bring back the purse; tell your father that I shall go and see him to-morrow morning, to thank him

for restoring the money." Jack again made his bow, and Jenny dropped her courtesy, with as good a grace as she could, when Mr. Cullen chucked her under the chin, and, smiling archly, said, "Beefsteak pudding, was it, lassie; would not beefsteak pie do as well?" Jenny could not understand what he meant, but thinking his joke rather ill-timed, replied, pettishly, "We shan't have either, sir." They then trudged home in sober sadness.

The following morning, Mr. Cullen did not fail to keep his promise of calling at the cottage of the fisherman, and, after thanking him for his purse, inquired particularly into his circumstances, and in what way he might be of service to him. He learnt that the ill success of the fishing, which had brought the fisherman into distress, was owing in a great measure to the badness of his nets. He declared that he spent all his spare time in mending them, but that they were so completely worn out that it was almost labour lost.

Mr. Cullen then asked the dame what it was *she* stood most in need of. She thanked

his honour, and said she had a fine large pig, which would serve them for bacon throughout the winter, if she could buy meal to fatten, and salt to cure it; but she had not money for either. Mr. Cullen then turned to the children, and inquired whether they went to school. "No," said the fisherman, "though they have a great desire to go, for some of their playmates go to the school; but I have not the means to send them, for it would be as good as cheating my landlord to pay for my children's schooling, whilst I can't pay my rent." "Well, do not let that disturb you, my good friend," said Mr. Cullen, "you owe your landlord nothing." The fisherman stared, when Mr. Cullen continued, "I learnt from little Jenny there, that you were at a loss for your rent, and I sent and paid it this morning; you are rent-free to this time twelvemonth. Then, if your children will attend school diligently, I will pay their schooling; what say you?" said he, addressing himself to them. "Oh, I should never fail," answered Jack, "unless father wanted me to draw the nets; but I could lend a hand at that between school hours." Jenny was

vastly pleased, but looked at her mother, who answered for her that she would be very regular in her attendance; "for," added she, "though it may give me somewhat more to do at home, I am sure in the end it will answer better for myself, as well as the girl, that she should be a bit of a scholar. No one knows, but those who can't read and write, what a thing it is to have a child that can; why, even the little that Jack knows, is of great use to us: you see, sir," added the good woman, with great simplicity, "it was Jack found out your name on the runners of the purse. Then, sir, it's a mighty saving to have one's clothes mended neat and strong: we can botch them up after a manner, but the girls at the sewing school would be ashamed of such work; why, they will set you in a patch, that you shan't be able to find it out." Mr. Cullen then took leave, and said they should hear from him again the next day. Accordingly, the next day a cart of Mr. Cullen's drove up to the cottage door, and a variety of things were brought into the house. First, there was a sack of meal to fatten the pig, and a bag of salt to cure it;

then came a large beefsteak pie, and a small barrel of beer: the children's eyes sparkled with pleasure; but what was their delight when two parcels were opened, in which they found a complete suit of clothes for each of them! The man who drove the cart bade Jenny observe, that the close straw-bonnet, and the warm cloth cloak, were for her to wear in cold weather, to go to church, and to school. Jenny, who dearly loved a little finery, jumped about for joy. Lastly, there was a package of new nets for the fisherman; in short, there was not one of the family that had not cause to rejoice, and be grateful to Mr. Cullen for the kind return he made them for their honesty.

The children improved very much at school. The fisherman and his wife worked hard to do without their aid: the pig was fattened, and, in due time, salted; and the fish, when once in the net, finding no holes in it, through which they could escape, were brought safe ashore, and by their sale afforded the family a comfortable maintenance.

ADVERBS.

LESSON IX.

“WE now come to the part of speech called Adverbs: can you guess what that means, Mary?”

“Adverb,” repeated Mary, thoughtfully; “that must be something added to a verb — so I suppose it is like an adjective added to a noun, to show what sort of noun it is.”

“Something like,” replied her mother, “but not quite, for the adverb does not point out the sort of verb; the verb itself shows that. If you say, ‘I dance,’ or ‘he strikes,’ the sort of action is described by the verb itself, without any adverb being joined to it.”

“Then what does the adverb show, mamma?”

“Several things,” replied her mother. “In the first place, it shows the manner of the verb. You can read, Mary; but in what manner do you read?”

“Oh, mamma, I hope that I can read well, now that I am seven years old.”

“ Then *well* is an adverb added to the verb to read. I do not say that it is one which always points out your manner of reading, for sometimes you read *carelessly*.”

“ Ah, mamma,” cried Mary, “ that is an adverb, too ; and sometimes I read too *fast*, is that an adverb ? ”

“ Yes ; and sometimes *indistinctly*.”

“ Oh, what a number of adverbs there are to describe my manner of reading ! ” said Mary, laughing.

“ I hope you will keep to the first, Mary, and always read *well* ; or, if you wish to add other adverbs, let them be to read *slowly*, *distinctly*, *fluently*, *prettily*.”

“ I think, mamma, the adverbs all end in *ly* ? ”

“ Not all. Those that end in *ly* are taken from adjectives : *slow*, *distinct*, *fluent*, *pretty*, are adjectives which show the quality of the noun : *slowly*, *distinctly*, *fluently*, are adverbs which show the manner of the verb. You say, ‘ a slow horse, a distinct speaker, a fluent tongue, a pretty child : ’ then, if you add *ly* to those adjectives, you change them into the adverbs *slowly*, *distinctly*, *fluently*,

and *prettily*, and you add them to verbs instead of to nouns."

"Now let me see, mamma, whether I cannot find out an adjective that may be changed into an adverb." She thought a little, then said, "This is a nice cake. Nice is the adjective, and *nicely* the adverb."

"Yes; you may say it is *nicely* baked. Nice, you see, is the adjective belonging to the noun *cake*, and *nicely* the adverb belonging to the verb *to bake*. I will write down a few adjectives with their corresponding adverbs:

Dirty,	Dirtily.
Sweet,	Sweetly.
Wide,	Widely.
High,	Highly.
Fresh,	Freshly.
New,	Newly."

"I wonder, mamma," said Mary, "that adjectives are not called adnouns; I should remember much more easily what they meant. I shall never forget what adverb means, because the word tells you at once; but I must guess to what an adjective is to be added."

“ Very true, my dear ; but we cannot take upon ourselves to change the names which grammarians have given to the different parts of speech. Adverbs are also sometimes added to adjectives, as a *very* good girl : it increases the force of the adjective.”

“ You said a *very* good girl is better than a good girl ; and a *very* naughty child is worse than a naughty child ; and can other adverbs be put before adjectives besides *very* ? ”

“ Certainly ; you may say a *remarkably* nice cake ; an *extremely* sour orange ; an *exceedingly* sweet rose.”

“ Then Mary, besides the adverbs which show the manner of the verb, there are others which point out the place in which it is done ; as, I stand *here*. I walked *thither*. She went *hence*. He will go *any where*.”

“ Pray, mamma, let me try to find out some of the adverbs that show the place of the verb. I thought I had put my thimble *there*,” said she, opening a work-box ; “ but,” added she, looking about, “ I can find it *no where*.”

“ Very well, Mary : that is, if it is only an example you are supposing, and that you have not really lost your thimble.”

“ Oh no, *here* it is,” said Mary, smiling, and lifting up her finger.

“ This is not all,” continued her mother ; “ there are some adverbs which relate to the time in which the verb is performed ; as, I eat *now*. John will go *soon*. He has been *already*.”

“ Now it is my turn, mamma : I dance *often*, but I *seldom* draw. He will write *presently*. Will you go *directly* ?”

“ The next class of adverbs,” said her mother, “ points out the number of times the verb is performed ; as I spoke *once*, or *twice*, or a *hundred times*.”

“ Oh, what a deal of speaking !” exclaimed Mary. “ and are one, two, three, four, and all the numbers adverbs ?”

“ No ; because they do not relate to the verb, but to the noun : you say, ‘ one apple, two houses, ten men,’ and so on.”

“ Then the numbers are adjectives ?” said Mary.

“ Yes. They do not, it is true, exactly show the quality of the noun, but they point out its number : when you mention the

number of the verb, you do not say, ' I wrote *one*,' but I wrote *once*."

" Well," said Mary, " I do think so many different sorts of adverbs is a little puzzling."

" You have, at least, had enough of them to-day, my dear," replied her mother: " go and take a run in the garden to refresh yourself."

CONTINUATION OF ADVERBS.

LESSON X.

" IN order to be able to recollect all the different sort of adverbs, my dear," said Mary's mother to her, " you must class them in regular order in your memory."

" Yes," said Mary, " I must put them in order in my head, as I do my doll's clothes in her chest of drawers."

" Very well," replied her mother, smiling at the comparison, " and put each class in a separate drawer."

" How droll," said Mary, laughing, " that my head should be like a chest of drawers!"

“ I hope it is like a tidy chest of drawers, Mary : I have known some little girls whose drawers are in such confusion, that when they want any thing in them, they do not know in which drawer to look for it ; and, when that is the case,” added she, looking archly at Mary, “ I cannot help suspecting that their heads are in the same sort of confusion.”

“ Yes ; but I do not think you know such a little girl, just now, mamma ; for, if you recollect, you praised me the other day for having my drawers in such tidy order.”

“ Well, then, it is to be hoped, Mary, that I shall find your head so too. Now, let us see how many drawers you must have to keep the adverbs in. Do you recollect how many we have already mentioned ?”

“ Let me see,” said Mary, thinking ; “ why, first, I must have a drawer, and a pretty large one, for the adverbs relating to the *manner* of the verb, there are so many of them ; such as *prettily*, *cleverly*, *nicely*. Then another for adverbs relating to *place* ; as *here*, *there*, *every where*. Then a third drawer for adverbs relating to *time* ; as *now*,

then, presently. That need not be so large a drawer, I believe : and, lastly, a little tiny drawer, will be enough for the adverbs that relate to number ; as *once, twice, thrice,* and away," said she ; and then set off with a hop, skip, and a jump, and ran to the other end of the room,—an exercise which never failed to relieve her mind when weary of thinking.

" But, my dear," said her mother, " you know that we have not finished the adverbs ; there are several other classes for you to learn."

" Then I must have some more drawers to put them in ; and pray what are they ?"

" The next class of adverbs relates to the quantity of the verb ; as, ' you have read *enough* ; he has eaten *sufficiently*.'

" Another class of adverbs asks questions ; as ' *How* do you do ? *What* do you say ? *Why* should we go ? *When* shall we set out ?'"

" Oh yes, I know those are questions, because there is a note of interrogation ; but what has that to do with a verb ?"

" In the sentence ' *How* do you do ?' *how* relates to the verb to do, and means, ' How

does your health do?' In '*What* do you say?' *what* relates to the verb to say, and so on."

Mary inquired whether there were any adverbs that answered questions.

"Yes there are," replied her mother, "especially two little words that you are very fond of."

Mary wondered what they could be.

"Suppose I were to ask you whether you have read to-day, what would you answer?"

"I should say 'Yes ;' for I have read a long chapter in the History of England, with Miss Thompson."

"But supposing that you had not read to-day?"

"Then I should say, 'No.'"

"Well, then, *yes* and *no* are adverbs, and so are all other words that reply to a question, such as, *perhaps*, *surely*, *certainly*, *by no means*, *not at all*."

"But, mamma," said Mary, "*yes* and *no*, by themselves, cannot relate to any verb?"

"I beg your pardon: if you say *yes*, in answer to my question, 'Have you read?' you mean to say, 'Yes, I have read:'

you see, therefore, that *yes*, by itself, refers to the verb to read, though the verb is not mentioned.

“Some adverbs have degrees of comparison; as, often, *oftener*, *oftenest*; well, *better*, *best*.”

“But, mamma,” said Mary interrupting her, “you said that good, better, best, were adjectives.”

“Good,” replied she, “is always an adjective; but better and best are sometimes adjectives, and sometimes adverbs.”

“Oh, that is very puzzling; and in my parsing lessons how am I to find out whether they are adjectives or adverbs?”

“By observing whether they relate to nouns or to verbs. If I say, ‘I spoke *well*, you spoke *better*, but Henry spoke *best*,’ the words *well*, *better*, *best*, are adverbs, because they relate to the verb to speak; but if you say, ‘A *good* child, a *better* child, the *best* child,’ the degrees of comparison relate to the noun child, and are, therefore, adjectives.”

“Yes; and then you must say, *good*, instead of *well*, for it would be nonsense to say, a *well* child.”

“Whenever,” said her mother, “the two degrees of comparison, better and best, are used as adverbs, the positive is *well*; and when they are used as adjectives, the positive is *good*.”

“Let me find out an example, mamma; first, for adjectives—‘I am a *good* dancer, Sophy is a *better* dancer, but Ellen dances *best*.’”

“Stop,” said her mother; “there is an error in your example: try if you can find it out.”

Mary repeated the phrase slowly and deliberately, but she thought in vain, and could not discover the fault. “What can it be, mamma?” said she.

“In the two first degrees of comparison,” replied her mother, “you are right; but when you said, ‘Ellen dances best,’ the word *best* relates to the verb *dances*, and not to the noun *dancer*.”

“To be sure,” said Mary, “I did not think of that: a *dancer* is a person and a noun; while *dances* is a verb. And is it wrong to mix the adjectives and the adverbs so in one sentence?”

“Not at all,” replied her mother. “Now, Mary, I believe that we have gone through the different classes of adverbs; do you think that you can recollect them all?”

“I will try, mamma. An adverb is a word added to a verb to show something that relates to it: 1st, The manner of the verb; as, ‘he speaks *well*.’ 2dly, The place of the verb; as, ‘Ellen came *here*.’ 3dly, The time of the verb; as, ‘I write *now*.’ 4thly, The number of the verb; as, ‘They drank *twice*.’ 5thly, Adverbs that ask questions; as, ‘*What* shall we do?’ 6thly, Those which answer questions; as, ‘*Yes*,’ ‘*No*.’ Oh but, mamma, I must have two more drawers for my questions and answers, for you know I did not reckon them in my chest of drawers.”

“Very true, Mary,” said her mother. “I think we may now take leave of adverbs; and for to-morrow I have prepared a story instead of a lesson.”

Mary was pleased to hear this; for, though she now liked her lessons of grammar pretty well, she liked the stories still better.

THE SPONGE CAKES.

Mrs. Burton was one day walking in the fields with her little daughter Harriet, who skipped on before her through the grass. The gay flowers sprung up beneath her feet, and smelt very sweet; but she did not stop to gather them, for she was impatient to reach the village where they were going to the pastry-cook's. Harriet had sixpence of her own to lay out, and all the way she went she was thinking what sort of cakes she would buy. For herself she liked plum buns, but she meant also to buy a cake for her little sister Fanny, and she was not sure what she would like best.

In their way they stopped at Mrs. Spruce's (the washerwoman's) cottage, as Mrs. Burton had some directions to give her. Mrs. Spruce had a pretty little daughter, called Alice, who often accompanied her mother when she carried home Mrs. Burton's linen from washing, and then Harriet and Alice, sometimes played together: so Harriet was very glad to call at the cottage to see Alice, and she ran forward, and, opening the little

garden-gate, called out, "Alice! Alice!" but no Alice answered. When they went in, they saw poor Alice sitting quite still in a low chair, and looking so pale and ill that she seemed as if she had not strength to move.

"What is the matter with poor Alice?" inquired Mrs. Burton.

"Indeed, ma'am, I can't say," replied Mrs. Spruce. "She has been in this down-cast way for this week and more. The doctor calls it a sort of low fever; but no wonder she is so weak, for I can get her to eat nothing. The only thing she fancies is a bit of sponge cake. A lady gave her one last Wednesday, but it is all gone, and I cannot afford to buy her any more."

"Does the doctor think it good for her to eat sponge cake?" inquired Mrs. Burton.

"He says it will do her no harm if she wishes it."

Soon after Mrs. Burton and her little daughter left the cottage, and, as they walked on towards the village, they could talk of nothing but poor Alice. When they reached the pastry-cook's, Mrs. Burton asked Harriet

if she had made up her mind what she should buy?

“ Oh yes, mamma, sponge cakes;” and she inquired how many she could have for sixpence. She was told six; and six sponge cakes were put up in a piece of paper and given to her, and she paid for them.

“ I thought, my dear,” said her mother, “ that you intended to buy plum buns?”

“ So I did, mamma; but I have bought these cakes for poor Alice; she can eat nothing else, you know, while I am hungry for every thing. So it is much better for Alice to have the cakes, than for me to have buns.”

“ You are a good child,” said her mother, giving her a kind kiss, “ to think what will please others rather than yourself. But then, little Fanny — will she like to go without her cake? She is too young to care about Alice.”

“ Oh, she does not know any thing about the cake, mamma, for I did not tell her I should give her one; I meant to surprise her, so she will not be disappointed.”

When they drew near the cottage, on

their way home, Harriet hastened forward, pushed open the garden-gate, and was soon in the house. She then opened her little parcel, and gave one of the cakes to Alice. Poor Alice smiled, and, though it was but faintly, Harriet was delighted to see her face, which was before so melancholy, look pleased. Alice tasted a little bit, and said it was very good, but she would not eat much, saying she would keep the rest for another time.

“ Oh, here are a great many more cakes,” said Harriet eagerly, “ and they are all for you, Alice.”

“ How good you are, my dear young lady,” said Mrs. Spruce, “ you have made poor Alice quite happy.”

Harriet felt quite happy too: she was much happier than if she had eaten the cake herself; she was so glad to do some good to poor Alice. In her way home she gathered a quantity of field flowers. “ I shall give some of them to Fanny,” said she, “ instead of the cake, and then she will be pleased too.” Harriet liked to please every one, but she herself was the happiest of all, because she enjoyed making others happy.

PREPOSITIONS.

LESSON XI.

At the next lesson Mary's mother asked her what the Grammar said about prepositions.

"Prepositions!" repeated Mary, "what a long, hard word!" Her mother took up the book and pointed out the place to her daughter, who read as follows:—

"Prepositions serve to connect nouns together, and to show the relation between them."

"I do not know what relation means," continued she, "unless it is like uncle and aunt Howard, and my cousins, who are all our relations."

"They are called our relations," replied her mother, "because they belong to the same family that we do; but the relation between words is not quite the same thing. You will understand it if I give you an example. Here is a table, that is a noun; and there is a chair, that is another noun.

Now, if I say, 'Put the chair *by* the table,' *by* is the preposition which shows the relation between the table and the chair. If I left out the preposition, and said 'Put the chair the table,' you could not understand what I meant."

"No indeed, mamma, for it would be nonsense; but the little word *by* explains it all very clearly."

"Now," said her mother, "can you tell me what relation there is between this book and the table?"

"The book does not stand *by* the table like the chair," said Mary; "it lies *on* the table."

"And which is the preposition?"

Mary thought a little, and then replied, "The book lies — no, it is not lies, for lies is the verb — it is what the book does; then she suddenly exclaimed, *on* the table — yes, *on* is the word which shows the relation between the book and the table."

"You are right," said her mother. "Now, where is the footstool?"

"It is under the table," answered Mary; "and I guess that *under* is a preposition."

Now, mamma, I run round the table ; is not *round* a preposition also ?”

“ Yes it is, when used in that sense ; but if you said, ‘ That is a round table,’ *round* would not, in that case, show the relation of the table to any thing else ; so *round* would not then be a preposition.”

“ Oh, but I know what it would be, mamma, it would be an adjective ; for it would show what sort of a table it was.”

Mary, having run once or twice round the table, placed one of her feet upon the footstool, and, springing up, seated herself upon the table. “ Now, mamma,” said she, “ what is the preposition that connects me with the table ?”

“ *On*, or *upon*, which you like best ; but I fear that my table may suffer from your frolics, so you had better come down and sit in a chair *near* the table.”

“ Oh yes ; *near* is a preposition :” and she seated herself on the side of the table, opposite to her mother, who said, “ Here, Mary, catch this ball of worsted which I am going to throw *over* the table.”

Mary caught it, and asked how *over* could

be a preposition, for the ball had not touched the table.

“That is true,” replied her mother, “yet *over* shows the relation between the ball and the table: the table was underneath while the ball went over it. The chair which stands by the table does not necessarily touch it; nor does the footstool, which is under the table.”

“Well, now let us try something else besides the table,” said Mary.

“There is a man walking across the street; can you find out the preposition?”

“Let me see; it is *across* — yes, *across* shows the relation between the two nouns, man and street. Now he is going into that house, mamma. Oh!” cried she pleased at the discovery, “*into* is a preposition between man and house; and now he is gone *up* stairs, for see, he is looking out of the window. But, mamma, is *up* a preposition? for there is only one noun in the sentence, ‘he is gone up stairs.’”

“Who was it went up stairs, my dear?”

“Oh, the man, to be sure; but I did not say the man.”

“ No, but you said ‘ he went up stairs :’ what did *he* mean ? ”

“ He is the pronoun put instead of the noun *man*, that is true. ”

“ And it is just the same as if you said, ‘ the man went up stairs. ’ ”

“ So, then, a preposition shows the relation between a noun and a pronoun, as well as between two nouns ? ”

“ Certainly, or between two pronouns—*you* stand *by* *me*. You and me are both pronouns, and *by* shows their relation to each other. ”

“ He speaks to her, ” said Mary: “ *to* is the preposition which relates to the pronouns *he* and *her*. ”

“ I think, Mary, I have nothing more to tell you about prepositions: so we will now finish the lesson, and to morrow we shall proceed to conjunctions; and as there is but very little to say on interjections, we may take them into the same lesson; and then I shall have a long story for the conclusion. ”

CONJUNCTIONS.

LESSON XII.

“ CONJUNCTIONS are words which have not much meaning in themselves, but serve the purpose of joining words or parts of sentences together. If I say, ‘Fetch me a pen and some writing-paper,’ the sentence consists of two parts joined together by the little word *and*.”

“ Oh yes, I understand,” said Mary, “ the first part of the sentence is, ‘fetch me a pen,’ and the second part, ‘some writing-paper;’ and the little word *and* joins them both together, and so it is called a conjunction. Now, mamma, let me try to think of a sentence:” then, after a pause, she said, “ I will fetch my doll *and* her cradle ?” then she suddenly exclaimed, “ Why, mamma, how very like conjunctions are to prepositions ! You know that a preposition shows the relation between two nouns, and the conjunction *and* does just the same thing,

for it shows the relation between pen and paper, and between my doll and her cradle.”

“No, Mary, it joins the words, but it does not show how they are related to each other. When I say, ‘Bring me a pen and some writing-paper,’ I mean nothing more than that you should bring me those two things; but I do not point out any connection between them.”

“Oh, but you know, mamma, I must think you are going to write, and then I am sure there is a great connection between the pen and the paper.”

“You may think what you please, my dear,” said her mother, smiling, “but there is no relationship between them pointed out by the little word *and*. If I had said, ‘Bring me a pen *on* the writing-paper, or *in* the writing-paper,’ that would show a connection, for the pen was to be placed *in* or *on* the paper.”

“Oh yes,” said Mary; “and if I said I will fetch my doll *in* her cradle, instead of *and* her cradle, I should say a preposition instead of a conjunction.”

“Besides,” said her mother, “*and* is not

only used to join nouns together, but any two parts of a sentence whatever: thus I may say, 'Bring your book, *and* come *and* read.' There is the noun book in the first part of the sentence, and the latter part consists of two verbs."

"And there are two conjunctions, mamma, for the two verbs are also joined by *and*."

"Yes, you know I told you that conjunctions served to join words as well as sentences together. But we have talked a great deal about the word *and*, Mary, without mentioning any other conjunction. You may play with your doll *if* you please."

"Oh yes; *if* joins the two parts of the sentence quite as well as *and*, and seems to have more meaning in it."

"There are a great many more conjunctions," said her mother: "I will ride *or* I will walk. I shall drive to Highgate, *but* not to Hampstead."

"I will go with you, mamma, *if* you will let me. I hope it is true, and not merely playing at finding out conjunctions."

"Well, my dear, to-morrow, *perhaps*, you may; *but* you must now think only of your

lesson, *for*, unless you are very attentive, you can go *neither* to Hampstead *nor* to Highgate."

"What a number of conjunctions!" exclaimed Mary.

"Observe," said her mother, "the change which different conjunctions make in the meaning of the sentence: if, instead of saying, 'I will give you an orange *and* an apple,' I should say, 'I will give you an orange *or* an apple.'"

"Oh it is not the same thing at all, mamma. I like the conjunction *and* much the best; it has a great deal more meaning than I thought at first, for it joins the real apple and the orange together, as well as the words apple and orange, and then you give me both."

"Very true, Mary. Now these conjunctions which join things or actions together are called *copulative conjunctions*; and those which disjoin them are called *disjunctive conjunctions*."

"Oh dear, what long words!" exclaimed Mary.

“ When I say, ‘ You may *either* ride or walk,’ what sort of conjunction is *either*?”

“ Disjunctive,” said Mary, “ because it disjoins walking and riding ; for it means that you will do one or the other, but not both. But how can a conjunction both join and disjoin things at the same time, mamma ?”

“ You must distinguish between things and words,” replied her mother : “ a conjunction always joins the words or the parts of which the sentence is composed, but it does not always join the things or the actions the sentence talks about.”

“ Oh yes,” said Mary, “ it joins the two words *walk* and *ride*, but it does not join the two things *walking* and *riding*.”

“ I see that you understand it, Mary, but you do not express it well. You should not say, the two things, but the two actions, for you know that walking and riding are verbs, not nouns, and therefore cannot be things.”

“ Yes,” said Mary, “ they are actions, and an action means doing the verb. Now, let me find out some disjunctive conjunctions. Sophy will *neither* eat *nor* drink : those are disjunctive conjunctions ; but if I say, she

both eats *and* drinks, the conjunction *and* is copulative, because it joins the actions eating and drinking, as well as the words eat and drink."

"Very well; or you might say, Sophy will eat *as well as* drink.

"I think we may now take leave of conjunctions, and proceed to interjections."

INTERJECTIONS.

"This part of speech can hardly be called words; for it consists of exclamations, or cries, uttered by a person who admires, or is surprised, or frightened, such as, oh! ah! alas! O dear me! They are very easy to find out, for they are always written with a line and a dot after them."

Interjections amused Mary extremely: she remembered an old nurse who used to sigh and say, "Heigh ho!" and "Alack and a well a day!" and asked whether those were interjections. Her mother told her they were. "But, mamma," said Mary, "nurse

used to say so very often without admiring any thing, or being surprised or frightened."

"Very aged people," said her mother, "are apt to use exclamations of that sort from a feeling of weariness without thinking; and I know some very young people, Mary, who acquire the same habit from the vivacity and impatience of youth: but then their exclamations are shorter. Did you never hear a little girl say, 'O yes!' and 'O dear no!' when simple yes or no would have done as well?"

"Perhaps they would," said Mary; "but I like much better saying oh! and ah!" and she skipped about the room repeating every interjection she could recollect; and when out of breath, she sat down, saying, "Well! I shall never forget interjections, they are so funny."

"But, Mary," said her mother, "you should add something to your interjections to express what it is that frightens or delights you."

"I am neither frightened nor delighted, mamma, it is only make-believe."

"Then make believe to be frightened or delighted with something."

Mary thought a little, and then said, "Oh! I am afraid that horse, which is galloping so fast, will run over me!"

"And now for an exclamation of pleasure," said her mother.

"You are to tell me a long story tomorrow, mamma. Ah! how glad I shall be!"

"And when you have heard it, I hope you will use an interjection of admiration."

"O yes," replied Mary; "you may be sure I shall say, 'O dear! how pretty it is!'"

"Well, I see that we must come to the story at last;" and the next day she read as follows:—

THE CRUST OF BREAD.

A FAIRY TALE.

Edward, a little boy, six years old, was one day strolling about the garden eating a large crust of bread: he threw himself on the grass, and lay idly basking in the sun without thinking of any thing. All at once there appeared before him a beautiful fairy, whose name was Instruction. Her dress

shone with the brilliant colours of the rainbow, and she wore a crown of flowers on her head. In one hand she held a silver wand with which she could perform wonderful things, and in the other, a book, the leaves of which were all made of looking-glass, and which was no less wonderful than the wand. She smiled and looked so good-humouredly on Edward, that instead of being frightened he was quite pleased. She then opened and showed him her book. In the first page he saw himself and every thing around him reflected as you do in a common looking-glass; but the other pages were of a much more extraordinary nature, for they reflected objects which were quite out of sight, and even in the most remote parts of the world. In one page he beheld lions and tigers in Africa roaming about in search of prey. Edward shrunk back half frightened at seeing them move and look alive; but the fairy explained to him that it was only the image of a wild beast, just as the image of his face was represented in the first page; so that there was really nothing to fear.

She then turned over another leaf, and

Edward saw a large elephant in India, tearing up a young tree by the roots with his trunk. In another page she showed him the monkees climbing up the trees in the woods in America, and hanging by their tails to the branches, gibbering and pelting each other with nuts; while the parrots, with their gaudy plumage, flew about as common as sparrows do here. The fairy now closed her book. Edward begged of her to show him a few more of the looking-glass leaves, and declared that he had never seen any picture-book half so pretty as this; but the fairy said there were so many children wanting to see it, that she could not stay with him any longer.

“Oh dear,” cried Edward, “what shall I do when you are gone, and nothing to amuse me?”

“You seemed very well amused before I came,” said the fairy, “lounging as you were on the grass, and eating your crust of bread.”

“So I was,” replied Edward; “but since you have shown me that pretty book I shall do nothing but long to see it again. I don’t care for my crust of bread any longer.”

“Well,” said the fairy, “I will make you care for your bread again. I will give the bread the power of speaking, and it shall tell you its history, from beginning to end; will not that amuse you?”

“Yes, indeed, it would,” replied Edward; “it would be so strange to hear the crust of bread speak.”

“Take care to hold it to your ear, and not to your mouth,” said the fairy, smiling; “for were you thoughtlessly to give it a bite whilst it was speaking, it would tell you no more.” She then waved her wand over the bread and disappeared.

When she was gone, Edward began to think she must have been joking; however, he took up the bread and held it to his ear. He started back with surprise, when he heard a small gentle voice speak as follows:—

“The first thing I can remember was when I was only a grain of corn, lying in a large room, with a great many other grains. We remained there a long time; when one day a man came and took out a quantity of us. He put us into a sack and carried us to a field that had just been

ploughed, and there he took us out of the sack and strewed us in handsfull on the ground."

"That was sowing corn," said Edward.

"I shall never forget," continued the bread, "how sweet and fresh the newly-ploughed earth smelt, and how much I enjoyed lying there with the warm sunbeams shining on me. Soon after there came by a flight of crows; and the labourers being away, they alighted on the ground and began picking up all the grains of corn within their reach. I lay trembling with alarm, thinking my turn would come, and that I should be devoured; but before they reached the spot where I was, the labourers returned to the field, and drove them away. Soon after there was a shower of rain, and some of the drops fell upon me, and carried me down with them into the ground, where I was quite safe from the birds. There I remained some time: but I found that I began to swell and grow so large that at last my skin could not hold me, so it burst open, and out there came at one end a little tuft of small roots, scarcely larger than hairs; these

stuck in the ground and grew downwards. At the other end out came a tiny green stalk, which soon grew above the ground. At first it looked like a small blade of grass; but it grew taller and taller, and stronger and stronger, and at last a beautiful ear of corn was seen at the top of this stalk, and a few long leaves, like those of grass, grew on the stalk. Thus from a small seed of corn I was changed into a little plant; and a very pretty change it was. The little roots sucked in water, which went up all through my green veins into the ear, and made it swell out and grow large and full of seeds. Then, when the hot weather came, the sun turned me as yellow as gold, and the wind blew me about with the other ears of corn that grew in the field beside me, and I assure you we all felt very proud of our grace and beauty. But our pride did not last long; for one day a number of men came into the field with sickles, and cut us all down."

"Those were the reapers," said Edward.

"We were then bound up in sheaves and set upright on the ground, leaning one against the other for support; for, being

separated from our roots in the ground, we were no longer able to stand upright. We remained all night on the ground, and the next day we were put into a large cart and carried to a barn; there we were stowed for some time and left quiet, excepting that a frightful rat now and then found its way into the barn, and made great havoc amongst us, devouring as many of us as he could swallow for his breakfast. After some time a number of men came again and pulled us down, and, spreading us upon the floor of the barn, began beating us most unmercifully."

"Those were the thrashers," said Edward: "it was well for you that you could not feel, for those double sticks they use, called flails, give very hard blows."

"It was, indeed," replied the crust of bread. "Well, these hard blows drove us all out of the ears in which we grew. The stalks, which were then nothing but straw, were taken away; but the grains of corn, with the chaff, were put into a large flat basket and shaken about till the chaff was all blown away, and nothing but the grains remained."

“So, then, you were changed back again into a grain of corn,” said Edward.

“Not into one grain,” replied the bread, “but into twenty or thirty. I was but a single grain, it is true, when I was first sown in the ground, but I sprang up with so fine an ear that I do believe I had nearly thirty seeds; no others were so plump and well-grown as myself. Well, the next thing that happened to me was being sent to the mill to be ground all to pieces to make flour; and after that to the baker, who mixed me up with water and yeast, and made me into a piece of dough, and after I had been well kneaded, he put me into an oven to bake. I thus became part of a loaf of bread, which the baker’s boy brought here to-day to be eaten.”

At the last word the voice failed—the power of the fairy’s wand was at an end. Edward waited for some time to listen whether the bread would say any more; and, finding it quite silent, he took it from his ear, put it to his mouth, and ate it up.

PART THE SECOND.

NOUNS.

LESSON I.

MARY having passed some months without learning any grammar, her mother asked her one day, whether she would not like to know something more of the different parts of speech; thinking that as she was now eight years old, she was capable of proceeding further in the study. Mary was very willing to do so; she had no longer any dislike to grammar; and if she thought it a little tiresome sometimes, she remembered the story at the end used to make up for all.

“You mean to go on with the stories, too, mamma?” said she smiling. Her mother consented; but on condition that she would make them useful as parsing exercises.

“ I do not think it necessary,” said she, “ to teach you any thing more on articles, adjectives, adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, or interjections. What you have learnt of them is sufficient for a child of your age ; but there is a great deal more to be said on nouns, pronouns, and verbs.” Mary was glad of that ; for those were the parts of speech she liked the best.

“ We will begin with the nouns or substantives,” said her mother ; “ they are divided into two sorts, proper and common. A noun proper is the name of any individual person, place, or thing.”

Mary inquired what an individual meant ?

“ It means,” said her mother, “ any one *particular* thing. You are an individual, and your name *Mary* is a noun *proper* ; because it distinguishes you from other children ; but when I call you *child*, that is a noun *common* ; because it belongs to all other children as well as to you.”

“ But *Mary* does not belong to me only, mamma ; there is Mary Hunter, and Mary Banks, you know, and a great many other Marys.”

“Several persons may have the same name; but still it is the individual name of each; it does not belong to all women and children. If I say *children*, it is a noun *common*, because it belongs to the whole class of children. If I say *boy*, it is a noun *common* to all boys, and *girl* is a noun *common* to all girls; but if I say *John* or *Harriet*, those are nouns *proper* belonging to particular individuals.”

“Oh! yes, I understand the difference; church is a noun common to all churches; but St. Paul’s is a noun proper to that church only.”

“Town,” said her mother, “is a noun common to all cities; but London, York, and Bristol, are nouns proper to those towns.”

“And dog, mamma, is common to all dogs; but Alpin and Carlo are the proper names of our two dogs.”

The next thing to be considered, with regard to nouns, her mother told her, was their number.

“What an immense number there must be!” exclaimed Mary; “for the name of

every thing in the whole world, you know, is a noun."

"The meaning of number in grammar," her mother said, "is much more simple: it consists only of two, the *singular* and the *plural*. The singular means one — a single thing; and the plural means more than one."

"I thought," said Mary, "that singular meant something very odd or strange. Suppose we were to see a very funny-looking carriage passing by, you would say, 'Look, what a singular carriage that is!'"

"It is true," replied her mother, "that singular is often used in that sense; but the original meaning is the same. You call the carriage singular, because there is no other like it; if so, the carriage is single or alone of its kind, and is therefore of the singular number."

"Ah! so it is. Well, that is very singular," said Mary laughing; "but, mamma, you never say that a common coach or carriage, that is not singular, is plural: do you?"

"No," replied her mother; "the word plural is never used in any other sense than *more than one*."

“ So then,” said Mary, “ a singular carriage, or a singular thing, does not so much mean that it is something very comical, as that it is singular from having nothing else like it.”

“ That, no doubt, was the original meaning of the word singular ; but it is so commonly used to express extraordinary things, that the idea of strange and wonderful became attached to it ; and that of being alone or single of its kind, was generally forgotten. What is your idea of the word odd, Mary ?”

“ Something very droll that makes one laugh.”

“ Does an odd glove make you laugh ?”

“ Oh, dear, no !” exclaimed Mary. “ It makes me more inclined to cry ; for you know that you are displeased with me when I have lost one of my gloves, and have only an odd one : but that *odd* is quite another word from the odd that makes you laugh ; at least, it has another meaning.”

“ I believe,” my dear, “ that it is not only the same word ; but that, like *singular*, it had originally the same meaning. An odd glove

means that it has no fellow, so that it is alone or singular; and when you say an odd person, who makes you laugh, or stare with wonder, the original meaning was, a man so unlike others, that he was alone or singular. Now for the plural number."

"The plural," said Mary, "I know, means a great many things."

"Not always a great many, for two is plural as well as a thousand; the plural, therefore, speaks of any number more than one. It is usually formed by adding the letter *s* to the singular; thus, the plural of dog is dogs."

"Oh! yes," said Mary; "and the plural of boy, boys; girl, girls; and of child, childs — oh! no; that is not right," cried she, interrupting herself, "the plural of child is children."

"Very true; though the plural is most commonly formed by the addition of an *s*, there are many exceptions to this rule, of which child and children affords one example; but there are a variety of others. Tell me what is the plural of church?"

"It is churches," replied Mary.

“ Then you see that you add *es* to church to render it plural; you could not say churchs, you would not know how to pronounce it. The same is the case with the words brush, sash, box, kiss, and almost all nouns that end in *s*, double *s*, and *ch* pronounced soft, *sh*, and *x*.”

“ Yes,” replied Mary; “ the plural of brush is brushes; of kiss, kisses; of sash, sashes; of box, boxes. But what do you mean by *ch* pronounced soft?”

“ As it is pronounced in the word church. In the word monarch, it is said to be pronounced hard, and then only *s* is added to render its plural. Now tell me what are the plurals of the words loaf, wife, and calf?”

“ Loaves, wives, and calves,” replied Mary; in those words, therefore, *ves* is added.”

Her mother then told her, that in almost all nouns ending either in *f*, as loaf, or in *fe*, as wife, the *f* or the *fe* must be taken away, and the *ves* be put in its place to form the plural.”

Mary thought of an example. “ The plural of half,” said she, “ is halves; of life, lives; of knife, knives; oh! I shall not forget that.”

Her mother then bid her observe, that nouns ending in *y*, with a consonant before the *y*, form the plural in *ies*; as, fly, flies; quantity, quantities."

Mary thought there was no end to the variations in changing from singular to plural. But her mother said, that there were some nouns which did not change at all; as *sheep*, for instance. "Can you tell me whether the word *sheep* is singular or plural?"

"No, indeed; I cannot, unless you say whether you are speaking of one *sheep* or of several."

"That is because *sheep* is both singular and plural. You are, therefore, obliged to point out the number by saying, 'There is a *sheep*,' or, 'There are some *sheep*.' When you say *a sheep*, I know it is singular, because the article *a* is never put before plural nouns. But if you say *the sheep*, it would be impossible to know whether you meant one or many; because the article *the* may be placed before either singular or plural nouns."

"Then how can you find it out, mamma?"

"You may either mention the number; or if you are talking of what the *sheep* are

doing, the verb will point out the number ; as, the sheep *is* feeding ; or the sheep *are* feeding."

"That is," said Mary, "the verb will point out whether the number is singular or plural, but not the precise number if it is plural."

"Certainly not ; you must remember that when we talk of number in grammar, we mean only the singular and the plural."

"But, mamma, if I said a flock of sheep, what would that be ? for there is only one flock, and a great number of sheep, so that the flock is singular, and the sheep are plural."

"Very true ; but which of the two are you talking of ?"

"Of both together," replied Mary ; "if I said a flock by itseif, it would be singular ; but if I say a flock of sheep, it seems to be both singular and plural at once."

"That cannot be," said her mother ; "a flock of sheep is of the singular number ; it is the *flock* you are speaking of, the sheep are only mentioned as being the animals of which the flock is composed." Mary did not

seem quite satisfied with this explanation ; she did not think it fair towards the sheep. Then her mother added, that nouns of this description were distinguished by the name of nouns of multitude, showing that though they are of the singular number, they consist of a great many individuals. That a crowd, a congregation, an assembly, were all nouns of multitude.

“ Let me think of some,” said Mary ; “ there is a *herd* of cattle as well as a flock of sheep, and a *drove* of pigs, and then a *swarm* of bees. *Your* nouns of multitude were all made up of people, mamma, and *mine* are made up of common animals ; but are there not nouns of multitude for things also ? ”

“ What do you think of a *forest* of trees, Mary, a *ton* of coals, a *load* of gravel, or a *nosegay* of flowers ? ”

Her mother then told her that there were some nouns that were of the plural number only ; as scissors, bellows, snuffers, tongs, and many others.

“ I think I can guess why they are of the plural number, mamma. Scissors, you know,

are made of two blades that cut, and two handles, so it is a sort of double instrument, and that must be the reason why it is called plural ; and bellows, and tongs, and snuffers, are all made of two halves also.”

Her mother thought it very possible that she might be right in her conjecture. She then wrote down some few nouns, which vary in the singular and the plural numbers in a very irregular manner ; as follows :—

Goose,	Geese.
Penny,	Pence.
Tooth,	Teeth.
Foot,	Feet.
Mouse,	Mice.
Man,	Men.
Woman,	Women.
Child,	Children.
Brother,	Brothers, or Brethren.

Her mother then said, that as she had now learnt the meaning of a noun proper and a noun common, and also the difference between the singular and the plural number, it was as much as she could well remember at once. She would, therefore, reserve what

she had further to say on nouns till the next lesson.

CONTINUATION OF NOUNS.

LESSON II. — GENDER.

MARY's mother told her that she would now explain to her the *genders* of nouns. That there were three genders, the *masculine*, the *feminine*, and the *neuter*.

“These are all new words, mamma,” said Mary; “and I do not understand one of them.”

Her mother said, that a man, a bull, a lion, a drake, are all of the masculine gender; and that a woman, a cow, a lioness, a duck, are of the feminine gender.

“And is there no gender that means young creatures, like little boys and girls, and chickens and ducklings?” enquired Mary.

“No; for they are all either of the masculine or the feminine gender.”

“Oh! yes; boys and girls grow up to be men and women,” said Mary; “and I sup-

pose the little ducklings will grow up into ducks and drakes."

"Yes," said her mother; "and thus all animals are of the masculine or the feminine gender."

"But, then, mamma, what is there left to belong to the neuter gender?"

"Every thing that is not an animal; and there are a tolerable number, Mary, for that gender."

"Do you mean things and places; such as a house, a table, a field?"

"Yes, and every thing that can be put upon the table, and every thing that is in the house, and every thing that grows in the field; for grass, and trees, and all vegetables, are of the neuter gender."

"And minerals, too," said Mary, "I suppose; earth, and coals, and stones; and then the metals, mamma, gold and silver, and lead and iron, and I know not how many others."

"Nor I, neither, Mary; it would be impossible to enumerate them all; and yet they may all be comprised in one little sentence; Every thing, excepting animals."

"Why then, after all," said Mary, "I

dare say that there are more nouns of the neuter gender, than there are of the masculine and feminine genders."

"I believe that would be difficult to determine; for no one knows what number of animals there are in the world, or what are the number of vegetables and minerals."

"I thought, mamma, learned men knew all those things."

"They know a great deal more than we do, my dear; but it is God alone who knows all that he has made; but the more we learn of his works, the better; for the more we shall know how good, and great, and wise he is."

Mary was awed by the solemnity of her mother's words; but though she felt their force, she did not venture to make any reply; and her mother went on with her lesson, and asked her if she knew what pronoun was used for the masculine gender?

"I say, he or him, for a man, mamma; and she and her, for a woman: but what is the pronoun for the neuter gender?"

"Do not you recollect? in speaking of this table, for instance."

“ I should say, it is too heavy for me to move. Yes now ; I remember *it* is the pronoun for the neuter gender.”

“ The plural pronouns, they, them, their, those, will suit all the genders equally well ; for you may say, ‘ Do not eat *those* apples, *they* are sour ; *their* seeds are bitter ; throw *them* away :’ and you may also say, ‘ Look at *those* men and women, *they* are very busy ; *their* work is hard, I should like to help *them*.’ ”

“ But, mamma, I heard you say the other day, when you were looking at that great ship in the river, how beautifully *she* sails ! and yet a ship is not an animal, and is not alive, though it sails.”

“ Very true, Mary, an animal does not sail ; it swims and moves itself in the water ; while a ship sails, because the wind blows against its sails, and makes it go on.”

“ Then, why did you call the ship *she*, as if it was a living animal of the feminine gender ? ”

“ It is sometimes permitted when we speak of any thing very grand, or very beautiful, to personify it ; that is to say, to pretend,

or (as you would say) make believe, that it is a person. Thus, we often call the sun, *he*, and say, ‘The sun is shining in all *his* glory; *he* gives us light and heat;’ and when we personify the moon, we use the feminine gender, and say, ‘*She* shines upon us with *her* soft silvery light.’”

“I know,” said Mary, “that the gardener calls his spade *he*; for I heard him say one day, *he* is a famous spade; then the coachman calls his whip *he*, too; but I am sure that cannot be because the spade and the whip are grand or beautiful.”

“No: it is an improper manner of speaking, not uncommon amongst ignorant people. They think they bestow a mark of regard on any thing they are proud of or fond of, by speaking of it as they would do of a person. This is so common among the peasantry in some parts of the country, that they call almost every thing *he* and *she*. I recollect last summer a poor woman who had broken her arm saying, *she* had hurt her shocking bad all the night: and as I had desired a woman to sit up with her, I concluded (till the matter was explained), that it was the nurse who had hurt her, and not the arm.”

“ Well,” said Mary, “ I do not personify any thing but my doll, and I am sure she has a right to it, she looks so pretty, and so much as if she was alive.”

“ Well, you may go and play with her now,” said her mother; “ for the lesson is finished, and to-morrow I intend to treat you with a story.”

BLIND TOMMY.

HARRY VILLARS was walking one day with his parents, by the side of a river; the path was broad, and far enough from the water's edge, to prevent any danger of his falling in. His mamma, therefore, gave him leave to run on before to gather the cowslips which grew on the bank. Harry observed a little boy at some distance before him, who had collected a quantity of cowslips, and he called to his papa and mamma to beg them to hasten on, as he wanted to overtake the child, in order to see the ball of cowslips which he was tying up. They had nearly reached the boy at a turn of the river; but he, instead of following the winding path which continued

alongside the water, walked straight on to the brink and fell in. Mr. and Mrs. Villars, and Harry, ran to the spot, and saw the poor child struggling in the water; Mr. Villars instantly threw off his hat and coat, and plunged in; but before he could reach the boy his screams of distress had ceased, he had sunk to the bottom, and nothing was to be seen but the scattered cow-slips floating on the surface of the stream. Harry, whose cries had almost equalled those of the child before he sank, became still more terrified when he saw his father in the water. His mother tried to pacify him, by showing him how well his father could swim, and saying she hoped he would be able to save the child. "But he is drowned," sobbed Harry, "and papa will be drowned too." His papa hallooed out to him that there was no danger for himself; and that though the boy had sunk, he would soon rise again, and then he would try to catch hold of him. A few moments afterwards the child was seen rising to the surface; but the current of the stream had carried him to some distance from the spot where Mr. Villars was swimming,

and was bearing him still farther off; but the instant Mr. Villars perceived him, he swam after him so fast, that he soon overtook him, seized hold of him by the hair, which was spread out upon the water, and dragged him ashore. Mrs. Villars and Harry, who had followed along the bank of the river, reached the spot just as he was brought to land. The poor boy appeared quite lifeless, and Mr. Villars himself, dripping with wet, carried him in his arms to a neighbouring cottage. He was there undressed and put into a warm bed; and in a short time, to the great joy of all, he showed signs of returning animation, and soon after opened his eyes: but they were shocked to see them without any expression, and looking quite dead, though the rest of his body was restored to life. “Alack a day!” exclaimed the dame of the cottage, “if this is not poor blind Tommy! Run, Jack (said she to her son), and fetch his mother.” The accident was now accounted for; poor Tommy had walked into the river, not from heedlessness, but because he could not see.

When the mother arrived she was sadly

distressed at the state in which she found her son. But the instant he heard her voice, he called to her ; and clasping his arms round her neck, said, “ Oh, dear mother ! I thought I should never kiss you again ; I thought I was quite drowned.” The poor woman reproached herself for letting her blind boy go out alone ; she said that she wished to keep him more at home, under her own eye : but that he was so fond of rambling about in the open air, that she could not find in her heart to refuse him ; especially as he was very careful in general, and had never met with a serious accident before.

“ I will never do so any more,” cried poor little Tommy, as if he had committed a fault ; “ I was so busy with my cowslips, that I did not find out I had lost the path till I fell into the water ; and now all my sweet cowslips are lost !”

“ But how could you see the cowslips without eyes ?” said Willy.

“ I did not see them,” replied the boy, “ I smelt them ; and when I stooped to gather them, I felt them.”

“ Well, I don't think I could smell cow-

slips," said Willy, "if I shut my eyes, and so I should not know where to stoop down to gather them."

Tommy seemed too weak to talk any more; but his mother answered for him and said, "You have eyes to see with, my little master; but my poor boy, who has none, is obliged to snuff about with his nose, like a dog, to find out things by their smell, so, at last he has learnt to smell almost as well as a dog; and he can hear a deal better than those who see," continued she; "and when the pot is set to boil on the fire, he is on the watch, and runs to tell me the instant it begins to bubble, that I may take it off before it boils over."

Tommy was then left quiet; and Harry allowed to watch by the bedside, on condition he should not speak to him. Mrs. Villars retired with the mother to the further end of the room, and asked her whether she would like her son to be placed in the Blind Institution.

"Ah! that is what I have been trying for many a year, ma'am," said the poor woman, "but never could get him in. At first,

Tommy was very much against it himself, not liking to leave us; but now he is grown older, and finds what a trouble his blindness is to us all, he has made up his mind to it, if we could but get a presentation."

"Then, after this accident," said Mrs. Villars, "he will, probably, grow more timid, and be glad to be settled in a place where he will feel perfectly secure."

She promised to endeavour to get him into the Institution; and whilst they were talking the matter over, in a low voice, Harry, who had been watching by the bedside, came up, and whispered, "Mamma, he is gone to sleep." Mrs. Villars then took leave, being impatient to join her husband, who had left them, as soon as he found the boy was safe, in order to get dry clothes. She assured the boy's mother that if she was careful his sleep should not be disturbed, he would, probably, be quite well when he awoke.

The next day Mrs. Villars went to the Blind Institution, and took Harry with her. He was much surprised to see so many blind people, and how cleverly they did what they

were about. The women and little girls worked at their needle as neatly as if they could see, and sang whilst they were at work; and when they were tired of singing, one of the matrons read to them. The men and boys were busy making baskets, weaving mats and ropes, and a variety of works, which Harry thought very amusing.

They afterwards went into the refectory to see the blind people at dinner; and when Harry inquired what this and that dish was, they answered him readily before they had tasted; "This is boiled mutton, that is stewed potatoes; we know them by their smell."

As they were returning home, Harry could talk of nothing but the blind people; he observed that they felt, and smelt, and heard so much better than he could, that they hardly seemed to want eyes.

"That is true," replied his mother; "God Almighty, in his goodness, softens the affliction of blindness by making the other senses more perfect."

"Then, mamma, after all," said Harry, "perhaps, Tommy is as happy as I am, when he don't fall into the water?"

“ Oh, no !” replied she ; “ think what a pity it is that poor Tommy cannot see all the pretty things which delight your eyes. He cannot see the beautiful colours of the flowers that smell so sweet, nor the green branches of the trees under which he plays, nor the clear blue sky, nor the bright sunshine, nor the sunshine in his mother’s eyes when she is pleased to see him good and happy.”

“ Oh, dear, no !” said Harry, “ that is a sad thing indeed ;” and he looked at his mother with an expression of tenderness, which brought the sunshine into her eyes at once.

Mrs. Villars interested herself so much to obtain an admission for poor Tommy, that at the next election he was chosen, and went to live in the Asylum. He was often visited by his mother, and, at least once a year, by Mrs. Villars and her son, who always took him some token of their regard.

CONTINUATION OF NOUNS.

LESSON III.—CASES.

“ I SHALL this morning teach you the cases of nouns, Mary,” said her mother.

“ Cases !” repeated Mary, “ what can they be ? not cases to keep nouns in surely ? ”

“ No ; ” replied her mother, smiling at her idea ; “ the cases of nouns have quite another meaning ; you know that the same word has sometimes more than one meaning . ”

“ What ! like the word singular, mamma ? which sometimes means one single thing, and sometimes a thing that is strange or odd . ”

“ Yes ; have you never heard the word case used in any sense other than to keep things in ? as, for instance, I must prepare a dress for Ellen, *in case* she should go to the ball. It will be a very hard *case* if she is not invited . ”

“ Oh! yes; I understand those cases pretty well too, and yet I am sure I could not explain what they mean.”

“ These cases point out the state and condition of Ellen. When I say that I must prepare a dress for Ellen, it means, that she may be in a state or condition fit to appear at a ball; and when I say it will be a hard case if she is not invited, I mean that her state or condition will be hard, to meet with such a disappointment.”

“ I thought that state and condition meant something very dirty and ugly,” said Mary, “ not at all like a ball dress; for when I splash my frock in watering my garden, nurse says, ‘ Oh! what a condition you are in!’ or, ‘ What a state your frock is in!’ ”

“ State and condition mean *how* your frock is; it may be in a pretty state, as well as in an ugly one; in a clean condition, as well as in a dirty one.”

“ Oh! yes,” said Mary; “ nurse says sometimes, ‘ Let me see if your frock is in a fit state for you to go into the drawingroom;’ and then she does not mean dirty, but whether it is clean enough for the drawing-room.”

“ Well, then, Mary, if you understand what state and condition mean, I think you may understand pretty well what the word case means.”

“ Oh, yes, mamma, and I have just thought of another *case*. Do you remember when I was ill, and Dr. Berkley came to see me; he said, ‘ Well, my little dear, let us hear your *case* ;’ and I stared, for I did not know what he meant, till he asked me whether I had a headach, or was thirsty, and a number of other questions, and so I found out that he meant the state of my illness.”

“ Yes; it was necessary that he should know that, in order to give you proper remedies. Well, after saying so much on the word case, I hope you will not find it difficult to understand the cases of nouns; for the cases of nouns refer also to their state or condition.”

“ I dare say I shall, mamma, when you explain them to me, but I cannot say I do now.”

“ Nouns have three different cases,” said her mother; “ the *Nominative*, the *Possessive*, and the *Objective*.”

Mary made a long face at these hard names.

“ They are not so difficult as you imagine, my dear. If I say the dog barks, or the dog is tired, it means that the dog *does* something, or *is* something; does it not?”

“ Yes, certainly,” replied Mary. “ It means the dog *does* bark, or *is* tired.”

“ Dog is the noun, and the verb which follows shows you what the dog *does* or *is*.”

“ Yes,” said Mary; “ barks is a verb, and so is being tired.”

“ Well then, *doing* something, or *being* something, is one state or condition of the noun dog; and when the dog is *doing* something, as, when the dog is running; or when the dog is being something, as when the dog is tired; *dog* is said to be in the *nominative case*.”

“ Oh! that is not difficult, mamma; let me find out some other nominative cases. Sophy laughs; Sophy is the nominative case, because she *does* something. He is hungry; *he* is the nominative case, because he *is* something. The nominative case seems quite easy now; the noun comes first, and the verb that follows tells you what the noun does.”

“ A pronoun may be nominative as well as a noun, Mary ; it is better, therefore, to say, the nominative comes first, instead of the noun comes first.”

“ Yes,” replied Mary, “ *Sophy* was a nominative noun, and *he* a nominative pronoun ; and what are the other cases, mamma ?”

“ Let us return to the dog : suppose I were to speak about the dog’s collar, or the dog’s food, would that mean that the dog does something, or is something ?”

“ Oh ! no,” said Mary ; “ it means that the dog has something that belongs to him. That is quite a different case.”

“ There ! Mary,” exclaimed her mother ; “ you have said the word *case* without thinking of it ; but can you tell me what, ‘ quite a different case ’ means ?”

“ No, indeed, mamma ; I do not understand it enough to explain it.”

“ Then I must do it for you. It means that the state or condition of the dog is very different, in the one case or the other ; that is, whether he *does* or *is* something, or whether he *has* something belonging to him.

Well, then, since these cases are so different, it is proper to call them by different names. The first, I have told you, is the nominative case, and the second is called the *Possessive case*."

"Perhaps, Mary, you can guess why it is so called?"

"I suppose because the dog possesses something; as, in the sentences, 'The dog's food,' 'The dog's collar:' the food is his; it belongs to him, and so does the collar too."

"You are quite right, my dear."

"Then pray, mamma, let me try to find out some nouns in the possessive case. The child's doll, mamma's bonnet, Willy's hoop."

Her mother took a pen and wrote down the words Mary had just spoken; and Mary inquired why she put a comma before the *s* to all the nouns in the possessive case. She replied that if dogs were written without a comma before the *s*, it would mean several dogs instead of one dog.

"Oh! yes; the dogs food would mean the food of a great many dogs; dogs would be of the plural number, you see," said Mary, smiling; "I don't forget about the plural number."

“But,” said her mother, “in the plural number, it is also necessary to distinguish the possessive case from the other cases by a comma; which is then written *after* the *s* instead of *before* it; as, the dogs’ food, with the comma after the *s*, means the food of several dogs.”

“But, mamma, you do not pronounce the comma, you know; so, in speaking, how can you tell the difference whether it is put before or after the noun, for the sound is the same?”

“That is very true, Mary; if the gamekeeper came in and talked about the dogs food, I should not know whether he meant the food of any particular dog, or that of all the dogs in the kennel: the words must be written to be distinguished.”

“And is not this very puzzling, mamma?”

“No; I should easily be able to make out whether the gamekeeper was speaking about one or several dogs by the rest of his sentence.

“Besides, if necessary, the difference may be distinguished by saying the food of the dog, or the food of the dogs.”

“That would make the meaning quite clear,” said Mary; “but I am sure the gamekeeper would never say so.”

“But why, mamma,” continued Mary, “are there always two nouns in the possessive case? In the dog’s collar, for instance, the noun dog is followed by the noun collar, instead of being followed by a verb, as in the nominative case?”

“If you think a little, Mary, you will find it out yourself. What is the possessive case?”

“It is a noun that possesses something,” answered Mary; “a man who possesses a gun, a horse, a house, or any thing whatever.”

“And pray what part of speech is that any thing?”

“It must be a noun,” said Mary, “for you know all the things in the whole world are nouns. Oh! now I have found it out, mamma: the first noun possesses the thing, and the second noun is the thing it possesses; as, Sophy’s doll, John’s horse, Betty’s broom. Sophy possesses the doll, John possesses the horse, and Betty the broom; so there *must* be two nouns in the possessive case.”

“ There are always two nouns when the possessive case is used,” replied her mother; “ but they are not both in the possessive case; continue the sentence and say, for instance, ‘ John’s horse trots fast.’ John is possessive, but horse is nominative, because the horse does something; he trots fast.”

“ And if,” said Mary, “ I were to say Sophy’s doll is very pretty, Sophy would be possessive, because she possesses the doll; but doll would be nominative, because she *is* something, she is very pretty.”

“ You see, therefore, that in the possessive case, the first noun is possessive; the last nominative.”

“ And why, mamma, in the nominative case, is there always a verb after the noun?”

“ Because the nominative case points out that the noun is doing or being something; and the verb tells you what it is that the noun is doing or being.”

“ I wish,” said Mary, “ it was called the doing and being case, then I should understand it, and remember it much better than nominative.”

“ That is true,” said her mother; “ for

nominative means simply to name the noun. We had better finish now, Mary, and leave the objective case for the next lesson."

CONTINUATION OF NOUNS.

LESSON IV. — OBJECTIVE CASE.

"To-DAY, Mary," said her mother, "we are to finish the cases of nouns."

"I shall not be sorry for that," replied Mary; "for I think they are the most difficult of all I have learnt yet."

"They certainly require a little thought and pains taking; but you have only one more case to learn, the *Objective*. This case is so much connected with the verb active, that I wish you would tell me, whether you recollect well the meaning of a verb active?"

"Oh! yes," said Mary, "the active verb tells you what the noun does."

"That is not all, Mary."

"I don't know how it is, mamma," said Mary, rather impatiently, "I always forget

that the action must pass over to an object; as John beats the dog."

"It is a very natural mistake," said her mother, "to think the action of doing something sufficient to make a verb active: but it is not so; for however great the action, it is a neuter verb, unless it passes over to an object. 'The man runs,' 'The horse gallops,' 'runs' and 'gallops' are both neuter verbs."

"Well, mamma, I don't think I shall forget any more that a verb active must have an agent to act, and *also* an object to be acted upon."

"Then, my dear, the noun, which is the object acted upon, is in the objective case."

"Is that all?" said Mary, surprised and pleased that the difficulty, which she had feared, was so easily overcome; "why nothing can be more easy; do let me think of some examples. *Sophy* strokes the *cat*; the *cat* is the object stroked, and so *cat* is in the objective case."

"And *Sophy*, who strokes it," said her mother, "is nominative."

"Yes," replied Mary, "*Sophy* is the agent. So, then, in the objective case there

must always be two nouns, one to be the agent, the other to be the object."

"There must always be two nouns when the objective case is used, it is true," said her mother; "but they are not both in the objective case; the agent is nominative, and the object is objective."

"Oh! yes, Sophy is nominative, and cat is objective. But when you taught me the nominative case in the last lesson, mamma, you said nothing about the objective case after the verb; I remember the example you gave was, the dog barks."

"Because 'barks' is a neuter verb, in which, you know, the action does not pass over to any object, but remains in the agent; and, as I wished, at first, to make the case as easy as I could, I chose the nominative case to a neuter verb, for an example, instead of the nominative to an active verb."

"I think, mamma, there ought to be some difference in the ending of the noun, to show whether it is nominative or objective; some sign to point out the case, like the comma in the possessive case."

"To save you the trouble of thinking!"

said her mother, smiling, "no, you must reflect whether the noun performs the action, or is the object of the action."

"Oh yes," said Mary, "the dog barks, the cat purrs, the kitten frolics; all these nouns are in the nominative case: the dog is beaten, the cat is stroked, the kitten is caressed; all these are in the objective case, because ——"

"Stop, Mary, you are wrong in your examples of the objective case."

"Why, mamma, is not the dog the object beaten, the cat the object stroked, and the kitten the object caressed?"

"True; but observe that the dog, the cat, and the kitten, are in the nominative case, for they come before the verb. To be beaten, to be caressed, are passive verbs——"

"This is terribly puzzling," interrupted Mary; "I am afraid I shall never be able to distinguish between the passive verb and the objective case."

"I admit that there is some difficulty, my dear, and that it requires reflection; but I will tell you something that will assist you to make the distinction. It is the verb which

determines the case of nouns; that is to say, obliges them to be in the nominative or objective case.

“ If the verb follow the noun, it obliges the noun to be in the nominative case; as, ‘ Charles eats,’ or ‘ Sophy drinks;’ but if the verb come before the noun, it forces the noun to be in the objective case, ‘ John rides the horse,’ ‘ Mary eats cherries;’ ‘ John’ and ‘ Mary’ are nominative, because they come before the verb, but ‘ horse’ and ‘ cherries’ are in the objective case, because they follow the verb. Thus verbs are said to govern nouns.”

“ Yes,” said Mary; “ let me think of some examples, how verbs govern nouns. I feed the child. Here the governing verb, *feed*, comes first, and commands the noun, child, to be in the objective case. The child is *fed*. Here the governing verb, *fed*, comes after the child, and forces child to be in the nominative case.”

“ And observe,” said her mother, “ in the sentence, *the child is fed*, the verb being passive, there is no noun in the objective case. I will now write a sentence, including

all the three cases, to see whether you can distinguish them;" she then wrote as follows:—The baby cries, because she is sleepy, so put her in the cradle; but where is the baby's cradle?

" 'The *baby,*'" said Mary, "is nominative, because *baby* goes before the governing verb, '*cries.*' In '*she is sleepy,*' *she* is also nominative, because *she* comes before the verb. In '*put her in the cradle,*' *her* is objective; for *her* comes after the governing verb, *put*, and is the object which is put in the cradle. In '*the baby's cradle,*' *baby's* is in the possessive case, because *cradle* is something that belongs to the baby. What happy nouns those in the possessive case are!" exclaimed Mary; "they have no domineering verbs to govern them."

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "I think you will not easily forget how verbs govern nouns."

"Oh! no; I shall fancy that a verb is a great general, who marches in the midst of a troop of nouns, and commands all the soldiers that go before, and all those that follow after him; and that he calls those that go before

him nominative, and those that follow after him objective."

"And if," said her mother, carrying on the joke, "a noun, instead of joining the army, should send a pronoun in his stead, General Verb would command him also, would he not?"

"To be sure," said Mary, laughing, "verbs govern pronouns as well as nouns."

"But, Mary, I must tell you that there is another part of speech which governs nouns also, and that is a preposition; whenever a noun (or pronoun) is preceded by a preposition, it is forced by it to be in the objective case; as, sit *on* that chair; go *to* papa; stand *by* the fire; the prepositions *on*, *to*, *by*, make the nouns *chair*, *papa*, and *fire*, to be in the objective case."

"And the sense shows them to be in the objective also," said Mary, "for *chair*, *papa*, and *fire*, are the objects that I am either to sit in, to go to, or to stand by. But I do not think it fair," added she, "that the poor nouns should have two masters. It is very well to be governed by the verbs, for they are parts of speech of some consequence; but it is really too bad for such little insigni-

ficant words, as prepositions, to pretend to govern nouns."

"Yet, so it is my dear," said her mother, smiling; "and, I fear, they have no resource, but to submit; we must, therefore, leave them to their fate. I should, however, caution you, not to place implicit reliance on the rule of the nominative coming before the verb, and the objective following after it, as it is liable to some few exceptions."

THE SECRET:

A TALE.

WILLIAM, a little boy of seven years of age, was playing one day in the garden, with his friend George, when the latter, looking round to see that no one was in sight, said to him in a half whisper, "William, I will tell you a secret if you will promise not to tell."

"Oh! do," cried William; "I promise I will not say a single word about it to any body."

George then said that the following Monday, being his birth day, his mamma was

preparing a great treat for that day. "First," said he, "we are to drink tea out of doors, under the great trees; but it is not to be tea like other days, only make believe, milk and water and bread and butter; there is to be real tea, and fruit and cakes, and all sorts of nice things. Then, after that, we are to run about and play at games; and then we are to dance on the grass, for there is to be a fiddler to play to us. Then, when it is dark, we are to go into the house, and a man is to show us the magic lantern. Did you ever see a magic lantern, William? You cannot think how funny it is." "What is it like?" enquired William. "Oh, it is pictures that look as if they were real, and the people alive; it is the most curious thing in the world, for you can see them only in the dark."

"In the dark!" repeated Willy; "how is it possible to see in the dark?"

"Oh! I don't mean you can see in the dark, but only the room must be quite dark; and then there is a light inside the magic lantern to show the pictures. It is very difficult to explain; but you would understand it at once if you saw it. Well, after that we are to go out again in the garden."

“What! all in the dark?”

“Oh! yes, then it must be quite dark every where, for there are to be fireworks.”

“I have seen fireworks,” said Willy, “they make a light themselves; they are called squibs and crackers.”

“Oh! but we are to have much grander fireworks than squibs and crackers, and them besides. We are to have sky-rockets that fly up into the sky, making such a noise, 'tis enough to frighten you; then, when they go to the top, they turn back and burst all to pieces, and out comes — what do you think? — why such a quantity of bright shining stars as you never saw! A great deal larger than the common stars that are in the sky; and down they fall, twinkle, twinkle, all the while, till they are quite out. Then mamma says, there is to be a Catherine's wheel; I don't know what that is, because I never saw one; but she says it goes round faster than any other wheels, and that it is all made of fire, and it is of all sorts of colours. Won't that be pretty?”

“Yes,” replied William, “to be sure it will; but am I to see it too?”

“Oh dear yes; you, and Sophy, and

Mary, and Emily, and every body is to be invited. Mamma says, we shall be twenty boys and girls; only think what a number!"

"But if so many people are to be there," said William, "what is the use of keeping it a secret?"

"Oh! because mamma says it must be a surprise, and that will make them all like it the better, so mind you keep your promise, and don't tell."

"Oh! yes," said William; "I shall not say one word about it," and he thought nothing would be so easy as to keep a secret.

When he returned home, his mamma asked him how he had been amused, and what game he had been playing at with George. William, instead of answering immediately, and telling her every thing that had passed, as he was accustomed to do, stood still, thinking what he should say; for the truth is, both he and George had been so busy talking of the approaching Monday, that they had done nothing else.

After some little time William answered, "I do not recollect playing at any thing; we were only talking."

“It must have been very entertaining conversation,” replied she, “to have kept you from play.” William coloured; he was afraid he had said something that might lead his mamma to guess the secret, and he felt very uncomfortable that he could not tell her all. This made him look down abashed, and his mother fancied he was ashamed. “I hope, my dear,” said she, “that you and George have not been saying any thing wrong?”

“Oh! no, mamma,—” and he hesitated, “only—but I must not tell.”

“I do not know whether that is quite right; for if you said nothing improper, I know no reason why you should conceal what you talked about.”

“Because—because, mamma,” said William, “it is a secret;” then fearing he had gone too far, he added, “*saying* it was a secret is not *telling* a secret, is it?”

“No; for I cannot tell what your secret is about; and if you have promised not to tell it, we had better speak no more about it, for fear you should say something that might make me guess what it is.” William thought that it was very kind of his mamma,

not to press him to tell the secret; "if it had been Sophy," said he, "she would never have left off teasing me to tell her all about it."

"Sophy is too young to understand that it is wrong to tell a secret; but I, who know that it is a great fault, and that people who cannot keep a secret are laughed at and despised, would on no account that you should tell me. But perhaps it is better not to be told a secret; they are often troublesome to keep. So let us talk of something else." She then took up a pen and began writing a note; and said, "What I am writing is no secret, so I will tell it you, William, for I am sure it will please you."

"Oh! do, pray, mamma."

"It is to tell grandmamma, that we shall go and spend the day with her, on Monday," and she looked up to see how pleased William would be; but William's countenance expressed nothing but concern and disappointment.

"Why are you not glad, William?"

"I like going to see grandmamma," said William; "but why must you go on Monday?"

“ And why not on Monday ? ” replied his mother ; “ it is a day on which I have no engagement . ”

“ But , ” said William , hesitating and colouring , “ perhaps you *may* have an invitation , mamma . ”

“ Then I should refuse it , my dear , for when I have sent this note to your grand-mamma , I shall be engaged to her . ”

Poor William sighed ; he knew not what to say ; the invitation to George’s fête would come too late , and he would not be able to go ! He stood intently watching his mother while she finished the note , folded it up , and directed it .

“ Light me the little candle , William , ” said she , “ to seal it . ” But William was so wrapped in his thoughts , that he scarcely heard her .

“ Why , my dear , ” exclaimed she , “ what is the matter ? This is very whimsical . ” She then lighted the taper herself ; and having sealed the note , rang for a servant to carry it . When William found that the note was on the point of going , he could refrain no longer , and bursting into tears , he sobbed

out, "Must I then tell you, mamma?" "Tell me what, my dear child?" said she, tenderly caressing him; "yes, tell me any thing that grieves you."

"What! my secret?" exclaimed he.

"Oh! no, stop," she cried, "not a word of your secret; you have promised, and must not tell it, even to me, however it may grieve you."

"Oh dear! I will never promise to keep a secret any more."

"Then you must never hear one," returned his mother; "for if you do, you are bound to keep it."

"Well, I will keep it, mamma; but then pray don't send your letter."

"What can my letter have to do with your secret? However, I will not ask questions you ought not to answer."

The servant came into the room, but his mother did not give him the letter; she only desired him to put some coals on the fire. William felt quite relieved; he sprung up on his mother's lap; and putting his arms round her neck, kissed her tenderly.

Soon after the servant came in again with

a note from George's mother, Mrs. Middleton, saying that the servant who brought it waited for an answer. "Oh! read it, mamma," cried William, quite overjoyed; "read it quick; it is the secret." His mother read the note, and the secret was at once explained. "Well, William," said she, smiling, "I suppose I may write to accept this invitation, and you will not object to John's taking this letter."

"Oh! no," cried William; "I am so glad the other letter is not gone; and so glad the secret is over. I thought it was very funny to have a secret, but now I think it very disagreeable. I hate secrets, but I like fêtes, mamma, without secrets, and I am very glad we shall go to George's birthday."

PRONOUNS.

LESSON V.

"IN our former lesson on pronouns, Mary, I taught you their meaning generally."

“ Yes, mamma, they are the words that are put in the place of nouns.”

“ We shall now divide them into classes. The first of these are the personal pronouns.”

“ Those,” said Mary, “ must be the pronouns used instead of the names of persons; as, *I, you, he, she*, and who are obliged to obey General Verb, just the same as nouns do.”

“ Yes,” replied her mother; “ and the pronoun *it* is used in the place of things. Now, do you remember the meaning of the singular and plural numbers?”

“ Oh! yes, we talked so much about them. The singular means one single person or thing; and the plural, several — perhaps only a few — perhaps a great many, but always more than one.”

“ Well, my dear, there are three persons in the singular number, and three in the plural.”

“ What do you mean?” exclaimed Mary, with a look of surprise; “ that would make only six, and there must be more than a hundred thousand persons in the whole world.”

“ True,” said her mother, smiling, “ a

great many more ; but all these persons are divided by grammarians into three classes ; first, those who speak ; secondly, those who are spoken to ; and thirdly, those who are spoken of."

"But, mamma, they can all of them speak, except some few, perhaps, who may be dumb."

"True ; but they do not all speak at once : if some did not listen while others spoke, they would speak to no purpose."

"Oh ! to be sure, somebody must hear what they say, or it would be useless for them to talk."

"Well, those who speak are said to be of the first person. If it is one person who speaks, and speaks of himself alone, he uses the pronoun *I*, and says, *I* am tired, *I* have been walking. If he speaks of more than one person, the pronoun *we* is used ; as, *we* are hungry, *we* are going to dinner."

"Then, I suppose," said Mary, "the people who are spoken to are of the second person?"

"Yes ; and what pronoun would you use in speaking to people?"

“I say *you* if I speak to a single person; as, will *you* walk? are *you* hungry? and if I speak to several persons, I use the pronoun — I declare I do not know what pronoun I ought to use, mamma! I believe it is *you* also; but can *you* be singular and plural both?”

“Yes,” replied her mother. “Properly speaking, *you* is a plural pronoun; but it has become customary to use it in the singular number also. Many years ago the pronoun ‘*thou*’ was used when applied to a single person; as, *thou* readest well. But this pronoun is no longer used in common discourse, except by Quakers.”

“Oh! yes; you know Mr. Barker always says *thou* and *thee*: it sounds so odd. When he came here the other day, he said to me, ‘Is thy mother at home? Wilt thou tell her I am come to see her?’ Then, in the Bible, mamma, *thou* and *thee* are used.”

“Yes; we, who are not Quakers, reserve those pronouns for sacred writings, thinking that it gives a greater solemnity to the style; and in conversation we use the pronoun *you*, both in the singular and in the plural. The

third person is the person or thing spoken of. In the singular number, *he*, *she*, and *it*, are used, and *they* in the plural."

"But how can *it* be a personal pronoun, mamma; for it does not stand for a person, but for a thing?"

"Things," replied her mother, "are considered as being of the third person. They cannot be of the first person, because they cannot speak."

"And they cannot be of the second person," said Mary, laughing, "because they have no ears to hear; so it would be nonsense speaking to them; but it is true they may be of the third person, because we speak about them. We talk of frocks, and shoes, and dolls, and tables, and chairs ——"

"Well, Mary," said her mother, interrupting her, "I think you have given plenty of examples. Now, try if you can give examples of the three persons, *he*, *she*, and *it*."

"That is, of the three third persons," said Mary. "*He is gone out riding; she came to see me; it is very pretty.*"

“Very well; you see that pronouns have genders as well as nouns.”

“Oh! yes, *he* is masculine; *she* is feminine; and *it* is of the neuter gender.”

“The third person of the plural number, *they*, suits all the genders equally well; for you may say, *they* are wise men; *they* are pretty girls; and *they* are sweet oranges.” Mary’s mother then took a pen, and wrote down the personal pronouns, as follows:—

	<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
First Person,	I,	We.
Second Person,	Thou,	You.
Third Person,	He, or She, or It,	They.

“But, mamma, you said that *thou* was no longer used, except in religious books.”

“That is true; but from old custom it still keeps its place in grammars.”

“Mamma,” said Mary, “I have just thought of something that puzzles me sadly. When you say *it* rains, what noun does *it* stand for? Does it mean that the clouds rain?”

“No; for in that case you would say, *they*

rain, not *it* rains; you can never use a pronoun in the singular number, for a noun in the plural. The word *it* is used in this as in many other verbs, without standing for any noun, and seems to refer to some cause, or state of things, which makes the rain fall, or water freeze, or thunder roll, or lightning flash. But this is too difficult for you, Mary; I shall therefore only tell you, that the verbs, *it rains, it freezes, it thunders, it lightens*, and all others, which have no other nominative than the pronoun *it*, are called *impersonal*, because there are no persons belonging to them."

"To be sure," said Mary, laughing, "you cannot say, I rain, or you freeze, or she thunders, or they lighten. Oh! but, mamma, you may say Jupiter thunders?"

"True, but then the verb is no longer personal."

"Well, Mary, *it* is very fine now, so go and take a run in the garden; for *it* is very pleasant to run about after a lesson."

CONTINUATION OF PRONOUNS.

LESSON VI.

“PRAY, mamma,” said Mary, at the next lesson, “have pronouns cases like nouns?”

“Yes,” replied her mother, “as they are put in the place of nouns, they must undergo all the changes which nouns do, whether it be of number, gender, or case. The pronouns I wrote down yesterday are of the nominative case; for they are supposed either to do, or to be something; and if you bring them into a sentence, you will find that they come before the verb; as, I eat, thou sleepest, he is happy; we are tired, you speak, they walk. Now, Mary, do you think you could find out a pronoun in the possessive case?”

“What, like the possessive case of nouns, mamma, written with an *s*, and a comma before it?”

“It is the same case, and has the same meaning, but it is not written in the same

manner. How would you express yourself, to say that you possessed any thing; this thimble, for instance?" said she, holding up Mary's thimble.

"I should say," answered Mary, "this thimble belongs to me."

"That denotes possession, it is true, but it is in rather a roundabout way; you use the phrase *belongs to me*, instead of expressing the same meaning by a single pronoun. Is it not shorter and more easy to say, this thimble is *mine*?"

"Oh yes, certainly," said Mary; "*mine* means, belongs to me; how stupid it was of me not to think of *mine*! it is a word I repeat so often. So then, *mine* is the possessive pronoun for the first person singular."

"Yes; but there is also another possessive pronoun for the first person singular, which is still shorter than mine. If I say this is *my* book, it means that I possess the book, just the same as if I said this book is *mine*."

"Then," said Mary, "there are two possessive pronouns for the first person singular."

“ Yes ; and so there are for the second person singular, *thy* and *thine*, and also for the third, which are, *his*, *hers*, and *its*. All these pronouns, you know, mean possession.”

“ Yes,” said Mary, “ you may say, *his* hat, *her* cap. Then if it is a thing you are speaking of, a tree, for instance, you may say, *its* branches, or *its* blossoms ; and of a table, *its* legs. But should not a comma be put before the *s* in *its*, mamma, as it is with nouns in the possessive case ? ”

“ No ; the comma is not required, because *it* is never plural ; the possessive case cannot, therefore, be mistaken for the plural number, as it might be with nouns.”

“ And, pray, what are the plural pronouns in this case ? ”

“ *Our*, *ours*, for the first person ; *your*, or *yours*, for the second person ; and *their*, or *theirs*, for the third person.”

“ But why are there two possessive pronouns for each person ? ” enquired Mary ; “ I should have thought that one would have been enough ; for if I say this is my hat, or this hat is mine, it seems to mean the same thing.”

“Very nearly, but not quite,” replied her mother; “*mine* is used when the noun comes before the pronoun; as this hat is mine; and *my* is used when the noun follows the pronoun; as, this is my hat. And it is also the same with the third person feminine,” said her mother; “you may say, this glove is *hers*, or this is *her* glove. But there is only one pronoun, *his*, for the third person masculine.”

“Well, I wonder there should not be two possessive pronouns for men as well as for women!” exclaimed Mary.

“It would certainly be more regular; for you are obliged to use the word *his*, both before and after the noun; as, that is *his* horse, that horse is *his*.”

“I have heard Sophy’s nurse say *his’n*, sometimes, mamma.”

“And she also says *her’n*, instead of hers; and *our’n*, *your’n*, *their’n*, instead of ours, yours, and theirs; but this manner of speaking, though it was common a great many years ago, is no longer used but by illiterate people, and you must be careful not to imitate it. Now, try to give me some examples

of the way in which the possessive pronouns plural are used."

"Let me see," said Mary, thoughtfully; "you said they were, *our, ours, your, yours, their, theirs.*" Then she went on thus:—

"Will you walk in *our* garden? This garden is *ours*. You see, mamma, I have taken care to say *our* before the garden, and *ours* after it."

"Very well; now for the second person plural."

"'If this is not *your* bonnet,' " said Mary, "'which is *yours*?' Shall I go on with the third person?"

"Yes, if you please."

"*Their* shoes are very pretty; oh, what pretty shoes are *theirs*!"

"Now that you have finished the pronouns of the possessive case," said her mother, "I will tell you what those of the objective case are. Of the singular number, they are, *me, thee, him, her, it.* These pronouns all denote the object of a verb; as, give the book to *me.*"

"Yes," said Mary, "*book* is the object given."

“Think again, Mary, you have made a mistake there; you are to point out the objective pronoun, and not the noun.”

Mary thought again, and then said, “Oh! yes, I was quite wrong. *Me* is the object to whom the book is given. Speak to *him*; *him* is the object spoken to, and is in the objective case. Go with *her*; stay with *us*; walk with *them*. Then, mamma, all these pronouns follow the verb, as the nouns do in the objective case; so I shall easily be able to distinguish them from the nominative pronouns.”

Her mother then wrote out a table of the personal pronouns, with their several cases.

SINGULAR NUMBER.

	<i>Nominative.</i>	<i>Possessive.</i>	<i>Objective.</i>
1st Person.	I.	My, Mine.	Me.
2d Person.	Thou.	Thy, Thine.	Thee.
3d Person.	M. & F. He, She.	His, Her, Hers.	Him, Her
3d Person } neuter. }	It.	Its.	It.

PLURAL NUMBER.

	<i>Nominative.</i>	<i>Possessive.</i>	<i>Objective.</i>
1st Person.	We.	Our, Ours.	Us.
2d Person.	You.	Your, Yours.	You.
3d Person.	They.	Their, Theirs.	Them.

“ You may get this table by heart, Mary, now that you can understand it.”

“ Indeed, mamma,” replied she, “ I should have found it a very hard task to have learnt it by heart before you had explained it; for the words are so much alike in their meaning, that I am sure I should have been sadly puzzled to recollect the order in which they were to be repeated.”

“ We have now finished the personal pronouns,” said her mother; “ but there are several other classes to be examined, which we will reserve for another day. To-morrow I shall treat you with a story.”

“ I should like so much another story about the beautiful Fairy, Instruction,” said Mary.

“ That will not be difficult to obtain,” replied her mother; “ for Instruction is always ready to tell you a story when you will attend to her. We will wait till to-morrow, and then see what she will say to us.”

THE COAT AND BUTTONS:

A FAIRY TALE.

“ EDWARD thought, like you Mary, that he should be very glad to see the fairy again ; and one day that he was longing for it, she suddenly appeared before him. She showed him some of the curious pages of her glass book, and then asked him what she should animate to give an account of itself.”

Edward was much at a loss to determine, he thought first of one thing, then of another ; and after being undecided for some time, he said, “ I think it would be very funny to hear my coat speak.”

Instruction touched his coat with her wand, and then disappeared ; and a few moments afterwards a soft voice issued from the bosom of his coat and spoke as follows : —

“ I recollect once growing on the back of a sheep.” — Though Edward expected to hear the coat speak, he could not help starting back with surprise ; however, he interrupted him, saying, “ I am afraid, Mr. Coat, you do

not know what you are talking about ; for coats do not grow, nor do sheep wear coats.” “ I was only wool when I grew on the back of the sheep,” replied the voice ; “ and a very pleasant life we led together, spending all the day in the green fields, and resting at night on the grass. Sometimes, indeed, the sheep rubbed himself so roughly against the trees and shrubs, that I was afraid of being torn off ; and sometimes the birds came and pecked off a few flakes of the wool to line their nests and make them soft and warm for their young, but they took so little I could easily spare it. We had long led this quiet life, when one day there was a great alarm. The shepherd and his dog drove all the sheep into a fold, and then took them out one by one, and washed them in a stream of water which ran close by. The sheep on which I grew was sadly frightened when his turn came ; and, for my part, I could not imagine what they were going to do with me, they rubbed and scrubbed me so much ; but when it was over, I looked so delicately white, that I was quite vain of my beauty, and I thought we were now to return and frisk and gambol in the meadow,

as we had done before. But, alas! the sheep and I were going to be parted for ever! and I was never more to behold the fresh grass on which I had rested with so much pleasure. Instead of setting the sheep at liberty, the shepherd took out a large pair of shears. — Only imagine our terror! — the poor sheep, I believe, thought his head was going to be cut off, and began to bleat most piteously; but the shepherd, without attending to his cries, held him down, and began cutting me off close to his skin. When the sheep found that the shears did not hurt him, he remained quiet; it was then my turn to be frightened. It is true that the shears did not hurt me either because I could not feel; but then I could not bear the thoughts of being parted from my dear friend, the sheep; for we had grown up together ever since he had been a little lamb. The sheep, who could feel, suffered even more than I did from the separation. As soon as he was released, he went about shivering with cold, bleating and moaning for the loss of his beloved fleece. As for me, I was packed in a bag with a great many other fleeces, and sent to some

mills, where there were a number of strange little things that were for ever twisting and turning round. They seized hold of us, and pulled us, and twisted us about in such a wonderful manner, that at last we were all drawn out into worsted threads, so unlike wool, that I hardly knew myself again. But it was still worse, when, some time afterwards, they plunged me into a large copper of dark dirty-looking water; and when I was taken out, instead of being white, I was of a bright blue colour, and looked very beautiful. Well, some time after this I was sent to the cloth mills, and my threads were stretched in a machine called a loom, and there I was woven into a piece of cloth. I was then folded up, and lay quiet for some time."

"Indeed," said Edward, "I think you required a little rest after going through so many changes."

"Soon after," resumed the voice, "I was bought by a tailor, and lay on the shelf of his shop, when one day you and your papa came in and asked to see some cloth to make you a coat. I was taken down and unfolded

on the counter with several other pieces, and, if you remember, you chose me on account of my beautiful colour."

"So I did," said Edward; "but you are not so bright a blue now as you were then."

"Something the worse for wear," replied the coat; "if you stain me and cover me with dust, that is your fault, not mine. But to conclude my story; the tailor took out his enormous scissors, which reminded me of the shears that had cut me from the sheep, and cut me into the shape of a coat. I was then sewed up by some journeymen, who sat cross-legged on a table; and when I was finished, I was sent to you; and, ever since, I have covered the back of a human being, instead of that of a sheep."

Edward was much entertained with the story of the coat: "But these bright buttons," said he, "are not made of wool; have you nothing to say about them?"

"They were perfect strangers to me, till they were sewn on," said the coat; "I know nothing about them, they must speak for themselves."

Upon this, the whole row of little but-

tons raised their sharp voices at once, which sounded like the jingling of so many little bells. This made such a confused noise, that Edward could not distinguish a word they said. He, therefore, in an imperative tone, commanded silence; and, laying hold of one of them with his finger and thumb, he said, "Come, Mr. Button, let me hear the story from you, while all the rest remain quiet." Pleased by this preference, the face of the button shone brighter than usual, and in a small shrill, but distinct voice, he began thus:—

"We lay for a long time under ground; not bright and shining as you now see us, but mixed up with dirt and rubbish. How long we remained there it is impossible for me to say; for as it was always dark, there was no telling day from night, nor any means of counting weeks and years."

"But could not you hear the church clock strike?" said Edward; "that would have told you how time passed."

"Oh! no," replied the button; "if we had had ears we could not have heard, so deep were we buried in the bowels of the earth."

“ Oh dear ! how dismal that must have been ! ” exclaimed Edward.

“ Not for us, who neither thought nor felt,” replied the button. “ Well, after having lain there for ages, perhaps, all at once there was an opening made in the ground, and men came down where we lay, and dug us up ; they talked about a fine vein of copper. ‘ I am glad we have reached it at last,’ said they, ‘ it will repay us all our labour.’ They then put us into the basket, and we were taken up above ground, and into daylight. The glare of light was so strong to us, who had been so long in utter darkness, that, if we had had eyes, it would almost have blinded us. Well, after that, we were put into a fiery furnace.”

“ I am sure you must have been glad then that you could not feel,” said Edward ; “ and were you burnt to ashes ? ”

“ Oh ! no,” replied the button ; “ copper is a metal, and metals will not burn ; but we were melted ; and, as the earth and rubbish which were mixed with us does not melt, we ran out through some holes that were made on purpose for us to escape from our dirty com-

panions, who were not fit society for us. We were then imprisoned in moulds, where we were left to cool and become solid again. Men then came with hammers, and beat us till we became quite flat. Every time they struck us, we hallooed out as loud as we could, and our cries resounded to a great distance ; but they went on all the same."

"What!" exclaimed Edward ; "had you voices to cry out?"

"No," replied the button ; "but do you not know that if you strike against metal it rings or resounds? The sound of a bell is nothing but the metal tongue striking against the inside of the bell ; and you know what a noise it makes." Just then the dinner bell began ringing, and Edward cried out, "That it does indeed."

"Well," continued the button, "after we had been beaten into flat sheets, we were sent to the turner's, who cut us into little bits, and then placed us, one after the other, into a strange kind of machine, called a lathe : he held us there while he turned a wheel with his foot so fast that it would have made one giddy."

“That is, if you had had a head, to be giddy,” said Edward laughing.

“When I was taken out of the lathe, I was quite surprised to see what a pretty round shape I had; I wondered what was to be done to me next; for as there was nothing by which I could be sewn on to a coat, I did not think that I was to be made into a button, but supposed I was intended for a piece of money.”

“Yes; a round flat button is something like a sixpence,” said Edward; “but then you were not made of silver.”

“True; and I soon found that I was to be a button, for they fastened a tail to me, and rubbed me for a great length of time till I became very bright. I was then stuck with the rest of us on a sheet of thick white paper.”

“Oh! I remember,” cried Edward; “you were all stuck on the paper, when the tailor showed you to papa and me, and you looked quite beautiful.” Edward then listened in expectation of the button continuing his story, but it was ended, and his voice was gone!

From this time it was observed that Edward took more care of his coat than usual;

and when from any accident he dirtied it, he brushed it clean, and now and then he was seen rubbing the buttons to make them shine bright.

RELATIVE PRONOUNS.

LESSON VII.

AT the next lesson of grammar, Mary came skipping into the room with her book in her hand, saying, “Now, mamma, for the rest of the pronouns.”

“The next class of pronouns,” said her mother, “are called *relative*, because they relate to some word said before. There are but three relative pronouns, *who*, *which*, and *that*.”

“They will be very easy to remember, mamma, being so few.”

“But, Mary, I do not mean that you should remember them like a parrot; you must understand them, and then you would remember them equally well, were there few or many. In order to understand them,

you must know to what words they relate. If I say, the man *who* brought me a letter, to what word does *who* relate?"

"To the man, certainly."

"Very well; I will now give you a more complicated example. The tree *that* was blown down yesterday fell near Charles, *who* was sadly frightened."

"*That* relates to the tree," said Mary, "but *who* relates to Charles being frightened. Now, mamma," added she, "it is my turn to give an example."

"Well, my dear, think of one; and try to introduce in it all the three pronouns."

Mary thought for a long time, looking very grave all the while, and at last she said—"Do you remember the pretty doll *that* grandmamma gave me, *which* has long ringlets? I have lent it to Sophy, *who* is very fond of playing with it."

"Very well; but what made you look so grave, my dear? I expected you would say something very serious, instead of talking about playing with dolls."

"Oh! mamma, it is so difficult to find out how to place the pronouns, that one cannot

help looking grave, even when one is thinking of something amusing.”

“Well, now, Mary,” said her mother, “you may be really grave; for I am going to teach you a very hard word.”

Mary looked very serious, and listened with great attention to her mother, who proceeded—

“The word to which the pronoun relates is called the *antecedent*, which means something that goes before; can you remember that word?”

“Oh! yes, it is not so difficult as I thought, when you told me to be so grave. I shall remember the word *antecedent*, because it is like the anti-chamber, before you go into the drawing-room.”

“Now then,” said her mother, “I will give you a sentence, in which you shall find out the nouns that are antecedents to their relative pronouns. ‘The sheep which were feeding on the common were scared by a little boy who ran hallooing after them, and the dog that guarded them had much ado to bring them back.’”

“*Sheep*,” said Mary, after a thoughtful

pause, "is the antecedent of *which*; *boy* is the antecedent of *who*; and *dog*, the antecedent of *that*. How foolish it was," continued she, "for such large animals as sheep to be afraid of a little boy! And pray, mamma, have the relative pronouns numbers, and genders, and cases, like the personal pronouns?"

"*Which* and *that*," replied her mother, "never change; but *who* has the three cases. The possessive case of *who* is *whose*, and the objective *whom*. Thus you might ask, *who* called here, yesterday? and I should answer, a lady *whom* I saw, but *whose* name I forget: can you tell me the cases of these three pronouns?"

"Yes, I believe I can," said Mary; "in the first place, they all relate to the lady. *Who* is nominative; *whom* must be the objective, because the lady was the object spoken to; and *whose* is the possessive case, because the lady must have a name, though you forget it, mamma," said Mary, laughing.

"True," replied her mother. "The pronouns *who*, *whose*, and *whom*, are used in general for rational beings; that is, men, women, and children, *Which* is more cor-

rectly applied to animals and things. You do not say the horse *who* trotted, or the tree *who* is in blossom ; but the horse *that* trotted, and the tree *which* is in blossom.”

“ And would it be wrong to say, the tree *that* is in blossom ? ”

“ No : the pronoun *that* may be applied to all sorts of nouns, for you may say the child *that* played with the flower *that* I gathered, and the box *that* I opened, with equal propriety. But as the pronoun *who* is in general confined to rational beings, it is considered more appropriate to them than the pronoun *that*. Who, whose, and whom, when they are used to ask questions, are called interrogative pronouns ; as, Who is that ? To whom did you speak ? Whose carriage is that ? ”

“ I shall always know them,” said Mary, “ by the note of interrogation.”

“ We shall now finish the lesson,” continued her mother ; “ but we must have one more on pronouns, before we come to our story.”

The thought of a story always gave Mary courage to get through the difficult parts of

her lesson. It is true, that parsing the story obliged her sometimes to work hard; but she knew that nothing could be well learned without taking pains. Then she was really fond of learning new things, and she thought any trouble better than being ignorant.

DEMONSTRATIVE PRONOUNS.

LESSON VIII.

“THE next class of pronouns is the *demonstrative*. They are, *this*, *these*, *that*, *those*, *what*, and *which*. They are called demonstrative, because they *demonstrate* or mark out the noun before which they are placed, as *this* orange is very sweet.”

“Yes,” said Mary; “*this* marks out the noun orange, which is very sweet.”

“I will give you another example,” said her mother; “*that* apple is sour; now, let me see if you can find out one, Mary.”

“*These* plums are ripe,” said Mary, “*those* nuts are hard, *which*,”—then, interrupting

herself, she added, "I cannot tell what *which* points out?"

"*Which* book will you read in, Mary?"

"But, mamma, *which* does not seem to me to point out the noun, as the other demonstrative pronouns do. When you said *this* orange is sweet, and *that* apple is sour, *this* and *that* show which particular orange it is that is sweet, and which particular apple it is that is sour; but if I ask *which* book I am to read in, *which*, so far from pointing out the book, means that I do not know, and so ask you to tell me."

Her mother smiled and said, "Your observation shows that you think about it, Mary. What you have said is very true, '*which*' does not point out any particular object; but asks you to point out or demonstrate which or what particular thing you are enquiring after; and, for this reason, perhaps, has been generally called a demonstrative pronoun. But it is sometimes, and I think more properly, called an 'interrogative' pronoun; because it asks questions. *What* is another demonstrative pronoun of the same sort. Suppose you were to ask me, '*What*

fruit I liked best? If the pronoun *what* pointed out the fruit I liked best, you need not ask me the question."

"No, certainly," said Mary; "and I think it much better that *which* and *what* should be called interrogative instead of demonstrative pronouns. For it is not they, which point out the noun, but the answers made to the questions they ask."

"But, mamma, there is another thing that puzzles me; you said that *which* was a relative pronoun, can it be a demonstrative pronoun also?"

"Yes," replied her mother; "but it cannot be both at the same time, for it has different meanings as a relative, or as a demonstrative pronoun. When it relates to an antecedent, as 'the book *which* I read in,' it is a relative pronoun; but when it points out a noun that follows, as, *which* book will you read in? it is demonstrative, because it asks you to point out the book, or interrogative (since you prefer it), because it asks a question. But we have said so much of *which* and *what*, that we have almost forgotten the other demonstrative pronouns; let me see whether

you can introduce *this*, *that*, *these*, and *those*, into a sentence."

Mary thought a little, and then said "I am going to put the room in order, mamma; I will place *these* chairs round *this* table, and put *those* prints on *that* table."

"Very well: do you understand the difference between *this* table and *that* table?"

"There is a great deal of difference," said Mary, looking at them: "one is square, and the other is round; then this table is large, and that is small."

"And do the pronouns *this* and *that* point out the difference between the tables?"

"Oh! no," said Mary, laughing; "*this* does not mean a large round table, and *that* a small square one; for if you said *this* table and *that* table, without my seeing them, I should not know at all of what shape or size they were."

"Then, what does *this* table and *that* table mean?"

"*This*," replied Mary, "means the table nearest to us; and *that* the table further off."

"Ah! now you are right," said her mother,

“and I dare say you will be able to tell me what *these* and *those* mean?”

“The same thing, mamma, only they are plural instead of singular. *These* chairs are nearer to us than *those* prints. I like *these* apples better than *those* I ate yesterday.” Mary then ran to the piano, and began playing a waltz; her mother waited patiently till she had finished it; but then she began another, and her mother inquired how many waltzes she meant to play before she went on with her lesson.

“Only two,” replied Mary. “I wanted to tell you that I do not like *this* waltz so well as *that* I played first.”

Her mother laughed at her example; and said, “So, then, you are practising your lesson of grammar on the piano.”

“But, mamma,” said Mary, “I have got into a puzzle with my example of the waltzes. They were both played on the same piano, so how can one be further off than the other?”

“They are both at the same distance in regard to place, my dear, certainly; but not in regard to time, for you played the one before you played the other.”

“Then, there are two further-offs?” said Mary.

“Yes: the one relates to time, and the other to place; you may say next year is a distant time, and York is a distant place.”

“Oh! yes,” said Mary; “the one means that there is a great deal of ground between you and York; and the other—”

“Stop, Mary,” said her mother, interrupting her; “let us understand well what one distance means before we explain the other. If I say America is a very distant place, there is something else besides ground between us and America.”

“Yes, a great deal of water; all the Atlantic Ocean; well, I mean the quantity of land and water there is between us and the place.”

“And if I should say the moon is very distant, how would you explain it; for there is neither land nor water between us and the moon?”

“No, but it is a very long way off; and there is nothing between us and the moon that I know of, or at least nothing but air.”

“Well, my dear, all these distances,

whether they consist of land, water, air, or merely an empty place, can be expressed by one single word *space*. I may say there is a great space between us and America; and a still greater between us and the moon."

"It is very convenient," said Mary, "to have one word to say so many things; and are small distances called spaces too?"

"Yes: you may say the space between those two chairs; or, those books will not take up much space on the shelf."

"Oh! dear mamma," cried Mary, with the pleased look of having made a discovery, "I have just thought of some little tiny spaces, much smaller still. In music books, you know, there are five lines and four spaces between them;" and she pointed them out to her mother in a book which lay open on the piano.

"Yes, Mary; and they are so called because they are the spaces or distances between the lines."

"In regard to time, distance also means far off; but it means far off in point of time. I may say next Thursday is a distant day, or next year is very distant, and the next century is more distant still."

“I understand the difference very well now, mamma.”

“Then can you tell me how you measure the distance of space?”

“Why,” said Mary, pausing to reflect, “I have seen you measure the distance from one end of the room to the other with a foot measure; and a yard measure is longer, and will measure quicker. Then I remember when you measured the length of the gravel-walk, you did it with a long string.”

“True, but I measured the string first, otherwise I could not have known how long the walk was.”

“But, mamma, if you were to measure the space between this place and London, it would be very tedious to do it with a foot measure, a yard, or even a long string, for you know it is seventy miles—*miles*,” repeated she, a new thought suddenly occurring, “miles are the very thing,—that is, I mean milestones; for the distance from here to London is measured by mile stones.”

“True; but recollect,” said her mother, “the ground must be measured first in order to know where the milestones are to be placed.

Now, can you find out how to measure the distance of time?"

"No, indeed," said Mary; "feet, and yards, and miles, will not measure time."

"Cannot you tell me how long it will be from this time to your dinner time?"

"Oh! yes; it is now ten o'clock, and I dine at two, so there are four hours from this to my dinner time."

"You see, then, that you can measure time by a clock, even with less trouble than you can measure space by a foot or yard. Time is divided into seconds, minutes, hours, days, and years, and a clock or a watch is an instrument for the purpose of measuring time."

"They will do very well for hours, and even for days perhaps; but for years, mamma! surely there ought to be a greater measure to measure years with, something like the milestones, that measure very long spaces."

"And so there is, Mary; when you are old enough to understand it, you will find that there is something like milestones in the sky to measure time with."

Mary stared with astonishment; she longed extremely to know what sort of things these

milestones could be; she looked up to the sky, but could discover nothing that bore any resemblance to milestones. She then entreated her mother to tell her what it was.

Her mother smiled; and pointing to the sun, said, "That is one of the milestones."

"Oh, mamma, you are joking now," exclaimed Mary.

"No, indeed, my dear. The sun served to measure time long before clocks and watches were invented; and even now, the labourers in the fields, who have not watches, learn, by observing whereabouts the sun is in the sky, when it is time for them to begin their day's work, or when it is twelve o'clock, for them to go to dinner. When you are older, Mary, you will learn that the sun and stars are indeed the only true measures of time, and that our clocks and watches, when they go wrong, are set according to them; but this is too difficult for you now; besides it does not belong to a lesson of grammar, — indeed we have been talking of other subjects almost the whole of the lesson."

“ Oh ! but mamma, I think I have learned a great deal about time and space, and I am sure it has amused me.”

“ Well, that must serve as an apology for deviating so much from our subject. It is too late to return to the grammar to-day, so we will reserve the remainder of the pronouns for the next lesson.”

CONTINUATION OF DEMONSTRATIVE PRONOUNS.

LESSON IX.

“ WELL, Mary,” said her mother, “ we must keep close to our subject to-day, in order to finish the demonstrative pronouns.”

“ I remember, mamma, that I was just going to ask you a question about them, when time and space interrupted us. Is the word *that* both a relative and a demonstrative pronoun, as the word *which* is, for you have named *that* in both these classes of pronouns ?”

“ Yes, my dear, it is ; but the meaning of

the word in one class is so different from its meaning in the other that you will not easily confound them."

"It must be quite different, indeed; for the relative pronoun *that* refers to some noun gone before, and called its antecedent; and the demonstrative pronoun points out some noun that follows after. Do not I recollect well, mamma?" said she with a look of self-approbation.

"Very well," said her mother; "but I think the observations we made in our last lesson on *which* has helped you out a little. I will place the two *thats* in one sentence; and we shall see whether you will be able to distinguish the relative from the demonstrative: is *that* work very amusing? I mean the work *that* you are doing."

"The first *that*," said Mary, "is demonstrative, because it is placed before work, to show what work you mean; and the second *that* is relative, and work is its antecedent. Now, mamma, let me put the two *thats* in a sentence;" and observing a horse pass the window, she said, "*that* horse is the same *that* galloped by yesterday."

“Very well; but can you tell me what is the antecedent to the relative *that*?”

“I do not know,” said Mary, “for horse belongs to the demonstrative pronoun; so I suppose I am wrong.”

“No; the antecedent, though it is not named, is perfectly understood; when you say the same, it is clear the same *horse* is meant.”

“Oh! yes,” said Mary; “the word is left out, as you told me in the last lesson.”

“Now, Mary, what will you say when I tell you that the word *that*, besides being both a relative and a demonstrative pronoun, is also sometimes a conjunction?”

“Oh! mamma,” exclaimed Mary, “that is too bad. It must be very puzzling, for one word to have three different meanings.”

“It requires, at least, sense to understand and attention to be able to distinguish them, more, perhaps, than a little girl of your age can be expected to have.”

“Well, but let me try,” cried Mary, who was ambitious of not being considered as a very little girl. “Pray give me an example, mamma?”

“Here is one,” replied her mother: “I am so tired *that* I can hardly stand. What is the meaning of *that* in this sentence?”

“It does not relate to any noun, so it cannot be a relative pronoun. It does not mark out any noun, so it cannot be a demonstrative pronoun; I suppose, therefore, it is a conjunction.”

“Yes; *that* joins two parts of a sentence together, as, ‘I am so tired *that* I can hardly stand;’ and shows their connection, which is, *that* I can hardly stand, because I am so tired.”

“Now let me find out an example, mamma. ‘She is so sorry for her fault, *that* I do not think she will ever do so again.’ Suppose, mamma, that we were to put the three *thats* all in one sentence; but that is too difficult for me, you must do it.”

Mamma considered for some little time how to introduce so many *thats*, and at length said, “Fetch me the nosegay *that* I gathered this morning, *that* I may put it in *that* flowerpot.”

“The first *that*,” said Mary, “is a relative pronoun; and the nosegay, to which it relates,

is its antecedent. The second *that* is a conjunction, which joins the two parts of the sentence together; and the last *that* is a demonstrative pronoun, pointing out the particular flowerpot you want."

"I must say you have explained it very well," said her mother. "There are some few other pronouns; but I think you have had quite enough of them for a girl of your age."

"But don't forget, mamma, that you promised me a story after the pronouns."

The next day her mother began as follows:—

CURIOSITY.

ELLEN FORRESTER was a little girl of an amiable disposition; but she had one fault which was likely to spoil all her good qualities: this was curiosity. She was so eager to know whatever happened to her friends, that she wearied them by her questions. If she thought they talked lower than usual, she contrived to get within hearing, and

listened attentively to know if they were not whispering secrets ; thus she was beginning to be considered as an inquisitive and prying girl, and to be avoided by her companions. She was once or twice found secretly listening, and was obliged to make some awkward excuse ; but she had never gone so far as to invent one ; she had never been guilty of a falsehood. Her mother, who loved her tenderly, had tried various modes of curing her of this fault, but without success. One day she sent her into her room to fetch some work, and Ellen saw a letter lying on the table. She felt a strong desire to look at the direction ; it was in her grandmamma's handwriting. " I wonder," thought Ellen, " mamma did not tell me of it ; there is some secret in it, I dare say." This increased her curiosity. She turned the letter over, and saw that the seal was broken, and that the letter, though folded, was not closed ; so that, in turning it over in every direction, it became unfolded, and her own name caught her eye. She was now convinced that the letter contained a secret about herself, and her curiosity was more and more excited. She knew it would

be very wrong to read the letter, yet she still kept it in her hands; and without, as she persuaded herself, intending to read it, she could not avoid seeing these words, “you will give it to Ellen only, if—” she could see no more without decidedly opening the letter. What could it be that her grandmamma was going to give her! her desire to know was almost irresistible; and then the terrible *if* increased it so much that she lost all control over herself, tore open the letter, and read as follows:— “I send a painting-box as a new year’s gift to my dear Ellen. I know she has long wished to have one, and she has made such progress in drawing that I think she will soon be able to colour her sketches; but, as I consider it of much greater importance that she should improve in character than in drawing, I beg that you will give it to Ellen only if, during a whole month previous to new year’s day, her curiosity has not led her into the commission of any fault.” “No, not one!” cried Ellen, her eyes sparkling with joy; “it was but yesterday mamma said I had been good for a whole month:” but soon the conscious colour

rushed to her cheeks, the letter dropt from her hands; she knew that opening it was a fault by which the present would be forfeited. What was to be done! She bitterly repented her curiosity; but her curiosity still prevailed, and she could not help looking round the room to see if she could discover the box. There was something on the dressing-table covered with a handkerchief; she lifted it up and beheld the painting-box, beautifully inlaid, and of a much larger size than she had expected; she raised the lid, and beneath it lay all the gay colours in soft gradation of tints, and beside them a number of camel-hair brushes of various sizes. She opened a drawer beneath, and saw a set of small saucers placed in rows, and intended for the colours when rubbed up. She was at first so much taken up with the box that she forgot her fault; but, as soon as reflection returned, she trembled with apprehension. "Alas! what can I do?" thought she; "how can I conceal my fault from my dear mamma, to whom I tell every thing? and how could I enjoy the box if she gave it to me after what I have done?" She was thus

hesitating when her mother called to her from below, and asked her why she did not come back with the work she had sent her for. Ellen shut the box hastily, threw the handkerchief over it, folded up the letter, and ran down stairs so fast that she had well nigh fallen; this, she thought, might account for her agitation and confusion; but her mother was too clear-sighted; she knew by Ellen's conscious look that she had seen the box and read the letter. Her heart sunk within her through grief at her daughter's fault; but she said nothing, thinking it right to consider how she should act, and willing to allow Ellen time and opportunity to confess her fault. The morning passed away almost in silence; Ellen learnt her lessons very imperfectly; she made several mistakes in reading, and hemmed her work on the wrong side. Her suffering was evident; and over and over again did she resolve to get rid of her curiosity; she could not have had a more favourable opportunity, had she had but fortitude to sacrifice the present and confess her fault; but her eyes had dwelt with such delight on the beauties of the box,

and the possession of it appeared to her such supreme happiness, that she had not the courage to give it up. “ Oh! why did my hateful curiosity make me uncover it?” said she to herself; “ if I had not seen it, I should not feel so sorry to give it up; oh! why did I read the letter? it was *that* which did all the harm!” She was still hesitating what to do, when, three days after, on coming into her mother’s room, she kissed her, and wished her a happy new year. Ellen was not aware that the new year was so near at hand; she blushed, and knew not what to say; her colour rose still higher, when her mother showed her the box, told her the conditions on which it was given, and then continued, in a serious and impressive manner, but with a look of anxious tenderness, as if she were entreating rather than inquiring, “ I hope I can have sufficient confidence in you, my dear Ellen, to make you the judge of your own conduct: tell me whether you deserve this box or not?” Ellen could not resist this appeal; she was touched by the confidence her mother placed in her, and her beseeching look went straight to her

heart. She sunk on her knees, hid her face in her mother's lap, and sobbed out, "Oh no! no! I do not deserve it." Her mother raised her up, and embraced her with eagerness, while her eyes sparkled with joy. "My dear child," said she, "you have relieved me from a dreadful apprehension: I know your fault; you have been guilty of concealing it for three days; and if in the end you had denied it, I should have been wretched; for I should have been convinced that your insatiable curiosity had destroyed the natural candour and openness of your disposition. But you have in part atoned for your fault by your free confession; and the sacrifice of the box will, I hope, make a lasting impression on your mind." Ellen, overcome by her emotion, cried out, "Oh! mamma, I do not care for the box now, I only care for your forgiveness, and am so sorry to have made you unhappy, but I did not think you knew anything about it." "You cannot read my countenance as well as I can yours," replied her mother; "or rather you do not observe it. I am sure, Ellen, you have not seen me smile these last three days; as for you, I

was aware of what you had done the moment you returned with the work. She then took Ellen out walking to compose her spirits ; and, when they returned, she said, “ Now let us pack up this unfortunate box, and return it to grandmamma, and I will write her word of what has happened ; we must have no concealment from her.” Ellen fetched the paper and packthread ; she could not give a last look at the beautiful colours without some feeling of regret ; but the more she suffered by parting with the box, the more she felt assured that she should in future not give way to her curiosity. As she tied the last knot, she said, “ I hope it will not always be an unfortunate box ; for I do think it will cure me for ever.” “ I wish it may,” replied her mother ; “ and if so, we may, perhaps, some day or other, see it back again.”

VERBS.

LESSON X.

“ IN our former lesson on Verbs, when you were a little girl, Mary,” said her mother, “ I taught you the meaning of a verb generally, and explained to you the three kinds of verbs, *active*, *passive*, and *neuter*. Now that you are a great girl (comparatively speaking, said she, smiling), I must teach you the four different *modes*, or manner of expressing a verb.”

“ Modes of expressing a verb ! ” repeated Mary ; “ I cannot understand that without an explanation, mamma.”

“ And I doubt whether you would understand it, if I tried to explain it now ; so I think it will be better to wait till you have made some acquaintance with these several modes ; they will then be much easier to explain than while they are quite strange to you.”

“ I am sure, mamma, if it will be easier for you to explain, it will be much easier for me to understand when I know something about them. Then there is nothing so dry and hard as a definition ; I think it should always come in at the end instead of at the beginning.”

“ That may do for children,” said her mother, “ but it would not satisfy grown people, who are able to understand a definition.”

“ The pronouns you have lately been learning are a very good introduction to the verbs ; for without the help of persons we could not understand a verb. If I say, to write, to walk, to be beaten, you know the meaning of the verb ; but you cannot tell who it is that writes, or walks, or is beaten ; you are ignorant whether it is one person or many, and whether the person is masculine or feminine ——”

“ Or neuter, perhaps, mamma,” interrupted Mary ; for you know a pen may write, and a carpet may be beaten.”

“ Very true, my dear ; you see, therefore, that either nouns, or personal pronouns, are

necessary to tell us who it is that acts. The mere name of the verb, with the little word *to*, before it, is called the *infinitive mode* of the verb, because it defines nothing, and simply expresses the action, without saying who did it, or when or how it was done; as, to sleep, to talk, to be tired."

"Then, I think, mamma, the infinitive mode seems to teach one nothing at all."

"Little more than the name of the verb," replied her mother; but you will find, by and by, that it is more useful than you imagine."

"Well: if instead of saying *to write*, you say *he writes*, what does that mean?"

"I know," said Mary, "that *he* is a single person of the masculine gender, and that he is the person who writes; so the little word *he* points out the person, the number, and the gender. Oh! *he* tells us a great deal more than *to* does. I dare say it is another mode, mamma."

"It is," replied her mother; "but tell me, does not *he* point out the case also?"

"Yes! he is the nominative case; for *he* does something, he writes; he comes before

the verb, which commands it to be nominative."

"And does not *he writes* tell you also the time at which he writes?" inquired her mother.

"What do you mean, mamma?" cried Mary looking surprised, — "at what o'clock he writes?"

"Oh! no. Time in grammar, my dear," said her mother, smiling, "does not mean the hour, the day, or the year. He writes, means that he is writing now at this present time, whether it is twelve o'clock, or three o'clock, or whatever the hour may be."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mary; "or whatever day, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, or whatever year it may happen to be, *he writes* means always *now*. How much more the little word *he* tells us than the little word *to* does! for it tells us the person, the number, the gender, the case, and the time."

"The word *he*, Mary, does not point out the time."

"Why, mamma, you have just said that *he writes* is *now*, the present time."

"That is true; *he writes* is the present

time ; but it is the word *writes*, and not the word *he*, that points out the time. The pronoun *he* is used in all the times. If I say, *he wrote* a letter yesterday, what time is that ? ”

“ That is the time that is past and gone ; for yesterday is over, and will never come back again. ”

“ But you see, Mary, that it is the change in the verb, from *writes* to *wrote*, and not the pronoun *he*, which points out the past time. And if I say, he *shall write* to-morrow, what does that mean ? ”

“ Oh ! to-morrow is not past and gone, ” said Mary ; “ it is the time that is to come ; it will be here soon, mamma. ”

“ Very well ; you must remember these three times, which grammarians call tenses ; they are —

The present time, which is now ;

The past time, which is gone by ; and

The future time, which is to come.

I ride to-day, that is the present time ;

I rode yesterday, that is the past ; and

I shall ride to-morrow, that is the future. ”

“ But you say ride for the present and for the future, too, mamma, when you say I shall ride.”

“ The verb ride does not change,” replied her mother, “ it is the word *shall* which points out the future tense. *Shall* is the sign of the future tense, just as *to* is the sign of the infinitive mode.”

“ So then, if you said I shall ride next week, or next year, it is the time to come, as well as to-morrow, is it not ? ”

“ Certainly ; I mentioned to-morrow only, because I thought it would make the sense clearer to you, to point out some particular time.”

“ Then,” said Mary, “ all the time that is to come, from to-morrow to a hundred or even a thousand years, is future time.”

“ Yes, from the next minute to all eternity.”

Oh ! what a time ! ” exclaimed Mary, with a long-drawn breath ; “ for ever ! and for ever ! ”

“ It is of all lengths,” replied her mother ; “ if you say I shall go in a moment, the future time is not very long.”

“ No, indeed,” said Mary, laughing, “ a moment is short enough.”

“ But, Mary, I have not yet told you the name of the mode we have been talking of; and I think you are, by this time, sufficiently acquainted with it for me to explain it to you.”

“ Oh! yes,” said Mary; “ I know a great deal about it; this mode has all the three persons, both singular and plural, and the three tenses; and I like it much better than the infinitive mode; pray what is it called? ”

“ It is called the *indicative mode*, because it indicates or points out that the verb is positively done, without any condition, hesitation, or objection.”

“ But I cannot understand how there can be any other mode of doing a verb, mamma; for either the verb must be positively done or not done; you cannot do it by halves, can you? ”

“ I have known people, Mary, who cannot always make up their mind, whether they will do a verb or not. For instance, this morning, when Willy was asking you to go and play with him in the garden, you answered, ‘ if I go, I shall not have time to finish my work; ’ and then, when he conti-

nued pressing you to go, you said, 'I would go if you promised not to keep me long;' and he having agreed to this condition, you said, 'well, then, mamma, may we go?'"

"Oh! but mamma, that was talking about doing the verb, and not positively doing it."

"True," replied the mother, "that was not the indicative mode."

"But you know, mamma, I did go with Willy at last; for when you said yes, I put by my work, and went directly; that was the indicative or positive mode. And is talking about whether you will do a verb or not, another mode, mamma?"

"Yes, it is; but we have not yet done with the indicative mode; let me hear whether you can repeat the three tenses or times of the indicative mode, in the verb to walk; but use the pronoun *I* instead of *he*."

Mary looked grave; and after a little thought, said, "I walk, that is now; I walked, that means the past time; and I shall walk, that is the future."

"Very well, Mary; but *I* and *he* are not the only persons who can walk. In our lesson on pronouns, you may remember, we

said, there were three persons singular and as many plural; and each of these persons may be the nominative, or agent of the verb, as well as *he* or *I*."

"Oh yes; all the persons can not only walk, but they can run and dance too," said Mary, beginning to skip about.

"Well, when you have finished dancing yourself," said her mother, "suppose that you were to try to repeat the verb to dance; begin with the first person, *I*, and go on with those that follow."

This seemed to Mary a difficult task, and one that required a good deal of reflection; so she sat down, and took some little time to think and recollect who the several pronouns were, and then said,—“I dance, you dance, he dance: no, it must be he dances,” said she, interrupting herself.

“Yes,” replied her mother, “the third person singular is *dances*.”

“Or, if it is a woman, or a little girl,” said Mary, “it is she dances.”

“Or, if it is a doll, or a puppet,” added her mamma, “it is *it* dances; and all three are the third person singular. But remember

I told you that *thou* continues to be used by grammarians for the second person singular; though, in conversation and in writing, we say *you* in its stead. Now for the plural."

Mary repeated, "we dance, you dance, they dance."

"Very well: that is all the present time. Do you think you can tell me the past time?"

"I must think of some past time," said Mary. "Suppose it was yesterday:" she then continued, "I danced yesterday, thou dancedst yesterday, he danced yesterday; we danced, you danced, they danced. I mean that they all danced yesterday, mamma; but there is no use in repeating it every time. You see that I did not forget to say *thou* instead of *you*, for the second person singular; and then I was forced to say *dancedst*, else it would not have sounded right."

"Well, now for the future, or time to come," said her mother.

"Oh! that will be easy enough," said Mary; "for I know the sign of the future is *shall*; so I have only to put *shall* before

dance, and go on as I did with the past time."

"Only take care, Mary," said her mother, smiling, "not to put the word 'yesterday' after the verb, as you did in the past tense."

"Oh no; it would be foolish to say, I shall dance yesterday. Let me see! what future time shall I choose? it shall be 'to-morrow.'"

Then she repeated, "I shall dance to-morrow, thou shalt dance to-morrow, he shall dance, we shall dance, you shall dance, they shall dance, all of them to-morrow."

"Very well, my dear," said her mother; "but I must tell you that there are *two* words which are signs of the future tense: *shall* and *will*; if you say I will dance, it means that you are to dance at some future time also."

"Then, *shall* and *will* mean the same thing, mamma."

"As signs of the future tense they do; but their meaning is very different in other respects, according as they are placed in the sentence. Of this, I will give you an amusing example: —

“ There was a foreigner once in this country, who fell into a river, and not knowing how to swim, he was sadly afraid of being drowned. In his distress he called out, ‘ I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* come and help me.’ Some country people who were at work in an adjoining field thought it was a joke, and began to laugh ; but finding by his struggles that he was really in want of assistance, they went and got him out of the water ; and on coming to an explanation, they found that he had intended to call for help, and to say, ‘ I shall be drowned, and nobody will come and help me.’ ”

After Mary had laughed heartily at this anecdote, her mother said she had learnt enough of verbs this morning. She desired her to endeavour to remember the three tenses of the indicative mode, promising at their next lesson to teach her another mode.

CONTINUATION OF VERBS.

LESSON XI.

“WELL, mamma,” said Mary, “I cannot think what the other modes can be, besides the infinitive, which tells you so little, and the indicative, which tells you so much.”

“The next mode,” answered her mother, “is called the *Subjunctive*, because some circumstance or condition is subjoined to it. I will give you an example; for instance, ‘If you ride, the horse may throw you.’ The *condition subjoined* to your riding is, that the horse might throw you; that is not a very agreeable circumstance.”

“No, indeed,” said Mary.

“Or you might say,” continued her mother, “If I were to ride, I should be tired.”

“That is not quite so alarming a condition,” said Mary; “well, pray go on with your conditions, mamma.”

Her mother went on. "If he ride, he will be too late for dinner. If we ride, it must be early. If you ride, you may get wet. If they had ridden, they might have enjoyed the fine weather."

"Well," said Mary, "I am glad to hear there is a pleasant circumstance subjoined at last."

"The little verbs *may, might, should, would, could,*" her mother told her, "were all signs of the subjunctive mode; for they all expressed uncertainty, and required an *if* before them, as, 'If I may ride, will you lend me your horse?' 'If he knew how to ride, he would not have been thrown;' 'If they should go, they would not be home in time.'"

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Mary, "that was the mode in which I was talking to Willy, about going to play with him in the garden. I remember I said, if I *should* go, and if I *may* go, and all the little hesitating verbs."

"And then you know, Mary, you made your condition that he *should* not detain you long."

"So I did," replied Mary, looking sur-

prised. “ Well, how could I talk so much in the subjunctive mode without knowing a word about it ?”

“ Observe, Mary,” said her mother, “ that in this mode the agents do not say that they do ride, or have ridden, or will ride, as they do in the indicative mode ; but that they *might*, or *could*, or *would*, or *may*, under such or such conditions.”

“ Yes, mamma; though they talk so much about it, there is not one of them that does ride. I like the indicative mode much the best, for there you positively do ride, or have ridden, or shall ride, without so many *ifs* to stop you.”

“ Now, then, you understand the difference between the indicative and the subjunctive modes,” said her mother.

“ Oh yes; in the indicative, all the persons ride, without any condition, or any body trying to prevent them, while the subjunctive is all made up of hesitation and uncertainty.”

“ Yes,” said her mother, “ the indicative is the *positive* mode ; the subjunctive the *conditional* mode.”

“ I know what I should call it, mamma ; I

think it is the uncertain or doubting mode, for they can none of them make up their minds whether they will ride or not."

"Yet you should not find fault with their hesitation," said her mother; "for their riding or not, depends often on other people or circumstances, rather than on themselves."

"Then I suppose," said Mary, laughing, "the persons in the subjunctive mode are children, who can only do what they are allowed; and then you know, mamma, it is no wonder there should be so many conditions as to their riding."

"The subjunctive mode," her mother said, "applies quite as much to grown people as to children. A man may say 'If you would choose me for your king, I would govern you with wisdom and justice.' Or a general may say to his soldiers, 'If you *should* disobey my orders, you *would* be severely punished.'"

"Or, mamma, you might say to me, 'If you were a good girl for a week to come, I *should* be very much pleased.' But the little word *if*, mamma, is not a verb, is it?"

"No; it is a conjunction which expresses doubt or uncertainty; other conjunctions are

sometimes used in the subjunctive mode, as *though* and *that*. Thus you would say, ‘*Though* he should speak the truth, they would not believe him;’ ‘I wish you would lend me a book, *that* I might read.’”

“The subjunctive mode may indeed be used without any sign; you may always know it to be subjunctive when the verb is not positive, but conditional or depending on some other circumstance.

“I will give you the subjunctive mode of the verb to dance.

I may, or might, or should, would, or could,	<i>dance,</i>	} If you would let me.”
Thou mayest, &c. - - - - -	<i>dance,</i>	
He may, &c. - - - - -	<i>dance,</i>	
We may, &c. - - - - -	<i>dance,</i>	
You may, &c. - - - - -	<i>dance,</i>	
They may, &c. - - - - -	<i>dance,</i>	

“Or *if* any thing else,” said Mary; “as, ‘If I choose,’ or ‘If I go to the ball,’ or ‘If I have a partner.’”

“Well, Mary, I think we have enough of the *ifs* now; so let us proceed to the last mode, which is called the imperative; it commands and forbids, as, ‘Come here,’ ‘Learn your lesson,’ ‘Go away.’”

“ Oh ! what a tone of authority this mode has ! ” said Mary.

“ You need not be in great awe of it, however ; for besides commanding, it also begs and entreats. Beggars speak in this mode when they say, ‘ Pray, give me a half-penny ; ’ and children, when they ask pardon and say, ‘ Forgive me. ’ ”

“ What a strange mode ! ” cried Mary ; “ at one time to order and command, and at another to beg and pray. But, mamma, are there no persons in this mode, no pronouns ? ”

“ Oh yes, ” returned her mother ; “ the same as in the other modes. This is the imperative mode —

Let me dance,
Dance thou,
Let him dance,

Let us dance,
Dance you,
Let them dance.”

“ How odd ! ” said Mary, “ *dance thou !* and *dance you !* People never say so in talking, mamma ? ”

“ No, ” replied she. “ It is used only in religious books, or poetry when the

language is very elevated. In familiar speaking or writing, you say, *dance, write, speak.*”

“But then how is it known which of the three persons is meant?”

“The person who speaks is, you know, always the first person, and the person spoken to the second. When you say *dance*, you speak to the person whom you bid to dance: the pronoun *you*, therefore, though not mentioned, is understood, and it is only in the second persons, both singular and plural, that the pronoun is not used.”

“It was your saying ‘Come here, give me a halfpenny,’ without using any pronoun, that made me think there were no persons to this mode.”

“It is curious,” said her mother, “that illiterate people speak most grammatically in this mode; for they say, ‘Go *you* away, get *you* gone.’ They learn grammar by the ear, and make the verbs more regular than they really are.

“I have now explained to you the four modes of the verb; do you remember their names and meaning?”

“ Oh yes,” said Mary. “ First comes the infinitive mode, which means nothing at all except the name of the verb, with the little word *to* before it, as ‘ To speak, to write.’ ”

“ But, Mary, if it is a very desirable thing to have a mode which points out so much as the indicative mode does, it is also very convenient to have a mode which expresses only the name of the verb. If I say, ‘ *Sophy will learn to read,*’ there are in that sentence two verbs, *learn* and *read*. The first is in the indicative mode, ‘ *Sophy will learn,*’ and tells you that the nominative *Sophy* is of the third person, singular number, feminine gender ; and *will learn* marks the future tense.”

“ Oh ! how much is said in those three little words ! ” exclaimed Mary.

“ Well, now tell me who is it that will read.”

“ Why, *Sophy*, to be sure, mamma.”

“ The sentence,” replied her mother, “ says, ‘ *Sophy will learn,*’ but it does not say that ‘ *Sophy will read.*’ ”

“ No, because that is not necessary. When you say, ‘ *Sophy will learn to read,*’ it means that *Sophy* will do both the verbs *learn* and *read*.”

“ Since we know that it is the same person who will both *learn* and *read*, it would be a loss of time and of words to point out all these circumstances over again. The second verb, therefore is in the indicative mode, which simply names the verb, that being all that is required. So you see, Mary, that when there are two verbs with the same nominative, it is very convenient to have so short a mode of expressing the second verb as the infinitive is.”

“ It is indeed,” said Mary; “ I will try to find out two verbs with the same nominative.”

“ You have done it already ; my dear ; *try to find* are two verbs, the first in the indicative, the second in the infinitive mode.”

“ That was found out by chance,” said Mary; “ but now I will try to find out one by thinking :” and after a little reflection, she said, “ I should like to eat.”

“ Observe, Mary,” said her mother, “ *I should like* is not the indicative but the subjunctive mode ; but the infinitive follows it equally well, as the subjunctive mode points out the person, number, and so on.”

“ But that little word *to* puzzles me, mamma ; it is a sign of the infinitive mode, but it is a preposition, not a verb.”

“ When it is used as the sign of the infinitive mode,” replied her mother, “ you must consider it as forming part of the verb ; for it is not used in the sense of the preposition before the noun. When you say *to* a house, or *to* a man, it means approaching or going *to* a house, or a man ; but when *to* is used as the sign of the infinitive mode, as ‘ *to write, to read, to dance,*’ it means doing something, not approaching any thing.

“ Now, tell me what is the next mode ?”

“ The indicative,” said Mary, “ which is the wisest, and means the most of them all ; for it speaks positively, and without hesitation ; then it has the three tenses, and the three personal pronouns, both singular and plural ; in short, in that mode the verb is done completely .

“ Then follows the subjunctive mode, or, as I call it, the doubting mode, which has all the persons the same as the indicative mode ; but they do not get on half so well ; they each declare they would do the verb, if they could,

or would, or might, — it is always future time with them, I think, mamma,” continued Mary, laughing; “for as they never do the action, there is no present time; and as they never did the action, there can be no past time either.”

“Grammarians, however, contrive to make both a past and a future time in this mode; but it is not necessary to trouble you about them at present.”

“Well,” said Mary, “the last is the imperative mode, which is sometimes so haughty and commanding, and at others so humble.”

“You have described the modes in your own way, Mary,” said her mother, “which, though not very elegant, or perhaps very accurate, shows me that you understand them pretty well.

“In speaking or writing, you must always take care that the verb agrees with the noun or pronoun, in person and number, and not say as some illiterate people do, ‘I *likes* fruit; ‘They *lives* in London.’”

“Oh no, mamma, I knew that, before I learned grammar, by the sound; but now, I know the reason of it. It is not the first

person singular, but the third person, that ends in *s*,—he likes and he lives.”

“Much more grammar,” said her mother, “is learned by the ear than we are aware of, but it is not always correct.”

CONTINUATION OF VERBS.

LESSON XII.—PARTICIPLES.

THE following morning, when Mary went to her mother for her lesson, she said, “ Well, mamma, we have not done with the verbs yet, have we ? ”

“ Oh no,” replied her mother ; “ far from it. Besides the four modes, there belong to a verb two words called *Participles*, because they *partake* of the quality of the adjective as well as of the verb. The participles of the verb to dance are *dancing*, *danced* ; the first is called the active participle ; the second, the passive participle.”

“ I think,” said Mary, “ they should be called the present and the past participles ; for *dancing* is the present time, and *danced* the past. But what have they to do with adjectives, mamma ? ”

“ The participles are often used as adjectives ; did you never hear of a dancing bear ? ”

“ Oh yes ; dancing is an adjective there, because it shows the quality of the bear. You may say also a *learned* man ; and learned, besides being an adjective, is the passive participle of the verb *to learn*. But when these participles are used as verbs, how can you put pronouns before them ? you cannot say, ‘ I dancing, he dancing, they dancing.’ ”

“ No,” replied her mother ; “ when the participle is used as a verb, you require the help of another verb, as you will see by and by. Now try to find out some participles, Mary.”

“ *Going*, mamma, is not that the active participle of the verb *to go* ? ”

Her mother nodded assent. “ Well, mamma, I will now act the two participles,” and she walked deliberately towards the door.

“ I suppose that means *going*, Mary.”

“ Yes,” said Mary, who then opened the door, and, walking out of the room, said, “ Now I am *gone* ; that is the passive participle.” Presently, she came back tripping into the room, and said, “ Now I am *a coming*.”

“ *A coming!* ” repeated her mother, affecting surprise ; “ what sort of thing can that be ? ”

“ It is not a thing, mamma ; it is the active participle of the verb to come. ”

“ No, indeed, ” replied her mother. “ Pray what part of speech is *a* ? ”

Mary, pleased that she recollected what it was, began repeating from her grammar, “ *A* is an article put before a noun, ” — when her mother interrupted her, saying, “ If *a* is an article placed before a noun, *coming* must be a noun ; and as I never saw or heard of such a thing as *a coming*, it is very natural that I should wonder what it can be : can you tell me whether it is a person or a thing ? ”

Mary tried to laugh when she discovered that her mamma was joking ; but she could not, for she was vexed at the blunder she had made.

“ Well, ” continued her mother, seeing Mary look grave, “ we will joke no more. *Coming*, it is true, is the present participle of the verb to come ; but then you must not put an article before it, Mary, or you will make me fancy it is a noun. A great many

years ago, people used to put an *a* before the participle, as you did with the participle *coming*; but that mode of speaking is not longer used, but by illiterate people, except in a very few instances, such as, I burst out *a* laughing; he fell *a* crying, which is still commonly said. Well, now that you are acquainted with the participles and the four modes of a verb, let me hear if you can conjugate one."

"What is conjugate, mamma?"

"It is to repeat a verb through, with its persons, its tenses, its modes, and its participles."

"As we did the verb to dance?"

"Yes; but the conjugation was not complete, as you were then not acquainted with the participles. Try to repeat the verb *to go*."

Mary stood upright before her mother, and, with a look of great attention, said, "*To go*. That is the infinitive mode. Then comes the indicative, the present tense of which is,

I go,

Thou goest,

He goes,

We go.

You go.

They go.

Now for the past tense. I goed, thou goedst—oh, mamma,” exclaimed she, “that will never do! I am sure that *goed* is wrong; what is the past tense?”

“Indeed, Mary, I shall not tell you; you must find it out yourself.”

“Let me see,” said Mary; “I should not say that I *goed* out yesterday, but that I *went* out yesterday; but can *went* be the past time of the verb *to go*?”

“It is, indeed.”

“How very strange, mamma! *went* and *go* are not the least alike; one is as long again as the other, and they have not even a single letter the same.”

“This shows,” replied her mother, “that the verb is irregular; that is to say, that in its conjugation it does not follow the common rules. Now go on.”

Mary went on with the past tense.

“ I went,	We went.
Thou wentest,	You went.
He went,	They went.

“Next comes the future tense; I remember the signs of it are shall or will.

I shall go,	We shall go.
Thou shalt go,	You shall go.
He shall go,	They shall go.

“ I am quite glad to return to the verb to go.”

“ In the subjunctive and imperative modes,” said her mother, “ *go* is also used.”

Mary went on:—

“ I may, or might, or could go,	We may go.
Thou mayest go,	You may go.
He may go,	They may go.

“ Then the imperative mode is,

Let me go,	Let us go.
Go thou,	Go you.
Let him go,	Let them go.

“ And lastly, the participles are going and gone. I was very near saying *goed*, mamma; but I recollected just in time.”

“ If the verb had been regular,” said her mother, “ the past tense and passive participle would have been *goed*; for, in regular verbs,

these are always the same, and end in *ed*. In the verb to work, for instance, the past tense is worked, and the passive participle is worked also. Can you find out any regular verb by this method?"

"I will try, mamma. Let me see if the verb to write is regular; the past is, I wrote; then it must be irregular, because it does not end in *ed*."

"Nor does the participle either," said her mother; "for the participles are *writing*, *written*."

"In the verb to talk," continued Mary, "the past tense is talked; now let us see what are the participles—*talking* and *talked*. That will do, mamma," cried she, quite pleased at her success; "to talk, is a regular verb. And the verb to learn, must be a regular verb also, for *learned* is both the past tense and the past participle; and the verb to walk is regular also, mamma."

"Well, that will do, Mary; you have found out examples enough to make you remember the rule."

"Oh! but do let me find out a few irregular verbs." She thought a little, and then

said, “to *give* is irregular; for the past is *gave*, and the participle *given*. And the verb *to feel*,—though I do not know,” added she, “for the past is *felt*, and the participle is *felt* too, so they are the same.”

“But they do not end in *ed*,” said her mother, “therefore it is irregular. The irregular are almost as numerous as the regular verbs; but we have had verbs enough to-day, Mary, so put on your bonnet and take a run in the garden.”

THE RIVAL FRIENDS.

SUSAN and Lucy were two friends, who went to the same school. The ladies who lived in the neighbourhood superintended the school, and three prizes were given every year. The first was for the girl who had been to school most regularly, the second for the ablest scholar, and the third for her who was the best girl of the school.

Susan stood no chance of having the first prize; for her mother having been ill for some months past, she had often been obliged

to stay at home to assist her, and to take care of the younger children. But she was so attentive to her poor sick mother, so careful of her brothers and sisters, and so kind and good-tempered, that every one wished, and expected her to gain the last prize.

Lucy was a clever girl ; she had a remarkably good memory, and she understood and took pleasure in what she learnt. She wished Susan to gain the last prize, because she loved her dearly ; and she felt pretty certain of having the second herself. She was ambitious of being thought the cleverest girl in the school ; and then she knew that it was more easy to out-do Susan in learning than in goodness.

At length the day of examination arrived. The children were all neatly dressed in their Sunday clothes, and accompanied by their mothers to the school. Susan was sadly grieved that her mother was too unwell to go with her. But her mother kissed her at parting, and said, " Come back, Susan, with the prize you deserve, and that will do me more good than all the doctor's physic." These words pleased Susan, and made her wish more than ever to

gain the prize of goodness. When the children were assembled in the school-room, they saw the three prizes hung up in full view. The first was a pretty shawl, the second, a straw bonnet, trimmed with blue ribands; and the third, a pink and white calico frock. The ladies examined the school books, and found that Eliza Hawkins had attended the greatest number of times; the first prize was therefore given to her, accompanied by a few words of praise, and she returned to her place much pleased.

The second prize was to be gained by a trial of skill. A subject was given for a theme, on which the scholars were to write. Half an hour was allowed them for the task, during which time no intercourse was allowed between the children, and they were to keep perfect silence. Susan and Lucy sat beside each other on the same form, in anxious expectation. The subject given was the discovery of America. The girls all took up their pens, and began thinking what they should write. Susan wrote all she could recollect of Columbus's voyage across unknown seas; the danger he ran of being forced by his crew

to return ; of the delight he felt when he first discovered land, and the manner in which he was received by the savages of the new country.

She had got so far, when she heard Lucy exclaim in a low whisper, “ What shall I do ! I can’t recollect the man’s name ; oh, Susan, help me ! ”

Susan was astonished ; she had expected Lucy to write by far the best account of America, but poor Lucy could do nothing while her mind was bewildered by trying to recollect the name. Susan wrote on a small slip of paper “ *Christopher Columbus,* ” and pushed it under the long desk, on which they were writing, to her companion, who eagerly seized it, began writing with great earnestness, and went on so fast, that at the end of the half hour, not only was her theme ready, but it was decidedly the best, and the prize was given to her. One of the ladies put the bonnet on Lucy, and tied it under her chin. All the children admired the bonnet, but without envy ; they thought that Lucy deserved it, and looked pleased to see how well it became her ; but no one was more sin-

cerely pleased than Susan, though she would have won the prize, if she had not helped Lucy; Lucy's colour rose with delight and exultation; but when she looked at Susan, and thought what she had done to help her, her eyes sparkled with gratitude; and she now more than ever hoped that the last prize would be given to Susan.

The moral conduct of the several children was then inquired into, Susan was declared to be the best girl of the school, and was called up to receive the prize; but before she could reach the spot, Mrs. Morley arose, and motioning with her hand that it should be replaced upon the table, said, "I regret to have any thing to say against so good a girl as Susan; but it is my duty to report what I observed this morning: a written paper passed between Lucy and Susan whilst they were writing the theme. They are both to blame for breaking our rules; it was, however, so kind of Lucy to assist Susan, that we must excuse her fault. But," continued she, with a graver look; "unless Susan can clear herself, she cannot deserve the prize of good conduct."

Mrs. Morley, knowing that Lucy was a

better scholar than Susan, had supposed that the paper she had seen pass between them came from Lucy, instead of having been given to her.

During Mrs. Morley's speech, Lucy's colour came and went; she breathed hard, and at length burst into tears. Susan, on the contrary, heard the accusation with composure, and determined not to disclose the truth which would deprive Lucy of her prize. She therefore looked down, but made no answer.

Susan had some hope, it is true, that Lucy would come forward and reveal the truth; but though Lucy dearly loved her friend, she had not courage to do so, as she would thus confess her own fault; she therefore grieved for her, but without speaking. Foolish girl! she little thought how much her character would have risen, if she had at once done justice to Susan; and how utterly despised she would be if the truth should be discovered in any other manner. Susan's silence was considered as an admission of her guilt, and the prize of good conduct was given to another girl.

Lucy could contain her feelings no longer;

she went up to Susan, kissed her with warmth and tenderness, took the bonnet off her own head and put it on that of her friend ; saying, “ It is yours, Susan.” But Susan would not take it. Mrs. Staunton thought that Lucy carried her grief for the disappointment of her friend too far. “ Her fault is not great,” said she ; “ and I regret that, occurring at this moment, it should deprive her of the prize ; how much more bitter Susan’s feelings would have been, if by the assistance you gave her she had been deprived of the prize !” These words, instead of consoling Lucy, did but increase her grief ; for it was she who felt the bitter remorse which Mrs. Staunton spoke of. She hung upon Susan’s neck in an agony of grief ; Susan whispered to her, “ Speak out, Lucy, and it will be all over. I say so, as much for your sake as for my own.” “ I cannot,” replied Lucy ; “ I dare not face such shame ; but do you speak for me ;” and then, dreading to hear what Susan would say, she ran out of the school-room. Poor Susan knew not what to do. If Lucy had herself confessed the truth, it would have atoned for her conduct ; but for Susan to

make the disclosure, would be far from producing the same effect ; besides it might appear as if she were taking advantage of Lucy's absence, to clear herself at the expense of her friend. She determined, therefore, to say nothing ; and, distressed by the look of wonder and disappointment which was fixed on her by all present, she begged leave to go home.

Her tears, which she had hitherto restrained, fell in abundance when she beheld her mother's pale countenance, and knew that she brought back nothing to do her good. But no sooner had she told all that had passed, than her mother's anxious look was changed into a cheerful smile. She kissed Susan, and said that she doubly deserved the prize, and that was better than bringing it home. " Besides," added she, " I am sure that when Lucy knows that you have not spoken for her, she will speak out for herself." " Oh ! but you will keep my secret, dear mother ?" said Susan. " Yes," replied her mother, " whatever you confide to me, I never disclose." Susan's mother was right in her conjecture ; as they were sitting in the

porch of the farm-house in the evening, they saw Lucy and her mother approach. Lucy had persuaded her mother not to go till it was nearly dark, that her shame might be less observed; and even then she slunk behind her as they drew near the house. "Lucy is come," said her mother, "to ask Susan's forgiveness, and to learn what passed at the school when her fault was known." "Her fault is not known," said Susan; "I could not betray her." Lucy felt all Susan's kindness, but she dreaded the thoughts of having to make the confession herself. Her mother insisted on its being done publicly. "All those," said she, "who saw her false glory must see her shame; it is the only way she can atone for her conduct." The next day at the meeting of the Sunday's school before church, Lucy told every thing that had passed. Susan looked so bashful, that you might almost have supposed it was she who had done wrong; while Lucy gained courage as she saw the pleasure that Susan's vindication gave to every one. But if Susan rose higher than ever in the good opinion of all, Lucy regained their confidence by the

frankness of her confession; and, instead of feeling the shame and confusion which she expected, she found her mind relieved from a heavy weight. The little girl who had received the prize of good conduct now came up and put it into Susan's hand, but Susan would not take it, and Mrs. Staunton desired the child to keep it, saying, "Susan has gained the affection and approbation of every one; she wants no other reward." "Oh, but she must have the straw bonnet," said Lucy, with earnestness, "indeed, indeed, she must," and she put it on her head, and tied it so tight that Susan could not undo the knot. Susan looked distressed; but Mrs. Staunton said, "You cannot, Susan, refuse to give Lucy the pleasure of seeing you wear it."

CONTINUATION OF VERBS.

LESSON XIII. — AUXILIARY VERBS.

"THERE are several little verbs which are called auxiliary verbs, or helping verbs, be-

cause they assist us in the conjugation of other verbs."

"Do you mean the little verbs *may*, *might*, *should*, *would*, *could*, which are so much used in the subjunctive mode?" said Mary.

"Yes," replied her mother; "and also the verbs *shall* and *will*, which you know are used in the future tense; and *let*, which is the sign of the imperative mode; in short, whenever a verb helps you to conjugate another verb, it is called an auxiliary verb."

"And what are the other verbs called, mamma?"

"They are distinguished by the name of principal verbs."

"Well they deserve that title," said Mary; "for they are of much more consequence than the little bits of helping verbs."

"There are, however," replied her mother, "two auxiliary verbs of very great importance; *to have* and *to be*. They are both so irregular, that it is necessary you should learn the conjugation of each of them by heart. Let us begin with the verb *to have*."

INFINITIVE MODE.

To Have.

INDICATIVE MODE.

Present Time.

Singular.

1st Person. I have.
 2d Person. Thou hast.
 3d Person. He, she, or it has
 or hath.

Plural.

We have.
 You have.
 They have.

Past Time.

1st Person. I had.
 2d Person. Thou hadst.
 3d Person. He, she, or it had.

We had.
 You had.
 They had.

Future Time.

1st Person. I shall, or will, have. We shall, or will, have.
 2d Person. Thou shalt, or wilt, have. You shall, or will, have.
 3d Person. He she, or it shall, or will, have. } They shall, or will,
 will, have. } have.

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE.

If I have, or may, might, would, could, or should, have.
 If thou have, or may, - - - have.
 If he, she, or it, have, or may, - - - have.
 If we have, or may, - - - have.
 If you have, or may, - - - have.
 If they have, or may, - - - have.

IMPERATIVE MODE.

Let me have. Let us have.
 Have thou. Have you.
 Let him, her, or it have. Let them have.

PARTICIPLES.

Active. — Having.
Passive. — Had.

“But what does *to have* mean, mamma, all by itself, as it is in the conjugation? I can understand what to have spoken, or to have slept, or to have a cold means; but *to have*, all alone, seems nonsense.”

“To have all alone, as you call it, Mary, that is to say, when it is not followed by another verb, cannot be an auxiliary verb.”

“No, to be sure,” said Mary, laughing; “it cannot help us to conjugate another verb, if there is no other to conjugate.”

“Therefore, when the verb *to have* is conjugated by itself, it becomes a principal verb, and means possession, that is to say, that you have something.”

“Then you should say what it is you *have*,” said Mary, “else *have* is nonsense,—at least,” added she, colouring at her own presumption, “I cannot understand it.”

“Well then, we must think of something you possess; your work-box, for instance, and you may say I have a work-box.”

“Yes,” cried Mary, “it means something that belongs to me; something that is mine.”

“Yes, but you may also possess something

that does not belong to you, and is not yours. If a thief steal a purse of money, he is possessed of it, though it certainly does not belong to him."

"And when Sophy left me her doll to take care of, when she went to aunt Howard's, I had possession of it, though it did not belong to me, for you know she did not give it to me, mamma, she only lent it. I understand it very well," continued she; "*to have* means when you have something, whether it belongs to you or not; as, 'I have Sophy's doll, you have a carriage, he has a horse.'"

"Yes," said her mother, "the nouns doll, carriage, and horse, are the things possessed.

"So you see that when *to have* is a principal verb, a *noun* follows to tell you what is the thing possessed. But when *to have* is used as a helping verb, instead of being followed by a noun, it is followed by *another verb*, which it helps to conjugate. Let us find some examples. I have a book which amuses me, and I have read it all through."

"I have a book," said Mary, "means that

you possess the book, and *have* is there a principal verb, meaning possession — but to have read it, is quite a different thing; for here *have*, instead of being a principal verb, and possessing any thing, becomes a mere help to the verb ‘to read.’”

“So you see, Mary, that in the one case something is possessed, and in the other something is done.”

“Oh yes, we possess the noun, and we do the verb; that will be a good way to find out whether *have* is a principal or an auxiliary verb. When something is possessed it is a principal verb, when something is done it is an auxiliary verb. Yet, mamma, I have just thought of a sentence that puzzles me. Suppose that I say, I have bought a doll; does *have* belong to the verb bought, or to the noun doll?”

“To the verb bought,” said her mother, “which immediately follows it. If you said I have a doll, then the verb to have would become a principal verb, and doll the thing possessed.

“Now, can you tell me, Mary, what part of a principal verb is used when you conjugate it with an auxiliary verb?”

“No, indeed, I do not know,” replied Mary.

“It is the *participle*,” rejoined her mother; “and when you say, to have spoken, to have slept, to have danced, you mention the participles of those verbs, without thinking of it.”

“So I do,” exclaimed Mary; “how much grammar I knew before I began to learn it, mamma!”

“I will now write down,” said her mother, “the present tense of the verb *to have spoken*.”

I have spoken,	We have spoken.
Thou hast spoken,	You have spoken.
He has spoken,	They have spoken.

It is unnecessary for me to go on any farther, for you have only to add the passive participle to the verb *to have*, throughout the conjugation.”

“But does the participle *spoken* never change, mamma?”

“No, my dear. Why should it? it is the business of the helping verb to save it that trouble. The auxiliary verb marks all the

changes of time, as I *have* spoken, I *had* spoken, I *shall have* spoken. So the principal verb sits at his ease, without change of place or posture, and is waited upon by the helping verb. Grammarians, by means of the verb *to have*, contrive to make out several tenses in the conjugation of the principal verb."

"How can you make out more than three tenses?" exclaimed Mary: "it seems to me impossible; for you know the present tense, that is, *now*, stands in the middle, and all that goes before *now* is past time, and all that comes after *now* is future time. Yesterday, and last week, and last year, is past time; and to-morrow, and next week, and next year, is future time. How very long the past and the future time are!"

"Can you tell how long, Mary?"

"Oh no; for I do not know either when they begin or end. The past time begins, I suppose, from the beginning of the world."

"At least," said her mother, "we know nothing of the time that was before the world was made."

"Well I think that is quite long enough," said Mary; "and then the future time, will

that be to the end of the world?—oh no, longer still; for I remember that you said the future time would last for ever! How odd it is, that whilst the past and the future time are so long, the present time should be so short—only just now this instant; and then,” continued she after a pause, “it is gone!”

“And where is it gone to, Mary?”

“Oh, I am sure, mamma, that is more than I can tell.”

“It is gone by and past; so it is become past time.”

“Ah! so it is, to be sure,” said Mary, smiling at the discovery, and pleased to see that the present time, which appeared to her so short, was not lost, though it was gone.”

“And is there no present time now, Mary?”

“Oh yes: *now* is always the present time, while one is saying or doing any thing.”

“Then if there is always a present time,” said her mother, “I should think the present time as long as either the past or the future.”

“Indeed! so it is, mamma. I did not think of that; for though the present time

goes away in an instant, another follows the next instant, and so it always lasts: it is made up of instants following each other."

"You know that every instant of the past time must have been present time, before it passed by and became past time? Breakfast time is now past and gone, but it was present time, this morning, while we were eating our breakfast."

"Yes," said Mary; "and last night was present time when it was dark, and I was asleep, but it is past time now that daylight is come again. Then every instant of the time to come, that is, the future time, will become present time some day or other; and then when it has passed the moment of being present time, it will become past time. I think, mamma," added she, laughing, "time goes backwards, like a crab."

Mamma laughed also at Mary's comparison. "It is true," said she, "we look forward to the future time, and when it comes up to us, and passes the moment *now*, we look back upon it as the past time."

"Well, Mary, when we began this discussion on time, I was telling you that gram-

marians divide the past and the future into several parts, by the help of the verb *to have*."

"And I said, mamma, that I could not understand how that could be done; for when once the time has passed, it can be no other than past time."

"Certainly; but it may be past a little while or a long while. It may be past longer ago than something else that has been done since. If I say I wrote to my brother, I know that is the past tense; but if I say I had written to my brother before I received his letter, you know that my writing was longer ago than my receiving his letter."

"Oh yes: now I understand it," said Mary. "*I had* written, means I had written before something else was done."

"The future tense," resumed her mother, "may be divided into parts in the same manner. I shall write, means that I intend to write some time or other, without naming the period; but if I say I shall have written before you set out, it means that I shall write sooner than another event takes place—that is, your setting out. But these compound tenses are too difficult to be learnt at your

age, Mary ; I merely point them out to show you that you will have something more to learn respecting verbs hereafter."

CONTINUATION OF VERBS.

LESSON XIV.

The Verb *To be*.

"We will begin to-day, Mary," said her mother, "with the conjugation of the verb *to be*."

INFINITIVE MODE.

To be.

INDICATIVE MODE.

Present Time.

Singular.

1st Person. I am.

2d Person. Thou art.

3d Person. He, she, or it is.

Plural.

We are.

You are.

They are.

Past Time.

1st Person. I was.

2d Person. Thou wast.

3d Person. He, she, or it was.

We were.

You were.

They were.

Future Time.

1st Person.	I shall, or will, be.	We shall, or will, be.
2d Person.	Thou shalt, or wilt, be.	You shall, or will, be.
3d Person.	He, she, or it shall, or will, be.	They shall, or will, be.

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE.

Present Time.

If I be, or may, might, would, could, or should, be.			
If thou be, or may,	-	-	be.
If he, she, or it be, or may,	"	-	be.
If we be, or may,	-	-	be.
If you be, or may,	-	-	be.
If they be, or may,	-	-	be.

Past Time.

If I were.
 If thou wert.
 If he, she, or it were.
 If we were.
 If you were.
 If they were.

IMPERATIVE MODE.

Let me be.	Let us be.
Be thou.	Be you.
Let him, her, or it, be.	Let them be.

PARTICIPLES.

Present. Being.
Past. Been.

“What a strange verb this is!” cried Mary. “Who would ever guess that I am, thou art, he is, we are, you are, they are, was

the present tense of the verb *to be*? If it were conjugated I be, thou beest, he bees, as it ought to be, there would be some sense in it."

"But the sound!" exclaimed her mother, putting her hands to her ears. "I cannot bear the buzzing of your bees, Mary."

"Oh, you need not be frightened," returned Mary, carrying on the joke, "my bees will not sting you, mamma."

"Then the past tense," continued she, "I was, thou wast, he was, is as unlike the verb *to be*, as possible."

"It is very true, my dear; nothing can be more irregular than this verb: it is difficult to discover that you are conjugating the verb *to be*, till you come to the future tense, which is regular — I shall be, thou shalt be," &c.

"Then, mamma, there is a past tense in the subjunctive mode — if I were, if thou wert, if he were — quite unlike the verb *to be*, again!"

"But the imperative mode," said her mother, "which finishes the conjugation, is regular. If you get the verb perfectly by heart, you will no longer be perplexed with its irregularities."

“ Well, this tiresome little verb to be,” said Mary, “ is the most difficult of all to understand. It is called a helping verb, but I think it only helps to puzzle one, for I really do not know what it means.”

“ *To be*, like *to have*, may be conjugated by itself, as I have just repeated it to you. It is then a principal verb, and means to exist.”

“ But what is to exist ? ” inquired Mary ; “ is it to be alive ? ”

“ People differ in their explanation of the word to exist,” said her mother : “ but it appears to me that whatever is exists, whether it be alive or not. That rock lying yonder, Mary, exists, as well as you or I, though in a very different state of existence, certainly.”

“ Yes, indeed,” cried Mary, “ I should not like to exist like that great stone at all ; not to be able to feel, nor to move, nor even to be moved,” added she, “ it is so large.”

“ It is true, Mary, that your existence has every advantage over that of the stone, except that it will in all probability last longer in its present state than you will in yours ; that rock has been there as long as I can re-

member, and may remain there not only during your life, but for years after."

Mary seemed rather surprised at the stone having any advantage over her, and exclaimed, "Well, but after all, there is no pleasure in existing in that manner, without feeling."

"That I grant," said her mother; "but let us return to the verb *to be*. If you add a noun to it, to point out the particular state of existence, it will be easier to understand. *I am* by itself is rather puzzling at your age, I must confess; but if you add the noun *child*, and say *I am a child*, the meaning is quite clear. Thus you may say, she is a woman, he is a man, they are soldiers, we are musicians."

"Oh yes," said Mary, "the verb *to be* is easy enough to understand when a noun is added to it; and so is the verb *to have*, mamma. Don't you remember how easy it was when we added a noun to it, as, *I have a horse*, *he has a coat*? But when you say, *I am a child*, or you are a woman, that does not mean to possess something, as the verb *to have* does when you add a noun to it."

“No, certainly,” replied her mother, “else the two verbs would have the same meaning, and one of them would be useless. The verb *to have*, when used as a principal verb, means possession; and the verb *to be*, used as a principal verb, means existence. Now, if you add a noun to the verb *to have*, it shows what it is you possess; and if you add a noun to the verb *to be*, it points out how or in what state you exist.”

“That is to say, what you are,” cried Mary, “whether a man, or a woman, or that stone there, mamma, that we have been talking about; only,” added she, “it cannot speak and say, I am a stone.”

“No, but you may speak of it in the third person, Mary, and say, ‘That *is* a stone.’ An adjective also frequently points out the state of existence; as, he is happy, they are wise, we are good.”

“When the verb *to be* is conjugated as an auxiliary verb,” said Mary, “I suppose the passive participle of the principal verb is added to it, as it is with the verb *to have* — Oh no, it cannot be so,” said she, interrupting herself; “you cannot say I am danced, I was danced.”

“ You cannot say so, it is true, Mary; because you are rather too big to be danced in your nurse’s arms; but Sophy is danced, and if she could conjugate a verb, she might say to other children of her own age, I am danced, you are danced, she is danced, we are danced, and so on.”

After Mary had laughed heartily at the idea of her little sister Sophy conjugating a verb in her nurse’s arms, her mother continued:— “ And which participle would you use for yourself, Mary, who can dance all alone ?”

“ Oh, I have found it out, mamma! it is the active participle *dancing*—I am dancing, thou art dancing, he is dancing;” and as she repeated the verb, she held out her frock and began practising the last new steps her dancing master had taught her. “ Look, mamma,” said she, “ how clever I am, taking two lessons at once,—dancing and learning grammar.”

“ You see, therefore, Mary, that you may use both the active and passive participles with the verb *to be*, while you can only use the passive with the verb *to have*.”

“ Then, mamma,” said Mary, “ the passive participle has two helping verbs to wait upon it, whilst the active participle has only one ; that is not fair.”

“ Oh,” said her mother, “ the active participle is such a busy body, that it requires less assistance. Now, Mary, find out some examples of the verb *to be* conjugated with the active participle of the principal verb.”

“ I am writing, you are talking, they are fighting,” said Mary.

“ That will do,” replied her mother ; “ now for some examples with the passive participle.”

Mary reflected a little, and then said,—“ I am forgotten, you are forgiven, it is broken.”

“ Very well, Mary ; but these participles all belong to irregular verbs. Give me an example with a passive participle of a regular verb, which, you know, always ends in *ed*.”

Mary considered for some little time before she could think of one ; then several were at once recalled to her memory, and she repeated in quick succession, “ I am pleased, you are caressed, she is scolded, they are admired. But, mamma,” cried she, inter-

rupting herself, "these are all passive verbs? I remember that you explained them to me before."

"You are quite right, my dear; when I taught you the meaning of a passive verb, I said, that instead of doing any thing yourself, something was done to you. This, it is true, was an explanation suited to your capacity when first you began grammar; but now that you have made some little progress in it, I may tell you, that *a passive verb consists of a passive participle conjugated with the auxiliary verb to be*; this verb *to be*, you know, indicates a state of existence, and forms an essential part of a passive verb. An active verb may be conjugated without any auxiliary; or it may be conjugated with the auxiliary verb *to have*, as I have loved; but the passive verb *cannot* be conjugated without the verb *to be*. You see, therefore, Mary, of what importance this little verb is, which you thought so insignificant."

"Indeed, I beg its pardon," said Mary, joining her hands in an attitude of supplication; "I hope it will be pleased to forgive me."

“The passive participle *been*,” continued her mother, “may be used as a principal verb, and then it is conjugated with the auxiliary *to have*; as, I have been, thou hast been, &c. We may now, I think, take leave of the verbs; but before you go, let me ask you, whether you recollect the different sorts of verbs which I taught you in our first conversation on verbs? What is a verb active?”

“It is a verb,” answered Mary, “in which not only an action is performed, but that action must be done to some object; as, I stroke the cat, I eat an apple.”

“And a passive verb?”

“It is one in which the nominative is acted upon, whilst itself remains passive; as, I am beaten. But, mamma, there is one thing I cannot well understand in the passive verb; the nominative is the object acted upon, so the nominative ought to be in the objective case?”

“No; the object acted upon is not always in the objective case, nor is the agent always in the nominative case. If you say, I am beaten, you must be beaten by somebody, or something. Suppose that you are beaten by

Sophy, she is the active person, yet she is not in the nominative case — in what case is she?”

“Sophy must be in the objective case,” replied Mary; “and now I recollect, mamma, your saying, that whenever a noun is preceded by a preposition, it is in the objective case. So, when I say that I am beaten *by* Sophy, the preposition *by* makes Sophy objective.”

“You are quite right; and you will be convinced of this at once, if you put a pronoun in the place of Sophy; you would not put the nominative *she*, and say, I am beaten *by she*; but you would put the objective pronoun *her*, and say I am beaten *by her*.”

“Now, tell me, what is a verb neuter?”

“It is one in which the action does not pass over to any object; as, I sleep, I walk.”

“And what is a principal verb?”

“It is one that may be conjugated without the help of an auxiliary verb.”

“There you are not quite correct, Mary,” said her mother; “for all verbs require the assistance of some little auxiliary verb in

their conjugation ; *let*, in the imperative mode ; *shall* and *will*, in the future tense ; and the verbs used in the subjunctive mode to express uncertainty ; such as, *may*, *should*, *could*, are all auxiliary verbs. You would define a principal verb more accurately, if you said that it is one which is conjugated without the help of the auxiliary verbs *to have*, or *to be*."

" Now, what is an auxiliary verb ?"

" Any verb which assists in the conjugation of a principal verb."

" Lastly, what are participles ?"

" They are two words belonging to a principal verb ; and are called participles, because they partake of the adjective and of the verb. When used as a verb, they must be conjugated with the auxiliary verb *to have*, or *to be*."

" I am very glad to find that you remember what you have learnt so well : I have no further remarks to make on the other parts of speech ; so, I believe, Mary, that we may now conclude our lessons, till you are old enough to learn Syntax ; a branch of gram-

mar which requires more sense and reflection than children have at your age."

"But since there are no more parts of speech to learn, mamma, what can Syntax be?"

"It teaches you," replied her mother, "how to place the several parts of speech in their proper places, when you speak or write; in short, it teaches you to speak and write correctly."

"But, mamma," said Mary, "I am sure you will not finish without a story."

"No," replied her mother, "I have prepared one for the conclusion, which I think will make you laugh."

Mary's curiosity was strongly excited; but she was obliged to wait till the next day, when her mother told her the following story:—

SHEEP STEALING.

"A POOR labouring man was taken up for stealing sheep. He was carried before the justice, who inquired his name, and what he had to say in his defence. 'My name is

Noun,' replied he ; ' I am a hard-working man, and never stole a sheep or any thing else in my life.' But as the people who brought him before the magistrate declared that they had seen him secretly carrying away a sheep, the justice committed him to prison, and he was locked up in a cell, with nothing to eat but a loaf of bread, or to drink but a jug of water.

“ While he was sitting there, lamenting his hard fate, he heard the gaoler, with his large jingling bunch of keys, unlock the door, and who should come in but his old and dear friend, Pronoun. They embraced affectionately, and Pronoun told him that he could by no means think of letting him remain in that dark, dismal place. ‘ I should be most heartily glad to be out of it,’ replied Noun ; ‘ but it is impossible, for I am kept locked up.’ ‘ I am come on purpose to take your place,’ said his friend ; ‘ you must go home to your wife and children, and let me remain here in your stead.’ Noun was very grateful for Pronoun’s kind intention. ‘ It is not the first time, my good friend,’ said he, ‘ that you have taken my place in times of need,

but I can by no means consent to your being shut up here.’”

Mary, who now first discovered that the personages of the tale represented the parts of speech, was very much diverted. “Oh, that is excellent,” cried she. “Pronoun wants to take the place of Noun, as it does in the grammar; well, go on, mamma,” added she, impatient to hear how the parts of speech would figure in the story.

“Besides,” continued her mother, “Noun said that the gaoler would never allow of the exchange. ‘As for that,’ replied Pronoun, ‘we are so much alike that we have frequently been taken for each other. The old purblind gaoler would never be able to distinguish you from me; nay, I dare say, that if I was to stand the trial in your place, I doubt whether the judge would either.’”

“Yes,” said Mary; “a noun and a pronoun are so very much alike.”

“‘And then suppose that you were to be transported instead of me,’ continued Noun. ‘I am to undergo an examination to-morrow morning; and though I am innocent, if the people who arrested me swear against me, I may be condemned!’”

“ ‘Well, even if it should be so,’ replied Pronoun, ‘it is better that I should be sent across the seas than you; I have neither wife nor children to grieve for me.’ The mention of his wife and children brought tears into the eyes of Noun. ‘Ah! my poor wife,’ said he with a sigh, ‘when she hears this news her exclamations will never cease. I will accept your kind offer to replace me for an hour or two, in order to run home and embrace her and my children.’ It was so settled, and when the gaoler opened the door to let out Pronoun, Noun slipped out in his stead, without any notice being taken by the gaoler. When Noun drew near his cottage, he heard sad wailings and lamentations. His wife, who was a weak hysterical woman, had just heard of his arrest, and she was wringing her hands and exclaiming, ‘Oh, woe is me! alas! what will become of us? Oh, my dear helpless children!’ She was sobbing and crying in this manner, when Noun entered the house; her sorrow was then instantly turned into joy; and she exclaimed, ‘Ah! my dearest husband. Oh, is it really you? Bless me! what happiness!’ ”

“ Oh, I am sure I know the wife’s name,” said Mary; “ it is Interjection : but go on mamma, I am so impatient to hear what follows.”

Her mother proceeded. “ Noun embraced her with tenderness, and stretched out his arms to his little children, who ran up to him ; one climbed on the back of his chair, and hung upon his neck, another crawled up his knees ; the baby cried to be fondled in his arms ; and one little chubby fellow crept under his chair and sat there quite pleased, like a bird in a cage.”

“ But what were the children’s names ?” inquired Mary.

“ Oh, that I leave to your discernment to discover. What did they do ?”

“ Why one crawled up his father’s knees, another climbed on the back of his chair— oh ! now I know,” cried she, quite pleased at the discovery. “ Up, upon, in, under, are prepositions ; so the little children were all Prepositions.”

“ You have guessed rightly,” said her mother, and then went on with the story thus :—

“ The neighbours of Noun no sooner heard of his return than they flocked to his house. The first that came were the Adjectives, who lived very near ; and after them the Adverbs, who were not much farther off. When they heard that Noun was to return to prison, and to be more fully examined the following day, they all promised to be there to speak to his character.”

“ Oh, I am sure,” said Mary, “ that the Adjectives will say he was a good sort of man, and the Adverbs speak well of him too.”

“ His wife,” continued her mother, “ filled a basket with the best provisions her cottage contained ; and, before the hour had expired, he took a tender leave of her and his children, and returned to the prison. When he reached it, he asked leave to see his friend. The gaoler let him in ; and soon after, let out Pronoun, without distinguishing the one from the other.

“ The next morning, Noun was again taken before the justice ; the room was full of people ; some who came out of curiosity, and others who were his friends, and came to

give evidence in his favour. The witnesses were now called and examined; the justice asked the first what was his name, and ordered him to tell all that he knew of the theft.

“ ‘ My name is Verb,’ replied the witness; ‘ I am a farmer, and I was hard at work, ploughing, when I saw Noun come slyly up, behind the hedge, under the shade of which several of my sheep were resting. He seized hold of one of them, and was making off with it, thinking, as the hedge was pretty high, that I could not see him. Upon this I halloed out in my imperative mode, “ Let go the sheep, you rogue ! ” He no sooner heard my voice, than he dropped the sheep and took to his heels. I could not leave my team to follow him; so I sent my two boys, good clever lads, who were helping me at the plough, after him, to try to secure him, or at least to find out who he was.’ ”

Mary laughed heartily at the idea of farmer Verb speaking in the imperative mode; and said, “ Oh! the boys were the two helping verbs, To Have and To Be.”

“ The two little Verbs were then called in

to give their evidence. They looked at Noun, and declared he was the man whom they had been sent after. The eldest, who was a strong active lad, was then told to give an account of what had passed. He said, 'When my father saw the fellow running away, he cried out, "*Have at him, boys.*" We set off full speed, and gained so much upon him, that I thought it would be an easy matter *to have* him. Indeed I once caught hold of the skirt of his coat, and called out to Toby, who was some way behind, *I have* him; but he gave a sudden jirk and got away, just when I thought *I had* him sure. Well, said I, *I shall have* him again presently, and *I should have had* him before, if my foot had not slipped just as I came up with him. However, I would not give up the chase. *I may have* him yet, said I; and *I might have had* him, if he had not turned into a wood and hid himself among the trees. So then I sat down, and waited for Toby, who had a hard matter to keep up with me, and wanted a moment's rest; and *having* taken breath, *I had a mind* to be after him again; but the rogue *had* made clear off.'"

Mary could not refrain from laughing. "I declare," said she, "he has gone through the whole of the verb to have, in the first person; participles and all! I wonder whether Toby will do as much."

"I think one conjugation is enough," replied her mother. "Toby, you know, is a more quiet sort of lad; in his evidence, he said, that the following morning he met Noun going to his work; he then set up a hue and cry of stop thief, and got him arrested."

"Poor Noun had nothing to say in his defence, but that he was innocent. 'If you did not attempt to steal the sheep,' said the justice, 'where were you at that hour?'"

"I was at work all that morning in the meadow by the river-side."

"'It is in that very meadow the sheep was taken,' said farmer Verb; 'so it's likely enough you left your work to steal it.'"

"All this testimony went sadly against poor Noun, and the justice began to think he must be guilty; when his friends, the Adjectives, came forward, and declared that he was an *honest, industrious, religious,* and

well-meaning man, quite incapable of committing a theft.”

“ I told you they would give him a good character, mamma,” said Mary ; “ I am sure the justice ought not to condemn him.”

“ A justice does not condemn a man,” replied her mother, “ he only examines him ; and if the evidence gives him reason to think the accused guilty, he commits him to prison to take his trial at the next assizes ; that is, when the judges go their circuits to try prisoners.”

“ Well ; but now go on, mamma, I am so impatient to know the end.”

“ The Adverbs,” continued her mother, “ were still warmer in the praises of Noun. They seemed to think that his neighbours, the Adjectives, did not say enough in his favour ; for every time one of them spoke of his honesty, or his industry, they cried out, ‘ *Most remarkably* honest,’ — ‘ *Uncommonly* industrious,’ — ‘ The *very kindest* of fathers and of husbands.’ ”

“ Oh ! the dear Adverbs ! ” cried Mary ; “ how good they are ! ”

“ The justice was strangely perplexed at

such contradictory evidence ; he was quite at a loss how to decide, when a noise was heard without, and exclamations of ‘ Bring him in ! ’ — ‘ Here’s the thief ! ’ — ‘ We have got hold of the rogue at last ! ’ The new prisoner hung back, and struggled hard to get away ; however he was forced into court ; and he had no sooner made his appearance, than every one was struck with his remarkable likeness to Noun. ‘ This man must surely be your brother,’ said the justice to Noun. ‘ No, please your worship,’ answered he ; ‘ it is true that he is my relative, but only in a distant degree.’

“ The justice then inquired the man’s name, and he replied, ‘ Pronoun.’ ”

“ He was not the same Pronoun who so kindly offered to remain in prison instead of his friend Noun,” said Mary, “ I am sure.”

“ No,” replied her mother, “ the Pronouns, you know, are a very numerous family, and he was of another branch.

“ The constable who had arrested him whispered to the justice that he had long known the prisoner, and always considered him as a very suspicious character ; for that he went

by different names, according as it suited his purpose or situation; that he sometimes called himself Relative Pronoun, at others Demonstrative Pronoun, and at others Conjunction; ‘but to my certain knowledge,’ said the gaoler, ‘his name is *That*.’

“The Adjectives, who also knew the man, came forward and assured the justice that he was a good-for-nothing fellow, idle and profligate, and the Adverbs confirmed whatever the Adjectives said.

“Farmer Verb, who had felt so confident of the guilt of Noun, now began to think himself in the wrong. He owned that he believed that he had been deceived by the resemblance, and had taken Noun for Pronoun. He asked his sons which of the two was the man they had pursued: they hung down their heads, and knew not what to answer.

“The justice then arose; and after having summed up the evidence, ‘I will show you the culprit,’ said he, stretching out his arm, and pointing to the new prisoner, ‘*That* is the man.’

“Pronoun, struck with astonishment that the justice, to whom he was a stranger, should

know his real name, thought his guilt fully discovered. He fell on his knees, confessed his crime, and begged for mercy. The justice said, that it did not depend on him either to condemn or to pardon him; that he must be confined in prison to take his trial at the next assizes.

The friends of Noun determined to conduct him home in triumph. Accordingly a procession was arranged; two heralds preceded Noun, bearing banners; on one of which was inscribed — ‘ This is a man whom no calumny could injure; ’ and on the other, ‘ This is the man who has been so honourably acquitted. ’ ”

“ Well, I cannot conceive who the heralds can be, ” said Mary.

“ What is it that goes before a noun, Mary? ”

“ An article, ” replied the child. “ Oh, then the two heralds were the two articles *A* and *The*; and so it was written on their banner. ”

“ Pronoun, the personal friend of Noun (not his roguish relative), followed; and then came the Adjectives and Adverbs walking in

pairs, and talking in praise of Noun all the way they went. Farmer Verb and his sons followed at a respectful distance, being ashamed of the error into which they had fallen, and a band of music brought up the rear. The crowd of people was so great, and the streets through which the procession had to pass so narrow, that it often came to a stop; and they would have found it difficult to proceed, had it not been for the assistance of some constables, who had been appointed to close the ranks when they were broken, and to separate those who thronged too closely together.”

“Those, I think, must be the Conjunctions, that serve both to separate the sentences and to join them together.”

“You are right,” said her mother.

“But then, mamma, the Conjunctions—I mean the constables—could only separate the crowd, or join the ranks when they came to a little stop; for do you not know that the Conjunctions cannot interfere when they come to a full stop?”

“They did not come to a full stop, my dear, till they reached the house of Noun;

when his children, hearing the sound of music, came out to see what it was ; they then ran back to say that it was their father coming home with a crowd of people. His wife rushed out and fell into her husband's arms, uttering exclamations of joy ; the little ones clung around ; the spectators of this happy scene gave three loud cheers, and thus my tale is ended."

THE END.

LONDON :
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

