

The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

LESSON I.

GERMAN is not a difficult language. At least, it is not a difficult language for us English people, because half its words are similar to our own.

German has the reputation of being very difficult, partly because its letters differ from those of other nations, and partly because some of its words are remarkably long.

But we are about to show you that the difference between the German and the English alphabets is very slight, and, in due time, we shall also prove that the long words ought not to puzzle you, because they are made up of short ones, that may be easily understood.

We intend giving you short and practical rules respecting the grammar and the pronunciation; but our first object is to furnish you with a good stock of useful, familiar words, and to show you how easily an English person may acquire a good deal of German. Every one of the substantives in the German vocabulary (which will begin with the next lesson), will be found nearly to resemble our corresponding word for the same thing.

In order to enable you to read the words in the German character, we beg you will carefully examine the following alphabet, and remark the difference existing between the letters of the two languages.

The German manuscript also differs from ours, but it is not necessary you should learn the German writing characters at present.

| German Letters. | English Letters. | German Letters. | English Letters. |
|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| A a | A a | N n | N n |
| B b | B b | O o | O o |
| C c | C c | P p | P p |
| D d | D d | Q q | Q q |
| E e | E e | R r | R r |
| F f | F f | S s | S s |
| G g | G g | T t | T t |
| H h | H h | U u | U u |
| I i | I i | V v | V v |
| J j | J j | W w | W w |
| K k | K k | X x | X x |
| L l | L l | Y y | Y y |
| M m | M m | Z z | Z z |

We must now tell you that some of these letters have not exactly the same sound that they have with us. For instance, the German *a* is sounded as if written "ah;" their *e* sounds like our *a*, and their *i* like our *e*. The German *u* resembles our *oo* in the word "good."

The other letters of the German alphabet are like our own, with the exception of *g*, *j*, *v*, *w*, and *y*.

We desire to impress upon our readers that it is of the utmost importance they should recollect the German sound of these five letters.

G is harsh, and sounds as if written "gay;" *j* is sounded like our *y*; *v* like our *f*; *w* like our *v*; and *y*, which is very seldom used, has the same effect as *i*, of which we have already spoken.

The Germans, in reading their own alphabet, give, as we have already observed, different names to almost every letter; but, as it is only necessary for you to know their effects to enable you to read German, we shall not puzzle you at the onset with anything that is superfluous; and recollect that when we spell a German sound, to make it clear to our pupils, we only undertake to give it as nearly as English syllables will convey those of foreign tongues. To be perfect in the pronunciation of a language, we must mix with the natives; but, by following our rules, English people may learn how to speak and read quite well enough to be understood by Germans, and well enough easily to acquire an excellent pronunciation in a very short intercourse with the Germans themselves.

After acquiring the pronunciation of a few diphthongs, or two vowels sounded like one, you will be able to read the vocabulary. The effect of accents on letters will be explained in the next lesson. We now proceed to the diphthongs.

ai is pronounced like our *ow* in "cow;" *ai* and *ei* like *y* in "my;" *ie* like *e* in "me;" and *eu* like *oy* in "boy."

UPON matters which are affected by feeling and sentiment, the judgment of woman surpasses that of man; her more sensitive nature carries her to heights which his coarser nature cannot reach.

The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

In commencing a series of papers that will reach all classes, we have to provide for gardening of all kinds—from the growing of a few plants in pots to the cultivation of perfect establishments; and we propose to keep all the gradations between these two extremes in mind, in order that our directions may meet the requirements of all. We shall not presume that we are teaching gardeners their business; yet even they shall occasionally find hints that may prove useful; while amateurs, who only employ a gardener occasionally, shall have the benefit of all the knowledge we are able to impart; and, considering the vast number whose love of flowers can only be indulged by growing a few plants in their windows, we shall endeavour to guide them in making a judicious selection, and give our advice as to such treatment as will best secure, or at least prolong, their health and beauty. Our weekly papers will be founded on that which presses most, but we shall leave nothing unsaid that should be told, in order that our subscribers may leave nothing undone that wants doing. We have in our early papers to set all classes to work. This once fairly done, we shall afterwards give such directions to all as will enable them to keep their plants or gardens in perfect order.

Although this is a dull season in a garden, and we cannot tell from day to day whether to expect frost or flood, we occasionally get a few sunny hours, and then we can find something to do in the garden.

Many who have but a limited space are anxious to make the most of it; whilst a large majority are so disheartened when the frost has done its work, that they give up all thoughts of restoring it till the spring.

But they should recollect that neatness is the first and most important of all qualities, and it is possible to secure this in all seasons. Evergreens are always cheerful, and there are many varieties and species which are highly ornamental in the winter months. The hollies present a great choice, both green and variegated, and their berries, of coral and golden yellow, are as pretty as flowers. The laurustinus is covered with bloom all the winter; some of the andromedas are very showy just now, and full of milk-white flowers. Cypress, yew, bay, arborvitæ, and laurels, form such noble contrast, in their habit and foliage, that a garden can be made very beautiful, in spite of the season.

There is, therefore, no good reason why the garden should not be "set in order" as well as a house, and no time better than the present.

We have only mentioned a few of the evergreens; but, besides these, all of which are perfectly hardy, there is the rhododendron, which may now be selected full of buds, each of which will form a noble mass of flowers in June, and the *kalmia latifolia*, which is a splendid ornament, in July, both of which may be planted now, and do their part towards increasing the variety and contrast among the evergreens; and be it remembered that at no season can any of them be better selected than at present.

Suppose, then, that the garden, small or large, to have been neglected, the first thing required is to dig or trench the beds and borders all over; next, to look well to the edging, whether it be box, grass, London-pride, thrift, Arabis, or any other, and make or mend it, as required; next, clear the gravel-walks of all weeds, and roll them. If there be any trees, bushes, or shrubs, already in the ground, consider well if they are in the best places, or whether they are good enough to save at all. Next see how many shrubs or trees could be planted with advantage, always bearing in mind that the plants should never be crowded.

In this part of your proceedings there is an opportunity of displaying your taste. Go to the nearest respectable nursery, and you will see all the plants we here mention, small, large, and middling; and size has a good deal to do with the price. So much, then, for the trees, plants, and shrubs.

But there are many subjects that are worth cultivating for spring flowers; and these ought to be in the ground as soon as possible—a month sooner would have been better. All sorts of bulbous roots are best planted in November; but this having been missed, we must repair the omission at once.

Crocuses, early and late tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, jonquils, and iris, all beautiful flowering subjects, should be planted at once, and, for effect, generally in groups. It is very common to plant crocuses in rows, all round the edges of beds and borders, forming a complete outline just within the box or other edging. This is by no means so effective

as planting four, five, or six in a patch in alternate colours. Tulips, hyacinths, and narcissus, are most effective in threes. It is neither so formal nor so meagre as planting singly; none of these patches or groups should be nearer than nine inches from the edge of the beds or borders.

There are many spring flowers that might be planted now, such as hepaticas, primroses, polyanthus, and wallflowers, all of which are effective; the three former may be as near the edge as we please, because they are close to the ground. The wallflowers may be somewhat farther back than the tulips, because they are taller.

We can only give general directions from week to week; but readers who want information on any subject, before they could be noticed in the paper, may send directed envelopes, and have their answers by post.

In our next, we purpose directing attention to the growing of hyacinths in glasses and pots.

Christmas Games.

PASTIMES at Christmas are as necessary as pudding. It may be, dearly-respected reader, that you may have found yourself at your own home, or somebody else's—let us say the last—surrounded by a company whose creature comforts had been well cared for, but who did not know what to be at. The people who could sing didn't sing, and the people who could not sing did sing, which was terrible, and dancing was not proposed, and things were generally very dull and gloomy. Well, what would you have given for a good game—a child's game—just to please the young folks (sly dog that you are!)—but you did not know what to play at. One or two suggestions may be acceptable; and so, to begin with, here's

BUNDLES.

A lady and gentleman pair, and are henceforth known in the game as a *bundle*. The lady—*place aux dames*—stands in front of the gentleman, and they standing in a circle, there is a double ring. Two of the players then pursue each other, crossing the ring—squaring the circle—in every direction in and out amongst the other couples, till one or other chooses to rest, by standing suddenly still, opposite a *bundle*. Now, just as two is company but three is none, so two make a bundle, but three unties it, and makes it a bundle no longer; therefore the outsider must run, and, in his or her turn, is pursued, having the option of suddenly involving another bundle in difficulty by stopping before it, thus breaking up the most agreeable *tête-à-tête*. This is rather a noisy game, and requires considerable space for its exercise. Forfeits may, of course, be demanded of all who are caught.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

This is a capital forfeit-game, requiring a good deal of care and ingenuity. First of all, there is the leader of the game, for which the quietest story-teller in company should be selected. Next, the players, all of whom take the names of colours; such as Prussian Blue, Vandyke Brown, Raw Sienna, Crimson Lake, Naples Yellow, Ivory Black, &c. &c. Whenever the name of any one of these colours is mentioned, the bearer of that name must reply by calling out the name of another colour, to which the owner of that title responds by saying, "Here, sir!" In addition to this, whenever the artist alludes to his palette, all the players cry, "Colours! colours!" When he names turpentine, they cry, "Help! help!" When he says "Boiled oil," they respond, "How nice!" When he says "Pencil," they cry, "Brush! brush!" And when he says "Red streaks," they all reply, "I'm not sleepy!" Any dereliction of duty in these respects is punishable by forfeit. Here follows an example of the game:—

Artist. Happy man that I am! I can now stand erect, for I have a sitter. Benjamin Bribe 'em, the candidate for our borough, has elected me to canvass him. Let me see, I must prepare my palette.

All the Colours. Colours! colours!

Artist. The design I have already made. The gentleman is sitting in an arm-chair, looking at nothing; one arm resting on a table, the other on his knee; roll of paper in his hand; rich curtain behind his head; bit of a pillar, and a distant landscape. Nothing can be better. Now for the colours.

All. Here we are! Here we are!

Artist. Let me see! Curtain of Crimson Lake?

Crimson Lake. Prussian Blue!

Prussian Blue. Here, sir!

Artist. But, first of all, we must have the boiled oil

All. How nice!

Artist. And a little turpentine.

All. Help! help!

Artist. And my red streak?

All. We're not sleepy.

Artist. On second thoughts, as the flesh-tints of the face, especially the cheeks and nose, which will bear a good deal of Crimson Lake—

Crimson Lake. Ivory Black.

Ivory Black. Here, sir!

Artist. I am of opinion that a curtain of Naples Yellow.

Naples Yellow. Vandyke Brown.

Vandyke Brown. Here, sir!

Artist. Which will also bring up the sky of Prussian Blue.

Prussian Blue. Raw Sienna!

Raw Sienna. Here, sir!

Artist. The hair of Ivory Black.

Ivory Black. Prussian Blue.

Prussian Blue. Here, sir!

Artist. Altogether, I think my picture will be worthy the walls of the Royal Academy, or even the cellars of the National Gallery. However, I must begin. Where's my pencil?

All. Brush! brush!

A game of this description creates some amusement whilst in progress, and secures a large amount of forfeits.

SHADOW BUFF.

This game differs from the original Blind Man's Buff, by the blind man having his eyes open. A white screen of sheet is hung up across the room, Buff at one side, and the players on the other. Behind this a strong light is placed; between this and the screen the players singly present themselves. Buff has to detect who it is by the shadow. His mistakes afford infinite amusement.

FORFEITS.

There are several excellent modes of playing at forfeits. The veteran soldier, who used to go round begging for all imaginable articles, has grown too old for service, even of this sort; and games of a younger sort have his place; none better, perhaps, than

MY COOK.

One of the players goes round and severally informs each individual of the company that he is suffering under the severe domestic affliction of a cook, who has conceived an antipathy for that highly-nutritive leguminous vegetable—the pea. He is anxious to obtain the frank advice of his friends as to the diet to be recommended to the cook in question, and the friends are expected to give him the benefit of their advice. Now the forfeits roll in by shoals. Potatoes are suggested—*forfeit*; parsnips—*forfeit*; asparagus—*forfeit*; apple dumpling, plain pudding, all bring forfeits on the heads of these suggestors; even the one who is sure to suggest "policeman" as most conducive to the cook's happiness, is fined (and serve him right), the rule being that every word containing the letter *p* is objectionable to the cook, and liable to forfeit in consequence. Of course, this is the secret—not to be disclosed on any account.

THE LITTLE MAN'S HOUSE.

All the company place themselves in a circle, and the one who understands the game conducts it.

The leader of the game begins thus:—Presenting a key or some other article to his neighbour, he says to him, "I sell you my little man." All having repeated this, the leader says, "I sell you the house of my little man."

The third time the leader says, "I sell you the door of the house of my little man."

The fourth time, "I sell you the lock of the door," &c.

The fifth time, "I sell you the key of the lock of the door," &c.

It is evident that this game may be prolonged to any extent. It resembles the game of "The Key of the King's Garden."

For every mistake the player pays a forfeit.

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES.

This game is a very pretty variation of that of "The Little Man's House," and others of the same kind. It differs from them, however, in this—that some sort of a story must be invented, and this story must have a particular ending, which will lead to the penalty of forfeits. The mistakes, also, committed in the repetition of the phrases of which the story is composed, lead likewise to forfeits.

The leader of the game says to his right-hand neighbour, "Here is an engraving."

The right-hand neighbour repeats to the next on his right, and so on to the next player.

When the last player has repeated these words to the leader of the game, the latter continues:—

"Here is an engraving, which represents a young lady" (repeated throughout the circle as before)—"Here is an engraving, &c., stopped by three robbers" (as before)—"Here is, &c., the first seizes her" (as before)—"Here is, &c., the second puts a poniard to her heart" (as before)—"Here is, &c.; the third, now perceiving the police officers coming up, cries out, 'Run for your lives!'"

At this cry, all the company start up, and run away, except those who, unacquainted with the game, remain in their seats during this alarm, and are therefore obliged to pay a forfeit for their ill-timed sense of security.

CHARADES.

I.

My first is an article much in request;
My second a maiden few venture to woo;
My whole, when inviting full many a guest,
Is what hostess and host should endeavour to do.

II.

My first will rush in fierce array
To clarion's sound and trumpet's call;
But proud as they may be to-day,
My second soon shall tame them all.
And when my first have won the field,
My wretched whole the vanquished yield.

III.

My first is the best that is known
Of the things the Creator has made;
And the people he chose for his own,
In my second his dwelling-place laid.
My whole is too often the seat
Of the sensual, selfish, and vain;
For where wealth is, you always will meet
Full many a vice in its train.

REBUS.

* Complete, I am solitary; behold me, I am solitary; behold me again, I am solitary.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

CHRIST'S Hospital, founded by King Edward VI. by letters patent, dated June 26th, 1553, is one of the most important educational asylums in the metropolis. There are in London several highly valuable institutions of the same character, but amongst them all Christ's Hospital is the oldest and the best.

Coleridge has left many interesting recollections of Christ's Hospital, and, amongst other things, relates that, as he was crying the first day of his return after the holidays, one of the masters (Boyer) said to him, "Boy, the school is your father!—boy, the school is your mother!—boy, the school is your brother!—boy, the school is your sister!—the school is your first cousin, your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying." This anecdote is suggestive, not only of the ultra-Spartan discipline which put aside all domestic ties, but of the fact that to many a poor friendless child Christ's Hospital has supplied the place of all relations—protecting, educating, in every way providing for, these lads, and sending them out into the world to become some of its brightest ornaments—some of the wisest and wittiest of men.

The original founder doubtless contemplated its advantages for a poorer class than are now admitted to its privileges. It is related that Bishop Ridley, preaching before Edward VI. at Westminster, so eloquently set forth the excellency of charity, that the youthful monarch sent for him after the sermon was concluded, and consulted him on the best method of alleviating the sufferings of the poor in and about London. To reclaim the vicious, to educate the ignorant, to provide for the royal sick, were appropriate ways of employing the royal bounty, and thus St. Thomas's Hospital was founded in Southwark; the palace of Bridewell was converted into a prison; and the old monastery of the Grey Friars was fitted up as a school for the education of poor children. The Lord Mayor and citizens of London exerted themselves to carry out the king's purpose, and Holbein painted a picture, still to be seen in the great hall of Christ's Hospital, in which the monarch is represented giving the charter to the kneeling corporation.

It is not to be supposed that the "poor fatherless children" first admitted to the benefits of Christ's Hospital were of the same class as those who still wear the same sort of blue frock, yellow stockings, and red leathern girdle. The chief qualification for obtaining a presentation now rests in the parents of the child not possessing a larger income than £250 per annum. Even this regulation, however, is not strictly enforced, and the high character of the school induces many to avail themselves of its advantages, when fortune and position should lead them to pay for the education of their sons, rather than place them on a charitable foundation. But, although the

institution has been, and still is, abused, there are many of the poor and fatherless still there. "When I was at Christ's," says Mr. Cunningham, "there were about seven hundred boys in the school; on these one hundred at least were on the friendless list—boys without parents or friends, who never passed without the Hospital precincts unless invited by the parents or friends of other boys." For such as these the endowment was intended, and such as these were contemplated by the boy king when, having signed the charter of the school, he said, "Lord, I yield thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of Thy name;" and he died a month afterwards.

Christ's Hospital—or, on account of the boys' dress, more commonly called the Blue Coat School—was opened the year of its foundation, with three hundred and forty children. Certain lands were appropriated for the support of the school, the citizens liberally contributed, and in the course of time the annual endowment, swelled by modern liberality to a clear income of above fifty thousand pounds, has so extended the benefit of the institution, that about one thousand five hundred children are wholly maintained and educated. In the great fire of London (1666), the old monastic house of the Grey Friars was destroyed, and a new school-house was consequently erected. The Hospital has attached to it a subsidiary establishment, at Hertford, for the younger children, where there are usually about four hundred and fifty boys, and eighty girls. This branch establishment was founded in 1683. A charter, granted by Charles II., provides for the education of forty boys in mathematics and other learning calculated to qualify them for the naval service. The "Grecians," or those most advanced in the grammar school, are sent with valuable exhibitions to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and those in the mathematical school are placed with commanders of ships, and equipped with clothing and nautical instruments at the expense of the Hospital.

Very many are the changes which the Hospital has seen since the days of that "goodly and royal child," King Edward. Only a small part of the old cloisters remains, and there is an air of modernism about the interior arrangements of the house oddly at variance with the antique costumes of the boys. It was the ordinary costume of the time when that dress was first adopted, and the boys looked like the people of common life. It really seems high time that the dress was modified; all other things are changed; there have been improvements in the care of the boys' health and comfort; improvements in the mode of education—why not in the dress? Yet is it not the dress worn by Barnes, by Leigh Hunt, by Mitchell, by Coleridge, by Lamb, by Cunningham, by Markland the scholar, and Richardson the novelist, as well as Stillingfleet and Camden?

Some of the ancient customs as well as the ancient costume are still preserved. The boys march to hear the Spital sermon, as they did of old at Easter; they sup, so many evenings in the year, in public, the table garnished with leathern jacks and wooden pipkins; and the Grecians deliver learned orations in place of the public disputations formerly held in the cloisters.

The great hall of Christ's is a magnificent building (finished in 1829), and lies open towards Newgate-street. It is in the Tudor style, 187 feet long, 51 broad, and 46½ high, having nine windows, and being in every respect one of the finest ornaments of the City. It contains two large pictures—one by Holbein already mentioned; the other by Verrio, representing James II. receiving the mathematical boys. Here the children breakfast, dine, and sup. The school-rooms are commodious and well arranged. The English and commercial school is shown in the engraving. The education of the boys consists in reading, writing, and arithmetic, French, the classics, and the mathematics. The library is excellently well adapted for the purposes for which it was designed; and the same may be said of the whole of the arrangements, all of which—the kitchen, the lavatory, the dormitories, the sick ward—deserve high praise.

About two hundred children are annually admitted to Christ's Hospital. The age of admission is from seven to ten years, and the mode is by presentation of a governor. The list of governors is annually published, and is to be had on application at the counting-house of the Hospital. It contains a list of between four and five hundred gentlemen—the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred heading the list. The Duke of Cambridge is president. Her Majesty, the Lord Mayor, and Court of Aldermen enjoy the privilege of an annual presentation; the other governors present in rotation, as far as the number of children to be admitted each year will allow.