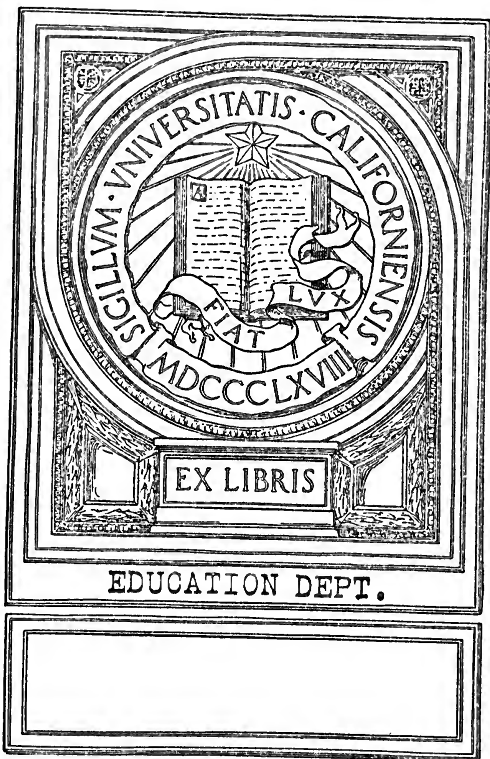
A FIFTH READER

Arnold & Gilbert

[illegible]IFORNIA STATE SERIES



EDUCATION DEPT.

Muriel Durgin,
L. Fith Grade,
Mc. Kinley School,
Berkeley.

2432 Oregon St.

J. M. W. TURNER.

THE SHIPWRECK.

California. State Board of Education

CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

A FIFTH READER

BY

ARNOLD AND GILBERT

REVISED BY

THE STATE TEXT-BOOK COMMITTEE

AND APPROVED BY

THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

SACRAMENTO

W. W. SHANNON, SUPERINTENDENT STATE PRINTING

Copyright, 1910, by
THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Copyright, 1897, by
SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY.

All rights reserved.

EDUCATION DEPT.

In the compilation of this book certain matter from "Stepping Stones to Literature," a Reader for Fifth Grades, by Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert, has been used. All such matter is protected by the copyright entries noted above.

1E--50M—10,'10

PE 1121
A76
1910
ED-P

THIS series of books is designed to meet in particular two educational needs: *first*, reading books containing better literature than the average Reader contains; *second*, books adapted to the modern graded school. The ordinary series of Readers consists of five or six books, — the first three being composed of made matter, put together upon the theory that children can read only selections containing certain words. The remaining two or three books are composed partly of original matter and partly of short, disconnected selections from standard authors, — many of these selections not being suited to children of any age, and none of them being graded with reference to adaptation of language or thought.

In the present series, its authors have aimed to include nothing but good literature, the greater part being selected from standard writers; and in so far as possible the selections are given entire as they came from the writers' hands. In each book, beginning with the Fourth, are to be found some selections of considerable length, both in prose and poetry, complete as they were first published.

In those instances in which it has been found necessary to abbreviate articles, the authors have attempted to give complete chapters or such other selections as constitute in themselves literary wholes, and also to induce the pupils to read the entire books from which the selections are taken. This suggestion is deemed very important. The tendency of the day is to scrappy reading. It is fostered by newspapers, periodicals, and compendia of literature; and it is hoped that these Readers will help to combat this unfortunate tendency, and lead to the reading of good books.

M187504

The second special feature of STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE is their perfect adaptation to graded schools. The usual division of the higher Readers of a series into Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, is founded upon no principle thus far discovered. This series consists of eight books, one for each grade of the ordinary graded school system. It is believed that this feature will be of great value. It simplifies the work of the teacher, and makes it possible to correlate the reading with the other subjects in the school curriculum.

In the Fourth Book the child is given his first distinct introduction to mythology. In the earlier books, fables and fairy stories have been used, and there has been a little suggestion of mythology; but in the Fourth, myth and wonder — those subjects which appeal to the child's imagination and carry him out of his limited environment into a larger world — are emphasized. We believe that this is in accord with whatever truth exists in the culture epoch theory of education.

It also makes a suitable and natural introduction to the historical matter, of which a greater proportion appears in the higher books. The connection between this matter and that in the lower books is furnished by two fables, "The Fox and the Cat" and "The Fox and the Horse," and by such humorous poems as "That Calf" and "The Cow and the Ass." These lead, on the one side, to the Nature readings both in verse and prose; on the other side, they lead directly to the myth, and the myth introduces the child easily and naturally to history, — the Hiawatha myth, for example, making an excellent introduction to American history, and the Greek myth, to ancient history. The selection from "Aladdin" belongs to that class of purely imaginative literature which all children read and enjoy.

In the Fifth Book the use of the myth which is found in the Fourth is continued, but the myths here used are mainly historical, leading directly to the study of history. Here is given an acquaintance with the mythology of our Norse forefathers, and also with the semi-mythological literature of western Europe. This is followed by some selections of a more definitely historical character than any given in the Fourth. The purely imaginative literature — as, for example, "The King of the Golden River" — is of an order better adapted to the advancing age of the child, and has a more distinctly æsthetic and ethical purpose. Nature readings are continued, and several selections of a patriotic character are given as an introduction to the considerable amount of reading of this class found in the Sixth and Seventh books.

In the Sixth Book the pure myth does not appear, but in its place is much of history, especially of the legendary lore which appeals to the developing imagination of the child, — such as the tales of ancient Rome and Scott's poems.

There is a large increase of matter which tends to stimulate patriotism, including particularly national songs. Here appear several selections from that sort of literature which requires thought and develops taste, such as "The Voyage to Lilliput." Here also are found some appeals to the child's natural love of adventure and sports. The ethical motive is plainly evident throughout this book.

The Seventh Book is made entirely of selections from American authors. It is intended for the grade in which most stress is usually laid upon the study of the history of the United States, and can very appropriately be used in connection with this study. The literature of a country cannot be separated from its history, and the natural connection between these two should be emphasized in all study of either. This book is especially rich in matter intimately connected with history, and tending to stimulate patriotism.

Here, more than in some of the other books, selections have been made from longer works, and it is hoped that the teachers will urge the children to read the works entire.

The Eighth Book is made wholly from the writings of English authors. In many schools the study of English history is introduced in this grade. In such schools the selections here given will be found appropriate. Even in those schools in which the history of England is not specifically studied, it is of necessity studied incidentally in connection with the history of our own country, and a familiarity with the writings of the best English authors is essential to a comprehension of the writings of our own. The selections here given, while especially appropriate for use in connection with the study of history, are made from standard authors, such as every intelligent boy and girl should read for their own value.

The authors believe that if these Readers are used wisely, according to the plan suggested, they will not only help to make better readers of the children of the schools, but will also aid in a wise correlation of studies, will cultivate taste, stimulate a love of good literature, and, through literature, bring within reach of the children the choicest treasures of the world.

The copyrighted material in this book is used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Roberts Brothers, D. Appleton & Co., Little, Brown & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, and The Macmillan Company, — to all of whom both the editor and the publishers express their cordial thanks and appreciation.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE purpose of this series of books is indicated by its name, STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE. The aim of the authors was to make the formalities of reading subordinate to its real end, which is the acquisition of thought from the printed page. It is urged, therefore, that you aim not first to teach children how to read, and then incidentally to give them some acquaintance with good literature; but that you seek primarily and chiefly to acquaint your pupils with literature as such, and secondarily to teach them the technique of reading. You will find, if you follow this plan, that not only will the first object be gained, but that the children will learn the art of reading much better than when the chief emphasis is placed upon this art.

In a book composed of good literature, words should be studied only as they occur in the text, and as their study is necessary to an understanding of the text. Such study is doubtless important, but great care should be taken to prevent its interference with the real object of reading, which is acquaintance with literature.

The study of literature should not be confused with the study of the biographies of authors. Acquaintance with the lives and personal traits of authors is often interesting, and frequently throws light upon their writings, yet its value is but secondary at best; children, especially, should give their chief attention to the writings themselves. Let them read freely and abundantly, until they become absorbed in their reading. Do not interrupt them too frequently with criticisms. In no case spoil a reading lesson by introducing the study of technique for its own sake. Remember always that the ends to be secured are a love for good literature and the storing of the mind with noble ideals.

While the selections in this series of Readers are, in so far as possible, literary wholes, in many cases it has been necessary to abbreviate. Sometimes chapters have been taken out of books, the chapters in themselves constituting complete productions. In all cases of abbreviation, it is urged that the attention of the children be called to the books from which the selections are made, and that they be advised to read them entire. Lead the children to the use of the public library through their reading lessons.

The ends above set forth, included in the term "the mastery of books," are of course the real objects of all reading. They are secured by what is known as silent reading, whereas the school reading lesson consists in reading aloud. The object of the latter is twofold: *first*, the making plain to the teacher that children are capable of mastering books; *second*, instruction in the art of oral reading. While this art is not, as it is often treated, of primary importance, but wholly secondary, it is yet important, and should receive careful attention.

Good oral reading includes both intellectual and physical elements. The first implies clear and sympathetic comprehension of the subject matter, so that the reader is able to impart it to others as if it were original with himself. The second involves a mastery of the various physical organs used in reading. The common advice, "Read as if you were talking," is correct if the pupil talks correctly, — that is, it covers the first point, "sympathetic knowledge of the subject matter;" but in this country, where the voices and modes of speech are proverbially bad, it does not cover the second.

First, then, be sure that the children understand what they are reading. Try to secure their interest in it, and then expect them to read it to you as if they were imparting fresh and valuable information. This requires a thorough knowledge of the text and context, and the free use of the dictionary and other reference books. The children should read their school reading lessons as they would read any book on any occasion, because they are interested in what the book contains.

Second, see to it that the children become masters of those portions of the body which are used in reading, so that when they comprehend what they are reading, they can impart it to others in a natural, pleasing, and lucid manner. Practically, the entire body is used in good reading. Specifically, the points to be carefully observed are *carriage* or *position* of the various parts of the body, *proper breathing*, *clear enunciation*, *correct pronunciation*, and *quality of voice*.

1. **Carriage.** The body should be erect, so that a vertical line passes through the ears, the shoulders, the hips, and the heels. This position should not be stiff, but all the muscles should be free, so that the various members can move gracefully and readily as may be required. To secure this freedom, calisthenic exercises are useful.

2. **Breathing.** The breathing should be deep rather than superficial. It is often well, before a reading lesson, to have the class stand in correct position and draw in through their nostrils — not through their mouths — as deep and as full breaths as they are capable of taking. This exercise repeated several times will tend to produce good breathing during the reading lesson. Children should be taught to breathe through the nostrils, and to use the diaphragm and the muscles of the

abdomen in breathing even more than those of the chest. They should be taught to take in new breaths before the supply of air is exhausted to such a degree as to affect the voice.

3. **Enunciation.** Few children enunciate all sounds distinctly. If you watch children carefully, you will find that some have difficulty with vowels, others with consonants. Special drill exercises should be given to classes to cover general deficiencies, and to individuals to meet particular needs.

4. **Correct Pronunciation.** This is determined by the usage of good authors. To avoid errors it is necessary to consult frequently some standard dictionary, with which every class room should be supplied.

5. **The Quality of the Voice.** Another consideration to which it is necessary to give careful attention is the quality of the voice. It is said that very few Americans have agreeable voices. This is a serious national defect. No one who has felt the charm of a rich, full, gentle voice needs to be told the importance of training the voices of children.

Special attention should be given to timbre, pitch, and inflection. Strive to cultivate in your children full, rich voices. In reading, give careful heed to appropriateness of vocalization, — that is, see that the children use the proper quality of tone and the right inflections to express the feeling of what they are reading. Good reading is a beautiful art, and cannot be secured by obedience to technical laws merely. It can only be secured by constant watchfulness and care on the part of both pupil and teacher.

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages.

—Milton.

THE READING LESSON AND ITS USES.

READING is the key of a school curriculum. It opens to the pupil not only the treasures of literature, but also all that portion of his education which he obtains through the use of books. Hence, the importance of teaching it well, and from the right point of view, which is that of its content.

Reading as an art gets its value not from itself, but from the use to which it is put.

Through the reading lesson, the teacher has a wider opportunity for influencing the child's life than through any other study.

First. She can make it a means for the better comprehension of the other subjects of his curriculum. This is a simple, but practical and important, use.

Many a failure in geography, history, and arithmetic is due to the inability of the children to read understandingly the text-books upon those subjects.

The teaching of reading should by no means be confined to the use of School Readers. Every lesson employing a book should be a reading lesson. The teacher should see to it that the pupils are able to read the books they are required to use. They should often be asked to read aloud in class from various text-books.

Not only so, but they should be led to trace out and see the relations of the subject in hand to the other subjects of their school course, to literature, and to life. Excursions should be made continually into related fields of fact and idea, to be found in the Readers and in other available literature.

It is not the purpose of the authors that one of these higher Readers be read through consecutively. The selection to be read on any particular day should be chosen to meet some immediate need of the pupils, as determined by the geography, history, language, or nature lesson, or by its appropriateness to the mental or moral condition of the children.

The reading lesson should often constitute a part of the lesson upon some other subject. While the pupils are interested in some subject belonging to a particular branch of study, at once, as a part of the exercise in that study, the class should read appropriate selections from STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE or from other books bearing directly upon the subject.

It is important that children acquire early the habit of looking upon reading and all other arts as means to ends, and not as ends.

Second. The reading lesson enables the teacher to introduce the child to the true study of literature. All literature, whether found in these Readers or elsewhere, should be treated with the respect worthy of its dignity, and not as mere material for a reading exercise.

Every literary production used for a reading lesson should be approached by the teacher and the class as a treasure-house of fact, idea, or beauty. Its excellencies, whether of matter or style, should be made apparent by discovery on the part of the children, if possible.

The reading lesson should be primarily a literature lesson. The children should regard it as a search after hidden treasures, and through it they should learn how to approach books, and what to look for in reading. They should be taught to distinguish superiority of style, to see the beauty and aptness of figures of speech, to discover the fine shades of thought and feeling which the author has brought out by his choice of words. They should be led to consider literature not only intrinsically, but extrinsically as well. They should find out the relations of the literary production to the author's own life, to contemporaneous events, to history, to other facts and ideas within the child's range of vision, to other literature, and to life. Especially should they be directed to other reading similar in style, thought, or subject.

Third. Through the reading lesson the teacher can to a large degree direct the general reading of her class, not only in school but at home. This is one of its most valuable functions. Children read poor or vicious books because they do not know others, or do not know how much more interesting the better books are.

The reading lesson should lead to literary voyages of discovery to the public library and other sources of supply. Through it, children should become accustomed to the use of books, and be led to love them.

Care should be taken that the books suggested be within the range of the children's comprehension and interest. It is well for the teacher occasionally to take the class to the library and show them how to find what they need, and then to send them often for books for their individual use and that of the class.

By these and other means, the reading lesson may be used to clarify and amplify the treatment of all the subjects of the curriculum, to teach the child discrimination in regard to literature, to cultivate his taste for the truly excellent, and to introduce him wisely, pleasantly, and permanently to the world of books, and through books to a richer life.

CONTENTS

Preliminary Matter.

	Page.
Preface	5
Suggestions to Teachers	8
The Reading Lesson and its Uses	11

Selections in Prose and Poetry.

Lesson.	Subject.	Author.	
I.	Nathaniel Hawthorne		3
II.	The Pygmies	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	5
III.	The Owl Critic	*James T. Fields*	29
IV.	John Maynard	*John B. Gough*	32
V.	The First Snowfall	*James Russell Lowell*	34
VI.	Writing		36
VII.	Reading		37
VIII.	A Legend of Bregenz	*Adelaide Anne Procter*	39
IX.	The Knights of Old		45
X.	The Adventures of Bradamante	*Ludovico Ariosto*	46
XI.	The Nose and the Eyes	*William Cowper*	67
XII.	The King of the Golden River	*John Ruskin*	68
XIII.	The Old Oaken Bucket	*Samuel Woodworth*	101
XIV.	Silkworms	*John Henry Gray*	103
XV.	The Glove and the Lions	*Leigh Hunt*	108
XVI.	Terrific Scene at the Natural Bridge	*Elihu Burritt*	109
XVII.	An Incident of the Crimean War		115
XVIII.	Charge of the Light Brigade	*Alfred Tennyson*	116
XIX.	America	*Samuel Francis Smith*	118
XX.	General Joseph Warren's Address	*John Pierpont*	120
XXI.	Love of Country	*Sir Walter Scott*	121
XXII.	Our Body	*Helen Hunt Jackson*	121

Lesson.	Subject.	Author.	Page.
XXIII.	The Song of Steam	*George Washington Cutter*	125
XXIV.	The Discontented Pendulum	*Jane Taylor*	128
XXV.	First Ship of Peter the Great	*Eugene Schuyler*	131
XXVI.	The Death of the Flowers	*William Cullen Bryant*	137
XXVII.	Going A-Maying	*Robert Herrick*	139
XXVIII.	An Order for a Picture	*Alice Cary*	140
XXIX.	Our Northern Forefathers		144
XXX.	The Beginning of Worlds		146
XXXI.	The Gods		149
XXXII.	Odin		149
XXXIII.	Thor		153
XXXIV.	Loki and His Children		159
XXXV.	Idun's Apples		163
XXXVI.	Baldur		165
XXXVII.	Death of Baldur	*Matthew Arnold*	170
XXXVIII.	The Skeleton in Armor	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	176
XXXIX.	The White Czar	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	183
XL.	The Old Clock on the Stairs	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	185
XLI.	The Norsemen	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	189
XLII.	Charles Kingsley		195
XLIII.	The Coral Reef	*Charles Kingsley*	196
XLIV.	The Pied Piper of Hamelin	*Robert Browning*	219
XLV.	Daniel Defoe and His Books		230
XLVI.	Verses by Alexander Selkirk	*William Cowper*	231
XLVII.	Robinson Crusoe	*Daniel Defoe*	233
XLVIII.	Harold's Song	*Sir Walter Scott*	266
XLIX.	Making Maple Sugar	*Charles Dudley Warner*	268
L.	Escape from a Panther	*James Fenimore Cooper*	273
LI.	Romance of the Swan's Nest	*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*	279
LII.	The Story of Joseph	*The Bible*	283

Lexicon 301

LIST OF AUTHORS.

Name.	Selection.	Page
Ariosto, Ludovico	The Adventures of Bradamante	46
Arnold, Matthew	Death of Baldur	170
Bible, The	The Story of Joseph	283
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett	The Romance of the Swan's Nest	279
Browning, Robert	The Pied Piper of Hamelin	219
Bryant, William Cullen	The Death of the Flowers	137
Burritt, Elihu	Terrific Scene at the Natural Bridge	109
Cary, Alice	An Order for a Picture	140
Cooper, James Fenimore	Escape from a Panther	273
Cowper, William	The Nose and the Eyes	67
" "	Verses by Alexander Selkirk	231
Cutter, George Washington	The Song of Steam	125
Defoe, Daniel	Robinson Crusoe	233
Fields, James Thomas	The Owl Critic	29
Gough, John Bartholomew	John Maynard	32
Gray, John Henry	Silkworms	103
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	The Pygmies	5
Herrick, Robert	Going A-Maying	139
Hunt, James Henry Leigh	The Glove and the Lions	108
Jackson, Helen Hunt	Our Body	121
Kingsley, Charles	The Coral Reef	196
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth	The Skeleton in Armor	176
" " "	The White Czar	183
" " "	The Old Clock on the Stairs	185
Lowell, James Russell	The First Snowfall	34
Pierpont, John	General Joseph Warren's Address	120
Procter, Adelaide Anne	A Legend of Bregenz	39
Ruskin, John	The King of the Golden River	68
Schuyler, Eugene	The First Ship of Peter the Great	131
Scott, Sir Walter	Love of Country	121
" " "	Harold's Song	266
Smith, Samuel Francis	America	118
Taylor, Jane	The Discontented Pendulum	128
Tennyson, Lord Alfred	Charge of the Light Brigade	116
Warner, Charles Dudley	Making Maple Sugar	268
Whittier, John Greenleaf	The Norsemen	189
Woodworth, Samuel	The Old Oaken Bucket	101

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Subject.	Source.	Page
The Shipwreck	*From Painting by J. M. W. Turner*	Frontispiece
Watt Discovering the Power of Steam	*From Painting by David Neal*	2
Nathaniel Hawthorne	*Photograph*	3
Birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne	*Original*	3
Hercules and the Pygmy	"	27
The White Owl	"	29
Lake Constance	*Photograph*	43
The Sepulcher of Merlin	*Original*	53
Bradamante and Brunello	"	60
The Mysterious Drinking Mug	"	81
The King of the Golden River	"	87
The Orchard ; The Old Oaken Bucket	"	101
The Deep-tangled Wildwood ; The Meadow	"	102
Cocoon, Moth, and Silkworm	"	103
Natural Bridge, Virginia	"	110
Samuel Francis Smith	*Photograph*	119
An Ocean Steamer	"	127
Peter the Great	*Painting*	132
A Sextant	*Original*	133
Odin	*From a German Painting*	147
Frigga	" " "	150
Thor	" " "	155
Baldur	" " "	167
The Corsairs	*Original*	178
Old Stone Tower, Newport	"	182
The Old Clock on the Stairs	*Photograph*	187
Norse Vessels	*Original*	190
Ruins of Old Cathedral, Iona	*Photograph*	193
Charles Kingsley	"	195
Brain Coral	*Original*	197
Coral Stalk and Branches	"	199
Fan Coral	"	201
An Atoll	"	207
Great Barrier Coral Reef, Australia	"	210
Coral Formations	"	215
Ammonites	"	218
The Pied Piper of Hamelin	*From Painting by H. Kaulbach*	227
Crusoe's Raft	*Original*	241
Friday Swearing Allegiance to Robinson Crusoe	"	256
Rescue of Robinson Crusoe	"	265
James Fenimore Cooper	*Photograph*	273
Attacked by a Panther	*Original*	276
Little Ellie — Initial Letter	"	279
Joseph's Dreams	*From Painting by Raphael*	284
Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dream	" " "	289

SHORELINE—LAKE TAHOE.

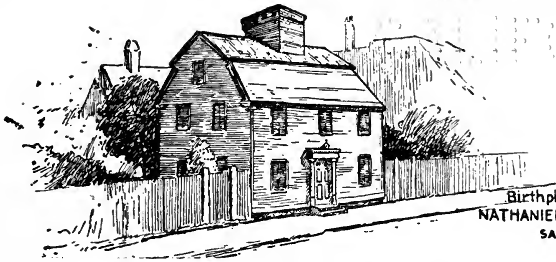
Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grown without his books.
— Cowper.

DAVID NEAL.

WATT DISCOVERING THE POWER OF STEAM.

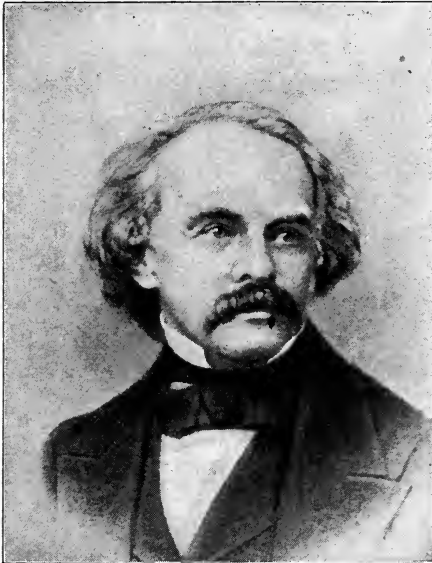
"How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!"

(THE SONG OF STEAM, p. 125.)



A FIFTH READER

I. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE knew how to write stories, and he wrote a great many of them, both for children and for grown people. While he was tall, broad, and strong, he was at the same time very gentle and modest in demeanor; and he was a man of rare learning.

When Nathaniel was a mere lad his father died, and his mother moved with her little family to a farm in the midst of the woods of Maine. There, for sometime, they lived almost alone. As a boy, Nathaniel had few companions; so he made friends of

books, of animals, of the trees, and of the brooks. He would go out alone in the woods in the daytime, fishing and shooting, and at night, in the winter, he would go skating all alone upon the quiet ponds, sometimes staying until past midnight, and then would go into a log hut, kindle a great fire in the wide chimney, and spend the night alone.

Even here he began to write tales, and showed some of that wonderful skill which made him one of the greatest of American writers. After a few years he went to college, and, although from this time he lived among others, he never lost his shyness or his love for books. He always loved the woods and the brooks and little children. In college he had for friends men who, like himself, were destined to be great. One was Longfellow, the poet, who even then had begun to write verses. Another was Franklin Pierce, who was afterwards President of the United States.

Before leaving college, Mr. Hawthorne decided to be a writer. In one of his letters he said, "I do n't want to be a doctor to live by men's diseases, nor a minister to live by their sins, nor a lawyer to live by their quarrels; so I do n't think there is anything left for me but to be an author."

It was a long time before people realized the beauty of Hawthorne's writings, but at last they did, and before he died he became very famous. He continued to take his longest walks at night, when he could be alone. If there was a fire at night, he would go to it, because then he could see the crowds without himself being noticed.

Mr. Hawthorne wrote tales on many subjects: he wrote about the Puritans, those brave, strong people who came to New England that they might worship God as they chose; he rewrote many of the tales which ancient poets of Greece

and Rome had written in their own languages about gods and giants and heroes, and the wonderful things which were done by them. The tale which follows is among these.

II. THE PYGMIES.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth-born Giant named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earth-born people, who were called Pygmies. This Giant and these Pygmies being children of the same mother (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth), were all brethren and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off in the middle of hot Africa. The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the Giant, being of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safest to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a prodigiously tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide, paved with the smallest pebbles, and bordered by habitations about as big as a squirrel's cage. The king's palace attained to the stupendous[1] magnitude[2] of Periwinkle's baby-house, and stood in the center of a spacious square, which could hardly have been covered by our hearth-rug. Their principal

[1] **stu-pen′dous**, very great. [2] **mag′ni-tude**, size.

temple, or cathedral, was as lofty as yonder bureau, and was looked upon as a wonderfully sublime and magnificent edifice. All these structures were built neither of stone nor wood. They were neatly plastered together by the Pygmy workmen, pretty much like birds' nests, out of straw, feathers, eggshells, and other small bits of stuff, with stiff clay instead of mortar; and when the hot sun had dried them, they were just as snug and comfortable as a Pygmy could desire.

The country round about was conveniently laid out in fields, the largest of which was nearly of the same extent as one of Sweet Fern's flower beds. Here the Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kinds of grain, which, when it grew up and ripened, overshadowed these tiny people as the pines, and the oaks, and the walnut and chestnut trees overshadow you and me when we walk in our own tracts of woodland. At harvest time, they were forced to go with their little axes and cut down the grain, exactly as a woodcutter makes a clearing in the forest; and when a stalk of wheat, with its overburdened top, chanced to come crashing down upon an unfortunate Pygmy, it was very apt to be a very sad affair. If it did not smash him all to pieces, at least, I am sure it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache. And, oh, my stars! if the fathers and mothers were so small, what must the children and babies have been? A whole family of them might have been put to bed in a shoe, or have crept into an old glove and played at hide-and-seek in its thumb and fingers. You might have hidden a year-old baby under a thimble.

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a Giant for their neighbor and brother, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine tree, which was eight feet through the butt,

for a walking stick. It took a far-sighted Pygmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his legs, which seemed to be striding about by themselves. But at noonday, in a clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, the Giant Antæus presented a very grand spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cart wheel, and placed right in the center of his forehead) giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antæus; and fifty times a day one or another of them would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists, "Halloo, brother Antæus! How are you, my good fellow?" And when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the Giant would make answer, "Pretty well, Brother Pygmy, I thank you," in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft.

It was a happy circumstance that Antæus was the Pygmy people's friend, for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten million of such bodies as theirs. If he had been as ill-natured to them as he was to everybody else, he might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick, and hardly have known that he did it. With the tornado of his breath, he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings, and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot upon a multitude, and when he took it up again there would have been a pitiful sight, to be sure. But, being the son of

Mother Earth, as they likewise were, the Giant gave them his brotherly kindness, and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small.

And, on their part, the Pygmies loved Antæus with as much affection as their tiny hearts could hold. He was always ready to do them any good offices that lay in his power; as, for example, when they wanted a breeze to turn their windmills, the Giant would set all the sails a-going with the mere natural respiration [1] of his lungs. When the sun was too hot, he often sat himself down and let his shadow fall over the kingdom from one frontier [2] to the other; and as for matters in general, he was wise enough to let them alone, and leave the Pygmies to manage their own affairs, — which, after all, is about the best thing that great people can do for little ones.

In short, as I said before, Antæus loved the Pygmies and the Pygmies loved Antæus. The Giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the lifetime of a Pygmy was but a span, this friendly intercourse had been going on for innumerable generations and ages. It was written about in the Pygmy histories, and talked about in their ancient traditions. The most venerable and white-bearded Pygmy had never heard of a time, even in his greatest of grandfather's days, when the Giant was not their enormous friend. Once, to be sure (as was recorded on an obelisk,[3] three feet high, erected on the place of the catastrophe [4]), Antæus sat down upon about five thousand Pygmies who were assembled at a military review. But this was one of those unlucky accidents for which nobody is to blame; so that the small folks never took it to heart, and only requested the

[1] **res-pi-ra'tion,** breathing.
[2] **fron'tier,** border.
[3] **ob'e-lisk,** a tapering monument.
[4] **ca-tas'tro-phe,** disaster.

Giant to be careful forever afterwards to examine the acre of ground where he intended to squat himself.

It is a very pleasant picture to imagine Antæus standing among the Pygmies, like the spire of the tallest cathedral that ever was built, while they ran about like ants at his feet; and to think that, in spite of their difference in size, there were affection and sympathy between them and him. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Giant needed the little people more than the Pygmies needed the Giant. For, unless they had been his neighbors and well-wishers, and, as we may say, his playfellows, Antæus would not have had a single friend in the world.

No other being like himself had ever been created. No creature of his own size had ever talked with him, in thunder-like accents, face to face. When he stood with his head among the clouds, he was quite alone, and had been so for hundreds of years, and would be so forever. Even if he had met another giant, Antæus would have fancied the world not big enough for two such vast personages, and, instead of being friends with him, would have fought him till one of the two was killed. But with the Pygmies he was the most sportive, and humorous, and merry-hearted, and sweet-tempered old Giant that ever washed his face in a wet cloud.

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronizing[1] air towards the Giant.

"Poor creature!" they said to one another. "He has a very dull time of it, all by himself, and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and, for that

[1] **pat′ron-i-zing,** like a superior.

reason, he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might have been Giants, too!"

On all their holidays, the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antæus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill; and it was a good hour's walk, no doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the Giant. He would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it, and straddle from finger to finger. So fearless were they that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments. When his head lay sidewise on the earth, they would march boldly up and peep into the great cavern of his mouth, and take it all as a joke (as, indeed, it was meant) when Antæus gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as if he were going to swallow fifty of them at once.

You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair, or swinging from his beard. It is impossible to tell half of the funny tricks that they played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that anything was more curious than when a party of boys were seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first round the circle of his one great eye. It was another favorite feat with them to march along the bridge of his nose and jump down upon his upper lip.

If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the Giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially as they had a fondness for mischief, and liked to prick his skin with their little swords and lances, to see how thick and tough it was. But Antæus took it all kindly enough;

although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a peevish word or two, like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense. A great deal oftener, however, he watched their merriment and gambols until his huge, heavy, clumsy wits were completely stirred up by them; and then would he roar out such a tremendous volume of immeasurable laughter that the whole nation of Pygmies had to put their hands to their ears, else it would certainly have deafened them.

"Ho! ho! ho!" quoth the Giant, shaking his mountainous sides. "What a funny thing it is to be little! If I were not Antæus, I should like to be a Pygmy, just for the joke's sake."

CHAPTER II.

THE Pygmies had but one thing to trouble them in the world. They were constantly at war with the cranes, and had always been so ever since the long-lived Giant could remember. From time to time very terrible battles had been fought, in which sometimes the little men won the victory, and sometimes the cranes. According to some historians, the Pygmies used to go to the battle mounted on the backs of goats and rams; but such animals as these must have been far too big for Pygmies to ride upon, so that I rather suppose they rode on squirrel-back, or rabbit-back, or rat-back, or perhaps got upon hedgehogs, whose prickly quills would be very terrible to the enemy. However this might be, and whatever creatures the Pygmies rode upon, I do not doubt that they made a formidable appearance, armed with sword and spear, and bow and arrow, blowing their tiny trumpets, and shouting their little war cry. They never failed to exhort one another to fight bravely, and recollect

that the world had its eyes upon them; although, in simple truth, the only spectator was the Giant Antæus, with his one great stupid eye in the middle of his forehead.

When the two armies joined battle, the cranes would rush forward, flapping their wings and stretching out their necks, and would perhaps snatch up some of the Pygmies crosswise in their beaks. Whenever this happened, it was truly an awful spectacle to see those little men of might kicking and sprawling in the air, and at last disappearing down the crane's long, crooked throat, swallowed up alive. A hero, you know, must hold himself in readiness for any kind of fate, and doubtless the glory of the thing was a consolation to him, even in the crane's gizzard.

If Antæus observed that the battle was going hard against his little allies, he generally stopped laughing, and ran with mile-long strides to their assistance, flourishing his club aloft and shouting at the cranes, who quacked, and croaked, and retreated as fast as they could. Then the Pygmy army would march homeward in triumph, attributing the victory entirely to their own valor and to the warlike skill and strategy of whomsoever happened to be captain general; and for a tedious while afterwards nothing would be heard of but grand processions, and public banquets, and brilliant illuminations, and shows of waxwork, with likenesses of the distinguished officers as small as life.

In the above-described warfare, if a Pygmy chanced to pluck out a crane's tail-feather, it proved a very great feather in his cap. Once or twice, if you will believe me, a little man was made chief ruler of the nation for no other merit in the world than bringing home such a feather.

But I have now said enough to let you see what a gallant little people those were, and how happily they and their

forefathers, for nobody knows how many generations,[1] had lived with the immeasurable[2] Giant Antæus. In the remaining part of the story I shall tell you of a far more astonishing battle than any that was fought between the Pygmies and the cranes.

One day the mighty Antæus was lolling at full length among his little friends. His pine-tree walking-stick lay on the ground close by his side. His head was in one part of the kingdom, and his feet extended across the boundaries of another part; and he was taking whatever comfort he could get, while the Pygmies scrambled over him, and peeped into his cavernous mouth, and played among his hair.

Sometimes, for a minute or two, the Giant dropped asleep, and snored like the rush of a whirlwind. During one of these little bits of slumber, a Pygmy chanced to climb upon his shoulder and took a view around the horizon as from the summit of a hill; and he beheld something a long way off which made him rub the bright specks of his eyes and look sharper than before. At first he mistook it for a mountain, and wondered how it had grown up so suddenly out of the earth. But soon he saw the mountain move. As it came nearer and nearer, what should it turn out to be but a human shape, not so big as Antæus, it is true, although a very enormous figure in comparison with Pygmies, and a vast deal bigger than the men whom we see nowadays.

When the Pygmy was quite satisfied that his eyes had not deceived him, he scampered as fast as his legs would carry him to the Giant's ear, and stooping over its cavity, shouted lustily into it, — "Halloo, Brother Antæus! Get up this

[1] **gen-er-a′-tion**, the average lifetime of man.

[2] **im-meas′-ur-a-ble**, too large to be measured.

minute, and take your pine-tree walking-stick in your hand! Here comes another Giant to have a tussle with you!"

"Poh, poh!" grumbled Antæus, only half awake. "None of your nonsense, my little fellow! Don't you see I'm sleepy? There is not a Giant on earth for whom I would take the trouble to get up."

But the Pygmy looked again, and now perceived that the stranger was coming directly towards the prostrate form of Antæus. With every step he looked less like a blue mountain, and more like an immensely large man. He was soon so nigh that there could be no possible mistake about the matter. There he was, with the sun flaming on his golden helmet and flashing from his polished breastplate; he had a sword by his side, and a lion's skin over his back, and on his right shoulder he carried a club which looked bulkier and heavier than the pine-tree walking-stick of Antæus.

By this time the whole nation of Pygmies had seen the new wonder, and a million of them set up a shout, all together, so that it really made quite an audible squeak.

"Get up, Antæus! Bestir yourself, you lazy old Giant! Here comes another tremendous Giant to fight with you!"

"Nonsense, nonsense!" growled the sleepy Giant. "I'll have my nap out, come who may."

Still the stranger drew nearer; and now the Pygmies could plainly discern that, if his stature were less lofty than the Giant's, yet his shoulders were even broader. And, in truth, what a pair of shoulders they must have been! As I told you a long while ago, they once upheld the sky. The Pygmies, being ten times as vivacious[1] as their great numskull of a brother, could not abide the Giant's slow movements, and were determined to have him on his feet. So

[1] **vi-va′cious,** lively.

they kept shouting to him, and even went so far as to prick him with their swords.

"Get up, get up, get up!" they cried. "Up with you, lazy bones! The strange Giant's club is bigger than your own, his shoulders are the broadest, and we think him the stronger of the two."

Antæus could not endure to have it said that any mortal was half so mighty as himself. This latter remark of the Pygmies pricked him deeper than their swords; and, sitting up in rather a sulky humor, he gave a gape of several yards wide, rubbed his eye, and finally turned his stupid head in the direction whither his little friends were eagerly pointing.

No sooner did he set eye on the stranger than, leaping on his feet and seizing his walking-stick, he strode a mile or two to meet him, all the while brandishing the sturdy pine tree so that it whistled through the air.

"Who are you?" thundered the Giant. "And what do you want in my dominions?"

There was one strange thing about Antæus of which I have not yet told you, lest, hearing of so many wonders all in a lump, you might not believe much more than half of them. You are to know, then, that whenever this redoubtable[1] Giant touched the ground, either with his hand, his foot, or any other part of his body, he grew stronger than ever he had been before.

The Earth, you remember, was his mother, and was very fond of him, as being almost the biggest of her children; and so she took this method of keeping him always in full vigor. Some persons affirm that he grew ten times stronger at every touch; others say that it was only twice

[1] **re-doubt'a-ble**, valiant; terrible.

as strong. But only think of it! Whenever Antæus took a walk, supposing it were but ten miles, and that he stepped a hundred yards at a stride, you may try to cipher out how much mightier he was, on sitting down again, than when he first started. And whenever he flung himself on the earth to take a little repose, even if he got up the very next instant, he would be as strong as exactly ten just such Giants as his former self.

It was well for the world that Antæus happened to be of a sluggish disposition, and liked ease better than exercise; for if he had frisked about like the Pygmies, and touched the earth as often as they did, he would long ago have been strong enough to pull down the sky about people's ears. But these great lubberly fellows resemble mountains not only in bulk, but in their disinclination to move.

Any other mortal man, except the very one whom Antæus had now encountered, would have been half frightened to death by the Giant's ferocious aspect and terrible voice. But the stranger did not seem at all disturbed. He carelessly lifted his club and balanced it in his hand, measuring Antæus with his eye from head to foot, not as if wonder-smitten at his stature, but as if he had seen a great many Giants before, and this was by no means the biggest of them. In fact, if the Giant had been no bigger than the Pygmies (who stood pricking up their ears and looking and listening to what was going forward), the stranger could not have been less afraid of him.

"Who are you, I say?" roared Antæus again. "What's your name? Why do you come hither? Speak, you vagabond, or I'll try the thickness of your skull with my walking-stick!"

"You are a very discourteous Giant," answered the stranger, quietly, "and I shall probably have to teach you a little civility before we part. As for my name, it is Hercules. I have come hither because this is my most convenient road to the Garden of the Hesperides, whither I am going to get three of the golden apples for King Eurystheus."

"Caitiff![1] you shall go no farther!" bellowed Antæus, putting on a grimmer look than before; for he had heard of the mighty Hercules, and hated him because he was said to be so strong. "Neither shall you go back whence you came."

"How will you prevent me," asked Hercules, "from going whither I please?"

"By hitting you a rap with this pine tree here," shouted Antæus, scowling so that he made himself the ugliest monster in Africa. "I am fifty times stronger than you; and, now that I stamp my foot upon the ground, I am five hundred times stronger. I am ashamed to kill such a puny little dwarf as you seem to be. I will make a slave of you, and you shall likewise be the slave of my brethren here, the Pygmies. So throw down your club and your other weapons; and as for that lion's skin, I intend to have a pair of gloves made of it."

"Come and take it off my shoulders, then," answered Hercules, lifting his club.

Then the Giant, grinning with rage, strode tower-like towards the stranger (ten times strengthened at every step), and fetched a monstrous blow at him with his pine tree, which Hercules caught upon his club; and being more skillful than Antæus, he paid him back such a rap upon the sconce[2] that down tumbled the great lumbering man-mountain flat

[1] **cai'tiff**, a mean, wicked person. [2] **sconce**, the head.

upon the ground. The poor little Pygmies (who really never dreamed that anybody in the world was half so strong as their brother Antæus) were a good deal dismayed at this. But no sooner was the Giant down than up he bounced again, with tenfold might, and such a furious visage[1] as was horrible to behold. He aimed another blow at Hercules, but struck awry, being blinded with wrath, and only hit his poor innocent Mother Earth, who groaned and trembled at the stroke. His pine tree went so deep into the ground, and stuck there so fast, that, before Antæus could get it out, Hercules brought down his club across his shoulders with a mighty thwack, which made the Giant roar as if all sorts of intolerable[2] noises had come screeching and rumbling out of his immeasurable lungs in that one cry. Away it went, over mountains and valleys, and, for aught I know, was heard on the other side of the African deserts.

As for the Pygmies, their capital city was laid in ruins by the concussion[3] and vibration[4] of the air; and though there was uproar enough without their help, they all set up a shriek out of three millions of little throats, fancying, no doubt, that they swelled the Giant's bellow by at least ten times as much. Meanwhile, Antæus had scrambled upon his feet again, and pulled his pine tree out of the earth; and, all aflame with fury, and more outrageously strong than ever, he ran at Hercules and brought down another blow.

"This time, rascal," shouted he, "you shall not escape me!"

But once more Hercules warded off the stroke with his club, and the Giant's pine tree was shattered into a thousand splinters, most of which flew among the Pygmies and

[1] **vis'age**, looks.
[2] **in-tol'er-a-ble**, more than can be borne.
[3] **con-cus'sion**, blow.
[4] **vi-bra'tion**, shaking; disturbance.

did them more mischief than I like to think about. Before Antæus could get out of the way, Hercules let drive again, and gave him another knock-down blow, which sent him heels over head, but served only to increase his already enormous and insufferable strength. As for his rage, there is no telling what a fiery furnace it had now got to be. His one eye was nothing but a circle of red flame. Having now no weapons but his fists, he doubled them up (each bigger than a hogshead), smote one against the other, and danced up and down with absolute frenzy,[1] flourishing his immense arms about as if he meant not merely to kill Hercules, but to smash the whole world to pieces.

"Come on!" roared this thundering Giant. "Let me hit you but one box on the ear, and you'll never have the headache again."

Now Hercules (though strong enough, as you already know, to hold the sky up) began to be sensible that he should never win the victory if he kept on knocking Antæus down; for by and by, if he hit him such hard blows, the Giant would inevitably,[2] by the help of his Mother Earth, become stronger than the mighty Hercules himself. So, throwing down his club, with which he had fought so many dreadful battles, the hero stood ready to receive his antagonist with naked arms.

"Step forward!" cried he. "Since I've broken your pine tree, we'll try which is the better man at a wrestling-match."

"Aha! then I'll soon satisfy you," shouted the Giant; for if there was one thing on which he prided himself more than another it was his skill in wrestling. "Villain, I'll fling you where you can never pick yourself up again!"

[1] **fren′zy**, madness. [2] **in-ev′i-ta-bly**, surely.

On came Antæus, hopping and capering with the scorching heat of his rage, and getting new vigor wherewith to wreak his passion every time he hopped. But Hercules, you must understand, was wiser than this numskull of a Giant, and had thought of a way to fight him, — huge earth-born monster that he was, — and to conquer him too, in spite of all that his Mother Earth could do for him. Watching his opportunity as the mad Giant made a rush at him, Hercules caught him round the middle with both hands, lifted him high into the air, and held him aloft overhead.

Just imagine it, my dear little friends! What a spectacle it must have been to see this monstrous fellow sprawling in the air, face downward, kicking out his long legs and wriggling his whole vast body, like a baby when its father holds it at arm's length towards the ceiling!

But the most wonderful thing was, that, as soon as Antæus was fairly off the earth, he began to lose the vigor which he had gained by touching it. Hercules very soon perceived that his troublesome enemy was growing weaker, both because he struggled and kicked with less violence, and because the thunder of his big voice subsided[1] into a grumble. The truth was, that, unless the Giant touched Mother Earth as often as once in five minutes, not only his overgrown strength but the very breath of his life would depart from him. Hercules had guessed this secret; and it may be well for us all to remember it, in case we should ever have to fight a battle with a fellow like Antæus. For these earth-born creatures are only difficult to conquer on their own ground, but may easily be managed if we can contrive to lift them into a loftier and purer region. So it proved with the poor Giant, whom I am really a little sorry

[1] **sub-si'ded**, grew quiet.

for, notwithstanding his uncivil way of treating strangers who came to visit him.

When his strength and breath were quite gone, Hercules gave his huge body a toss, and flung it about a mile off, where it fell heavily and lay with no more motion than a sandhill. It was too late for the Giant's Mother Earth to help him now; and I should not wonder if his ponderous bones were lying on the same spot to this very day, and were mistaken for those of an uncommonly large elephant.

CHAPTER III.

BUT, alas me! what a wailing did the poor little Pygmies set up when they saw their enormous brother treated in this terrible manner! If Hercules heard their shrieks, however, he took no notice, and perhaps fancied them only the shrill, plaintive twittering of small birds that had been frightened from their nests by the uproar of the battle between himself and Antæus. Indeed, his thoughts had been so much taken up with the Giant that he had never once looked at the Pygmies, nor even knew that there was such a funny little nation in the world. And now, as he had traveled a good way, and was also rather weary with his exertions in the fight, he spread out his lion's skin on the ground, and reclining himself upon it, fell fast asleep.

As soon as the Pygmies saw Hercules preparing for a nap, they nodded their little heads at one another, and winked with their little eyes. And when his deep, regular breathing gave them notice that he was asleep, they assembled together in an immense crowd, spreading over a space of about twenty-seven feet square. One of their most eloquent orators (and a valiant warrior enough besides, though hardly

so good at any other weapon as he was with his tongue) climbed upon a toadstool, and from that elevated position addressed the multitude. His sentiments were pretty much as follows; or, at all events, something like this was probably the upshot of his speech: —

"Tall Pygmies and mighty little men: You and all of us have seen what a public calamity has been brought to pass, and what an insult has here been offered to the majesty of our nation. Yonder lies Antæus, our great friend and brother, slain within our territory by a miscreant[1] who took him at a disadvantage, and fought him (if fighting it can be called) in a way that neither man nor Giant nor Pygmy ever dreamed of fighting until this hour. And, adding a grievous contumely[2] to the wrong already done us, the miscreant has now fallen asleep as quietly as if nothing were to be dreaded from our wrath! It behooves you, fellow countrymen, to consider in what aspect we shall stand before the world, and what will be the verdict[3] of impartial history, should we suffer these accumulated[4] outrages to go unavenged.

"Antæus was our brother, born of that same beloved parent to whom we owe the thews and sinews, as well as the courageous hearts, which made him proud of our relationship. He was our faithful ally, and fell fighting as much for our national rights and immunities as for his own personal ones. We and our forefathers have dwelt in friendship with him, and held affectionate intercourse, as man to man, through immemorial generations. You remember how often our entire people have reposed in his great shadow, and how our little ones have played at hide-and-seek in the

[1] **mis'creant**, wrong doer.
[2] **con'tu-me-ly**, insult.
[3] **ver'dict**, decision.
[4] **ac-cu'mu-la-ted**, piled up.

tangles of his hair, and how his mighty footsteps have familiarly gone to and fro among us and never trodden upon any of our toes. And there lies this dear brother, this sweet and amiable friend, this brave and faithful ally, this virtuous Giant, this blameless and excellent Antæus, — dead! Dead! Silent! Powerless! A mere mountain of clay! Forgive my tears! Nay, I behold your own! Were we to drown the world with them, could the world blame us?

"But to resume: Shall we, my countrymen, suffer this wicked stranger to depart unharmed, and triumph in his treacherous victory among distant communities of the earth? Shall we not rather compel him to leave his bones here on our soil, by the side of our slain brother's bones, so that, while one skeleton shall remain as the everlasting monument of our sorrow, the other shall endure as long, exhibiting to the whole human race a terrible example of Pygmy vengeance? Such is the question. I put it to you in full confidence of a response that shall be worthy of our national character and calculated to increase, rather than diminish, the glory which our ancestors have transmitted to us, and which we ourselves have proudly vindicated in our warfare with the cranes."

The orator was here interrupted by a burst of irrepressible[1] enthusiasm, — every individual Pygmy crying out that the national honor must be preserved at all hazards. He bowed, and making a gesture for silence, wound up his harangue[2] in the following admirable manner: —

"It only remains for us, then, to decide whether we shall carry on the war in our national capacity, — one united people against a common enemy, — or whether some

[1] **ir-re-press′i-ble**, that cannot be controlled. [2] **ha-rangue′**, speech.

champion famous in former fights shall be selected to defy the slayer of our brother Antæus to single combat. In the latter case, though not unconscious that there may be taller men among you, I hereby offer myself for that enviable duty. And believe me, dear countrymen, whether I live or die, the honor of this great country and the fame bequeathed[1] us by our heroic progenitors[2] shall suffer no diminution[3] in my hands, — never, while I can wield this sword, of which I now fling away the scabbard; never, never, never, — even if the crimson hand that slew the great Antæus shall lay me prostrate, like him, on the soil which I give my life to defend!"

So saying, this valiant Pygmy drew out his weapon (which was terrible to behold, being as long as the blade of a penknife), and sent the scabbard whirling over the heads of the multitude. His speech was followed by an uproar of applause, as its patriotism and self-devotion unquestionably deserved; and the shouts and clapping of hands would have been greatly prolonged had they not been rendered quite inaudible[4] by a deep respiration, vulgarly called a snore, from the sleeping Hercules.

It was finally decided that the whole nation of Pygmies should set to work to destroy Hercules; not, be it understood, from any doubt that a single champion would be capable of putting him to the sword, but because he was a public enemy, and all were desirous of sharing in the glory of his defeat. There was a debate whether the national honor did not demand that a herald should be sent with a

[1] **be-queathed'**, left by will.

[2] **pro-gen'i-tors**, forefathers; that is, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, etc.

[3] **dim-i-nu'tion**, falling off.

[4] **in-au'di-ble**, that cannot be heard.

trumpet, to stand over the ear of Hercules, and, after blowing a blast right into it, to defy him to the combat by formal proclamation. But two or three venerable[1] and sagacious[2] Pygmies, well versed in state affairs, gave it as their opinion that war already existed, and that it was their rightful privilege to take the enemy by surprise. Moreover, if awakened, and allowed to get upon his feet, Hercules might happen to do them a mischief before he could be beaten down again. For, as these sage counselors remarked, the stranger's club was really very big, and had rattled like a thunderbolt against the skull of Antæus. So the Pygmies resolved to set aside all foolish punctilios,[3] and assail their antagonist at once.

Accordingly, all the fighting men of the nation took their weapons and went boldly up to Hercules, who still lay fast asleep, little dreaming of the harm which the Pygmies meant to do him. A body of twenty thousand archers marched in front, with their little bows all ready, and the arrows on the string. The same number were ordered to clamber upon Hercules, — some with spades to dig his eyes out, and others with bundles of hay and all manner of rubbish with which they intended to plug up his mouth and nostrils so that he might perish for lack of breath. These last, however, could by no means perform their appointed duty, inasmuch as the enemy's breath rushed out of his nose in an obstreperous[4] hurricane and whirlwind, which blew the Pygmies away as fast as they came nigh. It was found necessary, therefore, to hit upon some other method of carrying on the war.

[1] **ven′er-a-ble,** worthy of respect because of age.
[2] **sa-ga′cious,** wise; shrewd.
[3] **punc-til′ios,** fine points about rules of conduct.
[4] **ob-strep′er-ous,** troublesome.

After holding a council the captains ordered their troops to collect sticks, straws, dry weeds, and whatever combustible stuff they could find, and make a pile of it, heaping it high around the head of Hercules. As a great many thousand Pygmies were employed in this task, they soon brought together several bushels of inflammatory matter, and raised so tall a heap that, mounting on its summit, they were quite upon a level with the sleeper's face. The archers, meanwhile, were stationed within bowshot, with orders to let fly at Hercules the instant that he stirred. Everything being in readiness, a torch was applied to the pile, which immediately burst into flames, and soon waxed hot enough to roast the enemy, had he but chosen to lie still. A Pygmy, you know, though so very small, might set the world on fire just as easily as a Giant could, so that this was certainly the very best way of dealing with their foe, provided they could have kept him quiet while the conflagration was going forward.

But no sooner did Hercules begin to be scorched than up he started, with his hair in a red blaze.

"What 's all this?" he cried, bewildered with sleep, and staring about him as if he expected to see another Giant.

At that moment the twenty thousand archers twanged their bowstrings, and the arrows came whizzing like so many winged mosquitoes right into the face of Hercules. But I doubt whether more than half a dozen of them punctured the skin, which was remarkably tough, as you know the skin of a hero has good need to be.

"Villain!" shouted all the Pygmies at once, "you have killed the Giant Antæus, our great brother, and the ally of our nation. We declare bloody war against you and will slay you on the spot."

Surprised at the shrill piping of so many little voices, Hercules, after putting out the conflagration[1] of his hair, gazed all round about, but could see nothing. At last, however, looking narrowly on the ground, he espied the innumerable assemblage of Pygmies at his feet. He stooped down, and taking up the nearest one between his thumb and finger, set him on the palm of his left hand and held him at a proper distance for examination. It chanced to be the very identical Pygmy who had spoken from the top of the toadstool and had offered himself as a champion to meet Hercules in single combat.

"What in the world, my little fellow," ejaculated[2] Hercules, "may you be?"

"I am your enemy," answered the valiant Pygmy, in his mightiest squeak. "You have slain the enormous Antæus, our brother by the mother's side, and for ages the faithful ally of our illustrious nation. We are determined to put you to death, and for my own part I challenge you to instant battle, on equal ground."

[1] **con-fla-gra′tion**, fire. [2] **e-jac′u-la-ted**, cried out.

Hercules was so tickled with the Pygmy's big words and warlike gestures that he burst into a great explosion of laughter, and almost dropped the poor little mite of a creature off the palm of his hand through the ecstasy [1] and convulsion [2] of his merriment.

"Upon my word," cried he, "I thought I had seen wonders before to-day, — hydras with nine heads, stags with golden horns, six-legged men, three-headed dogs, giants with furnaces in their stomachs,[3] — and nobody knows what besides. But here, on the palm of my hand, stands a wonder that outdoes them all. Your body, my little friend, is about the size of an ordinary man's finger. Pray, how big may your soul be?"

"As big as your own," said the Pygmy.

Hercules was touched with the little man's dauntless courage, and could not help acknowledging such a brotherhood with him as one hero feels for another.

"My good little people," said he, making a low obeisance [4] to the grand nation, "not for all the world would I do an intentional injury to such brave fellows as you. Your hearts seem to me so exceedingly great that, upon my honor, I marvel how your small bodies can contain them. I sue for peace, and, as a condition of it, will take five strides and be out of your kingdom at the sixth. Good-by. I shall pick my steps carefully, for fear of treading upon some fifty of you without knowing it. Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! For once Hercules acknowledges himself vanquished!"

Some writers say that Hercules gathered up the whole race of Pygmies in his lion's skin and carried them home to

[1] **ec'sta-sy**, great joy. [2] **con-vul'sion**, spasm.

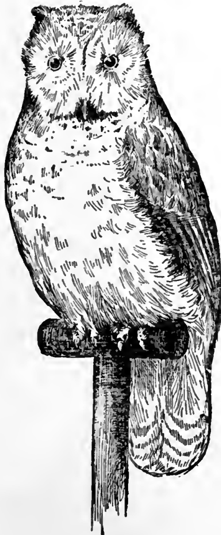
[3] **Hercules**, according to the ancient stories, overcame many monsters such as those mentioned here. [4] **o-bei'sance**, low bow.

Greece for the children of King Eurystheus to play with. But this is a mistake. He left them, one and all, within their own territory; where, for aught I can tell, their descendants are alive to the present day, building their little houses, cultivating their little fields, spanking their little children, waging their little warfare with the cranes, doing their little business, whatever it may be, and reading their little histories of ancient times. In those histories, perhaps, it stands recorded that a great many centuries ago the valiant Pygmies avenged the death of the Giant Antæus by scaring away the mighty Hercules.

From "The Wonder Book."

III. THE OWL CRITIC.

By James T. Fields.



"WHO stuffed that white owl?"
No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he could n't
stop;
The customers, waiting their turns,
were all reading,
The "Daily," the "Herald," the "Post,"
little heeding
The young man who blurted out such
a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made
a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous[1] each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is, —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 't is?
I make no apology,
I've learned owl-eology,
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections[2]
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in the world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'T is against all bird laws.

[1] **pre-pos'ter-ous**, absurd. [2] **de-flec'tions**, changes; turnings.

Anatomy[1] teaches,
Ornithology[2] preaches,
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I 've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I 'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture[3] absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him do n't half know his business."
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes!
I 'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists[4] should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They 'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs[5] laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down!
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark

[1] **a-nat'o-my**, the structure of the body.
[2] **or-ni-thol'o-gy**, the study of birds.
[3] **pos'ture**, position.
[4] **tax'i-der-mists**, those who stuff and mount skins of animals.
[5] **John Burroughs**, a distinguished naturalist and writer upon nature.

An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say,
"Your learning's at fault this time, any way;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

IV. JOHN MAYNARD.

By John B. Gough.[1]

JOHN MAYNARD was pilot of the steamer "Ocean Queen," which plied on Lake Erie between Buffalo and Detroit. He was well known as an honest, intelligent man; and now the time came when he was to prove himself as true a hero as ever lived.

One bright midsummer day, as the "Ocean Queen" was steaming towards Buffalo, smoke was seen ascending from

[1] John Bartholomew Gough (1817–1886) was a man who did great good in the world. When quite a young man, he fell a victim to the evil habit of drunkenness; but later he reformed, and for the rest of his life tried to save others who were the victims of the same habit.

below. The captain at once directed the mate, Simpson, to go down and see what caused the smoke. Presently the officer returned, his face pale as ashes, and whispered, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

The terrible tidings quickly spread among the passengers, of whom there were more than a hundred. "The ship is on fire!" they uttered with blanched lips. "The ship is on fire!"

The captain was a cool, self-possessed man. Having called up all hands, he issued quick, sharp orders. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire; but as the steamer carried a large quantity of rosin and tar, the flames spread so quickly that all effort to extinguish them was vain. To add to the horror of the situation, the lake steamers at that time seldom carried boats. The "Ocean Queen" had none.

The passengers rushed to the pilot, and anxiously asked, "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach it?"

"Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of speed."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger *here*. See the smoke bursting out! Go forward, if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew — men, women, and children — crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the wheel.

The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain shouted through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir!"

"Head her southeast, and run her on shore!"

Nearer, and nearer yet she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold out five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp: one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion,[1] and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock.

He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took flight to its God.

Adapted.

V. THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

By James Russell Lowell.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

[1] **stan'chion**, an upright timber which supports the deck.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara [1]
  Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
  And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
  Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
  When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
  "The snow that husheth all,

[1] **Car-ra'ra,** a valuable marble, named from the place where the quarry is situated.

Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

VI. WRITING.

READING and writing are twin arts. Man is supposed to be the only animal possessing a definite[1] and complete[2] language. Originally, man could communicate his thought to his immediate[3] neighbor by means of language, but could not send it to one remote,[4] nor could he transmit[5] it to those who should live after him. So men early devised[6] means for the retention[7] and transmission[8] of their ideas. These means are called symbols. A symbol is a sign which stands for an idea; so that, when one sees a symbol, he knows the thought for which it stands. The earliest symbols of thought were rude pictures, such as savages in nearly all ages and countries have made use of, — pictures describing events. This was a very slow and unsatisfactory way of communicating[9] thought, and so shorter symbols were made. In the first place they were

[1] **def'i-nite**, fixed.
[2] **com-plete'**, full; containing everything necessary.
[3] **im-me'di-ate**, near.
[4] **re-mote'**, far away.
[5] **trans-mit'**, send; give to another.
[6] **de-vised'**, worked out.
[7] **re-ten'tion**, keeping.
[8] **trans-mis'sion**, giving to others.
[9] **com-mu'ni-cat-ing**, making common; imparting to others.

abbreviated[1] pictures, and were called "hieroglyphics." These were inscribed[2] upon stone or clay, and explorers in the far East to-day find whole libraries of books made of clay covered with hieroglyphic characters telling of the battles and victories of kings, and of other important events. Some of you may have seen the obelisk[3] in Central Park, New York, which is covered with such records.

This, too, was a slow and tedious way of recording thought; so, in time, a people living in Phœnicia, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, invented an alphabet, or system of letters, by which words could be represented, and all civilized people have used alphabets ever since in recording their thoughts. But it took many, many hundred years for men to perfect a system which we now use so freely, and of which we sometimes think so little.

VII. READING.

READING is the twin sister of writing. It is the interpretation[4] of symbols, either for ourselves or for others. One who can read looks at a symbol, or a series[5] of symbols, as a page of printing or writing, and understands the thought which the writer intended the symbols to express. Then, if he is reading aloud, he speaks the words which the writer has put down. Hence, there are two elements[6] in good reading: one, understanding the thought that is written; and the other, speaking it plainly. No reader

[1] **ab-bre′vi-at-ed**, shortened; made smaller.
[2] **in-scribed′**, written on.
[3] **ob′e-lisk**, a stone monument such as was made in ancient Egypt.
[4] **in-ter-pre-ta′tion**, making plain.
[5] **se′ries**, row; succession.
[6] **el′e-ments**, parts.

should attempt to read aloud until he himself fully understands what he is reading, and then he should use every effort to make it plain to those who are listening. To do this, it is necessary that he speak as if the thoughts were his own and he were telling them to his hearers. He must be careful to speak loud enough to be heard, and to pronounce all words clearly.

Words are made up of vowels and consonants. Some people speak the consonants plainly, but neglect the vowels. Others speak the vowels plainly, but are careless about the consonants. Vowels are sounds made by the breath, and modified by the shape of the mouth. In sounding them, the breath is allowed to pass out of the mouth freely. The consonants are made by the position of the palate, teeth, tongue, and lips, and in most of them the breath is stopped while passing out. The vowels are *a, e, i, o, u*, and *y*. Pronounce them, and you will see that you can continue to sound them as long as your breath lasts, — all excepting the long sound of *i* and *y*, which is really made up of two sounds.

The consonant elements are: —

Made by lips, — *p, b, w, m ;*

Made by lips and teeth, — *f, v ;*

Made by tongue and teeth, — *th ;*

Made by tongue and hard and soft palate, — *t, d, s, z, r, n, j, k, g, h, l, y, ch, sh, zh.*

So you see that in reading you must be careful of your tongue, palate, teeth, and lips, and of your breath. But you do not need to think of all these unless you find that you do not use one of them properly; then think about that and try to use it properly, until you have corrected the fault. For the art of reading well is a beautiful art, and through it you can give much pleasure to your friends.

VIII. A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.[1]

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.[2]

GIRT round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance[3] lies;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol[4] shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep.

[1] **Bre-genz** (Bra-ghents), a city in Austria-Hungary.

[2] ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825–1864) was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), and wrote poems equal to her father's. "A Legend of Bregenz" is among her best.

[3] **Con'stance**, a lake, famous for its beauty, lying between Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, and Germany.

[4] **Tyr'ol**, a mountainous province in Austria-Hungary.

Mountain and lake and valley
  A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night
  Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
  A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
  And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
  So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
  The memory of the Past.

She spoke no more of Bregenz
  With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
  In a deep mist of years;
Yet, when her master's children
  Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
  Of her own native land;

And when at morn and evening
  She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
  Rose to her lips alone.
And so she dwelt: the valley
  More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents [1]
  Of some great deed seemed near.

[1] **Por'tents**, signs.

One day, out in the meadow,
  With strangers from the town
Some secret plan discussing,
  The men walked up and down.
At eve they all assembled;
  Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
  The board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village
  Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
  Of an accursed land!
The night is growing darker;
  Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
  Bregenz shall be our own!"

The women shrank in terror
  (Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
  Felt death within her heart.
Nothing she heard around her
  (Though shouts rang forth again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
  The pasture and the plain;

Before her eyes one vision,
  And in her heart one cry
That said, "Go forth! save Bregenz,
  And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
  With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
  Were standing in the shed;

She loosed the strong white charger
  That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
  Towards her native land.
Out — out into the darkness —
  Faster, and still more fast; —
The smooth grass flies behind her,
  The chestnut wood is past;

She looks up; clouds are heavy;
  Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them
  Can pass them as they go.
"Faster!" she cries, "oh, faster!"
  Eleven the church bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
  And bring me there in time!"

But louder than bells' ringing,
  Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
  The rushing of the Rhine.
She strives to pierce the blackness
  And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
  That dash above his mane.

LAKE CONSTANCE.

How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam!
And see — in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!
Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz
That tower above the plain.

They reach the gates of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.
Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;

"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (Oh, crown of Fame!),
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

IX. THE KNIGHTS OF OLD.

MORE than a thousand years ago there lived in the part of the world that is now called France a famous king whose name was Charlemagne. This Charlemagne was a very wonderful man. He was strong, brave in battle, noble and generous, and also a very wise ruler. He made one great kingdom out of what was before many petty tribes and states.

King Charlemagne gathered about him many brave, noble knights to grace his court and fight his battles. Fighting was then thought to be the noblest work that man could do, for Charlemagne lived in the Dark Ages, as they were called. His knights, clad in suits of armor, used to go about the country seeking battles with other knights. They usually fought in the name and for the glory of some lady whose favor they expected to win.

You must understand that in those days gunpowder was not known; so battles were fought hand to hand, with swords and spears. The knights, and the horses that they rode, were covered with suits of steel armor to protect them from the blows of the enemy. The men wore metal helmets on their heads, breastplates of steel to protect them in front, and even steel gauntlets to protect their hands and arms. Indeed, there was no part of the body that was not covered with armor.

The knights of King Charlemagne were called "paladins," and though they often fought with the other knights of France, for the ladies or for glory, their chief enemies were the followers of a great conqueror whose name was Mohammed. These were a wild, warlike people who had conquered Jerusalem and the Holy Land, who ruled all the northern part of Africa and had finally come in great numbers into France and Spain. They were known as Saracens. Between them and the paladins of Charlemagne many fierce battles were fought.

Ariosto was a poet who lived in Italy, the land where the Romans once lived. He wrote a book which he called "Orlando Furioso," in which he told many tales of battles which were supposed to have been fought between the paladins and Saracens. Some of these tales have been rewritten in our language, and published in a volume entitled "Paladin and Saracen." I hope many of you will read them. One of these tales is as follows.

X. THE ADVENTURES OF BRADAMANTE.[1]

By Ludovico Ariosto.

CHAPTER I.

MANY were the brave deeds done by the paladins of France, and when I have told you a few of them you will easily believe that so gallant a band of knights never fought under the banner of any prince before or afterwards. And one of the boldest and most skillful warriors in the great Emperor's army was a gentle maiden born of the noblest family of France.

[1] **Brad'a-mante** (Brad'a-mant).

Bradamante was the name of this warlike damsel, and her father was Duke Hammon, of Montalbano, so that she came of the famous house of Clairmont, and was sister to Raynald the Paladin, and cousin to the peerless Roland. But though her valor in arms was such that Charlemagne esteemed her the equal of her fiery brother, yet she was gentle of heart, as befitted a dame of such high degree, and dearly loved a noble young prince of the Saracen army, whom many held to be the bravest knight in all the camp of King Agramant. Roger was the name of this valiant prince, whom his comrades surnamed the Courteous, and he loved the noble Bradamante with all his heart, so that above everything in the world he longed to win her for his bride.

Now, when the battle of the Pyrenees was fairly lost, Bradamante separated herself from the retreating paladins and set out in quest of her lover; for she had perceived that he was not among the knights who fought around the Saracen king, and she feared that some evil chance had befallen him. She asked news of Roger from every one she met, but no one could tell her anything of the Courteous Prince; so she rode on alone through a vast forest and over a lofty mountain, till she came down on the other side of it to a shady valley, at the head of which a spring of clear water bubbled out from a rocky cave and ran down between the green pastures and through the beautiful copses.

By the side of the stream lay a knight, who had tied his horse to a beech tree near the bank; and, as he seemed very sorrowful, Bradamante asked him what was his grief, and whether she could do anything to help him. But he supposed her to be a man like himself, and answered her: "Sir Knight, I am truly the most wretched of men, and much I

fear that no man can avail to help me. For a week ago I was leading my people to fight for the Emperor, and with me was my gentle lady, in whose love is all my happiness, when suddenly there appeared in the air above us a warrior in shining armor, riding upon a winged monster with the head of a griffin and the body of a horse, who seized my lady in his arms and placed her on his own saddle, and, in spite of her tears and shrieks, carried her off through the air as the eagle carries a bleating lamb to his nest. Thereupon I left my soldiers to go on without their leader to battle, and turning my horse's head I followed alone in the direction in which the robber had vanished with my lady.

"Three days I rode over desolate mountains and through dark forests, and on the fourth day I came to a dreary valley, in the midst of which rose a steep crag of bare rock, and on the top of the rock stood a vast castle which dazzled the eyes of all who looked upon it; for its walls and towers were built of shining steel, and not a speck of rust or dirt was to be seen on their shining surface. When I saw this wonderful castle, I thought that here surely was the stronghold of the robber whom I sought, and without delay I essayed to ride up to the gate; but my horse was weary from long journeying, and could not clamber up the steep rock upon which the castle was built. So I was forced to remain in the valley below.

"But while I stood there, not knowing what would become of me, there came by Gradasso, the King of China, and the African Prince Roger, who asked me the meaning of my sorrow and perplexity. And when I had told it to them they clambered to the top of the rock, and, seizing the horn which hung upon the gatepost, challenged the master of the castle to combat. But, alas! though they

were the bravest warriors upon earth, they could not prevail against this villain; for the swoop of the winged monster was swifter than the swoop of the hawk upon his prey, and their sword thrusts were spent upon the empty air, while the blows of their enemy fell true upon their shields and helmets.

"And at last, after he had wearied them awhile with the unequal combat, he stripped off the silken cover from his shield, and at the sight of it they fainted away upon the ground; for that shield is forged of enchanted steel, and whoever beholds its brilliance must fall dazzled and senseless to the earth. I too lost my senses at that terrible sight, and when I came to myself the robber and the knights had disappeared, and I was lying alone upon the ground. Thereupon I lost all my hope, and rode sorrowfully away, and came to this fountain, where I remain in grief and despair; for the robber is so mighty an enchanter that nothing can avail to vanquish him."

Now when Bradamante first heard the name of Roger, her heart was filled with joy; but when she learned how he had fallen into the hands of the enchanter, she turned pale with fear, and knew not what to think of her lover's fate; only she was resolved at once to go and try if she could not deliver him from this peril. So when the knight had finished his woeful story, she said, "Lead me at once, I pray you, Sir Knight, to this castle, for I must try my strength against the enchanter without delay."

And the knight answered that he would gladly show the way, but the enterprise would certainly end in disaster; for no man could hope to stand against the owner of the flying horse and the enchanted shield. Therewith they set out upon their journey; but they had hardly gone a hundred

yards before a messenger came up at full gallop from behind them, and calling Bradamante by name, cried: "Noble lady, hasten to the rescue of your people, for the city of Marseilles and all the county of fair Provence is assailed by the Saracens."

Now Charlemagne had appointed Bradamante governor over all Provence, and when she heard this doleful news she knew not what to do; but at length she decided to go first to the succor of the Prince, and afterwards to hurry on to the rescue of her subjects. So she bade the messenger return and say that she would come to their relief as soon as she had finished a pressing adventure; and with this answer the messenger galloped back by the same way he had come, and left her free to pursue her journey.

But a great change came over the spirit of her companion when he heard the name of Bradamante, and from that moment all gratitude for her generosity forsook him, and he thought only how he might do her mischief. For he came of the false brood of Maganza, which was ever at enmity with the noble house of Clairmont; and of all his traitorous line this Count Pinabel — for so the knight was named — was the basest and the worst. Willingly would he have slain the noble damsel where she stood, but he knew that he could not hope to overcome her; so he meditated how he might do by treachery what he could never accomplish by fair fight. With this intent he led the way, as though he would guide her faithfully to the enchanted castle; and Bradamante pressed on eagerly behind him, for she never suspected that he was one of the enemies of her race, and felt nothing but pity for his misfortune and impatience to deliver her lover.

Thus they rode together down the valley and through a great forest, and came to the foot of a mountain, which they set themselves to cross; but as they were winding up its side, Pinabel turned to his companion and said: "At the top of this mountain there is a deep pit which leads into a dark cave beneath the ground; and when I passed the place two days ago I saw a beautiful damsel sitting at the bottom of the pit, and weeping as though her heart would break for sorrow. And even as I looked, a villainous looking ruffian came out of the cave and rudely dragged her in with him by the wrist, though with sobs and tears she implored him to have mercy on her and release her from her imprisonment."

Now Bradamante was ever ready to help those who needed it, so she answered that it were a shame to pass so near the place without attempting to deliver the damsel, and there was just time enough to accomplish the enterprise before the setting of the sun. So they rode on to the mouth of the pit, where Bradamante drew her sword and lopped off a great bough from an oak that grew hard by, and giving it to Pinabel, said: "Keep firm hold of the end of this pole, and I will lower myself down by it into the pit."

So Pinabel grasped the end of the bough with both hands and lowered it into the pit, while the noble Bradamante sheathed her sword and began scrambling down this shaky ladder without ever trying to find out how nearly it reached the bottom. But she had not gone half way down its length when the false Pinabel suddenly let it slip from his hands, and cried with a diabolical laugh: "Would that all thy hateful race were with thee on this pole, that I might destroy them in an instant." And thereupon he

mounted his horse and rode away rejoicing in the success of his dastardly treason; for I need hardly tell you that his story of the distressed damsel was a sheer invention of his own to lure Bradamante to her destruction; and he little thought that his treachery would be the means of giving her the victory over the enchanter, or that it would lead to his own death.

The pit was very deep, and was bored out of the solid rock; but happily for Bradamante her fall was broken by the great bough to which she clung, and this saved her from being dashed to pieces as Pinabel had expected, though so rude was her fall that she lay stunned for more than an hour upon the rocky floor. But when she recovered her senses she found that in one respect Pinabel had spoken more truly than he knew or intended; for there was really a door in the wall of the pit, which seemed to lead into the bowels of the earth. She passed through it, and found herself in a cavern hollowed out of the hard rock, so vast that it might have served for the den of a race of giants; but the form in which it was built suggested rather the appearance of a solemn cathedral; great columns of the purest alabaster[1] rose from floor to roof, and divided it into nave[2] and aisles, and the whole grotto was lighted by a single lamp of wonderful brightness, which hung before an altar in the distant apse.[3]

While Bradamante gazed in wonder around her, a beautiful lady, clad in robes of purple samite,[4] and with her black hair bound by a chain of golden bees, came from

[1] **al′a-bas-ter,** a beautiful and valuable variety of limestone, used for ornamental structures and articles.

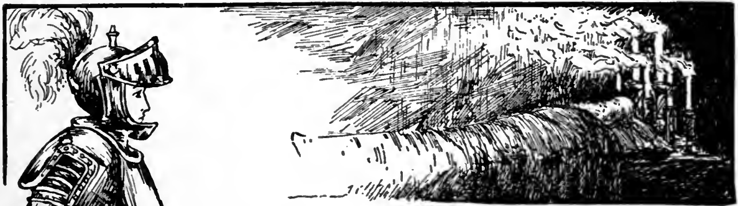
[2] **nave,** the main body of a church.

[3] **apse,** the projection from the end of a church.

[4] **sa′mite** (sā′mit), a peculiarly beautiful silk cloth.

before the altar and said: "Welcome, noble Bradamante, and know that it is no mere chance that brings you hither; for this is the grotto which Merlin the Wise commanded the spirits of the earth to fashion for him, and hither his body was brought when the false Vivien laid him in a trance forever. Now, therefore, his body lies motionless in the tomb which I will show you, but his spirit is alive within him, and prophesies of the future to all who seek his counsel. And when I came many days ago to consult him he told me that you would follow me hither to-day, and bade me stay to show you the high fortunes that await you. Come with me therefore to the tomb, and hear what his voice will say to you, and afterwards I will teach you all things needful for your fame and happiness. For I am the enchantress Melissa, the friend of you and all your house, and Merlin has appointed me to guard your destinies and bring to naught the counsels of your enemies."

With these words Melissa led the astonished Bradamante



to the apse at the end of the grotto, and, opening another door in the wall, disclosed a vaulted chapel, in the center of which stood the sepulcher of Merlin the Wise. The walls of the chapel were lined with transparent marble, which shed a soft rosy light through the place, but the tomb was a great sarcophagus of un-

blemished crystal, and in it the body of the mighty wizard had lain entranced for a hundred years, so that his white beard was grown down to his knees; but the blood had not left his lips, nor the color faded from his cheeks. And there he must lie till the end of the world, for there is no remedy to break the spell which binds him in this trance.

Now as Bradamante entered the door the voice of Merlin issued from the midst of the crystal sepulcher, and said:

"Hail! warrior-maid of Clairmont's line;
A glorious destiny is thine,
And naught avails man's enmity
To balk the Fates of their decree.
The traitor seeks thy life in vain,
Whose treason works his victim's gain;
In vain the enchanter's craft is plied
To tear thee from thy bridegroom's side;
All blissful joy shall crown thy life;
The Fates appoint thee Roger's wife;
Fame and success thy steps betide!
Thus Merlin's soul greets Roger's bride."

Then a great silence fell upon the chapel, and the noble damsel was like to faint for joy; but kind Melissa took her by the hand and led her back into the spacious grotto, where she set food and wine before her, and bade her eat and drink and recover her strength, and afterwards she should hear all that Merlin had commissioned the enchantress to tell her.

As soon as they had refreshed themselves with the supper Melissa said: "First I will show you the likenesses of all the great warriors and wise statesmen and all the gracious ladies that shall descend from your union with Prince Roger; for you have heard from the lips of Merlin that you

are destined to be his bride, and it is fated that you should found one of the mightiest families in the world."

And with these words the enchantress drew a magic circle in the center of the grotto, and inside the circle she traced the lines of a pentacle, in which she bade Bradamante take her stand. I suppose you know what a pentacle is just as well as I do, so I am not going to tell you about it here; for you have only to read your "Ingoldsby Legends"[1] to find out how it is made, and will give yourself the treat of a good hearty fit of laughing into the bargain.

Well, then, Bradamante placed herself within the pentacle, and Melissa took a wand in her right hand and a book of magic in her left, and began reading the spells by which she controlled the spirits to her purpose. And as she read, a great multitude of spirits passed one by one before their eyes, wearing the likeness of Bradamante's future descendants: some were armed from head to foot in shining mail, others wore crowns upon their heads and carried princely scepters in their hands, while some appeared in the guise of smooth-cheeked lads in the slashed doublets and bright parti-colored hose such as you see in old Italian pictures.

Numbers of ladies, too, filed before them: grave matrons with silver hair and slow majestic gait, proud princesses in jeweled coronets and magnificent brocaded gowns, and merry maidens with nut-brown hair and laughing gray eyes, whose sunny smiles seemed to gladden all the grotto. And as the spirits passed by Melissa told Bradamante whom they represented and what would be each one's destiny in the world; and greatly did the noble damsel rejoice to think that she should be the mother of so princely a race.

[1] **Ingoldsby Legends**, a series of satirical stories by Richard Harris Barham.

Three full hours she spent in watching this brilliant procession; but when they were all gone by, the kind enchantress said: "Now we will take our rest for the night, and in the morning I will tell you everything that you must do to deliver Prince Roger out of the enchanted castle, and I will go with you as far as I can upon your journey." So she prepared a bed for Bradamante and another for herself, whereon they both slept soundly till the following sunrise.

CHAPTER II.

AT sunrise the two noble ladies set out upon their journey, which they were forced to perform on foot, for the traitor Pinabel had made off with Bradamante's charger. But even if they had had a horse, he would have been more a hindrance than a help to them, for the path was dark and difficult, and led them into a thickly wooded ravine shut in by almost impassable precipices, so that they had to spend the whole day in scrambling down the face of the cliffs, and crossing the rocky beds of foaming torrents. But Melissa relieved the troubles of the journey by wise and pleasant discourse, and especially she told her companion how she was to set about the deliverance of her lover.

"Everything," she said, "which Pinabel told you about the enchanter is true to the letter; for the castle walls are really of solid steel, and its position is so strong that even though you were as powerful as Charlemagne and King Agramant put together, and had both their armies at your orders, you could never take it by assault. The winged monster, too, upon which the magician rides, is swifter in its flight than an eagle; and besides all this, the bright

shield is so cunningly enchanted that every one who beholds it is struck helpless and swooning to the ground. But though force will not help you, I will tell you how you may defeat your enemy by spells that are stronger than his own.

"There is a magic ring, which, if you wear it on your finger, will keep you unharmed amid all enchantments, while if you put it into your mouth you will immediately become invisible. This precious ring once belonged to the beautiful Princess Angelica, the beloved of Count Roland; but while she was yet in her Indian kingdom it was stolen from her by the rascally thief Brunello, who took it with him into Africa and sold it for a great price to King Agramant. And Agramant is now sending the thief to deliver Prince Roger by its aid; for he values the Courteous Prince above all the other knights in his army. But Roger must owe his deliverance to you alone, and not to such a scoundrel as Brunello; and this is how you must manage it.

"To-night I will leave you at a little inn on the shore of the Bay of Biscay, where you must wait patiently for two days. On the third day Brunello will come to the place; and you will easily recognize him, for he is a hideous dwarf, less than five feet high, with a skin as brown as walnut-juice, and a crop of frizzled black hair on his mis-shapen head; his eyes are swollen and bleared, his nose flat and crooked, and his eyebrows so thick and shaggy that you would think his beard had grown there by mistake. Now you must ask him to be your guide, and tell him that you are burning with eagerness to fight against the enchanter; but say nothing of Prince Roger, or he will certainly give you the slip. And when you come in sight of the castle, turn suddenly upon him and cut off his head with your sword; and do n't pity or spare him, for if he had

received half his deserts he would have swung upon the gallows long ago. In this way you will get possession of the magic ring, and will be proof against all the enchantments of the magician; but if you try any other means of attacking him you will certainly fail, for without the ring nobody can withstand the power of his spells."

Bradamante thanked the kind enchantress for her instructions, which she promised to remember and follow faithfully; and immediately afterwards they found themselves upon the seashore, and close to the little inn at which Melissa was to part from her companion. There everything happened as she had foretold: Bradamante waited for two days without seeing any stranger approach the place, but she bought herself a fine black Spanish jennet which the landlord happened to have for sale in his stables, and amused herself by trying his pace and tilting at the ring in the yard.

On the third morning, the notorious thief Brunello came to the inn and called for breakfast; and Bradamante knew him at once from Melissa's description, and thought, "This must certainly be my scoundrel, for the world could not hold two such monsters at a time." He was dressed in the tight leather jerkin and breeches of a courier, which showed all the hideous deformities of his limbs at their worst, his wicked-looking face was so disgustingly ugly that you could hardly believe him to be a human being; and his bony hands played restlessly about, as if they itched to steal whatever his bleared eyes rested upon.

Bradamante saw with joy that on one of his fingers he wore the magic ring, which was a broad hoop of solid gold, with a turquoise as big and as blue as a hedge sparrow's egg in the center; and she lost no time in coming to speech

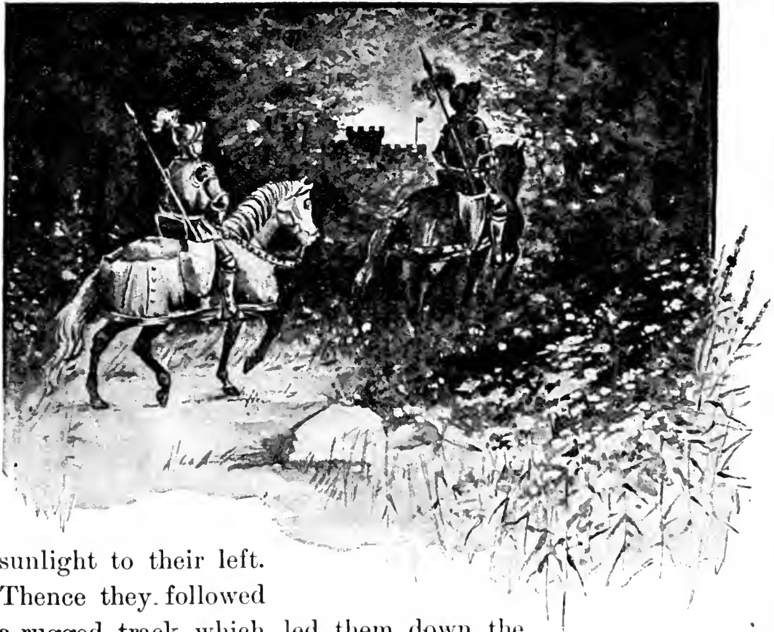
with him, and asking him if he could show her to the castle of steel. "For," she said, "I have heard much of the crimes of the robber who dwells there, and how he afflicts all the land by carrying off noble knights and beautiful ladies to his fortress; and I have vowed not to put off the helmet from my head nor unbuckle the sword from my side till I have come to an encounter with him, and tried to rid the world of such a plague. But the people here dare not show me the way to the castle, and so great is their terror that they pretend not to know where it lies; so that, if you know these mountains and will guide me on my way, you will do a great service to me and all the world."

Now to Brunello this proposal seemed a rare piece of luck; for he thought, "If only this big fellow sets to whacking the enchanter, I shall find it all the easier to slip into the castle and do my errand." So he put on a hideous grin, which was his way of smiling pleasantly, and answered: "True it is, Sir Knight, that I know every mountain and valley of the Pyrenees as well as a farmer knows his own fields and hedges; and as I have a little spare time on my hands, I will gladly show you the way to the enchanter's castle." But he said nothing about the magic ring, and you may be sure that Bradamante was very careful not to let a word drop about Prince Roger.

Brunello was still busy over his breakfast, and the greedy little scamp gobbled down half a dozen mutton chops and three plates of eggs and bacon before he was ready to start; but at last he got into his saddle, and led the way towards the mountains. Bradamante followed just behind him, and took care not to come too close; for, she thought, "If I don't keep my distance, those cunning hands of his will be stealing the horse from under me." And in this she showed

her sense, for nothing was safe that came within the reach of Brunello's fingers; and, in fact, he was the very master thief to whom the light-fingered fellow in Grimms' stories bound himself apprentice.

They rode a long way over the windy passes, and from height to height of the great chain of the Pyrenees, till they mounted to the topmost ridge, from which they could see the Bay of Biscay heaving with the great Atlantic swell on their right, and the blue Mediterranean glittering in the



sunlight to their left. Thence they followed a rugged track which led them down the southern side of the mountain range, and brought them at length to the desolate valley in the midst of which rose the steep mass of rock crowned with its enchanted castle of shining steel.

Then Bradamante thought it was high time to get possession of the magic ring; so she leaped upon Brunello as a cat leaps on a mouse, and before he had time to think of what was happening to him, she had dragged him from his saddle and tied his hands tight behind his back with a piece of whipcord. But the generous damsel would not draw her sword, as Melissa had bidden her, against an unarmed man; and even though she knew the hideous little dwarf to be the most thorough-paced scoundrel unhung, still she took shame to slay him when she saw him bound and helpless at her feet. In this only did she disobey the instructions of Melissa, and I am happy to say that her generosity brought her no harm, though the world would certainly have been grateful to her for making an end of so pestilent[1] a rascal. However, she dared not leave him at liberty, or he would certainly have revenged himself for the assault by working the ruin of her enterprise; so she bound him securely to a great tree that grew near by the side of the path, and there left him to shriek himself hoarse with abuse of her. But first she took the precious ring which he wore and put it upon her own finger, and with it went on confidently towards the castle.

The four sides of the crag went sheer down from top to bottom; but in one of them the enchanter had cut a pathway so narrow that only one person could ride along it at a time, and so steep that it needed a strong and sure-footed horse to clamber up it. With great difficulty Bradamante got her jennet[2] to make the ascent; and she no sooner came to the level platform at the top than she seized the horn that hung by the castle gate, and blew a blast which made the bright walls quiver and ring with its echo. Her challenge

[1] **pes′ti-lent**, evil; harmful. [2] **jen′net**, a small Spanish horse.

was answered from within the castle, and immediately afterwards Bradamante saw her enemy shoot up into the air and wheel in great circles above her head.

The winged monster upon which he rode was called Hippogrif, and was the only beast of its kind that was ever seen; for its head and neck were those of a griffin,[1] and so were its fore legs and feet, which were furnished with great claws three inches long and as hard as the curved instrument at the back of your knife for pulling a stone out of a horse's foot. But in its hind legs and in its body it was like a horse; only from the shoulders grew a pair of enormous wings, with feathers shaped like an eagle's, and radiant with all the seven colors of the rainbow.

The robber himself was armed from head to foot in shining steel, and carried a lance in his right hand, while the wonderful shield was encased in a cover of purple silk and strapped to his left arm; but in his left hand he held an open book, from which he read out spells and incantations,[2] while he guided the flight of the Hippogrif simply by the pressure of his knees.

And now Bradamante became aware of the extraordinary fact that this enchanter never really came near the knights with whom he fought; but the spells which he kept reading from his book made them believe that he was rushing at them through the air and dealing them sound knocks with his lance, while really he was soaring well out of reach above their heads and laughing in his sleeve at the trouble he took for nothing. This time, however, he had little reason to laugh; for with the magic ring upon her finger Bradamante saw through all his tricks, and met them by superior cun-

[1] **grif'fin**, a fabled monster, half eagle and half lion.

[2] **in-can-ta'tions**, formulas of words for producing enchantments.

ning. She did not choose that he should find out too soon that she possessed a talisman[1] against his spells, so she thrust away at the empty air with her lance as though she saw an enemy before her, and kept raising and lowering her shield as if parrying the blows which he seemed to deal her.

For more than an hour they kept up this game of sham fighting, and both of them thought it capital fun, though the magician little dreamed where the point of the joke really lay. But at last he began to think that his fooling had gone far enough, and that it was time to get to business; so he wheeled right up in front of Bradamante, and ripping off the silken cover of his shield flashed its brilliant surface in her eyes. Of course the noble damsel was not a bit dazzled at the sight, but she was not so simple as to show her game to the enemy till she had got him well within her grasp; so she tumbled off her horse as if she had been shot, and lay motionless and to all appearance senseless on the ground.

Then with a laugh of triumph the enchanter put back the shield into its case, which he slung across his saddlebow, and bringing the Hippogrif to the earth with a swoop he leaped off its back and unwound an iron chain from his waist; for whenever he went out to fight he carried this chain in readiness to bind the knights whom the sight of his shield laid swooning at his feet. Grasping its links in both hands he bent over the prostrate maiden; but this was just the opportunity for which Bradamante had been waiting, and springing up she seized the astonished magician in her arms, and threw him down without a struggle on the ground.

Then she bound him firmly with his own chain, and unlaced his helmet to slay him; but what was her surprise

[1] **tal'is-man, a charm.**

when the helmet fell off and displayed no savage ruffian, as she expected, but the wrinkled face and white hair of a decrepit[1] old man, who looked nearly eighty years old! Thereat Bradamante put back her sword into its sheath and gazed in speechless wonder at her captive, who cried, with tears in his eyes, "Slay me, slay me, Sir Knight, I entreat you; for you have broken my power, and life has become hateful to me." But the generous damsel answered: "Nay, for I have never slain a boy nor an old man, and I never will be guilty of so vile a deed. But neither will I release you from your chains till you have demolished this enchanted castle and set at liberty all the knights and ladies whom you hold in shameful captivity."

At this the old man uttered a cry of anguish and exclaimed: "Noble Sir Knight, have pity on me, and ask of me any other service than this. In all else I am ready to obey you; and willingly will I set free all the ladies in the castle, and all the gallant knights save one alone. But suffer me to keep my castle and to guard from danger the Courteous Prince Roger, for love of whom I have committed all this fault. For I am the enchanter Atlas, who took him as an orphan babe from his dead mother's breast, after she had followed the King his father to the grave. All through his boyhood I tended him as if he were my own son, and when he grew to man's estate and approved himself the bravest knight in Africa, my heart rejoiced in his prowess and renown. But, alas! the stars have lately foretold to me that he must die by treachery in a Christian land; and when I knew that I immediately built this castle, into which I entrapped him for his safety; and all the other knights and ladies I brought hither that he might spend his life

[1] **de-crep'it**, feeble from age.

joyously in worthy company. Suffer me, therefore, generous Sir Knight, to keep him under my protection; or else kill me without delay; for I would rather die than see him fall into the calamities that await him."

But Bradamante answered him scornfully: "Methinks you must be ill able to foretell the destinies of others who have proved so poor a prophet of your own. Know that high and glorious fortunes await the Prince Roger whom you love, and you play the part of a bad friend to him in keeping him secluded from the field of battle and fame. Wherefore I command you to destroy the walls of this castle, with the rock on which it stands; for till you have done this I will not release you from your captivity."

Poor Atlas was not at all convinced by her assurances, but he saw that he was in her power and could not resist her will; so with a heavy heart he promised to do as she commanded him. Then she loosed the chain from his arms, but kept it still fastened round his body, and held the end of it in her hand, for fear he should attempt to give her the slip; and Atlas went to the gate of the castle and lifted up a great slab of marble, under which a large hole about the size of an oven was disclosed in the foundation of hard rock. From this hole he took out a long roll of parchment, covered with written spells and all manner of cabalistic[1] signs and figures, which he tore into a thousand pieces and scattered to the four winds.

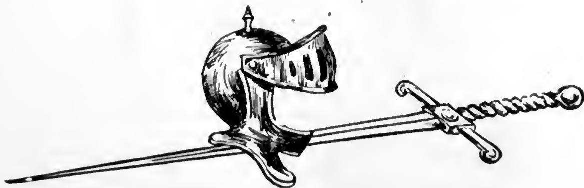
A second and yet a third he destroyed in the same way; but still the castle of steel remained unshaken, and Bradamante would have thought he was trying to play her a trick if the ring had not told her that these parchment scrolls really contained the spells by which the spirits of the air

[1] **cab-a-lis′tic**, mystical; occult.

had been constrained to build and maintain the fortress. But there was still a spirit imprisoned in the hole, and till he was released the castle would remain as strong and impregnable as ever. So when Atlas had torn up the three parchments and scattered abroad their fragments, he stooped down again over the hole and drew up a half-gallon stone bottle sealed at the mouth with yellow sealing-wax, on which was stamped the impression of Virgil's magic signet-ring.

With a deep sigh the poor old man broke the seal and drew out the cork from beneath it, when a thick column of white vapor issued from the opening and took the form of a beautiful youth with wings sprouting from his heels and the winged cap of Mercury on his head, who flew up into the air and was lost to sight on the neighboring mountains. Immediately the enchanted castle and the rock on which it stood were dissolved into a dense cloud of blue smoke; and when the smoke cleared away, Bradamante found that the old magician too had disappeared, and she was left standing in the middle of the valley with the knights and ladies whom she had delivered, Roger among the others. Imagine if you can the joy with which these noble lovers greeted each other, and how hour after hour passed away like a few short moments and left them still deep in conversation.

Translated and Adapted.



XI. THE NOSE AND THE EYES.

By William Cowper.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning,
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has the spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('T is a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles, plainly, were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was, as plainly, intended for them."

Then, shifting his side (as lawyers know how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments, few people know,
For the court did not think them equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candle-light, — Eyes should be shut.

XII. THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER;

or

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

CHAPTER I.

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Styria[1] there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant[2] fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of

[1] **Styr'i-a**, a grand duchy belonging to the Austria-Hungarian Empire, located between Austria and Hungary. It is a mountainous country, traversed by the Alps, and is rich in both farm products and minerals.

[2] **lux-u'ri-ant**, abundant.

the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you could n't see into *them*, and always fancied that they were very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were.

They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit, and killed the hedgehogs lest they should suck the cows: they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas,[1] which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if with such a farm and such a system of farming they had n't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their own corn by them until it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold

[1] ci-ca'das, locusts.

lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers; or, rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, — when there was anything to roast, which was not often: for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, — occasionally getting what was left upon them by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation;[1] the vines were cut to pieces by the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked and got it, except from the poor

[1] **in-un-da'tion**, flood.

people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable-looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I 'm sure when they 've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a dry piece of bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up, — more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it was n't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding,[1] the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary[2] looking gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and might have warranted a supposition[3] that he had been blow-

[1] **as-tound'ing**, very surprising.

[2] **ex-traor'di-na-ry**, unusual; strange.

[3] **sup-po-si'tion**, guess.

ing a refractory[1] fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet high. His doublet[2] was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration[3] of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed[4] by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto[5] on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his

[1] **re-frac′to-ry**, difficult to manage.
[2] **doub′let**, a coat.
[3] **ex-ag-ger-a′tion**, enlargement; making more.
[4] **par′a-lyzed**, made weak or helpless.
[5] **con-cer′to**, a sort of tune.

mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir!" said Gluck. "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir, — I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly.[1] "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel that it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

[1] **pet'u-lant-ly**, crossly.

"Only till the mutton 's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it 's very brown."

The old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob,[1] with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You 'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "may n't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I 'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "but — really, sir — you 're — putting the fire out."

"It 'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest, it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively[2] for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

[1] **hob**, a shelf by the side of the fire on which things were put to keep them warm.

[2] **med'i-ta-tive-ly**, thoughtfully.

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely could n't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I do n't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude,[1] and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational blow on the ear as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen!" said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.[2]

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I do n't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

[1] **ex-act'i-tude**, exactness; correctness. [2] **ve-loc'i-ty**, swiftness.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly,[1] "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed[2] his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs!" They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; could n't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

[1] **dep're-ca-ting-ly**, in a pleading way.
[2] **in-ter-posed'**, put between.

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen!"

"Off and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell in the corner on top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction, continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If I ever catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming half frightened out of the corner — but before be could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window at the same instant a wreath of ragged cloud that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said

Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir! If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why, the mutton 's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It 'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir, and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you!"

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain without intermission! The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double-bar the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door broke open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What 's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolsters and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by the misty moonbeam which found its way through a hole in the shutter they could see in the midst of it an immense foam globe, spinning round and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode[1] you," said their visitor, iron-

[1] **in-com-mode′**, to cause inconvenience.

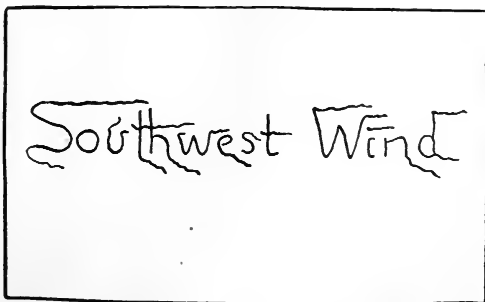
ically.[1] "I 'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I 've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition,[2] but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You 'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit!"

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:



[1] **i-ron'ic-al-ly,** so as to make fun of, by saying one thing and meaning another.

[2] **ad-mo-ni'tion,** advice.

CHAPTER II.

SOUTHWEST WIND, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous[1] visit above related he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually,[2] that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony[3] in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the

[1] **mo-men'tous**, very important.
[2] **ef-fect'u-al-ly**, with effect; well.
[3] **pat'ri-mo-ny**, an inherited estate.

money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was fond of and would not have parted with for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very old mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard of whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference.[1] It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred[2] that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons it half broke poor little Gluck's heart, but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the alehouse, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling

[1] **cir-cum'fer-ence**, the outside; that which surrounds.

[2] **a-verred'**, said.

eyes, which looked more malicious[1] than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window and sat himself down, to catch the fresh evening air and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset, and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately[2] in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck, aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it would n't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice close at his ear.

"Bless me! what 's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room and under the table and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did n't speak, but he could n't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then

[1] **ma-li′cious**, wicked; wanting to injure. [2] **al-ter′nate-ly**, in turn.

began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking that there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now, very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft, running, effervescent[1] melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded nearer the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in; yes, he saw right, — it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace but out of the pot. He uncovered it and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room with his hands up and his mouth open for a minute or two, when the singing stopped and the voice became clear and pronunciative.[2]

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible,[3] drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface was as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out!"

[1] **ef-fer-ves'cent**, bubbling. [2] **pro-nun'ci-a-tive**, distinct.
[3] **cru'ci-ble**, melting pot.

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say!" said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck could n't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately. "I 'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out first a pair of little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo,[1] and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That 's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining[2] if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating[3] him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic[4] colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground in waving curls so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to cop-

[1] **arms a-kim′bo**, with hands on the hips.

[2] **as-cer-tain′ing**, finding out.

[3] **con′tem-pla-ting**, considering; looking at.

[4] **pris-mat′ic**, made by a prism; like the rainbow.

pery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious[1] and intractable[2] disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he fixed his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately[3] for a minute or two.

"No, it would n't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observation out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.[4]

"Would n't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively;[5] "no, it would n't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his eyes, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his great amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River."

[1] **per-ti-na′cious** (shus), persistent.
[2] **in-tract′a-ble**, hard to manage.
[3] **de-lib′er-ate-ly**, thoughtfully; slowly.
[4] **dic′tum**, word; what had been said.
[5] **con-clu′sive-ly**, as if it ended the matter.

Whereupon he turned about again and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation[1] which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate.[2] After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well!" said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, without deigning to reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you! Whoever shall climb to the top of the mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one, failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling, — a blaze of intense light, — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him. "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

[1] **con-ster-na′tion**, terror; fright.

[2] **e-vap′o-rate**, literally, to disappear in vapor; to pass away.

CHAPTER III.

THE King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit[1] related in the last chapter, before Schwartz and Hans came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck beating him very steadily for half an hour; at the expiration[2] of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs and requested to know what he had to say for him-

[1] **ex′it**, going out [2] **ex-pi-ra′tion**, end.

self. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again till their arms were tired, and then staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered[1] to his story obtained for him some degree of credence;[2] the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding that they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give holy water to so abandoned a creature. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff[3] in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but

[1] **ad-hered'**, stuck to. [2] **cre'dence**, belief.
[3] **alpine staff**, a stout stick or cane such as is used in climbing the Alps.

Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars and looking very disconsolate!

"Good morning, brother," said Hans. "Have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and, advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains, — their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated[1] rocks, jagged and shivered into myriads[2] of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating[3] line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

[1] **cas′tel-la-ted,** like a castle. [2] **myr′i-ads,** many thousands.
[3] **un′du-lat-ing,** waving.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised on surmounting them to find that a large glacier,[1] of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life.

The ice was excessively[2] slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous[3] or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious expression about their outlines, — a perpetual[4] resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid[5] lights played

[1] **gla′cier**, a river of floating-ice. Glaciers are found at the foot of mountains so high that the snow never melts from their tops. The great masses of snow push down bodies of ice to the foot of the mountains and out into the valleys. These move very slowly, and carry along with them great quantities of earth and rocks. They are most beautiful to behold. The greatest glaciers are found in the Alps Mountains, in Europe, and, in North America, among the Rocky Mountains in Alaska and British Columbia.

[2] **ex-cess′ive-ly**, very.

[3] **mo-not′o-nous**, on the same note; tedious.

[4] **per-pet′u-al**, never ending.

[5] **lu′rid**, ghastly pale.

and floated about the pale blue pinnacles,[1] dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ear grew dull and his head dizzy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters.

These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance[2] on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited[3] his hardy frame, and with the indomitable[4] spirit of avarice he resumed his laborious journey.

His way lay straight up a ridge of bare rocks, without a blade of grass to relieve the foot or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. Intense heat was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

[1] **pin′na-cles**, heights.
[2] **in-cum′brance**, hindrance.
[3] **re-cruit′ed**, refreshed.
[4] **in-dom′i-ta-ble**, unconquerable.

He opened the flask and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object on the rock beside him. He thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned[1] the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ear; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and again he looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path before him. It was a fair child stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and

[1] **spurned**, pushed aside.

saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" He stretched his arms to Hans and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying!"

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east shaped like a sword. It shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable[1] shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook the crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry, and the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

CHAPTER IV.

POOR little Gluck waited very anxiously, alone in the house, for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was

[1] **im-pen′e-tra-ble**, that cannot be pierced.

very much pleased, and said that Hans must have certainly been turned into a black stone; he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said that he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and he went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I have n't enough for myself,"

and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams became dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I have n't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade before his eyes, and he looked up, and behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun, and the bank of the black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of an angry sea; and they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him; and as he gazed the figure stretched its arms to him and cried for water. "Ha, ha!" laughed Schwartz; "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you?*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And when he had gone a few yards farther he looked back, but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong

wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And as he did so the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and he did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money. So after a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I do n't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck put some bread into his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass after he had got over,

and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water!" Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only, pray, don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, — bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable[1] again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath, — just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed except in his first attempt," and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it 'll be dead when I come down again, if I do n't help it now." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King, and his gold too!" said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on his hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but do n't be frightened, it 's all right," — for Gluck showed manifest[2] symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why did n't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

[1] **in-tol′er-a-ble**, not to be endured. [2] **man′i-fest**, plainly apparent.

"Cruel!" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the weary and the dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed!"

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air, — the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened, where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because the river not only was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he

obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains towards the Treasure Valley; and as he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so that his barns became full of corn and his house of treasure. And for him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

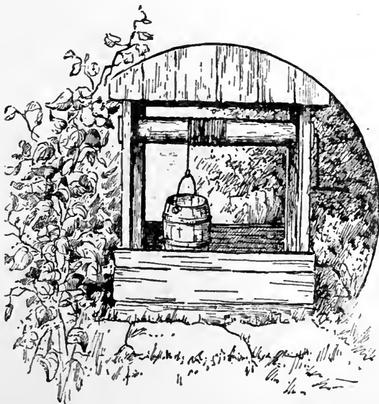
And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen Two Black Stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley,

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

XIII. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

By Samuel Woodworth.

HOW dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew; —
The widespreading pond, and the mill which stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.



That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;—
The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well!

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;—
The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well!

XIV. SILKWORMS.

By John Henry Gray.

COCOON, MOTH, AND SILKWORM.

In endeavoring to give some account of the manufacture of silk, the most important branch of Chinese industry, the first point to be noticed is the mode in which the silkworms are reared. Those who are engaged in this work select a certain number of male and female cocoons.[1] They have no difficulty in distinguishing the sex, as the cocoon which contains the male is strong, very pointed at each end, and smaller than that which contains the female, which is thick, round, and soft.

At the end of a period of fifteen or twenty days the moths come out of the cocoons. They free themselves by first ejecting a fluid which dissolves a portion of the cocoon. All moths the wings of which are expanded at the time of their birth are regarded as useful, whereas those having crumpled wings, no eyebrows, and which are without down, are considered useless, and are at once destroyed.

[1] **co-coon′**, the oblong case in which the silkworm passes its chrysalis period. It is made of threads of silk spun by the worm just before leaving its larval state.

After a day the females, each having been placed on a sheet of coarse paper, begin to lay their eggs. In the silk districts of the north, owing, I suppose, to the severe climates, pieces of cloth are used instead of paper. The number of eggs which each moth lays is generally five hundred, and the period required for her to perform so great a labor is, I believe, about seventy-four hours. The females often die almost as soon as they have laid their eggs, and the males do not long survive them.

The egg of the silkworm, which is of a whitish or pale ash color, is not larger than a grain of mustard seed. When eighteen days old, the eggs are carefully washed with spring water. The sheet of coarse paper or the piece of cloth on which they were laid, and to which they adhere, is very gently drawn through spring water contained in a wooden or earthen bowl. During the autumnal months the eggs are carefully kept in a cool chamber, the sheets of paper or pieces of cloth being suspended back to back from bamboo rods placed in a horizontal position.

In the tenth month of the Chinese year, which corresponds with our December, the sheets are rolled up, and then deposited in a room which is well swept and free from all noxious[1] influences. On the third day of the twelfth month the eggs are again washed, and are exposed to the air to dry.

In the spring of the year, the eggs being now ready to bring forth, the sheets are placed on mats, and each mat placed on a bamboo shelf in a well-swept and well-warmed chamber containing a series of shelves arranged along the wall. The shelves are almost invariably made of bamboo, the wood of which emits no fragrance, aromatic[2] wood being especially avoided as unsuitable for the purpose.

[1] **nox'ious** (shus), harmful. [2] **ar-o-mat'ic**, fragrant.

At the time of their birth the worms are black, and so small as scarcely to exceed a hair in breadth. Owing to their diminutive[1] size, those in charge of them cut the leaves of the mulberry tree, on which they are fed, into very small pieces. This is done with very sharp knives, so that the leaves may not be bruised, and consequently retain as much sap as possible.

When the worms are quite young, they are fed not less than forty-eight times in twenty-four hours. In course of time their meals are reduced to thirty in twenty-four hours; and when they have attained to their full growth, they get only three or four in the day. Occasionally, — that is, once or twice during the first month, — the worms are fed with mulberry leaves well mixed with the flour of green peas, that of black beans, and that of rice. This mixture is supposed to be cooling and cleansing to the worms and to tend to the production of strong and glossy silk.

Like all other creatures these insects have their seasons of rest, and to these seasons the Chinese give distinguishing names. The first sleep, which takes place on the fourth or fifth day after birth, is termed the "hair sleep," and lasts but one day. The second sleep takes place on the eighth or ninth day, and the third on the fourteenth day; the fourth and last sleep takes place on or about the twenty-second day, and is styled, in consequence of its long duration, the "great sleep." On the near approach of each period, the worm loses its appetite. It erects the upper part of its body and sleeps in this position.

During each period of sleep it casts its skin, continuing in a state of repose until the new skin is fully matured. It relieves itself of the old skin by wriggling out at that

[1] **di-min′u-tive**, very small.

part of it which covers the head, and which is broken. Sometimes the worm dies in consequence of its inability to free the end of its body from the old skin. The skin being shed, the worm grows very quickly in size and strength.

Between the successive periods of rest, there are generally intervals of three or four days, during which these little creatures eat most voraciously. During the four or five days which immediately precede the "great sleep" they have a greater appetite for food than they have hitherto manifested. When they have reached the age of thirty-two days they are full grown, each being about two inches in length, and almost as thick as a man's little finger.

When the worms are gradually increasing in size they are separated, periodically, into several lots, so as to give them more room. Now that it is full grown, the worm, which before was a whitish hue, assumes a tint resembling that of amber. At this period they cease to partake of food, and begin to spin the silk from their mouths on the frames or shelves on which they have been placed.

In spinning, they move the head first to one side and then to the other, and continue the operation until the whole body is enveloped in a cocoon. The time which a worm requires to accomplish this labor is, I believe, from three to five days; and as soon as it has inclosed itself in the cocoon, it falls into a state of coma,[1] casts its skin, and eventually[2] becomes a chrysalis.

The attendants then place the bamboo shelves on which the cocoons lie near a slow fire of charcoal or wood, in order that the chrysalids[3] may be destroyed by its heat; otherwise

[1] **co'ma**, unconsciousness, like sleep.

[2] **e-vent'u-al-ly**, in the end; finally.

[3] **chrys'a-lids**, the insects in the cocoons.

these would, in three weeks more, break from their prison and appear in the *imago* form, — the last perfected state of insect life.

The chrysalids having been destroyed, the cocoons are removed from the frames and placed in baskets. Women and girls, carefully selected for the task, now unwind the cocoons, — a process which they make easy by placing them in boiling water. These workers must be deft of hand, and expert in the business, fully capable of making the threads of equal size, and of producing them bright, clear, and glossy.

When the cocoons are put into boiling water, the outer layer, which is called the silk rind or shell, is first unwound. Another set of women or girls, who are equally expert, is then engaged to unwind the inner layers of the cocoon, called the silk pulp or flesh. In the course of a day one woman can unwind four taels[1] of silk in weight. The most expert workers cannot, I believe, turn off more than five or six taels' weight.

Industrious workers, who are masters of the business, will finish one season, or silk harvest, in the course of eighteen or nineteen days. Ordinary or second-rate workers will require twenty-four or twenty-five days to get through the same amount of work.

From long, white, and shining cocoons, a small and good thread of silk is obtained; from those which are large and dull in texture, a coarse thread is produced. This coarse thread is used in making the stuffs with which dresses are lined. The chrysalids are eaten by the workers, and are regarded as food of an excellent kind.

[1] **tael** (tale), about one and a third ounces.

XV. THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

By James Henry Leigh Hunt.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show, —
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws:
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air:
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we 're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, — a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same:

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be, —
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me.
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

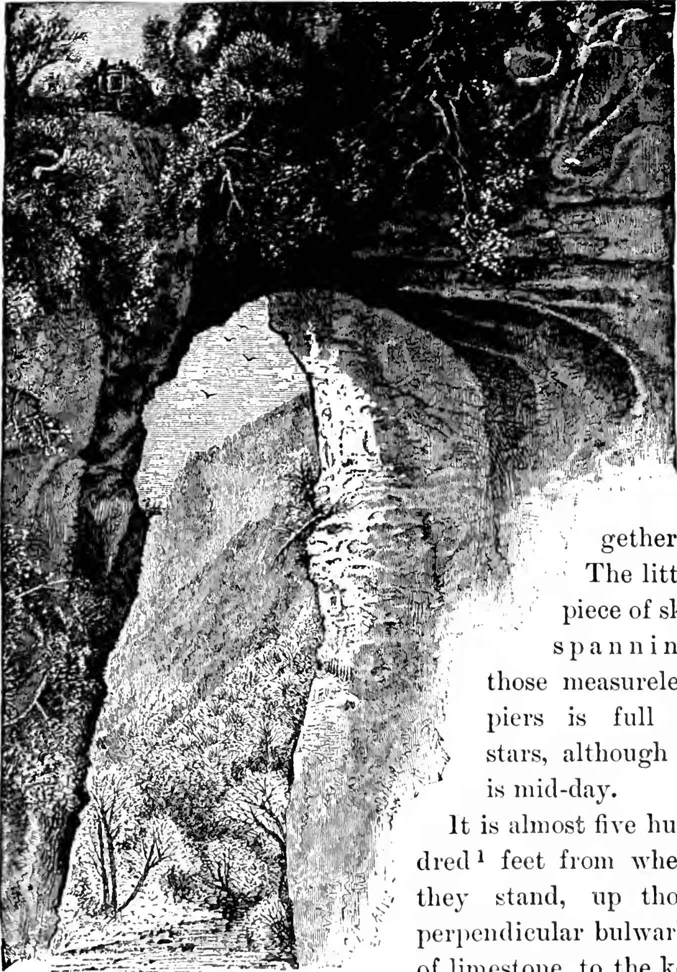
She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

XVI. TERRIFIC SCENE AT THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

By Elihu Burritt.[1]

THERE are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang to-

[1] Elihu Burritt, 1811–1879, was known as the Learned Blacksmith. When a boy he learned the blacksmith's trade, but he always desired above all things to be a scholar; so he used to take books to his smithy, and place them where he could read as he blew his bellows. So hard did he study that in spite of his discouragements he became a great scholar, learned to read and speak a number of languages, and wrote profound books.



NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

gether." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day.

It is almost five hundred[1] feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little

[1] The height of the Natural Bridge is given by the Century Dictionary as 215 feet.

stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over the young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors'.

It was a glorious thought of the boy to write his name side by side with that of the Father of his Country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a niche into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'T is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands in those niches and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled[1] in that mighty wall.

[1] **chron'i-cled**, recorded.

While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals.

This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations[1] of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had the glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive[2] shudder to his little niche in the rock.

An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below.

What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma,[3] and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood."

He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his

[1] **gra-da'tions**, steps. [2] **con-vul'sive**, like a spasm.
[3] **di-lem'ma**, difficulty; doubtful choice.

destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told on his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair, "William! William! do n't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here praying for you! Keep your eye toward the top!"

The boy did n't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below.

How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! how he economizes[1] his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain

[1] **e-con'o-mi-zes**, saves.

The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge.

Two minutes more and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets; his last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gash he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, drops from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

An involuntary[1] groan of despair runs like a death knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God. 'T is but a moment — there! one foot swings off! he is reeling — trembling — toppling — over into eternity!

Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes.

With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and

[1] **in-vol′un-ta-ry**, unintentional.

with the words "God" and "Mother" whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of this last shallow niche.

Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such weeping and leaping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

XVII. AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

ABOUT the middle of this century there was a terrible war between Russia, on one side, and England with her allies, on the other. It was known as the Crimean War. During a great battle at a place called Balaklava, a company of British soldiers known as the Light Brigade performed a deed of bravery almost equal to that of the Spartans at Thermopylæ. Through somebody's mistake they received an order to charge upon a portion of the Russian army vastly larger than their own company, and protected by great batteries of artillery.

Although it seemed a rash and hopeless undertaking, they had received the order and felt that they must obey. With a battery in front and one on each side, they made a charge and routed the enemy; but it was a dear-bought victory. Out of six hundred and seventy horsemen, only one hundred and ninety-eight returned alive. It was about this charge that the poet Tennyson wrote the following poem.

XVIII. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

By Alfred Tennyson.

HALF a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
  Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
  Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not —
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them —
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade, —
  Noble six hundred!

XIX. AMERICA.

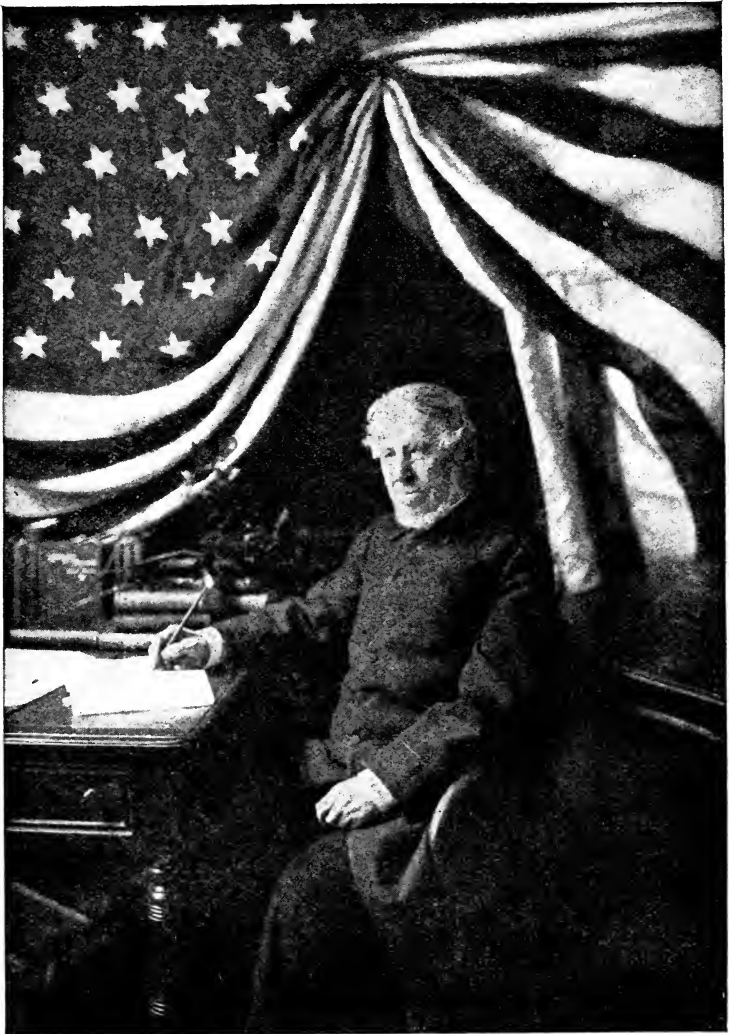
By Samuel Francis Smith.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templèd hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy Might,
Great God, our King.



Copyright, 1895, by Silver, Burdett & Company.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, AUTHOR OF "AMERICA."

From a Photograph of Dr. Smith taken in the Editorial Rooms of Silver, Burdett & Company, April 15th, 1895, a few months before his death.

XX. GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN'S ADDRESS.

By John Pierpont.

STAND! the ground 's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What 's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will!

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they 're afire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed?
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell.

XXI. LOVE OF COUNTRY.

By Sir Walter Scott.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

XXII. OUR BODY.

By Helen Hunt Jackson.

ARE we not each of us born into the world provided with one body, and only one, which must last us as long as we live in this world? Is it not by means of this body that we feel, learn, and accomplish everything? Is it not a most wonderful and beautiful set of instruments? Can

we ever replace any of them? Can we ever have any of them made as good as new after it has been seriously out of order?

It would not be easy to count up all the things which human beings can do by help of these wonderful bodies in which we live. Think for a moment of all the things you do in any one day, — all the breathing, eating, drinking, and running; all the thinking, speaking, feeling, learning, you can do in one day. Now if any one of the instruments is seriously out of order, you cannot do one of these things so well as you know how to do it.

When any one of the instruments is seriously out of order there is always a pain. If the pain is severe you cannot think of anything else while it lasts; all your other instruments are of no use to you, just because of the pain in that one which is out of order.

If the pain and the disordered condition last a long while, the instrument is so injured that it is never as strong again as it was in the beginning. All the doctors in the world cannot make it so.

Then you begin to be what people call an invalid, — that is, a person who has not the full use of some one part of his body; who is never exactly comfortable himself, and who is likely to make everybody about him more or less uncomfortable.

I do not know anything in this world half so strange as the way in which people neglect their bodies, — their one set of instruments that they can never replace, and can do very little towards mending.

When it is too late, when the instruments are hopelessly out of order, then they do not neglect them any longer; then they run about frantically, trying to find some one to

help them. And this is one of the saddest sights in the world, — a man or a woman running from one climate to another climate, and from one doctor to another doctor, trying to cure or patch up a body that is grievously out of order.

Now, perhaps you will say that this is a dismal and needless sermon to preach to young people; for have they not their fathers and mothers to take care of them? Very true; but fathers and mothers cannot always be with their children, fathers and mothers cannot always make their children remember and obey their directions.

More than all, it is very hard to make children realize that it is of any great importance that they should keep all the laws of health. I know when I was a little girl, when people said to me, "You must not do thus and thus, for if you do you will take cold," I used to think, "Who cares for a little cold? Supposing I do catch one!"

And when I was shut up in the house for several days with a bad sore throat, and suffered great pain, I never blamed myself. I thought that sore throats must come now and then, and that I must take my turn.

But now I have learned that if no laws of health were ever broken we need never have a day's illness, might grow old free from suffering, and at last gradually fall asleep instead of dying terrible deaths from disease.

I am all the while wishing that I had known this when I was young. If I had known it, I will tell you what I would have done. I would have just tried the experiment of never doing a single thing which could by any possibility put any one of the instruments of my body out of order.

I wish I could see some girl or boy try it yet: never to sit up late at night; never to have close, bad air in the

room; never to sit with wet feet; never to go out in the cold weather without being properly wrapped up; never to go out of a hot room into the cold out-door air without putting on some extra wrap; never to eat or drink an unwholesome thing; never to let a day pass without at least two hours of exercise in the open air; never to read a word by twilight or in the cars; never to let the sun be shut out of the rooms.

This is a pretty long list of nevers, but "never" is the only word that wins. After you have once made up your mind "never" to do a certain thing, that is the end of it if you are a sensible person.

But if you only say, "This is a bad habit: I will be a little on my guard, and not do it too often," you will find temptation knocking at your door twenty times a day, and you will have to be fighting the same old battles over again as long as you live.

But when you have laid down to yourself the rules that you mean to keep, — the things you will always do and the things you will "never" do, — your life at once arranges itself into beautiful order.

Do not think it would be a sort of slavery to give up so much for the sake of keeping your body in order! It is the only real freedom, though at first it does not seem so much like freedom as the other way.

I think the difference between a person who has kept all the laws of health, and thereby has a good, strong, sound body that can do whatever he wants to do, and a person who has let his body get all out of order, so that he has to lie in bed half his time and suffer, is quite as great a difference as there is between a creature with wings and a creature without wings. Do n't you?

XXIII. THE SONG OF STEAM.

By George Washington Cutter.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love, —
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

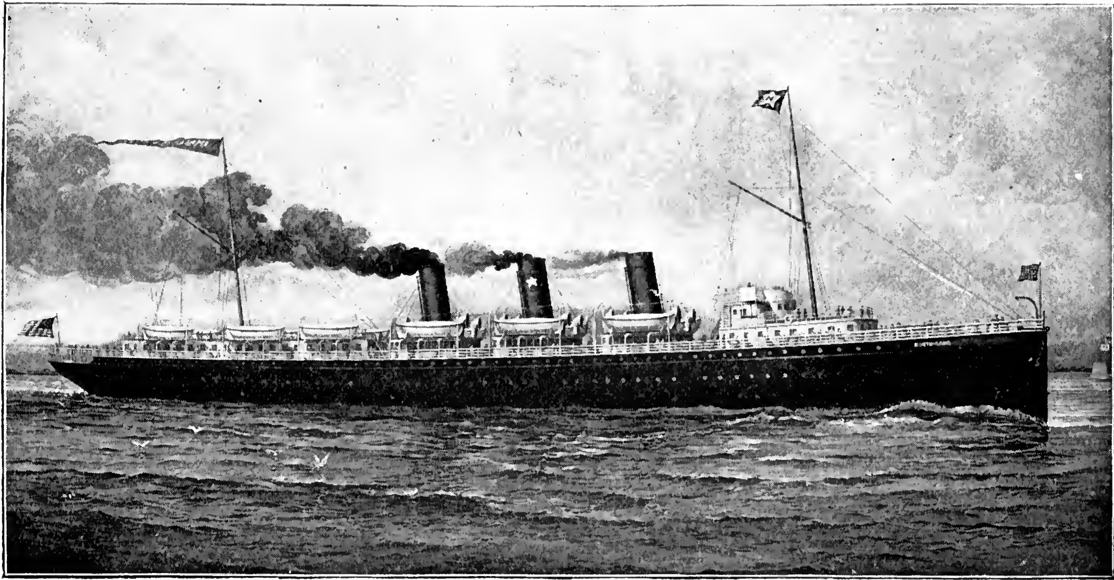
Ha, ha! they found me out at last;
They invited me forth at length;

And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
    And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
    On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
    Nor wait for wind and tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
    The mountain's steep decline;
Time — space — have yielded to my power;
    The world — the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
    Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
    And the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep —
    I in my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
    Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
    The thoughts of his god-like mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
    The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
    My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
    Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
    From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
    With a crystal gush o'erflow.



AN OCEAN STEAMER.

*"I carry the wealth and the lord of earth, the thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth, the lightning is left behind."*

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!

XXIV. THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

By Jane Taylor.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer morning, before the farmer was stirring, suddenly stopped.

At this the dial plate changed countenance with alarm. The hands made a vain effort to continue their course. The wheels stood still with surprise. The weights hung speechless.

At last the dial determined to find out where the trouble

lay: hands, wheels, and weights, with one voice, said they were innocent.

Soon a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess that I am the sole cause of this stoppage; and I am willing to tell you why I have acted thus. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking."

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Oh, yes!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself above me, — it is vastly easy for you to accuse other people of laziness! What have you done all the days of your life but stare people in the face, and amuse yourself with all that goes on in the kitchen? How would you like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, wagging backwards and forwards year after year, as I do?"

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," answered the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I 'll tell you how I became so."

"Go on," said the dial.

"Well, I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of merely the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being quick at figures, at once answered, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Now I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to tire

one out. But when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, it is really no wonder if I felt utterly discouraged; so this morning, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep a straight face during this speech; but, resuming its gravity,[1] thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have acted so hastily. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time, and so have we all, and we are likely to do a great deal more. Now, although it may fatigue us to think of this work, the question is whether it will fatigue us to do it. Would you now favor me with about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

"Certainly," said the pendulum, — and ticked six times at its usual rate.

"Now," went on the dial, "may I ask if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions!"

"Very good," said the dial; "but remember that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That idea staggers[2] me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," observed the dial plate, "that we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the servants will lie in bed as long as we stand idling thus."

[1] **grav'i-ty**, soberness; seriousness.

[2] **stag'gers**, causes to doubt; overcomes.

Thereupon the weights, which never had been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed. Well, the pendulum was obliging enough to begin swinging, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever. Then the wheels began to turn, and the hands to move, while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through the kitchen window shone full upon the dial plate, till it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, and looked at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

Adapted.

XXV. THE FIRST SHIP OF PETER THE GREAT.[1]

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

PETER THE GREAT, of Russia, while a youth, had heard somewhere, that in foreign countries people had an instrument by which distance could be measured without moving from the spot.

When Prince Jacob Dolgoruki was about to start on his mission to France, and came to take leave, Peter told him of this wonderful instrument, and begged him to procure him one while abroad. Dolgoruki told him that he himself had once had one, which was given him as a present, but it had been stolen, and that he would certainly not forget to bring one home.

[1] **Peter the Great** was the first great ruler of Russia. He was a fierce tyrant, but very wise, and it is to his efforts that Russia owes her civilization; for, before his time, she was only a half civilized country.

On Dolgoruki's return in May, 1688, the first question of Peter was whether he had fulfilled his promise; and great was the excitement as the box was opened and a parcel, containing an astrolabe[1] and a sextant,[2] was eagerly unwrapped. But, alas! when they were brought out, no one knew the use of them. Dolgoruki scratched his head, and said that he had brought the instruments, as directed; but it had never occurred to him to ask how they were used.

PETER THE GREAT.

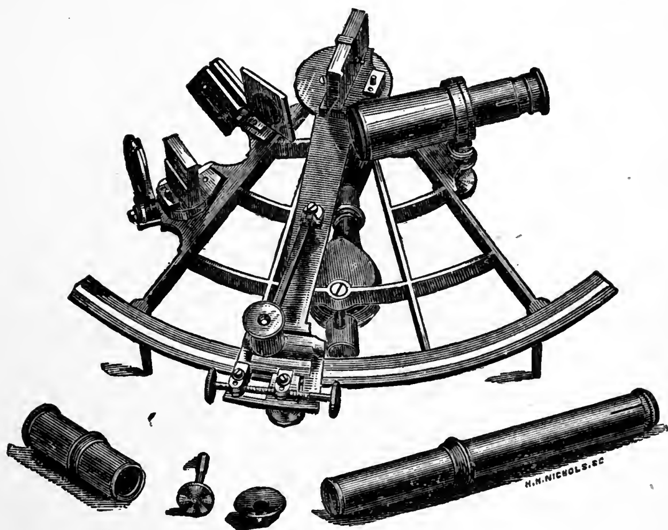
In vain Peter sought some one who knew how to use the sextant. At last his new doctor told him that in the German suburb he knew of a man well-skilled in mechanics, Franz Timmermann, a Dutch merchant, who had settled in Moscow, and who had a certain amount of education. Timmermann was brought next day. He looked at the instrument, and, after a long inspection, finally said that he could show how it was used.

Immediately he measured the distance to a neighboring

[1] **as'tro-labe**, an instrument for showing the positions of the stars.
[2] **sex'tant**, an instrument for measuring angular distances.

house. A man was at once sent to pace it, and found the measurement correct. Peter was delighted, and asked to be instructed in the use of the new instrument. Timmermann said: "With pleasure; but you must first learn arithmetic and geometry." Peter at once began studying arithmetic. He did not even know how to subtract or divide.

He now set to work with a will, and spent his leisure time, both day and night, over his copy books. Geometry



A SEXTANT.

led to geography and fortification. The old globe of his schoolroom was sent for repairs, and he had, besides, the one in metal presented to his father, which is still shown in the treasury at Moscow.

From this time Timmermann became one of Peter's constant companions, for he was a man from whom something new could always be learned. A few weeks later,

in June, 1688, as Peter was wandering about one of his country estates, he pointed to an old building in the flax yard, and asked one of his attendants what it was.

"A storehouse," replied the man, "where all the rubbish was put that was left after the death of Ivan Romanoff, who used to live here."

With the natural curiosity of a boy, Peter had the doors opened, went in, and looked about. There in one corner, turned bottom upward, lay a boat, yet not in any way like those flat-bottomed, square-sterned boats which he had seen on the river Moskwa.

"What is that?" he asked.

"That is an English boat," said Timmermann.

"What is it good for? Is it better than our boats?" asked Peter.

"If you had sails to it, it would go not only with the wind, but against the wind," replied Timmermann.

"How against the wind? Can that be possible?"

Peter wished to try it at once. But, after Timmermann had looked at the boat on all sides, it was found to be too rotten for use; it would need to be repaired and tarred, and, besides that, a mast and sails would have to be made. Timmermann thought at last that he could find a man capable of doing this, and sent for a certain Carsten Brandt, who had been brought from Holland about 1660 by the Czar Alexis, for the purpose of constructing vessels on the Caspian Sea.

The old man looked over the boat, calked it, put in the mast, arranged the sail, and then launched it on the river.

There, before Peter's eyes, he began to sail up and down the river, turning now to the right and then to the left. Peter's excitement was intense. He called out to him to

stop, jumped in, and himself began to manage the boat under Brandt's directions.

It was hard for the boat to turn, for the river was narrow, and the water shallow. Peter eagerly asked where a broader piece of water could be found, and was told of a small lake near by. The boat was dragged overland to the lake. It went better, but still not to his satisfaction.

At last Peter found that about fifty miles away there was a large lake, where he would have plenty of room to sail. It was not so easy, however, for Peter to get there. It was not customary for the Czars or members of their family to make journeys without some recognized object, and what should a boy of this age do so far away, alone?

An idea struck Peter. It was then June, and there was a great festival at the Troitsa Monastery. He asked his mother's permission to go to Troitsa to attend the festival, and as soon as the religious service was over, he drove as fast as he could to the lake. But he soon learned that there was no boat there, and he knew that it was too far to bring the little English boat. Anxiously he asked Brandt whether it were not possible to build some boats there.

"Yes, sire," said Brandt, "but we shall require many things."

"Ah, well! that is of no consequence," said Peter. "We can have anything."

And he hastened back to Moscow with his head full of visions of shipbuilding. He scarcely knew how to manage it, because to engage in such a work at the lake would require his living there for some time, and he knew that it would be hard to bring his mother to consent to this.

At last he extorted this consent. He hastened off, together with Carsten Brandt and a shipbuilder named Kort,

an old comrade whom Brandt had succeeded in finding at Moscow. Timmermann, probably, also accompanied him.

Fast as Peter and his comrades worked together, — for he had remained with them in the woods, — there was so much to do in the preparation of timber, in the construction of huts to live in, and in the building of a dock from which to launch the boats, that it came time for Peter to return long before any boat was ready, and there was no sign that any could be completed before winter set in.

Peter's mother had grown anxious about her son. He had been away nearly a month, and political affairs were taking a serious turn. Much to his regret, therefore, Peter went back to Moscow to celebrate his mother's name's-day,[1] on September 6, leaving his faithful Dutchmen strict injunctions to do their utmost to have the boats ready by the following spring.

The place chosen by Peter for his shipbuilding was on the east side of the lake. The only evidence still remaining of Peter's visit are the site of a church there, dedicated to the Virgin of the Ships,[2] and the decaying remains of some piles under the water which apparently formed the foundation of the wharf or the landing place.

The boat which Peter discovered on his estate is thought by many to have been constructed in Russia by Dutch carpenters in 1688, during the reign of the Czar Alexis. By others, it is supposed to be a boat sent by Queen Elizabeth to the Czar Ivan the Terrible.

Ever since Peter's time it has borne the name of the "Grandsire of the Russian Fleet," and is preserved with the greatest care in a small brick building near the Cathedral of

[1] **Name's-day**, feast day of the saint whose name one bears.

[2] **Virgin of the Ships**, a title given in Russia to the Virgin Mary.

Saints Peter and Paul, within the fortress of St. Petersburg. In 1870, on the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Peter's birth, it was one of the chief objects in the great parade at St. Petersburg; and again, in 1872, it was conveyed with much pomp and solemnity to Moscow, where, for a time, it formed a part of a great exhibition in that city.

XXVI. THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

By William Cullen Bryant.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hills the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up, and perished by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet was it that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

XXVII. GOING A-MAYING.

By Robert Herrick.

GET up, get up, for shame; the blooming Morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora[1] throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest,
Nay: not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins[2] said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 't is sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the springtime, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora.[3] Take no care
For jewels for your gowne or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient[4] pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;

[1] **Au-ro'ra**, goddess of the morning.
[2] **mat'ins**, morning prayers.
[3] **Flo'ra**, goddess of the flowers.
[4] **o'ri-ent**, eastern.

And Titan[1] on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

XXVIII. AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

By Alice Cary.

Oh, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn

[1] **Ti'tan,** one of an ancient race of giants who were supposed to have inhabited and controlled the earth before men.

Lying between them, not quite sear,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels, — cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around, —
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!).

These and the little house where I was born,
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide, —
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir, one like me, —
    The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea, —
    God knoweth if he be living now, —
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.

Ah, it is twenty long years and more,
    Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
    And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
    The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
    Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
    We were together, half afraid
    Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
      Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —
Loitering till after the low little light
    Of the candle shone through the open door,
And, over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop
      The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
    Had often and often watched to see

Propped and held in its place in the skies
    By the fork of a tall mulberry tree,
    Which close in the edge of our flax field grew, —
Dead at the top, — just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
    From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads when we came to play
In its handbreath of shadow day by day.

Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs, —
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she would n't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee,
    Do you think, sir, if you try,
    You can paint the look of a lie?
    If you can, pray have the grace
    To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
    I think 't was solely mine, indeed:
But that 's no matter, — paint it so;
    The eyes of our mother (take good heed) —
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it. You, sir, know,

That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
    But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I 'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

XXIX. OUR NORTHERN FOREFATHERS.

IN the northern part of Europe the scenery is wild and rugged; there are mountains steep and rocky, high, sharp cliffs, and deep valleys. Violent storms break over the land: in summer, of rain and wind, with thunder and lightning; in winter, of snow and sleet.

Especially is the sea-coast grand and fierce and impressive. Inlets of the sea, called fjords (pronounced fyords), have broken through the rocky shores and extend far inland. When the fierce storms rage over the sea, mighty waves rush into these fjords and break with terrible force against the steep cliffs. The winters are long and hard; ice and snow cover all the country and fierce cold wraps the land.

What is harder still to bear, it is dark nearly all winter. One long night extends from autumn to spring; the sun just peeps above the horizon for a little while at mid-day, and then sinks back again. But the summers are one long day; the sun seems to move from east to west, dipping below the western sky, and then to glide along its edge to the north and back again to the east.

All this is in the extreme north; but farther south, in Norway and Sweden, in the winters the nights are very long and the days are very, very short; and in the summers the days are very long, and there is almost no night. In such a country only a very strong and hardy race of men could live, and such have always been those who have lived there.

Many, many years ago, in this northern land lived a people known as Norsemen, or Northmen; they are the ancestors of most of us. The men were tall and finely formed, with long yellow hair and flowing red beards. They were strong, brave, fierce, and warlike; they loved the raging tempests and the snowbound mountains; they loved to fight, and to venture out upon the stormy seas in their little awkward boats. Indeed, so daring were they that they sailed away across the ocean, and were the first Europeans to see the American continent.

Like the people of Greece, they had gods and goddesses whom they worshiped, who presided over the powers of nature. There were gods of the sky and of the sea, of thunder and lightning, of spring and summer, and of all the wonders of nature which their rugged land produced.

Many tales of the great deeds of these gods were told, all of which stood for the things they saw in nature, — such as the coming of spring, the breaking down of the mountains of ice, the raging of the sea, and the fierce crash of the thunder.

Some of these people lived away north in the ice-bound island of Iceland, and there, during the long winter nights, their poets wrote out these stories of the gods in books called Eddas; and thus they have been saved, so that we, possibly the descendants of those old sea kings, may know what kind of people our forefathers were, what they thought, what they did, and what gods they worshiped.

XXX. THE BEGINNING OF WORLDS.

AS told in the Eddas, there was in the beginning a great unknown spirit, the All Father. The worlds did not exist, but instead was a great abyss called Ginnungagap; north of this, in time, arose the world of mist, called Niflheim, — a world of eternal winter, and darkness, and fog. Away to the south arose a world of fire, called Muspellheim, which glowed with terrible heat, while above it were fiery clouds.

From Niflheim, the land of cold, flowed great rivers into the abyss. As these came to the edges, they froze and hung over in vast masses of ice. Against this ice mass the great heat of Muspellheim shot its beams; this caused an ice mist to arise, which finally settled down and down, until Ginnungagap was filled with white frost, or rime.

In the course of ages this grew into a great frost giant, Ymir. That Ymir might have something to eat, the All Father made a cow, Audhumla, upon whose milk the giant fed; she licked the icy stones upon which there was salt; when lo, one day, as the ice melted away beneath her tongue, a being like a man sprang forth, tall and straight and shapely, and his name was Buri.

In time he had a son named Börr. Börr had three sons, named Odin (or Odhin), Vile, and Ve; these were the first of the gods. The frost giant, Ymir, had many children, who were all frost giants, and all evil like their father. Soon war arose between the good gods and the wicked giants, in which Ymir was killed, and all his children but one, who escaped with his wife.

Engraved from a noted German Painting.

This escape was very unfortunate for the gods, for in time many more giants, descendants of these two, grew up to be the enemies of the gods and to do evil in the world.

Out of the body of the giant Ymir, the gods made our world, with its mountains and seas and fruitful fields, all covered with the beautiful dome, the sky. In the sky they set the golden stars, which were sparks taken from the land of Muspellheim; two larger sparks they took, and of them made the sun and moon. These they put in golden chariots with swift horses, and with charioteers to drive them through the sky, — the sun by day, and the moon by night.

So the earth was made, but it had no one to till its fields or work its mines. Then the gods made dwarfs from the mold of the earth, and set them to work the metals — iron, gold, and copper — in dark caverns underground; and they made beautiful elves to flit among the clouds in the air.

One day as Odin and his two brothers were walking by the sea they saw two beautiful trees, an ash and an elm, growing side by side; of the ash they made a man, and of the elm a woman. Ask and Embla were the names of the first man and the first woman. These were the parents of all human beings.

In time there came to be nine worlds. One of them was called Asgard, where the gods lived; one was called Jötunheim, the home of the giants; and one was called Midgard, which is the earth where man lives.

From Asgard, the home of the gods, to Midgard, the home of men, a beautiful bridge was built, called Bifrost, upon which the gods could come down to visit the earth. This bridge was curiously made of many colors, and men called it the Rainbow. Finally all the worlds were made and peopled.

XXXI. THE GODS.

THERE were twelve gods who lived in Asgard, most of whom were Odin's children. The chief ones of these gods were Odin, the father, who was god of heaven and of wisdom; Thor, the thunderer, who was god of the lightning and of tempests; Baldur, the god of light; and Frey, the god of summer and of the sun.

The names of many of our days come from these gods. Tuesday is Tiwe's day, after the god Tiw, or Tyr. Wednesday is Woden's day, Woden being one name for Odin. Thursday is Thor's day, and Friday is Frey's day.

There was another being living in Asgard, who was born not of the gods but of the giants. In some way he became the friend of Odin, and was admitted to his home; but the day when he came was a sad day for the gods, for he was not good like them, but wicked like the giants, and caused great suffering and evil to the gods. His name was Loki. Because he found no one in Asgard to love evil like himself, he went to Giant-land to live, and married the wicked giantess Angurboda.

XXXII. ODIN.

ODIN was the highest and holiest of all the gods, the god of heaven and of wisdom and of victory, the friend of all heroes. Men thought of him as tall, dignified, strong, with dark, curling hair and beard, dressed in a suit of gray, wearing a wide, blue cloak flecked with white, as the blue sky is flecked with fleecy clouds.

Engraved from a noted German Painting.

Odin sat upon a lofty throne, wearing on his arm his precious ring, Draupnir, from which dropped fruitfulness upon the earth. On his shoulders sat two ravens, named Memory and Thought; they wandered over the world every morning, and came back at night and whispered in his ears all that they had seen and heard. At his feet crouched two wolves, which he always fed with his own hand.

Odin had in Asgard three palaces. One was called Gladsheim, where the gods sat in council; one, Valaskjalf, where was Odin's throne, Hlidskjalf, made of precious metals, with a footstool of pure gold. The other abode of Odin was called Valhalla.

This was the home to which Odin welcomed all brave heroes who had fallen fighting in battle, for he was the god of courage, and loved these heroes. Odin had in his service many beautiful maidens, called Valkyrs; and whenever a battle was waged among men, he sent these maidens down to take the warriors who died upon the field bravely fighting, and bring them to Valhalla; there they were to live forever.

Odin was the god of wisdom, and bestowed this great gift upon men who were willing to seek it. He was the patron of culture and of heroes. Odin himself did not attain his wisdom without effort and suffering.

The wife of Odin, and the queen of the gods, was Frigga, who was also the supreme goddess of love. Frigga was a distinct deity from Freya, with whom she is often confounded.

There was in the world a great tree, the tree of life. It extended from earth to heaven; its pleasant shade sheltered gods and men; all living things could feed upon its branches. Serpents gnawed at its roots; goats gnawed at its

bark; and birds ate its leaves; but it could not be killed. The name of this tree was Ygdrasil (ig'dra-sil). It had three great roots extending down to three wells, or springs. One of these wells was below Jötunheim, the world of giants, and was called Mimir's well because it was guarded by an ancient giant named Mimir, or Memory.

He was not wicked like the other giants, but was very wise and good. This well which he guarded was the fountain of wisdom. Whoever drank of its waters was made wise. Mimir himself remembered all the things that had ever happened, and knew their causes; he knew more even than the gods, for the giants were older than the gods.

Odin, the father of the gods, wanted wisdom; and so greatly did he desire it, that he was willing to make any sacrifice to get it; so he went to Mimir, down under the land of the giants, and said to the old giant: "Give me a drink of the clear water from your well."

"Ah!" said Mimir, "this water is never given to any except for a great price; you must be willing to give up the most precious thing you possess before you can drink from Mimir's fountain."

But this did not disturb Odin; he must drink from the fountain of wisdom at whatever cost, so he said: "I will give you whatever you ask."

Mimir looked at him, admiring his courage, and at length said: "If you would drink, you must leave with me one of your eyes."

The price was great; but Odin quickly paid it, drank his draught of wisdom, and went away to Asgard, having but one eye, but the wisdom which he so much desired; and since that time many men have been willing to give all they possessed for wisdom.

XXXIII. THOR.

THOR was the god of thunder. He was the strongest warrior among the gods, and the enemy of the giants, against whom he defended Asgard. He lived in a wonderful palace called Zilskinir, or Lightning. It was the largest palace in Asgard; it had five hundred and forty halls, immense in size, and many great doors.

Thor rode in a chariot drawn by two goats, from whose hoofs and teeth flashed sparks of fire. Upon his head he wore a crown of stars. He had three very precious things. The first was his mighty hammer, with which he fought the frost giants. The second was his belt of strength; when he girded himself with this, his divine strength was doubled. The third was his iron gauntlet; with this he grasped his hammer when he wanted to fight the giants, for the hammer was usually red hot, so that he could not grasp it with his naked hand.

Thor had a beautiful wife called Sif. He loved her very dearly, and admired her beauty. Especially did he admire her long golden hair, which hung in graceful ringlets down her back.

One day when Thor was absent from home, Loki, the evil one, happened to pass by the place where Sif was sleeping, her beautiful hair spread out upon the couch. The spirit of mischief seized Loki, and, out of spite, he softly crept in and cut off all of Sif's golden locks.

When Sif awakened, she was overwhelmed with grief and hid herself, so that Thor might not see her without her hair.

When Thor came home he called for Sif, but she did not answer; then he searched the palace until he found her. When he saw what had been done to her, he was filled with rage, and at once suspected that the wicked Loki had done the mischief, and hastened out to find him. Terrible in his anger, with long strides he hurried to Asgard.

When Loki heard Thor coming, he was dreadfully frightened, and tried to escape by changing himself into a salmon and leaping into the water; but Thor saw him, and changed himself to a sea gull, and seized the fish in his beak. Then both were changed back to their natural shapes, and Thor had the wicked Loki in his hand.

He was about to kill him in his rage; but Loki begged for his life, and said that if it were spared he would secure from the dwarfs another head of hair more beautiful than the former, and that he would also bring Thor a better hammer than his old Mjollnir (myel′nir), which Thor had lost.

On this promise he released the culprit, and Loki hastened away to the dark caverns underground where dwelt the dwarfs. Here he found them working at their forges, surrounded by heaps of precious metals and beautiful gems. He asked a dwarf named Davalin to make not only hair for Sif, but also a present for Odin and for Frey, who were angry with him.

The dwarf consented, and quickly made of pure gold the hair for Sif; he also made for Odin a wonderful spear which should never miss its aim; and for Frey, a ship which could sail in air as well as in water, and was so elastic that although it was large enough to hold the gods and all their steeds, it could be folded up and put in one's pocket.

When Loki saw the wonderful things that the dwarf had

After noted German Painting.

THOR.

"Thor rode in a chariot drawn by two goats, from whose hoofs and teeth flashed sparks of fire. . . . He had three very precious things: the first was his mighty hammer . . .; the second, his belt of strength . . .; the third, his iron gauntlet." (Page 153.)

made, he declared that Davalin was the most clever of all smiths; but Brock, another dwarf, hearing what Loki said, declared that his brother Sindri could make three things better than those which Davalin had made.

Loki immediately challenged him to do it, wagering his head against Brock's that he could not. Sindri at once went to work. He threw some gold into the fire and went out, leaving Brock to blow the bellows. Loki, who wanted him to fail, changed himself to a gadfly and stung Brock's hand.

Although it hurt him cruelly, Brock did not let go; and when Sindri returned he drew out of the fire an enormous wild boar with golden bristles, which could travel through the sky with wonderful speed, lighting the whole world as it passed.

Then Sindri threw some more gold into the fire, and left Brock to blow the bellows. This time the gadfly stung him on the cheek, where the hurt was greater than before; but still Brock did not let go, and when Sindri returned he drew out of the flames a magic ring from which eight other rings dropped.

Then he cast into the fire a lump of iron, and again left Brock to blow the bellows. This time Loki, fearing he would lose his wager, stung Brock upon the eye. Brock quickly raised his hand and struck off the gadfly. When Sindri returned he drew out from the fire a wonderful hammer, but the handle was a little too short. This was because Brock had dropped the bellows an instant to brush away the fly.

Then Loki and Brock went up to Asgard to present their gifts to the gods, and to let them decide who had done the better work, Davalin or Sindri.

Loki gave the spear to Odin, the ship to Frey, and the golden hair to Thor, who placed it upon the head of Sif, where at once it grew, and all declared that it was more beautiful than that which she had lost.

Then Loki brought out the gifts that Brock had made. The boar with golden bristles he gave to Frey, the god of the sun, that he might ride upon it through the sky and thus light the world.

The ring Draupnir, he gave to Thor. Thor gave it to Odin, who ever after wore it on his arm, and from it other rings laden with fruitfulness dropped upon the earth.

The hammer Thor kept himself, that he might use it in his battles with the giants. The dwarfs, by magic, had given it such power that wherever Thor hurled it, it came back of its own accord to his hand. It was so wonderful that all the gods declared that Sindri's work was better than that of Davalin.

Brock then demanded Loki's head, which he had wagered. The gods all said this was right; but Loki, frightened, ran away. Thor, however, caught him and brought him back. Loki then said to Brock, "You may have my head, but you must not touch my neck, for that was not in the wager."

So Brock was cheated out of his wager; but that he might punish Loki, he borrowed his brother Sindri's awl, and sewed Loki's lips together, for Loki talked too much. Then Brock went back to his place among the dwarfs. The gods all laughed at Loki with his mouth sewed up; but after a time he managed to cut the thread, and soon was talking as much as ever.

The following description of Thor is taken from the poet Longfellow's "The Saga of King Olaf": —

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer:
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever.

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations.
This is my hammer,
Mjollnir the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it:

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled.

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night wind,
Affrighting the nations.

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder;
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake.

XXXIV. LOKI AND HIS CHILDREN.

LOKI lived in Giant-land many years, rejoicing in evil deeds. There were born to him three children, — wicked Hela (called Smoky-locks), ugly Jormungand with the body of a serpent, and fierce Fenris in the shape of a wolf.

These children grew very strong to do evil, because they were always busy in evil ways, even in their play. At last Odin, the good and wise, looked down from Asgard and saw their wicked strength. "This must not be," he said, with a grave face. "Loki's children will fill the world with evil if I do not stay them."

So Odin hastened to Giant-land. He looked upon wicked Hela, and banished her to the under world of darkness. The ugly serpent he threw into the sea, where its huge body encircled the earth, lashing the water into angry foam. But because fierce Fenris was so strong, Odin spared him. "Perhaps he may become strong to do good, if he lives with the gods," Odin said. So he took Fenris to Asgard.

How strange to hear in Asgard's streets the footfall of a wolf! Her walls had echoed the stories of brave deeds and songs of heroes, but never before a wolf's howl. Would the strange newcomer learn to be like the gods? Would he forget evil, and use his strength for good?

When Odin returned with Fenris to Asgard, he looked among the hero-gods for one who should care for the wolf-demon. They saw his question in his face. Brave Tyr sprang to answer it. "Father Odin," he cried, "I delight in strength; and I care not if my task is hard or dull. Let me care for this fierce fellow."

So Fenris became Tyr's charge. He fed him with sheep and oxen, and took him with him upon his journeys. But Fenris did not learn the ways of the gods. His face grew more savage and cruel; his great muscles were like iron, and his teeth stronger than tried steel.

One night as Odin sat with the hero-gods at supper, he heard huge Fenris gnash his teeth, impatient to be fed. The Allwise looked upon the beast, and his grand face became sad. When the supper was ended, he called a council of the gods.

"Sons," he said, "I have looked upon Fenris's face and seen his evil strength; I can see no love in his fierce eyes. No thought of good has tempered his fierce voice; no feeling of gentleness has been born in his cruel heart. But daily his wicked strength becomes greater. We must bind him, or he will destroy us." Gravely the heroes listened. They were wise and strong. They had overcome giants and leveled mountains. Was evil Fenris more than these?

"Come with me," said Thor the mighty, breathing joyfully as he thought of the work before him. "I will forge a chain that will hold the brute fast."

The gods followed Thor to his anvil, and watched all night as he dealt mighty blows upon the molten iron, sending the sparks like shooting stars into the darkness of the night. When morning came the strong chain was finished. Who could defy its massive links? Now would the gods be safe from the fangs of the wolf. "Come, Fenris," called Thor, "you are strong as the giant. Let us see you break this chain, which I can hardly carry." Fenris was willing enough. They bound him fast with the heavy fetters; but when all was done, he stretched his huge limbs and snapped the massive iron as if it were a silken thread.

The gods spoke no word as the wolf walked away. Gravely they turned again to the smithy. Again Thor toiled all night, dealing heavy blows and strong upon the tempered steel. When morning came, another chain lay finished on the floor, ten times stronger than the first. Can Fenris escape from this also?

Yes, as the spider's web yields itself to the touch of a child, the strong links gave way before the mighty muscles of the wolf. Sad and silent, the hero-gods turned away from the scene. With a wicked leer Fenris looked after them; then his voice rose in a howl of fiendish malice and delight.

That night a dark cloud hung over the fair city of Asgard. The hero-gods sat at their council table, and talked of the evil strength that was in their midst. All faces were sad and stern; all speeches were solemn and slow.

"Great indeed is the power of evil," said Father Odin, "but good is greater. Shall a beast conquer the gods?" And all the courage and might of the gods arose within them as they answered, "Never!"

They watched through the night in silence. When morning came Odin said, "Sons, we will call to our aid the cunning dwarfs; they shall help us to bind our enemy. Tyr shall tell them of our need, and win their best skill in our behalf."

Tyr needed no second bidding. Like an arrow from the bow he sped, away from the lofty city of Asgard to the dark one where the dwarfs dwelt. There, hidden in the earth, they wrought with their tiny hands in gold and silver and precious stones. They knew the secrets of the hills, and could shape cunning and beautiful treasures in their skill.

They heard Tyr's message, and gladly lent their skill to the help of Father Odin. Three nights they wrought in the darkness, and then they brought to Tyr a delicate chain that might have been spun from cobweb.

"Here is thy chain, O Tyr," they said. "Fierce Fenris cannot escape its bands."

Tyr hastened to Asgard with his treasure. Again the heroes met and called Fenris to test his strength. "We cannot break this chain," they said to him; "will you try your strength again?"

The brute saw the delicate strands, and feared. Yet he would not seem to be afraid.

"If one of you will place his hand in my mouth, that there may be fair play, I will let you bind me," he said.

The heroes looked in one another's faces. Who would do what the wolf asked?

Brave Tyr stepped forward, and placed his arm in the wolf's mouth. The tiny chain was bound about Fenris. He rose to stretch himself and shake off the threads; but they tightened and strengthened about him. With a roar he gnashed his great teeth together. He was bound fast. But Tyr stood before the hero-gods without his brave right arm.

Then a mighty shout was heard in Asgard. Again and again they sang, "Glory be to Tyr forever! For he has given his brave right arm to save the gods from evil." The shout was echoed from the mountains, and it rang through the caves of the dwarfs. "The chain of the dwarfs is mighty," they said; "but mightier is the brave heart of Tyr."

XXXV. IDUN'S APPLES.

THE gods never grew old, but were always young and strong and fair. The secret of their youth was in Idun's Apples, which this goddess kept very carefully in a jar. Every morning the gods ate some of the apples, and so lost all traces of age. Hence they valued these apples very highly indeed.

Once, through Loki's mischief, they came near losing the precious fruit. Three of the gods, Odin, Loki, and Hœnir, were one day traveling together; their journey was long, and at length they were becoming hungry, when they reached a peaceful valley where herds of cattle were grazing.

So they killed an ox for supper, and put the flesh in a great pot to boil; but boil it as long as they would, they could not cook it. Every time they took up the lid to try the meat, they found it as raw as when they first put it in. Astonished at this, they stood wondering what to do, when they heard a voice calling to them from overhead; looking up, they saw a great eagle in a tree. The eagle said, "If you will promise to give me all the meat I need for supper, your ox shall speedily be cooked." They promised, and soon the flesh was all well cooked.

The eagle then flew down to get his share, and seized hungrily a leg and two shoulders of the ox. Loki was so enraged at the eagle's greed that he picked up a pole and began to beat the bird upon the back, when a strange thing happened. The pole having struck the eagle's back would not come away from it, nor could Loki let go his hold.

Then the eagle flew away, dragging poor Loki after him

over rocks and woods and mountains, until he was half dead. Then Loki knew that it was not an eagle at all, but a wicked giant named Thiassi, who had dressed himself as an eagle that he might capture Loki.

The wily god, caught by a trick like some of his own, screamed and howled and begged the giant to let him go. Thiassi said that he would never let him go unless he promised to bring Idun's Apples to him. Loki readily promised, — it was always easy for him to promise, — and, glad to be free, he hurried back toward Asgard.

It was no easy task to get the apples, for Idun guarded them with great care, and would never willingly give them up; so Loki planned to get them by a trick.

He told Idun that, in a forest not far from her palace, he had found some apples growing even better than hers, and persuaded her to take her jar of apples and go with him to the forest, to compare her fruit with that which he had found.

No sooner had Idun reached the forest outside the walls, than the giant Thiassi, clad in his eagle's feathers, swooped down upon her and carried her off, with her apples, to his abode.

The gods not having these precious apples to eat soon began to lose their youth, and to look old and wrinkled and gray. They were in sore distress; so they gathered in their judgment hall, and asked one another who had last seen Idun.

When they learned that she had last been seen going out of Asgard with Loki, they knew that he had caused them all this evil. So Loki was seized and brought into their midst; then they threatened him with a terrible death unless he brought back Idun and her apples.

Loki, greatly frightened, promised to do as he was bid, if Freya, the goddess of fruitfulness, would lend him her falcon dress. Putting this on, he flew away to Jötunheim. There he found Idun, who was very unhappy in her captivity, and who gladly consented to go back with him.

Just then they saw Thiassi, who had been out fishing, coming home. Loki at once changed Idun to a nut, seized her in his claws, and flew away as fast as he could toward Asgard. Thiassi saw him going, and, quickly putting on his eagle dress, hurried after him.

The gods, who were looking anxiously over the walls of Asgard, saw a falcon flying toward them with an eagle in pursuit, almost overtaking him. Recognizing the falcon as Loki, and the eagle as Thiassi, they placed firewood on the walls, and as soon as Loki had glided over, lighted the fires. Thiassi was flying so fast that he could not stop, but flew straight into the fire. His wings were burned, and he fell down in the midst of Asgard, where the gods soon put an end to the wicked giant.

Idun was eagerly welcomed home, and the gods, having again their precious apples to eat, soon lost all traces of age and became once more young and strong and beautiful.

XXXVI. BALDUR.

BALDUR was the god of light. He was the fairest and best beloved of all the gods. His face was always beaming with kindness and love. Wherever he went among gods or men, all felt his presence and began to feel more kindly toward one another and to love truth, which is to

life what light is to the world. All beings loved him but Loki. Loki hated him for his very goodness.

Baldur's palace, built of the azure of the sky and the clear crystal of the water, was the home of peace and purity; nothing evil or unclean could enter it. Here he lived with his lovely wife Nanna in perfect happiness.

But one day the gods noticed that Baldur's face was sad; they had never seen it so before, and wondered what was the cause. When asked, he told them that he was troubled by his dreams, and feared that his life was in danger. Whereupon Frigga, his mother, traveled through the world, and made everything which she saw swear that it would not injure Baldur.

She visited fire, water, iron, and all the metals, diseases, birds, beasts, and poisons, and they all gladly swore that they would not hurt Baldur.

The gods believed that these oaths made Baldur safe, and they rejoiced again; they even invented a game to convince Baldur that he could not be hurt. They persuaded him to stand up in their midst while they threw at him all their weapons and every hurtful thing, but none of them injured him.

They amused themselves in this way for many days. Wicked Loki was very angry when he heard that all things had sworn not to injure Baldur; so he dressed himself up as an old woman, and went to visit Frigga, Baldur's mother.

He talked with her about the wonderful game the gods were playing, and pretended to be surprised that Baldur was not hurt; but Frigga told him about the promise that all things had made. "What! have all things promised not to injure Baldur?" asked the old woman. "Yes," said Frigga, "all but one little plant which grows beyond Valhalla, and

After noted German Painting.

BALDUR.

"Baldur was the god of light. He was the fairest and best beloved of all the gods." (*Page* 165.)

is called the mistletoe, which is so little that I did not think it worth while to ask it."

This was what Loki wanted to hear. He took his leave of Frigga, removed his old woman's dress, and hurried to the spot beyond Valhalla where the mistletoe grew.

He broke off a twig, and by magic made a spear of it. This he took with him to Asgard, where he found the gods throwing their weapons at Baldur.

Now Hödur, one of the gods, was blind. When Loki went to him and asked him why he threw nothing at Baldur, "Because I am blind," he answered, "and cannot take aim." — "But," said Loki, "you ought to throw something, too, in honor to Baldur." Hödur replied, "I have nothing to throw." Loki then put into his hand his mistletoe spear, aimed it for him, and told him to hurl it.

Hödur, not suspecting any evil, did as he was told. The spear flew from his hand, struck the beautiful Baldur, pierced him through, and he fell dead.

Great indeed was the grief of the gods. Their best beloved Baldur had fallen. Never had such sorrow fallen upon Asgard. For the first time, weeping and mourning were heard in the home of the gods.

After they had recovered from the first shock of grief, they tenderly took up Baldur's body and bore it to the seashore, where they placed it on his own ship. His wife Nanna was so grieved by his death that her heart was broken, and she died too. They laid her beside her husband on the ship; this they burned while Thor blessed it with his hammer. Thus Baldur, best of all the gods, was lost to Asgard.

After the funeral, Odin sent a messenger to Hela, the giantess who ruled in the regions of the dead, and asked

her to release Baldur, that he might come back to Asgard. Hela said she would do so if every living thing would weep for him; but if a single creature refused to weep, he could not go. The gods then sent messengers to all the world, asking every creature to weep for Baldur.

All consented but one old hag, who declared that only with dry tears would she weep Baldur's death. But this was enough; Baldur could not be released. The messenger who had begged this old hag to weep, as he was turning away, saw a wicked gleam in her eye, and knew then that it was Loki, who had taken this form that Baldur might not live again. This the messenger reported to the gods.

Then were all the dwellers in Asgard filled with fury, and they vowed that Loki should be punished. This time Loki was more terribly frightened than ever before. He changed his form many times, and used all his cunning to escape the gods; but it was of no avail.

Thor took him and brought him into the judgment circle; he was quickly condemned, and as a punishment for his many wicked deeds, especially for having caused the death of Baldur, he was bound in a cavern underground upon sharp pointed rocks so that he could not move himself at all.

A dreadful time came to the gods long after Baldur's death; they had war with the frost giants, and were defeated, many of them were killed, and Asgard became gloomy and desolate. This is called the twilight of the gods. But a better time is coming; the giants shall be overthrown, Baldur shall come back, leading his blind brother Hödur, and all shall be peace and light and happiness.

XXXVII. DEATH OF BALDUR.

By Matthew Arnold.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, the great English poet, has written a beautiful poem on the death of Baldur, from which the following verses are taken:

So on the floor lay Baldur dead; and round
Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts, and spears,
Which all the Gods in sport had idly thrown
At Baldur, whom no weapon pierced or clove;[1]
But in his breast stood fixt the fatal bough
Of mistletoe, which Loki the Accuser gave
To Hödur, and unwitting[2] Hödur threw —
'Gainst that alone had Baldur's life no charm.

And all the Gods and all the Heroes came,
And stood round Baldur on the bloody floor,
Weeping and wailing; and Valhalla rang
Up to its golden roof with sobs and cries;
And on the tables stood the untasted meats,
And in the horns[3] and gold-rimm'd sculls the wine.
And now would night have fall'n, and found them yet
Wailing; but otherwise was Odin's will.
And thus the Father of the ages spake: —

"Enough of tears, ye Gods, enough of wail!
Not to lament in was Valhalla made.

[1] **clove**, cut in two.
[2] **un-wit'ting,** not knowing; unthinking.
[3] **horns**, drinking cups made of the horns of animals.

If any here might weep for Baldur's death,
I most might weep, his father; such a son
I lose to-day, so bright, so loved a God.
But he has met that doom, which long ago
The Nornies,[1] when his mother bare him, spun,
And fate set seal, that so his end must be.
Baldur has met his death, and ye survive —
Weep him an hour, but what can grief avail?
For ye yourselves, ye Gods, shall meet your doom,
All ye who hear me, and inhabit Heaven,
And I too, Odin too, the Lord of all.

"But ours we shall not meet, when that day comes,
With women's tears, and weak complaining cries —
Why should we meet another's portion so?
Rather it fits you, having wept your hour,
With cold dry eyes, and hearts composed[2] and stern,
To live, as erst,[3] your daily life in Heaven.
By me shall vengeance on the murderer Loki,
The foe, the accuser, whom, though Gods, we hate,
Be strictly cared for, in the appointed day.
Meanwhile to-morrow when the morning dawns,
Bring wood to the seashore to Baldur's ship,
And on the deck build high a funeral pile,
And on the top lay Baldur's corpse, and put
Fire to the wood, and send him out to sea
To burn; for that is what the dead desire."

[1] **Nor'nies**, Fates; beings who determined and predicted what was to happen. In Norse myths, as in those of Greece, the Fates were described as spinning the thread of life for other beings.

[2] **com-posed'**, quieted.

[3] **erst**, formerly.

So spake the King of Gods, and straightway rose,
And mounted his horse Sleipnir, whom he rode;
And from the hall of Heaven he rode away
To Lidskialf, and sate upon his throne,
The mount, from whence his eye surveys the world.
And far from Heaven he turn'd his shining orbs[1]
To look on Midgard, and the earth, and men.
And on the conjuring[2] Lapps he bent his gaze,
Whom antler'd reindeer pull over the snow;
And on the Finns, the gentlest of mankind,
Fair men, who live in holes under the ground;
Nor did he look once more to Ida's plain,
Nor towards Valhalla and the sorrowing Gods;
For well he knew the Gods would heed his word,
And cease to mourn, and think of Baldur's pyre.[3]

. . . .

The Gods held talk together, group'd in knots,
Round Baldur's corpse, which they had hither borne;

. . . .

And straight the Father of the ages said:—
"Ye Gods, these terms may keep another day.
But now, put on your arms, and mount your steeds,
And in procession all come near, and weep
Baldur; for that is what the dead desire.
When ye enough have wept, then build a pile
Of the heap'd wood, and burn his corpse with fire
Out of our sight; that we may turn from grief,
And lead, as erst, our daily life in Heaven."

[1] **orbs**, round bodies, here used for the eyes.

[2] **con'jur-ing**, using magic.

[3] **pyre**, a funeral pile. The ancients used to burn the bodies of their dead upon such piles, instead of burying them.

He spoke, and the Gods arm'd; and Odin donn'd[1]
His dazzling corselet[2] and his helm[3] of gold,
And led the way on Sleipnir; and the rest
Follow'd, in tears, their father and their king.
And thrice in arms, round the dead they rode,
Weeping; the sands were wetted, and their arms,
With their thick-falling tears — so good a friend
They mourn'd that day, so bright, so loved a God.
And Odin came and laid his kingly hands
On Baldur's breast, and thus began the wail: —
"Farewell, O Baldur, bright and loved, my son!
In that great day, the twilight of the Gods,
When Muspel's children shall beleaguer[4] Heaven,
Then we shall miss thy counsel and thy arm."

Thou camest near the next, O warrior Thor!
Shouldering thy hammer, in thy chariot drawn,
Swaying[5] the long-hair'd goats with silver'd rein;
And over Baldur's corpse these words didst say: —
"Brother, thou dwellest in the darksome land,
And talkest with the feeble tribes of ghosts,
Now, and I know not how they prize thee there —
But here, I know, thou wilt be miss'd and mourn'd.
For haughty spirits and high wraths are rife
Among the Gods and Heroes here in Heaven,
As among those whose joy and work is war;
And daily strifes arise, and angry words.
But from thy lips, O Baldur, night or day,

[1] **donn'd**, put on.
[2] **corse'let**, armor to protect the body.
[3] **helm**, helmet; armor for the head.
[4] **be-lea'guer**, besiege.
[5] **sway'ing**, guiding; controlling.

Heard no one ever an injurious word
To God or Hero, but thou keptest back
The others, laboring to compose their brawls.
Be ye then kind, as Baldur too was kind!
For we lose him, who smoothed all strife in Heaven."

. . . .

But now the sun had pass'd the height of Heaven,
And soon had all that day been spent in wail;
But then the Father of the ages said: —
"Ye Gods, there well may be too much of wail!
Bring now the gather'd wood to Baldur's ship;
Heap on the deck the logs, and build the pyre."
But when the Gods and Heroes heard, they brought
The wood to Baldur's ship, and built a pile,
Full the deck's breadth, and lofty; then the corpse
Of Baldur on the highest top they laid,
With Nanna on his right, and on his left
Hödur, his brother whom his own hand slew.

And they set jars of wine and oil to lean
Against the bodies, and stuck torches near,
Splinters of pine-wood, soak'd with turpentine;
And brought his arms, and gold, and all his stuff,
And slew the dogs who at his table fed,
And his horse, Baldur's horse, whom most he loved,
And threw them on the pyre, and Odin threw
A last choice gift thereon, his golden ring.
The mast they fixed, and hoisted up the sails,
Then they put fire to the wood; and Thor
Set his stout shoulder hard against the stern
To push the ship through the thick sand; — sparks flew
From the deep trench she plowed, so strong a God

Furrow'd it; and the water gurgled in.
And the ship floated on the waves, and rock'd.

But in the hills a strong east wind arose,
And came down moaning to the sea; first squalls
Ran black o'er the sea's face, then steady rush'd
The breeze, and fill'd the sails, and blew the fire.
And, wreathed in smoke, the ship stood out to sea.
Soon with a roaring rose the mighty fire,
And the pile crackled; and between the logs
Sharp quivering tongues of flame shot out, and leapt,
Curling and darting, higher, until they lick'd
The summit of the pile, the dead, the mast,
And ate the shriveling sails; but still the ship
Drove on, ablaze above her hull with fire.
And the Gods stood upon the beach, and gazed;
And while they gazed, the sun went lurid down
Into the smoke-wrapt sea, and night came on.

Then the wind fell, with night, and there was calm;
But through the dark they watch'd the burning ship
Still carried o'er the distant waters on,
Farther and farther, like an eye of fire.
And long, in the far dark, blazed Baldur's pile;
But fainter, as the stars rose high, it flared;
The bodies were consumed, ash choked the pile.
And as, in a decaying winter-fire,
A charr'd log, falling, makes a shower of sparks —
So with a shower of sparks the pile fell in,
Reddening the sea around; and all was dark.

But the Gods went by starlight up the shore
To Asgard, and sate down in Odin's hall

At table, and the funeral feast began.
All night they ate the boar Serimner's flesh,
And from their horns, with silver rimm'd, drank mead,
Silent, and waited for the sacred morn.

XXXVIII. THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.[1]

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous[2] eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;

[1] This poem refers to the supposed visit of people from Norway to this country long before the voyage of Columbus. An old round tower was found standing at Newport, which was not such as any modern visitors would have built, and many think that this was erected by these early Norse visitors. Some laborers, digging at Fall River, Massachusetts, came upon the skeleton of a warrior in a strange armor, buried in a sitting posture. Those who saw this skeleton thought that he was one of these same Norse wanderers. The poet has used these discoveries as the basis for his poem, in which he weaves a story of the buried Norseman.

[2] **cav'ern-ous**, hollow.

And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
    From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking[1] old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald[2] in song has told,
    No Saga[3] taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
    For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
    Tamed the gerfalcon;[4]
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
  Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
    Fled like a shadow;

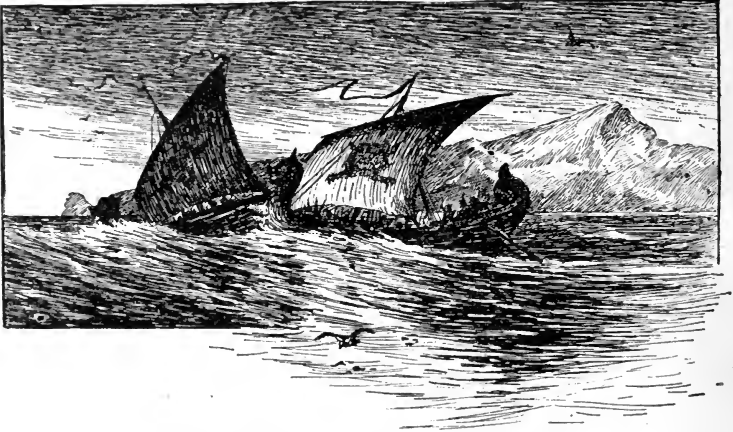
[1] **Vi'king**, a Norse sea-rover or pirate. These Vikings were doubtless remarkable sailors, bold and courageous, and all dwellers of the coast-land in Northern Europe dreaded them.

[2] **Skald**, a bard or poet of the ancient Northmen. These bards used to sing especially the tales of war and the adventures of heroes. Such bards were found among all ancient peoples.

[3] **Sa'ga**, a Norse tale or tradition.

[4] **ger'fal-con** (jer'faw-k'n), a bird trained to hunt other birds.

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the werewolf's[1] bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.



"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.[2]
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout[3]
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,

[1] **were'wolf**, a person transformed into a wolf. Belief in werewolves was formerly common. [2] **ma-raud'ers**, robbers.
[3] **was'sail-bout**, a carousal, or drinking time.

As we the Berserk's[1] tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows we plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

[1] **Ber'serk**, a half-crazed, brave warrior among the Norsemen.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
    The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
    Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
    I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
    Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
    Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
    With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast
    When the wind failed us;

And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,[1]
So that our foe we saw
    Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
    'Death without quarter!'
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
    Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,[2]
Seeking some rocky haunt,
    With his prey laden, —
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
    Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
    Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
    Stands looking seaward.

[1] **Skaw**, a promontory.
[2] **cor'mo-rant**, a gluttonous sea-bird.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;

OLD STONE TOWER, NEWPORT.

Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal![1] to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

XXXIX. THE WHITE CZAR.[2]

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

DOST thou see on the rampart's height
That wreath of mist, in the light
Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist!
It is not a wreath of mist;
It is the Czar, the White Czar,
Batyushka![3] Gosudar![4]

[1] **skoal**, hail! an exclamation of good wishes.

[2] The **White Czar** was Peter the Great, the first great emperor of Russia.

[3] **Bat-yush'ka**, Father dear; a favorite name of the Russians for their emperor.

[4] **Gos'u-dar**, Sovereign; a title applied to the Czar.

He has heard, among the dead,
The artillery roll o'erhead;
The drums and the tramp of feet
Of his soldiery in the street;
He is awake! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries
Of his people: "Awake! arise!"
He has rent the gold brocade
Whereof his shroud was made;
He is risen! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don
He has led his armies on,
Over river and morass,
Over desert and mountain pass;
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain chain
Toward the seas that cleave in twain
The continents; his hand
Points southward o'er the land
Of Roumili![1] O Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his lips:
"I am the builder of ships,
And my ships shall sail these seas
To the Pillars of Hercules![2]

[1] **Rou-mi'li** (Ru-me'le), Roumelia.

[2] **Pillars of Hercules**, the Rocks of Gibraltar, so called because Hercules is said to have torn them apart, thus making the strait.

I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"The Bosphorus shall be free;
It shall make room for me;
And the gates of its water-streets
Be unbarred before my fleets.
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"And the Christian shall no more
Be crushed as heretofore,
Beneath thine iron rule,
O Sultan of Istamboul![1]
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!"

XL. THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

[1] **Is-tam-boul′**, the Turkish name for Constantinople.

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats these words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board;

M. GOODMAN.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens, dreaming, strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
These hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There in that silent room below,
The dead lay in its shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scatter'd now and fled:
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
That ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe[1] of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,[2] —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

XLI. THE NORSEMEN.[3]

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

Gift from the cold and silent Past!
A relic to the present cast,
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam:

[1] **hor′o-loge**, a timepiece.

[2] **in-ces′sant-ly**, ceaselessly.

[3] Nearly one hundred years ago a fragment of a rough statue of gray stone was found on the bank of the Merrimac River. Many supposed that it, like the Skeleton in Armor and the Round Tower at Newport, was left by the early Norse visitors to this country. The poet Whittier has made this statue the basis of his poem.

From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
The circles widen to its shore;
And cultured field and peopled town
Slope to its willowed margin down.
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing
The home-life sound of school-bells ringing,
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,
And voices from the wayside near
Come quick and blended on my ear,
A spell is in this old gray stone,—
My thoughts are with the Past alone!

NORSE VESSELS.

A change! — The steepled town no more
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud:
Spectrally rising where they stood,
I see the old, primeval wood:
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
I see its solemn waste expand:

It climbs the green and cultured hill,
It arches o'er the valley's rill;
And leans from cliff and crag to throw
Its wild arms o'er the streams below.
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river
Flows on, as it will flow forever!
I listen, and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its waters go;
I hear behind the panther's cry,
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,
And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark! — from wood and rock flung back,
What sound comes up the Merrimac?
What sea-worn barks are those which throw
The light spray from each rushing prow?
Have they not in the North Sea's blast
Bowed to the waves the straining mast?
Their frozen sails the low, pale sun
Of Thulë's[1] night has shone upon;
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep
Round icy drift, and headland steep.
Wild Jutland's[2] wives and Lochlin's daughters
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,
Lessening through driving mist and spray,
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!

[1] **Thū'le**, the supposed northernmost point of the British Isles, which formerly was often spoken of as the end of the world.

[2] **Jut'land**, a peninsula of Denmark. Denmark, Norway, and Sweden are really the same land, and the people living there on the two peninsulas are very closely related.

Onward they glide, — and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky;
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.
I see the gleam of ax and spear,
The sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chant, and Runic[1] rhyme;
Such lays as Zetland's Skald has sung,
His gray and naked isles among;
Or muttered low at midnight hour
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune;
The Gael[2] has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank[3] knows its summons well;
Iona's[4] sable-stoled[5] Culdee[6]
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

[1] **Ru'nic,** belonging to runes. Runes were the characters in which the Norse wrote their poems, and the word is also used for the poems themselves.

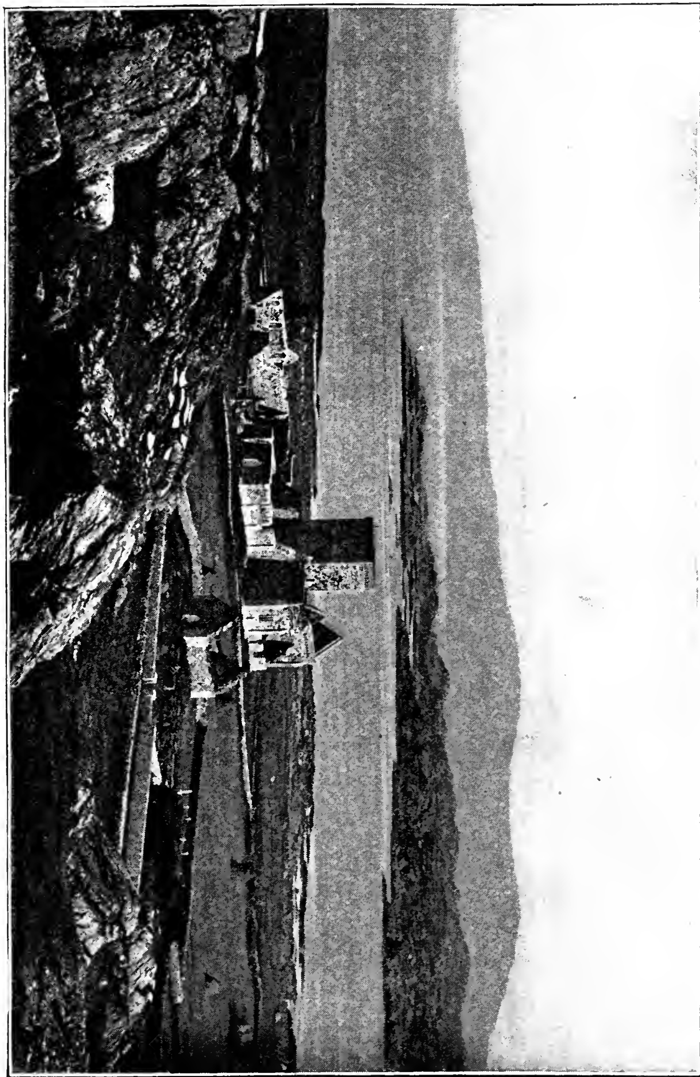
[2] **Gael** (gale), the early inhabitants of the Scottish Highlands.

[3] **Frank,** an early tribe of western Europe, from which the French have derived their name.

[4] **I-o'na,** an island near the coast of Scotland.

[5] **sable-stoled,** black-robed.

[6] **Cul-dee',** an ancient priest of Scotland.



RUINS OF OLD CATHEDRAL, ISLAND OF IONA.

'T is past, — the 'wildering vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!
The forest vanishes in air, —
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare:
I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again:
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone;
And if it be the chiseled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim, —
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
The stormy Viking's god of war,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not, — for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.
Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind,
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again,
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,

Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitude of Death,
To mortal minds were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper — even when it seems
But Memory's fantasy of dreams —
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,
Of an immortal origin!

XLII. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY was an English clergyman and college professor. Besides books for older people, he wrote several for boys and girls, and very interesting they are. He loved nature, and used to tramp over the fields, observing the plants and the rocks, and thinking about the wonderful works of the Creator in making this beautiful world. His books for children are mostly written about what he saw in the fields and woods. The selection here

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

given is taken from a volume entitled "Madam How and Lady Why," all of which is well worth reading. Charles Kingsley was born in Holme, Devonshire, 1819, and died at Eversley, Hampshire, in 1875.

XLIII. THE CORAL REEF.

By Charles Kingsley.

CHAPTER I.

NOW you want to know what I meant when I talked of a bit of lime going out to sea and forming part of a coral island, and then of a limestone rock, and then of a marble statue. Very good. Then look at this stone.

What a curious stone! Did it come from any place near here?

No. It came from near Dudley, in Staffordshire, where the soils are worlds and worlds older than they are here, though they were made in the same way as these and all other soils. But you are not listening to me.

Why, the stone is full of shells and bits of coral; and what are these wonderful things coiled and tangled together like the snakes in Medusa's hair in the picture? Are they snakes?

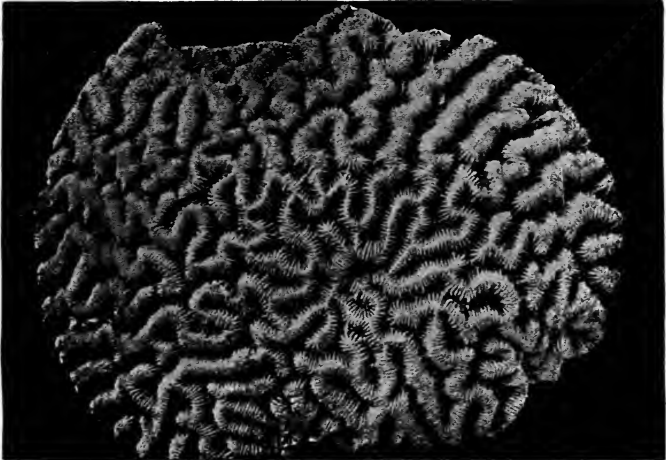
If they are, then they must be snakes who have all one head; for see, they are joined together at their larger ends; and snakes which are branched, too, which no snake ever was.

Yes, I suppose they are snakes. And they grow out of a flower, too; and it has a stalk, jointed, too, as plants sometimes are; and as fishes' backbones are, too. Is it a petrified plant or flower?

No; though I do not deny that it looks like one. The creature most akin to it which you ever saw is a starfish.

What! one of the red starfishes that one finds on the beach? Its arms are not branched.

No. But there are starfishes with branched arms still in the sea. You know that pretty book (and learned book, too),



BRAIN CORAL.

Forbes' "British Starfishes"? You like to look it through for the sake of the vignettes,[1] — the mermaid and her child playing in the sea.

Oh, yes, and the king bogie, who is piping while the sand-stars dance; and the other, who is trying to pull out the starfish which the oyster has caught.

Yes. But do you recollect the drawing of the Medusa's head, with its curling arms, branched again and again without end? Here it is. No, you shall not look at the vignettes now. First, look at this one, — the feather-star,

[1] **vi-gnette′** (vin-yet′), a decorative design.

with arms almost like fern fronds. And in foreign seas there are many other branched starfish besides.

But they have no stalks?

Do not be too sure of that. This very feather-star, soon after it is born, grows a tiny stalk, by which it holds on to corallines[1] and seaweeds; and it is not till afterwards that it breaks loose from the stalk, and swims away freely into the wide water. In foreign seas there are several starfish still that grow on stalks all their lives, as this fossil one did.

How strange that a live animal should grow on a stalk, like a flower!

Not quite like a flower. A flower has roots, by which it feeds in the soil. These things grow more like seaweeds, which have no roots, but only hold on to the rock by the foot of the stalk, as a ship holds on by her anchor. But as for its being strange that live animals should grow on stalks, if it be strange it is common enough, like many far stranger things. For under the water are millions on millions of creatures, spreading for miles on miles, building up at last great reefs of rocks, and whole islands, which all grow rooted first to the rock, like seaweeds; and what is more, they grow, most of them, from one common root, branching again and again, and every branchlet bearing hundreds of living creatures, so that the whole creature is at once one creature and many creatures. Do you not understand me?

No.

Then fancy to yourself a bush like that hawthorn bush, with numberless blossoms, and every blossom on that bush a separate living thing, with its own mouth, and arms, and

[1] **cor′al-line**, a small coral-like animal.

stomach, budding and growing fresh live branches and fresh live flowers as fast as the old ones die; then you will see better what I mean.

How wonderful!

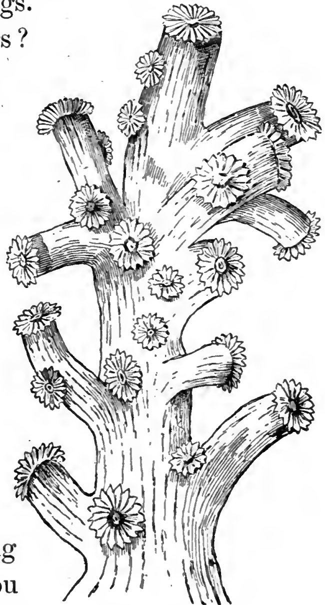
Yes; but not more wonderful than your finger, for it, too, is made of numberless living things.

My finger made of living things?

What else can it be? When you cut your finger, does not the place heal?

Of course.

And what is healing but growing again? And how could the atoms of your fingers grow, and make fresh skin, if they were not each of them alive? There, I will not puzzle you with too much at once; you will know more about all that some day. Only remember now, that there is nothing wonderful in the world outside you but has its counterpart of something just as wonderful, and perhaps more wonderful, inside you. Man is the microcosm, — the little world, — said the philosophers of old; and philosophers nowadays are beginning to see that their old guess is actual fact, and true.



CORAL STALK AND BRANCHES.

But what are these curious sea-creatures called, which are animals, yet grow like plants?

They have more names than I can tell you, or you remember. Those which helped to make this bit of stone are

called coral insects; but they are not really insects, and are no more like insects than you are. Coral polyps is the best name for them, because they have arms around their mouths something like a cuttlefish which the ancients called *polypus.* But the animal which you have seen likest to most of them is a sea anemone.

Look now at this piece of fresh coral, — for coral it is, though not like the coral which your sister wears in her necklace. You see it is full of pipes; in each of those pipes has lived what we will call, for the time being, a tiny sea anemone, joined on to his brothers by some sort of flesh and skin; and all of them together have built up, out of the lime in the sea water, this common house, or rather town, of lime.

But is it not strange and wonderful?

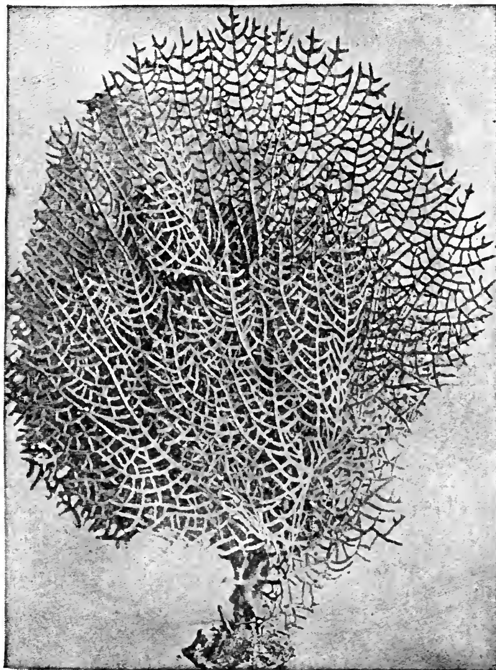
Of course it is; but so is everything when you begin to look into it; and if I were to go on and tell you what sort of young ones these coral polyps have, and what becomes of them, you would hear such wonders that you would be ready to suspect that I was inventing nonsense or talking in my dreams. But all that belongs to Madam How's deepest book of all, which is called the "Book of Kind," a book which children cannot understand, and in which the very wisest men are able to spell out a few words only.

CHAPTER II.

NOW we will go back to our story, and talk about how it was made, and how the stalked starfish, which you mistook for a flower, ever got into the stone.

Then do you think me silly for thinking that a fossil starfish was a flower?

I should be silly if I did. There is no silliness in not knowing what you cannot know. You can only guess about things which you have never seen before, by comparing them with old things which you have seen before; and you have seen flowers, and snakes, and fishes' backbones, and made a very fair guess from them. After all, some of these stalked starfish are so like flowers, lilies especially, that they are called Encrinites; and the whole family is called Crinoids, or lily-like creatures, from the Greek word *krinon*, a lily: and as for coral and corallines, learned men, in spite of all their care and shrewdness, made mistake after mistake about them, which they had to correct again and again, till now, I trust, they have got at something very like the truth. No, I shall only call you silly if you do what some little boys are apt to do, — call other boys, and, still worse, servants, or poor people, silly for not knowing what they cannot know.



FAN CORAL.

But are not poor people very silly about animals and plants? The boys at the village school say that slowworms are poisonous; is not that silly?

Not at all. They know that adders bite, and so they think that slowworms bite too. They are wrong, and they must be told that they are wrong, and scolded if they kill a slowworm. But silly, they are not.

But is it not silly to think that swallows sleep all winter at the bottom of the pond?

I do not think so. The boys cannot know where the swallows go; and if you told them — what is true — that the swallows find their way every autumn through France, through Spain, over the Straits of Gibraltar, into Morocco, and some, I believe, over the great desert of the Zahara into Negroland: and if you told them — what is true also — that the *young* swallows actually find their way into Africa without having been along the road before (because the *old* swallows go south a week or two first, and leave the young ones to guess out the way for themselves) — if you told them that, then they would have a right to say, "Do you expect us to believe that?" That is much more wonderful than that the swallows should sleep in the pond.

But is it?

Yes; to them. They know that bats, and dormice, and other things sleep all winter: so why should not swallows sleep? They see the swallows about the water, and often almost dipping into it. They know that fishes live under water, and that many insects — like May flies and caddis flies and water beetles — live sometimes in the water, sometimes in the open air; and they cannot know — *you* do not know — what it is which prevents a bird living under water. So their guess is really a fair one; no more silly than that of

the savages, who when they first saw the white men's ships, with their huge sails, fancied they were enormous sea birds; and when they heard the cannons fire, said that the ships spoke in thunder and lightning. Their guess was wrong, but not silly; for it was the best guess they could make.

But I do know of one old woman who was silly. She was a boy's nurse, and she gave the boy a thing which she said was one of the snakes that Saint Hilda turned into stone, and told him that they found plenty of them at Whitby, where she was born, all coiled up; but what was very odd, their heads had always been broken off. And when he took it to his father, he told him it was only a fossil shell, — an Ammonite. And he went back, and laughed at his nurse, and teased her till she was quite angry.

Then he was very lucky that she did not box his ears, for that is what he deserved. I dare say that, though his nurse had never heard of Ammonites, she was a wise old dame enough, and knew a hundred things which he did not know, and which were far more important than Ammonites, even to him.

How?

Because if she had not known how to nurse him well, he would, perhaps, have never grown up alive and strong. And if she had not known how to make him obey and speak the truth, he might have grown up a naughty boy.

But was she not silly?

No. She only believed what the Whitby folk, I understand, have some of them believed for many hundred years. And no one can be blamed for thinking as his forefathers did, unless he has cause to know better.

Surely she might have known better.

How? What reason could she have to believe that the

Ammonite was a shell? It is not the least like cockles, or whelks, or any shell she ever saw.

What reason either could she have to guess that Whitby cliff had once been coral mud at the bottom of the sea? No more reason, my dear child, than you have to guess that this stone had been coral mud likewise, if I did not teach you so, — or, rather, try to make you teach yourself so.

No. I say it again. If you wish to learn, I will only teach you on condition that you do not laugh at, or despise, those good and honest and able people who do not know or care about these things, because they have other things to think of, like old John out there plowing. He would not believe you — he would hardly believe me — if we told him that this stone had once been a swarm of living things, of exquisite shapes and glorious colors. And yet he can plow and sow, and reap and mow, and fell and strip, and hedge and ditch, and give his neighbors sound advice, and take the measure of a man's worth from ten minutes' talk, and say his prayers, and keep his temper, and pay his debts, — which last three things are more than a good many folks can do who fancy themselves a whole world wiser than John in the smock frock.

Oh, but I want to hear about the exquisite shapes and glorious colors!

Of course you do, little man. A few fine epithets take your fancy far more than a little common sense and common humility; but in that you are no worse than some of your elders. So now for the exquisite shapes and glorious colors. I have never seen them, though I trust to see them ere I die. So what they are like I can only tell from what I have learnt from Mr. Darwin, and Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Jukes, and Mr. Gosse, and last, but not least, from one whose soul

was as beautiful as his face, Lucas Barrett, — too soon lost to science, — who was drowned in exploring such a coral reef as this stone was once.

Then there are such things alive now?

Yes, and no. The descendants of most of them live on, altered by time, which alters all things; and from the beauty of the children we can guess the beauty of their ancestors; just as from the coral reefs which exist now we can guess how the coral reefs of old were made.

CHAPTER III.

AND what is a coral reef like?

You have seen the room in the British Museum full of corals, madrepores, brain stones, corallines, and sea ferns?

Oh, yes.

Then fancy all those alive. Not as they are now, white stone, but covered in jelly; and out of every pore a little polyp, like a flower, peeping out. Fancy them of every gaudy color you choose. No bed of flowers, they say, can be more brilliant than the corals, as you look down on them through the clear sea. Fancy, again, growing among them, and crawling over them, strange sea anemones, shells, star-fish, sea slugs, and sea cucumbers with feathery gills, crabs, and shrimps, and hundreds of other animals, all as strange in shape, and as brilliant in color. You may let your fancy run wild. Nothing so odd, nothing so gay, ever entered into your dreams, or a poet's, as you may find alive at the bottom of the sea, in the live flower gardens of the sea fairies.

There will be shoals of fish, too, playing in and out, as strange and gaudy as the rest, — parrot fish who browse on the live coral with their beak-like teeth, as cattle browse on

grass; and at the bottom, it may be, larger and uglier fish, who eat the crabs and shellfish, shells and all, grinding them up as a dog grinds a bone, and so turning shells and corals into fine, soft mud such as this stone is partly made of.

But what happens to all the delicate little corals if a storm comes on?

What indeed? Madame How has made them so well and wisely, that, like brave and good men, the more trouble they suffer the stronger they grow. Day and night, week after week, the trade wind blows upon them, hurling the waves against them in furious surf, knocking off great lumps of coral, grinding them to powder, throwing them over the reef into the shallow water inside. But the heavier the surf beats upon them, the stronger the polyps outside grow, repairing their broken houses, and building up fresh coral on the dead coral below, because it is in the fresh sea-water that beats upon the surf that they find most lime with which to build. And as they build they form a barrier against the surf, inside of which, in water still as glass, the weaker and more delicate things can grow in safety, just as these very Encrinites may have grown, rooted in the lime mud, and waving their slender arms at the bottom of the lagoon. Such mighty builders are these little coral polyps that all the works of men are small compared with theirs. One single reef, for instance, which is entirely made by them, stretches along the northeast coast of Australia for nearly a thousand miles. Of this you must read some day in Mr. Jukes' "Voyage of H. M. S. Fly." Every island throughout a great part of the Pacific is fringed round each with its coral reef, and there are hundreds of islands of strange shapes, and of atolls, as they are called, or ring

islands, which are composed entirely of coral and of nothing else.

A ring island? How can an island be made in the shape of a ring?

Ah! it was a long time before men found out that riddle. Mr. Darwin was the first to guess the answer, as he has guessed many an answer besides. These islands are each a ring, or nearly a ring, of coral, with smooth, shallow water

AN ATOLL, OR RING ISLAND.

inside: but their outsides run down, like a mountain wall, sheer into seas hundreds of fathoms deep. People used to believe, and reasonably enough, that the coral polyps began to build up the islands from the very bottom of the deep sea. But that would not account for the top of them being of the shape of a ring; and in time it was found that the corals would not build except in shallow water, twenty or thirty fathoms deep at most, and men were at their wits' end to find out the riddle.

Then said Mr. Darwin, "Suppose one of those beautiful South Sea Islands, like Thati, the Queen of Isles, with its ring of coral reef all round its shore, began sinking slowly under the sea. The land, as it sunk, would be gone for good and all; but the coral reef round it would not,

because the coral polyps would build up and up continually upon the skeletons of their dead parents, to get to the surface of the water, and would keep close to the top outside, however much the land sunk inside; and when the island had sunk completely beneath the sea, what would be left? What must be left but a ring of coral reef, around the spot where the last mountain peak of the island sank beneath the sea?" And so Mr. Darwin explained the shapes of hundreds of coral islands in the Pacific, and proved, too, some strange things besides. He proved (and other men, like Mr. Wallace, whose excellent book on the East India Islands you must read some day, have proved in other ways) that there was a great continent, joined perhaps to Australia and to New Guinea, in the Pacific Ocean, where are now nothing but deep sea and coral reefs which mark the mountain ranges of that sunken world.

But how does the coral ever rise above the surface of the water and turn into hard stone?

Of course the coral polyps cannot build above the high-tide mark; but the surf which beats upon them piles up their broken fragments just as a seabeach is piled up, and hammers them together with that water hammer which is heavier and stronger than any you have ever seen in a smith's forge. And then, as is the fashion of lime, the whole mass sets and becomes hard, as you may see mortar set; and so you have a low island a few feet above the sea. The sea birds come to it, and rest and build; and seeds are floated thither from far lands; and among them almost always the cocoanut, which loves to grow by the seashore, and groves of cocoa palms grow up on the lonely island.

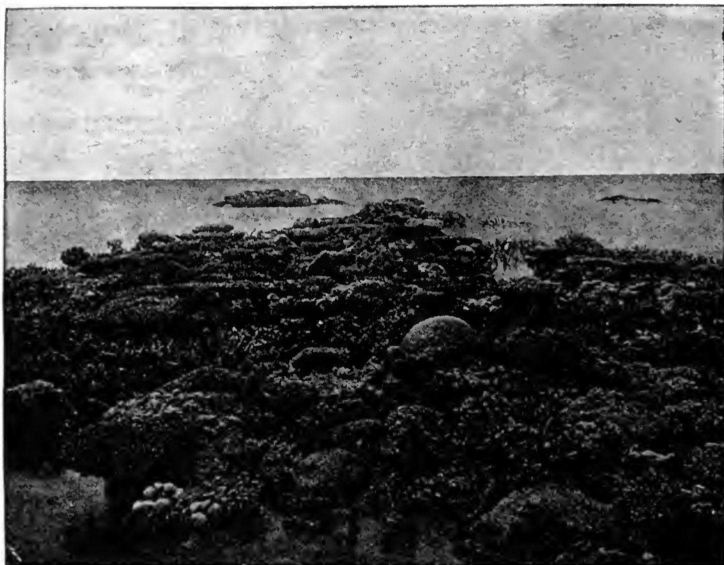
Then, perhaps, trees and bushes are drifted thither before the trade wind; and entangled in their roots are the seeds

of other plants, and eggs or cocoons of insects; and so a few flowers and a few butterflies and beetles set up for themselves upon the new island. And then a bird or two, caught in a storm and blown away to sea, finds shelter in the cocoa grove; and so a little new world is set up, in which, you must remember always that, there are no four-footed beasts, nor snakes, nor lizards, nor frogs, nor any animals that cannot cross the sea. And on some of those islands they may live (indeed there is reason to believe they have lived) so long, that some of them have changed their forms according to the laws of Madam How, who sooner or later fits each thing exactly for the place in which it is meant to live, till upon some of them you may find such strange and unique creatures as the famous cocoanut crab, which learned men call *Birgus latro*.

A great crab he is, who walks a foot high above the ground, upon the tips of his toes. And because he has often nothing to eat but cocoanuts, or at least they are the best things he can find, cocoanuts he has learned to eat, and after a fashion it would puzzle you to imitate. Some say that he climbs up the stems of the cocoanut trees, and pulls the fruit down for himself; but that, it seems, he does not usually do. What he does is this: when he finds a fallen cocoanut, he begins tearing away the husk and fiber with his strong claws; and he knows perfectly well which end to tear it from, namely, from the end where the three eye-holes are, which you call the monkey's face, out of one of which, you know, the young cocoanut tree would burst forth. And when he has got to the eyeholes, he hammers through one of them with the point of his heavy claw. So far, so good; but how is he to get the meat out? He cannot put his claw in. He has no proboscis like a butterfly,

to insert and suck with. He is as badly off as the fox was when the stork offered him a feast in a long-necked jar.

What then do you think he does? He turns himself round, puts in a pair of his hind pincers, which are very



GREAT BARRIER CORAL REEF OF AUSTRALIA.

slender, and with them scoops the meat out of the cocoa-nut, and so puts his dinner into his mouth with his hind-feet. And even the cocoanut-husk he does not waste; for he lives in deep burrows, which he makes like a rabbit; and being a luxurious crab, and liking to sleep soft in spite of his hard shell, he lines them with a quantity of cocoanut fiber, picked out clean and fine, just as if he were going to make cocoanut matting of it. And being also a clean crab, as I hope you are a clean little boy, he goes down to

the sea every night to have his bath and moisten his gills, and so lives happy all his days, and gets so fat in his old age that he carries about his body nearly a quart of oil.

That is the history of the cocoanut crab. And if any one tells me that that crab acts only on what is called "instinct," and does not think and reason, just as you and I think and reason, though of course not in words as you and I do, then I shall be inclined to say that that person does not think nor reason either.

CHAPTER IV.

THEN were there many coral reefs in Britain in old times? Yes, many and many, again and again; some whole ages older than this, a bit of which you see, and some again whole ages newer. But look: then judge for yourself. Look at this geological map. Wherever you see a bit of blue, which is the mark for limestone, you may say, "There is a bit of coral reef rising up to the surface." But because I will not puzzle your little heads with too many things at once, you shall look at one set of coral reefs which are far newer than this bit of Dudley limestone, and which are the largest, I suppose, that ever were in this country; or, at least, there is more of them left than of any others.

Look first at Ireland. You see that almost all the middle of Ireland is colored blue. It is one great sheet of coral reef and coral mud, which is now called the carboniferous limestone. You see red and purple patches rising out of it, like islands, — and islands I suppose they were, of hard and ancient rock, standing up in the middle of the coral sea.

But look again, and you will see that along the west coast of Ireland, except in very few places, like Galway

Bay, the blue limestone does not come down to the sea; the shore is colored purple and brown, and those colors mark the ancient rocks and high mountains of Mayo and Galway and Kerry, which stand as barriers to keep the raging surf of the Atlantic from bursting inland and beating away, as it surely would in course of time, the low flat limestone plain of the middle of Ireland. But the same coral reefs once stretched out far to the westward into the Atlantic Ocean; and you may see the proof upon that map.

For in the western bays, in Clew Bay with its hundred islands, and Galway Bay with its Isles of Arran, and beautiful Kenmare, and beautiful Bantry, you see little blue spots, which are low limestone islands standing in the sea, overhung by mountains far aloft. You have often heard those islands in Kenmare Bay talked of, and how some whom you know go to fish round them by night for turbot and conger; and when you hear them spoken of again, you must recollect that they are the last fragment of a great fringing coral reef, which will in a few thousand years follow the fate of the rest and be eaten up by the waves.

Now look at England, and there you will see at least patches of a great coral reef which was forming at the same time as that Irish one, and on which perhaps some of your schoolfellows have often stood. You have heard of St. Vincent's Rocks at Bristol, and the marble cliffs, two hundred and fifty feet in height, covered in part with rich wood and rare flowers, and the Avon running through the narrow gorge, and the stately ships sailing far below your feet from Bristol to the Severn Sea. And you may see, for here they are, corals from St. Vincent's Rocks, cut and polished, showing too, that they also, like the Dudley limestone, are made up of corals and of coral mud. Now, whenever you see St.

Vincent's Rocks, as I suspect you very soon will, recollect where you are, and use your fancy to paint for yourself a picture as strange as it is true.

Fancy that those rocks are what they once were, a coral reef close to the surface of a shallow sea. Fancy that there is no gorge of the Avon, no wide Severn Sea, — for those were eaten out by water ages and ages afterwards. But picture to yourself the coral sea reaching away to the north, to the foot of the Welsh mountains; and then fancy yourself, if you will, in a canoe, paddling up through the coral reefs, north and still north, up the valley down which the Severn now flows, up through what is now Worcestershire, then up through Staffordshire, then through Derbyshire, into Yorkshire, and so on through Durham and Northumberland, till you find yourself stopped by the Ettrick Hills in Scotland; while all to the westward of you, where is now the greater part of England, was open sea.

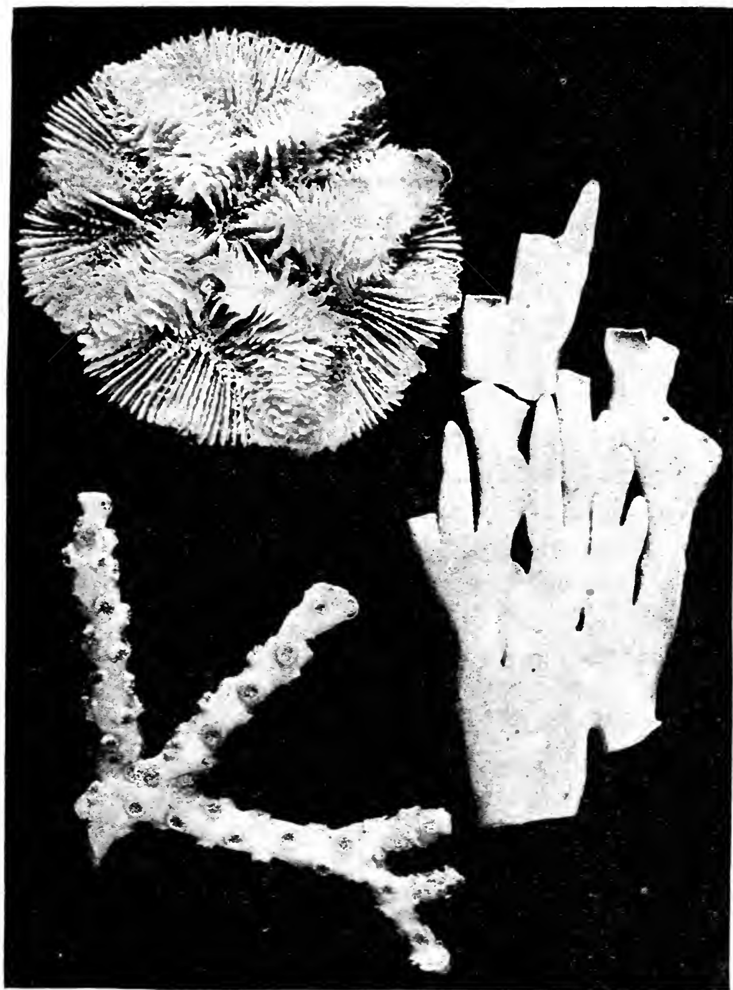
You may say, if you know anything of the geography of England, "Impossible! That would be to paddle over the tops of mountains; over the top of the peak in Derbyshire, over the top of High Craven and Whernside and Pen-y-gent and Cross Fell, and to paddle too over the Cheviot Hills, which part England and Scotland." I know it, my child, I know it. But so it was once on a time. The high limestone mountains which part Lancashire and Yorkshire — the very chine and backbone of England — were once coral reefs at the bottom of the sea. They are all made up of the carboniferous limestone, so called, as your little knowledge of Latin ought to tell you, because it carries the coal; because the coalfields usually lie upon it. It may be impossible to your eyes, but remember always that nothing is impossible with God.

But you said that the coal was made from plants and trees, and did plants and trees grow on this coral reef?

That I cannot say. Trees may have grown on the dry parts of the reef, as cocoanuts grow now in the Pacific. But the coal was not laid down upon it till long afterwards, when it had gone through many and strange changes. For all through the chine of England, and in a part of Ireland too, there lies upon the top of the limestone a hard, gritty rock, in some places three thousand feet thick, which is commonly called "the mill-stone grit." Now to make that three thousand feet of hard rock, what must have happened? The sea bottom must have sunk, slowly, no doubt, carrying the coral reefs down with it, three thousand feet at least; and meanwhile sand and mud, made from the wearing away of the old lands in the North, must have settled down upon it. I say from the North, for there are no fossils, as far as I know, or sign of life, in these rocks of mill-stone grit; and therefore it is reasonable to suppose that they were brought from a cold current at the Pole, — too cold to allow sea beasts to live, — quite cold enough, certainly, to kill the coral insects, who could only thrive in warm water, coming from the South.

Then, to go on with my story, upon the top of these mill-stone grits came sand, and mud, and peat, and trees, and plants, washed out to sea, as far as we can guess, from the mouths of vast rivers flowing from the West, — rivers as vast as the Amazon, the Mississippi, or the Orinoco are now; and so, in long ages, upon the top of the limestone, and upon the top of the mill-stone grit, were laid down those beds of coal which you see burnt now in every fire.

But how did the coral reefs rise till they became cliffs at Bristol and mountains in Yorkshire?



CORAL FORMATIONS.

The earthquake steam, I suppose, raised them. One earthquake, indeed, or a series of earthquakes, there was, running along between Lancashire and Yorkshire, which made the vast crack and upheaval in the rocks, The Craven Fault, running, I believe, for more than a hundred miles, and lifting the rocks in some places several hundred feet. That earthquake helped to make the high hills which overhang Manchester and Preston, and all the manufacturing county of Lancashire. That earthquake helped to make the perpendicular cliff at Malham Cove, and many another beautiful bit of scenery. And that and other earthquakes, by heating the rocks from the fires below, may have helped to change them from soft coral into hard crystalline marble, as you see them now, just as volcanic heat has hardened and purified the beautiful white marbles of Pentelicus and Paros in Greece, and Carrara in Italy, from which statues are carved unto this day. Or the same earthquakes may have heated and hardened the limestones simply by grinding and squeezing them; or they may have been heated and hardened, in the course of long ages, simply by the weight of the thousands of feet of other rock which lay upon them. For pressure, you must remember, produces heat.

When you strike flint and steel together, the pressure of the blow not only makes bits of steel fly off, but makes them fly off in red-hot sparks. When you hammer a piece of iron with a hammer, you will soon find it quite warm. When you squeeze the air together in your popgun, you actually make the air inside warmer, till the pellet flies out, and the air expands and cools again. Nay, I believe you cannot hold up a stone on the palm of your hand without that stone after a while warming your hand, because it presses against you in trying to fall and you press against

it in trying to hold it up. And recollect, above all, the great and beautiful example of that law which you were lucky enough to see on the night of the 14th of November, 1867, how those falling stars, as I told you then, were coming out of boundless space, colder than any ice on earth, and yet, simply by pressing against the air above our heads, they had their motion turned into heat, till they burned themselves up into trains of fiery dust. So remember that whenever you have pressure, you have heat, and that the pressure of the upper rocks upon the lower is quite enough, some think, to account for older and lower rocks being harder than the upper and newer ones.

But why should the lower rocks be older, and the upper ones newer? You told me just now that the high mountains in Wales were ages older than Windsor Forest, upon which we stand; but yet how much lower we are here than if we were on a Welsh mountain.

Ah, my dear child, of course that puzzles you, and I am afraid it must puzzle you until we have another talk; or rather it seems to me the best way to explain that puzzle to you would be for you and me to go a journey into the far West, and look into the matter ourselves; and from here to the far West we will go, either in fancy or on a real railroad and steamboat, before we have another talk about these things.

Now it is the time to stop. Is there anything more you want to know?— for you look as if something was puzzling you.

Were there any men in the world while all this was going on?

I think not. We have no proof that there were not; but also we have no proof that there were. The cave men,

of whom I told you, lived many ages after the coal was covered up. You seem to be sorry that there were no men in the world then.

Because it seems a pity that there was no one to see those beautiful coral reefs and coal forests.

No one to see them, my child? Who told you that? Who told you that there are not and never have been any rational beings in this vast universe save certain weak, ignorant, short-sighted creatures shaped like you and me? But even if it were so, and no created eye had ever beheld those ancient wonders, and no created heart ever enjoyed them, is there not One Uncreated who has seen them and enjoyed them from the beginning? Were not these creatures each enjoying themselves after their kind? And was there not a Father in heaven who was enjoying their enjoyment, and enjoying, too, their beauty, which He had formed according to the ideas of His Eternal Mind? Recollect what you were told on Trinity Sunday: that this world was not made for man alone, but that man, and this world, and the whole universe were made for God; for He created all things, and for His pleasure they are, and were created.

XLIV. THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

By Robert Browning.

PART I.

HAMELIN TOWN 's in Brunswick,
  By famous Hanover city;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
  But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
  From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
  And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
  And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles;
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
  By drowning their speaking
  With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
  To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor 's a noddy;
  And as for our Corporation — shocking

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robes ease.
  Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
  To find the remedy we're lacking,
  Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council;
  At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
  I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch[1] grew mutinous[2]
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous,)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat.
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

[1] **paunch**, stomach. [2] **mu'ti-nous**, rebellious.

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: "It 's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council table,
And, "Please, your honors," said he, "I 'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, the toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing

Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,[1]
  Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam[2]
  Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
  If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
  Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
  In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew into a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

[1] **Cham**, chief ruler of the Tartars.

[2] **Ni-zam'** (ne-zahm'), chief ruler of one of the provinces of India.

Curling tails and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed, dancing.
Until they came to the River Weser,
  Wherein all plunged and perished
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
  Swam across and lived to carry
  (As he the manuscript he cherished)
  To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
  (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery,
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
  The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,[1]
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!'
Just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me, —
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

[1] **nun'cheon**, a noon lunch.

PART II.

YOU should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rock'd the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"
A thousand guilders? The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For Council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt[1] with Rhenish.[2]
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink:
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what 's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

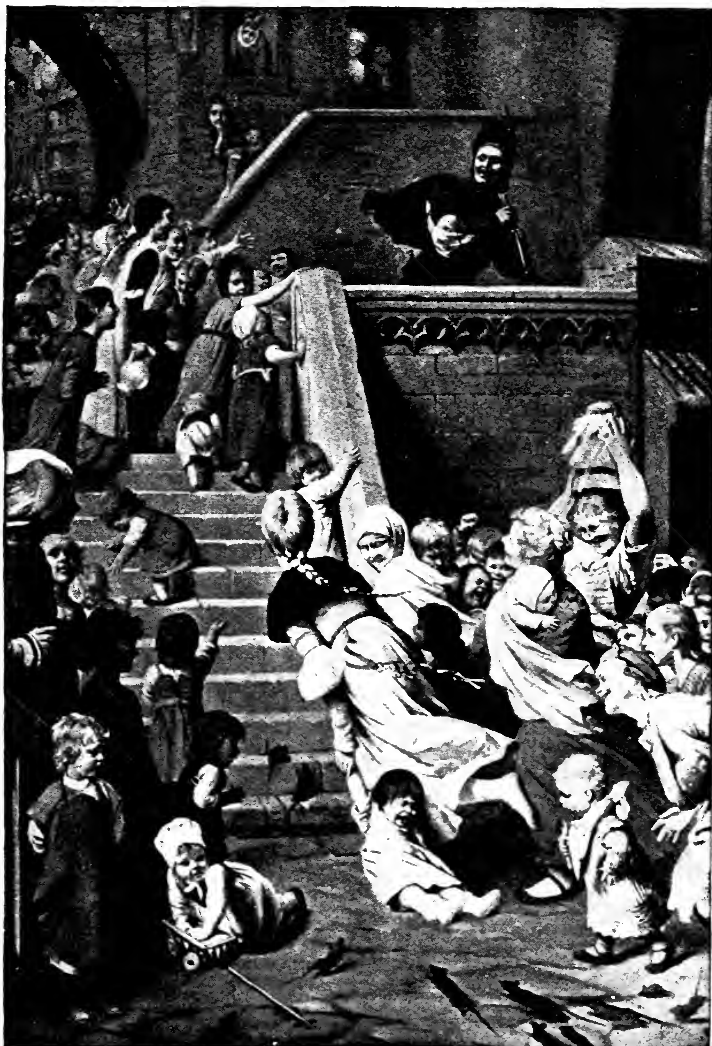
[1] **butt**, a large cask. [2] **Rhen'ish**, a kind of wine.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait; beside
I 've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's[1] kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I 'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."
"How?" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I 'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
  And to his lips again
  Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
  Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
  Out came the children running.

[1] **Ca'liph**, ruler of the Mohammedans.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.
The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood, —
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by, —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross the mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame



H. KAULBACH.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

His sadness, he was used to say —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"
  Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
  As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not always appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And had the great church window painted
The same to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
In Transylvania there is a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land;
But how or why they don't understand.

XLV. DANIEL DEFOE AND HIS BOOKS.

MANY years ago (1661–1731), in England, there lived a man named Daniel Defoe, who wrote stories so real that many people believed them to be true. Years before Defoe lived, there had occurred in the city of London a terrible disease, known as the Plague, through which many people lost their lives; and so terrible was the fear of it that every one who could, left the city.

Defoe wrote a book that pretended to be a journal written by some one living in London during the Plague. It told all about the disease, and the various terrible things that happened, in such a way that people believed his account of it to be a true record.

Defoe is sometimes called the first English novelist, because he was the first writer who wrote stories that are really like the novels written to-day. He wrote one book, of which everybody has heard, and which many of you boys and girls have read. Those who have not read it, should do so. This book is called "Robinson Crusoe."

A man named Alexander Selkirk was once put ashore upon an island in the Pacific Ocean, at his own request, and lived there alone for several years. Defoe is supposed to have taken this man as the hero of his novel.

A poet, William Cowper, the same one who wrote "The Nose and the Eyes," which you have already read in this reader, wrote a poem about Alexander Selkirk, in which the man is supposed to describe his own feelings upon finding himself alone upon a desert island. It is given here, and you can see if you think you would have such feelings

as it describes if you were cast away as he was. Following the poem, is an extract from "Robinson Crusoe." In the first part of the story is given an account of the hero's early life, and of the voyage and shipwreck. The extracts here given tell how Crusoe was saved from the sea after the shipwreck, how he made himself a home upon the island and employed his time, of the coming of his man Friday, and his final rescue by an English vessel.

XLVI. VERSES.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

By William Cowper.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
  My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
  I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
  That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
  Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
  I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech —
  I start at the sound of my own!
The beasts that roam over the plain
  My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
  Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
  Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
  How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
  In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
  And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
  Resides in that heavenly word,
More precious than silver and gold,
  Or all that this earth can afford!
But the sound of the church-going bell
  These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
  Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
  Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
  Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends, do they now and then send
  A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
  Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
  Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-wingéd arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl has gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place;
And mercy — encouraging thought! —
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

XLVII. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By Daniel Defoe.

I.

NOTHING can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land, almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath, left, that, seeing myself nearer the main land than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could before another wave should return and take me up again; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it, for I saw the sea coming after me as high as a great hill, and as

furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible; my greatest concern now being, that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when as I felt myself rising up, so to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while; but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself and began to return, I stroock forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments, to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well nigh been fatal to me; for the sea having hurried me along, as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock and that with such

force, as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breath, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took, I got to the main land; where, to my great comfort I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, in a case wherein there was, some minutes before, scarce any room to hope. I believe it impossible to express, to the life, what the ecstasies[1] and transports[2] of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave; and I do not wonder now at the custom, that when a malefactor, who has the halter about his neck, is tied up, and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him; I say, I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let his blood that very moment they tell him of it, that the surprise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart, and overwhelm him.

"For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first."

I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapt up in a contem-

[1] **ec'sta-sies**, great joys. [2] **trans'ports**, violent pleasures.

plation of my deliverance; making a thousand gestures and motions, which I cannot describe; reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when, the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off; and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look round me, to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done; and I soon found my comforts abate, and that, in a word, I had a dreadful deliverance: for I was wet, and had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink, to comfort me; neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts; and that which was particularly afflicting to me was, that I had no weapon, either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision; and this threw me into terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for their prey.

All the remedy that offered to my thoughts, at that time, was to get up into a thick bushy tree, like a fir, but thorny,

which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did to my great joy; and having drank, and put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and, getting up into it, endeavored to place myself so as that if I should sleep I might not fall. And having cut me a short stick, like a truncheon, for my defense, I took up my lodging; and having been excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition.

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but that which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from my apartment in the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay as the wind and sea had tossed her up upon the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her; but found a neck, or inlet, of water between me and the boat which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon, I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out, that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board, we had been all safe: that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears to my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam around her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the forechains so low, as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and, by the help of that rope, got up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

II.

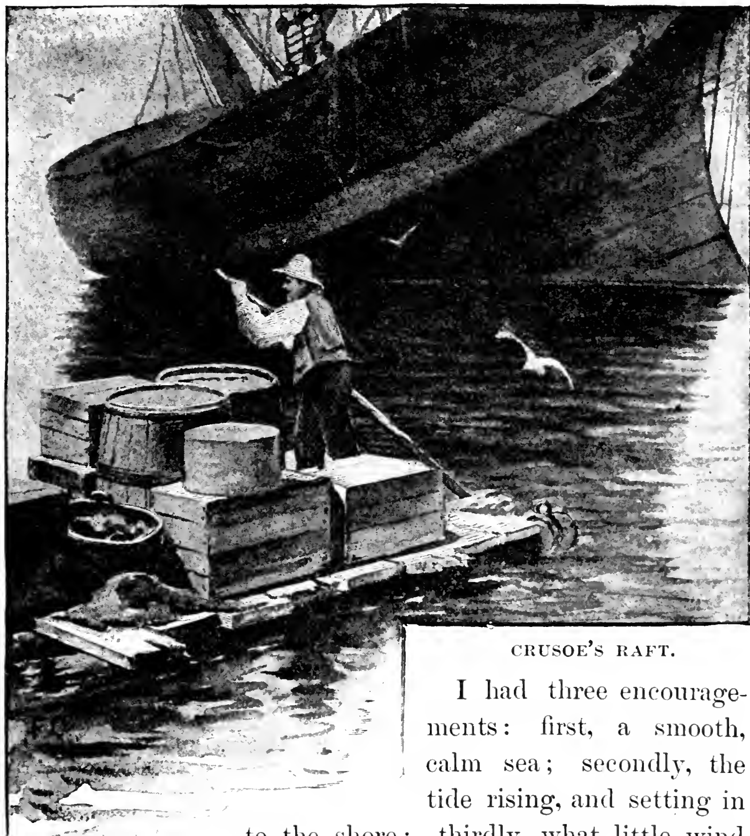
IT was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had; and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship: I resolved to fall to work with these, and I flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope that they might not drive away. When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the plank or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft; the first of these I filled with provisions, *viz.*: bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh (which we lived much upon), and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together; but to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten and spoiled it all.

As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper,[1] in which were some cordial waters; and, in all, about five or six gallons of rack.[2] These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor any room for them. While I was doing this, I found, the tide began to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat which I had left on the shore, upon the sand, swim away. As for breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; as, first, tools to work with on shore. And it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship loading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powderhorns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

[1] **skip'per**, captain of a vessel. [2] **rack**, an alcoholic liquor.



CRUSOE'S RAFT.

I had three encouragements: first, a smooth, calm sea; secondly, the tide rising, and setting in to the shore; thirdly, what little wind there was blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an ax, and a hammer, and with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts, my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before; by which I perceived that there was some indraft of

the water, and consequently, I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream.

But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck; which, if I had, I think, verily, would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off towards the end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in; but holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level; and, a little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel, and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river; hoping, in time, to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near, that reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to

have dipped all my cargo into the sea again, for that shore lying pretty steep, — that is to say, sloping, — there was no place to land, but where one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do, was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor, to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, —one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not; whether on the continent or an island; whether inhabited or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction, *viz.*: that I was in an island environed every way with the sea; no land to be seen except some rocks, which lay a great way off; and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was in was barren, and as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none. Yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds, neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird, which I saw sitting upon a tree, on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, every one according to his usual note, but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its color and beak resembling it, but it had no talons or claws more than common. Its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day; what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest, for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures, like hares, run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

III.

I NOW began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all things apart, till I had got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council — that is to say, in my thoughts — whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable;[1] so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down, and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft; and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard; but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more; a large bag full of small shot, and a great roll of sheet-lead; but this last was so heavy I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

[1] **im-prac′ti-ca-ble**, that could not be done.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-topsail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehension,[1] during my absence from the land, that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore: but when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor; only there sat a creature like a wild cat, upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun to her, but as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great: however, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked (as if pleased) for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more: so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, — though I was obliged to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, — I went to work to make me a little tent, with the sail, and some poles which I cut for that purpose: and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground,

[1] **ap-pre-hen'sion**, fear.

laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy; for the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day, to fetch all those things from the ship, and to get them on shore.

I had the biggest magazine[1] of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could: so every day, at low tide, I went on board, and brought away something or other; but particularly the third time I went, I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small ropes and rope twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder. In a word, I brought away all the sails first and last; only that I was obliged to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could, for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still, was, that last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worthy my meddling with; — I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, three large runlets of rum, or spirits, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour: this was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of the bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

[1] **mag-a-zine′** (-zeen), a store-house.

The next day I made another voyage, and now, having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables; cutting the great cable into pieces such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron work I could get; and having cut down the spritsail yard, and the mizzen yard, and everything I could, to make a large raft, I loaded it with all these heavy goods, and came away; but my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so unwieldy, and so overladen, that after I was entered the little cove, where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water; as for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was a great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of cable ashore, and some of the iron, though with infinite labor; for I had to dip for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this, I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring; though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece; but preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise; however, at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors and one pair of large

scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks: in another I found about thirty-six pounds value in money, — some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold and some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money: "O drug," said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, — no, not the taking off the ground: one of those knives is worth all this heap: I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, upon second thoughts, I took it away; and wrapping all in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me, that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore; and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly, I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly from the roughness of the water; for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

But I had got home to my little tent, where I lay, with all my wealth about me, very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, that I had lost no time, nor abated any diligence, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me; and that, indeed,

there was little left in her that I was able to bring away, if I had had more time.

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, or of anything out of her, except what might drive on shore from her wreck; as, indeed, divers pieces of her afterwards did; but those things were of small use to me.

IV.

MY thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make, whether I should make me a cave in the earth, or a tent upon the earth; and, in short, I resolved upon both, the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account of.

I soon found the place I was in was not fit for my settlement, because it was upon a low, moorish ground, near the sea, and I believed it would not be wholesome, and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it; so I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation, which I found would be proper for me: first, health and fresh water, I just now mentioned; secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun; thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts; fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little

plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock, at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door; and, at the end of it, descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the sea-side. It was on the north-northwest side of the hill; so that it was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a west and by south sun, or thereabouts, which, in those countries, is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter, from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter, from its beginning and ending. In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows, one upon another, within the circle, between these rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong, that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labor, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be, not by a door, but by a short ladder to go up over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me; and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done; though, as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

Into this fence, or fortress, with infinite labor, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above; and I made me a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains, that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, *viz.*, one smaller tent within, and one large tent above it; and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin, which I had saved among the sails.

And now I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions and everything that would spoil by the wet; and having thus inclosed all my goods, I made up the entrance, which till now I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence, in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made a cave, just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

V.

I WAS surprised one morning by seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures, to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted. However, I put myself into the same position for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action, if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective-glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed. How they had cooked it, I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them I perceived, by my perspective, two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club, or wooden sword, for that was their way; and two or three others were at work immediately cutting him open

for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, and unbound, Nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me; I mean, towards that part of the coast where my habitation was. I was dreadfully frightened, I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole party. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged, when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them, so that, if he could but hold out for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

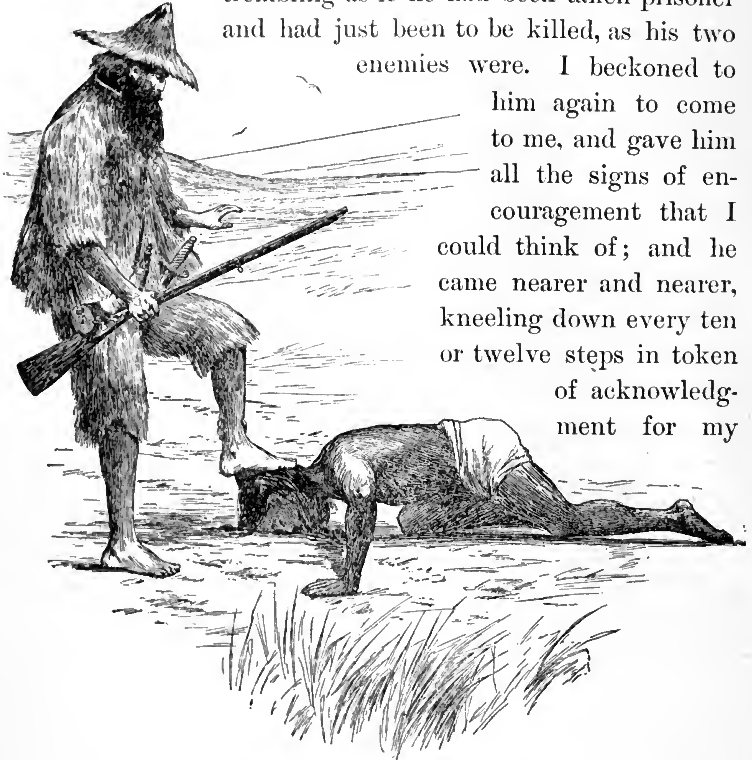
There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often in the first part of my story, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there; but when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up, but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes, or thereabouts, landed, and ran with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that standing on the other side he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went softly back again; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main. I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came very warmly upon my thoughts, and,

indeed, irresistibly, that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps, a companion or assistant; and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life.

I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladders, as I observed before, and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea, and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first, perhaps, as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back, and in the mean time, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke, too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other, who pursued with him, stopped as if he had been frighted, and I advanced apace towards him; but as I came nearer I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed as he thought, yet was so frighted with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to

come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling as if he had been taken prisoner and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps in token of acknowledgment for my



FRIDAY SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO ROBINSON CRUSOE.

saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and, taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head; this, it seems, was

in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could.

But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I had knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead. Upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this, my savage, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side, which I did. He no sooner had it, but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow, cut off his head so cleverly, no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better, which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before except their own wooden swords; however, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me. But that which astonished him most was to know how I killed the other Indian so far off; so pointing

to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him, and I bade him go as well as I could.

When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turning him first on one side, then on the other; looked at the wound the bullet had made, which it seems was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows, and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them. Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed; and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island; so I did not let my dream come to pass in that part, that he came into my grove for shelter. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, from his running; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall, and well shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age.

He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool, his forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of the skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive-color, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump, his nose small, not flat like the Negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and as white as ivory.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he awoke again, and came out of the cave to me; for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition, making a great many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me so long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say Master; and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise

taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone, and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

VI.

THE next day, after I came home to my hutch with Friday, I began to consider where I should lodge him; and that I might do well for him and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last, and in the outside of the first. As there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a formal framed door-case, and a door to it of boards, and set it up in the passage, a little within the entrance, and causing the door to open in the inside, I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladder, too; so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost wall without making so much noise in getting over that it must needs awaken me; for my first wall had now a complete roof over it of long poles, covering all my tent, and leaning up to the side of the hill, which was again laid across with smaller sticks, instead of laths, and then thatched over a great thickness with the rice straw, which was strong like reeds; and at the hole or place which was

left to go in or out by the ladder, I had placed a kind of a trapdoor, which, if it had been attempted, on the outside, would not have opened at all, but would have fallen down and made a great noise. As to weapons, I took them all into my side every night. But I needed none of all this precaution, for never a man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged. His very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life to save mine, upon any occasion whatsoever. The many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions for my safety on his account.

. . . .

After I had been two or three days returned to my castle, I thought that in order to bring Friday off from his horrid way of feeding, and from the relish of a cannibal's stomach, I ought to let him taste other flesh; so I took him out with me one morning to the woods. I went, indeed, intending to kill a kid out of my own flock, and bring it home and dress it; but as I was going I saw a she-goat lying down in the shade, and two young kids sitting by her. I catched hold of Friday. "Hold," said I; "stand still;" and made signs to him not to stir. Immediately I presented my piece, shot and killed one of the kids. The poor creature, who had, at a distance, indeed, seen me kill the savage, his enemy, but did not know nor could imagine how it was done, was sensibly surprised, trembled, and shook, and looked so amazed that I thought he would have sunk down. He did not see the kid I shot at, or perceive I had killed it, but ripped up his waistcoat, to feel whether he was not

wounded, and, as I found presently, thought I was resolved to kill him; for he came and kneeled down to me, and embracing my knees, said a great many things I did not understand, but I could easily see the meaning was to pray me not to kill him.

I soon found a way to convince him that I would do him no harm; and taking him up by the hand, laughed at him, and pointing to the kid which I had killed, beckoned to him to run and fetch it, which he did: and while he was wondering, and looking to see how the creature was killed, I loaded my gun again. By and by, I saw a great fowl, like a hawk, sitting upon a tree within shot; so, to let Friday understand a little what I would do, I called him to me again, pointed at the fowl, which was indeed a parrot, though I thought it had been a hawk, — I say, pointing to the parrot, to let him see I would make it fall, I made him understand that I would shoot and kill that bird. Accordingly, I fired, and bade him look, and immediately he saw the parrot fall. He stood like one frightened again, notwithstanding all I said to him: and I found he was the more amazed, because he did not see me put anything into the gun, but thought that there must be some wonderful fund of death and destruction in that thing, able to kill man, beast, bird, or anything near or far off; and the astonishment this created in him was such as could not wear off for a long time, and I believe, if I would have let him, he would have worshiped me and my gun. As for the gun itself, he would not so much as touch it for several days after; but he would speak to it and talk to it, as if it had answered him, when he was by himself, which, as I afterwards learned of him, was to desire it not to kill him.

Well, after his astonishment was a little over at this, I

pointed to him to run and fetch the bird I had shot, which he did, but stayed some time; for the parrot, not being quite dead, had fluttered away a good distance from the place where she fell. However, he found her, took her up, and brought her to me, and as I had perceived his ignorance about the gun before, I took this advantage to charge the gun again, and not to let him see me do it, that I might be ready for any other mark that might present, but nothing more offered at that time; so I brought home the kid, and the same evening I took the skin off, and cut it out as well as I could, and having a pot for that purpose, I boiled or stewed some of the flesh, and made some very good broth. After I had begun to eat some, I gave some to my man, who seemed very glad of it, and liked it very well; but that which was strangest to him was to see me eat salt with it. He made a sign to me that the salt was not good to eat, and putting a little into his mouth, he seemed to nauseate it, and would spit and sputter at it, washing his mouth with fresh water after it. On the other hand, I took some meat into my mouth without salt, and pretended to spit and sputter for want of salt, as much as he had done at the salt, but it would not do; he would never care for salt with his meat or in his broth, at least not for a great while, and then but a very little.

Having thus fed him with boiled meat and broth, I was resolved to feast him the next day by roasting a piece of the kid. This I did by hanging it before the fire on a string, as I had seen many people do in England, setting two poles up, one on each side of the fire, and one across on the top, and tying the string to the cross stick, letting the meat turn continually. This Friday admired very much; but when he came to taste the flesh, he took so many ways to tell me

how well he liked it, that I could not but understand him, and at last he told me, as well as he could, he would never eat man's flesh any more, which I was very glad to hear.

The next day I set him to work to beating some corn out, and sifting it in the manner I used to do, as I observed before; and he soon understood how to do it as well as I, especially after he had seen what the meaning of it was, and that it was to make bread of; for after that, I let him see me make my bread, and bake it too, and in a little time, Friday was able to do all the work for me, as well as I could do it myself.

. . . .

I was fast asleep in my hutch one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me, and called aloud, "Master, Master, they are come, they are come." I jumped up, and regardless of danger, I went out as soon as I could get my clothes on, through my little grove, which, by the way, was by this time grown to be a very thick wood. I say, regardless of danger, I went out without my arms which was not my custom to do; but I was surprised, when, turning my eyes to the sea, I presently saw a boat at about a league and a half distance, standing in for the shore, with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, as they call it, and the wind blowing pretty fair to bring them in; also I observed, presently, that they did not come from the side which the shore lay on, but from the southernmost end of the island. Upon this I called Friday in, and bade him lie close, for these were not the people we looked for, and that we might not know yet whether they were friends or enemies. In the next place, I went in to fetch my perspective-glass, to see what I could make of them; and having taken the ladder out, I climbed up to the top of the hill, as I used to do when I was appre-

hensive of anything, and to take my view the plainer, without being discovered. I had scarce set my foot upon the hill, when my eye plainly discovered a ship lying at an anchor, at about two leagues and a half distance from me south-southeast, but not above a league and a half from the

RESCUE OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

shore. By my observation, it appeared plainly to be an English ship, and the boat appeared to be an English long-boat.

. . . .

When I took leave of this island, I carried on board, for

relics, the great goat-skin cap I had made, my umbrella, and my parrot; also I forgot not to take the money I formerly mentioned, which had lain by me so long useless that it had grown rusty or tarnished, and could hardly pass for silver till it had been a little rubbed and handled, as also the money I found in the wreck of the Spanish ship. And thus I left the island, the 19th of December, as I found by the ship's account, in the year 1686, after I had been upon it eight-and-twenty years, two months, and nineteen days, being delivered from this second captivity the same day of the month that I first made my escape in the long-boat, from among the Moors of Sallee. In this vessel, after a long voyage, I arrived in England the 11th of June, in the year 1687, having been thirty-and-five years absent.

XLVIII. HAROLD'S SONG.

By Sir Walter Scott.

OH, listen, listen, ladies gay!
  No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
  That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
  And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
  Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
  To inch and rock the sea mews fly:
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
  Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
  A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch:
  Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'T is not because Lord Lindesay's heir
  To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
  Sits lonely in her castle hall.

"'T is not because the ring they ride,
  And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
  If 't is not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
  A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'T was broader than the watch fire light,
  And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
  It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'T was seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
  And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
  Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
  Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
  Deep sacristry and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
  And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, and with book and knell;
But the sea caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

XLIX. MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

By Charles Dudley Warner.

I THINK there is no part of farming which the boys enjoy more than the making of maple sugar. It is better than blackberrying, and nearly as good as fishing; and one reason why he likes this work is, that somebody else does the most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active, and yet not do much.

In my day, maple sugar making used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile island, where one should save from the wreck tubs, and augers, and great kettles, and hen's eggs, and rye-and-Indian bread, and begin at once to lead the sweetest life

in the world. I am told that it is something different nowadays, and that there is now more desire to save the sap, and make good, pure sugar, and sell it for a large price, than there used to be; and that the whole fun and poetry of the business are pretty much gone.

As I remember the New England boy (and I am very intimate with one) he used to be on the watch in the spring for the sap to come. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins, — a sort of a spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jackknife; at any rate, he comes into the house in a good state of excitement — as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn — with, "Sap's runnin'!"

Then indeed the stir and excitement begin. The sap buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the woodhouse, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house, and scalded. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help on the excitement.

It is a great day when the sled is loaded with buckets, and the procession starts for the woods. The sun shines almost unobstructedly into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it; the snow is beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up everywhere; the snowbirds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting, and the blows of the ax, echo far and wide.

In the first place, the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and put the buckets under. The boy

watches all this with the greatest interest. He wishes that, sometimes, when a hole is bored in a tree, the sap would spout out in a stream, as it does when a cider barrel is tapped, but it never does: it only drops, — sometimes almost in a stream, but, on the whole, slowly, — and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world do not come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Upright posts with crotches at the top are set, one at each end, and a long pole is laid on them; and on this are hung the great caldron kettles.

The huge hogsheads are turned right side up and cleaned out, to receive the sap that is gathered. And now if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.

The great fire that is kindled in the sugar camp is not allowed to go out, night or day, so long as the sugar season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to fill the kettles and see that the sap does not boil over.

It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettles the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to the other, until in the end kettle it is reduced to syrup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off." To

"sugar off" is to boil the syrup till it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his syrup down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle, with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A great deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and his clothes, but he does not care — he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles. He has a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass, when it threatens to go over.

He is constantly tasting the sap to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long round stick, whittled smooth at the end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue.

The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness that his own mother would n't know him. He likes, with the hired man, to boil eggs in the hot syrup; he likes to roast potatoes in the ashes; and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted.

Some of the hired men sleep in the shanty and keep the fire blazing all night. To sleep there with them, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up in the sky, is a perfect realization of all the adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boy, afterward, that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very

much scared by the hooting of an owl. The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of the "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited, and sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter and little affectations of fright.

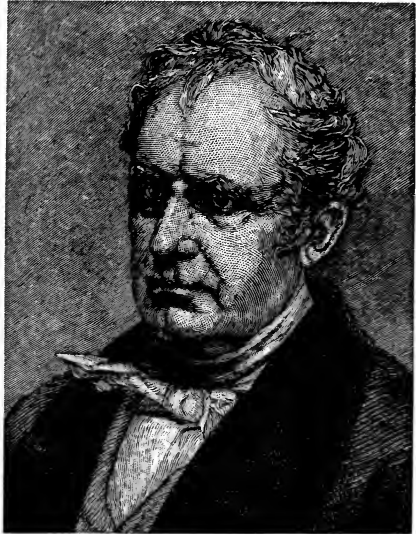
At these sugar parties, every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practiced in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar, that, though you eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever.

At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed into a sort of wax, without crystallizing; which, I do suppose, is the most delicious substance that was ever invented; but it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it was dissolved. The sensation, while it is melting, is very pleasant, but one cannot talk.

The boy used to make a big lump of this sugar wax and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will do on anything. It was funny, the next moment, to see the expression of surprise on the dog's face, when he found he could not open his jaws. He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled, but that was the one thing he could not do.

L. ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789–1851) was the first American novelist to gain celebrity for his writings outside of our own country. His strongest stories are those of Indian life and of the sea. The "Leatherstocking Tales" rank among his best, although his Indian characters generally are endowed with too many noble traits for strict fidelity to the truth. "The Pioneers," from which the following extract is taken, is one of this series. The other Leatherstocking Tales are "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer." "The Spy," a Revolutionary story, was perhaps Cooper's most successful novel, although "The Pilot" and others of his sea-stories gained an almost equal popularity. Cooper's monument at Cooperstown, N. Y., is a tall shaft surmounted by a figure of Leatherstocking.

ELIZABETH TEMPLE and Louisa had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest,

as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub and flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed: "Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain. Can some little one be strayed from its parents? It may be a wanderer, starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!"

The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions had stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements with his eyes closed and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector.

But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some

distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?" At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

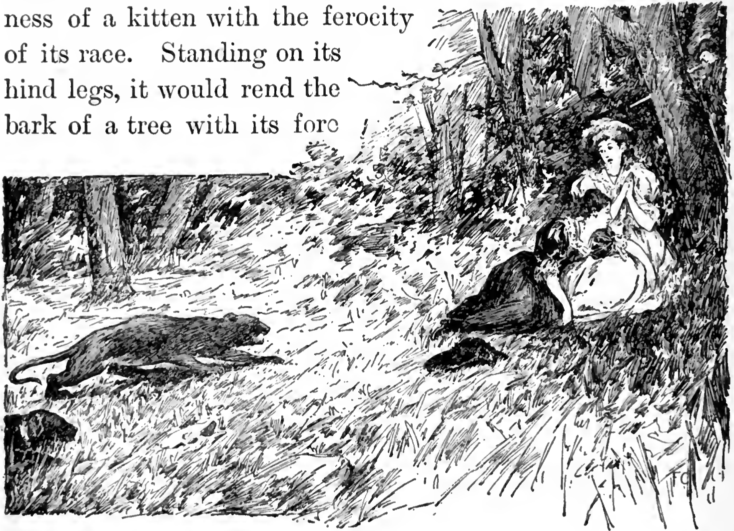
"What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight." Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion.

The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by that of her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity and threatening instant destruction. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to leave a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds

of her voice. "Courage, Brave!" she cried,—her own tones beginning to tremble,—"courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of a beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore



ATTACKED BY A PANTHER.

paws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At

every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff.

There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the furious

beast far beyond the reach of the dog, — who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, — from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of the dog. For a moment only could the panther remain there; the great strength of the dog returned with a convulsive effort.

But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck was the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay, prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next, to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches beyond its broad feet.

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears. "Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gal; your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling on the earth, biting its own flesh,

and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud: "Come in, Hector, you old fool; 't is a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty most fearlessly maintained his position in front of the maidens, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

From "The Pioneers."

LI. THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
  And her feet she has been dipping,
    In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
  In her hands, all sleek and dripping
    While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
  And the smile she softly uses
    Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
  And the sweetest pleasure chooses
    For her future within reach.

Little Ellie, in her smile,
  Chooses, "I will have a lover
    Riding on a steed of steeds;
He shall love me without guile,
  And to him I will discover
    The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
  And the lover shall be noble,
    With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
  Shall strike ladies into trouble,
    And his sword strike men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
  All in silver, housed in azure;
    And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
  Shall flash onward, and keep measure,
    Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go.'
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a 'yes' I must not say:
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter and dissemble;—
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet:
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting,
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
  A white rosebud for a guerdon,
    And the second time, a glove;
But the third time I may bend
  From my pride, and answer, — 'Pardon,
    If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run;
  Then my lover will ride faster,
    Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son,
  Thousand serfs do call me master,
    But, O Love, I love but thee!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
  Then, and lead me as a lover
    Through the crowds that praise his deeds.
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
  Unto him I will discover
    That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie with her smile
  Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
    Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
  Just to see, as she did daily,
    What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
  Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
    Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops and stops.
  Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
    And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him — never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

LII. THE STORY OF JOSEPH.

GENESIS, CHAPTERS XXXVII–XLV.

AND Jacob dwelt in the land wherein his father was a stranger, in the land of Canaan. These are the generations of Jacob. Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and the lad was with the sons of Bilhah, and with the sons of Zilpah, his father's wives; and Joseph brought unto his father their evil report. Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall

RAPHAEL.

JOSEPH'S DREAMS.

I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth? And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them. And he said to him, Here am I. And he said

to him, Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again. So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem.

And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field: and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren: tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks. And the man said, They are departed hence; for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams. And Reuben heard it, and he delivered him out of their hands; and said, Let us not kill him. And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him; that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliver him to his father again.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us

sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content. Then there passed by Midianites merchant-men; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go? And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father, and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him, Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him. And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard. And Joseph was brought down to Egypt, and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hands of the Ishmaelites, which had brought him down thither. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him: and he made him

overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand. And it came to pass from the time that he made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand; and he knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat. And Joseph was a goodly person, and well favored.

. . . .

And Joseph's master took him, and put him into the prison, a place where the king's prisoners were bound: and he was there in the prison.

. . . .

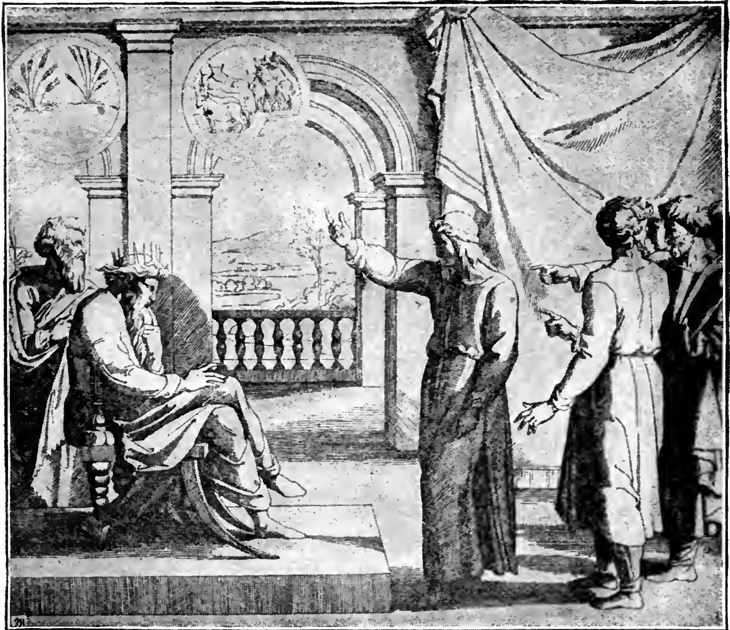
And it came to pass at the end of two full years, that Pharaoh dreamed: and, behold, he stood by the river. And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well-favored kine and fat-fleshed; and they fed in a meadow. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favored and lean-fleshed, and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river. And the ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the seven well-favored and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke. And he slept and dreamed the second time: and, behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And, behold, seven thin ears and blasted with the east wind sprung up after them. And the seven thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and, behold, it was a dream. And it came to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof: and Pharaoh told them his dream; but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh.

Then spake the chief butler unto Pharaoh, saying, I do remember my faults this day: Pharaoh was wroth with his servants, and put me in ward in the captain of the guard's house, both me and the chief baker: and we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he: we dreamed each man according to the interpretation of his dream. And there was there with us a young man, a Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard; and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams; to each man according to his dream he did interpret. And it came to pass, as he interpreted to us, so it was; me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged.

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon: and he shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard say of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it. And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river: and, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored; and they fed in a meadow; and, behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness; and the lean and the ill-favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine; and when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill-favored, as at the beginning. So I awoke. And I saw in my dream, and, behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good: and, behold, seven ears, withered, thin and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them: and the thin ears devoured the

seven good ears: and I told this unto the magicians; but there was none that could declare it to me.

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, The dream of Pharaoh is one: God hath shewed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years: the dream is one, and the seven thin



RAPHAEL.

JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

and ill-favored kine that came up after them are seven years; and the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind shall be seven years of famine. This is the thing which I have spoken unto Pharaoh: What God is about to do he sheweth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt: and there

shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine following; for it shall be very grievous. And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice; it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass. Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt; that the land perish not through famine.

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the spirit of God is? And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had, and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh said unto

Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah; and he gave him to wife Asenath the daughter of Poti-pherah priest of On.

And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number. And unto Joseph were born two sons, before the years of famine came. And Joseph called the name of the firstborn Manasseh: For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house. And the name of the second called he Ephraim: For God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction.

And the seven years of plenteousness that was in the land of Egypt were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said: and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do. And the famine was over all the face of the earth: and Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, Why do ye look one upon another? And he said, Behold I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die.

And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, Lest peradventure mischief befall him. And the sons of Israel came to buy corn among those that came: for the famine was in the land of Canaan. And Joseph was the governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, Whence come ye? And they said, From the land of Canaan to buy food. And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. And they said unto him, Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not. And Joseph said unto them, That is it that I spake unto you saying, Ye are spies: Hereby ye shall be proved: By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proved, whether there be any truth in you; or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies. And he put them

all together into ward three days. And Joseph said unto them the third day, This do, and live, for I fear God: If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison: go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, but bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die. And they did so.

And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us. And Reuben answered them, saying, Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? therefore, behold, also his blood is required. And they knew not that Joseph understood them; for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and communed with them, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: and thus did he unto them. And they laded their asses with the corn and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money; for behold it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, My money is restored; and, lo, it is even in my sack: and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, What is this that God hath done unto us?

And they came unto Jacob their father unto the land of Canaan, and told him all that befell unto them. And it came to pass as they emptied their sacks that, behold, every man's bundle of money was in his sack: and when

both they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid. And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me. And Reuben spake unto his father, saying, Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee: deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again. And he said, My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass, when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food. And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you. If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food: but if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down: for the man said unto us, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you. And Israel said, Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother? And they said, The man asked us straitly of our state, and of our kindred, saying, Is your father yet alive? have ye another brother? and we told him according to the tenor of these words: Could we certainly know that he would say, Bring your brother down? And Judah said unto Israel his father, Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go; that we may live, and not die, both we, and thou, and also our little ones. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him: if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever:

for except we had lingered, surely now we had returned this second time. And their father Israel said unto them, If it must be so now, do this: take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds: and take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight. Take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man: and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.

And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph. And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon. And the man did as Joseph bade; and the man brought the men into Joseph's house. And the men were afraid, because they were brought into Joseph's house; and they said, Because of the money that was returned in our sacks at the first time are we brought in; that he may seek occasion against us, and fall upon us, and take us for bondmen, and our asses. And they came near to the steward of Joseph's house, and they communed with him at the door of the house, and said, O sir, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food: and it came to pass, when we came to the inn, that we opened our sacks, and, behold, every man's money was in the mouth of his sack, our money in full weight; and we have brought it again in our hand. And other money have we brought down in our hands to buy food: we cannot tell who put our money

in our sacks. And he said, Peace be to you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: I had your money. And he brought Simeon out unto them. And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready the present against Joseph came at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there.

And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive. And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother, and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, Set on bread. And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did eat with him, by themselves: because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians. And they sat before him, the firstborn according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marveled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money. And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth? ye have done evil in so doing.

And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And they said unto him, Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing: behold, the money, which was found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: how then should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen. And he said, Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my servant; and ye shall be blameless. Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest and left at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house, for he was yet there; and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, What deed is this that ye

have done? wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine? And Judah said, What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold, we are my lord's servants, both we and he also with whom the cup is found. And he said, God forbid that I should do so: but the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant; and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father.

Then Judah came near unto him, and said, O my lord! let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother? And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him. And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more. And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, Go again, and buy us a little food. And we said, We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us. And thy servant my father said unto us, Ye know that my wife bare me two sons; and the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since: and if ye take this also from me,

and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever. Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither,

but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not: and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast; and there will I nourish thee, for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty. And, behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither. And he fell upon Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them.

. . . .

And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt. And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. And Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die. And Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded. And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.

LEXICON.

Ab-bre′vi-a-ted, shortened; reduced in size.
Ac-cu′mu-la-ted, piled up.
Ad-hered′, stuck to.
Ad-mo-ni′tion, advice.
Ad-verse′, hostile; opposed.
Al′a-bas-ter, a beautiful variety of marble.
Al-ter′nate-ly, by turns.
A-nat′o-my, the structure of the body.
Ap-pre-hen′sion, fear.
Apse, a projection from the end of a church.
Arms a-kim′bo, with hands on hips.
Ar-o-mat′ic, having a spicy odor.
As-cer-tain′ing, finding out.
As-sid′u-ous-ly, industriously; without stopping.
As-tound′ing, very surprising.
As′tro-labe, an instrument for showing the positions of the stars.
At′ti-tude, position of the body.
A-verred′, said.
Az′ure (ăzh′ur), blue.

Be-lea′guer, to besiege.
Bel′lum, Latin for war.
Be-queathed′, left by will.
Ber′serk, a half-crazed, brave warrior among the Norsemen.
Butt, a large cask.

Cab-a-lis′tic, having a secret meaning.
Cai′tiff, a mean, wicked person.
Ca′liph, ruler of the Mohammedans.
Car′bun-cle, a precious stone of a red color.
Car′nage, bloodshed.
Cas′tel-la-ted, like a castle.
Cat′a-racts, waterfalls.
Ca-tas′tro-phe, disaster.
Cav′ern-ous, hollow.
Chron′i-cled, recorded.
Chrys′a-lids, the insects in cocoons.
Ci-ca′da, a locust.
Cir-cum′fer-ence, the outside; distance around.
Clove, cut in two.
Co-coon′, the case in which some insects pass the chrysalis period.
Col-lapsed′, gave way utterly.
Co′ma, unconsciousness, like sleep.
Com-mu′ni-ca ting, making common; transferring to others.
Com′plai-sance (kom′pla-zans), disposition to please.
Com-pli′ance, yielding.
Com-posed′, quieted.
Con-cer′to, a kind of musical composition.
Con-clu′sive-ly, as if it ended the matter.
Con-cus′sion, blow.
Con-fla-gra′tion, great fire.
Con-gealed′, froze or frozen.
Con′jur-ing, using magic.
Con-sid-er-a′tion, thought; reason.
Con-ster-na′tion, great alarm.
Con′tem-pla-ting, considering; looking at.
Con′tu-me-ly, insult.
Con-vulsed′, disturbed; unsteady.
Con-vul′sion, spasm.
Con-vul′sive, like a spasm.

Copse, a wood.
Cor′al-line (kŏr′al-lĭn), a small coral-like animal.
Cor′mo-rant, a greedy sea bird.
Corse′let, armor for the body.
Cre′dence, belief.
Cru′ci-ble, a melting-pot.
Crys′tal-līz-ing, forming crystals.
Cul-dee′, ancient priest in Scotland.

De-crep′it, feeble from age.
De-flec′tions, changes; turnings.
De-lib′er-ate-ly, thoughtfully.
Dep-re-ca′ting-ly, in a pleading manner.
De-rived′, drawn from; got out of.
Des′ti-nies, fates.
De-vised′, worked out.
Dic′tum, word.
Di-lem′ma, difficulty; choice between two.
Dim-i-nu′tion, growing less.
Di-min′u-tive, very small.
Dis-com′fort-ed, distressed.
Dis-sem′ble, to deceive.
Dis-tend′ed, wide apart.
Dis-tort′ed, twisted; unjust.
Di-vest′ed, rid; took off.
Di-vi′neth, foretelleth; prophesies.
Don, to put on.
Doub′let, (dŭb′let), coat.
Dru′id, priest of ancient Britain.
Du-el′lum, duel; a battle between two.

E-con′o-mi-zes, saves.
Ec′sta-sy, intense feeling, usually joyous.
Ef-fect′u-al-ly, with effect; well.
Ef-fer-ves′cent, bubbling.
E-jac′u-la-ted, cried out.
El′e-ments, the simple, essential parts.
Em′i-nence, height.
Em′i-nent, high.
E-mit′ting, sending out.
Erst, formerly.
E-vap′o-rate, to disappear in vapor.
E-ven′tu-al-ly, finally; in the end.
Ex-act′i-tude, exactness; correctness.
Ex-ag-ger-a′tion (ĕgz-aj-jer-ā′shun), enlargement; over-stating.
Ex-ceed′ing-ly, very.
Ex-cess′ive-ly, very; overmuch.
Ex′it, going out.
Ex-pi-ra′tion, end.
Ex-tin′guished, put out.
Ex-traor′di-na-ry, unusual; strange.
Ex-trem′i-ty, extreme peril.
Ex′tri-cate, to free.

Fer′tile, rich; productive.
Firth, an arm of the sea.
Fore-bode′, to predict; to threaten.
Fren′zy, madness.
Fron′tier, border.

Gael (gāle), one of the early inhabitants of the Scottish Highlands.
Gen-er-a′tion, the average lifetime of man.
Ger′fal-con (jer′faw-k′n), a bird trained to hunt other birds.
Gla′cier (glā′sher), a river of ice.
Gra-da′tion, steps.
Grav′i-ty, soberness; seriousness.
Grif′fin, a fabled monster, half lion, half eagle.
Guer′don (gur′dun), reward; recompense.
Guile (gīle), deceit.

Hab-i-ta′tion, dwelling.
Ha-rangue′, noisy speech.
Har′row-ing, distressing.
Haugh′ty, proud.
Helm, helmet; armor for the head.
Hob, a shelf in a fireplace.
Hor′o-loge, a timepiece.

Il-lu-mi-na′tion, lighting up for celebration.
Im-meas′ur-a-ble, too large to be measured.
Im-me′di-ate, at once; near.
Im-pen′e-tra-ble, that cannot be pierced.

Im-prac′ti-ca-ble, that cannot be done; impossible.
Im-pru′dent, foolish; venturesome.
In-an′i-mate, lifeless; still.
In-au′di-ble, that cannot be heard.
In-can-ta′tions, formulas of words for producing enchantments.
In-ces′sant-ly, without ceasing.
In-com-mode′, to put out; to get in the way.
In-cum′brance, hindrance.
In-dom′i-ta-ble, unconquerable.
In-ev′i-ta-bly, surely.
In-iq′ui-ty, wickedness.
In-scrībed′, written on, or in.
In-stinc′tive, natural.
In-ter-ne′cine, between related tribes or people.
In-ter-posed′, put between.
In-ter-pre-ta′tion, making plain.
In-tol′er-a-ble, more than can be endured.
In-tract′a-ble, hard to manage.
In-un-da′tion, flood.
In-vig′or-a-ting, strengthening.
In-vol′un-ta-ry, not intentional.
I-ron′ic-al-ly, ridiculing by saying one thing and meaning another.
Ir-re-press′i-ble, that cannot be controlled.

Jen′net, a small kind of horse.

Kine, cattle.

Loath, unwilling.
Loathe, to despise; to view with disgust.
Lu′rid, ghastly pale.
Lux-u′ri-ant, abundant.

Mag-a-zine′, a storehouse.
Mag′ni-tude, size.
Ma-li′cious (ma-lish′us), wicked; taking pleasure in injuring others.
Ma-lig′ni-ty, hatefulness; desire to injure others.
Man′i-fest, plain; self-evident.
Man′i-fest-ed, showed.
Ma-raud′ers, robbers.
Mat′ins, morning prayers.
Med′i-ta-tive-ly, thoughtfully.
Mel′an-chol-y, sad.
Mis′cre-ant, a wrong doer.
Mo-men′tous, very important.
Mo-not′o-nous, on the same note; tedious.
Mu′ti-nous, rebellious.
Myr′i-ads, many thousands.
Myr′mi-dons, fierce warriors.
Myrrh (mur), a fragrant, bitter gum.

Nath′less, nevertheless.
Nave, the main body of a church.
Nec′ro-man-cer, a magician.
Ni-zam′ (ne zahm′), a chief ruler of one of the provinces of India.
Nox′ious (nok′shus), harmful; poisonous.
Nun′cheon, a noon lunch.

O-bei′sance (o-bē′sans), a low bow.
Ob′e-lisk, a tapering monument.
Ob-strep′er-ous, troublesome; willful.
Orbs, spheres.
O′ri-ent, oriental; eastern.
Or-ni-thol′o-gy, the study of birds.
O′sier (o′zhur), a kind of willow.

Pac′i-fy (pas′i-fi), to make peace between.
Pam′pered, over-fed; treated to luxury.
Pan′o-ply, armor.
Par′a-lyzed, made weak and helpless.
Pat′ri-mo-ny, an inherited estate.
Pat′ron-i-zing, in the manner of a superior.
Paunch, stomach; belly.
Per-ad-ven′ture, perhaps; perchance.
Per-pet′u-al, never ending.
Per-spec′tive-glass, spyglass; telescope.
Per-ti-na′cious, persistent; "sticking to" an undertaking; obstinate.
Per-ti-nac′i-ty, persistency; obstinacy.
Pes′ti-lent, evil; harmful.
Pet′u-lant-ly, crossly.

Pin′na-cles, high points or peaks.
Pin′net, a pinnacle.
Plac′id (plas′id), quiet.
Por′tents, ominous signs.
Pos′ture, position; attitude.
Pre-pos′ter-ous, absurd.
Pris-mat′ic, made by light passing through a prism; like a rainbow.
Pro-bos′cis, snout.
Pro-gen′i-tors, forefathers.
Pro-ject′ing, sticking out, or over.
Pro-nun′ci-a-tive, distinct.
Pros′trate, lying flat.
Prov′en-der, dry food for animals.
Punc-til′ios(-yōz), petty rules of conduct.
Pyre, a pile on which bodies of the dead are burned.

Rack, an alcoholic liquor.
Re-cruit′ed, refreshed; strengthened.
Re-doubt′a-ble, valiant; terrible.
Re-frac′to-ry, hard to manage.
Re-mote′, far away.
Re-spect′ive, own.
Res-pi-ra′tion, breathing.
Re-ten′tion, keeping.
Rhen′ish, of the Rhine; a kind of wine.
Runes, the characters in which the Norse wrote their poems.
Ru′nic, of runes.

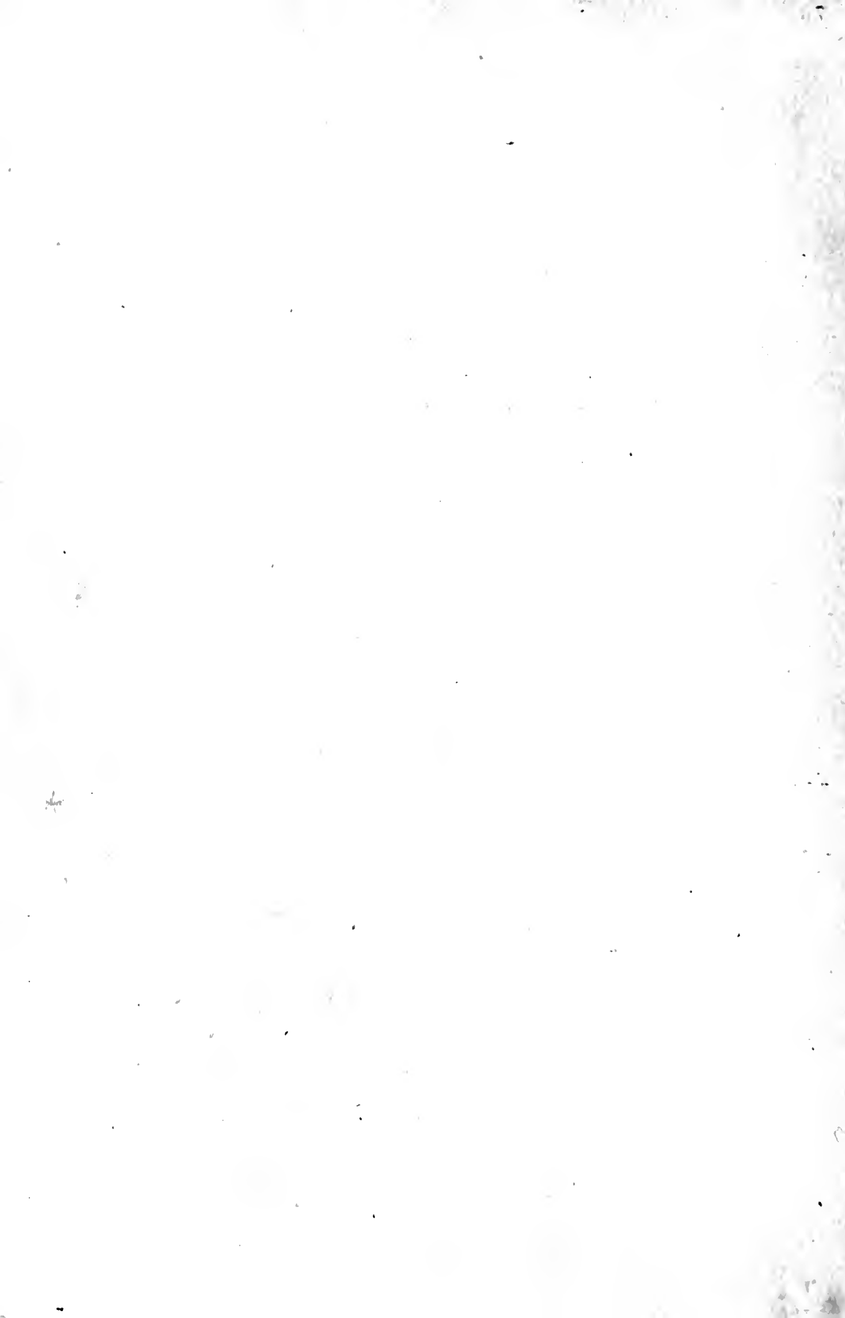
Sa′ble-stoled, black-robed.
Sa′ga, a Norse tale or poem.
Sa-ga′cious, wise; shrewd.
Sa′mite (sā′mit), a beautiful variety of silk cloth.
Sconce, head.
Se-clu′ded, separated; shut out.
Sen′si-bly, evidently.
Se′ries, row; succession.
Sex′tant, an instrument for measuring angular distances.
Sig-nif′i-cant, having a meaning.
Skald, a bard of the ancient Norsemen.
Skaw, a promontory.
Skip′per, a sea captain.
Skoal, hail!
Spurned, pushed aside; treated with scorn.
Stan′chion, an upright support.
Stu-pen′dous, very great.
Sub-si′ded, grew quiet.
Suc-cess′ive, repeated.
Sup-po-si′tion, guess.
Swāthed, wound around.
Sway′ing, guiding, controlling.

Tael (tāle), a Chinese measure of weight, being about one and one third ounces.
Tal′is-man, a charm.
Tax′i-der-mists, those who stuff and mount the skins of animals.
Trans-mit′, send; hand down.
Trans′ports, intense feelings of pleasure.
Trav′erse, to pass through.
Tre-men′dous, very big; enough to frighten.
Trŏth, a pledge.

Un-daunt′ed, not frightened.
Un′du-la-ting, waving.
Un-ob-struct′ed-ly, without hindrance.
Un-wit′ting, unthinking; not knowing.

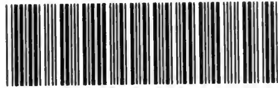
Val-hal′la, according to Norse mythology, the place where good warriors were supposed to go after death.
Vam′pire-bat, a blood-sucking bat of Asia.
Vault, a hollow place; a tomb.
Ve-loc′i-ty, swiftness.
Ven′er-a-ble, worthy of respect because of age.
Ver′dict, decision.
Vi-bra′tion, shaking.
Vi′cious (vish′-us), ugly.
Vi-gnette′(vin-yet′), a decorative design.
Vi′king, a Norse sea-rover or pirate.
Vis′age, countenance; looks.
Vi-va′cious, lively.

Was′sail-bout, a drinking carousal.
Were′wolf, a person transformed into a wolf.



YB 36610

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C043551530

M187504

894
C153
rea
v.5
Educ.
Dept

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY