



GOOD
OLD STORIES
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS

ELVA S. SMITH

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GOOD OLD STORIES

For Boys and Girls

BOOKS

Edited by ELVA S. SMITH

Cataloguer of Children's Books, Carnegie Library
of Pittsburgh

Illustrated Cloth \$1.50 each

GOOD OLD STORIES for Boys and Girls

MYSTERY TALES for Boys and Girls

Edited by ELVA S. SMITH and

ALICE I. HAZELTINE

St. Louis Public Library

CHRISTMAS IN LEGEND AND STORY



There was Pat in the circle dancing away for bare life.

GOOD OLD STORIES

For Boys and Girls

Selected by
Elva S. Smith
Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh

Pictures by
L. J. Bridgman



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Good Old Stories
For Boys and Girls

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To

Caroline M. Hewins

Librarian of the Hartford Public Library

*who has awakened and fostered a love of good
reading in so many boys and girls and whose
appreciative knowledge of children's literature
has been an inspiration to other librarians*

Preface

No apology would seem to be required for reprinting Richard Hengist Horne's admirable story "The Good-Natured Bear," which Thackeray called "one of the wittiest, pleasantest, and kindest of books." With this have been associated other stories and poems, most of them by well-loved writers for children in the mid-nineteenth century. Though endeavoring to make the selection representative, care has been taken to choose those stories most likely to interest boys and girls of to-day and also to obtain as much variety as possible, both in character and in scene. Some of the selections are of a fairy tale nature, some legendary, and others are realistic stories of life in different countries.

"Oeyvind and Marit" is from Björnson's "A Happy Boy" and is included for its delightful picture of child life in Norway. "Lariboo," an adaptation of Balzac's "Passion in the Desert," is from Lydia Maria Child's "Flowers for Children," a book now out of print. "The Immortal Fountain" appeared under the title "The Palace of Beauty" in "The Girls' Own Book" published in

1833. "Uncle David's Nonsensical Story" by Catherine Sinclair is from "Holiday House," an entertaining account of two frolicsome, mischievous children. It was first published in 1839 and was written partly at least as a protest against the "conversations on natural philosophy . . . chronological records of history, and travels as dry as a road-book" which formed so large a part of the reading provided for children in the early nineteenth century. The story of Phika or "The Triple Crown" is from "Aunt Judy's Magazine" for 1876.

Some of the stories have been slightly shortened by the omission of a superfluous moral or an occasional sentence or passage not necessary to the understanding of the narrative and a few changes in construction or wording have been made for the sake of greater clearness; but in no essential features has the original form been altered.

Thanks are due to Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to reprint "A Legend of the Northland" and "The Leak in the Dike" by Phœbe Cary; also "On the Desert" by William Wetmore Story. "Murdoch's Rath" by Mrs. Ewing is included by permission of Little Brown & Company.

ELVA S. SMITH.

Pittsburgh, 1918.

Contents

MURDOCH'S RATH	13
<i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i>	
THE FAIRY WHO JUDGED HER NEIGHBORS	23
<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	
THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW	35
<i>Mary Howitt</i>	
THE IMMORTAL FOUNTAIN	40
<i>Lydia Maria Child</i>	
UNCLE DAVID'S NONSENSICAL STORY ABOUT GIANTS AND FAIRIES	52
<i>Catherine Sinclair</i>	
MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY	68
<i>Mary Howitt</i>	
THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM	78
<i>Jane Taylor</i>	
THE PRINCE'S DREAM	82
<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	
A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND	97
<i>Phæbe Cary</i>	
THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER	101
<i>John Ruskin</i>	
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN	142
<i>Robert Browning</i>	

ANSELMO	155
<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	
THE LEAK IN THE DIKE	165
<i>Phæbe Cary</i>	
THE TRIPLE CROWN	172
<i>Author Unknown</i>	
THE NORTHERN SEAS	191
<i>William Howitt</i>	
OEVVIND AND MARIT	194
<i>Björnstjerne Björnson</i>	
THE TIGER	208
<i>William Blake</i>	
LARIBOO	210
<i>Lydia Maria Child</i>	
ON THE DESERT	236
<i>William Wetmore Story</i>	
THE GOOD-NATURED BEAR	239
<i>Richard Hengist Horne</i>	

Illustrations

There was Pat in the circle dancing away for bare life (Page 16)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
Marion looked at herself, and she saw that her eyes sparkled with new lustre	50
The old man, having fanned the dying embers, cast upon them a certain powder and some herbs	88
There seemed a curious <i>expression</i> about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful	128
But he never thinks he can leave the place Where duty holds him fast	170
Then the girl laughed still more, and got up quickly on her knees	196
It was a beautiful sight to see these two strange companions traveling along through the desert	228
“ We were accosted by a very ragged, but very intelligent old ape, disguised as a Chinese tea-merchant ”	280

Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls

MURDOCH'S RATH *

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

THERE was not a nicer boy in all Ireland than Pat, and clever at his trade, too, if only he'd had one.

But from his cradle he learned nothing (small blame to him with no one to teach him!), so when he came to years of discretion, he earned his living by running messages for his neighbors; and Pat could always be trusted to make the best of a bad bargain, and bring back all the change, for he was the soul of honesty and good nature.

It's no wonder then that he was beloved by every one, and got as much work as he could do, and if the pay had but fitted the work, he'd have been mighty comfortable; but as it was, what he got wouldn't have kept him in shoe-leather, but for making both ends meet by wearing his shoes in

*A rath is a kind of moat-surrounded spot much favored by Irish fairies. The ditch is generally overgrown with furze-bushes.

his pocket, except when he was in the town, and obliged to look genteel for the credit of the place he came from.

Well, all was going on as peaceable as could be, till one market-day, when business (or it may have been pleasure) detained him till the heel of the evening, and by nightfall, when he began to make the road short in good earnest, he was so flustered, rehearsing his messages to make sure he'd forgotten nothing, that he never bethought him to leave off his brogues, but tramped on just as if shoe-leather were made to be knocked to bits on the king's highway.

And this was what he was after saying:

"A dozen hanks of gray yarn for Mistress Murphy."

"Three gross of bright buttons for the tailor."

"Half an ounce of throat drops for Father Andrew, and an ounce of snuff for his housekeeper," and so on.

For these were what he went to the town to fetch, and he was afraid lest one of the lot might have slipped his memory.

Now everybody knows there are two ways home from the town; and that's not meaning the right way and the wrong way, which my grandmother (rest her soul!) said there was to every place but

one that it's not genteel to name. (There could only be a wrong way *there*, she said.) The two ways home from the town were the highway, and the way by Murdoch's Rath.

Murdoch's Rath was a pleasant enough spot in the daytime, but not many persons cared to go by it when the sun was down. And in all the years Pat was going backwards and forwards, he never once came home except by the highroad till this unlucky evening, when, just at the place where the two roads part, he got, as one may say, into a sort of confusion.

"Halt!" says he to himself (for his own uncle had been a soldier, and Pat knew the word of command). "The left hand turn is the right one," says he, and he was going down the highroad as straight as he could go, when suddenly he bethought himself. "And what am I doing?" he says. "This was my left hand going to town, and how in the name of fortune could it be my left going back, considering that I've turned round? It's well that I looked into it in time." And with that he went off as fast down the other road as he had started down this.

But how far he walked he never could tell, before all of a sudden the moon shone out as bright as day, and Pat found himself in Murdoch's Rath.

And this was the smallest part of the wonder; for the Rath was full of fairies.

When Pat got in they were dancing round and round till his feet tingled to look at them, being a good dancer himself. And as he sat on the side of the Rath, and snapped his fingers to mark the time, the dancing stopped, and a little man comes up, in a black hat and a green coat, with white stockings, and red shoes on his feet.

“Won’t you take a turn with us, Pat?” says he, bowing till he nearly touched the ground. And, indeed, he had not far to go, for he was barely two feet high.

“Don’t say it twice, sir,” says Pat. “It’s myself will be proud to foot the floor wid ye;” and before you could look round, there was Pat in the circle dancing away for bare life.

At first his feet felt like feathers for lightness, and it seemed as if he could have gone on forever. But at last he grew tired, and would have liked to stop, but the fairies would not, and so they danced on and on. Pat tried to think of something *good* to say, that he might free himself from the spell, but all he could think of was:

“A dozen hanks of gray yarn for Missis Murphy.”

“Three gross of bright buttons for the tailor.”

“Half an ounce of throat drops for Father Andrew, and an ounce of snuff for his house-keeper,” and so on.

And it seemed to Pat that the moon was on the one side of the Rath when they began to dance, and on the other side when they left off; but he could not be sure after all that going round. One thing was plain enough. He danced every bit of leather off the soles of his feet, and they were blistered so that he could hardly stand; but all the little folk did was to stand and hold their sides with laughing at him.

At last the one who spoke before stepped up to him, and—“Don’t break your heart about it, Pat,” says he; “I’ll lend you my own shoes till the morning, for you seem to be a good-natured sort of a boy.”

Well, Pat looked at the fairy man’s shoes, that were the size of a baby’s, and he looked at his own feet; but not wishing to be uncivil, “Thank ye kindly, sir,” says he. “And if your honor’ll be good enough to put them on for me, maybe you won’t spoil the shape.” For he thought to himself, “Small blame to me if the little gentleman can’t get them to fit.”

With that he sat down on the side of the Rath, and the fairy man put on the shoes for him, and

no sooner did they touch Pat's feet, than they became altogether a convenient size, and fitted him like wax. And, more than that, when he stood up, he didn't feel his blisters at all.

"Bring 'em back to the Rath at sunrise, Pat, my boy," says the little man.

And as Pat was climbing over the ditch, "Look round, Pat," says he. And when Pat looked round, there were jewels and pearls lying at the roots of the furze-bushes on the ditch, as thick as peas.

"Will you help yourself, or take what's given ye, Pat?" says the fairy man.

"Did I ever learn manners?" says Pat. "Would you have me help myself before company? I'll take what your honor pleases to give me, and be thankful."

The fairy man picked a lot of yellow furze-blossoms from the bushes, and filled Pat's pockets.

"Keep 'em for love, Pat, me darlin'," says he.

Pat would have liked some of the jewels, but he put the furze-blossoms by for love.

"Good evening to your honor," says he.

"And where are you going, Pat, dear?" says the fairy man.

"I'm going home," says Pat. And if the fairy man didn't know where that was, small blame to him.

“Just let me dust them shoes for ye, Pat,” says the fairy man. And as Pat lifted up each foot he breathed on it, and dusted it with the tail of his green coat.

“Home!” says he, and when he let go, Pat was at his own doorstep before he could look round, and his parcels safe and sound with him.

Next morning he was up with the sun, and carried the fairy man's shoes back to the Rath. As he came up, the little man looked over the ditch.

“The top of the morning to your honor,” says Pat; “here's your shoes.”

“You're an honest boy, Pat,” says the little gentleman. “It's inconvenienced I am without them, for I have but the one pair. Have you looked at the yellow flowers this morning?” he says.

“I have not, sir,” says Pat; “I'd be loth to deceive you. I came off as soon as I was up.”

“Be sure to look when you get back, Pat,” says the fairy man, “and good luck to ye.”

With which he disappeared, and Pat went home. He looked for the furze-blossoms, as the fairy man told him, and there's not a word of truth in this tale if they weren't all pure gold pieces.

Well, now Pat was so rich, he went to the shoemaker to order another pair of brogues, and being a kindly, gossiping boy, the shoemaker soon learned

the whole story of the fairy man and the Rath. And this so stirred up the shoemaker's greed that he resolved to go the next night himself, to see if he could not dance with the fairies, and have like luck.

He found his way to the Rath all correct, and sure enough the fairies were dancing, and they asked him to join. He danced the soles off his brogues, as Pat did, and the fairy man lent him his shoes, and sent him home in a twinkling.

As he was going over the ditch, he looked round, and saw the roots of the furze-bushes glowing with precious stones as if they had been glow-worms.

"Will you help yourself, or take what's given ye?" said the fairy man.

"I'll help myself, if you please," said the cobbler, for he thought—"If I can't get more than Pat brought home, my fingers must all be thumbs."

So he drove his hand into the bushes, and if he didn't get plenty, it wasn't for want of grasping.

When he got up in the morning, he went straight to the jewels. But not a stone of the lot was more precious than roadside pebbles. "I ought not to look till I come from the Rath," said he. "It's best to do like Pat all through."

But he made up his mind not to return the fairy man's shoes.

“Who knows the virtue that’s in them?” he said. So he made a small pair of red leather shoes, as like them as could be, and he blacked the others upon his feet, that the fairies might not know them, and at sunrise he went to the Rath.

The fairy man was looking over the ditch, as before.

“Good morning to you,” said he.

“The top of the morning to you, sir,” said the cobbler; “here’s your shoes.” And he handed him the pair that he had made, with a face as grave as a judge.

The fairy man looked at them, but he said nothing, though he did not put them on.

“Have you looked at the things you got last night?” says he.

“I’ll not deceive you, sir,” says the cobbler. “I came off as soon as I was up. Sorra peep I took at them.”

“Be sure to look when you get back,” says the fairy man. And just as the cobbler was getting over the ditch to go home, he says, “If my eyes don’t deceive me,” says he, “there’s the least taste in life of dirt on your left shoe. Let me dust it with the tail of my coat.”

“That means home in a twinkling,” thought the cobbler, and he held up his foot.

The fairy man dusted it, and muttered something the cobbler did not hear. Then, "Sure," says he, "it's the dirty pastures that you've come through, for the other shoe's as bad."

So the cobbler held up his right foot, and the fairy man rubbed that with the tail of his green coat.

When all was done, the cobbler's feet seemed to tingle, and then to itch, and then to smart, and then to burn. And at last he began to dance, and he danced all round the Rath (the fairy man laughing and holding his sides), and then round and round again. And he danced till he cried out with weariness and tried to shake the shoes off. But they stuck fast, and the fairies drove him over the ditch, and through the prickly furze-bushes, and he danced away. Where he danced to, I cannot tell you. Whether he ever got rid of the fairy shoes, I do not know. The jewels never were more than wayside pebbles, and they were swept out when his cabin was cleaned, which was not too soon, you may be sure.

All this happened long ago; but there are those who say that the covetous cobbler dances still, between sunset and sunrise, round Murdoch's Rath.

THE FAIRY WHO JUDGED HER NEIGHBORS

JEAN INGELOW

THERE was once a fairy, who was a good fairy on the whole, but she had one very bad habit; she was too fond of finding fault with other people, and of taking for granted that everything must be wrong if it did not appear right to her.

One day, when she had been talking very unkindly of some friends of hers, her mother said to her, "My child, I think if you knew a little more of the world you would become more charitable. I would therefore advise you to set out on your travels; you will find plenty of food, for the cowslips are now in bloom, and they contain excellent honey. I need not be anxious about your lodging, for there is no place more delightful for sleeping in than an empty robin's nest when the young have flown. And if you want a new gown, you can sew two tulip leaves together, which will make you a very becoming dress, and one that I should be proud to see you in."

The young fairy was pleased at this permission

to set out on her travels; so she kissed her mother, and bade good-bye to her nurse, who gave her a little ball of spiders' threads to sew with, and a beautiful little box, made of the egg-shell of a wren, to keep her best thimble in, and took leave of her, wishing her safe home again.

The young fairy then flew away till she came to a large meadow, with a clear river flowing on one side of it, and some tall oak-trees on the other. She sat down on a high branch in one of these oaks, and, after her long flight, was thinking of a nap, when, happening to look down at her little feet, she observed that her shoes were growing shabby and faded. "Quite a disgrace, I declare," said she. "I must look for another pair. Perhaps two of the smallest flowers of that snapdragon which I see growing in the hedge would fit me. I think I should like a pair of yellow slippers."

So she flew down, and, after a little trouble, she found two flowers which fitted her very neatly, and she was just going to return to the oak-tree, when she heard a deep sigh beneath her, and, peeping out from her place among the hawthorn blossoms, she saw a fine young lark sitting in the long grass, and looking the picture of misery.

"What is the matter with you, cousin?" asked the fairy.

“ Oh, I am so unhappy,” replied the poor lark; “ I want to build a nest, and I have got no wife.”

“ Why don't you look for a wife, then?” said the fairy, laughing at him. “ Do you expect one to come and look for you? Fly up, and sing a beautiful song in the sky, and then perhaps some pretty hen will hear you; and perhaps, if you tell her that you will help her to build a capital nest, and that you will sing to her all day long, she will consent to be your wife.”

“ Oh, I don't like,” said the lark, “ I don't like to fly up, I am so ugly. If I were a goldfinch, and had yellow bars on my wings, or a robin, and had red feathers on my breast, I should not mind the defect which now I am afraid to show. But I am only a poor brown lark, and I know I shall never get a wife.”

“ I never heard of such an unreasonable bird,” said the fairy. “ You cannot expect to have everything.”

“ Oh, but you don't know,” proceeded the lark, “ that if I fly up my feet will be seen; and no other bird has feet like mine. My claws are enough to frighten any one, they are so long; and yet I assure you, Fairy, I am not a cruel bird.”

“ Let me look at your claws,” said the fairy.

So the lark lifted up one of his feet, which he had

kept hidden in the long grass, lest any one should see it.

“It looks certainly very fierce,” said the fairy. “Your hind claw is at least an inch long, and all your toes have very dangerous-looking points. Are you sure you never use them to fight with?”

“No, never!” said the lark earnestly; “I never fought a battle in my life; but yet these claws grow longer and longer, and I am so ashamed of their being seen, that I very often lie in the grass instead of going up to sing, as I could wish.”

“I think, if I were you, I would pull them off,” said the fairy.

“That is easier said than done,” answered the poor lark. “I have often got them entangled in the grass, and I scrape them against the hard clods; but it is of no use, you cannot think how fast they stick on.”

“Well, I am sorry for you,” observed the fairy; “but at the same time I cannot but see that, in spite of what you say, you must be a quarrelsome bird, or you would not have such long spurs.”

“That is just what I am always afraid people will say,” sighed the lark.

“For,” proceeded the fairy, “nothing is given us to be of no use. You would not have wings unless you were to fly, nor a voice unless you were

to sing; and so you would not have those dreadful spurs unless you were going to fight. If your spurs are not to fight with," continued the unkind fairy, "I should like to know what they *are* for."

"I am sure I don't know," said the lark, lifting up his foot and looking at it. "Then you are not inclined to help me at all, Fairy? I thought you might be willing to mention among my friends that I am not a quarrelsome bird, and that I should always take care not to hurt my wife and nestlings with my spurs."

"Appearances are very much against you," answered the fairy; "and it is quite plain to me that those spurs are meant to scratch with. No, I cannot help you. Good morning."

So the fairy withdrew to her oak-bough, and the poor lark sat moping in the grass while the fairy watched him. "After all," she thought, "I am sorry he is such a quarrelsome fellow; for that he is such is fully proved by those long spurs."

While she was so thinking the grasshopper came chirping up to the lark and tried to comfort him.

"I have heard all that the fairy said to you," he observed, "and I really do not see that it need make you unhappy. I have known you some time, and have never seen you fight or look out of temper; therefore I will spread a report that you are a very

good-tempered bird, and that you are looking out for a wife."

The lark upon this thanked the grasshopper warmly.

"At the same time," remarked the grasshopper, "I should be glad if you could tell me what is the use of those claws, because the question might be asked me, and I should not know what to answer."

"Grasshopper," replied the lark, "I cannot imagine what they are for—that is the real truth."

"Well," said the kind grasshopper, "perhaps time will show."

So he went away, and the lark, delighted with his promise to speak well of him, flew up into the air, and the higher he went the sweeter and the louder he sang. He was so happy, and he poured forth such delightful notes, so clear and thrilling, that the little ants who were carrying grains to their burrow stopped and put down their burdens to listen; and the doves ceased cooing; and the little field-mice came and sat in the openings of their holes; and the fairy, who had just begun to doze, woke up delighted; and a pretty brown lark, who had been sitting under some great foxglove leaves, peeped out and exclaimed, "I never heard such a beautiful song in my life—never."

"It was sung by my friend the skylark," said the

grasshopper, who just then happened to be on a leaf near her. "He is a very good-tempered bird, and he wants a wife."

"Hush!" said the pretty brown lark. "I want to hear the end of that wonderful song."

For just then the skylark, far up in the heaven, burst forth again, and sang better than ever—so well, indeed, that every creature in the field sat still to listen; and the little brown lark under the foxglove leaves held her breath, for she was afraid of losing a single note.

"Well done, my friend!" exclaimed the grasshopper, when at length he came down panting, and with tired wings; and then he told him how much his friend the brown lark, who lived by the foxglove, had been pleased with his song, and he took the poor skylark to see her.

The skylark walked as carefully as he could, that she might not see his feet; and he thought he had never seen such a pretty bird in his life. But when she told him how much she loved music, he sprang up again into the blue sky as if he was not at all tired, and sang anew, clearer and sweeter than before. He was so glad to think that he could please her.

He sang several songs, and the grasshopper did not fail to praise him, and say what a cheerful, kind bird he was. The consequence was, that when he

asked the brown lark to overlook his spurs and be his wife, she said she would see about it.

“I do not mind your spurs particularly,” she observed.

“I am very glad of that,” said the skylark. “I was afraid you would disapprove of them.”

“Not at all,” she replied. “On the contrary, now I think of it, I should not have liked you to have short claws like other birds; but I cannot exactly say why, as they seem to be of no use in particular.”

This was very good news for the skylark, and he sang such delightful songs in consequence, that he very soon won his wife; and they built a delightful little nest in the grass, which made him so happy, that he almost forgot to be sorry about his long spurs.

The fairy, meanwhile, flew about from field to field, and I am sorry to say that she seldom went anywhere without saying something unkind or ill-natured; for, as I told you before, she was very hasty, and had a sad habit of judging her neighbors.

She had been several days wandering about in search of adventures, when one afternoon she came back to the old oak-tree, because she wanted a new pair of shoes, and there were none to be had so

pretty as those made of the yellow snapdragon flower in the hedge hard by.

While she was fitting on her shoes, she saw the lark's friend.

"How do you do, Grasshopper?" asked the fairy.

"Thank you, I am very well and very happy," said the grasshopper; "people are always so kind to me."

"Indeed!" replied the fairy. "I wish I could say that they were always kind to me. How is that quarrelsome lark, who found such a pretty brown mate the other day?"

"He is not a quarrelsome bird indeed," replied the grasshopper. "I wish you would not say that he is."

"Oh, well, we need not quarrel about that," said the fairy, laughing; "I have seen the world, Grasshopper, and I know a few things, depend upon it. Your friend the lark does not wear those long spurs for nothing."

The grasshopper did not choose to contend with the fairy, who all this time was busily fitting yellow slippers to her tiny feet. When, however, she had found a pair to her mind —

"Suppose you come and see the eggs that our pretty friend the lark has got in her nest," said

the grasshopper. "Three pink eggs spotted with brown. I am sure she will show you them with pleasure."

Off they set together; but what was their surprise to find the poor little brown lark sitting on them with ruffled feathers, drooping head, and trembling limbs.

"Ah, my pretty eggs!" said the lark, as soon as she could speak. "I am so miserable about them—they will be trodden on, they will certainly be found."

"What is the matter?" asked the grasshopper. "Perhaps we can help you."

"Dear Grasshopper," said the lark, "I have just heard the farmer and his son talking on the other side of the hedge, and the farmer said that to-morrow morning he should begin to cut this meadow."

"That is a great pity," said the grasshopper. "What a sad thing it was that you laid your eggs on the ground!"

"Larks always do," said the poor little brown bird; "and I did not know how to make a fine nest such as those in the hedges. Oh, my pretty eggs!—my heart aches for them! I shall never hear my little nestlings chirp."

So the poor lark moaned and lamented, and

neither the grasshopper nor the fairy could do anything to help her. At last her mate dropped down from the white cloud where he had been singing, and when he saw her drooping, and the grasshopper and the fairy sitting silently before her, he inquired in a great fright what the matter was.

So they told him, and at first he was very much shocked; but presently he lifted first one and then the other of his feet, and examined his long spurs.

"He does not sympathize much with his poor mate," whispered the fairy; but the grasshopper took no notice of the speech.

Still the lark looked at his spurs, and seemed to be very deep in thought.

"If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge," sighed the poor mother, "among the corn, there would have been plenty of time to rear my birds before harvest time."

"My dear," answered her mate, "don't be unhappy." And so saying, he hopped up to the eggs, and laying one foot upon the prettiest, he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange to say, it exactly fitted them.

"Oh, my clever mate!" cried the poor little mother, reviving; "do you think you can carry them away for me?"

"To be sure I can," replied the lark, beginning

slowly and carefully to hop on with the egg in his right foot; "nothing more easy. I have often thought it was likely that our eggs would be disturbed in this meadow; but it never occurred to me till this moment that I could provide against the misfortune. I have often wondered what my spurs could be for, and now I see." So saying, he hopped gently on till he came to the hedge, and then got through it, still holding the egg, till he found a nice little hollow place in among the corn, and there he laid it, and came back for the others.

"Hurrah!" cried the grasshopper, "Larkspurs forever!"

The fairy said nothing, but she felt heartily ashamed of herself. She sat looking on till the happy lark had carried the last of his eggs to a safe place, and had called his mate to come and sit on them. Then, when he sprang up into the sky again, exulting, and rejoicing, and singing to his mate, that now he was quite happy, because he knew what his long spurs were for, she stole gently away, saying to herself, "Well, I could not have believed such a thing. I thought he must be a quarrelsome bird as his spurs were so long; but it appears that I was wrong, after all."

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

A Midsummer Legend

MARY HOWITT

“AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?”

“I’ve been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer-night to see!”

“And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?”

“I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?”

“I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill.”

“Oh! tell me all, my Mary,
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night, on the Caldon Low.”

“ Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine.
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

“ And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all.”

“ And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?”

“ I’ll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

“ Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;

‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill:

“ ‘ For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

“ ‘ Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!’

“ And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill:

“ ‘And there,’ they said, ‘ the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind, old widow’s corn.

“ ‘Oh! the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“ And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down the Low;
‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“ ‘Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!’

“ And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
‘ I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

“ With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldun Low
There was no one left but me.

“ And all on the top of the Caldun Low
The mists were cold and grey,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“ But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
But I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

“ Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, pr’ythee, make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be.”

THE IMMORTAL FOUNTAIN

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

IN ancient times there lived two little princesses, one of whom was extremely beautiful, and the other dwarfish, dark-colored and deformed. One was named Rose, and the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marion hated Rose because the latter was handsome and everybody praised her. She herself scowled, and her face grew absolutely black, when anybody asked her how her pretty little sister was; and once she was so wicked that she cut off all Rose's glossy golden hair, and threw it in the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it, but she did not scold, or strike her sister; for she was as amiable and gentle a little being as ever lived. No wonder that all the family and all the neighbors disliked Marion, and no wonder that her face grew uglier and uglier every day. Many people, however, believed that Rose had been blessed by the fairies and that to them she owed her extraordinary beauty and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the castle where the princesses re-

sided was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace of Beauty, where the queen of the fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there one day, when she had grown tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain, from which she had risen with the beauty of an angel. Marion often asked questions about this story; but Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim, "Oh, how much that looks like fairy-land!" But when asked what she knew about fairy-land, she blushed and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why can I not go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she; "and why may I not bathe in the Immortal Fountain?"

One summer's noon, when all was still save the faint twittering of the birds and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and with the sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke, it was evening; and she found herself in a small hall, where opal pillars supported a rainbow roof,

the bright reflection of which rested on crystal walls and on a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All around, between the opal pillars, stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and fragrant flowers; some of them, twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rainbow above. The whole of this scene of beauty was lighted by millions of fireflies, glittering about like wandering stars.

While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure of rare loveliness stood before her. Her robe was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught up on one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star, composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point, and thus she sung:

The Fairy Queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou seest is fair;
Quick thy purposes declare!

As she concluded, the song was taken up, and thrice repeated by a multitude of soft voices in the

distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined in the chorus,—the clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and ever and anon, between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the queen of the fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said,—

“Will it please your Majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?”

The queen smiled. “I will grant your request,” said she, “if you will promise to fulfil all the conditions I impose.”

Marion eagerly promised that she would.

“The Immortal Fountain,” continued the queen, “is on the top of a high, steep hill; at four different places fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands. None can pass them, except those who obey my orders. Go home now; for one week speak no ungentle word to your sister; at the end of that time, come again to the grotto.”

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden, watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed was that her sister's sunny hair had suddenly grown as long and beautiful as it

had ever been. The sight made her angry; and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from Rose's hand with an angry expression, when she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence.

The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The queen was feasting when Marion entered the hall. The bees brought honeycomb and deposited it on the small rose-colored shells which adorned the crystal table; gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the queen, and fanned her with their wings; the cucujo and the lantern-fly stood at her side to afford her light; a large diamond beetle formed her splendid footstool, and when she had supped, a dewdrop, on the petal of a violet, was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of anything not perfectly good; and in a few moments all the queen's attendants vanished, singing as they went:

The Fairy Queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould
Within her door,
On pearly floor.
Inlaid with shining gold.

“Mortal, hast thou fulfilled thy promise?” asked the queen.

“I have,” replied the maiden.

“Then follow me.”

Marion did as she was directed, and away they went, over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies, clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed, to bar the ascent. The queen waved her wand over them and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep, and far, far up they went; and the air became more and more fragrant, and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of waters falling in music. At length, they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed.

“Here,” said the queen, “our journey must end. You can go no farther until you have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now; for one month do by your sister in all respects as you would wish her to do by you, were you Rose and she Marion.”

Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could help speaking; but when Rose asked her for any of her playthings, she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along. When Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence; and when a pocket-mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she had done the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful, that she did as she wished to be done by.

All the household remarked how Marion had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose; "she is so good and amiable."

"So do I," and, "so do I," said a dozen voices.

Marion blushed deeply and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved!" thought she.

At the end of the month, she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands and flew away. They traveled on; the path grew steeper and steeper; but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled, and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was stayed by a troop of fairies in rainbow robes and with silver wands tipped with gold. In

face and form they were far more beautiful than anything Marion had yet seen.

“Here we must pause,” said the queen; “this boundary you cannot yet pass.”

“Why not?” asked the impatient Marion.

“Because those must be very pure who pass the rainbow fairies,” replied the queen.

“Am I not very pure?” asked the maiden; “all the people in the castle tell me how good I have grown.”

“Mortal eyes see only the outside,” answered the queen, “but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought, as well as in action. Return home; for three months never indulge in an envious or wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain.” Marion was sad at heart; for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of the three months, she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The queen did not smile when she saw her; but in silence led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away as they approached; but the rainbow fairies bowed low to the queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim;

and she burst into tears. "I knew," said the queen, "that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill, and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from the bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. But be not discouraged; you have been indulging in wrong feelings for years and you must not wonder that it takes many months to drive them away."

Marion was very sad as she wended her way homeward; but when at the end of another three months she again visited the Palace of Beauty, the queen smiled and touched her playfully with the wand, then led her away to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright as Marion approached them, and they lowered their wands and sung, as they flew away:

Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won,—
For such, I ween,
Is the will of the queen,—
Pass on! pass on!

And now every footstep was on flowers, that yielded beneath their feet, as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could

almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness; and loud, clear, and liquid came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks; a rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo; the spray falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass and they have become pearl-embroidered cloaks for the fairy queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain! Its amber-colored waves flow over a golden bed; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds in their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

“Oh, let me bathe in the fountain!” cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight.

“Not yet,” said the queen. “Behold the purple fairies with golden wands that guard its brink!” Marion looked, and saw beings far lovelier than any her eye had ever rested on. “You cannot pass them yet,” said the queen. “Go home; for one year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in this fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done.”

This was the hardest task of all. For she had been willing to be good, not because it was right,

but because she wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and the golden wands were still crossed, to shut her from the Immortal Fountain. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies lowered their wands, singing:

Thou hast scaled the mountain,
Go, bathe in the fountain;
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light;
Go, bathe in the fountain!

Marion was about to plunge in, but the queen touched her, saying, "Look in the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish?"

Marion looked at herself, and she saw that her eye sparkled with new lustre, that a bright color shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the queen.

"True," replied the queen, "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and a clear conscience are the only immortal fountains of beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her



Marion looked at herself, and she saw that her eye sparkled
with new lustre.

bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she, "though I have not asked you a question. I have been in fairy-land, disguised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto, I begged the queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "How handsome Marion has grown! The ugly scowl has departed from her face; and the light of her eye is so mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that, to my taste, I declare she is as handsome as Rose."

UNCLE DAVID'S NONSENSICAL STORY ABOUT GIANTS AND FAIRIES

CATHERINE SINCLAIR

Pie-crust, and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black-puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like!

IN the days of yore, children were not all such clever, good, sensible people as they are now! Lessons were then considered rather a plague, sugar-plums were still in demand, holidays continued yet in fashion, and toys were not then made to teach mathematics, nor story-books to give instruction in chemistry and navigation. Those were very strange times, and there existed at that period a very idle, greedy, naughty boy, such as we never hear of in the present day. His father and mother were—no matter who, and he lived,—no matter where. His name was Master No-book, and he seemed to think his eyes were made for nothing but to stare out of the windows, and his mouth for no other purpose but to eat. This young gentleman hated lessons like mustard, both of which brought tears into his eyes, and during school hours

he sat gazing at his books, pretending to be busy, while his mind wandered away to wish impatiently for dinner, and to consider where he could get the nicest pies, pastry, ices and jellies, while he smacked his lips at the very thoughts of them.

Whenever Master No-book spoke, it was always to ask for something, and you might continually hear him say, in a whining tone of voice: "Father, may I take this piece of cake?" "Aunt Sarah, will you give me an apple?" "Mother, do send me the whole of that plum-pudding!" Indeed, very frequently, when he did not get permission to gormandize, this naughty glutton helped himself without leave. Even his dreams were like his waking hours, for he had often a horrible nightmare about lessons, thinking he was smothered with Greek lexicons, or pelted out of the school with a shower of English grammars; while one night he fancied himself sitting down to devour an enormous plum-cake, and all on a sudden it became transformed into a Latin dictionary!

One afternoon, Master No-book, having played truant all day from school, was lolling on his mother's best sofa in the drawing-room, with his leather boots tucked up on the satin cushions, and nothing to do but to suck a few oranges, and nothing to think of but how much sugar to put upon

them, when suddenly an event took place which filled him with astonishment.

A sound of soft music stole into the room, becoming louder and louder the longer he listened, till at length, in a few moments afterwards, a large hole burst open in the wall of his room, and there stepped into his presence two magnificent fairies, just arrived from their castles in the air, to pay him a visit. They had traveled all the way on purpose to have some conversation with Master No-book, and immediately introduced themselves in a very ceremonious manner.

The fairy Do-nothing was gorgeously dressed with a wreath of flaming gas round her head, a robe of gold tissue, a necklace of rubies, and a bouquet in her hand of glittering diamonds. Her cheeks were rouged to the very eyes, her teeth were set in gold, and her hair was of a most brilliant purple; in short, so fine and fashionable-looking a fairy never was seen in a drawing-room before.

The fairy Teach-all, who followed next, was simply dressed in white muslin, with bunches of natural flowers in her light-brown hair, and she carried in her hand a few neat small books, which Master No-book looked at with a shudder of aversion.

The two fairies now informed him that they

very often invited large parties of children to spend some time at their palaces, but as they lived in opposite directions, it was necessary for their young guests to choose which it would be better to visit first; therefore they had now come to inquire of Master No-book whom he thought it would be most agreeable to accompany on the present occasion.

“In my house,” said the fairy Teach-all, speaking with a very sweet smile, and a soft, pleasing voice, “you shall be taught to find pleasure in every sort of exertion; for I delight in activity and diligence. My young friends rise at seven every morning, and amuse themselves with working in a beautiful garden of flowers, raising whatever fruit they wish to eat, visiting among the poor, associating pleasantly together, studying the arts and sciences, and learning to know the world in which they live, and to fulfil the purposes for which they have been brought into it. In short, all our amusements tend to some useful object, either for our own improvement or the good of others, and you will grow wiser, better, and happier every day you remain in the Palace of Knowledge.”

“But in Castle Needless, where I live,” interrupted the fairy Do-nothing, rudely pushing her companion aside, with an angry, contemptuous

look, "we never think of exerting ourselves for anything. You may put your head in your pocket, and your hands in your sides as long as you choose to stay. No one is ever even asked a question, that he may be spared the trouble of answering. We lead the most fashionable life imaginable, for nobody speaks to anybody! Each of my visitors is quite an exclusive, and sits with his back to as many of the company as possible, in the most comfortable armchair that can be contrived. There, if you are only so good as to take the trouble of wishing for anything, it is yours, without even turning an eye round to look where it comes from. Dresses are provided of the most magnificent kind, which go on themselves, without your having the smallest annoyance with either buttons or strings; there are games which you can play without an effort of thought; and dishes dressed by a French cook, smoking hot under your nose, from morning till night; while any rain we have is either made of lemonade or lavender-water, and in winter it generally snows iced punch for an hour during the forenoon."

Nobody need be told which fairy Master No-book preferred; and quite charmed at his own good fortune in receiving so agreeable an invitation, he eagerly gave his hand to the splendid new acquaint-

ance who promised him so much pleasure and ease, and gladly proceeded in a carriage lined with velvet, stuffed with downy pillows, and drawn by milk-white swans, to that magnificent residence, Castle Needless, which was lighted by a thousand windows during the day, and by a million of lamps every night.

Here Master No-book enjoyed a constant holiday and a continual feast, while a beautiful lady covered with jewels was ready to tell him stories from morning till night, and servants waited to pick up his playthings if they fell, or to draw out his purse or his pocket-handkerchief when he wished to use them.

Thus Master No-book lay dozing for hours and days on richly embroidered cushions, never stirring from his place, but admiring the view of trees covered with the richest burnt almonds, grottoes of sugar-candy, a *jet d'eau* of champagne, a wide sea which tasted of sugar instead of salt, and a bright, clear pond, filled with goldfish, that let themselves be caught whenever he pleased. Nothing could be more complete; and yet, very strange to say, Master No-book did not seem particularly happy! This appears exceedingly unreasonable, when so much trouble was taken to please him; but the truth is that every day he became more fretful and

peevish. No sweetmeats were worth the trouble of eating, nothing was pleasant to play at, and in the end he wished it were possible to sleep all day, as well as all night.

Not a hundred miles from the fairy Do-nothing's palace there lived a most cruel monster called the giant Snap-'em-up, who looked, when he stood up, like the tall steeple of a great church. He raised his head so high that he could peep over the loftiest mountains, and he was obliged to climb up a ladder to comb his own hair!

Every morning regularly, this prodigiously great giant walked round the world before breakfast for an appetite, after which he made tea in a large lake, used the sea as a slop-basin, and boiled his kettle on Mount Vesuvius. He lived in great style, and his dinners were most magnificent, consisting very often of an elephant roasted whole, ostrich patties, a tiger smothered in onions, stewed lions, and whale soup; but for a side-dish his greatest favorite consisted of little boys, as fat as possible, fried in crumbs of bread, with plenty of pepper and salt.

No children were so well-fed, or in such good condition for eating, as those in the garden of the fairy Do-nothing, who was a very particular friend of the giant Snap-'em-up, and who sometimes laughingly said she would give him a license, and call

her own garden his "preserve" because she always allowed him to help himself, whenever he pleased, to as many of her visitors as he chose, without taking the trouble even to count them. In return for such extreme civility, the giant very frequently invited her to dinner.

Snap-'em-up's favorite sport was to see how many brace of little boys he could bag in a morning; so, in passing along the streets, he peeped into all the drawing-rooms without having occasion to get upon tiptoe, and picked up every young gentleman who was idly looking out of the windows, and even a few occasionally who were playing truant from school; but busy children seemed always somehow quite out of his reach.

One day, when Master No-book felt even more lazy, more idle, and more miserable than ever, he lay beside a perfect mountain of toys and cakes, wondering what to wish for next, and hating the very sight of everything and everybody. At last he gave so loud a yawn of weariness and disgust that his jaw very nearly fell out of joint, and then he sighed so deeply that the giant Snap-'em-up heard the sound as he passed along the road after breakfast, and instantly stepped into the garden, with his glass at his eye, to see what was the matter. Immediately, on observing a large, fat, overgrown

boy, as round as a dumpling, lying on a bed of roses, he gave a cry of delight, followed by a gigantic peal of laughter, which was heard three miles off, and picking up Master No-book between his finger and thumb, with a pinch that very nearly broke his ribs, he carried him rapidly towards his own castle, while the fairy Do-nothing laughingly shook her head as he passed, saying, "That little man does me great credit! he has only been fed for a week, and is as fat already as a prize ox! What a dainty morsel he will be! When do you dine to-day, in case I should have time to look in upon you?"

On reaching home the giant immediately hung up Master No-book, by the hair of his head, on a prodigious hook in the larder, having first taken some large lumps of nasty suet, forcing them down his throat, to make him become still fatter, and then stirring the fire, that he might be almost melted with heat, to make his liver grow larger. On a shelf quite near, Master No-book perceived the bodies of six other boys, whom he remembered to have seen fattening in the fairy Do-nothing's garden, while he recollected how some of them had rejoiced at the thoughts of leading a long, useless, idle life, with no one to please but themselves.

The enormous cook now seized hold of Master

No-book, brandishing her knife, with an aspect of horrible determination, intending to kill him, while he took the trouble of screaming and kicking in the most desperate manner. At this the giant turned gravely round and said that, as pigs were considered a much greater dainty when whipped to death than killed in any other way, he meant to see whether children might not be improved by it also; therefore she might leave that great hog of a boy till he had time to try the experiment, especially as his own appetite would be improved by the exercise. This was a dreadful prospect for the unhappy prisoner; but meantime it prolonged his life for a few hours, as he was immediately hung up again in the larder, and left to himself. There, in torture of mind and body, like a fish upon a hook, the wretched boy began at last to reflect seriously upon his former ways, and to consider what a happy home he might have had, if only he could have been satisfied with business and pleasure succeeding each other, like day and night, while lessons might have come in as a pleasant sauce to his play-hours, and his play-hours as a sauce to his lessons.

In the midst of many reflections, which were all very sensible, though rather too late, Master No-book's attention became attracted by the sound of many voices laughing, talking and singing, which

caused him to turn his eyes in a new direction, when, for the first time, he observed that the fairy Teach-all's garden lay upon a beautiful sloping bank not far off.

There a crowd of merry, noisy, rosy-cheeked boys were busily employed, and seemed happier than the day was long; while poor Master No-book watched them during his own miserable hours, envying the enjoyment with which they raked the flower-borders, gathered the fruit, carried baskets of vegetables to the poor, worked with carpenter's tools, drew pictures, shot with bows and arrows, played at cricket, and then sat in the sunny arbors learning their tasks, or talking agreeably together, till at length, a dinner-bell having been rung, the whole party sat merrily down with hearty appetites, and cheerful good humor, to an entertainment of plain roast meat and pudding, where the fairy Teach-all herself presided, and helped her guests moderately, to as much as was good for each.

Large tears rolled down the cheeks of Master No-book while watching this scene; and remembering that if he had known what was best for him, he might have been as happy as the happiest of these excellent boys, instead of suffering ennui and weariness as he had done at the fairy Do-nothing's, ending in a miserable death. But his attention was

soon after most alarmingly aroused by hearing the giant Snap-'em-up again in conversation with his cook; who said that, if he wished for a good large dish of scalloped children at dinner, it would be necessary to catch a few more, as those he had already provided would scarcely be a mouthful.

As the giant kept very fashionable hours, and always waited dinner for himself till nine o'clock, there was still plenty of time; so, with a loud grumble about the trouble, he seized a large basket in his hand, and set off at a rapid pace towards the fairy Teach-all's garden. It was very seldom that Snap-'em-up ventured to think of foraging in this direction, as he had never once succeeded in carrying off a single captive from the enclosure, it was so well fortified and so bravely defended; but on this occasion, being desperately hungry, he felt as bold as a lion, and walked, with outstretched hands, straight towards the fairy Teach-all's dinner-table, taking such prodigious strides that it seemed almost as if he would trample on himself.

A cry of consternation arose the instant this tremendous giant appeared; and, as usual on such occasions, when he had made the same attempt before, a dreadful battle took place. Fifty active little boys bravely flew upon the enemy, armed with their dinner knives. They looked like a nest

of hornets, stinging him in every direction, till he roared with pain, and would have run away; but the fairy Teach-all, seeing his intention, rushed forward with the carving-knife, and brandishing it high over her head, she most courageously stabbed him to the heart!

If a great mountain had fallen to the earth, it would have seemed like nothing in comparison with the giant Snap-'em-up, who crushed two or three houses to powder beneath him, and upset several fine monuments that were to have made people remembered forever. But all this would have seemed scarcely worth mentioning, had it not been for a still greater event which occurred on the occasion, no less than the death of the fairy Do-nothing, who had been indolently looking on at this great battle, without taking the trouble to interfere, or even to care who was victorious; but being also lazy about running away, when the giant fell, his sword came with so violent a stroke on her head, that she instantly expired.

Thus, luckily for the whole world, the fairy Teach-all got possession of immense property, which she proceeded without delay to make the best use of in her power.

In the first place, however, she lost no time in liberating Master No-book from his hook in the

larder, and gave him a lecture on activity, moderation, and good conduct, which he never afterwards forgot; and it was astonishing to see the change that took place immediately in all his thoughts and actions. From this very hour, Master No-book became the most diligent, active, happy boy in the fairy Teach-all's garden; and on returning home a month afterwards, he astonished all the masters at school by his extraordinary reformation. The most difficult lessons were a pleasure to him; he scarcely ever stirred without a book in his hand, never lay on a sofa again, would scarcely even sit on a chair with a back to it, but preferred a three-legged stool, detested holidays, never thought any exertion a trouble, preferred climbing over the top of a hill to creeping round the bottom, always ate the plainest food in very small quantities, joined a temperance society, and never tasted a morsel till he had worked very hard and got an appetite.

Not long after this, an old uncle, who had formerly been ashamed of his nephew's indolence and gluttony, became so pleased at the wonderful change that, on his death, he left Master No-book a magnificent estate, desiring that he should take his uncle's name. Therefore, instead of being any longer one of the No-book family, he is now called Sir Timothy Bluestocking—a pattern to the,

whole country around, for the good he does to every one, and especially for his extraordinary activity, appearing as if he could do twenty things at once. Though generally very good-natured and agreeable, Sir Timothy is occasionally observed in a violent passion, laying about him with his walking-stick in the most terrific manner, and beating little boys within an inch of their lives; but on inquiry, it invariably appears that he has found them out to be lazy, idle or greedy; for all the industrious boys in the parish are sent to get employment from him, while he assures them that they are far happier breaking stones on the road, than if they were sitting idly in a drawing-room with nothing to do. Sir Timothy cares very little for poetry in general; but the following are his favorite verses, which he has placed over the chimneypiece at a school that he built for the poor, and every scholar is obliged, the very day he begins his education, to learn them:

Some people complain they have nothing to do,
And time passes slowly away;
They saunter about, with no object in view,
And long for the end of the day.

In vain are the trifles and toys they desire,
For nothing they truly enjoy;
Of trifles, and toys, and amusements they tire,
For want of some useful employ.

Although for transgression the ground was accursed,
Yet gratefully man must allow,
'Twas really a blessing which doomed him, at first,
To live by the sweat of his brow.

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY

A Story of the Olden Time

MARY HOWITT

PART I

“ARISE, my maiden, Mabel,”

The mother said; “arise,
For the golden sun of midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

“Arise, my little maiden,

For thou must speed away,
To wait upon thy grandmother
This livelong summer day.

“And thou must carry with thee

This wheaten cake so fine,
This new-made pat of butter,
This little flask of wine;

“And tell the dear old body,

This day I cannot come,
For the goodman went out yestermorn,
And he is not come home.

- “And more than this, poor Amy
 Upon my knee doth lie;
I fear me, with this fever pain
 The little child will die!
- “And thou canst help thy grandmother:
 The table thou canst spread;
Canst feed the little dog and bird;
 And thou canst make her bed.
- “And thou canst fetch the water
 From the lady-well hard by;
And thou canst gather from the wood
 The fagots brown and dry;
- “Canst go down to the lonesome glen,
 To milk the mother ewe;
This is the work, my Mabel,
 That thou wilt have to do.
- “But listen now, my Mabel,
 This is midsummer day,
When all the fairy people
 From elfland come away.
- “And when thou’rt in the lonesome glen,
 Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the strawberry flower,
 Nor break the lady-fern.

“ But think not of the fairy folk,
Lest mischief should befall;
Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lov’st us all.

“ Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer
If they should speak to thee.

“ And when into the fir-wood
Thou goest for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down.

“ But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood take heed.

“ For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide;
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide.

“ But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
But of the Father good.

“And when thou goest to the spring
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offense.

“For the queen of all the fairies,
She loves that water bright;
I’ve seen her drinking there myself
On many a summer night.

“But she’s a gracious lady,
And her thou need’st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear.”

“Now all this I will heed, mother,
Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
This livelong summer day.”

PART II

Away tripped little Mabel,
With the wheaten cake so fine,
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot,
And the summer mist had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good-will,
How that her father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread;
And next she fed the dog and bird;
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day,—
Thou know'st the lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,
That sat upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well,—a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A courtesy low made Mabel,
And then she stooped to fill
Her pitcher at the sparkling spring,
But no drop did she spill.

“Thou art a handy maiden,”
The fairy lady said;
“Thou hast not spilt a drop, nor yet
The fairy spring troubled!

“And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet mayst not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

“Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway.”

Thus having said, she passed from sight,
And naught could Mabel see,
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

“And now go,” said the grandmother,
“And fetch in fagots dry;
All in the neighboring fir-wood
Beneath the trees they lie.”

Away went kind, good Mabel,
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sear.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wildwood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
With home thoughts sweet and kind.

But all that while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

“And, oh, but she is small and neat,”
Said one; “ ’twere shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite!”

“Look only,” said another,
“At her little gown of blue;
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe!”

“ Oh, but she is a comely child,”
Said a third; “ and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
A boon for her this day,—
Seeing she broke no living wood;
No live thing did affray!”

With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path,
Lay Mabel’s feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy penny good;
And with her fagots dry and brown
Went wandering from the wood.

“ Now she has that,” said the brownies,
“ Let flax be ever so dear,
'T will buy her clothes of the very best,
For many and many a year!”

“ And go now,” said the grandmother,
“ Since falling is the dew,
Go down unto the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother ewe!”

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist rank grass, by trickling streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to the lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry flower
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother ewe
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as the midge's wing,
That spake aloud,—“ A human child
Is here; yet mark this thing,—

“ The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry flower unta'en!
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain? ”

“Give her a fairy cake!” said one;
“Grant her a wish!” said three;
“The latest wish that she hath wished,”
Said all, “whate’er it be!”

Kind Mabel heard the words they spake,
And from the lonesome glen
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel
On that midsummer day,
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

’T is good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
’T is good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

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's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise; the Weights hung speechless. Each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop, when Hands, Wheels, Weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke:

“I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking.” Upon hearing this, the old Clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

“Lazy Wire!” exclaimed the Dial-plate. “As to that,” replied the Pendulum, “it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness—you who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward 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?”

“But what of that?” resumed the Pendulum. “Although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I’ll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.

“This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours—perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?”

The Minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, “Eighty-six thousand, four hundred times.” “Exactly so,” replied the Pendulum. “Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of

this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, 'I'll stop!'

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion.

"It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, Will it fatigue us to *do*? Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?" The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion fatiguing 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," replied the Dial; "but recollect that, although 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 consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum.

"Then I hope," added the Dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the people will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the Clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

THE PRINCE'S DREAM

JEAN INGELow

IF we may credit the fable, there is a tower in the midst of a great Asiatic plain, wherein is confined a prince who was placed there in his earliest infancy, with many slaves and attendants, and all the luxuries that are compatible with imprisonment.

Whether he was brought there from some motive of state, whether to conceal him from enemies, or to deprive him of rights, has not transpired; but it is certain that up to the date of this little history he had never set his foot outside the walls of that high tower, and that of the vast world without he knew only the green plains which surrounded it; the flocks and the birds of that region were all his experience of living creatures, and all the men he saw outside were shepherds.

And yet he was not utterly deprived of change, for sometimes one of his attendants would be ordered away, and his place would be supplied by a new one. The prince would never weary of questioning this fresh companion, and of letting him talk

of cities, of ships, of forests, of merchandise, of kings; but though in turns they all tried to satisfy his curiosity, they could not succeed in conveying very distinct notions to his mind; partly because there was nothing in the tower to which they could compare the external world, partly because, having chiefly lived lives of seclusion and indolence in eastern palaces, they knew it only by hearsay themselves.

At length, one day, a venerable man of a noble presence was brought to the tower, with soldiers to guard him and slaves to attend him. The prince was glad of his presence, though at first he seldom opened his lips, and it was manifest that confinement made him miserable. With restless feet he would wander from window to window of the stone tower, and mount from story to story; but mount as high as he would there was still nothing to be seen but the vast unvarying plain, clothed with scanty grass, and flooded with the glaring sunshine; flocks and herds and shepherds moved across it sometimes, but nothing else, not even a shadow, for there was no cloud in the sky to cast one.

The old man, however, always treated the prince with respect, and answered his questions with a great deal of patience, till at length he found a pleasure in satisfying the prince's curiosity, which

so much pleased the poor young prisoner, that, as a great condescension, he invited the old man to come out on the roof of the tower and drink sherbet with him in the cool of the evening, and tell him of the country beyond the desert, and what seas are like, and mountains, and towns.

“I have learnt much from my attendants, and know this world pretty well by hearsay,” said the prince, as they reclined on the rich carpet which was spread on the roof.

The old man smiled, but did not answer; perhaps because he did not care to undeceive his young companion, perhaps because so many slaves were present, some of whom were serving them with fruit, and others burning rich odors on a little chafing-dish that stood between them.

“But there are some words to which I never could attach any particular meaning,” proceeded the prince, as the slaves began to retire, “and three in particular that my attendants cannot satisfy me upon, or are reluctant to do so.”

“What words are those, my prince?” asked the old man. The prince turned on his elbow to be sure that the last slave had descended the tower stairs, then replied:

“O man of much knowledge, the words are these—Labor, and Liberty, and Gold.”

“Prince,” said the old man, “I do not wonder that it has been hard to make thee understand the first, the nature of it, and the cause why most men are born to it; as for the second, it would be treason for thee and me to do more than whisper it here, and sigh for it when none are listening; but the third need hardly puzzle thee; thy hookah is bright with it; all thy jewels are set in it; gold is inlaid in the ivory of thy bath; thy cup and thy dish are of gold, and golden threads are wrought into thy raiment.”

“That is true,” replied the prince, “and if I had not seen and handled this gold, perhaps I might not find its merits so hard to understand; but I possess it in abundance, and it does not feed me, nor make music for me, nor fan me when the sun is hot, nor cause me to sleep when I am weary. Therefore when my slaves have told me how merchants go out and brave the perilous wind and sea, and live in the unstable ships, and run risks from shipwreck and pirates, and when, having asked them why men have done this, they have answered, ‘For gold,’ I have found it hard to believe them. And when they have told me how men have lied, and robbed and deceived; how they have murdered one another, and leagued together to depose kings, to oppress provinces, and all for gold; then I have said to

myself, either my slaves have combined to make me believe that which is not, or this gold must be very different from the yellow stuff that this coin is made of, this coin which is of no use but to have a hole pierced through it and hang to my girdle, that it may tinkle when I walk."

"Notwithstanding this," said the old man, "nothing can be done without gold; for look you, prince, it is better than bread and fruit and music, for it can buy them all, since all men love it, and have agreed to exchange it for whatever they may need."

"How so?" asked the prince.

"If a man has many loaves he cannot eat them all," answered the old man; "therefore he goes to his neighbor and says, 'I have bread and thou hast a coin of gold—let us exchange;' so he receives the gold and goes to another man, saying, 'Thou hast two houses and I have none; lend me one of thy houses to live in, and I will give thee my gold;' thus again they exchange."

"It is well," said the prince; "but in time of drought, if there is no bread in a city, can they make it of gold?"

"Not so," answered the old man, "but they must send their gold to a city where there is food, and bring that back instead of it."

"But if there was a famine all over the

world," asked the prince, "what would they do then?"

"Why, then, and only then," said the old man, "they must starve, and the gold would be nought, for it can only be changed for that which *is*; it cannot make that which is not."

"And where do they get gold?" asked the prince; "is it the precious fruit of some rare tree, or have they whereby they can draw it down from the sky at sunset?"

"Some of it," said the old man, "they dig out of the ground."

Then he told the prince of ancient rivers running through terrible deserts, whose sands glitter with golden grains and are yellow in the fierce heat of the sun, and of dreary mines where the Indian slaves work in gangs tied together, never seeing the light of day; and lastly (for he was a man of much knowledge, and had traveled far), he told him of the valley of the Sacramento in the New World, and of those mountains where the people of Europe send their criminals, and where now their free men pour forth to gather gold, and dig for it as hard as if for life; sitting up by it at night lest any should take it from them, giving up houses and country, and wife and children, for the sake of a few feet of mud, whence they dig clay that

glitters as they wash it; and how they sift it and rock it as patiently as if it were their own children in the cradle, and afterwards carry it in their bosoms, and forego on account of it safety and rest.

“But, prince,” he proceeded, observing that the young man was absorbed in his narrative, “if you would pass your word to me never to betray me, I would procure for you a sight of the external world, and in a trance you should see those places where gold is dug, and traverse those regions forbidden to your mortal footsteps.”

Upon this, the prince threw himself at the old man’s feet, and promised heartily to observe the secrecy required, and entreated that, for however short a time, he might be suffered to see this wonderful world.

Then, if we may credit the story, the old man drew nearer to the chafing-dish which stood between them, and having fanned the dying embers in it, cast upon them a certain powder and some herbs, from whence as they burnt a peculiar smoke arose. As their vapors spread, he desired the prince to draw near and inhale them, and then (says the fable) assured him that when he should sleep he would find himself, in his dream, at whatever place he might desire, with this strange ad-



The old man, having fanned the dying embers, cast upon them a certain powder and some herbs.

vantage, that he should see things in their truth and reality as well as in their outward shows.

So the prince, not without some fear, prepared to obey; but first he drank his sherbet, and handed over the golden cup to the old man by way of recompense; then he reclined beside the chafing-dish and inhaled the heavy perfume till he became overpowered with sleep, and sank down upon the carpet in a dream.

The prince knew not where he was, but a green country was floating before him, and he found himself standing in a marshy valley, where a few wretched cottages were scattered here and there with no means of communication. There was a river, but it had overflowed its banks and made the central land impassable, the fences had been broken down by it, and the fields of corn laid low; a few wretched peasants were wandering about there; they looked half clad and half starved. "A miserable valley indeed!" exclaimed the prince; but as he said it a man came down from the hills with a great bag of gold in his hand.

"This valley is mine," said he to the people; "I have bought it for gold. Now make banks that the river may not overflow, and I will give you gold; also make fences and plant fields, and cover in the roofs of your houses, and buy yourselves richer

clothing." So the people did so, and as the gold got lower in the bag the valley grew fairer and greener, till the prince exclaimed, "Oh, gold, I see your value now! O wonderful, beneficent gold!"

But presently the valley melted away like a mist, and the prince saw an army besieging a city; he heard a general haranguing his soldiers to urge them on, and the soldiers shouting and battering the walls; but shortly, when the city was well-nigh taken, he saw some men secretly throwing gold among the soldiers, so much of it that they threw down their arms to pick it up, and said that the walls were so strong that they could not throw them down. "O powerful gold!" thought the prince; "thou art stronger than the city walls!"

After that it seemed to him that he was walking about in a desert country, and in his dream he thought, "Now I know what labor is, for I have seen it, and its benefits; and I know what liberty is, for I have tasted it; I can wander where I will, and no man questions me; but gold is more strange to me than ever, for I have seen it buy both liberty and labor." Shortly after this he saw a great crowd digging upon a barren hill, and when he drew near he understood that he had reached the summit of his wishes, and that he was to see the place whence the gold came.

He came up and stood a long time watching the people as they toiled ready to faint in the sun, so great was the labor of digging up the gold.

He saw some who had much and could not trust any one to help them to carry it, binding it in bundles over their shoulders, and bending and groaning under its weight; he saw others hide it in the ground, and watch the place clothed in rags, that none might suspect that they were rich; but some, on the contrary, who had dug up an unusual quantity, he saw dancing and singing, and vaunting their success, till robbers waylaid them when they slept, and rifled their bundles and carried their golden sand away.

“All these men are mad,” thought the prince, “and this pernicious gold has made them so.”

After this, as he wandered here and there, he saw groups of people smelting the gold under the shadow of the trees, and he observed that a dancing, quivering vapor rose up from it, which dazzled their eyes, and distorted everything that they looked at; arraying it also in different colors from the true one. He observed that this vapor from the gold caused all things to rock and reel before the eyes of those who looked through it, and also, by some strange affinity, it drew their hearts towards those who carried much gold on their persons, so that

they called them good and beautiful; it also caused them to see darkness and dullness in the faces of those who carried none. "This," thought the prince, "is very strange;" but not being able to explain it, he went still further, and there he saw more people. Each of these had adorned himself with a broad golden girdle, and was sitting in the shade, while other men waited on them.

"What ails these people?" he inquired of one who was looking on, for he observed a peculiar air of weariness and dullness in their faces. He was answered that the girdles were very tight and heavy, and being bound over the regions of the heart, were supposed to impede its action, and prevent it from beating high, and also to chill the wearer, as, being of opaque material, the warm sunshine of the earth could not get through to warm him.

"Why, then, do they not break them asunder," exclaimed the prince, "and fling them away?"

"Break them asunder!" cried the man; "why, what a madman you must be; they are made of the purest gold!"

"Forgive my ignorance," replied the prince; "I am a stranger."

So he walked on, for feelings of delicacy prevented him from gazing any longer at the men with the golden girdles; but as he went he pon-

dered on the misery he had seen, and thought to himself that this golden sand did more mischief than all the poisons of the apothecary; for it dazzled the eyes of some, it strained the hearts of others, it bowed down the heads of many to the earth with its weight; it was a sore labor to gather it, and when it was gathered, the robber might carry it away; it would be a good thing, he thought, if there were none of it.

After this he came to a place where were sitting some aged widows and some orphan children of the gold-diggers, who were helpless and destitute; they were weeping and bemoaning themselves, but stopped at the approach of a man, whose appearance attracted the prince, for he had a very great bundle of gold on his back, and yet it did not bow him down at all; his apparel was rich, but he had no girdle on, and his face was anything but sad.

“Sir,” said the prince to him, “you have a great burden; you are fortunate to be able to stand under it.”

“I could not do so,” he replied, “only that as I go on I keep lightening it;” and as he passed each of the widows, he threw gold to her, and stooping down, hid pieces of it in the bosoms of the children.

“You have no girdle,” said the prince.

“I once had one,” answered the gold-gatherer;

“but it was so tight over my breast that my heart grew cold under it, and almost ceased to beat. Having a great quantity of gold on my back, I felt almost at the last gasp; so I threw off my girdle, and being on the bank of a river, which I knew not how to cross, I was about to fling it in, I was so vexed! ‘But no,’ thought I, ‘there are many people waiting here to cross besides myself. I will make my girdle into a bridge, and we will cross over on it.’”

“Turn your girdle into a bridge!” exclaimed the prince, doubtfully, for he did not quite understand.

The man explained himself.

“And then, sir, after that,” he continued, “I turned one-half of my burden into bread, and gave it to these poor people. Since then I have not been oppressed by its weight, however heavy it may have been; for few men have a heavier one. In fact, I gather more from day to day.”

As the man kept speaking, he scattered his gold right and left with a cheerful countenance, and the prince was about to reply, when suddenly a great trembling under his feet made him fall to the ground. The refining fires of the gold-gatherers sprang up into flames, and then went out; night fell over everything on the earth, and nothing was

visible in the sky but the stars of the southern cross, which were glittering above him.

“It is past midnight,” thought the prince, “for the stars of the cross begin to bend.”

He raised himself upon his elbow, and tried to pierce the darkness, but could not. At length a slender blue flame darted out, as from ashes in a chafing-dish, and by the light of it he saw the strange pattern of his carpet and the cushions lying about. He did not recognize them at first, but presently he knew that he was lying in his usual place, at the top of his tower.

“Wake up, prince,” said the old man.

The prince sat up and sighed, and the old man inquired what he had seen.

“O man of much learning!” answered the prince, “I have seen that this is a wonderful world; I have seen the value of labor, and I know the uses of it; I have tasted the sweetness of liberty, and am grateful, though it was but in a dream; but as for that other word that was so great a mystery to me, I only know this, that it must remain a mystery forever, since I am fain to believe that all men are bent on getting it; though, once gotten, it causeth them endless disquietude, only second to their discomfort that are without it. I am fain to believe that they can procure with it whatever they most

desire, and yet that it cankers their hearts and dazzles their eyes; that it is their nature and their duty to gather it; and yet that, when once gathered, the best thing they can do is to scatter it!"

Alas! the prince visited this wonderful world no more; for the next morning, when he awoke, the old man was gone. He had taken with him the golden cup which the prince had given him. And the sentinel was also gone, none knew whither. Perhaps the old man had turned his golden cup into a golden key.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND

PHŒBE CARY

AWAY, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
They cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges, when it snows;
And the children look like bear's cubs
In their funny, furry clothes;

They tell them a curious story—
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer—
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, " My cakes that seem too small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, " You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

" Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country schoolboy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:

Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER;
OR,
THE BLACK BROTHERS

JOHN RUSKIN

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria, there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant 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 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, and rested so softly in the cir-

cular hollow, 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 couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw 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, 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 hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold 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 on 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; the vines were cut to pieces with 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 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 piece of dry 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 wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, 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 looking little 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 that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his moustaches 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 long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration 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 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 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.

"Hollo!" 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 moustaches 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. “ 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 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?”

“Only till the mutton’s done, sir,” replied Gluck, “and it’s very brown.”

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, 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; “mayn’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, hesi-

tatingly; "but—really, sir,—you're—putting the fire out."

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

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 for another five minutes.

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

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn'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 don'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, 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 box 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.

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

“I don’t know, indeed, brother,” said Gluck in great terror.

“How did he get in?” roared Schwartz.

“My dear brother,” said Gluck, deprecatingly, “he was so *very* wet!”

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck’s head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed 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 further 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; couldn'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."

"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 into the corner on the 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 moustaches, 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 ever I catch you here again," muttered

Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he 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 mutton 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 burst 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 bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous 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 you," said their visitor, ironically. "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, 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:

Southwest Wind, Esquire

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous 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, 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 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 had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the 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 very 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 odd 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 and 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. 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 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 ale-house; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all 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 eyes, which looked more malicious 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 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 wouldn'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 cer-

tainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

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

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners, and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking 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 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 down-stairs. 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 louder near 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 pronounced.

“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, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface 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.”

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

“Pour me out, I say,” said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn’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 pretty little

yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, 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 if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic 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 coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and

stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn'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 observations out of the pot; but, whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

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

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up 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 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.” Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. 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, deigning no 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 that 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 centre of 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! ”

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit just related, before Hans and Schwartz 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 a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. 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 staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; 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 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 any holy water to so abandoned a character. 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 in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but 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 rock, jagged and shivered into myriads 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 line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent pace 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, 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 practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous 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 all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy 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 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 his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.



There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease 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 thirst 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."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying 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 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 ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again 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 above 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 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 shade. The sun was setting; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans’ 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 their 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 centre 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.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans’ 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 very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and 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 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 had 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 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 haven’t half enough for myself,” and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more 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 haven’t half enough for myself,” and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from 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 black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of

the 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.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and 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 don'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 took some bread in 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 practised

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 it 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 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 don't help it." 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 its 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 don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn'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?"

"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 cry of the weary and 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 lights; 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 not only the river 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.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING

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 cooks' 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 robe 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 sat 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?
 Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"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 tomb-
 stone!"

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 so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and 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 cheque;
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,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
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 to 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,
Cocking 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, ' Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And 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."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked 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 with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," 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 for
 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!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
 I've promised to visit by dinner time

Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's 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 after another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I 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.
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,
—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 that mighty top!
He’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!”
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-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
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 honey-bees had lost their stings,
‘And horses were born with eagles’ 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 and 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 'twas 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 as well 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 on 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.

And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe

Of alien people who 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.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers

Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or
from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise!

ANSELMO

JEAN INGELOW

THERE was once, says an old legend, a young Italian noble, whose elder brother loved him much; he had moreover saved the young man's life and had reconciled him to his father who had become greatly offended with him.

As might have been expected, the youth returned this affection, and after the death of the father these brothers lived together, the younger obeying the elder, and behaving to him in all respects like a son.

Once, on a certain day, however, a long separation came between them, for the elder went out as if upon his ordinary affairs, and never returned again to his house. His young brother was first surprised, then alarmed. He proclaimed his loss; he scoured the country, caused the waters to be searched, and sought in all the recesses of that old Italian city; but it was of no avail; his brother was gone, and none could tell him whither.

No tidings were heard of him for more than six months. Then, one night, as the young nobleman was knocking for admittance at his own door, a fig-

ure in a domino came up, and put a note into his hand, at the same time whispering his brother's name. It was during the time of the carnival, when it is so much the custom for people to wear disguises that such things excite no surprise. Anselmo, for that was his name, would have seized the domino by the hand, but he quickly disappeared in the crowd; and full of wonder and anxiety the young man read the letter which the messenger had left behind him:

“Anselmo, I live, I am well! and I beseech thee, as thou lovest me, fail not to do for me what I shall require, which is, that thou wilt go every night down the lane that leads along the south wall of the P—— Palace; ten paces from the last window but one thou shalt find a narrow slit in the wall; bring with thee a dark lantern, and into that slit do thou place it, turning the light side inward, that thou be not discovered. Thou shalt be at the place every night at twelve, and thou shalt stay until the clock of St. Januarius striketh one. So do, and one night I will meet thee there. Thy loving brother prays thee not to fail.”

That very night the young nobleman went out unattended in hopes of meeting with his brother. He carried a lantern, and proceeded to the unfrequented lane pointed out in the letter. It was a desolate place, in a thinly populated quarter of the

city. By the faint light of the moon he counted the windows, and found the slit in the wall, which was deep, and fenced on the river side with an iron grating backed by a sheet of horn; into this slit he hastened to place his lantern, and then began to look about him and consider why his brother should have chosen such a place for their meeting.

Not far off ran the river, and he did not doubt that by water his brother would come, for it was evident that he feared to show himself in the streets of the city. Anselmo started once or twice during his solitary watch, for he thought he distinguished the splash of an oar, and then an advancing foot-step; but he was mistaken. His brother did not come to meet him that night, nor the next, nor the one after; and when he had come to await him every night for a fortnight he began to get sick at heart.

And yet there was no way but this; he was to watch *till* his brother came; it was his only chance of seeing him; and he went on, without once failing, for eleven months and twenty days.

In order that he might do this more secretly, he frequently changed his lodging; for, as the time wore on, he began to fear that his brother might have involved himself in one of the political intrigues common in those days, and he felt that the utmost caution was required, lest his constant visits

to that quarter of the city should be watched, and lead to suspicion.

A strange piece of blind obedience and of trust in his brother this seemed, even to himself. What appeared to him the strangest part of the letter was the entreaty that he would always bring a lantern: "As if there could be any fear," he thought, "of my not recognizing his step, or as if it could be likely that more men than one could by any probability be standing by that solitary corner." But in those days of tyrannical government and lawless faction, flight and mysterious disappearance were not uncommon. Thus Anselmo watched on, though hope began to wax faint, even in his strong and patient heart.

The clock struck one. "Eleven months," said he, "and one-and-twenty days! I will watch for thee the year out." He put his hand into the slit in the wall and withdrew his lantern; it was dying in the socket. "What," said he, "is the light also weary of watching?" He turned, and a heavy stone hard by his feet was raised from beneath, and up from under the earth came his brother.

"Thy cloak—quick! cover me with it," he whispered. "Hide my prison garments."

"Thy prison garments!" repeated Anselmo faintly, for he was distraught and amazed.

His brother took the cloak and wrapped himself in it. It was not so dark but that Anselmo could see that his feet were bare, and his face haggard. He took the lantern, and threw it down, beckoning towards the river. "Let it lie," he said to his young brother.

"I am sorry the light has gone out just when it is wanted," said Anselmo, for he was still amazed, and scarcely knew what he was talking about.

"Eleven months and twenty-one days hath it served me well," his brother replied; "nothing else, whether alive or dead, saving thyself only, will serve me so well again."

What a strange thing this was to hear; but the walls of the old Italian city echoed the sound so softly that none awoke to listen, and the two figures, gliding under the deep shadow of the houses, passed away, and were seen there no more.

By morning dawn a vessel left the harbor, and two brothers stood upon the deck bidding farewell to their native country; the one was young, the other had a wan cheek, and hands hardened by labor; but the prison dress was gone, and both were clad in the usual costume of their rank and order.

"And now that we are safe and together," said Anselmo, "I pray thee tell me thy story. Why

didst thou keep me waiting so long, and where didst thou rise from at last?"

"That I can tell thee at all is thy doing," answered his brother, "because thou didst never fail to bring me the lantern."

And then, while the gray Italian shores waxed faint in the sunny distance, and all hearts began to turn towards the new world whither the vessel was bound, Anselmo's brother descended with him into the cabin, and there told him, with many expressions of affection, the remarkable tale which follows:

He had, unknown to his brother, made himself obnoxious to the government; and the night of his disappearance he was surrounded by a number of armed men. After making a desperate defense, he was at length overpowered and thrown into prison. In a dreadful dungeon he lay till his wounds were healed, and then, for some cause unknown to himself, he was given over to the keeping of his deadly enemy—one whose house had long been of the opposite faction to his own. By this enemy he was conveyed to the P—— Palace, and laid in a dungeon that, as he said, "nothing it seemed could have broken through, unless his teeth had been strong enough to eat through that wall." Almost every hour in the day his enemy came and looked at him through a hole in the door, his food was given him by means of this

aperture, and when he complained of the want of bedding, they gave him, also by means of the hole, a thin mattress and two coarse rugs to cover him.

This dungeon contained nothing but one large chest placed against the wall and half filled with heavy stones. One of these, he was given to understand, would be tied round his neck should he attempt to escape, and his body would be thrown into the river.

His light in the daytime came through the little slit so often mentioned; but in daylight he could do nothing, for his enemy's eyes were frequently upon him. From twelve o'clock to three in the night were the only hours when all his jailers slept, and then it was dark, and he could do nothing but just feel the strength and thickness of the wall. A hopeless task indeed to break it down with one poor pair of hands!

But, after months of misery and despair, one of the jailers took pity on him, and asked him whether there was anything he could do to help him to endure his captivity better. "Yes," said the poor prisoner, "I have been a studious man, and if I could now read, it would help me to forget my misery. I dare not read in the daytime, for my enemy would not suffer me to have such a solace; but in the night, if I could have a light in the slit."

The jailer was frightened, and told him not to think of it; yet, as his prisoner kept urging it, he looked at the height of the slit and its small size, and finally when he had heard the words that were to convey this request for a light, and knew that they told nothing as to where Anselmo's brother was, he consented to convey them; first getting a solemn promise that he would never attempt to speak to his brother, even if he should find it possible; and secondly, that he would never betray the messenger.

Whether this jailer felt certain that the nobleman never could escape, whether he was partly willing to aid in his escape, or whether he pitied him and thought no harm could come of the light, is not known; certain it is that he searched the dungeon diligently every night, and examined the iron protection to the slit. It was far above the poor prisoner's head, and when the jailer found it always safe, he appeared satisfied; yet the work of breaking through the wall began the first night of the lantern, and never ceased till it came to a triumphant conclusion.

The great chest, as has been said, was half full of heavy stones. As soon as the light enabled the prisoner to act with certainty and perfect quiet, he laid his mattress and rugs beside it, opened its lid, took every stone out in turn, and placed it on one of them. Then, exerting all his strength, he lifted the

chest away, and began to undermine the stones behind it and under it.

With wonderful skill and caution he went gradually on; but it took twenty minutes of labor to empty the chest, and twenty minutes to fill it with equal quiet; there remained, therefore, only twenty minutes in which to perform the rest of this herculean labor.

But for the light he must have handled the stones with less certainty, and, of course, the least noise would have caused all to be discovered. How little could be done each night becomes evident when it is remembered that the stones and rubbish which he displaced had to be put back again, and the chest returned to the same position before the light was withdrawn.

For nine months he made but little progress, and for the next two months the difficulty of disposing of the rubbish daunted him; but the last night, when still far from the surface, though already through the wall, such a quantity of earth caved in, that he swept it down fearlessly upon the floor of his dungeon, and resolved to make a daring effort to escape, and risk all on that one venture. He crept through the hole once more, and shielding his head with one arm, pushed upwards with the other; more and more earth fell, and at last, nearly suffocated,

he applied all his strength to the flat stone that it had left bare, heaved it up, and escaped to life and freedom.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A Story of Holland

PHŒBE CARY

THE good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
“Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me,
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet!
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set.”

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song.
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
 With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
 In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
 They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
 In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
 With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
 And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
 Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
 Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
 And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
 He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
 Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
 Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
 Which his voice and presence lent;

And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.

But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,

And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
" I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;

But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

“He is dead!” she cries; “my darling!”
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears;
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
“Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!”
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.



But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.



'Tis many a year since then; but still,
 When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
 Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
 Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
 Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
 Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
 Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
 And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
 Divide the land from the sea!

THE TRIPLE CROWN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

“WHAT shall we play at? Soldiers, I think—and I will be General!” Phika said authoritatively to her little companion, the Princess Marianna Bevern.

The two little girls were sitting in the deep embrasure of a window in the castle of Graue Hof in Brunswick, one day in the summer of 1740. They, as well as the ladies who sat decorously in the saloon within, had their embroidery frames beside them; but having retired into this window for greater privacy and freedom and to be out of sight of the elders, the frames were neglected. Phika alternately played with a box of soldiers and looked out of the window, while Marianna carefully nursed a large and solid doll, dressed after the fashion of a German baby, and more placid than even any German baby could have been. “How many little burghers will come?” asked Phika, with ever-such-a-little scorn in her voice.

“Burghers?” Marianna questioned. “Oh! the

burgher children don't come to the Schloss here, except on Christmas eve. The children to-day will all be noble, except little Gretchen, the Capellmeister's daughter, who has blue eyes, and oh! such a lovely voice! Her Serene Highness does not like the burgher children to play with the princesses." And with conscious dignity little Princess Marianna drew herself up. But she was only aping, for she was a gentle child and had no real idea of being "stuck up."

"Ah!" Phika said, raising her eyebrows and looking straight before her out of the window. "At Stettin I always play with the burgher children. My mother says I am proud, and so makes me play with them; but I like it, and of course I always have my own way and rule them. I am *always* General at Stettin!" she added, in case there should be any question in Marianna's mind to-day.

"Phika," as she was called, but in reality Sophia Augusta, was the daughter of the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, and was at this time on a visit with her mother to the Duchess of Brunswick. Phika was only ten years old, but, notwithstanding her partiality for playing at soldiers, was old for her age—a disposition which the stiff training of the last century fostered rather than otherwise. Study, too,

the little girl loved as well as play, and as thoroughly set to work at one as at the other. Tall of her age, with fair hair and complexion, and gray eyes full of intelligence, the little Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst already showed the beauty which afterwards distinguished her, and already possessed that grace and attraction which won so many hearts to her in after-life.

The castle clock struck four.

“It is time to be going,” Marianna said; “the children will be assembling in the Princess’s play room. How dreadful to have to cross the salon to get out!”—and drawing aside the curtain which hung across the window recess, she peeped into the room. There sat the Duchess of Brunswick surrounded by her ladies and talking to an ecclesiastical-looking man who stood beside her; there, embroidery frame in hand, and looking rather bored, sat the Princess Johanna Louisa of Anhalt-Zerbst, Phika’s mother—quite a young woman, for she was only sixteen years older than Phika. There, too, sat Marianna’s mother, and when she saw the child’s head put out from behind the curtain, she held out her hand encouragingly. Clasping the big German baby closely, Marianna shyly emerged, followed by Phika, who, head erect, walked into the room, but with great decorum.

“This is my little daughter, Reverend Herr,” said Marianna’s mother to the ecclesiastic; and, as if continuing a conversation—“Can you not give me an idea as to what *her* future will be? People say you are *always* right, and that you have really the gift of second sight!”

Canon Mengden smiled deprecatingly, and laid his hand on Marianna’s head. “I see nothing in these brown eyes,” he said, kindly looking into her face, “nothing but what should betoken happiness, if to be good is to be happy. My power of second sight is overestimated, but my knowledge of physiognomy would make me predict that your child in her life will make many happy.” But as he finished speaking a sudden change came over Canon Mengden’s face, and a deeper gravity overspread it. Taking his hand from Marianna’s head, he passed it over his own eyes, as if to clear away a mist. Those eyes while he spoke had wandered from Marianna’s face to that of her young companion, who had been earnestly listening to him, her clear gray eyes turned upwards towards his.

“Who art thou?” he said in a low voice, bending towards her.

“Phika!” the child answered, surprised, but un-abashed.

“Sophia Augusta von Anhalt-Zerbst,” a rather

languid voice at his elbow said. "I only call her Phika for short." It was Phika's mother who spoke, and who now looked up at Canon Mengden too. "What is the matter, Herr Mengden? I hope there is nothing wrong in *her* physiognomy?"

"Nothing—nothing," Mengden answered hurriedly. "It only seems to me that I see——" And he paused. Had he not, only just now, deprecated his second sight?

"What?" said the Princess of Anhalt, raising herself with some interest and curiosity.

"What do you see, Herr Canon?" the Duchess of Brunswick asked in her turn.

"I see," Mengden went on in a dreamy voice—"I see here," and he passed his hand across his forehead, "*crowns* on your daughter's brow, madame."

"*Crowns!*" the Princess echoed laughingly. "One, I assure you, would quite satisfy me."

"I see more than one," Mengden answered gravely; "I see no less than *three!*"

"Phika's fair hair is dazzling and acts as an aureole," the Duchess put in lightly, for Canon Mengden looked almost distressed and the conversation was taking too grave a tone—"and meantime the little maidens would like to go off and play!"

Phika had not lost a word of what had been said, had not once moved her gray eyes from Mengden's face, and while he spoke a bright flush had stolen over hers and an odd quick light come into her eyes. Marianna touched her gently. "Phika," she said, "they are waiting for us."

Phika started from her absorbed contemplation.

"*Danke!*" she said gravely, looking still full at Mengden; and then, with a courtesy to her mother and another to the Duchess, whose armchair they passed on their way, the two little girls left the room.

In the anteroom they found Mademoiselle Har-del, Phika's French governess, who was waiting to take them to the Princess's apartments on the other side of the Schloss. A large hall was set apart here as a play room, or for exercise when the weather was bad; and here Phika and Marianna found about twenty little girls assembled, most of whom Marianna knew, and with whom Phika, who had very popular manners, very soon made acquaintance.

"Who is that pretty, quiet little girl that looks so shy, there—the little girl with blue eyes and with her hair tied back with blue ribbons?" Phika asked her companion.

"Oh, that is little Gretchen, whom I told you

about, the Capellmeister's daughter. We will make her sing presently. Well, Gretchen, there you are!" the little Princess said kindly; and going up to the shy child kissed her, but with no air of patronage, and so as to put her at her ease.

"No, your Highness—I mean yes!" the child answered, courtesying and turning red.

"This is Princess Phika, Princess Sophie of Anhalt," Marianna said, and taking Gretchen's hand she put it into Phika's, "and presently, before you go, I want you to sing to her. Has your father taught you any new songs?"

"Alas, no!" poor Gretchen answered, great tears coming into her eyes and slowly rolling down her cheeks. "Father cannot teach me any songs just now. He is ill and—and in trouble, and oh! I don't think I can sing to-day!" and the poor child covered her face with her hands and struggled hard to keep back her sobs.

"Poor child, what is it?" kind Marianna asked. "Come into this corner and tell me; and you come too, Phika!"

Phika was looking on with a puzzled expression. It must be something very bad, and even then she didn't understand crying before people.

"Ah, I did not want to come, for father seemed so unhappy; but Tante Lisa said I must. This is

how it is. Father was to have composed a new *Stück* to be played on the Duchess's birthday tomorrow, and he has been ill and could not do it; but the 'Ober' says he could have done it if he would, and that he is always behindhand, and that he must lose his place and Johann Sturm have it. And Karl will have to come from school where he is learning so well, for we are poor—so poor!—and father is ill, and—oh, I am so unhappy!" and the little girl laid her fair head down on Marianna's lap and cried bitterly.

"What *can* be done?" Marianna exclaimed. "I will get my mother to speak to the 'Ober.'"

"I know!" said Phika, raising her head. "I will speak to the Duchess herself. That will be better."

"The Duchess! Oh, Phika, shall you not be afraid?" said Marianna, who had a wholesome dread of her Highness of Brunswick.

"Why?" Phika asked, "why should I be afraid? She could only tell me I was forward, and she would not do that, for you know I am a visitor. Now put it away, Gretchen, and it will be all right. Only don't cry! and let us go and see what they are playing at, for we are losing all the afternoon."

Reassured by Phika's tone of power, the little

girl suppressed her sobs and dried her eyes, and soon, like the child that she was, began even to smile. "Perhaps I can sing presently," she whispered to Marianna; "I will try!" for Gretchen's heart was full of gratitude to the two august young ladies.

The games did not seem to be progressing with much spirit when Phika and Marianna rejoined the other children, and after an effort or two at liveliness, Phika yawned audibly—twice—for which she was severely taken to task by Mademoiselle Hardel.

"But it is so dull and gloomy here," Phika said apologetically; "might we not go outside and play on the terrace or in the gardens?"

"Supposing," whispered Marianna, who was always afraid to take the lead in anything, "supposing we did what I have always longed to do—have a scramble all through the old part of the Schloss, *this* side, and poke into all the funny little rooms?"

Phika clapped her hands so as nearly to call forth Mademoiselle Hardel's displeasure again.

"The very thing!" she said joyfully. "I am so tired of sitting still; and, besides, I want to see all over the Schloss before I go back to Stettin. The Duchess's side of course one *can't* scamper through."

After a little demur, permission was given so long as only this wing of the Schloss was explored, and none of the kitchen regions ventured into.

The Graue Hof of Brunswick was an old building (it has been demolished since), and of just the kind to delight rather imaginative children and excite their curiosity. Spiral staircases, long passages, narrow slits of windows, and deep embrasures; old tapestry covered with grim knights who never put down their raised swords, heavy horses who perpetually pawed the air; furniture of every date, and sometimes so worm-eaten as hardly to befit a royal palace; faded portraits of ancestry of the House of Brunswick;—it was no wonder that all these delights, added to the liberty of the scramble, were so appreciated by the troop of children now let loose and wandering at will through this wing of the Schloss.

In parties of three or four, sometimes of greater number, they went, every now and then meeting at some particularly attractive spot. Phika, Marianna and little Gretchen kept together. “Is not that like Gretchen?” the one said to the other as they came upon a picture more recently painted than the others, and which hung in a gallery leading towards the Duchess’s apartments, where the children all lowered their voices.

“And who is that?” Phika asked, looking up at the portrait of a man in uniform, quite a young man, with a good-looking flattish face. “It is like my cousin, Peter Frederick of Holstein, who was staying at Eiten while we were there. Such a tiresome boy—stupid and wilful, too, though I didn’t really dislike him.”

“That is the Czar,” Marianna answered, rather overawed as usual. “The Czar Peter—Peter the Great, you know!—when he was quite a young man.”

“It explains itself!” Phika said, with old-fashioned importance. “Peter Frederick’s grandfather, you know. It is really like him; but Peter does not look so clever as this. I should like to shake him sometimes!”

And now the exploring party went on till, at the foot of a narrow spiral staircase leading up into one of the towers, they came to a halt. But only for a moment. Most of the children ran along the gallery to where a broader flight of stairs showed an easier ascent and a more promising field. “Shall we let them go, and see where this leads to?” Phika asked. “It looks so nice and mysterious!” Of course her companions assented.

“You will find nothing there,” one of the other children called out as she ran on. “It only leads

into the western turret." But Phika liked the leadership of even her small band, and preferred exploring for herself.

They began to climb the steep narrow stairs. It was like what one did in a dream, Gretchen thought. To judge by the dust accumulated on the staircase and the stains on its walls, this western turret was not much frequented; and the narrow slits of windows gave so little light that the little girls were not sorry when after going up for some time they came to a landing-place, where a broader window allowed them to look, a long way down, into the court below. Two or three oaken doors, clamped with iron, showed their hard uninviting faces round this landing. The children looked at one another, even Phika, a little crestfallen. "Let us open the doors and look in at any rate," she said, plucking up courage.

"No, no," Marianna answered quickly, "there might be ——"

"What?" Phika said, now laughing rather scornfully. "Are you afraid we shall find an old woman with a distaff, as in the fairy tale, and that it will pierce all our hands, and that we shall all go to sleep for a hundred years? *Allons!*" and with an impetuous movement she turned the handle of the first door and went in.

Empty! quite empty, excepting for the cobwebs which festooned it. Phika, now quite emboldened, turned the handle of the next room. Empty too! and full of spiders and cobwebs too!

“The third time is always lucky,” she cried. “Now for it, Marianna!” and she opened the third door on the landing. “At last!” Phika said, clapping her hands, and the three children rushed into the room, the door closing heavily behind them.

“Suppose it should shut with a spring!” poor Marianna suggested, turning pale. But Phika only laughed.

The room in which they found themselves was bigger than the other two and it looked as if it had somehow been forgotten in the lapse of years, and as if some one had been left asleep in it, as in the story Phika had alluded to, and had not yet been awakened. Only the somebody was not there. Faded damask hung on the walls, looking as if it must have been faded even when put there, and equally faded damask drooped from the one window and the bed. The furniture was scanty and of a very old fashion, and an equally old-fashioned spinet stood in one corner of the room still open.

The children shivered and looked at one another. Altogether, this was not an amusing apartment.

“It must have been some very-forgotten-poor-old-maid dependent who used this room,” Phika said in a low voice; “and people hardly noticed when she died.”

“Let us go away,” Marianna begged; for little Gretchen was clinging to her and looked as if she was going to cry.

“Not yet,” Phika said; “I must poke about a little first.” And while the other two sank on an old settee which nearly gave way under even their weight, Princess Phika began her investigations. Into the bed, which was still covered with an old silken quilt on which had once been embroidered the arms of Brunswick; into a dark closet, whose door hung off its hinges—into every possible drawer of cabinet or escritoire that she could open, the busy Phika poked on her voyage of discovery.

“See, here is an old ebony casket—there must be something interesting in this!” she exclaimed. But the promising casket contained, alas! nothing but an exhausted rouge-pot. Phika shut it in disgust.

“Well! we may as well go, I think,” she said. “The only pretty thing in the room is this old chimneypiece,” and she went up to the high mantel-shelf, which, as well as the sides of the chimney, was elaborately carved in wood in scrollwork, with fruits

and flowers. It was really a work of art, and wonderful that it should remain neglected in this world-forgotten room. Amateur work, perhaps, undertaken to while away the tedious hours by the owner of the room long ago.

“Look how beautifully the flowers are carved,” Phika said admiringly, and passing her hand over the work. “See, here are initials—‘N. von D.’—inside this wreath. I wonder—— Oh! what have I done?” she called out in a frightened tone, as a piece of the carved work suddenly gave way and fell to the ground.

“Oh, Phika, put it on again!” Marianna called out in a great fright.

But Phika was silent, and instead of picking up the carved wood from the floor, she proceeded, to the horror of her companions, deliberately to pull at the remaining flowers of the wreath, which, after a little resistance, came away also in her hand.

A smooth surface under the place where the carving had been, made the initial letters stand out more clearly. With a happy inspiration, Phika pressed the middle letter, and suddenly a ledge sprung out of the centre of the chimney—and on the ledge stood a small casket black with age, but evidently made of silver.

“Look, look,—quick!” Phika cried, breathless with excitement; and Marianna and Gretchen hurried to where she stood.

The little casket opened easily in Phika’s hands. Inside it there lay a small silk purse or bag. Phika opened it with trembling fingers, and a cry of admiration and surprise burst from the three children at once. The purse contained a jewel of dazzling brilliancy, a pendant to be worn round the neck, composed of rubies, sapphires and diamonds, set in the exquisite taste of the time of Holbein, but fresher and brighter than old jewels generally are. And as Phika looked at it she suddenly turned pale; for the design, artistically and gracefully carried out, was that of *three crowns*, the diamond surmounting the others. Canon Mengden’s words had sunk deep into the child’s heart, ambitious already. Strange that this portent should follow so soon on his words—strange that Phika, on whose brow he had said he saw three crowns, should be the one to discover this jewel now!

She made up her mind at once. “Come!” she said authoritatively; “we must go at once to the Duchess. Whether she is angry or no, we must go, and no one must see this till she has seen it. You *must* come, both of you, to help me to tell her how I found it.” And holding the little casket

and its treasure firmly in her hand, Phika, followed by her companions, ran down the turret stairs.

A few minutes more, and, regardless of decorum, she stood in the Duchess of Brunswick's room and gravely and clearly told her tale.

"The triple crown—impossible!" the Duchess exclaimed with much excitement. "The jewel that was lost fifty years ago. In a time of disturbance here in Brunswick, it had been entrusted to a faithful waiting-maid of the then Duchess, who hid it away, and, dying suddenly, left no clue to what she had done with it. It is of great value, and I have heard the old Duchess say that at the time almost any reward would have been granted to the finder—the jewel itself even—rather than that its fate should remain a mystery. And so I think it should be now!" her Highness added, suddenly looking up. "You had good fortune in finding it, Phika; but you must also have had courage and resolution in not being intimidated, and giving it up, when you first came upon the clue. What is your reward to be, my child? Anything you ask that I can give you shall be yours."

Phika flushed up to the roots of her fair hair, and her eyes sparkled as much at the words of praise as at the prospect of a reward.

The reward! she wanted so many things, if she

could only think of them. Books, which she loved so dearly—clockwork toys, such as came from Switzerland—a new horse to take back to Stettin—a ring, a —— Her heart gave a great bound. The jewel! Why should she not boldly ask for the jewel itself? The Duchess after what she had just said to her could not refuse even that. She was about to speak, when looking up she met the gaze of two wistful blue eyes fixed beseechingly on her face. Gretchen! Gretchen and her sad little story, and the Capellmeister and Johann Sturm—Gretchen, whom she had promised to help! But the jewel, the triple crown?

It was a sharp struggle; but for once in her life, at any rate, Phika conquered on the side of right. With a white face, showing signs of how hard the fight had been, she clearly and simply told the Duchess Gretchen's story, praying that, as her own reward, the Capellmeister might retain his place and Gretchen might be made happy. She wanted no other reward than this, and that Gretchen, no longer sad, might sing her the songs they said she sang so well.

“And will you sing, little Gretchen?” the Duchess said, with tears in her eyes, and beckoning the child to her; “will you sing for your father's place?”

“Ah, Madame, I would sing till I died!” the child said fervently; looking, with her white throat and face, and her snowy frock, as she sank on her knees before the Duchess, not unlike the bird that is said to die singing.

Sophia Augusta of Anhalt-Zerbst, the Phika of this story, became in after years Empress of Russia, under the name of Catherine the Second. First as wife to that Peter Frederick of Holstein, of whom she spoke to Marianna, the tiresome boy whom she had met at Eiten; and secondly in her (so-called) own right as Empress of all the Russias. How she obtained this right it is not in my province here to tell you. But she fulfilled Canon Mengden’s prophecy, and the three crowns—of Moscow, Kazan, and Astrakhan—rested on the brow of “Phika.”

THE NORTHERN SEAS

WILLIAM HOWITT

UP! up! let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see the Northern lights,
With their rushing splendors, fly,
Like living things with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall;
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice,
That the hairy mammoth hide;
Perfect, as when in times of old,
The mighty creature died.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl;
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

Up there shall start ten thousand wings
With a rushing, whistling din;
Up shall the auk and fulmar start,—
All but the fat penguin.

And there in the wastes of the silent sky,
With the silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock,
The lonely eagle go.



Then the girl laughed still more, and got up quickly on her knees.

Then softly, softly will we tread
By inland streams, to see
Where the pelican of the silent North,
Sits there all silently.

OEYVIND AND MARIT

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

OEYVIND was his name. A low barren cliff overhung the house in which he was born; fir and birch looked down on the roof, and wild cherry strewed flowers over it. Upon this roof there walked about a little goat, which belonged to Oeyvind. He was kept there that he might not go astray; and Oeyvind carried leaves and grass up to him. One fine day the goat leaped down, and—away to the cliff; he went straight up, and came where he had never been before. Oeyvind did not see him when he came out after dinner, and thought immediately of the fox. He grew hot all over, looked around about, and called,

“Killy-killy-killy-goat!”

“Bay-ay-ay,” said the goat, from the brow of the hill, as he cocked his head on one side and looked down.

But at the side of the goat there kneeled a little girl.

“Is it yours, this goat?” she asked.

Oeyvind stood with eyes and mouth wide open, thrust both hands into the breeches he had on, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Marit, mother's little one, father's fiddle, the elf in the house, granddaughter of Ole Nordstuen of the Heide farms, four years old in the autumn, two days after the frost nights, I!"

"Are you really?" he said, and drew a long breath, which he had not dared to do so long as she was speaking.

"Is it yours, this goat?" asked the girl again.

"Ye-es," he said, and looked up.

"I have taken such a fancy to the goat. You will not give it to me?"

"No, that I won't."

She lay kicking her legs, and looking down at him, and then she said, "But if I give you a butter-cake for the goat, can I have him then?"

Oeyvind came of poor people, and had eaten butter-cake only once in his life, that was when grandpapa came there, and anything like it he had never eaten before nor since. He looked up at the girl. "Let me see the butter-cake first," said he.

She was not long about it, but took out a large cake, which she held in her hand.

"Here it is," she said, and threw it down.

"Oh, it went to pieces," said the boy. He

gathered up every bit with the utmost care; he could not help tasting the very smallest, and that was so good he had to taste another, and, before he knew it himself, he had eaten up the whole cake.

“Now the goat is mine,” said the girl. The boy stopped with the last bit in his mouth, the girl lay and laughed, and the goat stood by her side, with white breast and dark brown hair, looking sideways down.

“Could you not wait a little while?” begged the boy; his heart began to beat. Then the girl laughed still more, and got up quickly on her knees.

“No, the goat is mine,” she said, and threw her arms round its neck, loosened one of her garters, and fastened it round. Oeyvind looked up. She got up, and began pulling at the goat; it would not follow, and twisted its neck downwards to where Oeyvind stood.

“Bay-ay-ay,” it said.

But she took hold of its hair with one hand, pulled the string with the other, and said gently, “Come, goat, and you shall go into the room and eat out of mother’s dish and my apron.”

And then she sang:

Come, boy’s goat,
Come, mother’s calf,
Come, mewing cat

In snow-white shoes.
Come, yellow ducks,
Come out of your hiding-place;
Come, little chickens,
Who can hardly go;
Come, my doves
With soft feathers;
See, the grass is wet,
But the sun does you good;
And early, early is it in summer,
But call for the autumn, and it will come.

There stood the boy.

He had taken care of the goat since the winter before, when it was born, and he had never imagined he could lose it; but now it was done in a moment, and he should never see it again.

His mother came up humming from the beach, with wooden pans which she had scoured; she saw the boy sitting with his legs crossed under him on the grass, crying, and she went up to him.

“What are you crying about?”

“Oh, the goat, the goat!”

“Yes; where is the goat?” asked his mother, looking up at the roof.

“It will never come back again,” said the boy.

“Dear me! how could that happen?”

He would not confess immediately.

“Has the fox taken it?”

“Ah, if it only were the fox!”

“Are you crazy?” said his mother; “what has become of the goat?”

“Oh-h-h—I happened to—to—to sell it for a cake!”

As soon as he had uttered the word, he understood what it was to sell the goat for a cake; he had not thought of it before. His mother said,—

“What do you suppose the little goat thinks of you, when you could sell him for a cake?”

And the boy thought about it, and felt sure that he could never again be happy in this world, and not even in heaven, he thought afterwards. He felt so sorry that he promised himself never again to do anything wrong, never to cut the thread on the spinning-wheel, nor let the goats out, nor go down to the sea alone. He fell asleep where he lay, and dreamed about the goat, that it had gone to heaven; our Lord sat there with a great beard as in the catechism, and the goat stood eating the leaves off a shining tree; but Oeyvind sat alone on the roof, and could not come up.

Suddenly there came something wet close up to his ear, and he started up. “Bay-ay-ay!” it said; and it was the goat, who had come back again.

“What! have you got back?” He jumped up, took it by the two forelegs, and danced with it as if

it were a brother; he pulled its beard, and he was just going in to his mother with it, when he heard some one behind him, and, looking, saw the girl sitting on the greensward by his side. Now he understood it all, and let go the goat.

“Is it you, who have come with it?”

She sat, tearing the grass up with her hands, and said,—

“They would not let me keep it; grandfather is sitting up there, waiting.”

While the boy stood looking at her, he heard a sharp voice from the road above call out, “Now!”

Then she remembered what she was to do; she rose, went over to Oeyvind, put one of her muddy hands into his, and, turning her face away, said,—

“I beg your pardon!”

But then her courage was all gone; she threw herself over the goat, and wept.

“I think you had better keep the goat,” said Oeyvind, looking the other way.

“Come, make haste!” said grandpapa, up on the hill; and Marit rose and walked with reluctant feet upwards.

“You are forgetting your garter,” Oeyvind called after her. She turned round, and looked first at the garter and then at him. At last she

came to a great resolution, and said, in a choked voice,—

“ You may keep that.”

He went over to her and, taking her hand, said,—

“ Thank you!”

“ Oh, there is nothing to thank me for!” she answered, but drew a long sigh, and walked on.

He sat down on the grass again. The goat walked about near him, but he was no longer so pleased with it as before.

The goat was fastened to the wall; but Oeyvind walked about, looking up at the cliff. His mother came out, and sat down by his side; he wanted to hear stories about what was far away, for now the goat no longer satisfied him. So she told him how once everything could talk: the mountain talked to the stream, and the stream to the river, the river to the sea, and the sea to the sky; but then he asked if the sky did not talk to any one; and the sky talked to the clouds, the clouds to the trees, the trees to the grass, the grass to the flies, the flies to the animals, the animals to the children, the children to the grown-up people; and so it went on, until it had gone round, and no one could tell where it had begun. Oeyvind looked at the mountain, the trees, the sky, and had never really seen them

before. The cat came out at that moment, and lay down on the stone before the door in the sunshine.

“What does the cat say?” asked Oeyvind, pointing. His mother sang:

At evening softly shines the sun,
The cat lies lazy on the stone.
“Two small mice,
Cream thick and nice,
Four bits of fish,
I stole behind a dish,
And am so lazy and tired,
Because so well I have fared,”
Says the cat.

But then came the cock, with all the hens. “What does the cock say?” asked Oeyvind, clapping his hands together. His mother sang:

The mother-hen her wings doth sink,
The cock stands on one leg to think;
“That gray goose
Steers high her course;
But sure am I that never she
As clever as a cock can be.
Run in, you hens, keep under the roof to-day,
For the sun has got leave to stay away,”
Says the cock.

But the little birds were sitting on the ridge-pole,

singing. "What do the birds say?" asked Oeyvind, laughing.

"Dear Lord, how pleasant is life,
For those who have neither toil nor strife,"
Say the birds.

And she told him what all the animals said, down to the ant, who crawled in the moss, and the worm who worked in the bark.

That same summer his mother began to teach him to read. He had owned books a long time, and often wondered how it would seem when they also began to talk. Now the letters turned into animals, birds, and everything else; but soon they began to walk together, two and two; *a* stood and rested under a tree, which was called *b*; then came *e* and did the same; but when three or four came together, it seemed as if they were angry with each other, for it would not go right. And the farther along he came, the more he forgot what they were; he remembered longest *a*, which he liked best; it was a little black lamb, and was friends with everybody; but soon he forgot *a* also: the book had no more stories, nothing but lessons.

One day his mother came in, and said to him,—
"To-morrow school begins, and then you are going up to the farm with me."

Oeyvind had heard that school was a place where many boys played together; and he had no objection. Indeed, he was much pleased. He had often been at the farm, but never when there was school there; and now he was so anxious to get there, he walked faster than his mother up over the hills. As they came up to the neighboring house, a tremendous buzzing, like that from the water-mill at home, met their ears; and he asked his mother what it was.

“That is the children reading,” she answered; and he was much pleased, for that was the way he used to read, before he knew the letters. When he came in, there sat as many children round a table as he had ever seen at church; others were sitting on their luncheon-boxes, which were ranged round the walls; some stood in small groups round a large printed card; the schoolmaster, an old gray-haired man, was sitting on a stool by the chimney-corner, filling his pipe. They all looked up as Oeyvind and his mother entered, and the mill-hum ceased as if the water had suddenly been turned off. All looked at the newcomers; the mother bowed to the schoolmaster, who returned her greeting.

“Here I bring a little boy who wants to learn to read,” said his mother.

“What is the fellow’s name?” said the school-

master, diving down into his pouch after tobacco.

“Oeyvind,” said his mother; “he knows his letters, and can put them together.”

“Is it possible!” said the schoolmaster; “come here, you Whitehead!”

Oeyvind went over to him; the schoolmaster took him on his lap, and raised his cap.

“What a nice little boy!” said he, and stroked his hair. Oeyvind looked up into his eyes, and laughed.

“Is it at me you are laughing?” asked the schoolmaster, with a frown.

“Yes, it is,” answered Oeyvind, and roared with laughter. At that the schoolmaster laughed, Oeyvind’s mother laughed; the children understood that they also were allowed to laugh, and so they all laughed together.

So Oeyvind became one of the scholars.

As he was going to find his seat, they all wanted to make room for him. He looked round a long time, while they whispered and pointed; he turned round on all sides, with his cap in his hand and his book under his arm.

“Now, what are you going to do?” asked the schoolmaster, who was busy with his pipe again. Just as the boy is going to turn round to the

schoolmaster, he sees close beside him, sitting down by the hearthstone on a little red painted tub, Marit, of the many names; she had covered her face with both hands, and sat peeping at him through her fingers.

“I shall sit here,” said Oeyvind, quickly, taking a tub and seating himself at her side. Then she raised a little the arm nearest him, and looked at him from under her elbow; immediately he also hid his face with both hands, and looked at her from under his elbow. So they sat, keeping up the sport, until she laughed, then he laughed too; the children had seen it, and laughed with them; at that, there rung out in a fearfully strong voice, which, however, grew milder at every pause,—

“Silence! you young scoundrels, you rascals, you little good-for-nothings! keep still, and be good to me, you sugar-pigs.”

That was the schoolmaster, whose custom it was to boil up, but calm down again before he had finished. It grew quiet immediately in the school, until the water-wheels again began to go; every one read aloud from his book, the sharpest trebles piped up, the rougher voices drummed louder and louder to get the preponderance; here and there one shouted in above the others, and Oeyvind had never had such fun in all his life.

“Is it always like this here?” whispered he to Marit.

“Yes, just like this,” she said.

Afterwards, they had to go up to the schoolmaster, and read; and then a little boy was called to read, so that they were allowed to go and sit down quietly again.

“I have got a goat now, too,” said she.

“Have you?”

“Yes; but it is not so pretty as yours.”

“Why don’t you come oftener up on the cliff?”

“Grandpapa is afraid I shall fall over.”

“But it is not so very high.”

“Grandpapa won’t let me, for all that.”

“Mother knows so many songs,” said he.

“Grandpapa does, too, you can believe.”

“Yes; but he does not know what mother does.”

“Grandpapa knows one about a dance. Would you like to hear it?”

“Yes, very much.”

“Well, then, you must come farther over here, so that the schoolmaster may not hear.”

He changed his place, and then she recited a little piece of a song three or four times over, so that the boy learned it, and that was the first he learned at school.

“Up with you, youngsters!” called out the

schoolmaster. "This is the first day, so you shall be dismissed early; but first we must say a prayer, and sing."

Instantly, all was life in the school; they jumped down from the benches, sprung over the floor, and talked into each other's mouths.

"Silence! you young torments, you little beggars, you noisy boys! be quiet, and walk softly across the floor, little children," said the schoolmaster; and now they walked quietly, and took their places; after which the schoolmaster went in front of them, and made a short prayer. Then they sung. The schoolmaster began in a deep bass; all the children stood with folded hands, and joined in. Oeyvind stood farthest down by the door with Marit, and looked on; they also folded their hands, but they could not sing.

That was the first day at school.

THE TIGER

WILLIAM BLAKE

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

LARIBOO

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

LARIBOO lived in Africa, in the country of the Tibbus, which lies east of the great desert of Sahara. A large part of that country is a plain of sand; and the soil is so salt, that in many places it is cracked open. In the cavities thus formed are suspended beautiful crystals of salt, like the delicate frostwork we see on the windows, on a cold winter morning. But in these parched places are little green spots, called oases; and in one of these lived Lariboo. The verdant valley was well watered by springs; there were plenty of the delicate berries of the *suag* shrub; the creeping vines bore an abundance of blossoms, and the *kossom*, with its red flowers, looked as gay as a May-day queen.

Small herds of graceful gazelles fed in this pretty retreat; the faithful domestic camels might be seen in hundreds, reclining at their ease, or patiently carrying their heavy load of salt to the market of Murzuk; and beautiful bright birds darted about, like flying rainbows, filling the air with cheerful songs.

Lariboo was very happy in this lovely valley. True, her daintiest food was camel's milk, and a little ground millet; and she lived in a small mud hut, which we should think hardly good enough for the cows; but she was of an affectionate disposition, and she had a husband and baby that she loved very much. She thought the baby was extremely pretty, though it had bits of coral stuck through its ears, and black wool, that curled all over its little head, as close as Brussels carpeting. Next to the baby she loved two tame gazelles, with great brown mild-looking eyes. They came every morning to feed out of her hand and share her calabash of camel's milk.

The Tibbus are a good-natured, merry race, extravagantly fond of singing and dancing. Lariboo was reckoned quite a belle among them. I don't suppose you would have thought her very good-looking, if you had seen the oil streaming over her face, coral passed through her nose, and broad brass rings on her arms and ankles. But she thought herself dressed very handsomely. As for the dark tint of her complexion, it would be considered beautiful by us, as it was by the Tibbu beaux, if we had been accustomed from infancy to see all our friends of that color.

It is singular that the Tibbus should be so merry

and thoughtless as they are; for they are constantly exposed to danger. West of their country live a fierce and terrible tribe, called Tuareks. These Tuareks are a wandering race of robbers, with flocks and herds, and they consider it very disagreeable to live in houses and cultivate the ground. They hate the Tibbus; and once or twice a year they come down among them, to kill or carry into slavery every one they meet. The Tibbus are very much afraid of them. When they hear them coming they run and hide themselves among steep rocks, from the summits of which they hurl stones and spears at their enemies.

One day, when Lariboo was out in the fields, picking berries and talking to her baby, who was slung over her back, and lay peeping its black eyes over her shoulder, she heard the frightful cry, "The Tuareks are coming! The Tuareks are coming!" She ran as fast as she could to hide among the rocks; but the Tuareks caught her, and carried her off to sell her for a slave. Many others were killed or taken prisoners. In the hurry and confusion of the fight, Lariboo could not get sight of her husband; and she did not know whether he were dead or alive.

The poor woman sobbed as if her heart would break; but the savage invaders did not pity her.

They drove the prisoners along before their camels, and if they did not go as fast as they were ordered, they whipped them cruelly. Day after day they continued their wearisome journey without any hope of escape from these cruel conquerors. The Tuareks had heard of a large caravan of Arabs encamped near Bornu, and thither they intended to carry their prisoners and sell them.

Sometimes they passed through little green valleys; but in general their route lay through wide barren deserts, with nothing to relieve the dreary monotony of the scene, but here and there a black rock that reared its gloomy head above the heaving sand. This sand, put in motion by the wind, forms high perpendicular hills in the course of a single night. The camels are made to slide down these drifts; in which operation they can only be kept steady by the driver hanging with all his weight on the tail; otherwise they would tumble forward, and throw the load over their heads.

Every few miles there were skeletons of poor negroes, left in the desert to die, when there was not food enough for them and their masters. Near springs of water they several times saw fifty or sixty dead bodies lying together unburied. The bones were very brittle, owing to the heat and dryness of the climate; and as the camels of the Tuareks

passed along, they would crack them into fragments beneath their feet.*

Poor Lariboo thought this would be her fate. Many of her countrymen had died on the way; and before she had been a fortnight in the desert, the sufferings she underwent from hunger and thirst made her extremely weak and dizzy. One day she begged to rest a little; for she was so weary and lame that she could not keep up with the camels. The cruel Tuareks snatched her baby from her, and threw it on the hot sand, telling her she would not be so tired if she had no load to carry.

The poor child was very ill and the wretched mother shrieked and screamed, and begged to be allowed to carry it again; but the more she sobbed and wept the harder they beat her. Weary, lame, and heart-broken as she was, she was compelled to keep up with the camels. In the desperation of her misery, she hoped that she too would soon be left to perish in the burning wilderness. Towards night the Tuareks were terrified by the sight of several prodigious pillars of sand moving across the desert; sometimes with majestic slowness, and sometimes with incredible swiftness. These pillars are whirled up and kept in motion by the wind. They are

*The control now exercised by European powers in Africa has practically ended the caravan trade in slaves across the Sahara.

sometimes so very high that their tops are lost in the clouds. Sometimes they break suddenly in the middle and fall; at other times they seem to melt away and disperse in the distance like vapor. They are very terrible, when they come stalking, like great shadowy giants, across the silent desert.

The Tuareks watched these columns with great anxiety, as they came rapidly towards them. There was no use in attempting to escape. An Arabian horse, at his swiftest speed, would not have kept ahead of them. The wretched Tibbu prisoners looked on the approaching destruction without any additional feelings of despair. They were weary of life; and they thought it would be better to be buried in the sand than sold for slaves. Poor Lariboo was even afraid the pillars would disperse before they reached her. "I shall be at rest beneath the sand," thought she, "and perhaps the same wind that buries me in the desert will cover my poor baby."

The magnificent columns came sweeping on; they approached nearer and nearer; and at last rushed upon the travelers, burying dozens in their rapid course. Lariboo was among the number overwhelmed; but it chanced that the sand rested lightly on her face, so that she had the power of breathing. The force of the blow stunned her, and rendered

her insensible. The Tuareks, thinking her dead, left her where she fell. How long she remained stupefied, she knew not. When she recovered consciousness, the painful glare of the midday sun had given place to the mild beauty of evening. The motion of the blowing sand sounded, in the deep stillness, like the murmuring of a mighty river; the moon and stars shed a soft clear light from the cloudless heaven; and the breeze swept along with refreshing coolness.

When Lariboo first recovered her senses, she did not realize where she was. She tried to rise, but found herself kept down by a load of sand. She looked around her. All was calm and bright in that wide desert, which, like the ocean, seemed to stretch its flat surface into infinite space. All was still—so intensely still! Not a bird, not an insect disturbed the deep repose. Lariboo was all alone in that vast silent wilderness!

Her first sensation was joy that she had escaped the power of the Tuareks; but the next moment she was filled with fear. She remembered that she was without food, and many days' journey from any human habitation. Then came the thought of lions and panthers, and hyenas, more dreadful than all. She knew that the last mentioned of these terrible animals were always prowling about in the

night, seeking for the dead; and her heart fainted within her at thoughts of her deserted baby.

She strained her eyes, gazing into the far distance, in every direction, to see if danger was approaching. But nothing was in motion. The earth below was as still as the heavens above. By degrees, this profound quiet produced drowsiness; and Lariboo, overcome by excessive fatigue and exhaustion, slept soundly and sweetly, forgetful of solitude, starvation and terror.

She was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun, shining full upon her, with the intolerable ardor of a tropical climate. With considerable exertion, she released herself from the sand, under which she was buried. The prospect around her was dreary and hopeless in the extreme. Far as the eye could reach, stretched an endless level of sand, without bush or tree. Here and there, glassy particles sparkled in the sunshine, like polished steel. Not a cloud floated in the dazzling sky. Not a breeze stirred the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire; and where they met at the horizon, there appeared a fine, glittering line of light, like the sharp edge of a scimitar.

Lariboo wished to return to the spot where her baby had been thrown the day before. But in the desert it is often extremely difficult even for skilful

guides to find their way. There are no objects to serve as landmarks for the eye or the memory. The light sand is so easily blown about that no tracks remain in it; and the high, steep hills that are thrown up by the wind in one night are scattered before the next. The only way she could guide her steps was by observing the sun, and bearing in mind that the Tibbu country lay to the north. All day long she pursued her dreary journey with languid and weary steps. Not a shrub nor a fountain could she find, and she was dying with hunger and thirst. Had it not been for a faint hope of finding her baby alive she would probably have lain down and made no further exertion to save her life.

The sun was setting, and with it departed the last glimmering of hope from the heart of poor Lariboo. Utterly discouraged, and too weak to drag herself along, she laid herself down on the sand to die.

She had not remained there many minutes, when a dark speck in the air hovered before her languid eyes. As it came nearer she saw it was a gold-shafted cuckoo. The sight of this bird at once renewed her courage. She knew that an oasis must be near; for birds never live in the desert where there are no trees, berries, or insects.

This idea, by reviving her mind, imparted tem-

porary strength to the perishing body. She rose and pursued her journey to the westward, from which quarter the bird had first come in sight. She was not mistaken in her hopes. A little verdant spot soon appeared amid the waste, like a green island in the ocean. Here the almost famished traveler quenched her thirst at a little rill, and feasted upon delicious berries.

Having taken food, and reposed herself a few minutes on the grass, Lariboo began to look around to see what she could discover in her lonely resting-place. A group of trees attracted her attention, and thither she directed her footsteps. The cool shade was extremely refreshing; and after having wandered all day long in the desert, without meeting a single living thing, even a solitary fly, it was a real delight to watch the bright birds fluttering about, to hear the monkeys chattering, and see them throwing down nuts and boughs from the trees.

Having found a little clump of date-palms on a rocky knoll, and plenty of berries, she resolved to stay in this charming place a day or two to recruit her strength. She put her arms round a date-tree, kissed it, and wept like a child. She had been so long accustomed to the unshaded sands of the desert that a tree seemed to her like a long-lost friend.

At a short distance from the cluster of date-trees

the wanderer discovered a cave, or grotto, formed by overarching rocks. Being worn down with fatigue, she entered it, stretched herself on the cool earth, and sank into a profound slumber. It was past midnight when she waked; and great fear came upon her when she heard the powerful breathing of some animal near her. Was it a lion, a panther, a hyena, or the disgusting and fierce orang-outang? In vain she tried to conjecture from the sound of its breathing; and the grotto was so dark that she could distinguish nothing.

Once or twice, indeed, as the moon glanced through crevices, she thought she discovered two great sparks of fire, which might be glaring eyes. But no motion was heard, and the animal breathed as if asleep. Lariboo was, of course, thoroughly wakened for the rest of the night. The slightest noise made her hair rise with terror, and her eyes felt as if they were starting from their sockets.

When the light of morning dawned, it revealed a huge panther lying near her. The great creature slept with her head between her paws, as comfortably as an old house-dog by the fireside. Lariboo's heart beat as if it were flying from her body. She was afraid to make any effort to escape; for she could not gain the entrance of the grotto without stepping over the body of the savage beast; and

should she wake, it was highly probable that Lariboo would serve her for a breakfast.

It was some encouragement to observe that the panther's mouth and paws were covered with blood. "She will be less fierce if she be not hungry," thought Lariboo; "her stomach being already full, perhaps she will have the goodness not to eat me up, at present; and in the meanwhile I may possibly escape."

Even in the midst of her anxiety and distress she could not help admiring the beauty of this magnificent animal. Her legs and throat were covered with pure white hair, extremely soft; black circles, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets for her paws; her tail was white, with broad black rings; and the hair on the rest of her body was of a bright golden yellow, shaded with rich brown spots. She lay stretched out in quiet majesty, her paws folded under her nose, and her long smellers, like silver threads, waving gently, as she breathed in her deep slumber. A Maltese cat, reposing on an ottoman, could not have appeared more graceful.

Had it not been for the intense fear with which Lariboo watched for the opening of her fiery eyes, I dare say she would have thought the panther even more beautiful than her favorite gazelles.

At last the powerful animal awoke. She

stretched out her paws, shook herself, and washed her neck and ears, as prettily as a kitten. Lariboo's blood ran cold, and her heart seemed to drop down like lead. She did not dare to breathe. The panther was quite unconscious of the presence of company, until she turned her head to wash the hair on her glossy sides. She instantly stopped her operations and fixed an earnest gaze upon the trembling woman. Their eyes met. Extreme terror sometimes affects one like the nightmare and takes away all power of word or motion.

Lariboo felt as if she would rush anywhere to avoid the gaze of this terrible creature; but she could not even take her eyes away. The panther put one paw on her arm, and they stood eye to eye, as if neither could possibly look elsewhere.

The human eye, when it looks directly and steadily into the eye of an animal, has a fascinating power, which seems almost like the stories told of magic. Probably this mysterious influence restrained the panther in the first moment of surprise.

As she stood there thus, quite still, Lariboo recovered her habitual boldness and presence of mind. She raised her hand, patted the panther on the neck, and gently scratched her head. All animals like to have their heads rubbed, and the panther was evidently pleased with it. Lariboo, encouraged by

this gracious reception of her friendly advances, stooped down and breathed into her nostrils, caressing her the while; for she had heard the hunters say that human breath, thus inhaled, is the surest way of taming a wild beast. But, like putting salt on the tail of a bird, the difficulty is to get near enough to do it.

The panther manifested a decided liking for the courageous woman. Her eyes gradually softened in expression; she began to wag her tail like a joyful dog, and purr like a petted cat. Her purring, to be sure, had not much resemblance to the gentle murmur puss makes when she is pleased; it was so deep and strong that it sounded much more like a church organ.

Lariboo was very glad to gain the good will of her formidable companion. She redoubled endearments, from an instinctive wish to avoid the present danger, though she had very little hope of ultimate escape. "Her stomach is full now," she thought; "but doubtless she will eat me up as soon as she is hungry."

She rose, and prepared to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to her movements, but followed her like a dog. Lariboo, having eaten a few dates for breakfast, threw some to her companion; but she smelt at them and turned away

with cool contempt. As they walked along, they came to the group of trees where our traveler first rested when she arrived at the oasis. The monkeys made a great chattering at sight of the panther. One of them was at a little distance from the others, digging in the ground for worms. He made great haste to scamper up a tree, but the panther caught sight of him and at one bound caught him in her tremendous jaws. Lariboo trembled as she heard the monkey's bones crack. "I am safe for a while longer," thought she; "but what will become of me, when she is hungry, and can find no monkeys to eat?"

The panther, having finished her meal, put her bloody paws upon Lariboo's lap, and rubbed her head against her shoulder, as if asking for caresses. Terrible as the creature was, the woman really began to feel an affection for her; for love causes love; and when one is all alone in a wide desert, the company of a well-behaved panther is better than utter solitude.

For many hours Lariboo leisurely sauntered about, collecting dates and nuts by which she hoped to sustain life while wandering through the desert. While thus employed, she heard the loud *cher! cher!* of a small cuckoo, called the honey-guide. Lariboo knew the sound very well; for she had been used

to hunting wild bees and was very expert at getting their honey. She followed the cuckoo, until it stopped at an old tree, in the decayed trunk of which she found a wild bee's hive. Lariboo had a stout battle with the bees, and after she had killed them she made a delicious dinner of the honey; taking care to leave plenty for her winged guide.

This cuckoo is a cunning little creature. He cannot kill the bees himself, but whenever he sees a human being, he begins to cry *cher! cher!* that the person may follow him to the hive, and get the honey for him.

There is a small gray and black animal called a ratel, or honey badger, which follows the cry of the honey-guide, and digs up the nests of the wild bees with its long claws.

The panther never lost sight of her new friend. Sometimes she wandered away for a few minutes; but she soon came bounding back, rubbing against Lariboo, as if asking to have her head scratched. The weaker party of course deemed it safe to treat the stronger with distinguished attention; and their friendship seemed to increase every minute. The panther looked on the taking of the bees' nest with great indifference. It was an affair she did not understand; and if she had, she probably would

have had great contempt for those who loved honey better than raw monkeys.

Lariboo, having gathered her honey, sat down beside a large thorn-bush to rest herself. As she sat there making a strong basket of palm-leaves, to carry the honey she had gathered, the panther lay at her feet, watching her movements. At last the animal's eyes began to close; for she was getting very drowsy. "Now is my time to escape," thought the African. "As for going through the desert with such a ferocious companion, it is out of the question. True, we are very good friends now, but hunger will certainly change her feelings towards me."

When she thought the mighty animal was sound asleep, Lariboo stole softly and swiftly away. For nearly twenty minutes she ran along as fast as her nimble feet could fly. She was just beginning to think she might safely pause to take breath, when she heard a great noise behind her. It was the panther, which came bounding over the ground, taking the enormous leaps peculiar to the animal. As she came up with the runaway, she seized hold of Lariboo's cotton mantle with her teeth; but she did it with a gentle force, as if in play. Lariboo patted her head and smiled, and the panther began to purr and wag her tail. It was plain enough that she

had taken a very decided fancy to her new comrade, and was determined to remain with her, whether her company was desired or not. The woman, finding escape impossible, resolved to do her utmost to preserve the attachment thus singularly formed.

She was anxious to return to the Tibbu country, and her strength being sufficiently recruited, she resolved to leave the oasis as soon as the sun went down. She preferred to travel in the night, because it was so much cooler than the day; and she was in quite as much danger of wild beasts while staying in the oasis as she would be in the open desert. Having provided herself with as many nuts and dates as she could carry, she began her journey. The panther trotted along by her side, like a great Newfoundland dog; sometimes leaping a great ways ahead, then stopping until she came up; at other times jumping and curveting, and rolling over in the sand, as if she were in a great frolic.

It was a beautiful sight to see these two strange companions traveling along through the desert, where everything else was so very still. Not even the wings of a bird ruffled the air. The wilderness stretched itself out in every direction to the utmost verge of the horizon. As the breeze played lightly with the sand, it rippled and tossed like the gentle

heaving of the ocean in a calm. The resemblance to the ocean was made still more strong by glassy particles of sand, that glittered in the moonbeams like sunshine on the water.

Towards morning, Lariboo lay down to take some rest, before the sun rose to scorch every earthly thing with his burning rays. The panther folded up her paws, and soon began to breathe sonorously, in a profound slumber. They had been sleeping for some time, when Lariboo was suddenly wakened by the noise of a tremendous scuffle. She sprang to her feet, and perceived by the light of the stars that some furious animal was fighting with the panther. The awful sight made her dizzy and faint and she fell back in a swoon. When consciousness returned, the panther was standing by her, licking her hands affectionately with her great rough tongue.

The morning light revealed part of the carcass of a great striped hyena, lying on the sand. Lariboo caressed her faithful friend with enthusiasm. "My dear protector, had it not been for you," she said, "this terrible beast would have devoured me while I was sleeping." She actually wept, as she fondly stroked the beautiful glossy hair of the superb animal.

All that day they traveled without seeing any-



It was a beautiful sight to see these two strange companions traveling along through the desert.

thing that had life. "It is lucky you had a hyena for breakfast," said Lariboo, as she patted the panther's head; "otherwise you might be tempted to eat a friend."

During the succeeding day, the powerful beast tasted no food. Her playfulness ceased, her eyes glared fiercely, and she began to make a deep mournful noise. In this emergency, Lariboo no longer felt safe in trusting to the animal's affection. Though overcome with fatigue, she could sleep only by short and fitful snatches, so great was her fear.

The panther disappeared in the night and did not return during the following day. The thought that they had parted forever made the lonely traveler extremely sad. But just at sunset she heard the well-known cry which she had learned to love most heartily. The panther came bounding along, at her usual speed, springing high from the earth, and clearing the ground faster than the swiftest race-horse.

No dog was ever more joyful to meet his master than she was to rejoin Lariboo. She rubbed her sides against her friend, and purred, and seemed as if she would never be satisfied with caresses.

Lariboo was equally delighted to meet the creature that loved her so strangely and so well. It was evident that the panther had obtained the food

of which she had been in search and it was now obvious that nothing short of absolute starvation would tempt the fierce brute to make a meal of her beloved companion.

In the utter loneliness and eternal monotony of the desert, the sight of any harmless living thing is an indescribable joy to the weary traveler. Even the flight of a little bird, far up in the clear atmosphere, is watched with the utmost eagerness. Under these circumstances the affectionate attentions and graceful gambols of the panther were a constant source of delight.

The fact of receiving her love as a voluntary and most unexpected tribute, and the consciousness of being entirely in her power, rendered the pleasure of this strange friendship more intense and exciting. Without it, Lariboo would not have kept up sufficient strength and spirit to sustain her through her weary wanderings.

It was more than a fortnight before the travelers entered the Tibbu country. During that time they met with two oases, where Lariboo stopped to gather nuts and berries, and refresh herself with water. In one of these places she had great fun with the monkeys, pelting them with small stones, while they, in their rage for imitation, threw down nuts in return.

Occasionally they saw a clump of date-trees standing all alone in the desert. These singular and valuable trees often grow in a parched soil, where all around is barren. Within the bark is a sweet nourishing substance, called the marrow of the date-tree; the fruit is cool, juicy, and refreshing; the young leaves are very good food; the old ones, when dried, are made into mats and baskets; and the branches are full of strong filaments, which are manufactured into ropes and coarse cloth. The sight of the trees in the desert is peculiarly cheering; not only on account of their own manifold uses, but because they always indicate that water is not very far off. No wonder the Africans love their date-tree!

The panther continued to be an invaluable traveling companion; a playmate by day, and a guard by night. The African tribes sometimes dig deep ditches in the desert to entrap their enemies. Being lightly covered with sand, they are dangerous snares to the unwary traveler; and Lariboo fell into one of them. The panther, seeing she could not extricate herself, seized hold of her braided girdle, as a cat does with her kitten, and at one bound placed her in safety. She was a little bruised by the rough strength of her deliverer, but not otherwise injured.

The woman fared better than the faithful brute. She could live on very little food, and she carried her mantle full of dates and berries. But both the travelers suffered much from hunger during their long journey. The panther was once so raving that she seized her companion violently by the leg; but her teeth did not enter the flesh, and a few caresses made her relent. Lariboo felt then that death was not far off; and at times she felt very willing to die. She was famishing herself, and it was plain that the panther could not much longer endure the pangs of hunger.

But a different ending of her troubles awaited her. They were close to the confines of a country, which here and there presented a solitary hut. A large antelope, chased and caught by the panther, satisfied her hunger, and she was again affectionate. Lariboo likewise found a few berries to keep life in her almost exhausted frame.

She was afraid to enter any of the huts, lest she should encounter enemies of her tribe, and be carried to the seacoast to be sold into slavery in foreign lands. But about three hours after the death of the antelope, she espied a hunter, with bow and arrow. The panther saw the same sight, and darted forward to seize him. But the hunter was very expert; and as the terrible animal raised her-

self to spring upon him, he shot her directly in the throat with a poisoned arrow, and then laid himself flat upon the ground. The panther cleared his prostrate body at one leap; there were a few convulsive bounds and then she rolled powerless on the ground.

When Lariboo came up, the beautiful but terrible creature fixed a mournful, loving look upon her, and tried to lick her hand. Lariboo would have given anything to have saved the animal's life, and when the panther was dead, she sobbed like a child who had lost a favorite dove.

“My guardian of the desert,” she exclaimed, “you saved my life; you protected me from the fury of your own species; but I could not save you from mine.” She smoothed the rich, glossy hairs of her dead favorite, and watered them plentifully with her tears.

The hunter thought her conduct very strange; but when she told how the panther had loved her, and watched over her, and refrained from harming her, even when very hungry, he no longer wondered at her grief. But he convinced her that the fierce animal could not possibly have gone far with her into an inhabited country; because if she were hungry she would attack any human being she happened to meet.

“It was lucky for you,” said he, “that you happened to gain her affections while her stomach was full. If she had been fasting, when you took possession of her cave, it would have done but little good to caress her.”

Lariboo knew very well that the panther would not have been a safe traveling companion in any inhabited country; but she could not help weeping whenever she thought of the remarkable friendship they had formed for each other. She remained several days at the hunter's cabin, to rest and recruit herself, and then departed on the route which he told her would lead to Bilma, in the Tibbu country.

It is a mean little town, with mud walls, and derives its importance solely from the numerous salt-lakes around it; salt being one of the most valuable articles of commerce in Africa. At Bilma, Lariboo found a caravan of Tibbu traders and under their protection she reached her home in safety, and found her husband alive and well. Her wonderful adventures served for many an hour of gossip; and some of the Tibbu poets made songs about the panther, and sang them, with the banjo for an accompaniment.

She gave such a fascinating account of the oasis where she first met her superb four-footed friend

that her husband persuaded twenty or thirty of his neighbors to go there with him to live. "Lariboo says we shall find plenty to live upon," said he; "and as it lies far from the route between Murzuk and Bornu we shall be safely out of the way of the tyrannical Tuareks."

They accordingly removed thither with twenty camels and the two tame gazelles. Lariboo was happy in her new home, but she never forgot her traveling companion of the desert, and the skin of the panther hung in her hut to the day of her death.

ON THE DESERT

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

ALL around,
To the bound
Of the vast horizon's round,
All sand, sand, sand—
All burning, glaring sand—
On my camel's hump I ride,
As he sways from side to side,
With an awkward step of pride,
And his scraggy head uplifted, and his eye so long
and bland.

Naught is near,
In the blear
And simmering atmosphere,
But the shadow on the sand,
The shadow of the camel on the sand;
All alone, as I ride,
O'er the desert's ocean wide,
It is ever at my side;
It haunts me, it pursues me, if I flee, or if I stand.

Not a sound,
All around,
Save the padded beat and bound
Of the camel on the sand,
Of the feet of the camel on the sand.
Not a bird is in the air,
Though the sun, with burning stare,
Is prying everywhere,
O'er the yellow thirsty desert, so desolately grand.

Not a breath
Stirs the death
Of the desert,—not a wreath
Curls upward from the sand,
From the waves of loose, fine sand—
And I doze, half asleep,
Of the wild Sirocs that sweep
O'er the caravans, and heap
With a cloud of powdery, dusty death the terror-
stricken band.

Their groans
And their moans
Have departed,—but their bones
Are whitening on the sands—
Are blanching and grinning on the sand,—
Oh, Allah! thou art great!

Save me from such a fate,
Nor through that fearful strait
Lead me, thy basest servant, unto the Prophet-land.

THE GOOD-NATURED BEAR

RICHARD HENGIST HORNE

AT a very neat white house, with blue shutters, in the best street of a pretty German village, about twenty miles from Dresden, a party of children were assembled one Christmas evening. This house, where the merry meeting was held, was the country residence of the celebrated Dr. Littlepump. Nancy, who had such very blue eyes, and her younger brother, little Valentine, were the children of Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump, and they had invited a number of other children to come and spend the evening with them.

Very happy they all were. They danced to the music of a flute and fiddle, and ran about and sang, and squeaked, and hopped upon one leg, and crept upon all fours, and jumped over small cushions and stools, and then they sat down. They all sat in a circle round the stove, and laughed at the fire.

The stove was red hot in some places, so they were obliged to open its door widely, and then everybody saw what a bustle the fire was in, puffing and blazing away inside. On the top of the

stove was a large dish of stewed prunes, smoking hot, and all round the dish were chestnuts roasting as fast as ever they could roast, and sometimes cracking and flying over the children's heads in all directions, and sometimes right amongst them, which made a great shouting and scrambling out of the way, and great fun, of course.

Besides Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump and the children, there were several others in the room to join in the merriment. First, there was the sweet-voiced Gretchen, with her small but bright brown eyes, the dear, pretty nursery governess of Nancy and little Valentine. All the children were so fond of her. She was about twenty years of age, and one of the nicest girls in Frolicksdorf. She was seated in the middle of all the children. Then there was Lydia, the housemaid, and Dorothea, the cook, and Wallis, the gardener, in a new pair of very large spectacles. He was always obliged to wear spectacles in order to read the Latin names of the plants.

But we have forgotten to mention one person more who was present, and this one was Uncle Abraham. He was the younger brother of Dr. Littlepump, and a professor of mathematics. A very grave, silent man was Uncle Abraham; but he was always doing kind things in his quiet way,

and everybody was extremely fond of him. He was dressed in a long brown coat and long gray woolen gaiters, and he chose to wear a small auburn wig, though his own hair was flaxen. By these means he made himself look more like the elder than the younger brother of the Doctor. He said he thought it proper that a mathematician should have a mature appearance, and he only wished he could make himself look a thousand! He sat in one corner of the room, with his elbow resting upon a little round table, smoking a large Dutch pipe, and saying nothing, and not seeming to notice anything nor anybody. He was very busy with his own thoughts, and now and then his eyes gave a twinkle, as if he was pleased with something in his mind.

The children now all asked Gretchen to sing a pretty song, which she did at once in her own sweet voice; but the words were very odd. This was the song:

There came a rough-faced stranger
From the leafless winter woods,
And he told of many a danger
From the snow-storms and black floods.

On his back he bore the glory
Of his brothers, who were left
In a secret rocky cleft—
Now guess his name, and story!

“But who was the rough-faced stranger?” asked Nancy. “And what was the glory he carried pick-a-back?” cried little Valentine. “And who were his brothers, and where was the rocky cleft?” cried three or four more of the children. “And who was?—Where from?—When did he?” cried all the children together.

“Oh,” said Gretchen, “you must guess!”

So all the children began guessing away at this song-riddle; but they could make nothing of it. Gretchen laughed when they all said, “Do tell us;” and promised to tell them another time. But this only produced more requests to be told now, till, at last, Gretchen said, “Well, I promise to tell you all about the stranger in half an hour, if nothing happens to make you forget to ask me.”

“If nothing happens?” said Nancy; “oh, we shall not forget to ask you, whatever happens.”

“And what *should* happen?” asked Dr. Little-pump, in a dignified tone.

There was now a silence for a few minutes, as if the children were all thinking, during which Uncle Abraham, who sometimes went to bed very early, slowly rose from his chair, lighted his candle, carefully snuffed it (and, as he did so, his eyes gave a twinkle), and walking round the outside of all the

circle, wished them good night, and away he went to bed.

“But what,” said little Valentine, “what *should* happen, Gretchen, dear?”

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the snow lying deep upon the ground, when a stout gentleman, in a very rough coat and fur boots, got down from the outside of the Dresden diligence, which had stopped just in front of Dr. Littlepump's door. The large street lamp that hung in the middle of the street by a chain fixed to the upper part of the Doctor's house and the upper part of the house opposite, was a very fine lamp, with large reflectors inside and an ornamental top of Prussian blue and gold. All the children were crowding round the windows in a trice, to look at the diligence and the gentleman who had got down.

Besides his very rough coat and fur boots, the children now perceived that the stout gentleman had also a short cloak, and a pair of large fur gloves, and that he wore a white hunting hat, with the usual round crown and broad brim, but with an uncommonly handsome green cord and tassel. The hat was pulled down almost over his eyes, so that his face could not be seen, and he had an immense

orange-colored woolen comforter round his throat, which the yellow gleam of the lamp shone upon.

The diligence now drove on, and left the stout gentleman standing in the middle of the street. It was a fine winter's night, but he had, no doubt, found it very cold traveling outside, notwithstanding his rough coat, his fur boots and gloves, his short cloak, and his orange comforter.

The stout gentleman first shook the snow from his cloak, on the shoulders of which much snow had collected, and he made it fly about on all sides as he shook himself. After this he began to stamp with his feet to warm them, and it looked like a clumsy dance in a little circle, which made all the children laugh. The next thing he did was to give himself a good rubbing on the breast, and he did it in so awkward a way that it had all the appearance of a great clumsy paw of some creature giving itself a scratch; and though the children thought, of course, that this clumsiness was only in consequence of the very thick sleeves of the rough coat, which would not allow the gentleman's arms and hands to move with ease and grace, still it looked so funny that the children laughed louder than before. They were almost afraid he would hear it through the windows. The next thing the stout gentleman did was to draw forth an immense pocket handker-

chief of bright grass green, with a crimson border, and with this he began to dust his nose, to knock off the sleet and frostwork, and also to warm his nose, which seemed to be very large and long, and to require great attention.

When the children saw the gentleman do this they could contain themselves no longer, but all burst into a loud shout of laughter.

The stout gentleman instantly stopped, and began to look around him in all directions to see where the laughing came from. The children all ceased laughing, and became suddenly quiet. The stout gentleman turned round and round, looking up and down at the windows of every house near him; till at last his eyes rested upon the three parlor windows of Dr. Littlepump's house, which were crowded with faces. No sooner had he done this than he advanced towards the house with a long stride and an angry air.

In an instant all the children ran away from the window, crying out, "Here he comes! here he comes!"

Presently a scraping was heard upon the steps of the door, and then a loud knock! The children all ran to their seats and sat quite silent, looking at each other. Dr. Littlepump walked twice across the floor with a serious face, and then stood still,

looking down upon the floor. Not a word was spoken. Gretchen covered her face with her handkerchief, and Lydia, Dorothea, and Wallis, who were sitting huddled up almost behind the iron pipe of the stove, all pretended to be warming their hands. None of them liked to go to open the door. The room was so silent you might almost have heard a feather fall. Now came a louder knock! Then another! and then a ringing of the bell.

“I am sorry,” observed Mrs. Littlepump, “that the stout gentleman is so much offended.”

“I don’t know very well what to say to him,” said Dr. Littlepump.

Again came the ringing of the bell!

“Lydia,” said Dr. Littlepump, “you must open the door, I fancy.”

“Dorothea,” said Lydia, looking affectionately at the cook, “do just go to the door.”

“Wallis,” said Dorothea, looking affectionately at the gardener, “you know how many a nice baked potato I have given you, before and after dinner; do just open the door.” Wallis took off his spectacles and sat with his mouth open.

Again came the ringing at the bell, and a knocking at the same time.

“Somebody,” exclaimed Dr. Littlepump, ex-

tending both hands, as if in the act of addressing a large assembly, "Somebody must go!"

Upon this, Gretchen rose. "Oh, don't you go, Gretchen, dearest," cried little Val; "let Wallis go." But Gretchen promised to run away as soon as she had opened the door, and with this assurance she was allowed to go, both Nancy and Valentine continuing to call after her,—“Be sure to run back to us as fast as ever you can!”

The children sat listening with all their ears, sitting as still as mice who think they hear something. Presently they *did* hear something. It was the snap of the lock, the creaking of the door, and a scrambling noise! The scrambling noise was made by Gretchen, who came running back into the room quite out of breath, crying,—“Oh, such a nose!—such a dirty face!—don't ask me anything!”

There was no time for any questions—a slow, heavy footstep was heard in the hall—then in the passage—then the parlor door opened wide, and in walked the stout gentleman with the rough coat! He had, indeed, a prodigious nose, both long and broad, and as dark as the shadow of a hill. He advanced only a pace or two in the room, and then stood still, looking at Dr. Littlepump, who was the only other person who ventured to stand up.

“ I believe I have the honor,” said the stout gentleman, making a low bow, but without taking off his hunting hat or comforter,—“ I believe I have the honor of addressing no less a person than Mr. Dr. Littlepump, chief counselor to the Austrian branch of the Tommy Mines of Seringapatam! ”

Dr. Littlepump bowed. He held the office of counselor to a board of mines in Vienna, where he made a speech now and then in the summer months. The strange gentleman’s designation of his post was not quite correct, nor did the Doctor even know what a “ Tommy mine ” might be; however, he thought it best not to interrupt.

“ If,” continued the stout gentleman, “ if I had not known it was impossible that so learned a counselor could deliberately allow anybody to be insulted from the windows of his country house, I should have felt myself extremely indignant upon the present very serious occasion. It may have produced merriment to our young friends here; but it is a serious thing to me.”

“ Sir,” said Dr. Littlepump, recovering his usual composure, “ it grieves me excessively that your feelings should have been hurt by the laughter of my children and their little friends; but, sir, I can assure you no harm was meant by it—in fact, they did not intend to laugh—only it happened. More-

over, this is holiday time, and though you appear to be a foreign gentleman, yet you are, no doubt, also a gentleman who has seen much of the world, and of society ——”

“No, sir; no, Mr. Doctor,” exclaimed the stout gentleman, clasping his fur gloves together, and speaking in a melancholy voice, “I have not seen much of society; it is true, too true, that I am a foreigner, in some respects, but from society, the misfortune of my birth has excluded me.”

“Oh, pray, sir, do not concern yourself any further on this matter,” said Mrs. Littlepump, in a courteous voice; “a gentleman of your good feeling and polished address can need no further introduction. I hope you will accept all our apologies.”

“Madam,” said the stout gentleman, “you are too kind. It is such very amiable persons as yourself that reconcile me to my species—I mean, to the human species. What have I said?—how do I constantly betray myself! Not of my species would I willingly speak. But in truth, Madam, it is my own consciousness of what I am, under my coat, that makes me always fear my secret has been discovered. I thought the children with their little quick eyes, always looking about, had seen who it was that lived under this rough coat I wear.” So

saying, the stout gentleman put one of his fur gloves to his left eye, and wiped away a large tear.

“Then pray, sir,” continued Mrs. Littlepump, “do take off your coat, and let me beg of you to let our gardener relieve you of your short cloak and fur boots. Lay your fur gloves, also, aside, and permit us to have the pleasure of seeing you take a seat among us round the stove.”

“Oh, ye green woods, dark nights, and rocky caves hidden with hanging weeds, why do I so well remember ye!” exclaimed the stout gentleman, again clasping his fur gloves together. “I will relieve my mind and tell you all. My rough coat—companion of my childhood, and which has grown with my growth—I cannot lay aside. It grows to my skin, Madam. My fur gloves are nature’s gift. They were bought at no shop, Mrs. Littlepump. My fur boots are as much a part of me as my beard. I cannot shave my feet, most respected and excellent married lady. I am, indeed, a foreigner, as to society. I was born in no city, town, or village, nor in a bed; but in a cave, full of dry leaves and soft twigs. I left my native place owing to a domestic calamity; I applied myself very hard to study, till, at last, by various means which I cannot now explain, I acquired the art of speaking the

German language; but the truth is, I am not a man—but a Bear!”

As he uttered these words, the stout gentleman took off his orange-colored comforter, his short coat, and his hat—and sure enough a Bear he was, and one of the largest ever seen!

In a very soft voice, so as scarcely to be heard by any one, except the children who had crowded round her, Gretchen began to sing,—

There came a rough-faced stranger
From the leafless winter woods.

When the children heard Gretchen sing, and ventured to look up at the Bear, who continued to stand in a disconsolate attitude near the door, and without the least signs of anything savage in his appearance or behavior, their fear began to change into curiosity. Two of the youngest had hidden themselves in the folds of Mrs. Littlepump's dress, and little Val had crept under the table; but when these found that nothing was going to happen, and that the other children did not cry out or seem terrified, first they peeped out at the Bear, till gradually, and at about the seventh peep, they all three left their hiding places and crowded in among the rest—all looking at the Bear!

“ I trust,” said Dr. Littlepump, after a minute’s reflection, “ I trust that this discovery—this casting off all disguise—produces no change in the nature and habits you have acquired in civilized communities. It is impossible to think so. I feel sure that I am addressing a ‘ gentleman,’ that is to say, a most gentlemanly specimen of your species.”

“ Banish all unkind suspicions from your breast, Mr. Doctor,” said the Bear; “ neither you, nor any of those I see around, ever need apprehend a single rude hug from me, such as many of my ancestors were too apt to give. But when I give a hug, it is only in the manner of the best-bred people of the time.”

As the Bear said this, he cast a tender look sideways at Dorothea; and the thought of receiving such a mark of regard from the Bear made her face turn white and red by turns, and then a little blue.

“ Oh, we feel quite satisfied,” said Mrs. Littlepump, with her most courteous smile, “ that your conduct will be of the very best kind. Pray take a seat near the fire. The children will all make room for you.”

She had scarcely uttered the last words when the children all made room enough in a trice, and more than enough, as they crowded back as far as they

could, and left a large open circle opposite the stove.

The Bear laid one paw upon his grateful breast, and advanced towards the fireplace.

“Permit me,” said he, “to begin with warming my nose.” As the door of the stove was now closed, the Bear bent his head down, and moved his nose backwards and forwards in a sort of semicircle, seeming to enjoy it very much. “As my nose,” said he, “is very long, the tip of it must necessarily be the first part that gets cold, because it is so far off from my face, where the circulation of the blood is rendered sufficiently quick and warm by the comfortable thickness of my beard. My nose, I fear, may not seem a well-shaped one, but it is a capital smeller. I used to be able, when at the distance of several miles, to smell—ahem!”

And here the Bear checked himself suddenly. He was evidently going to say something of his life at home in the woods that would not be thought very nice in Dr. Littlepump’s parlor. But he just caught himself up in time. In doing this, however, his confusion at the moment had made him neglect to observe that a part of the stove was again red hot; so that, approaching too closely, he all at once burnt the tip of his nose!

The children would certainly have laughed, but

as the Bear started back, he immediately looked round the room. So everybody was afraid to laugh. It was evident that the nose he had been boasting of so much could not smell fire.

“I hope, sir,” said Mrs. Littlepump, wishing to relieve the Bear from his embarrassment, “I hope you did not hear any noise in the street to disturb you? The music in the streets of Frolicksdorf is not always equal to that of the opera at Berlin. You have, no doubt, a very fine and highly cultivated ear.”

“I have, Madam,” said the Bear, “a pair of ears very much of the kind you are so obliging as to describe; though I am too well aware that they are rather of the largest as to size.”

“By no means too large, sir, to be graceful as well as useful,” observed Mrs. Littlepump, with a gentle waving of the hand.

“The slightest good opinion is valuable,” replied the Bear, “when it is entertained by so wise and good a lady as the wife of Mr. Dr. Littlepump.”

“No opinion could be too high, I am sure,” rejoined the lady, “for a person of such fine attainments—who has so much good sense, and who speaks the German language with such elegance and accuracy.”

“If the whole world,” exclaimed the Bear, “were

hunted through and through, I am convinced we should never find any other lady so capable of judging of all excellences, and so amiable in speaking graciously to one of the humblest of her servants, as Lady Littlepump!”

“We shall be proud, sir,” said the Doctor’s lady, rising from her chair, “to place in the list, not of the mere acquaintances, but of our most particular friends, so accomplished, so modest, so polite, and so very handsome a Bear!”

As Mrs. Littlepump finished this last speech, the Bear looked at her a moment with the most delighted and grateful expression of countenance; he then made three great steps backwards, slowly extended the right leg to one side as far as he could, pointing to his toe; then slowly drew the left leg close to it, till both heels touched, and the toes were properly turned out; and made a profound bow. His bow was so very low, and he remained with his nose pointing to the floor so very long, that all the children were ready to die with laughter, more especially as they were obliged to keep the laugh in, for fear of giving fresh offense. As for little Val, he fell upon the floor with keeping his laugh in, and there he lay kicking; and as for Gretchen, who had covered her face with her handkerchief, she was heard to give a sort of little scream; and

as for Nancy, she had run to the sofa and covered her head with one of the pillows; they all found it so difficult to help bursting into a peal of laughter.

At length the Bear raised his head with a countenance that looked most amiable, even through all that rough hair, and turning to Dr. Littlepump he said,—

“ Oh, Mr. Doctor!” And after a little pause of emotion he continued thus: “ Mr. Dr. Littlepump, the extreme kindness of this reception of one who is a stranger—a foreigner—and, moreover, of a different race from yourselves—though of a kindred heart, I humbly flatter my heart—has won upon my feeling so much that I find myself disposed, if you will permit me, to confide all my secrets to you. I propose to tell you the whole story of my life. It contains several points of novel interest.”

At this speech everybody looked anxiously at the Bear, and at each other, and everybody was in a great state of curiosity, and bustled about from one to the other, saying, “ Oh, let him tell us!—let him tell us!—do let us hear the Bear’s story!”

It was agreed upon, with many thanks, from Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump. So they placed a large chair for the Bear in the middle of the room, and

the Doctor, taking down Uncle Abraham's Dutch pipe from its nail on the wall, filled it with the very best Turkey tobacco, and handed it to the Bear. After carefully lighting it, and taking a few whiffs, and reflecting a little, the Bear thus addressed them:

“I am a native of Poland, and was born in one of the largest and most comfortable caves in the forest of Towskipowski. My father and mother were greatly respected by all the inhabitants of the forest, and were, in fact, regarded, not only by all their own species, but by every other animal, as persons of some consequence. I do not mention this little circumstance from any pride, but only out of filial affection for their memory.

“My father was a man of a proud and resentful—my father, I meant to say, was a *person* of a proud and resentful disposition, though of the greatest courage and honor; but my mother was one in whom all the qualities of the fairer, or at least, the softer sex, were united. I shall never forget the patience, the gentleness, the skill, and the firmness with which she first taught me to walk alone. I mean to walk on all fours, of course; the upright manner of my present walking was only learned afterwards. As this infant effort, however, is one of my very earliest recollections, I have

mentioned it before all the rest, and if you please, I will give you a little account of it."

"Oh! *do*, Mr. Bear," cried Gretchen, and no sooner had she uttered these words than all the children cried out at the same time, "Oh! please *do*, sir." The Bear took several long whiffs at his pipe, and thus continued:

"My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came, and telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height as I looked down seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air, with fear of I did not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs. 'Now,' said my mother, 'you are what is called standing alone!' But what she said I heard as in a dream.

"With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden trestle; with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze, and the many scents of the woods; my ears pricking and shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love, or to tumble down at; and my eyes staring before me full of light, and confused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and

in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First I looked up among the boughs, then sideways at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose—all by mistake and innocence—at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw my fore paws standing, and this, of course, was right. The first thing that caught my attention, being the first thing I saw distinctly, was a little blue flower with a bright jewel in the middle, which I afterwards found was a drop of dew. Sometimes I thought this little blue darling was so close that it almost touched my eyes; and certainly the odor of it was up in my head; sometimes I thought it was deep down, a long way off. When I bent my face towards it to give it a kiss, it seemed just where it was, though I had not done what I had thought to do.

“The next thing I saw upon the ground was a soft-looking little creature, that crawled along with a round ball upon the middle of its back, of a beautiful white color, with brown and red curling stripes. The creature moved very, very slowly, and appeared always to follow the opinion and advice of two long horns on its head, that went feeling about

on all sides. Presently it slowly approached my right fore paw, and I wondered how I should feel, or smell, or hear it, as it went over my toes; but the instant one of the horns touched the hair of my paw, both horns shrunk into nothing, and presently came out again, and the creature slowly moved away in another direction.

“While I was wondering at this strange proceeding—for I never thought of hurting the creature, not knowing how to hurt anything, and what should have made the horn fancy otherwise—while, then, I was wondering at this, my attention was suddenly drawn to a tuft of moss on my right near a hollow tree-trunk. Out of this green tuft looked a pair of very bright, round, small eyes, which were staring up at me.

“If I had known how to walk I should have stepped back a few steps when I saw those bright little eyes, but I never ventured to lift a paw from the earth, since my mother had first set me down, nor did I know how to do so, or what were the proper thoughts or motions to begin with. So I stood looking at the eyes; and presently I saw that the head was yellow and all the face and throat yellow, and that it had a large mouth.

“‘What you have just seen,’ said my mother, ‘we call a snail; and what you now see is a frog.’”

“The names, however, did not help me at all to understand. Why the first should have turned from my paw so suddenly, and why this creature should continue to stare up at me in such a manner I could not conceive. I expected, however, that it would soon come slowly crawling forth, and then I should see whether it would also avoid me in the same manner. I now observed that its body and breast were double somehow, and that its paws were very large for its size, but had no hair upon them, which I thought was probably occasioned by its slow crawling having rubbed it all off. I had scarcely made these observations and reflections, when a beam of bright light breaking through the trees, the creature suddenly gave a great hop right up under my nose, and I, thinking the world was at an end, instantly fell flat down on one side, and lay there waiting!”

At this all the children set up a laugh, and Nancy and Val were so delighted that they threw their arms about each other's necks, and danced round and round. The Bear laughed too a little, but he soon resumed his gravity and proceeded.

“I tell you these things,” said he, “in as clear a manner as I can, that you may rightly understand them; but at that time they were by no means so clear to me, nor can I well tell you how strange, and

confused, and beautiful, and wonderful, and delightful, and overcoming, everything seemed to me. My dear mother caught me up in her arms, saying, 'Oh, thou small bear! and hast thou fallen flat down, on first seeing a frog hop?'

"The next day my mother gave me my first lesson in walking, as she considered that I had stood alone very well, and should not have fallen but for the accident of the sunbeam and the frog. She took me to a nice, smooth, sandy place in the forest, not far from home, and setting me down carefully, said 'Walk!' But I remained just where I was!

"If a child with only *two* legs feels puzzled which leg it should move first, and how; or if it should move both together, and how; whether by a jump or a slide; judge of the multiplied puzzles of a young bear under such circumstances. 'Shall I,' said I to myself, or at least I felt as if I said so, 'shall I move my right front paw first, or my left; or my right hind leg, or my left? Shall I first move the two front legs, both at the same time, then the two hind legs?—or my two hind legs first, and then my two front legs? Should I move the right front leg, and the right hind leg at the same time; or the left front leg and the right hind leg? Shall I try to move all four at once, and how, and which way? Or shall I move three legs at once, in

order to push myself on, while one leg remains for me to balance my body upon; and if so, which three legs should move, and which one should be the leg to balance upon?’

“Amidst all these confusing thoughts and feelings—common to all young bears, and many other quadrupeds, no doubt, but which the generations of mankind now hear of for the first time—I was afraid to move in any way whatever, and I believe I should have been standing there to this day, had not my mother, with a slow bowing and bending motion of the head and backbone, gracefully passed and repassed me several times, saying, ‘*So, child! leave off thinking and walk!*’

“My mother was right; directly I left off thinking about it, I found myself walking. Oh, what a wonderful and clever young gentleman I felt myself! I went ploughing along with such a serious face upon the ground! I soon ran my head against one or two trees and a bit of rock, each of which I saw very well before I did so; only I thought they would get out of my way, or slip aside, or that my head would go softly through them; my mother, therefore, took me up and carried me, till we arrived within a short distance of our cave. In front of it there was a large space of high green grass, through which a regular path had been worn by

the feet of my father and mother, who always liked to keep in the path, as it was an old habit. At the beginning of this path my mother placed me on the ground, and told me I must walk to the cave, along the pathway, all by myself. This was a great task for me; I thought I should never be able to keep in such a narrow line, and felt giddy as I looked first on one side and then on the other, expecting every instant to tumble over into the high green grass, on the right or left, and be drowned, or sink and roll away into some other state of existence. However, I managed to get to the cave without any accident."

As the Bear finished the last sentence, he suddenly rose and drew out from beneath a thick tuft of hair on his right side a very large watch, with a broad gold face and a tortoise-shell back. "I must go," said he, hurrying on his short cloak, his wide-brimmed hunter's hat, and his orange-colored comforter; "I must bustle away as fast as I can, for it is nearly ten o'clock, and before I go to bed, I have a letter to write to a merchant in Cologne, concerning the purchase of a number of skins of red morocco leather, and another letter to my bookseller in Leipzig, concerning a second edition of a little work of mine, on the management of bees and silkworms. But I will come again to-morrow

night and conclude my story. Mrs. Littlepump, I am your respectful and grateful humble servant!—Mr. Dr. Littlepump, I am also yours! Good night to you, Miss Nancy, and to you, little Val, and to you, pretty Miss Gretchen, and to all my young friends, and all the rest. May you all sleep well, and with happy dreams!”

“Good night!” cried all the children in a loud chorus. “Oh, be sure to come to-morrow evening!”

“Good night, Mr. Bear!” cried everybody, while the stout gentleman bustled and hustled, and rustled, and scuffled out of the room, and along the passage, and out of the street door, and into the street, where he was soon lost sight of amidst the snow which was now falling very fast.

The next evening, about dusk, all the children who had been visiting Nancy and Valentine came again in a troop, scrambling and crowding at the door to get in first; they were so anxious to hear the remainder of the Bear’s story. As they all came pell-mell into the room, they cried out, “Has he come? When will he come?”

Dr. Littlepump walked up and down the room with an air of serious anxiety; calm to all appearance, yet evidently with much upon his mind.

Mrs. Littlepump, also, expressed more than once a hope that no accident might happen on the road to prevent the arrival of Mr. Bear. Gretchen now became very anxious and fidgety, and looked at Uncle Abraham, as though she was a little vexed at his indifference about the event in which everybody else took so much interest. Dorothea and Lydia and Wallis, all said they, for *their* parts, had been unable to sleep all last night for thinking of the stout gentleman's story.

But nothing of all this seemed to move the professor of mathematics, who sat smoking his Dutch pipe, and twinkling his eyes, as if he were too much amused with his own thoughts to care about anything else. Presently, however, the clock struck five, and he rose from his chair, saying he must go and make a little visit a few doors off before he went to bed. They all begged him very hard to stay and see Mr. Bear, but he shook his head, and said "Pooh!" and walked away. Gretchen looked pleased when he was gone, but the children said it was very naughty of dear Uncle Abraham not to stay.

Gretchen now proposed a little game to amuse them till Mr. Bear arrived. This was agreed upon, and they began; but they did not attend to it; their minds were too much occupied with expectation.

Mrs. Littlepump then proposed a dance. This answered much better. Mrs. Littlepump played upon the pianoforte, and was accompanied on the flute by the Doctor, whose attitudes in performing on that elegant instrument had always been considered well worth seeing. In a short time, however, the children stopped and would dance no more, and went to their seats and sat silently, and everybody became dreadfully dull. Two little boys were very cross; one of them bit his own thumb to find an excuse for crying, and the other gave the leg of the table a kick, and called it a "naughty table."

"Oh!" cried little Val, "I do hope the Gentleman Bear will be sure to come!" As he said this, they very plainly heard the sound of a horse's hoof coming up the street, and all ran to the windows. What was their surprise and delight to see that it was the Bear on horseback!

He rode with rather a round back, and his stirrups very short, but in other respects he sat well, like a portly gentleman on a journey, and held the reins with a great air of consequence. His method of dismounting, however, was not graceful. As the horse stopped before Dr. Littlepump's door, the stout gentleman in the rough coat bent forward and threw his arms with a good hug round the

horse's neck, and so let himself slowly down, hanging carefully till his fur boots touched the ground. At this all the children burst out laughing; but instantly recollecting themselves, they ran away from the windows, and scrambled into seats round the stove, coughing a little, to pretend it had been only that. And now a knock was heard at the door, and a loud ring! Gretchen ran and opened the door, and in came the Bear.

Everybody was so glad to see him. Wallis and Gretchen helped him to take off his cloak and comforter; Mrs. Littlepump begged him to take a seat near the stove; Dorothea presented him with a large cup of nice coffee, hot and strong, and very sweet, and Dr. Littlepump, with a dignified and most courtly air, handed him Uncle Abraham's pipe—at least he *thought* he had done so, but in the confusion of the moment he handed his own flute instead, without observing what he had done. The Bear received it with a bow, and was so polite that he would not notice the mistake, but pretended to smoke the flute till it was exchanged for the pipe by Mrs. Littlepump with a thousand apologies for the Doctor's absence of mind.

Everybody being now comfortably settled, and the general anxiety being very great, the Bear rose from his chair, and bowing all round, looked at Dr.

Littlepump, and said, "Mr. Dr. Littlepump, let me know what is the wish of our friends here?"

"Oh, Mr. Good-natured Bear!" cried Nancy, unable to contain herself, "do *pray* continue your delightful story!"

The Bear laid one paw upon his heart, bowed, sat down, and after looking thoughtfully into the bowl of his pipe for a few minutes, as if to collect his ideas, thus proceeded:

"At the foot of our cave there was, as I have informed you, a plot of high green grass with a path through it up to the entrance; and at the back of the rock in which our cave was, there grew several fine old oak-trees, together with a great number of young elms, all promising to become very tall and beautiful. My father was very fond of walking alone among those trees, where he often meditated with his head on one side for hours together, sometimes leaning one shoulder against an oak trunk, sometimes resting his nose upon a knot in the wood, and occasionally scratching his ear with it. He thought he was thinking. But my father's chief merit was in his honest, ardent, earnest and determined character; in intellect he was not equal to my mother.

"One afternoon my father was taking a nap on our bed of leaves in the cave, when he was roused

by a noise at the back of the rock, among the trees. The sound was that of a succession of hard blows. My father went to see what it was, and there he saw a woodman with an axe cutting down the young elms. My father ran towards him in a perfect rage, and the man instantly scampered away as fast as he could, crying 'O! O! O!'

"The next morning as soon as it was light, the same noise was heard again among the trees. Up jumped my father, but my mother, fearing some danger, went with him, and it was fortunate she did, as the woodman had brought his two sons with loaded guns to watch for my father while the woodman was at work. My mother saw the two youths hiding, each behind a large tree, and she persuaded my father, both for her sake and mine, to come away, which he at last did, though not without much gruffness and grumbling indignation.

"By the evening the woodman had cut down about a third part of the young elms, and went away intending to come and carry them off in the morning. My mother tried to persuade my father not to interfere, because it was too near our home. But my father refused to see the danger to our home and declared that the nearness of the trees to our cave was the very reason why he could not endure the thought of their being cut down. They

were his trees and he could not bear to lose them. So at night he went and collected all the trees that were cut down, and carried them in his arms, one or two at a time, according to their size, to a river at a short distance where the current was strong, and threw them in with a great splash. Long before morning the current had carried them all far away.

“The next day the woodman came with his two sons and a team of horses and ropes to drag the trees away. But there was not one to be seen! After wondering, and sitting under an oak, and looking very stupid for an hour, the woodman again went to work with his axe, sending one son back with the horses, as they were wanted for the plough.

“In the evening the woodman went away as before, leaving the trees, and thinking no one would steal them a second time. But at night my father went as before, and threw them all in the current. In the morning the woodman came again with the team. ‘What!’ cried he, ‘all gone again! It must be the work of some fairy. Thieves could never carry away clean out of sight all those heavy young trees, unless indeed it were the Forty Thieves, for it would need as many.’

“Again the woodman cut down the trees, and

now there was not an elm left standing. He went away in the evening as before, leaving the trees upon the ground. My father was sallying out to carry them off in the same way as hitherto, when my mother said, 'On *no* account, Benjamin (we always spoke in the bear language, you know, and not as I talk to you), on *no* account, Benjamin, go to-night!'

"But my father said that the unfeeling rascal had cut down all his young elms and the next thing would be that he would cut down his oaks—and he could *not* endure it. 'But this is by no means certain,' reasoned my mother; 'he seems only to want elms. And at the worst, we could find another cave with oaks near it.' 'But not with oaks and a nice river too!' exclaimed my father.

"'Then,' said my mother, 'I and the child (meaning me) must go with you, and help to do it as quickly as possible, and after it is done, we will go and sleep for a few nights in the forest over the northern hills, for my mind is very uneasy about matters.' My father laughed and said, 'Gooff-zugdt,' which, in the bear language of Poland, signifies Nonsense!

"Accordingly we all went and worked away at a great rate, my father and mother carrying the largest of the young trees, and I such of the small-

est as my tender years would allow. By midnight we had just finished, and my father was carrying the last tree, when suddenly a shout was heard, and we saw a flash of torches! The trees had been seen floating down the stream by some men who were coming to watch for the thieves, or to see if it was the work of fairies.

“ ‘Cross the stream higher up,’ said my mother, ‘and make for the northern hills;’ saying which she seized me by one ear in her mouth, and lugged me along till we came to the banks, and instantly soused me into the water. As I sunk, I gave myself up for lost, though I was sure my mother knew what was best for me. When I came to the surface, however, thinking it was some other life, I instantly felt my ear again in my mother’s warm mouth, and we soon landed on the other side. My father was not with us; we took it for granted he had run in some other direction, probably to confuse the pursuers, and would rejoin us shortly.

“The shouts, however, followed us, and so did the men with their torches. My mother never once looked behind, but ran, lugging me along by one ear, through fields and woods, up hill and down dale, till I lost my senses one after the other, and as the last sense was going—which was the sense of feeling or touch—I believed it was death, and tried

to say ' Good-bye, mother! let go my ear, and save yourself!' but as I tried to say so, I fainted away.

" When I came to myself, I was lying among some warm leaves under thick bushes. But my father had not joined us. We never saw my poor father more.

" I mentioned that when the woodman and the villagers, whom he had collected, had first surprised us, my father was in the act of carrying the last tree away; and such was his earnest devotion to one idea at a time, and such his obstinacy of character, that he actually would not throw away the heavy tree he was carrying, but ran with it, even when the pursuers were close behind him, till arriving at the bank, he threw it in, and then endeavored to save himself by swimming across, in order to follow us. But it was too late. They threw ropes over him while he was in the water, and half drowned my poor father, so that when at last he was landed on the other side, he was unable to make the great, the prodigious resistance he had so much relied upon. He was taken prisoner and carried, bound hand and foot, into the village, amidst the blaze of torches, the shouts of the men, the barking of dogs, and the cries of wonder and curiosity of the women and children, who jumped out of bed to see him pass. Several children ran into the streets

in their nightcaps and nightgowns, and cried out:

‘Look at the bear who stole the trees,
And pitched them into the wa—ter!’

“ My poor father being thus lost to us, my mother set herself busily to work at my education. Besides teaching me all exercises of the limbs proper for my age, she sought to instil amiable principles into my mind. Taking care to preserve a due respect for my father’s memory, she nevertheless explained to me that our loss, both of him and our comfortable cave, was entirely occasioned by his hasty temper, his want of endurance and forbearance, and his obstinate character. My mother shed tears as she explained all this, but said it was only too true. We had lost him and our home, and he had lost us and his home, and was now in a menagerie at Berlin.

“ My mother divided every day into various portions; but although a considerable share was given to amusement, in which I played with several young bears of my own age, and had occasionally a gambol with other juvenile animals, still there was nothing that gave me more pleasure than the lessons I received from her. For this purpose, she would generally take me into some retired part of the

wood, and seated under a wide-spreading tree, she taught my young ideas 'how to shoot.' One lesson in particular I remember, as she took great pains to impress it on my memory. The principle it inculcated has influenced my conduct through life, and I can truly say upon all occasions, with the best results to myself. It was conveyed in the following little verse:

'Oh, thou small Bear!
Learn to bear, and forbear,
And of good luck, or good friends, never despair.'

"A few days after I had first received this lesson, I found myself placed in a situation to require the good advice it gave me. An extremely well-behaved young wild boar, and a very merry little fox, with whom I was playing, took the opportunity of asking me what I had been doing the other day near a certain hollow tree. I told them I often collected acorns in the morning, and went in the evening to eat them. They said no more, and we went on playing round about the trees, and sometimes climbing up them—that is, the merry little fox and I—the young wild pig could not. But after that day, whenever I collected acorns in the morning in the hollow tree, and went at night to eat them, they were all gone!

“ One evening, however, as I was returning home after my disappointment, and wondering who it could be, I heard a laughing amidst the thickets, and entering suddenly, there I saw the little fox and my friend, the wild pig, who were just going to run away when they saw me; and they both looked very foolish as our eyes met. So the thought struck me that *they* were the thieves, and I at once accused them. The wild pig indignantly denied that he had stolen a single acorn, and would not be called a thief by anybody. The little fox said the accusation was unjust and cruel, and also not good sense, as he had never eaten a single acorn in all his life, nor his father before him, and he would not be called a glutton by anybody.

“ On hearing this, I, with an intelligence beyond my years, instantly understood how it all was. ‘Jemmy!’ said I, fixing my eyes upon the little fox, ‘Jemmy! you know very well that you *stole* my acorns. We have often played together, and this is the first bad trick you have served me. You know I am quite able to punish you severely, and take your tail away from you. But I forgive you this time.’

“ Then turning to the young wild pig, who stood looking very stupid, and silent, and fierce, with his eyes half shut, and peeping out of the corners of,

them,—‘Hugo!’ said I, in a mild voice, and laying one paw upon the top of his bristling back,—‘you have *eaten* my acorns—you know that I am stronger than you—that I could throw my arms round your neck, and give you *such* a one! (meaning a hard hug), but I forbear for the sake of our previous friendship. I feel sure this will never happen again, and no doubt we shall all be better friends than ever.’

“At this the little fox shed a great many tears, and continued to rub his eyes with his little yellow brush for five minutes afterwards. The young wild pig stood silently for some time, as if he were trying to understand all about it; and when he did speak, it was only ‘*ouff!*’—but I thought he felt what I had said.

“At night when we were going to bed, I told the whole story to my mother, who much commended me, and said that I had rightly acted according to what she had taught me in the verse. ‘For what,’ said she, ‘would have been the use of beating and squeezing the young thieves? It would not have brought back the acorns, and would have made them both enemies in future, ready to steal anything. But as it is, you have got two friends, and lost nothing.’ ‘Yes, mother,’ said I, after a moment’s reflection, ‘but I have lost my acorns!’ ‘Not

more lost,' replied my mother, 'than if you had eaten them. When a thing is eaten, it is lost. All that you have to complain of is, that the young wild pig ate them *for* you; but as you have forgiven him, of course you ought to think no more of the matter. Act thus through life; not only because you are sure to keep and to make friends by it, but also because it is the most amiable way to act towards your fellow-creatures, whether you gain by it or not. Do so, therefore, for the sake of the verse I taught you, and for the love of my memory when I am gone, and trust to nature for good results. Now, child, go to sleep.'

"In this manner I passed my early youth, and was just coming to the maturity of my size and strength when the domestic calamity occurred, to which I once alluded the first time I had the honor of addressing the present company. It was a calamity which made me an orphan in the world.

"We were accosted one evening by a very ragged, but very intelligent old ape, who had contrived to effect his escape from the menagerie of Berlin, disguised as a Chinese tea-merchant, and who now begged a night's lodging, as he considered himself out of all danger. From this gentleman we heard of the death of my poor father. He

might have lived much longer, but his proud spirit, over which he had no command, killed him. He had quarreled with all the keepers of the menagerie, one after another, on account of some fancied insult or indignity; although, as the worthy ape informed us, my father had really been very well treated, and all his reasonable wants had been considered, as he had been looked upon as an extremely fine bear, and a credit to the establishment. First, he refused his food; then, he would take no exercise, nor even stand up; and finally did nothing but sleep. But that which the ape thought had at last killed him was an angry dispute which he had with the trumpeter of the menagerie, as to the direction in which the mouth of the instrument ought to be pointed. The trumpeter chose always to point it towards my father's cage; whereas my father argued that the trumpet ought to be turned towards the elephant, who understood the noise. However, as my father could not have his own way, he was unable any longer to endure life, and so he died; sick—sick of the perversity of all sorts of things.

“My mother never recovered this sad intelligence. She made no complaint, nor did she appear to give way to grief, but she gradually sunk, and sunk, and her age seemed in a few weeks to be



"We were accosted by a very ragged, but very intelligent old ape, disguised as a Chinese tea-merchant."

actually doubled, so that everybody said she was dying of old age. Her feet failed her, and her teeth fell out. She took leave of me one night in a more than usually affectionate manner. She told me to act always with honesty, truth, and good feeling towards every one; to bear all injuries and misfortunes as firmly as I could, and to forbear in all cases to revenge or retaliate. Even if I should ever meet with the trumpeter who had so vexed my poor father in his latter days, I was to take no notice of the circumstance, as the fellow was, no doubt, either a wicked or an ignorant animal, and therefore better let alone. She then gave me an embrace, and told me to sleep well, and remember her words. In the morning I found her lying dead upon the moist green grass, with her head gently resting upon one paw."

As the Bear uttered these last words, he seemed overcome with many feelings and thoughts of other years; then suddenly rising from his chair, he hastily put on his hat and cloak, and hurried out of the room, dragging his long orange-colored comforter after him. They heard the sound of the street-door closing, and two of the children ran on tiptoe to the window; but he was out of sight.

The next evening the children all met again, in

the hope that the good-natured Bear would come again to finish his story.

“ I am so much afraid he will never come again,” said Nancy. “ What *shall* we do? ”

“ What *shall* we do? ” echoed all the children.

“ I think, for my part,” said Mrs. Littlepump, “ that he will come.”

“ I am sure I hope so,” said Gretchen. “ Dear, dear, how my heart beats! ”

“ Your heart beats for Mr. Bear? ” said Dr. Littlepump, looking hard at Gretchen, who instantly blushed up to the eyes, and her ears were as red as ripe cherries.

“ I do *so* wish,” said little Val—and then he stopped.

“ What do you wish, Valentine? ” asked Mr. Doctor, looking at his watch.

“ That we had Jemmy here! ”

“ Jemmy! what Jemmy? ” inquired Mr. Doctor, with a serious face.

“ Why, papa, don't you recollect?—Jemmy, the merry little fox with the yellow brush tail! ”

At this moment the clock struck six, and without any knocking, or ringing, or previous announcement, the parlor door opened, and in walked Mr. Bear!

He bowed with his habitual politeness; but he

had a more than usual air of gravity, and some appearance of anxiety. Gretchen placed his chair for him, and this seemed to please him. "I thank you, Miss Gretchen," said he; and he soon got better. Looking round with a smile, and particularly at Gretchen, he proposed to conclude his story. "Oh do, sir!—please do!" cried a dozen voices at once; and accordingly the Bear thus proceeded:

"Did I speak with any degree of severity concerning my father's impatience under captivity? Did I take upon myself in any way to cast a shade upon his memory, on account of his inability to endure the rude behavior and freedoms of his keepers and the insolence of the trumpeter? If I did, forgive me; it was very wrong; I have now to tell of my own captivity, and I fear there were several occasions upon which I did not always follow my mother's precepts, but really lost my temper for some minutes. Not to keep you in suspense, I have to confess that I had scarcely attained my full growth, when a party of hunters surrounded the forest where I lived, and, surprising me while I was asleep, caught me fast in a very strong rope net. I made a great resistance; upon which three of the hunters stepped a few paces back, and telling the others to stand out of the way, presented their

guns, intending to shoot me. At this moment, however, a prodigious wild boar rushed out of a thicket, and crying 'ouff!' charged right upon the three hunters—knocked them all three flat upon their backs like ninepins, and then dashed into a thicket on the opposite side!

“Up jumped the three hunters, very angry and astonished, and instantly fired their guns into the thicket after the boar; but he was out of their reach.

“Another of the hunters was now about to thrust his spear at me, when suddenly he gave a loud cry, and flung his spear at a tree, close to the foot of which we saw a large yellow and red brush tail whisk round. ‘Oh!’ cried the hunter, ‘some rascal of a fox has bit off the toe of my boot, and a little bit of my great toe with it!’

“I need not tell you who those two forest friends were, who, having grown up, had thus saved my life, because you have already guessed. The hunters now began to consult together as to whether I might not be of more value to them alive than if they killed me; and at length they determined, as I was very young, and very large, and my fur of a rich bright brown color, to send me to Berlin, to the menagerie in which my father had died. Still, some of them said that a live bear was a great

trouble on a long journey. As I now perceived it was of no use to make any further resistance among so many armed men, I endeavored to reconcile myself to my fate, and became quite quiet. The cords that bound me having become partially loose at the arms, and the son of the hunter, who had been about to kill me with his spear, happening to come close to me, I slowly freed one paw, and instead of seizing the boy roughly, I slowly raised myself to an upright position behind his back and then patted him gently upon the top of the head. This both surprised and amused, and won the hearts of all the hunters; they said it was quite impossible to kill such a good-natured bear, and from that day they always behaved kindly to me, and gave me plenty to eat and drink.

“ Once one of the party, as we were all seated in a pleasant wood at sunset, drew forth a clarionet and another a horn, and began to play. And so I heard music for the first time in my life. Being quite unable to contain myself, I rose upon my hind legs of my own accord, and danced in the middle of the open green space; at which the hunters all shouted, and laughed, and laughed and shouted, and the music played louder and faster, and the trees all began to dance round me too, as I thought; and the green ground spun round about,

carrying all the hunters and the music in a swift dizzy circle round me, till fearing I was going perfectly mad, I determined to command myself, and save my senses, and therefore I collected all my energies into one effort, and stopped dancing. The instant I stood still, I found the ground slip from beneath my feet, and I seemed to roll to the bottom of a hill, where I went to sleep in a moment.

“From this time being much encouraged to do it, I continually practised walking upright. At first it certainly was extremely difficult, and I could not help bending my nose and looking all down my right side, then all down my left side, and so from side to side, for I seemed such a height above the ground; and also, in order to keep my balance I was obliged to give my weight first on one leg, then on the other, without lifting them from the ground, and to do this many times before I could venture to take a step; and when I did walk, it was at first in this same way, not unlike the rocking of a boat’s mast on the water. I ought to have begun when I was younger. The balance required is so fine and peculiar that every one that wishes to walk well should begin at two years of age. However, eventually, I mastered the difficulty.

“My position in the menagerie was more than comfortable. My food was much better than usual

in establishments of that kind, and my water always clean and fresh from the pump. I also had far more liberty than any other animal; all of which things I attribute to the simple fact of having shown no anger or animosity towards any one, and having been always careful not to hurt or frighten any children who came near me.

“ I confess that I felt great anger at first seeing the trumpeter; however, I remembered my mother’s injunctions, and governed myself. The fellow always pointed his trumpet towards me when he played, just as he had done to my father; but I rather liked to hear it—much as I disliked him. The knave played well. He was, however, soon afterwards dismissed for teasing the parrots. He had often done this, till one day all the parrots, paroquets, and macaws in the menagerie set up a terrific screaming and screeching at him, and all at the same moment, so that the police came in with drawn swords to see what dreadful thing was happening! The Knave of Trumpets was, of course, sent about his business directly.

“ I now became an object of principal attraction in the establishment, and I found that crowds came daily, and ranged themselves in front of my cell, and looked, and pointed, and often spoke to me, till at last I came to perceive that I was regarded as a

surprising instance of sagacity, although I did not understand one word they addressed to me, except when they also made signs. From this circumstance, however, I was able sometimes to connect sounds with signs, so that I actually learned the meaning of many words. Then first dawned the great ambition within me of acquiring the faculty of human speech, for I considered that if I had managed to learn the meaning of many words, why not of many more? And when I came to be thoroughly familiar with certain sounds, why not imitate those words, so as to speak as well as understand?

“ I determined to accomplish this if possible and studied very hard. I listened attentively all day to those whom I heard speaking, and at night I practised my voice. At first I was very unsuccessful, and only produced strange noises, so that it woke some of the animals, who made a great grumbling, and three of the monkeys mocked me for a week after, chattering, pointing, and making mouths at me. However, I persevered, and at the end of four years I understood nearly all that was said to me, even without signs, and could pronounce a number of words in the German language very intelligibly, though, of course, with rather a foreign accent. I proved this to my own satisfaction

upon two or three occasions, when it was dark and no one knew where the voice came from; but I always found by the answers I received that what I had said was understood. Nevertheless, I kept all this a secret.

“I was, by this time, separated from all the other animals and made a show of by myself in one large corner, which was parted off by a green curtain in front, where an additional price was paid. I did not know what in the world they might do with me, if they found they possessed a Bear who could talk! I often longed for my liberty. I was sadly tired of this kind of crowding and staring life, and pined after the noble solitudes of my native woods. But there seemed no hope of escape.

“In the ninth year of my captivity, and I may add, of my private studies, I was sent round the country in a caravan, with three keepers, who made a great deal of money by me, at the various fairs and markets. I was called in the placards outside, ‘The Intellectual Prodigy!’ There was also in the caravan one other captive, and this was a large serpent. I made several friendly overtures towards this serpent, but he never noticed me. He was usually asleep in a long wooden box, rolled up in a heap of blankets. When he was awake, his eyes were generally half shut, and he seemed in a

sort of stupid trance, so that we formed no acquaintance. I longed more than ever for my liberty.

“ One night—it was a hot night in June—after a long journey, and a very successful day’s show at the fair of Bonn, our keepers all went away to supper, each of us being fastened up as usual, and the window-shutters and door closed. Towards midnight, and while everything was silent and dark, I heard the serpent’s box crack! Then all again was silent. The caravan was dreadfully hot—not a breath of fresh air could come in. It was shameful to leave us in such a state. For my part, I felt my fur coat dripping with the heat; so I thought it was this which had made the box crack. Presently it cracked again; and then slowly cracked once more, as if the serpent was stretching himself inside. And all again was silent. But I soon found that the serpent was out, and softly gliding about the bottom of the caravan! He had evidently burst his box, and there was something in his mind. I remained perfectly quiet, not knowing what he was about, and not wishing to meddle. He went inquiring in his silent way round and round the caravan, lifting his head up, first on one side and then on the other, with a dry, scraping sound, but all very softly. His head now moved up to the lock of the door—then down to the crack under-

neath it—then again to the lock. Presently, his head went slowly gliding up to one of the windows, and moved all over the inside shutter. It had not been properly locked, and it opened a little way. Upon this, the serpent raised himself upwards by his mouth, opening the shutter gradually as he rose, till he had coiled about half his body up against the window-frame, and then with a slow pressure he burst it open. The next moment he dropped silently through the aperture,—and was gone!

“In an instant the thought of liberty, and the prospect of it, flashed upon my mind! I grasped the wooden bars of my cell with both arms, and crushed three of them together—I jumped down upon the floor of the caravan, and scrambled up to the window—it was too small to let my body through—but I tore away the framework and a plank or two besides—and out I got, and leaped down upon fresh, cool grass, in the fresh, cool night air!—oh, what delight after that steaming hot caravan! I looked round for the serpent, thinking that as we had been fellow prisoners, we ought to keep company in our escape; but there were no signs of him, so I ran off as fast as I could. A few stars were shining; luckily there was no moon.

“Our caravan had fortunately been fixed outside

the town, so that I had no gates to pass through. The caravan had stood on the grass between two trees, on the avenue leading to the village and castle of Popplesdorf, directly in front of the house of Mr. Doctor Wissbegierde, professor of Impossible Science in the University of Bonn, who had taken a great fancy to me. Oh, if the good man had but known that I could speak German! Well, I scampered away, dodging between the trees of the avenue, just as if I had been pursued, though not a soul was to be seen at that hour, and passed to the left of the moat of the castle, and cut across the fields till I got among the vineyards of Casenisch. It was so dark that I ran at a venture, and only found out in after years the route I had taken on that eventful night. I knew I could not hide safely here, so I went scrambling on through garden and orchard and wood, till I came into the highroad to Coblentz, which I crossed, and again plunged into vineyards till I came suddenly upon the Rhine. I swam across without a moment's hesitation, and landed a little above Königswinter. I again lost myself in the vineyards, but I did the best I could to avoid both the village and the pathways to the Drachenfels, because, though it could not have been more than two o'clock in the morning, I still feared I might meet some party of English travelers, with

donkeys and torches, going up the road to see the sun rise; for I had heard it said there was no knowing what the English people would *not* do when they were on the continent.

“ I now made my way upward towards the furthest mountains. I was not satisfied with the size of the trees for some time. I knew there would be a prodigious search after me. At last I came to a forest, where the trees were very large, and had abundance of boughs and foliage. It was also the loftiest of the mountains. Up one of these trees I slowly climbed, being careful not to scrape or leave any marks upon the bark of the tree. Choosing a snug place where several large boughs crossed each other, I bent some of the smaller ones round about, so that I was effectually hidden from all eyes below.

“ The next morning, as I was sure would be the case, I heard all sorts of noises of hunters and dogs all over the country. Several parties passed directly beneath the tree where I was seated. I heard one of the dogs give *such* a sniff! Oh! how closely I hugged the trunk of the tree, with my nose pointing straight up the stem, and not once venturing to look down! I felt myself praying with all my heart not to be seen. This search continued for several days round about me. I never descended,

and I had nothing to eat; but once it rained in the night, and I drank the water off the leaves, taking whole bunches into my mouth at a time, and this quite refreshed me. You know, my young friends, that some creatures are able to live a long time without food.

“Nobody ever found me out—except that one morning an old crow, with a bright, black eye, came and peeped in at me,—but directly he saw who it was, he flew away, crying out ‘*larwk ! larwk !*’

“At length the search after me was continued in other parts of the country, and one night I came down to stretch my legs, and sniff about a bit, and see what the world was made of—ahem!

“I had not walked far before I came to a spot where the hunters had paused to rest and refresh themselves, and here I found two things which had been dropped by some accident—namely, a purse with some money in it, and a very large pork-pie! The purse I placed in a thicket under a stone, but I had an immediate need of the pie; half of which I was obliged to eat that night, I was so very hungry. The remainder I carried with me up the tree, and made it last five days.

“Though I never relaxed in my vigilance or forgot my caution, the fear I had at first had of being discovered and recaptured was very much dimin-

ished, so that my mind was free to pursue its own course of self-improvement. I continued my studies in speaking German, and with greater assiduity, repeating all the sentences I knew, and every word I could recollect, and so often, in order to master the pronunciation, that sometimes when I ceased, I had a pain in my lower jaw that lasted for half an hour. However, I continually persevered, and thought no pains too great which might enable me some day to associate—for such was the high ambition that had dawned upon me—with the races of mankind. It was an ambition which often made me tremble, because I naturally regarded the man species as possessing miraculous senses and unparalleled wisdom. But I was bent upon making the attempt very shortly. I had now practised speaking a human language nearly twelve years. I spoke very badly, I knew; still I had sometimes found what I said in the dark, when I was in the menagerie, had been intelligible, and I was full of hope. How, and in what manner, to make my first appearance among mankind was at present quite a puzzle to me. One preparation as to personal appearance was also imperative. I grieved at it—I resented the prejudice which rendered it necessary—yet I knew I must submit. Excuse my agitation, dear Mr. Doctor and Mrs. Doctress

Littlepump—I hardly know how to proceed with this part of my tale—narrative, I should have said.”

The Bear paused, evidently overcome by his feelings. Dr. Littlepump rose, and said, “Let me entreat of you to compose yourself, sir. Would you like a glass of water?” Mr. Bear shook his head. “Or of wine?” said Mrs. Littlepump. “Or a cup of coffee, sir?” said Gretchen. “Or a mug of beer?” said Wallis. “Nothing, I thank you all,” said the Bear, “I am better now, and will continue.” The Bear accordingly did continue, but they were all surprised to hear him assume rather a pompous tone.

“In the early morning of the world, and the infancy of nature and animal life,” proceeded the Bear, raising his head, and swelling out his chest, “everything was new and wonderful beyond all doubt; but not more new and wonderful than useful, and absolutely necessary to carry out the future business of creation. Who can deny the high origin of tails? The first animal who had any pretensions to an active and well-proportioned form *must* have had a tail. Of its great importance it would occupy too much time at present to speak, besides that the majority of the company are young, and cannot have read and thought deeply enough

to enter into the merits of this most ancient appendage. But even in these modern times, how much of utility and ornament it possesses must be perceptible to everybody, whether they contemplate the lion, the dog, the eagle, the swallow, the monkey, the squirrel, the fish. Running, leaping, flying, swimming, are all under unspeakable obligations to the tail. Of its use as a fan in sultry weather, and as a whisker-away of gnats and flies, I will make no mention. We see plainly that the skill, activity, and grace of the serpent species is attributable to the fact of their being nearly *all* tail. Then, what a tail the beaver has—and who more skilful than he? I will stop—I must not venture to dwell upon this subject, or I should talk the whole night, and still not have half done.

“ You see I have no tail. I perceived that, as mankind had none themselves in these modern days, whatever they might have had in the early ages of the world, there was now a prejudice against them. I saw no alternative. Since I had made up my mind to go among mankind, it was absolutely requisite that I should conform to most of their customs. To do anything important always requires some sacrifice of private feeling. In short, I found a sharp flint stone, and cut my tail off below the first joint. It did not bleed so much as I

expected, and I was quite well and charming in about a fortnight.

“ You must be curious, I think, to hear how I made my first appearance among the circles of mankind, and I will hasten to tell you. Most fortunately I had a little money, the value of which I pretty well knew, and with this I cautiously made my way across the country; and into the town one dark evening of a market-day. After lurking close to a quantity of old clothes that were hanging on a line for sale I watched my opportunity, and creeping behind with half the contents of the purse in my hand, I suddenly threw it over the clothes-line upon the heads of the Jewish salesmen, saying, ‘ Count it!’ But while they were picking it up in surprise, I made a good grasp at a large cloak and hat, and away I scrambled as fast as I could, leaving the Jews in the full impression that it was some madman who had plenty of money. By means somewhat similar, I also possessed myself of a large pair of wooden shoes, a pair of cow-skin gloves, a piece of gingerbread, and a sheet of white paper. With these materials, I set off on my journey, but traveling chiefly by night. I reached my destination one evening, and made my first appearance as a Quack Doctor at the great fair of Leipzig.

“ I chose a dark corner on the outskirts of the fair, spread my sheet of white paper, containing about a score of gingerbread pills, on the ground, and with a beating heart, and every limb of me shaking with apprehension, I addressed the human race on the subject of pills. I had heard it was a vulnerable point. I really do not know what I said; for the fact is, I was so alarmed at speaking to an assemblage of the beings of miraculous senses and unparalleled wisdom that even at the time I did not well know what I was saying. However, the moment I began to speak, a number of persons came round me, and laughed loudly. I thought I was found out and stopped. ‘ Go on, Doctor—go on, Quacksalver!’ cried they. So I went on. A crowd soon collected; all of whom laughed immoderately, saying, ‘ What a voice!—look at his nose!—did you ever hear such language!—what a figure!’ They bought all my pills in a very short time, and I was only able to make my escape by telling them that I must go to my lodgings for some more.

“ I ran a short distance, and as soon as I found myself alone, I danced with delight. I sat down under a hedge, and taking out a slice of gingerbread, began to make some more pills, but I was so very overjoyed at my success that I could not

roll them, and lost the pieces. I was obliged to wait till the next evening before I returned to the fair.

“ Oh, how shall I describe the joy and exultation I felt at the increased success of my experiment upon the wise and generous human race! I was obliged to double the price of my pills to prevent them from going so fast. Everything I said produced immense laughter, even when I myself knew that I had said no witty or sensible thing at all, while any ordinary reply I made was received with shouts of applause. For instance, I heard a tall Prussian corporal who was listening to my speech about my pills being a certain preservative against hunger, if you took enough of them—which, you know, was very true, because they were all made of gingerbread—this corporal I heard say to a friend, ‘ How well the dog does it! ’—meaning me. ‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ give me leave to tell you, with all submission, that there is no dog living who can speak as well as I do.’ At this all the crowd roared again with laughter, although I could see nothing in it, except the truth.

“ Gradually, however, I began to perceive that they all thought my strange voice, dialect, face, figure, and general behavior were assumed, and that I was acting a part;—in fact, that I could

speak and appear very differently if I liked. I did not altogether feel pleased at this discovery; nevertheless, I was obliged to take what came, and make the best of it. I therefore spoke as well as I could, and when I made some shocking blunder, I suffered it to be supposed that I knew better, and thus endeavored to humor the eccentric wisdom of the human race.

“I now took my position in society; had lodgings in a house, and slept in a bed! I shall never forget the first night I slept in a bed. How I stood looking at the snow-white luxury!—and walked round it softly, holding my breath—and touched it so gently, and considered my own humble origin, till I shed tears of joy to think how I had risen in the world. But I did muster courage at last, and actually got in between the sheets!

“I visited other large fairs and with increased success, so that in the course of a year or two I had gained a great sum of money. But in doing this, several curious little circumstances both puzzled and amused me. I found by experience that as my pills became famous for their many virtues, it also became requisite to dip them in a little juice of some very bitter berry or herb, because people seemed to think that there could be no virtue in a thing unless it was made rather disagreeable. I

therefore bowed with deference to the wishes of the lords and ladies of creation, and presented them with bitter pills accordingly. I continued to make money at a great rate.

“ I soon became famous at all the great fairs, where by some I was called the Whimsical Doctor, on account of my odd dress, face, and voice, all of which they regarded as assumed. Several wealthy frequenters of the fairs offered to go partners with me, and at last I consented. My partner was a very clever Jew named Tobias, a jeweler. He sold all his jewels, or rather he turned all his jewels into gingerbread, and we made wagon-loads of pills. In the course of the manufacture, however, Tobias talked to me in a style which caused me to feel for the first time that this method of dealing with the human race was not honorable; that, in fact, the human race was really not in all respects so wise as I had imagined, and that nobody ought to cheat people as we had been doing. The more my partner talked and rejoiced over our successes, the more I felt we were rogues; so one morning I told him that I wished to dissolve our partnership. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘then as you leave me, of course you will allow me all the stock in trade, and all the money too.’

“ ‘No,’ said I, ‘not all the money. Take all the pills and welcome; but give me back half of the

money.' He refused; we had a few words, when suddenly he turned sharp upon me and said, 'You shall have nothing. If you persist, I will betray you. I have found out what you are. You are not a man—but a bear!'

"I was thunderstruck! I fell back into my infant years as if I had fallen over a precipice! I felt I was a bear! But the next moment I seized Tobias in my arms, and lifted him up in the air, saying in a loud voice:—'Wicked fellow, naughty Jew!—what shall I do to you?' At this moment, however, I recollected my mother's words. I set him down upon the ground, where he stood quite breathless with fright, and as pale as ashes; and I said to him with solemnity—'Ungrateful man—also dishonest, and of a poor spirit—take my money, and go thy ways in peace.' I was thoroughly ashamed of him; and as soon as I was alone, I cried bitterly to think I should have been used so unkindly by the first man with whom I associated.

"I had lost all my money, and had now to begin afresh. I did not much mind this. It seemed such a very easy thing to make money. What sums had been made by showing me, when I was a captive! By what nonsense and gingerbread I had once made my fortune! How much easier then, thought I, will it be to make money by a little good

sense and something wholesome. Reasoning in this manner, I retreated to a small town by way of commencing and began to sell Seltzer water.

“ My previous reputation as a Wonderful Doctor brought a crowd for the first few days; but when they found I only said that the water was very wholesome and would do them good, and that I did not say it would cure every possible complaint, and broken bones, like the wonderful gingerbread, they gradually ceased to buy of me, and soon took to calling me a rascal of a quack, who dressed himself in a fur coat and a false nose in order to cheat people. After this the boys began to follow me, and shout, and throw stones, till I was driven out of the place.

“ Not knowing what to do, and certainly not knowing what to think, I wandered about the country, sitting under hedges, and puzzling my brains to understand what sort of thing human reason was. I never could make it out. However, I forgave the people of this town, because I knew that I was an impostor—though an innocent impostor, since I could not *help* wearing a fur coat and a long nose.

“ One day, while I was seated in a thoughtful mood under a chestnut-tree eating a turnip, who should pass by but my former partner, Tobias, all in rags, and looking very ill. Suddenly he saw

me, uttered a cry of terror, and fell down in a fit. I went to him and placed the cool wet leaves of my turnip across his temples, which seemed to revive him and do him good, and when he saw that I had no intention to hurt him, he asked me to carry him to the nearest peasant's cottage. I did so, and was going away when he called me back, and said, 'I behaved very ill to you; but I was punished. When you left me, nobody would buy the pills—the people called loudly for the Wonderful Doctor with the fur coat and the large nose, who talked so oddly—and as you were not to be found, they said I was a rascal of a quack and an impostor, and drove me out of the town. I was quite ruined. They seized all our pills, and flung them about, and the boys pelted each other with pill-boxes in the streets, for at least three hours. The very same wonderful pills the world had just before been running after.'

“In a few months after this Tobias had a fortune in jewels left him by a relative. He sent for me, begged my pardon for his previous behavior, set me up in business as a merchant, and took great pains to instruct me. In the winter I dealt in pickles and preserves; and in summer I carried on a wholesale trade in silks and velvets. He wanted me to sell furs also, but I declined that.

“These occupations I have followed ever since—in fact during the last fifteen years—with great industry and good success. Meantime, however, at all leisure hours, I have endeavored to improve my mind by various studies, and among others, I even contrived to make some progress in mathematics.”

As Mr. Bear said this, all the children thought directly of dear Uncle Abraham, the mathematician, and were so sorry he was not present to hear about these studies.

“I should now,” continued the stout gentleman, “consider myself very happy, but for one circumstance. I confess I do not like to mention it, because I fear either that it will cause you all to laugh at me, or else that it will make you as melancholy as myself.”

Mr. Bear here paused, sighed, and looked down upon the floor. Mrs. Littlepump rose from her chair and said,—“Oh, my dear sir, you must not do us the injustice to think any of us would laugh at anything that makes you sad; we should far rather prefer to share your melancholy.”

“My love!” said Dr. Littlepump in an undertone to his wife, “we must be moderate.”

By this time all the children had sorrowful faces, and Gretchen looked quite pale.

“ Thus encouraged,” said the melancholy stout gentleman, “ I will endeavor to proceed:

‘But how can this small heart contain
So large a world of joy and pain;
And how can this small tongue declare
All that is felt so deeply there!
Alas, poor Bear!—alas, poor Bear!’

“ You will all readily understand that to have raised myself by my own exertions so much above the rest of my species, I must have had a nature susceptible of many thoughts and feelings; and that the peculiar tenderness instilled by my mother had grown with my growth, and rendered me open to all the softer emotions.”

Mr. Bear here paused and gave a deep sigh. Several of the younger children sighed too, and Nancy and little Val laid hold of each other’s hands, and sat waiting to hear the cause of poor Mr. Bear’s sadness. Gretchen fixed her eyes upon the floor.

“ I was not aware for some time,” proceeded the sorrowful gentleman in the rough coat, “ of what kind of emotions had begun to possess me. I felt I was alone in the world—I had long felt that—but I had so much to do, so much to learn and struggle with and work at, and so much traveling about, and business to attend to, that I did not feel this being

alone as any great grief. In fact, I had not time to think of grieving at it; and besides, as I had been successful in the various difficult things I had attempted, and had for a long time been very fortunate in all my affairs of business, I was in the habit of regarding myself as a happy person. Certainly I had many reasons to be very happy. And I *was* happy, until I began to think that others were more so, and then I saw it was because others who were happy could share it with those they loved, and also give happiness to the dear object. But I was alone in the world. I had nobody to love—I could have no dear object. Nobody would ever love me—except another bear, and that, you know, was out of the question with one in my advanced state of refinement. What was I to do? I could have loved a dear object—a great many, I am sure—I was going to say—I beg pardon—I do not quite well know *what* I say at this agitating moment. But—let me endeavor to communicate to you that I felt it impossible to live all my life without some tender acquaintance with the little god of Love, and as I was by this time long past the season of youth, I was resolved to let my heart be lost with the first object that should present herself to my ardent fancy.

“ But, strange to relate, no sooner had I made up

my mind to fall in love with the first amiable and lovely person I saw, than I ceased to meet with any such as I frequently used to see before. So I began to think the wish had left me, and I determined to study something very difficult in order to occupy my mind, and perhaps cure myself of these lovely fancies. I accordingly resolved to take a course of studies under the instruction of Mr. Professor Abraham Littlepump, and with that view I first came to this village. I arrived in the evening, as you know, but did not intend to have made my visit till next morning, had I not been attracted by the loud merriment of our young friends here. It has always happened that Mr. Professor Abraham Littlepump has been absent when I have paid you a visit; but this does not concern me in regard to the mathematics. I have seen *some one* here—in this room—who has put all the mathematics clean out of my head. And now comes the sorrowful end of my story.”

As Mr. Bear uttered these words, everybody began to look all round the room, and then at each other—and then all round the room again. “Who can poor Mr. Good-natured Bear mean?” said Nancy in a whisper to one of the eldest of the boys.

“Gretchen, dear!” said little Val, “your ears

are as red as my scarlet runners. Mr. Bear means Mamma.”

“Silence!” said Dr. Littlepump.

“Pity an unfortunate creature,” resumed the pathetic stout gentleman, “pity an unfortunate lover who has no hope. But permit him with patience—perhaps with some degree of kind commiseration—to express a small portion of his feelings. I have at length seen the object of my devout wishes. Yes, in this very room—forgive me, my dear little friends, and you, dear Mr. Doctor and Mrs. Doctress Pump—allow me to declare—Littlepump, I *should* have said—allow me to declare that in this house—in this very room—have I seen just exactly what I have been speaking of. You understand me.

“Oh, sir!” proceeded the excited stout one, now giving way to his feelings, “oh, that I could have had the honor and happiness of being your brother Abraham! I would have devoted my mind to far more beautiful contemplations. He, insensible man, seated in his armchair ruminating upon mathematical problems, knew not, as it seemed, of the charming object that was continually before him—sometimes singing to the children, sometimes teaching them to read, and to dance—sometimes working with her delightful needle. Oh, let me

change places with him—the cold insensible stick of slate pencil. To him let the North Pole be ‘given’ to find the difference between a Bear of Poland and a Polar Bear, and let him prove the answer by astronomical decimals and infinite fractions of the terrestrial and celestial globes. No,—my little dears—I have not gone mad—I know what I am saying—or rather, I do *not* very well know what I am saying!”

Poor Mr. Bear here began to cry, and several of the children cried too; but he went blubbering on with his strange speech all the same.

“Let Mr. Professor Uncle Abraham stay where he is, with his problems and dumps, and let me be allowed to remain in his place and sit in his chair, so that I may enjoy the happy society of the sweet-voiced Gretchen, nursery governess in the amiable family of dear Mr. Dr. Littlepump, chief counselor to the Austrian agency for the Tommy Mines of Seringapatam.”

As he concluded the last sentence, the unhappy gentleman sank back almost fainting in his chair, and Gretchen covered her face entirely with both hands.

“I stand amazed at human nature!” said Dr. Littlepump, fetching a long breath. “Human nature is not only amazing in itself, but the very

shadows and imitations of it are amazing to a reflecting mind."

"Call me not a shadow and an imitation, most respected Counselor of the Tommy Mines," exclaimed the stout gentleman. "I am an original thing. I only dare to speak of my affection for this sweet creature. I know I am too old for her—too ugly—besides being a bear. I know I have no hope; but what can I do—how can I help this beating heart? What *is* to become of me?"

By this time all the children had tears in their eyes. Nancy and little Val, however, got close to Gretchen, holding her fast on each side, for fear that, perhaps, poor Mr. Bear might want to carry her away. Everybody was silent.

At last, Nancy ventured to say in a trembling voice, "Perhaps, dear Mr. Bear, you might find somebody else?"

"Not Mamma, though!" cried little Val, with a look of alarm.

"Valentine!" said Dr. Littlepump, "be silent, I beg of you. You *see* Mrs. Littlepump!"

"Oh, that I had eloquence!" exclaimed the despairing lover,—“that the best words would come of themselves in the best places, while other best words were getting themselves ready to be poured out!—then should I be able to touch the human

heart. Oh, that I knew how to say something very affecting, something of that kind of foundation-searching character which there should be no standing against, or reasoning with! Then might I see a glimpse of a chance; but as it is, all my hopes are vanity, are without substance, are, in fact, nothing at all. I must leave this busy scene and retire into obscurity. I will again visit the haunts of my childhood, and stay there. Oh, my native woods!—ye silent nights—ye small bright stars, playing bo-peep through boughs into hollow caves—I will go back among you, and in the cool green grass where my mother died, there also will I lay my head. Farewell!—farewell!”

Uttering these words, the despairing stout gentleman rose to depart. All the children were by this time crying, and wanting to say something—they did not know what.

“But can *nothing* be done for you, sir?” said Mrs. Littlepump, in a soft voice.

“My dear Gretchen,” interrupted Dr. Littlepump, “you hear what Mrs. Littlepump asks. It is for *you* to make some kind of answer. Be careful what you say. I wish my brother Abraham were here!”

“I can never love the gentleman in the rough coat,” said Gretchen, still holding one hand before

her face. "I do not mind his being much older than myself, nor do I think him so very, very ugly—only he is a Bear!"

"I am a devoted lover!" ejaculated the stout unfortunate, with enthusiasm, "and I will be anything else I can, that the dear object may command."

"I have had a dream!" said Gretchen, timidly looking up, and hesitating. "I have had a dream!"

"So have I!" said Dr. Littlepump, sternly. "Come, come—I begin to feel uncomfortable."

"Do not feel so!" exclaimed Mr. Bear, clasping his paws together—"do not feel uncomfortable, most magnanimous Counselor of Thomas Mines—do not, I implore—'Tommy,' I *should* have said."

"Make haste!" continued the Doctor, fixing his looks upon Gretchen; "make haste, and let us hear your dream."

"I dreamed," said Gretchen, trembling, "that Mr. Bear must go into that closet, and be locked in. Then, all the children were to form a magic circle in the middle of the room, and move slowly round, hand in hand, nine times, saying,—

'Oh, Mr. Bear!

Cupid hears your fond prayer!

Remember your mother's words—never despair!'

“After this a glass of punch and a slice of cake were to be placed ready for each to take the moment the door was opened, and they saw that the charm was complete. I dreamt this would cause Mr. Bear to be made happy somehow. And then ——”

“And then?” said Dr. Littlepump, “what then? I repeat, I am beginning to feel very uncomfortable. I smell something!—I smell a plot! I must have a serious talk with my brother Abraham this very evening.”

“Oh, we shall soon see what the dream will do,” said Mrs. Littlepump. “Mr. Bear, you have heard all this? Will you run all risks of what may happen, and go into the closet?”

“I will do anything, dear Lady Pumplittle!” exclaimed Mr. Bear. “I will run any risk—I will run anywhere!”—saying which, he ran towards the closet, headforemost, so that he knocked his crown *bump* against one of the panels.

The door was opened—the children all peeped in, and looked round cautiously to see if anybody was there—but it was quite empty, excepting some china, and pickle jars, and a high shelf, where there was a box for dahlia roots. A large mirror hung on the wall, at the further end. Mr. Bear stepped in, and immediately went down upon his knees, to wait for what might happen to him.

“All in the dark!” said little Val, “and door locked!”

The children now formed a circle in the middle of the room, and while Gretchen was pouring out glasses of punch, and Lydia and Dorothea were cutting slices of cake, and Wallis was cleaning his spectacles, and Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump were standing silently holding each other by both hands, the children turned in a circle nine times, repeating the words of the charm:—

Oh, Mr. Bear!

Cupid hears your fond prayer!

Remember your mother’s words—never despair!

When they had finished, Mrs. Littlepump unlocked the closet door. Everybody was silent. Mrs. Littlepump now told Gretchen to go and tap at the door. She did so. And then the door slowly began to open. It stopped opening, and a voice inside said, “You must take my hand, or I cannot come out.” And then a well-formed hand was put forth which Gretchen, with a face all scarlet with blushes, gently took; and then—who should come out of the closet but dear Uncle Abraham!

“Here is dear Uncle Abraham!” shouted all the children—“but where is the dear Bear?” Hereupon, they all ran right into the closet,—scrambling, and squeaking, and searching all about, but

finding nothing! So out they came crowding, and began to run round Uncle Abraham.

“Oh, where is the fascinating rough gentleman?” cried Mrs. Littlepump.

“Where is the fascinating rough gentleman?” cried everybody in the room.

“*Here I am!*” exclaimed a soft hoarse voice, as if from a great distance.

They all looked round and round. Nobody like Mr. Bear was to be seen.

“*I am become a happy shadow!*” continued the voice, “*and I have left my dear friend and mathematical tutor in my place!*”

The voice seemed still as distant as before; and yet, somehow, it appeared to come from the closet. Into the closet, therefore, all the children again rushed pell-mell. They were no sooner in, than they suddenly gave a great shout;—and then became quite silent as with some new wonder!

The rest of the party hastened to the closet. The children were all looking in the mirror which hung at the other end, and in it was distinctly seen the reflection in miniature of Mr. Bear, very nicely shaved round the chin, and dressed as a Polish nobleman in a court dress. He was dancing a polka, on the lawn of a castle made of clouds, with another shadow, exactly like Gretchen, only still

prettier, while the figure of Cupid sat upon the tip-top of one of the turrets, holding his quiver like a violin, and playing delightfully upon it with his bow!

Presently the whole vanished. There was nothing to be seen in the mirror except the wondering faces of those who went close up to it.

Out came all the children, one by one, with looks of equal pleasure and bewilderment.

“I was not altogether prepared for this,” said Dr. Littlepump.

“Oh,” said Mrs. Littlepump, “the Land of Shadows is full of delights of all kinds; and as to your brother’s affair of the heart, it is not the first time that a grave man fell in love with a merry girl. It was, at least, as natural in him as in Mr. Bear—not to speak unkindly or disrespectfully of our dear departed friend.”

“But it certainly *is* the first time,” said Dr. Littlepump, “that a Bear, however good-natured, was so lucky as to become a Happy Shadow, such as you describe, and to be able to bequeath a young bride to his tutor. In fact my brain is confused upon several points. And the more I reflect, the more my head goes round. Brother! I always used to consider you a strong-minded man—but now ——”

“ You will dance at my wedding!” said Abraham Littlepump.

“ I will,” said Dr. Littlepump. “ God bless you, brother Abraham. At the same time I must beg leave to observe that a man of mature years, of great understanding, and a professor of mathematics, should not have been the rival, even of the most gentlemanly Bear, nor should he have fallen in love with my nursery governess. Bless my soul! Good-natured Bear, indeed! Poor gentleman! I do not mean to say anything at all unkind—but I *do* say, bless my soul!”

“ My good brother,” said Abraham Littlepump, “ as for Mr. Bear, we shall ever retain the tenderest recollections of him. He was thrown upon an unappreciating world, and was unhappy. But he is very happy now, somewhere else. For has he not vanished into the Land of Shadows, there to dance forever on a green lawn, with the image of his adoration!”

“ I rejoice extremely to hear it!” cried Dr. Littlepump, catching up his flute; “ and I feel persuaded that I am at this moment inspired to play the identical polka which Cupid has just played to Mr. Bear and his bride!”

At this, the children all set up a long, hearty shout of applause; and when they were quite done,

Dr. Littlepump applauded himself—at which they all began again. Then the children, still laughing, formed a circle, hand in hand, round Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump, and Abraham Littlepump and Gretchen, and danced round and round them. And they sang the following verse, in which the Bear was lovingly included, just as if he had been present, because his memory was so dear to them all. The Doctor accompanied them on his flute.

Oh, Doctor,—*tootle too,*
 Oh, Bear,—*lootle loo,*
 Oh, new-married pair,—*tootle tee!*
 Of good luck,—*tootle tootle,*
 And good friends,—*lootle lootle,*
 Oh, never despair,—*footle fee!*
Tootle, tootle,—lootle, footle—tootle tee!

Abraham Littlepump now became so overjoyed that he was unable to contain himself. He hugged them all round, and finally catching the Doctor in his arms, made him get up behind him pick-a-back. Then Mrs. Littlepump and Gretchen, joining hands with the circle of children, they all danced round the two brothers, singing the verse again, while the Doctor flourished his flute in the air, like the conductor of some great band of music.

Oh, Doctor! Oh, Bear!
 Oh, new-married pair!
 Of good luck and good friends, never despair!

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