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ENGLISH SELECTIONS FOR HIGHER FORMS

BOOK I



As. 12.

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1932

*We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.*

*We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.*

—BAILEY, *Festus*

PREFACE

IT is our hope that the following selections will fulfil a general desire for a Text which, while interesting the pupil from beginning to end, will at the same time be sufficiently representative of various phases of life and mood in the East as well as the West. The Editor has not scrupled to adapt almost all the prose pieces to make them suitable to the standard for which they are intended. He has taken considerable liberty in the matter of paragraphing, punctuation, and sentence-structure—a liberty rigorously confined to the minimum needs of making the pieces simpler and clearer, never interfering with the language except where a word, archaic or otherwise difficult, is replaced by one, familiar or in current use. The difficulty of making a selection from English prose for a class in the Higher Forms is real and great as teachers know only too well, while that in poetry is of another character, *viz.*, what to reject. In regard to the latter he trusts that he has tried to break fresh ground, not only in

the pieces themselves, but also in the variety of matter included. Another feature is that every lesson is preceded by an adequate introduction explaining the setting of the piece, or its central idea, where this is necessary, so that it may create a love in the minds of the pupils for English and Indian Literature.

Lastly, gratitude is due to the M. L. J. Press for the promptness, accuracy and neatness with which they have done their work.

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Oliver Goldsmith
(1728-74)



Lord Macaulay
(1800-59)

ENGLISH SELECTIONS FOR HIGHER FORMS

I. THE LITTLE MERCHANTS.

PART I

MARIA EDGEWORTH, (1767-1849), novelist, is the author of a large number of novels, of which *Castle Rackrent* is the best known. She is characterised by 'ingenuity of invention, humour, and acute delineation of character' and achieved fame by her description of Irish peasant character. She is intensely moralistic in tone, but her lively style, humour and real tenderness of heart make her interesting as a writer. She also wrote *Moral Tales* and the *Parent's Assistant*, which used to be recommended as books that should be read by every boy, and a *Memoir* of her father.

'The Little Merchants' is one of the 'moral tales' (from the *Parent's Assistant*) which illustrates the familiar truth—'Honesty is the best policy'.

FRANCISCO was the son of an honest gardener, who, from the time he could speak, taught him to love to speak the truth, showed him that liars are never believed—that cheats and thieves cannot be trusted, and that the shortest way to obtain a good character is to deserve it.

Youth and white paper, as the proverb says, take all impressions. The boy profited

much by his precepts, and more by his example; he always heard his father speak the truth, and saw that he dealt fairly with everybody. In all his childish traffic, Francisco, imitating his parent, was scrupulously honest, and therefore all his companions trusted him—"As honest as Francisco" became a sort of proverb amongst them.

"As honest as Francisco," repeated Pedro's father, when he one day heard this saying. "Let them say so; I say, 'As sharp as Pedro;' and let us see which will go through the world best." With the idea of making his son *sharp* he made him cunning. He taught him, that to make a *good bargain* was to deceive as to the value and price of whatever he wanted to dispose of; to get as much money as possible from his customers by taking advantage of their ignorance or of their confidence. He often repeated his proverb—"The buyer has need of a hundred eyes; the seller has need of but one." And he took frequent opportunities of explaining the meaning of this maxim to his son.

He was a fisherman; and as his gains depended more upon fortune than upon prudence, he trusted habitually to his good luck. After being idle for a whole day, he would cast his line or his nets, and if he was lucky enough

to catch a fine fish, he would go and show it in triumph to his neighbour, the gardener.

“You are obliged to work all day long for your daily bread,” he would say. “Look here, I work but five minutes, and I have not only daily bread, but daily fish.”

Upon these occasions, our fisherman always forgot the hours and days which were wasted in waiting for a fair wind to put to sea, or angling in vain on the shore.”

Little Piedro, who used to bask in the sun upon the seashore beside his father, and to lounge or sleep away his time in a fishing-boat, acquired habits of idleness, which seemed to his father of little consequence whilst he was *but a child*.

“What will you do with Piedro, as he grows up, neighbour?” said the gardener. “He is smart and quick enough, but he is always in mischief. Scarcely a day has passed for this fortnight but I have caught him amongst my grapes.”

“He is *but a child* yet, and knows no better,” replied the fisherman.

“But if you don’t teach him better now he is a child, how will he know when he is a man?”

The fisherman made light of the gardener’s advice and said, “He’ll do well enough in the

world, you will find. Whenever he casts my nets, they never come up empty. 'It is better to be lucky than wise.' "

"Come here, child," said his father to him one day. "How old are you, my boy?" "As old as Francisco, and older by six months," said Pedro. "And smarter and more knowing by six years," said his father. "Here, take these fish to Naples, and let us see how you'll sell them for me. Venture a small fish, as the proverb says, to catch a great one. I was too late with them at the market yesterday, but nobody will know but what they are just fresh out of the water, unless you go and tell them."

"Not I; trust me for that; I am not such a fool," replied Pedro laughing; "I leave that to Francisco. Do you know I saw him the other day selling a melon for his father by turning the bruised side to the customer, who was just laying down the money for it, and who was a raw servant-boy moreover—one who would never have guessed there were two sides to a melon, if he had not, as you say, father, been told of it?"

"Off with you to the market. You are a droll chap," said his father, "and will sell my fish cleverly, I'll be bound. As to the rest, let every man take care of his own grapes. You understand me, Pedro!"

“Perfectly,” said the boy, who perceived that his father was indifferent to his honesty, provided he sold fish at the highest price possible.

He proceeded to the market, and he offered his fish with assiduity to every person whom he thought likely to buy it, especially to those upon whom he thought he could impose. He positively asserted to all who looked at his fish, that they were just fresh out of the water. Good judges of men and fish knew that he said what was false, and passed him by with neglect: but it was at last what he called *good luck* to meet with the very same young raw servant-boy who would have bought the bruised melon from Francisco. He made up to him directly, crying, “Fish! Fine fresh fish! Fresh fish!”

“Was it caught to-day?” said the boy.

“Yes, this morning; not an hour ago,” said Piedro, with the greatest effrontery.

The servant-boy was imposed upon; and being a foreigner, speaking the Italian language but imperfectly, and not being expert at reckoning the Italian money, he was no match for the cunning Piedro, who cheated him not only as to the freshness, but as to the price of the commodity. Piedro received nearly half as much again for his fish as he ought to have done.

PART II

On his road homewards from Naples to the little village of Resina, where his father lived, he overtook Francisco, who was leading his father's ass. The ass was laden with large panniers.

"Well filled panniers, truly," said Pedro, as he overtook Francisco and the ass. The panniers were not only filled to the top, but piled up with much skill and care, so that the load met over the animal's back.

"It is not a very heavy load for the ass, though it looks so large," said Francisco. "The poor fellow, however, shall have a little of this water," added he, leading the ass to a pool by the roadside.

"I was not thinking of the ass, boy; I was not thinking of any ass, but of you, when I said, 'Well filled panniers, truly!' This is your morning's work, I presume, and you'll make another journey to Naples to-day, on the same errand, I warrant, before your father thinks you have done enough?"

"Not before *my father* thinks I have done enough, but before I think so myself," replied Francisco.

"I do enough to satisfy myself and my father, too," said Pedro, "without slaving myself after your fashion. Look here," pro-

ducing the money he had received for the fish: "all this was had for the asking. It is no bad thing, you'll allow, to know how to ask for money properly."

"I should be ashamed to beg, or borrow either," said Francisco.

"Neither did I get what you see by begging or borrowing either," said Pedro, "but by using my wits; not as you did yesterday, when, like a novice, you showed the bruised side of your melon; and so spoiled your market by your wisdom."

"Wisdom I think it still," said Francisco.

"And your father?" asked Pedro.

"And my father," said Francisco.

"Mine is of a different way of thinking," said Pedro. "He always tells me that the buyer has need of a hundred eyes, and if one can blind the whole hundred, so much the better. You must know, I got off the fish to-day that my father could not sell yesterday in the market—got it off for fresh just out of the river—got twice as much as the market price for it; and from whom, think you? Why, from the very booby that would have bought the bruised melon for a sound one if you would have let him. You'll allow I'm no fool, Francisco, and that I'm in a fair way to grow rich, if I go on as I have begun."

“Stay,” said Francisco: “you forgot that the booby you took in to-day will not be so easily taken in to-morrow. He will buy no more fish from you, because he will be afraid of your cheating him; but he will be ready enough to buy fruit from me, because he will know I shall not cheat him—so you’ll have lost a customer, and I gained one.”

“With all my heart,” said Piedro. “One customer does not make a market; if he buys no more from me, what care I? There are people enough to buy fish in Naples.”

“And do you mean to serve them all in the same manner?” asked Francisco.

“If they will be only so good as to give me leave,” said Piédro, laughing, and repeating his father’s proverb, “Venture a small fish to catch a large one.” He had learned to think that to cheat in making bargains was witty and clever.

“And you have never considered, then,” said Francisco, “that all these people will, one after another, find you out in time?”

“Ay, in time; but it will be some time first. There are a great many of them, enough to last me all the summer, if I lose a customer a day,” said Piedro.

“And next summer,” observed Francisco, “what will you do?”

“Next summer is not come yet; there is time enough to think what I shall do before next summer comes. Why, now, suppose the blockheads, after they had been taken in and found it out, all joined against me, and would buy none of our fish—what then? Are there no trades but that of a fisherman? In Naples, are there not a hundred ways of making money for a smart lad like me, as my father says? What do you think of turning merchant, and selling sugar-plums and cakes to the children in their market? Would they be hard to deal with, think you?”

“I think not,” said Francisco; “but I think the children would find out in time if they were cheated, and would like it as little as the men.”

“I don’t doubt them. Then *in time* I could, you know, change my trade. There are trades enough, boy.”

“Yes, for the honest dealer,” said Francisco, “but for no other; for in all of them you’ll find, as my father says, that a good character is the best fortune to set up with. Change your trade ever so often, you’ll be found out for what you are at last.”

“And what am I, pray?” said Piedro angrily. “The whole truth of the matter is, Francisco, that you envy my good luck, and

can't bear to hear this money jingle in my hand. Ay, stroke the long ears of your ass, and look as wise as you please. It is better to be lucky than wise, as *my* father says. Good morning to you. When I am found out for what I am, or when the worst comes to the worst, I can drive a stupid ass, with his panniers filled with rubbish, as well as you do now, *honest Francisco.*"

"Not quite so well. Unless you were *honest Francisco*, you would not fill his panniers quite so readily."

This was certain, that Francisco was so well known for his honesty amongst all the people at Naples with whom his father was acquainted, that every one was glad to deal with him. As he never wronged any one, all were willing to serve him—at least as much as they could without loss to themselves: so that after the market was over, his panniers were regularly filled by the gardeners and others with whatever he wanted. His industry was constant, his gains small but certain, and he every day had more and more reason to trust to his father's maxim—That honesty is the best policy.

The foreign servant lad, to whom Francisco had so honestly, or as Pedro said, so sillily, shown the bruised side of the melon,

was an Englishman. He left his native country, of which he was extremely fond, to attend upon his master, to whom he was still more attached. His master was in a declining state of health, and this young lad waited on him a little more to his mind than his other servants. We must, in consideration of his zeal, fidelity, and inexperience, pardon him for not being a good judge of fish.

Though he had simplicity enough to be easily cheated once, he had too much sense to be twice made a dupe. The next time he met Pietro in the market, he happened to be in company with several English gentlemen's servants, and he pointed Pietro out to them all as an arrant knave. They heard his cry of "Fresh fish! fresh fish! fine fresh fish!" with incredulous smiles, and let him pass, but not without some expressions of contempt, which, though uttered in English, he tolerably well understood; for the tone of contempt is sufficiently expressive in all languages. He lost more by not selling fish to these people than he had gained the day before by cheating the *English booby*. The market was well supplied, and he could not get rid of his cargo.

"Is not this truly provoking?" said Pietro, as he passed by Francisco, who was selling fruits for his father. "Look, they

really are fresh to-day; and yet because that revengeful booby told how I took him in yesterday, not one of yonder crowd would buy them; and all the time they really are fresh to-day!"

"So they are," said Francisco; "but you said so yesterday when they were not, and he that was duped then is not ready to believe you to-day."

"He might have looked at the fish," replied Pedro; "they are fresh to-day. I am sure he need not have been afraid."

"Ay," said Francisco; "but as my father said to you once—the scalded dog fears cold water."

II. THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS—1

HOW PROSERPINA IS CARRIED OFF BY KING PLUTO

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, (1804-64), American novelist, is well known to youthful readers by his *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, old world tales re-told for children to suit modern times. His greatest novel is the *Scarlet Letter*. He is the greatest imaginative writer of America.

The tales for children have all the simplicity, grace and humour that endear them to their little readers. He is one of the greatest story-tellers for children.

MOTHER Ceres was exceedingly fond of her daughter Proserpina, and seldom let her go alone into the fields. But, just at the time when my story begins, the good lady was very busy, because she had the care of the wheat, and the Indian corn, and the rye and barley, and, in short, of the crops of every kind, all over the earth. So she got into her car drawn by a pair of winged dragons, and was just ready to set off. "Dear mother," said Proserpina, "I shall be very lonely while you are away. May I not run down to the shore, and ask some of the sea nymphs to come up out of the waves and play with me?"

"Yes, child," answered Mother Ceres. "The sea nymphs are good creatures, and will never lead you into any harm, but you must

take care not to stray away from them, nor go wandering about the fields by yourself. Young girls, without their mothers to take care of them, are very apt to get into mischief.”

The child promised to be as prudent as if she were a grown-up woman; and, by the time the winged dragons had whirled the car out of sight, she was already on the shore, calling to the sea nymphs to come and play with her. They knew Proserpina's voice, and were not long in showing their glistening faces and sea-green hair above the water, at the bottom of which was their home. They brought along with them a great many beautiful shells; and sitting down on the moist sand, they busied themselves in making a necklace, which they hung round Proserpina's neck. By way of showing her gratitude, the child besought them to go with her a little way into the fields, so that they might gather abundance of flowers, with which she would make each of her kind playmates a wreath.

“Oh, no, dear Proserpina,” cried the sea nymphs; “we dare not go with you upon the dry land. We are apt to grow faint, unless at every breath we can snuff up the salt breeze of the ocean. If it were not for that, we should soon look like bunches of uprooted seaweed dried in the sun.”

“It is a great pity,” said Proserpina. “But do you wait for me here, and I will run and gather my apron full of flowers, and be back again before you can count hundred. I long to make you some wreaths that shall be as lovely as this necklace of many-coloured shells.” “We will wait then,” answered the sea nymphs. “But while you are gone we may as well lie down on a bank of soft sponge under the water. The air to-day is a little too dry for our comfort. But we will pop up our heads every few minutes to see if you are coming.”

The young Proserpina ran quickly to a spot where only the day before she had seen a great many flowers. These, however, were now a little past their bloom; and wishing to give her friends the freshest and loveliest blossoms, she strayed farther into the fields, and found some that made her scream with delight. Never had she met with such exquisite flowers before—violets so large and fragrant—roses with so rich and delicate a blush—and many others, some of which seemed to be of new shapes and colours. Two or three times, moreover, she could not help thinking that a tuft, of most splendid flowers had suddenly sprouted out of the earth before her very eyes, as if on purpose to tempt her a few steps farther. Proserpina’s apron was soon filled, and she was on the point of turning back in

order to rejoin the sea nymphs, and sit with them on the moist sands, all twining wreaths together. But, a little farther on, what should she behold? It was a large shrub, completely covered with the most magnificent flowers in the world.

“The darlings!” cried Proserpina; and then she thought to herself, “I was looking at that spot only a moment ago. How strange it is that I did not see the flowers!”

The nearer she approached the shrub, the more attractive it looked, until she came quite close to it; and then—she hardly knew whether to like it or not. But there was a lustre on the leaves of the shrub and on the petals of the flowers, that made Proserpina doubt whether they might not be poisonous. To tell you the truth, foolish as it may seem, she was half inclined to turn round and run away. “What a silly child I am!” thought she, taking courage. “It is really the most beautiful shrub that ever sprang out of the earth. I will pull it up by the roots, and carry it home, and plant it in my mother’s garden.”

Holding up her apronful of flowers with her left hand, Proserpina seized the large shrub with the other, and pulled, and pulled, but was hardly able to loosen the soil about its roots. What a deep-rooted plant it was! Again she pulled with all her might, and

observed that the earth began to stir and crack to some distance around the stem. She gave another pull; and up came the shrub, and Proserpina staggered back, holding the stem triumphantly in her hand, and gazing at the deep hole which its roots had left in the soil.

Much to her astonishment, this hole kept spreading wider and wider, and growing deeper and deeper, until it really seemed to have no bottom. All the while there came a rumbling noise out of its depths, louder and louder, and nearer and nearer, and sounding like the tramp of horses' hoofs and rattling of wheels. Too much frightened to run away, she stood straining her eyes into this wonderful cavity, and soon saw a team of four sable horses, snorting smoke out of their nostrils and tearing their way out of the earth, with a splendid golden chariot whirling at their heels. They leaped out of the bottomless hole, chariot and all. In the chariot sat the figure of a man, richly dressed, with a crown on his head, all flaming with diamonds. He was of a noble aspect and rather handsome, but looked sullen and discontented; and he kept rubbing his eyes and shading them with his hand, as if he did not live enough in the sunshine to be very fond of its light.

As soon as this personage saw the affrighted Proserpina, he beckoned her to come

a little nearer. "Do not be afraid," said he, with as cheerful a smile as he knew how to put on. "Come, will not you like to ride a little way with me, in my beautiful chariot?"

But Proserpina was so alarmed that she wished for nothing but to get out of his reach. And no wonder. The stranger did not look remarkably good-natured, in spite of his smile. As for his voice, its tones were deep and stern, and sounded as much like the rumbling of an earthquake under ground as anything else. As is always the case with children in trouble, Proserpina's first thought was to call for her mother. "Mother, Mother Ceres!" cried she, all in a tremble. "Come quickly and save me."

But her voice was too faint for her mother to hear. Indeed, it is most probable that Ceres was then a thousand miles off, making the corn grow in some far distant country. Nor could it have availed her poor daughter, even had she been within hearing; for no sooner did Proserpina begin to cry out, than the stranger leaped to the ground, caught the child in his arms, and again mounting the chariot, shook the reins, and shouted to the four black horses to set off. They immediately broke into so swift a gallop that it seemed rather like flying through the air than running along the earth. In a moment Proserpina

lost sight of the pleasant vale of Enna, in which she had always dwelt. The poor child screamed and scattered her apronful of flowers along the way, and left a long cry trailing behind the chariot. Many mothers, to whose ears it came, ran quickly to see if any mischief had befallen their children. But Mother Ceres was a great way off, and could not hear the cry.

III. ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, (1728-74) is the one writer (if we perhaps except Lamb) who is both loved and admired. As essayist, novelist, poet and dramatist he occupies a very high place, and as essayist he is among the greatest. Each one of his works—*The Citizen of the World* (a series of essays in the form of letters); his poems, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*; *The Vicar of Wakefield*, one of the greatest novels of domestic life; *She Stoops to Conquer*, a comedy which holds the stage still—is enough to make him live. Everything he touched, said one of his friends, he adorned. He is a master proseman with the most genial humour.

The selection is from *Letter 41, Citizen of the World*.

THE MOST usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own is, first, to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third: still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured, that every change of this nature is for the worse.

People may tell you of your being unfit for some occupations of life; but heed them not. Whatever employment you follow with

perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age.

In learning the useful part of every profession very moderate abilities will suffice. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the least manageable.

To know one profession only is enough for one man to know; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; *for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.*

A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people should ever take it in their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to."

"Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you."

A famine overspread the land; the tailor made shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; not a single person would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation until you become rich, and then show away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting: it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. *Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?*

Once upon a time, a goose fed its young by the side of a pond; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively sensitive to its rights. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at him. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain a right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper.

A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a good mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A plague take thee," cries he, "for a fool! surely those, who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, should at least be civil: that fluttering and hissing of thine may one day get thine head snapped off, but it can neither injure thy enemies, nor ever protect thee." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. For this reason they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, attempt to suit themselves to every company, have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every successive impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed. *To bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.*

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot—not a single stroke that was not condemned by marks of disapprobation.

Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied; and the artist, returning, found his picture filled with the marks of beauty: every stroke that had been condemned the previous day, now received the character of approbation.

“Well,” cries the painter, “I now find that the best way to please one half of the world is not to mind what the other half says: since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties.”

IV. THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS—2

As THEY rode on, the stranger did his best to soothe her. "Why should you be so frightened, my pretty child?" said he, trying to soften his rough voice. "I promise not to do you any harm. What! You have been gathering flowers? Wait till we come to my palace, and I will give you a garden full of prettier flowers than those, all made of pearls and diamonds and rubies. Can you guess who I am? They call my name Pluto, and I am the king of all diamonds and other precious stones. Do you see this splendid crown upon my head? You may have it for a plaything. Oh, we shall be very good friends, and you will find me more agreeable than you expect, when once we get out of this troublesome sunshine."

"Let me go home!" cried Proserpina.
"Let me go home!"

"My home is better than your mother's," answered King Pluto.

"It is a palace, all made of gold, with crystal windows, and because there is little or no sunshine thereabouts, the apartments are illuminated with diamond lamps. You never saw anything half so magnificent as my throne. If you like, you may sit down on it and be my little queen, and I will sit on the footstool."

“I don’t care for golden palaces and thrones,” sobbed Proserpina. “O my mother, my mother! Carry me back to my mother.” But King Pluto, as he called himself, only shouted to his steeds to go faster. “Pray, do not be foolish, Proserpina,” said he, in rather a sullen tone. “I offer you my palace and my crown, and all the riches under the earth; and you treat me as if I were doing you an injury. The one thing which my palace needs is a merry little maid, to run upstairs and down and cheer up the rooms with her smile. And this is what you must do for King Pluto.”

“Never,” answered Proserpina, looking as miserable as she could. “I shall never smile again till you set me down at my mother’s door.”

But she might just as well have talked to the wind that whistled past them; for Pluto urged on his horses, and went faster than ever. Proserpina continued to cry out, and screamed so long and so loudly that her poor little voice was almost screamed away. When it was nothing but a whisper, she happened to cast her eyes over a great, broad field of waving grain—and whom do you think she saw? Who but Mother Ceres, making the corn grow, and too busy to notice the golden chariot as it went rattling along! The child mustered all her strength, and gave one more scream, but was

out of sight before Ceres had time to turn her head.

The black horses had rushed along so swiftly that they were already beyond the limits of the sunshine. But the duskier it grew, the more did Pluto's visage assume an air of satisfaction. After all, he was not an ill-looking person, especially when he left off twisting his features into a smile that did not belong to them. Proserpina peeped at his face through the gathering dusk, and hoped that he might not be so very wicked as she at first thought him.

"Ah, this twilight is truly refreshing," said King Pluto, after being so tormented with that ugly and impertinent glare of the sun. "How much more agreeable is lamplight or torchlight, more particularly when reflected from diamonds! It will be a magnificent sight when we get to my palace."

"Is it much farther?" asked Proserpina. "And will you carry me back when I have seen it?" "We will think of that by and by," answered Pluto. "We are just entering my dominions. Do you see that tall gateway before us? When we pass those gates we are at home. And there lies my faithful mastiff at the threshold. Cerberus, Cerberus, come hither, my good dog!"

So saying, Pluto pulled at the reins and stopped the chariot right between the tall, massive pillars of the gateway. The mastiff of which he had spoken got up from the threshold and stood on his hinder legs. But my stars, what a strange dog it was! Why, he was a big, rough, ugly-looking monster, with three separate heads, and each of them fiercer than the two others. His tail was neither more nor less than a live dragon, with fiery eyes, and fangs that had a very poisonous aspect. "Will the dog bite me?" asked Proserpina, shrinking closer to Pluto. "What an ugly creature he is!" "Oh, never fear," answered his companion. "He never harms people unless they try to enter my dominions without being sent for, or to get away when I wish to keep them here. Down, Cerberus! Now, my pretty Proserpina, we will drive on."

Not far from the gateway they came to a bridge which seemed to be built of iron. Pluto stopped the chariot, and bade Proserpina look at the stream which was gliding so lazily beneath it. Never in her life had she beheld so torpid, so black, so muddy-looking a stream. Its waters reflected no images of anything that was on the banks, and it moved so sluggishly as if it had quite forgotten which way it ought to flow.

“This is the river Lethe,” observed King Pluto. “Is it not a very pleasant stream?” “I think it a very dismal one,” said Proserpina. “It suits my taste, however,” answered Pluto, who was apt to be sullen when anybody disagreed with him. “At all events, its water has one very excellent quality; for a single draught of it makes people forget every care and sorrow that has hitherto tormented them. Only sip a little of it, my dear Proserpina, and you will instantly cease to grieve for your mother, and will be perfectly happy in my palace. I will send for some, in a golden goblet, the moment we arrive.”

“Oh, no, no, no,” cried Proserpina, weeping afresh. “I had a thousand times rather be miserable with remembering my mother than be happy in forgetting her. That dear, dear mother! I never, never will forget her.” “We shall see,” said King Pluto. “You do not know what fine times we will have in my palace. Here we are just at the portal. These pillars are solid gold, I assure you.”

He alighted from the chariot, and taking Proserpina in his arm carried her up a lofty flight of steps into the great hall of the palace. It was splendidly illuminated by means of large precious stones of various hues, which seemed to burn like so many lamps, and glowed with a hundredfold radiance all through the vast

apartment. And yet there was a kind of gloom in the midst of this enchanted light; nor was there a single object in the hall that was agreeable to behold, except the little Proserpina herself, a lovely child, with one earthly flower which she had not let fall from her hand. It is my opinion that even King Pluto had never been happy in his palace, and that this was the true reason why he had stolen away Proserpina, in order to have something to love.

Pluto now summoned his domestics, and bade them lose no time in preparing a most sumptuous banquet, and, above all things, not to fail to set a golden beaker of the water of Lethe by Proserpina's plate.

"I will neither drink that, nor anything else," said Proserpina. "Nor will I taste a morsel of food, even if you keep me for ever in your palace."

"I should be sorry for that," replied King Pluto, patting her cheek; for he really wished to be kind, if he had only known how. "You are a spoiled child, I perceive, my little Proserpina. But when you see the nice things which my cook will make for you, your appetite will quickly come again."

Then, sending for the head cook, he gave strict orders that all sorts of delicacies such as young people are usually fond of should be

set before Proserpina. He had a secret motive in this; for, you are to understand, it is a fixed law that, when persons are carried off to the land of magic, if they once taste any food there, they can never get back to their friends.

V. HANDY ANDY

AT THE POST OFFICE

SAMUEL LOVER, (1797-1868), Irish novelist, painter, and song-writer, first made his mark by his Irish songs. *Rory O'More* and *Handy Andy* are the best known of his novels. His characteristic Irish humour runs riot in *Handy Andy*, which is the story of a blundering servant-boy with a genius for getting himself and others into scrapes.

The selection is from Ch. 1, The name of the hero is Andy Rooney which is changed to *Handy Andy* by his talent for 'doing everything the wrong way.' He enters the service of a jolly country squire or landlord, named Egan, as stable-helper. He is now and then asked to do odd jobs, like attending at table when there is company, running on errands, etc. Many are the blunders he commits, but as nothing has been serious he retains the squire's favour. But his ignorance in opening a bottle of soda-water causes him to be expelled from service indoors: for, in doing so, he lets go the cork at his master's eye and spills the water on his mistress's clothes. But his services for running on errands would still be occasionally required; and the incident given below is due to one of such errands.

I

BUT, though Andy's functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-doors affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business

his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his line.

“Ride into the town, and see if there’s a letter for me,” said the squire one day to our hero.

“Yes, sir.”

“You know where to go?”

“To the town, sir.”

“But do you know where to go in the town?”

“No, sir.”

“And why don’t you ask, you stupid thief?”

“Sure I’d find out, sir.”

“Didn’t I often tell you to ask what you are to do, when you don’t know?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And why don’t you?”

“I don’t like to be troublesome, sir.”

“Confound you!” said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy’s excuse for remaining in ignorance.

“Well,” continued he, “go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?”

“Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder.”

“You’re right for once,” said the squire; for his Majesty’s postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the afore-

said combustible. "Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride his hack and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broad-cloth, and linen-drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter, and said, "I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life: so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letter here—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The master."

"And who's your master?"

"What concern is that o' yours?"

“Why, you stupid rascal! If you don’t tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?”

“You could give it, if you liked; but you’re fond of asking impudent questions, because you think I’m simple.”

“Go along out o’ this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger.”

“Bad luck to your impudence,” said Andy; “is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?”

“Oh, Squire Egan’s your master, then?”

“Yes; have you anything to say against it?”

“Only that I never saw you before.”

“Faith, then you’ll never see me again if I have my own consent.”

“I won’t give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you’re his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?”

“Plenty,” said Andy, “it’s not every one is as ignorant as you.”

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire’s letter. “Have you one for me?”

“Yes, sir,” said the postmaster, producing one: “fourpence.”

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

“Here’s a letter for the squire,” said the postmaster; “you’ve to pay me eleven pence postage.”

“What’d I pay eleven pence for?”

“For postage.”

“To the devil with you! Didn’t I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this minute, and a bigger letter than this? and now you want me to pay eleven pence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I’m a fool?”

“No; but I’m sure of it,” said the postmaster.

“Well, you’re welcome to be sure, sure—but don’t be delaying me now; here’s fourpence for you, and give me the letter.”

“Go along, you stupid thief,” said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, “Will you give me the letter?”

He waited for above half an hour, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than fourpence.

II

The squire in the meantime was getting impatient for his return, and, when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

“There is, sir,” said Andy.

“Then give it to me.”

“I haven’t it, sir.”

“What do you mean?”

“He wouldn’t give it to me, sir.”

“Who wouldn’t give it to you?”

“That old cheat beyond in the town—wanting to charge double for it.”

“Maybe it’s a double letter. Why the devil didn’t you pay what he asked, sir?”

“Arrah, sir, why would I let you be cheated? It’s not a double letter at all: not above half the size o’ one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence.”

“You’ll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter.”

“Why, sir, I tell you he was selling them before my face for fourpence apiece.”

“Go back, you scoundrel! or I’ll horse-whip you; and if you’re longer than an hour, I’ll have you ducked in the horsepond!”

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster

was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letter," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by and by."

"The master's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murder me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter. So, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket. Then, holding three letters over his head, he

said, “Look at that!” and next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying, “Well! if he did make me pay eleven pence, by God, I brought your honour the worth o’ your money anyhow!”

VI. THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS—3

HOW MOTHER CERES SEARCHES FOR HER DAUGHTER

BUT my story must now clamber out of King Pluto’s dominions, and see what Mother Ceres has been about since she was bereft of her daughter. At the sound of Proserpina’s shriek, she started, and looked about in every direction, not knowing whence it came, but feeling almost certain that it was her daughter’s voice. It seemed so unaccountable, however, that the girl should have strayed over so many lands and seas (which she herself could not have traversed without the aid of her winged dragons). Therefore the good Ceres tried to believe that it must be the child of some other parent, and not her own darling Proserpina, who had uttered this lamentable cry. Nevertheless, it troubled her with a vast many tender fears: so she quickly left the field in which she had been so busy.

The pair of dragons must have had very nimble wings; for in less than an hour Mother Ceres had alighted at the door of her home, and

found it empty. Knowing, however, that the child was fond of sporting on the seashore, she hastened thither as fast as she could, and there beheld the wet faces of the poor sea nymphs peeping over a cave. All this while the good creatures had been waiting on the bank of sponge to see if their playmate were yet coming back. When they saw Mother Ceres, they sat down on the crest of the surf wave, and let it toss them ashore at her feet.

“Where is Proserpina?” cried Ceres. “Where is my child? Tell me, you naughty sea nymphs, have you enticed her under the sea?” “O no, good Mother Ceres,” said the innocent sea nymphs. “We never should dream of such a thing. Proserpina has been at play with us, it is true; but she left us a long while ago, meaning only to run a little way upon the dry land and gather some flowers for a wreath. This was early in the day, and we have seen nothing of her since.”

Ceres scarcely waited to hear what the nymphs had to say before she hurried off to make enquiries all through the neighbourhood. But nobody told her anything that could enable the poor mother to guess what had become of Proserpina. A fisherman, it is true, had noticed her little footprints in the sand as he went homeward along the beach with a basket of fish;

a rustic had seen the child stooping to gather flowers; several persons had heard either the rattling of chariot wheels, or the rumbling of distant thunder. The stupid people! It took them such a tedious while to tell the nothing that they knew. It was, therefore, dark night before Mother Ceres found out that she must seek her daughter elsewhere. So she lighted a torch and set forth, resolving never to come back, until Proserpina was discovered. In her haste and trouble of mind, she quite forgot her car and the winged dragons; or, it may be, she thought that she could follow up the search more thoroughly on foot. At all events, this was the way in which she began her sorrowful journey, holding her torch before her, and looking carefully at every object along the path. And as it happened she had not gone far before she saw one of the magnificent flowers which grew on the shrub that Proserpina had pulled up. “Ha!” thought Mother Ceres, examining it by torchlight. “Here is mischief in this flower! The earth did not produce it by any help of mine, nor of its own accord. It is the work of enchantment, and is therefore poisonous; and perhaps it has poisoned my poor child.”

But she put the poisonous flower in her bosom, not knowing whether she might ever find any other memorial of Proserpina.

All night long, at the door of every cottage and farmhouse Ceres knocked, and called up the weary labourers to enquire if they had seen her child. They stood gaping and half-asleep at the threshold, and answered her pityingly, and besought her to come in and rest. Nobody had seen Proserpina, nor could give Mother Ceres the least hint which way to seek her. Thus passed the night; and still she continued her search without sitting down to rest or stopping to take food, or even remembering to put out the torch. But I wonder what sort of stuff this torch was made of; for it burnt dimly through the day, and at night was as bright as ever, and never was extinguished by the rain or wind, in all the weary days and nights while Ceres was seeking for Proserpina.

It was the tenth day of her fruitless search. A thought struck her suddenly. "There is one person," she exclaimed, "who must have seen my poor child, and can doubtless tell me what has become of her. Why did not I think of him before?" It was Phoebus.

By and by, after a pretty long journey, she arrived at the sunniest spot in the whole world. There she beheld a beautiful young man, with long curling ringlets, which seemed to be made of golden sunbeams; his garments were like summer clouds. Phoebus (for this was the very person whom she was seeking) had a lyre in

his hands, and was making its chords tremble with sweet music; at the same time singing a most exquisite song which he had recently composed.

As Ceres approached him, Phoebus smiled on her cheerfully. But Ceres was too earnest in her grief either to know or care whether Phoebus smiled or frowned.

“Phoebus,” exclaimed she, “I am in great trouble, and have come to you for assistance. Can you tell me what has become of my dear child Proserpina?”

“Proserpina, Proserpina, did you call her name?” answered Phoebus, endeavouring to recollect; for there was such a continuous flow of pleasant ideas in his mind, that he was apt to forget what had happened no longer ago than yesterday. “Ah, yes, I remember now. A very lovely child indeed. I am happy to tell you, my dear madam, that I did see the little Proserpina not many days ago. You may make yourself perfectly easy about her. She is safe and in excellent hands.”

“Where is my dear child?” cried Ceres, clasping her hands and flinging herself at his feet.

“Why,” said Phoebus, “as the little damsel was gathering flowers, she was suddenly snatched up by King Pluto, and carried off to his dominions. I have never been in that part

of the universe; but the royal palace, I am told, is built of the most splendid and costly materials. Gold, diamonds, pearls, and all manner of precious stones will be your daughter's ordinary playthings. I recommend to you, my dear lady, to give yourself no uneasiness."

"Hush! Say not such a word!" answered Ceres, indignantly. "What are all the splendours you speak of without affection? I must have her back again. Will you go with me, Phoebus, to demand my daughter of this wicked Pluto?"

"Pray excuse me," replied Phoebus, with an elegant bow. "I certainly wish you success, and regret that my own affairs are so immediately pressing that I cannot have the pleasure of attending you. Besides, I am not on the best of terms with King Pluto. To tell you the truth, his three-headed mastiff would never let me pass the gateway; for I should be compelled to take a sheaf of sunbeams along with me, and these, you know, are forbidden things in Pluto's kingdom."

"Ah, Phoebus," said Ceres, with bitter meaning in her words, "you have a harp instead of a heart. Farewell."

"Will you not stay a moment," asked Phoebus, "and hear me turn the pretty and touching story of Proserpina into beautiful verses?"

But Ceres shook her head, and hastened away. She had now found out what had become of her daughter, but was not a whit happier than before. Her case, on the contrary, looked more desperate than ever.

Poor Mother Ceres! It is melancholy to think of her, pursuing her toilsome way all alone, and holding up that never-dying torch, the flame of which seemed an emblem of the grief and hope that burned together in her heart. She roamed about in so wild a way, and with her hair so dishevelled that people took her for some distracted creature, and never dreamed that this was Mother Ceres who had the oversight of every seed which the husbandman planted. Nowadays, however, she gave herself no trouble about seed-time nor harvest, but left the farmers to take care of their own affairs, and the crops to fade or flourish, as the case might be. There was nothing now in which Ceres seemed to feel an interest, unless when she saw children at play, or gathering flowers along the wayside. Then, indeed, she would stand and gaze at them with tears in her eyes. The children, too, appeared to have a sympathy with her grief, and would cluster themselves in a little group about her knees, and look up wistfully in her face; and Ceres, after giving them a kiss all round, would lead

them to their homes, and advise their mothers never to let them stray out of sight.

“For if they do,” said she, “it may happen to you, as it has to me, that the iron-hearted King Pluto will take a liking to your darlings, and snatch them up in his chariot, and carry them away.”

At length, in her despair, she came to the dreadful resolution that not a stalk of grain, nor a blade of grass, not a potato nor a turnip, nor any other vegetable that was good for man or beast to eat, should be suffered to grow until her daughter was restored. She even forbade the flowers to bloom, lest somebody’s heart should be cheered by their beauty. You may conceive what a terrible calamity had here fallen upon the earth. The old people shook their white heads, and said that the earth had grown aged like themselves, and was no longer capable of wearing the warm smile of summer on its face. It was piteous to see the poor, starving cattle and sheep, how they followed behind Ceres, lowing and bleating, as if their instinct taught them to expect help from her. But Mother Ceres, though naturally of an affectionate disposition, was now inexorable.

“Never,” said she. “If the earth is ever again to see any verdure, it must first grow along the path which my daughter will tread in coming back to me.”

VII. NELSON'S EARLY LIFE

PART I

ROBERT SOUTHEY, (1774-1843), poet, biographer, etc. is now remembered by his prose, especially his *Life of Nelson*, though he hoped for immortality as a poet. Some of his shorter poetical pieces are popular; as, *The Battle of Blenheim*, *The Holly Tree*, and that short reflective piece, *The Scholar*, which so well describes Southey himself, for he was one of the most hardworked and hardworking writers in English literature. But 'he was himself greater and better than any of his works,' for his life was one long period of 'devotion to duty and unselfish benevolence.' He was Poet Laureate from 1813 and received a pension from the Government.

The present selection from his *Life of Nelson* is a good example of his vigorous style in prose.

NELSON (1758-1805) lived and is respected as the greatest naval hero England has ever produced.

I

HORATIO, son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson, was born September 29, 1758, in the parsonage house of Burnham Thorpe, a village in the county of Norfolk, of which his father was rector.

Mrs. Nelson died in 1767, leaving eight out of eleven children. Her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling of the Navy, visited the widower upon this event, and promised to take care of one of the boys. Three years afterwards, when Horatio was only twelve years of age, being at home during the Christmas holidays, he read in the county newspaper that his uncle was appointed to the *Raisonnable* of 64 guns. "Do, William," said he to a brother

who was a year and a half older than himself, "write to my father, and tell him that I should like to go to sea with Uncle Maurice."

Mr. Nelson was then at Bath, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health. His circumstances were straitened and he had no prospect of ever seeing them bettered. He knew that Horatio thus wished to provide for himself, and did not oppose his resolution. He understood also the boy's character, and had always said, that in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the very top of the tree.

Accordingly, Captain Suckling was written to. "What," said he in his answer, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come and the first time we go into action, a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

It is manifest from these words, that Horatio was not the boy whom his uncle would have chosen to bring up in his own profession. He was never of a strong body; and the ague, which at that time was one of the most common diseases in England, had greatly reduced his strength. Yet he had already given proofs of that resolute heart and nobleness of mind, which, during his whole career of labour and glory, so eminently distinguished him.

When a mere child, he strayed birds-nesting from his mother's house in company with a cow-boy. The dinner hour passed; he was absent and could not be found; and the alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended that he might have been carried off by the gipsies. At length, after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone, sitting calmly by the side of a brook, which he could not get over. "I wonder, child," said the old lady when she saw him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear! grandmamma," replied the future hero, "I never saw fear: what is it."

Once, after the winter holidays, when he and his brother William had set off on horse-back to return to school, they came back because there had been a fall of snow; and William, who did not much like the journey, said it was too deep for them to venture on. "If that be the case," said the father, "you certainly shall not go. But make another attempt, and I will leave it to your honour. If the road is dangerous you may return: but remember, boys, I leave it to your honour." The snow was deep enough to have afforded them reasonable excuse; but Horatio was not to be prevailed upon to turn back. "We must go on," said he; "remember, brother, it was left to our honour."

There were some fine pears growing in the schoolmaster's garden, which the boys regarded as lawful booty, and in the highest degree tempting; but the boldest among them were afraid to venture for the prize. Horatio volunteered upon this service. He was lowered down at night from the bedroom window by some sheets, plundered the tree, was drawn up with the pears, and then distributed them among his schoolfellows, without reserving any for himself. "He only took them," he said, "because every other boy was afraid."

II

Early on a cold and dark spring morning, Mr. Nelson's servant arrived at his school at North Walsham* with the expected summons for Horatio to join his ship. The parting from his brother William, who had been for so many years his playmate and bedfellow, was a painful effort. He accompanied his father to London. The *Raisonnable* was lying in the Medway. He was put into the Chatham stage, and on its arrival was set down with the rest of the passengers, and left to find his way on board as best he could.

After wandering about in the cold, without being able to reach the ship, an officer observed the forlorn appearance of the boy. He ques-

* A country town between Cromer and Yarmouth.

tioned him, and, being acquainted with his uncle, took him home, and gave him some refreshments. When he got on board, Captain Suckling was not in the ship, nor had any person been informed of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole remainder of the day, without being noticed by any one; and it was not till the second day that somebody, as he expressed it, "took compassion on him."

The pain which is felt when we first leave our home is one of the keenest which we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs which wound more deeply and sometimes break the heart. But never, never do we feel so keenly the want of love and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the shelter of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life. Added to these feelings, the sea-boy has to endure physical hardships, and the absence of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate heart, and he remembered through life his first days of wretchedness in the service.

Captain Suckling was now removed to the *Triumph*, of seventy-four guns, then stationed as a guardship in the Thames. This was considered as too inactive a life for a boy, and Nelson was therefore sent on a voyage to the

West Indies in a merchant-ship commanded by Mr. John Rathbone, an excellent seaman, who had served as master's-mate under Captain Suckling in the *Dreadnought*.

He returned a practical seaman, but with a hatred of the king's service. Rathbone had probably been disappointed and disgusted with the navy; and, with no unfriendly intentions, warned Nelson against the profession which he himself had found hopeless. His uncle received him on board the *Triumph* on his return, and, discovering his dislike to the navy, took the best means of reconciling him to it.

PART II

Nelson had not been many months on board the *Triumph*, when his love of enterprise was excited by hearing that two ships were fitting out for a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole. By his uncle's interest he was admitted as coxswain under Captain Lutwidge, second in command. The *Racehorse* and *Carcass* were selected, as the strongest ships, and were further strengthened to render them as secure as possible against the ice. Two masters of Greenlandmen were employed as pilots for each ship. No expedition was ever more carefully fitted out.

They sailed from the Nore on the 4th of June: on the 6th of the following month they were in latitude 79 degrees 56 minutes 39 seconds; longitude 9 degrees 43 minutes 30 seconds E. The next day, about the place where most of the old discoverers had been stopped, the *Racehorse* was beset with ice; but they hove her through with ice-anchors. On the 30th Captain Phipps* was among the islands and in the ice, with no appearance of an opening for the ships. The weather was exceedingly fine, mild, and unusually clear.

Here they were becalmed in a large bay, with three apparent openings between the islands which formed it; but everywhere, as far as they could see, surrounded with ice. There was not a breath of air and the water was perfectly smooth.

On the next day the ice closed upon them, and no opening was to be seen anywhere, except a hole or lake, as it might be called, of about a mile and a half in circumference. Here the ships lay fast to the ice with their ice-anchors. They filled their casks with water from these ice-fields, which was very pure and soft. The men were playing on the ice all day: but the Greenland pilots, who were farther than they had ever been before and considered

* Leader of the expedition: commanded the "*Racehorse*".

that the season was far advancing, were alarmed at being thus beset.

The next day there was not the smallest opening. The ships were within less than two lengths of each other, separated by ice, and neither having room to turn. The ice had been all flat the day before and almost level with the water's edge; but it was now in many places forced higher than the mainyard by the pieces squeezing together. A day of thick fog followed: it was succeeded by clear weather. But the passage by which the ships had entered from the westward was closed, and no open water was in sight either in that or in any other quarter.

By the pilots' advice the men were set to work to cut a passage and warp through the small openings to the westward. They sawed through pieces twelve feet thick; and this labour continued the whole day, during which their utmost efforts did not move the ships above three hundred yards; while they were driven, together with ice, far to the N.E. and E. by the current. Another day passed, and there seemed no probability of getting the ships out, without a strong E. or N.E. wind. The season was far advanced, and every hour lessened the chance of extricating themselves.

Young as he was, Nelson was appointed to command one of the boats which were sent out

to explore a passage into the open water. It was the means of saving a boat belonging to the *Racehorse* from a singular but imminent danger. Some of the officers had fired at and wounded a walrus. As no other animal has so human-like an expression in its countenance, so also is there none that seems to possess more of the passions of humanity. The wounded one dived immediately, and brought up a number of its companions; and they all joined in an attack upon the boat. They wrested an oar from one of the men. It was with the utmost difficulty that the crew could prevent them from staving or upsetting her, till the *Carcass's* boat came up: and the walruses, finding their enemies thus reinforced, dispersed.

Young Nelson exposed himself in a more daring manner. One night, during the mid-watch, he stole from the ship with one of his comrades, taking advantage of a rising fog, and set out over the ice in pursuit of a bear. It was not long before they were missed. The fog thickened, and Captain Lutwidge and his officers became exceedingly alarmed for their safety.

Between three and four in the morning the weather cleared, and the two adventurers were seen, at a considerable distance from the ship, attacking a huge bear. The signal for them to

return was immediately made. Nelson's comrade called upon him to obey it, but in vain. His musket had flashed in the pan; their ammunition was expended, and a chasm in the ice, which divided him from the bear, probably preserved his life. "Never mind," he cried; "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him."

Captain Lutwidge, however, seeing his danger, fired a gun, which had the desired effect of frightening the beast, and the boy then returned, somewhat afraid of the consequences of his trespass. The captain reprimanded him sternly for conduct so unworthy of the office which he filled, and desired to know what motive he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," said he, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, "I wished to kill the bear that I might carry the skin to my father."

VIII. THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS—4

RESTORATION OF PROSERPINA

FINALLY as there seemed to be no other remedy, Quicksilver was sent post haste to King Pluto, in hopes that he might be persuaded to undo the mischief he had done, and to set everything right again by giving up

Proserpina. Quicksilver accordingly made the best of his way to the great gate, took a flying leap right over the three-headed mastiff, and stood at the door of the palace in an inconceivably short time. The servants knew him both by his face and garb; for his short cloak, and his winged cap and shoes, and his snaky staff had often been seen thereabouts in days gone by. He requested to be shown immediately into the king's presence; and Pluto, who heard his voice from the top of the stairs and who loved to recreate himself with Quicksilver's merry talk, called out to him to come up. And while they settle their business together, we must enquire what Proserpina has been doing ever since we saw her last.

The child had declared, as you may remember, that she would not taste a mouthful of food as long as she should be compelled to remain in King Pluto's palace. It was now six months since she left the outside of the earth; and not a morsel had yet passed between her teeth. This was the more creditable to Proserpina, inasmuch as King Pluto had caused her to be tempted, day after day, with all manner of sweetmeats and richly preserved fruits and delicacies of every sort, such as young people are generally most fond of. But her good mother had often told her of the hurtfulness of these things; and for that reason

alone, if there had been no other, she would have resolutely refused to taste them.

All this time, being of a cheerful and active disposition, the little damsel was not quite so unhappy as you may have supposed. The immense palace had a thousand rooms, and was full of beautiful and wonderful objects. There was a never-ceasing gloom, it is true. Neither was all the dazzle of the precious stones, which flamed with their own light, worth one gleam of natural sunshine. But still, wherever the girl went, among those gilded halls and chambers, it seemed as if she carried nature and sunshine along with her. The inhabitants all felt this, and King Pluto more than any of them.

“My own little Proserpina,” he used to say, “I wish you could like me a little better. We gloomy and cloudy-natured persons have often as warm hearts at bottom as those of a more cheerful character.”

“Ah,” said Proserpina, “you should have tried to make me like you before carrying me off. And the best thing you can now do is to let me go again. Then I might remember you sometimes, and think that you were as kind as you knew how to be. Perhaps, too, one day or other, I might come back and pay you a visit.”

“No, no,” answered Pluto, with his gloomy smile. “I will not trust you for that. You are

too fond of living in the broad daylight and gathering flowers. What an idle and childish taste that is! Are not these gems, which I have ordered to be dug for you, and which are richer than any in my crown—are they not prettier than a violet?”

“Not half so pretty,” said Proserpina, snatching the gems from Pluto’s hand, and flinging them to the other end of the hall. “O my sweet violets, shall I never see you again?” And then she burst into tears. But young people’s tears have very little saltiness or acidity in them. So it is not to be wondered at, if, a few moments afterwards, Proserpina was sporting through the hall almost as merrily as she and the four sea nymphs had sported along the edge of the surf wave. King Pluto gazed after her, and wished that he, too, was a child. And little Proserpina, when she turned about and beheld this great king standing in his splendid hall, and looking so grand, and so melancholy, and so lonesome, was smitten with a kind of pity. She ran back to him, and, for the first time in all her life, put her small soft hand in his.

“I love you a little,” whispered she, looking up in his face. “Do you, indeed, my dear child?” cried Pluto, bending his dark face down to kiss her; but Proserpina shrank away from the kiss, for though his features were

noble, they were very dusky and grim. "Well, I have not deserved it of you, after keeping you a prisoner for so many months, and starving you besides. Are you not terribly hungry? Is there nothing which I can get you to eat?"

In asking this question the king of the mines had a very cunning purpose; for you will recollect, if Proserpina tasted a morsel of food in his dominions, she would never afterwards be at liberty to quit them.

"No, indeed," said Proserpina. "Your head cook is ever busy contriving one dish after another which he imagines may be to my liking. But he might just as well save himself the trouble, poor, fat little man that he is. I have no appetite for anything in the world, unless it were a slice of bread of my mother's own baking, or a little fruit out of her garden."

When Pluto heard this, he began to see that he had mistaken the best method of tempting Proserpina to eat. The cook's made dishes and artificial dainties were not half so delicious, in the good child's opinion, as the simple fare to which her Mother Ceres had accustomed her. Wondering that he had never thought of it before, the king now sent one of his trusty attendants with a large basket to get some of the finest and juiciest pears, peaches, and plums which could anywhere be found in the upper world. Unfortunately, this was dur-

ing the time when Ceres had forbidden any fruits or vegetables to grow; and after seeking all over the earth, King Pluto's servant found only a single pomegranate, and that so dried up as to be not worth eating. Nevertheless, since there was no better to be had, he brought this dry old withered pomegranate home to the palace, put it on a magnificent salver, and carried it up to Proserpina. Now it happened, curiously enough, that just as the servant was bringing the pomegranate into the back door of the palace, our friend Quicksilver had gone up to the front steps on his errand to get Proserpina away from King Pluto.

As soon as Proserpina saw the pomegranate on the golden salver, she told the servant he had better take it away again. "I shall not touch it, I assure you," said she. "If I were ever so hungry, I should never think of eating such a miserable, dry pomegranate as that."

"It is the only one in the world," said the servant. He set down the golden salver and left the room. When he was gone, Proserpina could not help coming close to the table and looking at this poor specimen of dried fruit with a great deal of eagerness; for, to say the truth, on seeing something that suited her taste, she felt all the six months' appetite taking possession of her at once. To be sure, it was a very wretched-looking pomegranate, and

seemed to have no more juice in it than an oyster-shell. But there was no choice of such things in King Pluto's palace. This was the first fruit she had seen there, and the last she was ever likely to see, and unless she ate it up immediately, it would grow drier than it already was, and be wholly unfit to eat.

"At least I may smell it," thought Proserpina. So she took up the pomegranate, and applied it to her nose; and, somehow or other, being in such close neighbourhood to her mouth, the fruit found its way into that little red cave. Dear me, what an everlasting pity! Before Proserpina knew what she was about, her teeth had actually bitten it of their own accord. Just as this fatal deed was done, the door of the apartment opened, and in came King Pluto, followed by Quicksilver, who had been urging him to let his little prisoner go. At the first noise of their entrance, Proserpina withdrew the pomegranate from her mouth. But Quicksilver (whose eyes were very keen) perceived that the child was a little confused; and seeing the empty salver, he suspected that she had been taking a sly nibble of something or other. As for honest Pluto, he never guessed at the secret.

"My little Proserpina," said the king, sitting down and affectionately drawing her between his knees, "here is Quicksilver, who tells

me that a great many misfortunes have befallen innocent people on account of my detaining you in my dominions. To confess the truth, I myself had already reflected that it was an unjustifiable act to take you away from your good mother. But then, you must consider, my dear child, that this vast palace is apt to be gloomy, and that I am not of the most cheerful disposition. Therefore, it was a natural thing enough to seek for the society of some merrier creature than myself. I hoped you would take my crown for a plaything, and me—ah, you laugh, naughty Proserpina—me, grim as I am, for a playmate. It was a silly expectation.”

“Not so extremely silly,” whispered Proserpina. “You have really amused me very much sometimes.”

“Thank you,” said King Pluto, rather dryly. “But I can see plainly enough that you think my palace a dusky prison, and me the iron-hearted keeper of it. And an iron heart I should surely have if I could detain you here any longer, my poor child. I give you your liberty. Go with Quicksilver. Hasten home to your dear mother.”

Now, although you may not have supposed it, Proserpina found it impossible to take leave of poor King Pluto without some regrets, and a good deal of compunction for not telling him about the pomegranate. She even shed a tear

or two, thinking how lonely and cheerless the great palace would seem to him after she should have departed. I know not how many kind things she might have said to the sad king of the mines, had not Quicksilver hurried her away.

“Come along quickly,” whispered he in her ear, “or his Majesty may change his royal mind. And take care, above all things, that you say nothing of what was brought you on the golden salver.”

In a very short time they had passed the great gateway and emerged upon the surface of the earth. It was delightful to behold, as Proserpina hastened along, how the path grew verdant behind and on either side of her. Wherever she set her blessed foot there was at once a dewy flower. The violets gushed up along the wayside. The grass and the grain began to sprout with ten-fold vigour and luxuriance, to make up for the dreary months that had been wasted in barrenness. The starved cattle immediately set to work grazing, after their long fast, and ate up enormously all day, and got up at midnight to eat more. But I can assure you it was a busy time of year with the farmers. Nor must I forget to say that all the birds in the whole world hopped about upon the newly-blossoming trees, and sang together in a prodigious ecstasy of joy.

Mother Ceres had returned to her deserted home, and was sitting sadly on the doorstep, with her torch burning in her hand. She had been idly watching the flame for some moments past, when, all at once, it flickered and went out.

“What does this mean?” thought she. “It was an enchanted torch, and should have kept burning till my child came back.”

Lifting her eyes, she was surprised to see a sudden verdure flashing over the brown and barren fields. “Does the earth disobey me?” exclaimed Mother Ceres indignantly. “Does it presume to be green, when I have bidden it to be barren until my daughter shall be restored to my arms?”

“Then open your arms, dear mother,” cried a well-known voice, “and take your little daughter into them.”

And Proserpina came running, and flung herself upon her mother’s bosom. Their mutual transport is not to be described. When their hearts had grown a little more quiet, Mother Ceres looked anxiously at Proserpina.

“My child,” she said, “did you taste any food while you were in King Pluto’s palace?”

“Dearest mother,” answered Proserpina, “I will tell you the whole truth. Until this very morning, not a morsel of food had passed my lips. But to-day they brought me a pomegranate (a very dry one, only seeds and skin),

and having seen no fruit for so long a time, and being faint with hunger, I was tempted just to bite it. The instant I tasted it, King Pluto and Quicksilver came into the room. I had not swallowed a morsel; but—dear mother, I hope it was no harm—but six of the pomegranate seeds, I am afraid, remained in my mouth.”

“Ah, unfortunate child, and miserable me!” exclaimed Ceres. “For each of those six pomegranate seeds you must spend one month of every year in King Pluto’s palace. You are but half restored to your mother. Only six months with me, and six with that good-for-nothing King of Darkness!”

“Do not speak so harshly of poor King Pluto,” said Proserpina, kissing her mother. “He has some very good qualities; and I really think I can bear to spend six months in his palace, if he will only let me spend the other six with you. He certainly did wrong to carry me off; but then, as he says, it was but a dismal sort of life for him to live in that great gloomy place all alone; and it has made a wonderful change in his spirits, to have a little girl to run up stairs and down. There is some comfort in making him so happy; and so, upon the whole, dearest mother, let us be thankful that he is not to keep me the whole year round.”

IX. HOW JACK EASY PUTS TO TEST HIS FATHER'S PHILOSOPHY

MARRYAT FREDERICK, (1792-1848), is the prince of sea story-tellers. Entering the navy as a midshipman, he saw much service in the Mediterranean and took part in the Burmese War (1824), returning home a Captain. His literary career began in 1829, and more than thirty novels stand to his credit, of which *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful* and *Mr. Midshipman Easy* are the best. His knowledge of naval service enabled him to expose certain abuses in the navy and thus helped to purify it. His distinguishing characteristic as a writer is a 'heartly and honest' humour which makes his books particularly enjoyable.

Mr. Easy is a rich man and a philosopher who thinks it is his mission in life to spread the ideas of equality and the rights of man. These are: that all men are born equal, that the earth and all it has are common property, that private property is therefore plain robbery, and that the strong tyrannise over the weak. He puts these notions into the head of his son Jack, a lad of about fourteen (at the time when the story opens here), tall and well-built for his age. Jack is encouraged to discuss and argue, so that he comes to love argument for argument's sake. Argument is his ordinary mode of talk. He never talks but argues. He has already fought many a battle with his school-fellows in upholding his father's ideas of equality and the rights of man. He is now come home for the midsummer holidays and puts to test his father's philosophy. So that he might not be discouraged, his father has cautioned him frequently that he must not expect to be believed by others immediately because men have become selfish and cruel, and he must be prepared to suffer much for the cause of Truth.

JACK discovered, one fine morning, on the other side of a hedge, a summer apple-tree bearing tempting fruit, and he immediately

broke through the hedge, and climbing the tree, as our first mother did before him, he culled the fairest and did eat.

“I say, you sir, what are you doing there?” cried a rough voice.

Jack looked down, and perceived a stout, thick-set personage in gray coat and red waistcoat, standing underneath him.

“Don’t you see what I’m about?” replied Jack. “I’m eating apples—shall I throw you a few?”

“Thank you kindly—the fewer that are pulled the better; perhaps, as you are so free to give them to others as well as to help yourself, you may think that they are your own property!”

“Not a bit more my property than they are yours, my good man.”

“I guess that’s something like the truth; but you are not quite at the truth yet, my lad. Those apples are mine, and I’ll trouble you to come down as fast as you please. When you’re down we can then settle our accounts; and,” continued the man, “depend upon it you shall have your receipt in full.”

Jack did not much like the appearance of things.

“My good man,” said he, “it is quite a prejudice on your part to imagine that apples were not given, as well as all other fruit, for

the benefit of us all—they are common property, believe me.”

“That’s a matter of opinion, my lad, and I may be allowed to have my own.”

“You’ll find it in the Bible,” said Jack.

“I never did yet, and I’ve read it through and through all.”

“Then,” said Jack, “go home and fetch the Bible, and I’ll prove it to you.”

“I suspect you’ll not wait till I come back again. No, no; I have lost plenty of apples, and have long wanted to find the robbers out; now I’ve caught one I’ll take care that he don’t ’scape—so come down, you young thief, come down directly—or it will be the worse for you.”

“Thank you,” said Jack, “but I am very well here. I will, if you please, argue the point from where I am.”

“I’ve no time to argue the point, my lad: I’ve plenty to do, but do not think I’ll let you off. If you don’t choose to come down, why then, you may stay there, and I’ll answer for it I shall find you safe enough after my work is done.”

“What can be done,” thought Jack, “with a man who will not listen to argument? What a world is this!—however, he’ll not find me here when he comes back, I’ve a notion.”

But in this Jack was mistaken. The farmer walked to the hedge and called to a boy,

who took his orders and ran to the farm-house. In a minute or two a large bull-dog was seen bounding along the orchard to his master. "Mark him, Caesar," said the farmer to the dog, "mark him." The dog crouched down on the grass, with his head up and eyes glaring at Jack, showing a range of teeth, that drove all our hero's philosophy out of his head.

"I can't wait here, but Caesar can, and I will tell you, as a friend, that if he gets hold of you he'll not leave a limb of you together—when work's done I'll come back." So saying, the farmer walked off, leaving Jack and the dog to argue the point, if so inclined.

After a while the dog laid his head down and closed his eyes as if asleep, but Jack observed that at the least movement on his part one eye was seen partially to unclose; so Jack, like a prudent man, resolved to remain where he was. He picked a few more apples, for it was his dinner time, and as he chewed he reflected.

In a few minutes his reflections were interrupted by a bull, who advanced, bellowing occasionally, and tossing his head at the sight of Caesar whom he considered a trespasser. Caesar started on his legs and faced the bull, who advanced pawing, with his tail up in the air. When within a few yards, the bull made a rush at the dog, who evaded him and attacked

him in return, and thus did the warfare continue until the opponents were already at some distance from the apple-tree.

Jack prepared for immediate flight, but unfortunately the combat was carried on by the side of the hedge at which Jack had gained admission. Never mind, thought Jack, there are two sides to every field, and although the other hedge joined on to the garden near to the farm-house, there was no option. "At all events," thought Jack, "I'll try it." Jack was slipping down the trunk, when he heard a tremendous roar; the bull-dog had been tossed by the bull; he was then high in the air, and Jack saw him fall on the other side of the hedge; and the bull was thus celebrating his victory.

Upon which Jack, perceiving that he was relieved from his sentry, slipped down the rest of the tree and took to his heels. Unfortunately for Jack the bull saw him, and, flushed with victory, he immediately set up another roar, and bounded after Jack. Jack perceived his danger, and fear gave him wings: he not only flew over the orchard, but he flew over the hedge, which was about five feet high, just as the bull drove his head into it.

"Look before you leap" is an old proverb. Had Jack done so, he would have done better; but there were cogent reasons to be offered

why he could not have done so. So when he got on the other side of the hedge, he found that he had pitched into a small apiary, upsetting two hives of bees; and Jack had hardly time to get upon his legs before he found them busy stinging him in all quarters. All that Jack could do was to run for it, but the bees flew faster than he could run, and Jack was mad with pain, when he stumbled, half-blinded, over the brickwork of a well.

Jack could not stop his pitching into the well, but he seized the iron chain as it struck him across the face. Down went Jack, and round went the windlass, and after a rapid descent of forty feet our hero found himself under water. Jack rose from his immersion, and seized the rope to which the chain of the bucket was made fast—it had all of it been unwound from the windlass, and therefore it enabled Jack to keep his head above water. After a few seconds Jack felt something against his legs, it was the bucket, about two feet under the water. Jack put his feet into it and found himself pretty comfortable, for the water, after the sting of the bees and the heat he had been put into by the race with the bull, was quite cool and refreshing.

“At all events,” thought Jack, “if it had not been for the bull, I should have been watched by the dog and then thrashed by the

farmer; but then again, if it had not been for the bull, I should not have tumbled among the bees; and if it had not been for the bees, I should not have tumbled into the well; and if it had not been for the chain, I should have been drowned. Such has been the chain of events, all because I wanted to eat an apple.

“However, I have got rid of the farmer, and the dog, and the bull, and the bees,—all’s well that ends well; but how the devil am I to get out of the well? All creation seems to have conspired against the rights of man. As my father said, this is an iron age, and here I am swinging to an iron chain.”

X. HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED?

TOLSTOY, COUNT LEO, (1828-1910), Russian socialist, is one of those great names in the world who have left—at least tried honestly to leave—the world better than they found it. After seeing service in the Crimean War he retired to St. Petersburg and later settled down in his estate among his own peasants. He was a force as a social reformer, preaching against the evils of civilisation. He put into practice what he preached and renounced his property and led the life of a simple peasant. As a writer he is intensely realistic and forcible. Besides his great novels, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, he has written on a variety of social and religious subjects.

The present selection is from a volume of Folk Tales and Legends published at various times.

It is an old Russian folk tale, retold by the author to point a moral. Pakhom is a farmer who one day boasts that,

if only he has enough land, he can defy the very devil to do his worst. The Devil who hears this takes him at his word and gives him a chance of getting more land. Pakhom is not satisfied with this and desires for more. With every addition to his landed property he lusts for more and more, till at last he hears of the country of the Bashkeers where land—and very fertile land too—is to be had for the asking, so to say. So here he comes with a small sum of money to buy up as much land as his heart could desire.

I

The Bashkeers were delighted. They embraced Pakhom, took him into their best cart, seated him on rugs and gave him feather cushions to lean on. They all sat round, and offered him tea and koumiss.* Then Pakhom got out his presents and distributed them among the Bashkeers, and divided the tea. The Bashkeers were very pleased and talked a great deal among themselves. At last they told the interpreter to speak to Pakhom.

“They wish me to tell you,” said the interpreter, “that they are very pleased with you, and that this is our custom—to give our guests every pleasure and to make returns for all their gifts. You have given us presents. Now tell us what of ours would you like to have that we may offer it to you?”

“I should like best of all some of your land,” said Pakhom. “We have little land, and what there is, has been worked to death.

* A home-made drink.

But you have a lot of land and it is good. I have never seen such land before."

This was translated to the Bashkeers who readily consented to do so. The Bashkeers now began to talk again, and this time seemed to be quarrelling. Pakhom learnt that some of them thought that he could have the land only after the permission of the Elder, which the others disputed.

II

While they were talking a man in a cap of fox's skin came towards them. The Bashkeers became silent and stood up. The interpreter said: "This is our Elder."

Pakhom immediately unpacked his best dressing gown and five pounds of tea and gave them to the Elder. The Elder accepted them and sat down in the place of honour. The Bashkeers began to speak to him at once. The Elder listened to everything for a long while, nodded his head to them to be silent, and spoke to Pakhom in Russian.

"Well," he said, "let it be so. Take whatever pleases you. We have plenty of land."

"I thank you," he said, "for your good words. It is true that you have much land and I need but little. I should only like to know what land will be mine, and I should also wish it to be measured, and a title deed to be drawn

up. God is the master of our life and death; and if *you* are kind enough to let me have the land, how can I be sure that your children will not take it away again?"

"You are right," said the Elder. "We will give you the deeds."

"And what is your price?" said Pakhom.

"We have only one price—1,000 roubles* a day."

Pakhom did not understand.

"What measure is a day?" he asked; "how many acres does it make?"

"We do not know how to measure," said the Elder; "we sell our land by the day. As much as you can walk around in a day is yours and the price is 1,000 roubles."

Pakhom was amazed. "That is a great deal," he said; "you can walk round a lot in a day."

The Elder laughed. "It will all be yours," he said, "only on one condition: that, if you do not return on the same day to the place you started from, your money belongs to us."

"How shall you know the way I go?" said Pakhom.

"We will go to any spot you choose, and stay there while you make your boundary line. Take a spade with you and dig a little hole every

* About Rs. 1-8-0 each.

now and then, and put the turf by the hole. Afterwards we will plough a furrow from one to another. Make your circle as wide as you like. Only you must return before sunset to the place you started from. All you will have walked round will be yours."

Pakhom was delighted. He decided to start early: and then they all talked a while and ate mutton and drank tea and koumiss, till at last night came on. Then they put Pakhom to bed on a feather mattress, and left him, promising to be ready by dawn and to get to the spot before sunrise.

III

Pakhom lay on his feather pillows and could not sleep. His mind was full of the land. "I must walk round as much as I can," he thought. "I can easily walk thirty-five miles in a day. The days are as long as a year now. And there must be I don't know how many acres of land in a circle of thirty-five miles. I shall sell the worse parts, or let it to the peasants, and settle down myself on the best bit. Then I'll buy two teams of oxen for the ploughs, hire two men, plough about fifty acres of the best land, and pasture the cattle on the rest."

All night Pakhom lay awake, and only towards dawn did he doze a little. His eyes were hardly closed when he began to dream.

He dreamt that he was lying in the same cart and heard some one chuckling outside. Wanting to know who was laughing, he went outside, and there was the Elder sitting on the ground near the cart, holding his stomach with both hands and roaring and shaking with laughter. Pakhom came closer and asked what he was laughing about, and then he saw that it was no longer the Elder but the devil himself, with horns and hoofs, who sat there laughing, and at his feet lay a man, barefooted, in a shirt and trousers. Pakhom looked closer, and saw that the man was dead, and that it was himself. He awoke in terror.

Then he thought, "It is all dreams and nonsense," and went to peep out of the cart door. There was a grey light: the dawn was breaking.

"It is time to start," he thought; "I must wake the people." So he roused his workman, bade him harness the horse and began to wake the Bashkeers.

"It is time to start and measure the land," he said.

The Bashkeers arose and got ready, and the Elder came out. They began to drink koumiss and offered Pakhom some tea, but he refused.

"If we go we must go now," he said. "It is time."

IV

At last they were all ready; some went in carts, others on horseback. Pakhom and his workman rode in their own cart, carrying a spade with them. When they came to the steppe, the day was just beginning to break. They reached a hillock, got out of their carts and off their horses, and collected in a group at the top. The Elder came up to Pakhom and swept his hand round.

"All this is ours," he said, "as far as your eye can reach. Choose what you please."

Pakhom's eyes sparkled: it was all grassy meadow land, as flat as the hand, and the earth as black as poppy seeds; and in the hollows the grass was as high as a man's chest.

The Elder took off his cap and placed it on the ground.

"There," he said; "this will be the mark. Go hence and come hither. All you walk round will be yours."

Pakhom took out his money and put it in the cap; took off his long-skirted coat, stood up in his blouse, tightened his belt, thrust a little bag of bread into his breast, tied a flask of water to his belt, pulled up his long boots, took the spade, and was ready to start. He waited. He could not decide which way to go: every way was good. "No matter," thought he, "I will go straight towards the sunrise."

So he turned his face towards the sun and stretched his limbs, waiting till it should appear above the horizon. "I mustn't lose a second," he thought; "and it's easier walking when it's cool."

The moment the first rays shot over the plain, Pakhom swung the spade over his shoulder and started down the hill.

At first he walked at a moderate pace. When he had done a verst* he dug a little hole and piled up the turf to mark the place. Then he went on. As he got into his stride his speed increased. After a time, he dug a second hole, then another, and another.

Then he glanced back. The hillock was clearly to be seen in the sunlight with the people standing on it. Pakhom reckoned he must have done five versts. He was getting warm, so he took off his blouse, slung it over his shoulder and went on. After a time he glanced at the sun. It was time for breakfast.

"A quarter of the day gone," thought Pakhom, "and there are four of them: it is too soon to turn yet. I shall just pull off my boots."

He sat down, got his boots off, stuck them in his belt, and went on.

* About two-thirds of a mile.

It was easy walking now, and he thought: "I shall do five more versts straight on and then I'll turn to the left. It's such a fine place that I don't like to leave it. The further I go the better it is."

He strides on ahead. At last he turns round and looks at the hillock. It is hardly visible now; the people look like black ants crawling about.

"Well," thinks Pakhom, "this will do on this side. Now I must turn to the left. And I am hot and thirsty."

So he digs a larger hole, heaps up the turf, unfastens his flask and drinks, and then starts off again, turning sharply to the left. He strides on and on: the grass grows higher and the sun is very hot. Pakhom is beginning to feel tired. He looks up at the sun and sees it is time for dinner.

"I shall have a little rest," he thinks. So he sits down, eats a little bread and drinks some water; but he is afraid to lie down. "If I lie down," he thinks, "I shall go to sleep."

So he rests a little and goes on his way. At first he walks easily—the food has strengthened him; but it is getting very hot and he is very tired and sleepy. And still he marches on, thinking, "It is only an hour to suffer: and a lifetime to live."

He walks straight ahead for a long distance. Just as he is about to turn to the left, he sees before him a damp hollow. "It would be a pity to leave that out," he thinks; "flax would grow finely there." So he takes in the hollow, digs a hole at the farther end, and turns his second corner.

Now he looks again towards the hillock. The hot air is quivering, and a heat haze has arisen, through which he can scarcely distinguish the people on the top.

"Well," he thinks, "I have made the sides too long. I must make this one shorter."

He hurries on as fast as he can. When he looks at the sun he sees it is past noon, and he has only two versts on the third side, and there are fifteen versts between him and the hillock.

"I can't go any further," he thinks; "my land won't be square, but I must go straight back, or I shan't have time. I have quite enough as it is."

So he digs out a hole, and turns, aiming straight for the hillock.

V

He walks now with difficulty. He is covered with sweat, and his bare feet and legs are cut and bruised, and almost refuse to carry him. He would like to rest, but does not dare—he knows he would not reach the hillock before

sunset. The sun will not wait for him, and it is gradually sinking lower and lower.

“Have I made a mistake and gone too far?” he says; “what shall I do if I am late?”

He looks towards the hillock and then at the sun—the hill is far away, and the sun is sinking towards the horizon.

He struggles on with difficulty, but still quicker and more quickly. At last he breaks into a run. The hillock is still far away. He throws away his blouse, his flask, his boots, his cap; he keeps only his spade and tries to help himself on with that.

“Ah,” he cries, “I have tried to get too much and now I have lost everything. I shall never have time before sunset.”

The fear takes his breath away. He runs straight on. His shirt and trousers stick to his body with sweat, and his mouth is dry. His chest is bursting, his heart beats like a hammer, his legs seem not to be his and shake beneath him. Fear seizes Pakhom—what, if he were to die of exhaustion?

He fears to die, and yet he cannot stop. “If I stop now after having run so long, they will call me a fool.” He is close now, and can hear the shrieks and whoops of the Bashkeers, and their shrieks make his heart beat still more painfully.

He runs now with his last strength; the sun is near the edge of the horizon, setting in a haze and looking like a great glowing disc of blood. It will sink below the edge at any moment now—but the hillock also is quite close now. Pakhom can see the people beckoning to him and waving their hands. He can see the fur cap with the money in it. And he can see the Elder sitting on the ground and holding his hands to his stomach. And Pakhom remembers his dream. "I have much land," he thinks; "but shall I ever live on it? I can never reach the place!"

Pakhom looks up at the sun—the lower curve has sunk below the earth. He gathers up all his strength for one last effort and flings his body forward so that he can hardly move his legs fast enough to prevent himself from falling. He reaches the hillock. Suddenly the earth darkens. He glances round; the sun has gone. He groans. "All is lost," he thinks.

He is on the point of stopping, but he hears the Bashkeers screaming and shouting above him, and he remembers that, although he can no longer see the sun, it is still to be seen from the hillock. Pakhom runs up the slope, gasping for breath. The setting light is still on the summit. There is the cap, and there is the Elder, sitting on the ground with his hands to his stomach roaring and shaking

with laughter. Pakhom remembers his dream and moans, his legs give way under him, and he drops down on his face, clutching at the cap with his hands.

“Well done!” screams the Elder, “good luck to you! You’ve a fine piece of land.”

Pakhom’s man runs to help him up. But Pakhom is quite dead, and the blood pours from his mouth.

The Bashkeers shake their heads to show their sorrow. And Pakhom’s workman takes the spade, and digs a grave, just long enough for Pakhom’s body from head to foot—seven feet—and buries him.

“Seven feet of land was all he needed.”

XI. STONEHENGE

GEORGE BORROW, (1803-81), author of *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye* which give an imaginative account of his wanderings and experiences, was a philosophic vagabond. He travelled widely on the Continent and the East and acquainted himself with the languages and peoples of the countries he visited. Thus he knew more than thirty languages. His knowledge of the gipsies was profound, for he lived and wandered with them for a long time and spoke their language fluently.

He is fully imbued with the spirit of romance and invests all that he touches with interest; and it is of common things that he writes generally. Be it Stonehenge, a celebrated historical relic, or the ostler at the inn, or a glass of claret he drinks at a wayside inn—he introduces his personality in all these things in such a way that we cannot help being interested in them all. He has a new individual

way of looking at these things, and puts them down so naturally simply and frankly that both the view and the manner of presenting it hold our attention.

In the present selection Borrow appeals to the element of wonder in every one of us. Those immense upright stones on Salisbury Plain, standing there for centuries and telling of a people and culture now no more, stir us up vaguely and set us thinking seriously. They seem to have triumphed even over Time!

IN about half an hour I arrived where the road divided into two, at an angle or tongue of sward. "To the right or the left?" said I, and forthwith took, without knowing why, the left-hand road, along which I proceeded about a hundred yards. In the midst of the tongue of sward formed by the two roads, collaterally with myself, I perceived what I at first conceived to be a small grove of blighted trunks of oaks, barked and grey. I stood still for a moment, and then, turning off the road, advanced slowly towards it over the sward. As I drew nearer, I perceived that the objects which had attracted my curiosity, and which formed a kind of circle, were not trees, but immense upright stones. I felt strangely moved; just before me were two, the mightiest of the whole, tall as the stems of proud oaks, supporting on their tops a huge transverse stone, and forming a wonderful doorway. I knew now where I was, and, laying down my stick and bundle, and taking off my hat, I advanced slowly, and cast myself—it was folly,

perhaps, but I could not help what I did—cast myself, with my face on the dewy earth, in the middle of the portal of giants, beneath the transverse stone.

The spirit of Stonehenge was strong upon me!

And after I had remained with my face on the ground for some time, I arose, placed my hat on my head, and, taking my stick and bundle, wandered around the wondrous circle, examining each individual stone, from the greatest to the least. Then, entering by the great door, I seated myself upon an immense broad stone, one side of which was supported by several small ones, and the other slanted upon the earth. There, in deep meditation, I sat for an hour or two, till the sun shone in my face above the tall ones of the eastern side.

And as I still sat there, I heard the noise of bells, and presently a large number of sheep came browsing past the circle of stones. Two or three entered, and grazed upon what they could find, and soon a man also entered the circle at the other side.

“Early here, sir,” said the man, who was tall, and dressed in a dark slop, and had all the appearance of a shepherd; “a traveller, I suppose?”

“Yes,” said I, “I am a traveller; are these sheep yours?”

"They are, sir; that is, they are my master's. A strange place this, sir," said he, looking at the stones; "ever here before?"

"Never in body, frequently in mind."

"Heard of the stones, I suppose: no wonder—all the people of the plain talk of them."

"What do the people of the plain say of them?"

"Why, they say—How did they ever come here?"

"Do they not suppose them to have been brought?"

"Who should have brought them?"

"I have read that they were brought by many thousand men?"

"Where from?"

"Ireland."

"How did they bring them?"

"I don't know."

"And what did they bring them for?"

"To form a temple, perhaps."

"What is that?"

"A place to worship God in."

"A strange place to worship God in."

"Why?"

"It has no roof."

"Yes, it has."

"Where?" said the man, looking up.

"What do you see above you?"

“The sky.”

“Well?”

“Well!”

“Have you anything to say?”

“How did these stones come here?”

“Are there other stones like these on the plains?” said I.

“None: and yet there are plenty of strange things on these downs.”

“What are they?”

“Strange heaps, and barrows, and great walls of earth built on the tops of hills.”

“Do the people of the plain wonder how they came there?”

“They do not.”

“Why?”

“They were raised by hands.”

“And these stones?”

“How did they ever come here?”

“I wonder whether they are here?” said I.

“These stones?”

“Yes.”

“So sure as the world,” said the man; “and, as the world, they will stand as long.”

“I wonder whether there is a world.”

“What do you mean?”

“An earth and sea, moon and stars, sheep and men.”

“Do you doubt it?”

“Sometimes.”

“I never heard it doubted before.”

“It is impossible there should be a world.”

“It a’n’t possible there shouldn’t be a world.”

“Just so.” At this moment a fine ewe, attended by a lamb, rushed into the circle and fondled the knees of the shepherd. “I suppose you would not care to have some milk,” said the man.

“Why do you suppose so?”

“Because, so be, there be no sheep, no milk, you know; and what there ben’t is not worth having.”

“You could not have argued better,” said I; “that is, supposing you have argued; with respect to the milk, you may do as you please.”

“Be still, nanny,” said the man; and producing a tin vessel from his scrip, he milked the ewe into it. “Here is milk of the plains, master,” said the man, as he handed the vessel to me.

“Where are those barrows and great walls of earth you were speaking of,” said I, after I had drunk some of the milk; “are there any near where we are?”

“Not within many miles; the nearest is yonder away,” said the shepherd, pointing to the south-east. “It’s a grand place, that, but

not like this; quite different, and from it you have a sight of the finest spire in the world."

"I must go to it," said I, and I drank the remainder of the milk: "yonder, you say."

"Yes, yonder; but you cannot get to it in that direction, the river lies between."

"What river?"

"The Avon."

"Avon is British," said I.

"Yes," said the man, "we are all British here."

"No, we are not," said I.

"What are we then?"

"English."

"A'n't they one?"

"No."

"Who were the British?"

"The men who are supposed to have worshipped God in this place, and who raised these stones."

"Where are they now?"

"Our forefathers slaughtered them, spilled their blood all about, especially in this neighbourhood, destroyed their pleasant places, and left not, to use their own words, one stone upon another."

"Yes, they did," said the shepherd, looking aloft at the transverse stone.

"And it is well they did; whenever that stone, which English hands never raised, is

by English hands thrown down, woe, woe, woe to the English race; spare it, English! Hengist spared it!—Here is sixpence.”

“I won’t have it,” said the man.

“Why not?”

“You talk so prettily about these stones; you seem to know all about them.”

“I never receive presents: with respect to the stones, I say with yourself, How did they ever come here?”

“How did they ever come here?” said the shepherd.

XII. TWO FRIENDS

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE, (1823-1901), is the author of a hundred books, chiefly novels, the best known of which is *The Heir of Redclyffe*. To younger readers she is the author of *A Book of Golden Deeds*—a record of deeds of heroic self-sacrifice, chosen from all times and climes and from all ranks of life. She devoted the profits of her writings to religious objects. The following is taken from ‘*A Book of Golden Deeds*’.

SYRACUSE was a great Greek city, built in Sicily, and full of all kinds of Greek art and learning; but it was a place of danger at the end of the fourth century, before the Christian era, for it had fallen under the tyranny of a man of strange and capricious temper, though of great abilities, namely, Dionysius. He is said to have been originally only a clerk in a public office, but his talents raised him to continually

higher situations, and at length, in a great war with the Carthaginians who had many settlements in Sicily, he became general of the army and then found it easy to establish his power over the city.

This power was not according to the laws, for Syracuse ought to have been governed, like most other cities, by a council of magistrates. But Dionysius was an exceedingly able man, and made the city much more rich and powerful. He defeated the Carthaginians, and rendered Syracuse by far the chief city in the island; and he contrived to make every one so much afraid of him that no one durst attempt to overthrow his power. He was a good scholar, and very fond of philosophy and poetry; and he delighted to have learned men around him, and he had naturally a generous spirit. But the sense that he was in a position that did not belong to him and that every one hated him for assuming it, made him very harsh and suspicious.

It is of him that the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might overhear the conversation of his captives. Of him too is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb. On hearing a friend,

named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word, and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses—delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music—but with a sword, with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horsehair! This was to show the condition in which a usurper lived!

Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. He was said to have put a man, named Antiphon, to death for answering him, when he asked what was the best kind of brass, 'That of which the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton were made.' These were the two Athenians who had killed the sons of Pisis-tratus the tyrant, so that the jest was most offensive, but its boldness might have gained forgiveness for it. One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to a dungeon for finding fault with his poetry. He afterwards composed another piece, which he thought so superior, that he could not be content without sending for this adverse critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it, he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly, "Carry me back to prison." This time Diony-

sus had the sense to laugh, and forgive his honesty.

All these stories may not be true; but they show what was the character of the man of whom they were told, how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was incurred. Among those who came under it was one, named Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favour to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, Damon came forward and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging to suffer death in place of Pythias if he did not return according to promise.

Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marvelling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was sure of his friend's truth and honour,

and that, if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect, that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who had left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias' own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling them to his judgment-seat, he entreated them to admit him as a third in their friendship. Yet all the time he must have known it was a mockery that he should be ever such as they were to each other—he who had lost the very power of trusting, and constantly sacrificed others to secure his own life, whilst they counted not their lives in comparison with their

truth to their word and love to one another. No wonder that Damon and Pythias have become proverbial for true friendship strong unto death.

XIII. THE BITER BIT

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, (1825-1900), is emphatically 'the man of one book'—*Lorna Doone*. For 'breadth, imaginative beauty, and freshness', he is unequalled in modern fiction, except by Reade or Stevenson. He did for Devonshire what Scott did for the Highlands. *The Maid of Sker* (the author's favourite) and *Springhaven* rank next to *Lorna Doone*.

This is taken from Ch. 24. John Ridd, of the parish of Oare in Somerset, is a farmer's son, noted for his strength and simple and lovable character. He loves *Lorna Doone*, of the celebrated Doone outlaws, which brings him into conflict with the dreaded robbers. A relation of his, Uncle Huckaback, is robbed by the Doones on his way to Oare on a visit to the Ridds, and he vows vengeance on them by using his influence at court. And this he does at the next opportunity.

The last years of Charles II are years of trouble and secret discontent. Conspiracies and plots are in the air. The far south-west, (Somerset), which is John's home, is watched with particular anxiety. So one day, John receives a summons from Judge Jeffreys, who is just coming to be known and dreaded for his rigour, and at once goes to London for the purpose. But the court is busy with other matters and he is made to wait for about two months at his own expense. The money that should have been paid to him is pocketed by the chief officer of evidence, who thinks that rustic John is easy game. John's resources are exhausted and he is resolved to end this long waiting.

Here is one of those humorous incidents, not uncommon even now in our courts of law, though not attended with

the same happy results. It is the case of a lawyer, who is not very prosperous and has need of all his wits to make a livelihood and is not very scrupulous about the means he uses for the purpose. He takes our simple country cousin for a fool and therefore an easy victim.

BEING quite at the end of my money, I determined to force my way up to the Justices who should hear me or send me home. So I went to Westminster Hall. As I was waiting there for a good opportunity, a man with a wig on his head and a long blue bag in his left hand, touched me gently on the arm and led me to a quiet place. I followed him very gladly, as I thought he had come to me with a message from the Justices.

“Now, John, how is your dear mother?” he asked suddenly.

“Sir,” I answered, after recovering from my surprise that he should know our affairs and take such a kindly interest in them, “it is now two months since I have seen her. Would to God that I knew how she is getting on and how the business of the farm goes!”

“Sir, I admire you,” replied the old gentleman. “Few young men of our time are so reverent and dutiful. Oh, how I loved my mother!” Here he turned up his eyes to heaven, as if the memory of his dear mother were always present in his mind.

“I am very sorry for you, sir,” I answered respectfully, yet wondering at his mother’s

age for he seemed at least three-score. "I am only a simple farmer's son."

"Quite enough, John," he cried: "I can see written in your face honesty and courage and simplicity. But I fear that, in London, you may be taken in by people of no principle. Ah me! the world is bad and I am too old to improve it."

Finding him so good and kind and so anxious to improve the world, I told him almost everything about myself except that I was out of money.

"What!" cried the lawyer with indignation; "Good God! In what country do we live? Under what laws are we governed? No case before the court; not even a King's writ issued! This is not only illegal, sir, but most unconstitutional."

"I had not told you, sir," I answered, "if I had thought you would be so moved. I must leave you now, sir, for I see that the door of the court is open again. I beg you, sir, to accept—"

Upon this he put forth his hand and said, "Nay, nay, my lad, not two, not two."

"To accept, kind sir, my very best thanks," I added, "and to remember that, if any business should bring you to our part of the country, my mother and myself will do our

best to make you comfortable with our poor hospitality.”

“Young man,” said the lawyer without cordiality, “a general invitation such as this is but a poor fee. I have spent a good hour of my business time listening to your story, and giving my opinion on it. For the honour of the profession I ought to charge you at least five guineas, though I would have accepted one, offered with goodwill. Now I will enter it as two, my son, and half a crown for my clerk’s fee.”

Saying this he drew forth a red book from his blue bag and wrote: “To consideration of case as stated by John Ridd, and advising thereon, two guineas.”

“But, good sir,” I stammered, not having two guineas left in the world, but unwilling to confess it, “I knew not that I was to pay, learned sir. I thought that you listened from kindness and a sort of liking for me.”

“A lawyer feel compassion gratis!” said he. “You must either be a very deep knave, or the greatest of fools. Well, I suppose, I must let you off with one guinea and the clerk’s fee.”

Now, if this man had continued kind, as when he heard my story, I would have pawned my clothes to pay him, rather than leave a debt behind, although contracted unwillingly. But

when he used harsh language, calling me a knave, I began to doubt whether he had any right to my money and whether he were not a knave himself. So I said, "Sir, I am no knave; if a young man had called me so, it would not have gone well with him. This money shall be paid, if due. But you have told me that the Court is liable for my expenses, so far as they be reasonable. If this be a reasonable expense, come with me now to Lord Justice Jeffreys, and receive from him the two guineas (or it may be, five), for the counsel you have given me to deny his jurisdiction."

With these words I took his arm to lead him, for the door was open still.

"In the name of God, boy, let me go. Worthy sir, pray, let me go. My wife is sick and my daughter dying—"

"Nay, nay," I said, holding him fast by the arm, "I cannot let you go unpaid. Right is right, and you shall have it."

"Ruin is what I shall have, boy, if you drag me before that devil. He will strike me from the bar at once, and starve me and all my family. Here, lad, good lad, take these two guineas yourself. You have despoiled the spoiler. Never again will I trust my eyes for knowledge of a fool."

He now slipped two guineas into my hand and urged me again to let him go.

“Learned sir,” I replied, “twice you spoke, I believe, of the necessity of a clerk’s fee.”

“To be sure, to be sure, my son,” said he; “you have a clerk as much as I have. There it is. Now I advise you to take to the study of law. Possession is nine points of it, which you have of me. Self-possession is the tenth, and that you have more than the other nine.”

XIV. WORDS FROM THE WISE

KNOWLEDGE

WHEN you know, to know that you know, and when you do not know, to know that you do not know—that is true knowledge.

Study without thought is vain; thought without study is perilous.

All my knowledge is strung on one connecting thread. I used to spend whole days without food and whole nights without sleep, in order to meditate. But I made no progress. Study, I found, was better.

The man of knowledge finds pleasure in the sea, the man of virtue finds pleasure in the mountains. For the man of knowledge is restless and the man of virtue is calm. The man of knowledge is happy, and the man of virtue is longlived.

Better than one who knows what is right is one who is fond of what is right; and better than one who is fond of what is right is one who delights in what is right.

NOBLE HATREDS

Tzu Kung asked: Has the nobler sort of man any hatreds? The Master replied: He has. He hates those who publish the faults of others; he hates men of low condition who vilify those above them; he hates those whose courage is unaccompanied by self-restraint; he hates those who are audacious but narrow-minded. And you, Tzu, he added, have also your hatreds?—I hate, replied the disciple, those who think that wisdom consists in prying and meddling; courage, in showing no compliance; and honesty, in denouncing other men.

WHAT TO AVOID

There were four words of which the Master barred the use: he would have no "shall's," no "must's," no "certainly's," no "I's."

GOOD GOVERNMENT

Tzu Kung asked for a definition of good government. The Master replied: It consists in providing enough food to eat, in keeping enough soldiers to guard the state, and in winning the confidence of the people. And if one of these three things had to be sacrificed, which

should go first? The Master replied: Sacrifice the soldiers. And if of the two remaining things one had to be sacrificed, which should it be? The Master said: Let it be the food. From the beginning men have always had to die. But without the confidence of the people no government can stand at all. * * * *

In a state governed on right principles, poverty and low station are things to be ashamed of; in an ill-governed state, riches and rank are things to be ashamed of.

WISDOM

Seek wisdom and knowledge, without ever thinking you have found them. A man is wise while he continues in the pursuit of wisdom: but when he once fancies that he has found the object of his enquiry, he then becomes a fool. Learn to pursue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a step without first examining the ground with his staff.

LIFE

The world is like a vast sea; mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us for oars, good or bad fortune is the favourable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder: without this last the vessel is tossed by every billow and will find shipwreck in every breeze.

In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy; vigilance and economy of riches and honour; riches and honour of pride and luxury; pride and luxury of impurity and idleness; and impurity and idleness again produce indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

—CONFUCIUS

XV. THE STORY OF TWO LOVERS—1

THE LAMBS, CHARLES, (1775-1834), and MARY (died 1847), are responsible for the *Tales from Shakespeare*, written for children as an introduction to Shakespeare. It was an immediate success, and was followed by the *Adventures of Ulysses*, another book for children. Both these still engage the attention and interest of youthful readers. Charles did the tragedies and his sister Mary the comedies.

It was Mary's disease, her being subject to fits of madness in one of which she killed her mother that made Charles deny himself the happiness of domestic life to take care of his sister. Charles is one of the greatest essayists (the 'Elia' of his celebrated essays) and acutest of critics in the language. Humour of the genial variety is a distinguishing feature.

I

LONG ago, when Theseus, the far famed hero, was Duke of Athens, there lived in that city an old man, named Egeus, who had a daughter. Hermia was her name and she loved young Lysander. But her father wished her to marry Demetrius, another young Athenian of a noble family. So Egeus came before the Duke, desiring the cruel law against disobe-

dient daughters to be put in force against Hermia.

This law gave the old Athenian fathers power to marry their daughters to whomsoever they pleased, the penalty for refusal being death.

Hermia pleaded in excuse that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to madness. But this honourable reason moved not the stern Egeus: and Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of the country. Therefore, he could only give Hermia four days to consider it; and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

Lysander was in great distress on hearing this evil news. Recollecting, however, that he had an aunt living at some distance from Athens and that the cruel law could not be put in force there, he proposed to Hermia that they should flee the city that night and go to his aunt's house where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles outside the city."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Maidens will do foolish things for love, and Helena very ungenerously

resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius for the poor pleasure of following her lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

II

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favourite haunt of those little beings, known by the name of *Fairies*. Oberon, the king, and Titania, the queen, of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, held their midnight revels in this wood.

At this time, there happened to be an unfortunate quarrel between this little king and queen of spirits over a little changeling boy whom Oberon wished to have as his page. Titania had stolen the child after his mother's death and brought him up in the woods and would not give him up to her lord.

So when they met in the wood on the night the lovers were to meet there, Titania was about to depart to another part of the wood; but the Fairy king bade her stay and said, "Am not I thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen: "your whole fairy kingdom buys not

the boy of me.” She then left her lord in great anger. “Well, go your way,” said Oberon: “before the morning dawns I will punish you for this.”

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favourite and counsellor.

Puck was a very mischievous spirit who used to play comical pranks in the neighbouring villages. Sometimes he would get into the dairies and skim the milk: sometimes plunge his light and airy form into the butter-churn, making vain the labour of the dairy-maid to change her cream into butter. Or, again, when a few good neighbours were met to drink ale in comfort, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink, he would bob against her lips and spill the ale over her withered chin. Presently, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbours some sad tale, Puck would slip her stool from under her. Down toppled the poor old woman, and then the old gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never spent a merrier hour.

“Come hither,” said Oberon to this little merry spirit: “fetch me the flower called *Love-in-idleness*. When the juice of that little purple flower is laid on the eyelids of those

who sleep, it will make them, when they awake, fall madly in love with the first thing they see. Some of this juice I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep: and make her fall in love with some ugly monster; and before I will take this charm off, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page.”

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly pleased with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower. While Oberon was waiting for the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood. He overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and using many unkind words to her; and she, on her part, used words of true love, reminding him of his former love and pledge of true faith to her. Then he ran off, leaving her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, pitied poor Helena. When, therefore, Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favourite, “Take a part of this flower. There has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a proud youth. If you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but do it when she

is near him, so that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears.”

Puck promised to manage this matter very cleverly; and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to her rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew all kinds of flowers in great luxuriance. There Titania slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enamelled skin of a serpent, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

When she had been sung to sleep by her, fairies, Oberon softly drew near her, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying, “What you see when you awake, take that for your true love.”

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father’s house that night to marry her lover in safety. When she entered the wood, she found Lysander waiting for her to conduct her to his aunt’s house. They had scarcely passed half through the wood, when Hermia felt very much fatigued. Therefore Lysander persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep.

XVI. THE STORY OF TWO LOVERS—2

I

Here they were found by Puck. Seeing a handsome young man asleep, whose clothes were made in the Athenian fashion, and a pretty lady sleeping near him, Puck concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her proud lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek. Further, he naturally enough thought that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke. So, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, Puck's blunder would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well. But it happened otherwise.

Helena, as has been before related, endeavoured to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her. But she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius: and as she was wandering about, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground; is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake."

Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of passionate love and admiration. He told her that she excelled Hermia as much in beauty as a dove does a raven and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake; and many more words of that kind. Helena, knowing Lysander was solemnly engaged to marry her friend Hermia, was very angry when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought that Lysander was making a jest of her.

“Oh!” said she, “why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius? I thought, Lysander, you were a true gentleman.”

Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a great fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what had become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime, Demetrius, who was not able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander and was fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon to be fast asleep. Oberon had learnt by some questions he had asked of

Puck that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes. He therefore touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke: and the first thing he saw was Helena and he, like Lysander, began to address love-speeches to her. Just at that moment, Lysander, followed by Hermia, made his appearance. Now Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, each being under the influence of the same potent love-charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena: she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both had loved her before, had now become the lovers of Helena; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest.

The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

“Unkind Hermia,” said Helena, “to join with men in scorning your poor friend! Have you forgot our school-day friendship? Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly to join with men in scorning your poor friend.”

“I am amazed at your passionate words,” said Hermia: “I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me.”

“Ay, do,” returned Helena, “counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus.”

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed and once more wandered in the wood in search of their lovers.

II

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who had been listening to their quarrels with little Puck, said to him, “This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this wilfully?”

“Believe me, king of shadows,” answered Puck, “it was a mistake; did you not tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport.”

“I command you,” said Oberon, “to create a thick fog and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark, that they shall not be able to find each other. See you do this till

they are so weary that they can go no farther; and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes. When he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena and return to his old passion for Hermia; so that the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious *dream*. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon saw a clown near her, who had lost his way in the wood and was likewise asleep. "This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's lover;" and he clapped an ass's head over the clown's, which seemed to fit him as well as it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on very gently, it awakened him. He rose up, ignorant of the change in him, and went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept.

"Ah! what angel is that I see?" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect: "are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of the wood, I have enough for my purpose."

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the queen. "I am a spirit of no common rank.

I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend on you."

She then called four of her fairies and said, "Attend on this sweet gentleman; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your lovely hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!"

The fairy king revealed himself to her in this situation and reproached her for loving an ass. This she could not deny; and when now he demanded the changeling boy, she, being ashamed of her present conduct, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon now took pity on his queen and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and she recovered her senses and wondered at her strange folly.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown and left him to finish his nap.

Oberon now related to Titania the history of the lovers and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies, at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck had done his work very carefully, bringing

them all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had removed the charm from the eyes of Lysander.

III

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opened his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason, his love for Hermia. Then they began to talk over the adventures of the night, and doubted whether these things had really happened or whether they had been dreaming the same perplexing *dream*.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake. A sweet sleep had quieted her disturbed spirits, and she listened with delight to the words of love which Demetrius still made to her and which she found were sincere.

They now consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that Demetrius, who no longer loved Hermia, should prevail upon her father to cancel the cruel sentence of death against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised by the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander. They were to be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved, and now faithful, Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen received so much pleasure from this happy ending of the lovers' story, that they resolved to celebrate the approaching marriages with sports and revels throughout the fairy kingdom.

XVII. THE STORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK

PART I

THOMAS DAY, (1748-89), miscellaneous writer, was bred to the profession of law, but, being well off, lived an independent life. A benevolent gentleman, he engaged himself in schemes of social reform. He is remembered by the *History of Sandford and Merton*, which was formerly very popular.

WHEN many of the Italian states (particularly the Venetians) were constantly at war with the Turks, it happened once that a Venetian ship had taken many of the Turks prisoners. According to the barbarous custom of the time, these had been sold as slaves to different persons in the city. By chance, one of the slaves

lived opposite to the house of a rich Venetian merchant, who had an only son, about twelve years old. It happened that this little boy used frequently to stop as he passed near Hamet (which was the name of the slave), and gaze at him attentively. Hamet remarked that the boy was good-natured, and he always saluted him with the greatest courtesy, showing the utmost pleasure in his company. At length the little boy took a great fancy to the slave and used to visit him several times in the day with such little presents as he thought would be of use to his friend.

But though Hamet seemed to take the greatest delight in the company of his little friend, the boy observed that Hamet was often extremely sorrowful and frequently in tears, though he tried his best to conceal them. The boy was at length so much affected by this sight that he spoke of it to his father and begged him to make poor Hamet happy. The father was extremely fond of his son, and had besides observed that he seldom requested anything which was not generous and humane. So he determined to see the Turk himself and talk to him.

Accordingly he went to him the next day, and was struck with the mildness and honesty in Hamet's countenance. "Are you that Hamet," said he, "of whom my son is so fond,

and of whose gentleness and courtesy I have so often heard him talk?"

"Yes," said the Turk, "I am that unfortunate Hamet, who have now been for three years a captive. During that time your son (if you are his father) is the only human being that seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings. I must confess therefore he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray to that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves."

"Indeed, Hamet," said the merchant, "he is much obliged to you. But tell me, for I wish to do you good, in what I can assist you: for my son informs me that you are the prey of continual regret and sorrow."

"Is it wonderful," answered the Turk, with animation, "is it wonderful that I should mourn my fate, who am deprived of the first and noblest present of nature—my liberty."

"And yet," answered the Venetian, "how many thousands of our nation do you retain in fetters?"

"I am not answerable," said the Turk, "for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are for the barbarity of yours. But as to myself, I have never practised the inhuman custom of enslaving my fellow-creatures. I have

always respected the rights of nature, and therefore it is the more severe." Here a tear wetted his manly cheek. Instantly he recollected himself, and folding his arms upon his bosom, he added, "God is great, and man must submit to His decrees."

The Venetian was affected with this sight, and said: "Hamet, I pity your sufferings, and may, perhaps, be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty?"

"What would I do!" answered Hamet: "by the majesty of Heaven, I would face every pain and danger that can frighten the heart of man!"

"Nay," answered the merchant, "you will not be exposed to such a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage is equal to the task." "Name them!" cried the impatient Hamet; "place death before me in every horrid shape, and if I shrink—."

"Patience," answered the merchant, "we shall be observed. But hear me attentively. I have in this city a very bitter foe, who has insulted me deeply. He is brave and I confess that the fear of his strength and valour has hitherto prevented me from resenting the insult. Now, Hamet, take this dagger: as soon as it is night, I will myself conduct you to the place where you may at once revenge your friend and regain your freedom."

Words cannot describe the scorn and shame that flashed from his eyes, and he was speechless for a time with anger. At length he lifted his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried, "Go, base Christian, and know that Hamet would never be an assassin for all the wealth of Venice—no, not to purchase the freedom of all his race!"

At these words, the merchant, without appearing to be ashamed of his proposal, told him he was sorry he had offended him; but he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. "However," he added, as he turned to go, "you will reflect upon my proposal, and perhaps you may change your mind."

Hamet scorned to answer; and the merchant went his way.

The next day he returned in company with his son, and said, "My proposal yesterday might have surprised you by its suddenness; but I am now come to discuss the matter with you more calmly—"

"Christian," broke in Hamet, "do not, I pray you, insult me any more with such a proposal, and let us be strangers to each other from this moment."

"No, indeed," answered the merchant, "let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever. Know, generous man, that fondness for

my son first made me interested in your fate. But from the moment I saw you yesterday, I determined to set you free; therefore, pardon me this unnecessary trial of your virtue. Francisco has a soul which hates deeds of treachery and blood, as even Hamet himself. From this moment you are free: your ransom is already paid, with no other condition than that of remembering the affection of this your young friend. Perhaps, hereafter, when you see an unhappy Christian slave in your country, your generosity may make you think of Venice."

It is impossible to describe the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance. No time was lost in embarking him on board a ship bound for one of the Grecian islands. Francisco forced him to accept a purse of gold for his expenses on the way, and Hamet took his leave of the father and son with the greatest tenderness, praying for every blessing on the generous boy's head.

PART II

About six months after this, a sudden fire burst forth in the house of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning when sleep is the most profound, and none of the family perceived it till it spread over the whole building. The terrified servants had just time to awaken the merchant and hurry him down-

stairs: and the instant he was down, the staircase itself gave way and sank with a great crash into the midst of the fire.

Francisco congratulated himself on his escape, but it was only for an instant: for he presently found, upon enquiry, that his son, who slept in an upper apartment, had been neglected in the general confusion, and was amidst the flames. No words can describe the father's great grief: he would have rushed headlong into the fire, but was held in check by his servants. He then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the brave man who would risk his life to save his child.

As Francisco was known to be immensely rich, several ladders were in an instant raised, and several daring spirits, induced by the vast reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which burst forth at every window, together with the ruins that fell on every side, drove them all back. The unfortunate youth now appeared upon the battlements, stretching out his arms for aid, and seemed destined to certain destruction.

The unhappy father now sank down in a state of insensibility. In this dreadful moment, a man rushed through the opening crowd, mounted the tallest of the ladders with an intrepidity that showed he was resolved to succeed or perish, and instantly disappeared.

A sudden gust of smoke and flame burst forth immediately after, which made the people think he was lost. But presently they saw him emerge again with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any material injury. A universal shout of applause greeted his return. But who can describe the father's feelings when, on recovering his senses, he found his darling safe within his arms?

After the first moments of joy were over, he asked for his deliverer. He was shown a man of noble stature, but dressed in mean clothes, and his features were so darkened with smoke and filth that it was impossible to distinguish him. Francisco, however, addressed him with courtesy and, giving him a purse of gold, begged that he would accept it for the present and that the next day he should receive the promised reward.

"No, generous merchant," answered the stranger, "I do not sell my blood."

"Gracious heavens!" cried the merchant, "sure I should know that voice! It is—"

"Yes," exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer, "it is my Hamet!"

It was indeed Hamet who stood before them, in the same mean attire which he had worn six months before. Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco.

But being then in the midst of a large crowd of people, he desired Hamet to go with him to the house of one of his friends. When they were alone, he embraced Hamet tenderly and asked by what extraordinary chance he had become a slave a second time.

“I bless God for that captivity,” replied Hamet, “since it has given me an opportunity of showing that I was not unworthy of your kindness, and of preserving the life of that dear youth which I value a thousand times more than my own. But it is now fit that you must know the whole truth. Know then that, when I was taken prisoner by your ships, my aged father also shared my fate. It was his fate which so often made me shed those tears which first attracted the notice of your son. When, therefore, your unexampled liberality had set me free, I hastened to the Christian who had purchased him. I told him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm: I added too the gold which I had received from your generosity. In a word, I prevailed upon him to send back my father in that ship which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom. Since that time, I have stayed here to pay the debt of nature and gratitude, a willing slave.”

When Hamet had finished his story, the merchant was astonished at the virtue and

nobility of his mind. After expressing his gratitude to Hamet once more, he requested him to accept the half of his fortune and settle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refused with respect, saying that in what he had done he had only done his duty to his benefactor and friend. "You had a claim," he said, "upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred. That life would have been well spent had it been lost in your service. Since God has willed otherwise, it is a sufficient reward to me to have proved that Hamet is not ungrateful, and to have been the means of making you happy."

But the generous merchant would not be contented with this. He therefore once more purchased his freedom and engaged a ship on purpose to send him back to his country. The merchant and his son then embraced him with affectionate gratitude and bade him, as they thought, farewell for ever.

PART III

Many years had passed since the departure of Hamet for his own country without their seeing him or receiving any intelligence from him. In the meantime, the young Francisco, the son of the merchant, grew up to manhood, beloved and esteemed by every one.

It happened that about this time some business made it necessary for him and his father

to go to a neighbouring maritime city. As they thought a passage by sea would take them sooner to it, they sailed in a Venetian vessel bound for that place. The wind was fair and there was every appearance of a peaceful voyage. But they had not passed more than half the distance, before a Turkish corsair (a ship purposely fitted out for war) was seen bearing down upon them. As the enemy exceeded them much in swiftness, they soon found it was impossible to escape. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian vessel seemed overcome by fear. But the young Francisco, drawing his sword, encouraged them by his own example so well, that they determined to defend their liberty by a desperate resistance.

The Turkish vessel now approached them in awful silence; but in an instant the dreadful noise of the artillery was heard and the heavens were hidden by the smoke for a time. Three times did the Turks leap, with horrid shouts, upon the deck of the vessel, and three times were they driven back by the desperate resistance of the crew, headed by young Francisco. At length the slaughter of their men was so great that they seemed disposed to discontinue the fight, and were actually taking another course.

The Venetians beheld it with the greatest joy; but presently they saw two more ships

bearing down upon them with great swiftness before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors when they saw, on nearer approach, that they were enemies and there was no resistance or escape possible. They therefore lowered their flag (a sign of surrendering their ship), and were soon in the power of their enemies, who came pouring in on every side with the rage and violence of beasts of prey.

The brave Venetian crew were loaded with fetters and closely guarded in the hold of the ship till it arrived at Tunis.

They were then brought out in chains, and exposed in the public market for sale. Many of them were picked out one by one, according to their strength and vigour, and sold to different masters. Now a Turk approached, who, from his look and habit, appeared to be of superior rank. After glancing over the rest with an expression of compassion, he fixed his eyes upon young Francisco and demanded of the captain of the ship the price of the young man. The captain answered that he would not take less than five hundred pieces of gold for that captive.

“That,” said the Turk, “is very extraordinary, since I have seen you sell those that much exceed him in vigour for less than a fifth part of that sum.”

“Yes,” answered the captain; “but he shall either pay some part of the damage he has occasioned, or labour for life at the oar.”

“What damage,” asked the other, “can he have done you more than all the rest whom you have priced so cheaply?”

“He it was,” replied the captain, “who animated the Christians to that desperate resistance which cost me the lives of so many of my brave sailors. Three times did we leap upon their deck with a fury that seemed irresistible; and three times did that youth attack us with such cool determined opposition, that we were obliged to retreat, leaving at every charge twenty of our number behind. Therefore, I will either have that price for him, or else I will gratify my revenge by seeing him drudge for life in my galley.”

At this, the Turk examined young Francisco with new attention: and the latter, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in sullen silence, now raised them. But scarcely had he beheld the person that was talking to the captain, when he uttered a loud cry—*Hamet!* The Turk too recognised him in an instant, and embraced him with the joy of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long-lost child.

Presently he heard that his old benefactor was amongst those unhappy Venetians who

stood before him. He seemed overwhelmed with grief for a time. He then hastened to that part of the market, where Francisco stood awaiting his fate with a manly, resigned air. Ordering his chains to be taken off at once, he conducted him and his son to a magnificent house which belonged to him in the city.

As soon as they were alone, Hamet told them that, on his return to his country by their generosity, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies and had been gradually promoted to the dignity of Bey of Tunis.

“Since I have enjoyed this post,” added he, “I find nothing so agreeable as the power it gives me of softening the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians who are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever a ship arrives with these sufferers, I visit the markets and set a certain number of them at liberty. And gracious Allah is evidently pleased with it, for He has thus enabled me to serve the best of men.”

Francisco and his son remained here ten days and Hamet did all in his power to please and interest them. When he found that they were desirous of returning home, he told them that they should embark the next day in a ship sailing for Venice. Accordingly, he dismissed them on the morrow with much regret,

and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them to their vessel. When they arrived there, they found, to their surprise and joy, that it was their own ship with its own crew, which Hamet, in his gratitude, had redeemed from the corsairs.

Francisco and his son arrived without any accident in their own country, and lived many years, respected by all, continually mindful of the instability of fortune and attentive to discharge their duties to their fellow-creatures.

XVIII. A PHILOSOPHER-KING

I

IF, according to Plato (the great Greek philosopher), none but philosophers should be kings, many a throne in the world should have remained vacant for long periods. Yet there have been one or two instances of philosopher-kings in the history of the world. That of the good Marcus Aurelius, emperor of Rome, is one: and the other is our own Asoka.

Asoka was the grandson of Chandragupta, the founder of the Maurya or Maghada empire, which had Pataliputra for its capital. We do not know much about his father, Bindusara, though he should have been a capable ruler, for the empire, founded by his great father, had been handed on without any diminution, (per-

haps with additions), at his death, to his greater son.

Asoka had already had experience of administration as viceroy of Taxila and Ujjain--of the North-west and Western parts of the empire respectively--before he succeeded his father. It is proof of his ability as a ruler that throughout his long reign there were no disturbances in the empire and that his orders ran through the entire length and breadth of the land without any dispute.

But it is his goodness, his striving for righteousness, his anxiety for the welfare of his people, his labours on behalf of the Law of Piety that compel our admiration even at this distance of time. It is as the great upholder of Buddhism,—that religion of peace and purity and goodwill to all living creatures,—that he will always be remembered: not alone as the upholder, but as one who practised, in his own daily life, its lofty Dharma.

When Gautama Buddha died about 487 before the Christian era, his followers were not many and were confined mainly to the north, in and about the scenes of his career. The Buddhists had long remained a sect, and Buddhism was a creed of the few. It is due to Asoka that it became a world religion, influencing to this day the lives of nearly one-fifth of the human race.

Asoka was not born in that faith, and, during his viceroyalty, does not seem to have shown any marked preference to a religious life: nor even immediately after his accession to the throne. But all the time the seeds of goodness must have been there, and the responsibility of his high office as sovereign over a wide empire—larger in extent than British India to-day—should have made him think seriously. And the one war of his long reign, namely with the Kalingas (261 B.C.), completed the work of conversion. At least so he himself tells us in one of his edicts.* He was moved strongly by the great slaughter and suffering caused in that war—"1,50,000 persons carried away captive and 1,00,000 slain," as well as the death and sufferings of many thousands of innocent persons; and soon after, there happened the conversion which appears so sudden.

This one conquest, recorded of the great emperor, is memorable because of that greater conquest of himself by the Law of Piety—the Dharma of the Buddha. From now he devoted the rest of his life to the propagation and teaching of that Dharma, not only throughout his extensive dominions, but also abroad to neighbouring and distant kingdoms.

* The translation, here and below, of Asoka's edicts by Mr. V. A. Smith is followed in this piece.

II

The Law of Piety or Duty is summed up by himself in one of his edicts thus: "Father and mother must be hearkened to; similarly, respect for living creatures must be firmly established; truth must be spoken.... Similarly the teacher must be revered by the pupil, and towards relations proper courtesy must be shown." To this list he adds others in other edicts, such as, charity, toleration, purity, gentleness, and other similar virtues.

This is the sum of the teaching of the Buddha, and is again and again repeated for the benefit of the people. It is a practical code of conduct, to be acted upon by every one in everyday life. The practice of the Law of Piety, (he proclaims again and again), leads to happiness in this world and the next. This is not obtained by a mere acceptance of the Law, but by a strenuous observance of it, and he was himself an example of such strenuous exertion.

You must give up all other aims if you are to follow its precepts. It is difficult for all, particularly to the rich; but it is necessary for future happiness. "Whatsoever exertions His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King makes, all are for the sake of the life hereafter, so that every one may be freed from peril, and that peril is vice." He assures us earnestly

that he cares for glory only in so far as he succeeds in achieving this object.

The first thing he did after he “joined the Order”^{*} was to abolish all royal tours for hunting. The tours were now undertaken to visit holy places of pilgrimage. He likewise abolished the killing of animals in the royal kitchen. In the same spirit he prohibited all sacrifices of animals for religious purposes, all cruel sports and even entertainments in which meat was used.

As he trusted to his own example for the spread of the true Law, he showed the way by acts of benevolence or true piety. He provided for the well-being of both men and beasts by planting “shade-giving and fruit-bearing trees” on either side of the roads, providing wells and rest-houses and watering-places at intervals, and building houses for “the care and healing of the sick.” He even cultivated medicinal herbs and roots and spread a knowledge of the same. He was perhaps the first king in the history of the world to provide hospitals for animals.

Indeed he looked upon himself as a father to his subjects. Listen again to the earnest voice of the great emperor who lived more than two thousand years ago. “‘All men are my

^{*} became a Buddhist monk.

children,' and just as I desire for my children every kind of prosperity and happiness both in this world and the next, so I desire the same for all my men." He asks his high officials, to impress this fact on all his subjects: "The King loves us even as he loves himself: we are to the king even as his children."

As head of a wide empire, he felt that business was delayed frequently, and great difficulty caused to the people in consequence. So he proclaimed: "I never feel satisfaction in my exertions and despatch of business. For work I must for the welfare of all the folk; and of that, the root is energy and the despatch of business." He therefore ordered that information of all affairs should be brought to him at all times—while eating, or in the ladies' apartments, or in the pleasure grounds.

A ruler who takes his responsibilities so seriously must work hardest of all, and Asoka the Good never spared himself. Thus both by precept and example did he labour, as monk and monarch, to spread the Law of Duty—of purity of life and of kindness and goodwill to all living things.

III

One should have expected that a powerful emperor, filled with such zeal for his faith, would have used all the means in his power to spread it. It is here that his greatness lies,

for he never persecuted or otherwise forced any to follow Buddhism. Where was the merit of his Master's gospel, if it were to be spread by force? And there was no need for it either, according to him. All men know what is good for them; and the gospel was only to be proclaimed for them to see that it was good and to follow it. He thus trusted to 'the superior effect of reflection,' *i.e.*, to the good sense of the people, to promote its growth. So, not satisfied with proclamations and edicts, he sent out missionaries and teachers to all the parts of his vast dominions.

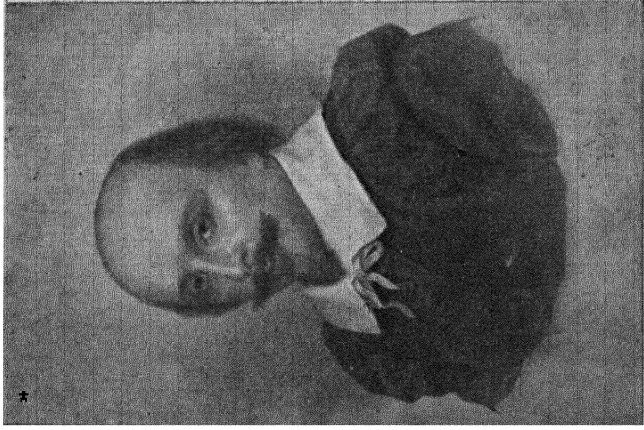
How earnest he was in winning 'glory in the next world' by bringing the great message of humanity and purity and peace within the reach of all men, is shown by his missionary zeal. His efforts in this direction extended to distant lands like Syria, Egypt and Greece, not to mention Ceylon on our side and the countries on the borders of his vast empire. He did not neglect even the hill tribes in his own land.

Thus he was tolerant on principle. For himself, he revered all sects and faiths. He gave proof of it in bestowing gifts on the Jains, the Brahmans, and others, even building monasteries and temples for their benefit. He wished all his subjects to show similar respect to all faiths. Freedom to preach and teach—

freedom to hear and choose—these were conceded by the great emperor. Following his great Master, he ignored external observances, but cared only for “the essence of the matter,” that is to say, goodness, kindliness, reverence, and purity of conduct. It was a simple faith, and it was good. No wonder that Buddhism easily became a power in the land, backed as it was by all the influence and example of a mighty sovereign. If it lives even to-day as one of the great religions of the world, it does so on its own merits.

—THE EDITOR

POETRY



William Shakespeare
(1564-1616)



William Wordsworth
(1770-1850)

POETRY

SECTION I

I. WHAT I LIVE FOR

GEORGE LINNAEUS BANKS, (1821-81), poet and miscellaneous writer, a man of lofty ideals, is not remembered now perhaps save by the short piece given here. The last four lines are pointed out to be a favourite quotation with good speakers and writers, appealing for workers for any good cause.

I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task of God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
 Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
 And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
 And time's great volume make.

* * *

I live to hail that season,
 By gifted minds foretold,
 When men shall live by reason,
 And not alone by gold;
 When man to man united,
 And every wrong thing righted,
 The whole world shall be lighted
 As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true,
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit, too;
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

II. THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

LORD BYRON, (1788-1824), the author of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, is held in greater respect as a poet on the continent than in his own country. Energy, passion and power are the distinguishing features of his poetry. His career was chequered and unhappy, and he spent more of his time on the continent, and his latter years in Italy. His life had a fitting close in that he enlisted as a volunteer on the side of the Greeks who rose against their Turkish masters, and died there.

Some of his shorter pieces are very popular, marked by his usual vigour and passion. *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *The Destruction of Sennacherib*, etc., are familiar to school-boys, while some of his songs are the best of their kind.

Byron has rendered old Bible stories into vigorous verse, many of which are popular. This poem is a spirited rendering of the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel.

Belshazzar was the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar and last of the Chaldean kings of Babylon, slain at the capture of that city by Cyrus who commanded the armies of Darius the Medean. (About 538 B.C.)

The King was on his throne,
The Satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.

A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand;
The fingers of a man;
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
'Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth!'
Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;

And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw—but knew no more.
 A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw the writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view;
 He read it on that night—
 The morrow proved it true.
 "Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away,
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay;
 The shroud his robe of state,
 His canopy the stone:
 The Mede is at his gate!
 The Persian on his throne!"

III. WILLIAM TELL

WHEN Switzerland was under Austria, there was sent a cruel man, named Gessler, as its governor. This arrogant man set up his cap on a tall pole in the market-place at Altorf, to which the Swiss should show respect by bowing. A sturdy patriot by name, William Tell, happened to come to Altorf with his little son and pass by the place. The guards asked him to bow down before the Austrian's cap: Tell refused.

“My knee shall bend,” he calmly said,
 “To God, and God alone;
My life is in the Austrian’s hand,
 My conscience is my own.”

“Seize him, ye guards!” the ruler cried,
 While passion choked his breath;
“He mocks my power, he braves my lord,
 He dies the traitor’s death:

“Yet wait. The Swiss are marksmen true—
 So all the world doth say;
That fair-haired stripling hither bring—
 We’ll try their skill to-day.”

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood;
 To this the youth was bound;
They placed an apple on his head—
 He looked in wonder round.

“The fault is mine, if fault there be,”
 Cried Tell, in accents wild;
“On manhood let your vengeance fall,
 But spare, Oh, spare my child!”

“I will not harm thy pretty boy,”
 Said Gessler tauntingly;

“If blood of his shall stain the ground,
 Yours will the murder be.

“Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
 Your straightest arrow take;
For know, yon apple is your mark,
 Your liberty the stake.”

A mingled noise of wrath and grief,
 Was heard among the crowd:
 The men they uttered curses deep,
 The women wept aloud.

Full fifty paces from his child,
 His strong bow in his hand,
 With lips compressed, and flashing eye,
 Tell firmly took his stand.

* * * *

Then spake aloud the gallant boy,
 Impatient of delay,
 "Shoot straight and quick, thine aim is sure;
 Thou canst not miss to-day."

"Heaven bless thee now!" the parent said,
 "Thy courage shames my fear;
 Man tramples on his brother man,
 But God is ever near."

The bow was bent, the arrow went
 As by an angel guided;
 In pieces two, beneath the tree,
 The apple fell divided!

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,
 "My plighted word I keep;
 'Twas bravely done by sire and son—
 Go home, and feed your sheep."

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"
 The peasant coldly said;
 "To God alone my praise is due,
 And duly shall be paid.



TORU DUTT (1856 - 77)
At 13

*With acknowledgments to the ' Asiatic Review ' and to
Mr. Harihar Das*

“Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near,
 Had I but missed my aim;
 Not unavenged my child had died—
 Thy parting hour the same.

“For, see, a *second* shaft was here,
 If harm my boy befell;
 Now go and bless the heavenly powers,
 My *first* has sped so well.”

‘God helped the right, God spared the sin:
 He brings the proud to shame;
 He guards the weak against the strong—
 Praise to His holy name!

IV. SINDHU OR THE CURSE OF DASARATHA

Part I

TORU DUTT, (1856-77), an eminent Indian poetess, died at a very early age when her powers were fast maturing. She will be remembered by her *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*, in which she interprets the ‘soul of India’ to the western world.

This is a story relating to Dasaratha, emperor of Ayodhya, when young. The poetess departs from the accepted version by describing what really forms a curse (according to Valmiki) as a prophecy by the saintly Brahman.

Deep in the forest shades there dwelt
 A *Muni* and his wife;
 Blind, gray-haired, weak, they hourly felt
 Their slender hold on life.

No friends had they, no help or stay,
 Except an only boy;
 A bright-eyed child, his laughter gay,
 Their leaf-hut filled with joy.

* * * *

They called him Sindhu, and his name
 Was ever on their tongue,
 And he nor cared for wealth nor fame,
 Who dwelt his own among.

Part II

One day Dasaratha of Ayodhya went out to hunt with a large company, and in following the chase the king was separated from the rest of the party. It was evening and soon it was night; and he stood on the bank of a curving river. Suddenly he heard a noise like that of a roebuck drinking water, and skilled as he was in shooting the arrow at the mark, guided only by the ear, he now aimed one in the direction of the sound.

Ah me! What means this? Hark, a cry,
 A feeble human wail—
 “O God!” it said—“I die—I die!
 Who’ll carry home the pail?”

Startled, the monarch forward ran,
 And then there met his view
 A sight to freeze in any man
 The warm blood coursing true.

A child lay dying on the grass,
 A pitcher by his side;
 Poor Sindhu was the child, alas!
 His parents’ stay and pride.

His bow and quiver down to fling
And lift the wounded body,
A moment's work was with the king.
Not dead—that was a joy!

He placed the child's head on his lap,
And ranged the blinding hair;
The blood welled fearful from the gap
On neck and bosom fair.

He dashed cold water on the face,
He chafed the hands, with sighs,
Till sense revived, and he could trace
Expression in the eyes.

Then mingled with his pity, fear—
In all this universe
What is so dreadful as to hear
A Brahmin's dying curse!

So thought the king, and on his brow
The beads of anguish spread,
And Sindhu, fully conscious now,
The anguish plainly read.

“What does thou fear, O mighty king!
For sure a king thou art!
Why should thy bosom anguish wring?
No crime was in thine heart!

“Unwittingly the deed was done;
It is my destiny;
O fear not thou, but pity one
Whose fate is thus to die.

"No curses, no!—I bear no grudge,
Not thou my blood hast spilt,
Lo, here before the unseen Judge,
Thee I absolve from guilt.

"The iron, red-hot as it burns,
Burns those that touch it too;
Not such my nature—for it spurns,
Thank God, the like to do.

"Because I suffer, should I give
Thee, king, a needless pain?
Ah, no! I die, but mayst thou live,
And cleansed from every stain!"

Struck with these words, and doubly grieved
At what his hands had done,
The monarch wept, as weeps bereaved
A man his only son.

"Nay, weep not so," resumed the child,
"But rather let me say
My own sad story, sin-defiled,
And why I die to-day.

"Picking a living in our sheaves,
And happy in their loves,
Near, 'mid a peepuls quivering leaves,
There lived a pair of doves.

"Never were they two separate,
And lo, in idle mood,
I took a sling and ball, elate
In wicked sport and rude,—

“And killed one bird—it was the male;
O cruel deed and base!
The female gave a plaintive wail
And looked me in the face!

* * * *

‘What was my darling’s crime that thou
Him wantonly shouldst kill?
The curse of blood is on thee now,
Blood calls for red blood still.’

“And so I die—a bloody death—
But not for this I mourn,
To feel the world pass with my breath
I gladly could have borne,

“But for my parents, who are blind,
And have no other stay—
This, this, weighs sore upon my mind,
And fills me with dismay.”

Part III

They had fasted the previous day, the eleventh day of the moon (=Ekadasi) and would feebly call on their boy for water. So his dying request to the king was that he should take the pitcher of water to them. The king did so, carrying the child, and went down the steep lane to the hut.

Meanwhile the parents felt a great anxiety at the unusual delay of their son. The mother spoke of a strange terror that she felt, fearing they might not see their boy alive.

Thus while she spake, the king drew near,
With haggard look and wild,
Weighed down with grief, and pale with fear,
Bearing the lifeless child.

Rustled the dry leaves 'neath his foot,
And made an eerie sound,
A neighbouring owl began to hoot,
All else was still around.

At the first rustle of the leaves
The *Muni* answered clear,
"Lo, here he is—oh, wherefore grieves
Thy soul, my partner dear?"

The words distinct the monarch heard;
He could no further go;
His nature to its depths was stirred;
He stopped in speechless woe.

No steps advanced—the sudden pause
Attention quickly drew;
Rolled sightless orbs to learn the cause;
But, hark! the steps renew.

"Where art thou, darling—why so long
Hast thou delayed to-night?
We die of thirst,—we are not strong,
This fasting kills outright.

"Speak to us, dear one—only speak,
And calm our idle fears"

With head bent low the monarch heard,
Then came a cruel throb
That tore his heart—still not a word,
Only a stifled sob!

"It is not Sindhu—who art thou?
And where is Sindhu gone?

There's blood upon thy hands—avow!"
"There is." "Speak on, speak on."

The dead child in their arms he placed,
And briefly told his tale:
The parents their dead child embraced,
And kissed his forehead pale.

"Our hearts are broken. Come, dear wife,
On earth no more we dwell;
Now welcome Death, and farewell Life,
And thou, O king, farewell!"

"We do not curse thee, God forbid!
But to my inner eye
The future is no longer hid;
Thou too shalt like us die.

"Die—for a son's untimely loss!
Die—with a broken heart!
Now help us to our bed of moss,
And let us both depart."

Upon the moss he laid them down,
And watched beside the bed;
Death gently came and placed a crown
Upon each reverend head.

* * * * *

What is the sequel of the tale?
How died the king? Oh, man,
A prophet's words can never fail—
Go, read the *Ramayan*.

V. SPEAK GENTLY

This piece is attributed to an American writer named **DAVID BATES** who lived about the middle of last century.

The sentiments expressed here have a universal appeal.

Speak gently! It is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
 The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow,
 Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
 Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:
 It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
 Will have enough to bear:
Pass through this life as best they may,
 'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
 Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor:
 Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure
 Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again.

VI. VALUE OF LIFE

THIS short piece is usually printed with the title—'The Worm'. It is instinct with true kindness of spirit to all living things, inspiring true reverence for life as life—an ideal which is not likely to be misunderstood. It is written by Thomas Gisborne.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm!
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.
The common lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.
The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.
Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive;
Oh, do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!

VII. A FABLE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, (1803-82), poet, mystic and philosopher, is one of the most original writers and thinkers of America. He is more, an essayist—one of the best—and

philosopher than a poet. The quantity of his poetry is small, contained in *Parnassus*, published in 1874.

A Fable expresses the bent of his mind.

The mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter 'Little Prig';
 Bun replied,
 'You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together,
 To make up a year
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry.
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track;
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut.'

VIII. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: see Introduction to 'Advice to a Young Man'.

This is a humorous piece from his *Vicar of Wakefield*. The dash at the end of lines 7 and 11 is meant to give an epigrammatic turn to the thought.

Good people all, of ev'ry sort,
 Give ear unto my song,
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say
 That still a godly race he ran—
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes;
 The naked every day he clad—
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain some private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
 The wondering neighbours ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye,
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied:
 The man recovered of the bite—
 The dog it was that died.

IX. THE STARS

BARRY CORNWALL (real name BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR) (1787-1874) is best known as a song-writer. In this short piece, he does not wonder what the stars are or why they are there, but is content to feel joy at their presence, to feel them as glorious creations of God, pouring the balm of peace and tranquillity on our agitated spirits.

They glide upon their endless way,
 For ever calm, for ever bright,
 No blind hurry, no delay,
 Mark the Daughters of the Night;
 They follow in the track of Day
 In divine delight.

And oh, how still beneath the stars
 The once wild, noisy Earth doth lie;
 As though she now forsook her jars,
 And caught the quiet of the sky.
 Pride sleeps; and Love (with all his scars)
 In smiling dreams doth lie.

Shine on, sweet orbéd souls, for aye,¹
 For ever calm, for ever bright:
 We ask not whither lies your way,
 Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
 Be still—a dream throughout the day,
 A blessing through the night!

¹ always, ever.

Section II.

X. COROMANDEL FISHERMEN

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU (born 1879) is one of our greatest poets, many of whose lyrics on Indian themes (such as, '*The Palanquin Bearers*,' '*The Coromandel Fishermen*, etc.) are well known. She has published three volumes of poems: '*The Golden Threshold*,' '*The Broken Wing*' and '*The Bird of Time*.'

All her verses have that peculiar eastern flavour which give her individuality. The following piece is taken from *The Golden Threshold*.

Rise, brothers, rise, the wakening skies pray
to the morning light,

The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn
like a child that has cried all night.

Come, let us gather our nets from the shore,
and set our *Catamarans* free,

To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for
we are the sons of the sea.

No longer delay, let us hasten away in the
track of the sea-gull's call,

The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother,
the waves are our comrades all.

What though we toss at the fall of the sun
where the hand of the sea-god drives?

He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide
in his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade, and
 the scent of the mango grove,
 And sweet are the sands at the full o' the
 moon with the sound of the voices we love.
 But sweeter, O brothers, the kiss of the spray
 and the dance of the wild foam's glee:
 Row, brothers, row to the blue of the verge,
 where the low sky mates with the sea.

XI. HORATIUS

LORD MACAULAY, (1800-59), essayist and historian, has also written the celebrated *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which place him among the foremost poets in this class of poetry, viz. the ballad. He is a master of vigorous narrative. Of these ballads *Horatius* is the best.

In this story of a patriotic Roman of ancient days defending his country against odds, Macaulay has put in all the energy and fire he is capable of feeling as a patriot, who belonged to a country which also passed through such struggles for freedom.

Gathering of the host

Lars Porsena of Clusium
 By the nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth
 East and west and south and north
 To summon his array.

* * * * *

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trusting day!

Condition in Rome

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

News presently arrives of the nearer approach of the enemy and of the capture of Janiculum, the outpost of the city. There is only one way left to save the town, viz, to destroy the bridge leading into the city. But this is impossible, as there is no time to do it.

Horatius' patriotic offer

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
'And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
'"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;

And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then outspake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late:
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Fired by Horatius' example, two other strong and stout-hearted Romans offer to stand by Horatius to help him 'hold the foe in play.' They were Lartius and Herminius.

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“As thou sayest, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Forth went that dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

The defence of the bridge

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:

And Fathers mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge’s head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs¹ came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;

¹ Aunus, Seius and Picus—all veteran warriors.

And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.

Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.

Quoth he: "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.

The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.

Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak:
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo¹ comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair

¹ A nobleman.

Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Meanwhile the Romans have succeeded in loosening the props of the bridge, and it is about to fall down. They cry out to the brave Three to come back at once, and Lartius and Herminius dart back on the tottering bridge, which soon after falls down with a crash.

Last exploit of Horatius

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

* * * * *

“O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges

They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

XII. THE WARRIOR'S RETURN

SOSHI CHANDAR DUTT, (1815-92), wrote much (10 volumes of his writings were published in England in 1884), and a selection of his verses was published in Calcutta with the title, *The Vision of Sumeru and other Poems*.

The history of his own country formed the chief source of his inspiration.

Jaswant Singh was defeated by Aurangzebe and fled to his capital for refuge. But his heroic wife felt the disgrace of it and bade him begone: 'You are no husband of mine; he lies slain on the field of battle. I never married a coward.'

That recreant slave is not my lord;

Ne'er thus the brave return;

Go, bid the city-gates be barr'd,

And leave me lone to mourn.

I know him not. I never knew

A low ignoble love;

My warrior sleeps upon the moor,

His soul hath soar'd above.

Upon the battlefield he lies,

His garments stain'd with gore;

With sword in hand prepared he sleeps

To fight the battle o'er.

His shiver'd shield, his broken spear,

Around him scatter'd lie;

The iron-breasted Moslems shook

To see my hero die.

Where helmets rang, where sabres smote,

He found his gory bed;

Join, mourners, join, and loudly raise

The requiem of the dead.

Expel yon vile impostor hence;
 I will not trust his tale;
 Our warriors on the crimson field
 Their chieftain's loss bewail.

The mountain torrent rushing down
 Can ne'er its course retrace,
 And souls that speed on glory's path
 Must ever onward press:

Aye, onward press—to bleed and die,
 Triumphant still in death:
 Impostor, hence! in other lands
 Go draw thy coward breath.

XIII. THE QUIET LIFE

ALEXANDER POPE, (1688-1744), the deformed, sensitive, Roman Catholic poet, the greatest in his own time, is now scarcely read. As a satirist, he is greatest, and no one is so often quoted except perhaps Shakespeare. He is unrivalled as the maker of condensed, pointed and sparkling maxims of life, and in painting a portrait (see that of 'Atticus') only Dryden is his rival.

These lines on a quiet country life are the best known among his shorter pieces. The poet gives a sober view of country life, when it was the fashion to talk and write sentimentally of it. There was not much love of nature in the eighteenth century, and the town poets ignored it completely, considering that Man is the proper study of man.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

XIV. TO THE CUCKOO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, (1770-1850), the high-priest of Nature, is one of the greatest of English poets. He is the poet that has enabled many to look on life with greater insight and enjoyment by singing of the lives of poor folk and children and of the commonest objects which one passes by as trivial. Such short pieces, as, *Simon Lee*, *Hartleap Well*, *Lucy Gray*, *We are Seven*, *The Daffodils*; *To the Cuckoo*, etc. keep his memory green among youthful readers.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for Thee!

XV. THE SCHOLAR

ROBERT SOUTHEY: see Introduction, "Nelson's Early Life."

Here is a picture of the scholar or studious man, of which Southey himself was a good example. The love of books and learning is a great asset in life, for they introduce you to the best company to enliven, comfort, or teach you according to your mood.

My days among the Dead are past;
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
 I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
 My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
 Through all Futurity;

Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

XVI. YOUTH AND AGE

CHARLES KINGSLEY, (1819-75), novelist, author of *Westward Ho* and *Hereward the Wake*, is known to younger readers as the writer of those old-world stories (*The Heroes*) and that delightful book of nature, *The Water Babies*. Some of his verses—*The Three Fishers*, *The Sands of Dee*, *The Last Buccanier*, *Young and Old*—are also well known.

In these lines the poet sums up the experience of a lifetime—the vigour and optimism of youth being contrasted with the lethargy and pessimism of old age.

When all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
 The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
 You loved when all was young.

XVII. TRUE LIBERTY

RICHARD LOVELACE, (1618-58), poet and Royalist, had the distinction of being 'the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld.' Imprisoned twice for his political opinions, he is remembered now by a few of his lyrics, marked by grace and tenderness.

The lines here form the last stanza of *To Althea from Prison*, beginning with the line, "When love with unconfined wings."

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

XVIII. FREEDOM

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, (1819-91), is better known as an essayist and critic, though his *Biglow Papers*, *Fable for Critics* and *Vision of Sir Launfal* are among the best things of their kind. *The Fountain* is a small piece familiar to boys and girls. He did much to awaken public conscience against slavery in his country (America).

These stirring lines form the last of his "Stanzas on Freedom," written for people who hesitated to declare themselves openly against slavery, though they considered it wrong.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,

Rather in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

SECTION III

XIX. NOT LOVE BUT VANITY

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, (1784-1859), essayist and poet, will be remembered as essayist rather than as poet, though some of his short poems—*The Grasshopper and Cricket*, *Mahmud*, *Jaffar*, *Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel*, and *The Glove and the Lions* ("Not Love but Vanity")—are class-room favourites.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal
 sport,
 And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the
 court:

The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by
 their side,
 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he
 hoped to make his bride.

And truly 'twas a gallant thing, to see the crown-
 ing show,
 Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal
 beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing
 jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a
 wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled
one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a
thund'rous smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing
through the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better
here than there!"

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

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as
brave can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his
love of me!

King, ladies, lovers, look on; the chance is won-
drous fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory
will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love: then
looked on him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the
lions wild!

The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon
regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in
the lady's face!

“Well done!” cried Francis, “bravely done!” and
 he rose from where he sat;
 “No love,” quoth he, “but vanity, sets love a task
 like that!”

XX. CANUTE AND THE TIDE

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-63) is known as one of England's greatest novelists and humourists, as the author of *The Book of Snobs*, of *Vanity Fair*, *The Newcomes* and *Esmond*. But he has also written verses, chiefly humorous, though some are of a sentimental kind. Of these, *Pocahontas*, *The Cane-Bottomed Chair*, *A Tragic Story*, and, better known than all the rest, *Canute and the Tide*, find a place in many a book of selections.

The piece here selected is about the common theme of flattery, which ever attends royalty.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned
 for years a score,
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much
 and robbing more;
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the
 wild sea-shore.

“Leading on my fierce companions,” cried he,
 “over storm and brine,
 I have fought and I have conquered. Where was
 glory like to mine?”
 Loudly all the courtiers echoed: “Where is glory
 like to thine?”

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;

Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold.

Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent mould! . . .

"Yea, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?"

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do't.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,

And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?

"So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;

"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

“Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I
make the sign?”

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, “Land and sea, my
Lord, are thine.”

Canute turned towards the ocean—“Back!” he said,
“thou foaming brine,

From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee
to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy
master’s seat.

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer
to my feet!”

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder,
deeper roar,

And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding
on the shore,

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King
and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to
human clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth
and seas obey;

And his golden crown of empire never wore he
from that day.

XXI. A LEGEND OF THE WISE KING SOLOMON

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, (1807-92), American poet, is the poet of freedom, who with Lowell contributed to rouse public feeling against slavery, which was finally abolished. A man of lofty ideals, he has written much and ranks higher than Longfellow "in intensity of imagination and emotional power." *Snowbound*, *Ichabod*, *Barbara Frietchie*, *The Barefoot Boy*, etc., are among his best known pieces.

A Legend of the Wise King Solomon illustrates a political truth, contained in the last stanza.

Out from Jerusalem
The King rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them.

Proud in the Syrian sun,
In gold and purple sheen,
The dusky Ethiop Queen
Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew
The languages of all
The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
The King's path, and he heard
Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted:

“Here comes the King men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet.”

The great King bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes,
As he told her what they said.

“O King!” she whispered sweet,
“Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!”

“Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down?”

“Nay,” Solomon replied,
“The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak;”
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low;
“O King!” she said, “henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

“Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great.”

XXII. THE DOG BAULKED OF HIS DINNER

This is an instructive poem taken from *Evenings at Home*, once a boys' classic and cyclopædia of general and useful knowledge. Though frankly moralistic, we forget the moral in the refreshing humour with which it is told.

Think yourself sure of nothing till you've got it:

This is the lesson of the day,
In metaphoric language I might say,
Count not your bird before you've shot it.

Quoth Proverb, “’Twixt the cup and lip,
There's many a slip.”

Not every guest invited sits at table,
So says *my* fable.

A man once gave a dinner to his friend;
His friend!—his patron, I should rather think,
By all the loads of meat and drink,
And fruits and jellies without end,
Sent home the morning of the feast.
Jowler, his dog, a social beast,
Soon as he smelt the matter out, away
Scampers to old acquaintance Tray,
And, with expressions kind and hearty,
Invites him to the party.

Tray wanted little pressing to a dinner;
 He was, in truth, a gormandizing sinner,
 He lick'd his chops, and wagg'd his tail;
 "Dear friend!" he cried, "I will not fail:
 But what's your hour?"
 "We dine at four;
 But, if you come an hour too soon,
 You'll find there's something to be done."

His friend withdrawn, Tray, full of glee
 As blithe as blithe could be,
 Skipp'd, danced, and play'd full many an antic,
 Like one half frantic,
 Then sober in the sun lay winking,
 But could not sleep for thinking.
 He thought on every dainty dish,
 Fried, boil'd, and roast,
 Flesh, fowl, and fish,
 With tripes and toast,
 Fit for a dog to eat;
 And in his fancy made a treat,
 Might grace a bill of fare
 For my Lord Mayor.

At length, just on the stroke of three,
 Forth sallied he;
 And, through a well-known hole,
 He slily stole,
 Pop on the scene of action.

Tray skulk'd about, now here, now there,
Peep'd into this, and smelt at that,
And lick'd the gravy and the fat,
And cried, "O rare! how I shall fare!"

But fortune, spiteful as Old Nick,
Resolved to play our dog a trick;
She made the cook
Just cast a look
Where Tray, beneath a dresser lying,
His promised bliss was eying.

A cook, while cooking, is a sort of fury;
A maxim worth rememb'ring, I assure ye.
Tray found it true,
And so may you,
If e'er you choose to try.
"How now!" quoth she, "what's this I spy?
A nasty cur! who let him in?
Would he were hang'd, with all his kin!
A pretty kitchen guest, indeed!
But I shall pack him off with speed!"
So saying, on poor Tray she flew,
And dragg'd the culprit forth to view;
Then, to his terror and amazement,
Whirl'd him like lightning through the casement.

XXIII. WHERE LIES THE LAND

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-61) is a poet little known to the 'reading public,' though he deserves to be better known. The bulk of his poetry is small and only very few of his shorter pieces have found their way in school anthologies, and these show the poet and the man. These are *Say not the struggle not availeth*, *Green Fields of England*, *Where lies the land*, *An Incident*, etc. *The New Decalogue* is a short satirical poem, excellent of its kind.

Where lies the Land deals with the mystery of life and death. Who knows where we come from or where we go after death?

Life is pleasant, and so is this world of ours. But it is also full of evil and sin. Should a man, therefore, be afraid? No—this is the emphatic answer of the poet. He should not only brave it all, but even joy in the struggle.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
Or o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far-widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

XXIV. INGRATITUDE

RALPH THOMAS HOTCHKIN GRIFFITH (1826-1906) was a Sanskrit scholar and Principal of Benares College, and then the Director of Public Instruction, N. W. Provinces. He published verse translations, embodying the spirit of the originals, of Sanskrit classics, including Kalidasa's *Kumara Sambhava*, *The Ramayan of Valmiki* (5 vols.), *Hymns of the Rig Veda*, etc.

The passages given here were published at various times in the *Pandit*, the Benares College Journal of Sanskrit Literature.

Sugriva, the Vanar king, promised to help Rama to find out the whereabouts of Sita after the rainy season was over. The rains had ceased, and yet no sign of Sugriva's keeping his word. So Lakshman was sent to the Vanar king. Controlling his anger, Lakshman reminded the latter of his promise to his brother, and, in this connection, drew his attention to the enormity of the sin of ingratitude. The lines extracted here are a translation of his words, which he quotes from Brahma.

O monarch, hear with mind and ear

The words that Brahma spake.

The thankless man lives under ban;

Who will, his life may take :

“Man for all sin may pardon win,

How deep soe'er the guilt;

Yea, for the stain of Brahman slain,

Whose blood must ne'er be spilt.

“Slave to the bowl that kills the soul,

He turns and gains relief;

The liar yet may pardon get,

The perjured, and the thief.

"But never can the thankless man
 Be pardoned for his crime:
 Disgrace and shame shall hunt his name
 Through life and endless time.
 "When, reft of friends, his days he ends
 In profitless remorse,
 E'en beasts of prey shall turn away
 And scorn his loathed corse."

II

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616) is the greatest poet and dramatist of England.

This song is taken from the well-known comedy of *As You Like It*, sung by one of the exiled Duke's company in the forest where they lived a free simple life.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friends remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

XXV. AYODHYA

R. T. H. GRIFFITH: see Introduction, "Ingratitude," **before**.

On pleasant Sarju's¹ fertile side
There lies a rich domain,
With countless herds of cattle thronged,
And gay with golden grain.

There, built by Manu, Prince of men,
That saint by all revered,
Ayodhya, famed through every land,
Her stately towers upreared.

Her vast extent, her structures high,
With every beauty deckt,
Like Indra's city showed the skill
Of godlike architect.

Or, like a bright creation sprung
From limner's magic art,
She seemed too beautiful for stone,
So fair was every part.

A few stanzas are omitted here, which tell of the city's
'ample streets,' palaces, towers, groves and pleasure-gardens,
wealth and arsenals.

¹ or Sarayu: modern Gogra, a tributary of the Ganges.

Twelve leagues the queenly city lay
 Down the broad river's side,
 And, guarded well with moat and wall,
 The foeman's power defied.
 Nor there unknown the peaceful arts,
 That youthful souls entrance,¹
 Of player, minstrel, mime,² and bard,
 And girls that weave the dance.
 There rose to heaven the Veda-chant,
 Here blent the lyre and lute:
 There rang the stalwart archer's string,
 Here softly breathed the flute.
 The swiftest horses whirled her cars,
 Of noblest form and breed;
 Vanayu's³ mare that mocked the wind,
 And Vahli's⁴ fiery steed.
 There elephants, that once had roamed
 On Vindhya's mountains, vied
 With monsters from the bosky⁵ dells
 That shag⁶ Himalaya's side.
 The best of Brahmans, gathered there,
 The flame of worship fed;
 And, versed in all the Veda's lore
 Their lives of virtue led.

¹ charm, captivate.

² one skilled in mimicry.

³ not definitely known: somewhere in the north-west
of India.

⁴ modern Balk.

⁵ wooded.

⁶ to fall or hang in shaggy masses.

By penance, charity, and truth,
They kept each sense controlled,
And, giving freely of their store,
Rivalled the saints of old.

Her dames were peerless for the charm
Of figure, voice, and face:
For lovely modesty and truth,
And woman's gentle grace.

Their husbands, loyal, wise, and kind,
Were heroes in the field,
And sternly battling with the foe,
Could die, but never yield.

The poorest man was richly blest
With knowledge, wit, and health;
Each lived contented with his own,
Nor envied others' wealth.

All scorned to lie: no miser there
His buried silver stored:
The braggart and the boast were shunned,
The slanderous tongue abhorred.

Each lived contented with his own,
And loved one faithful spouse;
And troops of happy children crowned,
With fruit, their holy vows.

XXVI. THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-82) is perhaps the most popular of American poets, many of his shorter pieces being favourites with boys: as, *A Psalm of Life*, *Excelsior*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Bell of Atri*, *King Robert of Sicily*, etc. Many of his lines have become proverbial.

The short piece given here contains a valuable truth. Whatever we say and think and do leave their marks behind, just as an arrow shot into the air is picked up later at some place.

I shot an arrow into the air—
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

XXVII. I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

For general introduction to WORDSWORTH, see "To the Cuckoo."

Only when you are abroad, you feel how near your heart is your country. The poet's love of his country increases after a period of absence from it: and this love is associated—it always is with all of us—with Lucy (a real person or a child of imagination) who nourishes his heart on it.

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England, did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

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