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ENGLISH FOR INDIA

ILLUSTRATED.

BOOK ONE. (For Teachers only) ... 3 as.

PREFACE.—I herewith submit what I hope may prove a judicious combination of old and new methods. . . . The lessons in this First Book are of varying length. I have made them so, because evidently one cannot present a teacher with all his material. They are meant to be suggestive, rather than imperative. . . .

BOOK TWO.	Illustrated	...	... 8 as.
BOOK THREE.	,,	...	... 10 as.
BOOK FOUR.	,,	...	... 14 as.
BOOK FIVE.	,,	...	... R. 1.
BOOK SIX.	,,	...	... R. 1.4.

From the Introduction to Book III.

(1) This book deals only with events, modes of life, etc., which come within the knowledge or imagination of an Indian child; (2) There are more narratives, and the stories are longer, so as to ensure greater continuity of interest.

I have purposely avoided "Information" lessons. "Correlation" is very admirable in theory, but if a boy wishes to learn English, let him learn English, and do not cram the language lesson with the facts of Mathematics or Geography. Every lesson should be a language lesson or a grammar lesson, English grammar being the rules of the spoken English of to-day.

Each new phrase or grammatical point is explained as it occurs, but new individual words are not specially mentioned.

T. O. H.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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ENGLISH FOR INDIA

BY

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BOOK SIX

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PREFACE

For introduction, I can only repeat what I have written in the Preface to my *Sixth Book of English*. I quite well understand that composition (*i.e.* the writing of essays) is very important; but I am a great believer in the study of words and idioms. The aim of language is, presumably, to express ideas so that they will be understood by the hearer: the ideas may be valueless, but put into good language—that appears to me mere verbiage. On the other hand they may be valuable ideas, but presented in simple language—that appears to me to be Style. I have given a short extract from a lecture by Huxley, which is a good example of the latter.

It might be worth a teacher's while to draw attention to this point: contrasting, for example, Borrow's florid extravagance with Defoe's simple but incisive English. If the teacher can persuade his class to write simple English, he will have done better than if he had explained the subtleties of Shakespeare or Byron or Macaulay.

I have given very few notes. To give notes to a competent teacher is useless, because he knows his work (and in South India, at least, there are many who do). If he does not, if he relies entirely on the notes in the book, he will be useless, and hopeless.

Personal experience introduced me to so many admirable teachers that I hesitate to advise the best: for the rest, if they cannot work out their own salvation, they must join the lost souls.

Hampstead, 1925. T. O. H.

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BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD

BY E. CLODD (*adapted*).

MOST of the early races of mankind were wild and naked savages, knowing nothing of the riches concealed in the earth beneath their feet, or of the great advance in knowledge and refinement which was in store for their descendants in the far future.

Man's First Wants.

Man's first thought was about the wants of his body; his first desire was to get food to eat, fire for warmth, and some place for shelter, when night came on and wild beasts howled and roared around him.

But in the very first step that he had to take for his own maintenance, see how unlike he is to the brutes. Wherever the brute is placed, it is provided by nature with the covering best fitted for the climate in which it lives, and has its proper food supplied close at hand. But man

has been placed here naked, and has been left to seek for himself the food and clothing best suited to that part of the world in which he exists. If he had had a skin thickly covered with hair or wool, such as apes or sheep have, he could not have moved from one climate to another with comfort; and so he is made naked, but not without the power of reasoning about things, and improving his condition, wherever he may be. The brute remains the brute it always was; while man is never the same, but profits by, and improves upon, whatever his predecessors have done before him.

Man the Maker of Instruments.

Man has not the piercing eye of the Eagle, but he has the power of making instruments which can bring into view stars whose light has taken a thousand years to reach the earth, and can even tell him what metals are in the Sun and other stars. Man has not the swiftness of the deer; but he has the power of making steam-engines and shortening space by sea and land. Man has not the strength of the horse; but he has learnt how to put together engines which can do the work of hundreds of horses.

Whatever power man possesses, whether of body or mind, improves with use; but if it is not used, it becomes useless. The savage, who

has to make constant use of his bodily powers to secure food, becomes by practice quicker than civilised men. On the other hand, civilised man, through making more use of the powers of his mind, excels the savage in getting knowledge, and in using it.

Long before Man lived on the earth, streams of fresh water had been running down the mountain sides along the valleys and river beds which they themselves had helped to make; and after Man had appeared on the earth, they were running still, never resting, never drying up. So he had not much difficulty in finding means to quench his thirst; and in choosing his dwelling-place he kept within reach of streams and fountains.

But the food he needed was not procured so easily. The first things he fed on were wild fruits and berries, and his first dwelling was, perhaps, the shade of some wide-spread tree, or the shelter of some overhanging rock or underground cave. He wished, perhaps, to eat the fish that glided past him in the river, and the deer that bounded past him into the depths of the forest. But these were not to be had without weapons to slay them with; and he might have gone on wishing for ever, if he had not exerted himself to discover the means of making tools and weapons.

Man's First Tools.

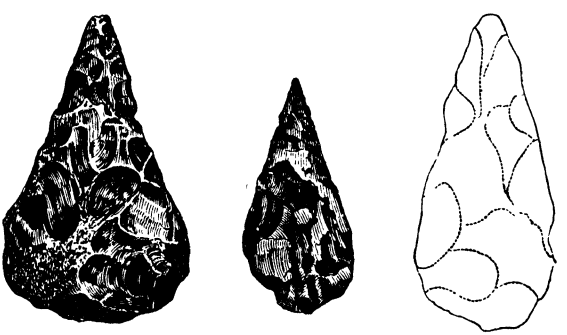
One of the first things, then, which man needed, was a sharp-edged tool; and such a tool would of course have been useless unless it had been harder than the thing he wished to cut or kill. At first he knew nothing of the metals, although some of them, not the hardest, lay near the surface of the ground, not far below his feet. So his first thought was to make weapons of stone.

The name "Age of Stone" has been given to that remote time, when stones and such things as bone, wood, and horn were made into various kinds of tools. Flints were very much used, because by a hard blow flakes edged like the blade of a knife could be broken off them. Other flints were shaped to a point, or into rough sorts of hammers, by chipping them with a rounded pebble or other stone. Specimens of such stones and flints have been found in the tombs of primeval man, or in the caves in which he dwelt. They have been found in India along the banks of the Damodar and Son rivers; and have only lately been disused by some of the jungle tribes of that part of the country. Many of these stones are shaped like an almond, having a cutting edge all round. Their sizes differ: some are six inches long and three inches wide, while others are rather larger.

The oldest stone weapons, which were neither sharpened by grinding nor polished by rubbing, have been chiefly found in places known as the "Drift"; that is, they have been found buried underneath the gravel, clay, and stones which have been *drifted* or carried down by the rivers in their ceaseless flow.

From Good to Better.

By degrees, however, man learned to give a better shape to his stone tools and weapons,



Earlier Stone Age. Flint picks or hatchets.

until really well-formed spear heads, daggers, hatchets, hammers, and other implements were made; and at a still more modern date he acquired the art of polishing them. Remember, then, that at first, in what is called the "Old Stone Age," man learned merely to chip stones; and afterwards, in what is called the "New Stone Age," he learned to grind and polish them.

The better shaped tools and weapons have been chiefly found in caves, which, as books on Geology (which is the history of the earth) will tell you, were hollowed out by water ages before any living thing dwelt here. These caves were used by men not only as houses for the living, but also as places for burying the dead; and from the different remains found in and near them, it is thought that feasts were held when the burials took place, and that food and weapons and ornaments were buried with the dead, because their friends thought such things were needed by them, as they went on their long journey to the other world. This practice must have once been common in India among the tribes which lived there, before the Aryans or Sanskrit-speaking people. For a very old Sanskrit text, speaking of these tribes, says: "They adorn the bodies of their dead with gifts, with raiment, and with ornaments; imagining that by them they will reach the world to come."

Weapons.

It will be easily understood how useful these weapons were to men against the attacks of the wild animals amongst which he lived; for with them he was able not only to defend himself and his family, but to kill the huge monsters which then infested the earth, and thus get food

for his household. That he did kill and eat the animals, and clothe himself in their skins, and make their jaw bones into strong weapons, is certain.

It is surprising how many things the first men could do with the stones they roughly shaped. With them they cut down trees, and, perhaps with the aid of fire, scooped them out to make canoes; for the most ignorant savage could at once perceive that wood floated on the water. Canoes made of a single log are very common in some parts of India to this day. They are now manufactured with iron tools; but though the tools are changed, the shape is the same as that of the canoes made by primitive man with tools of stone.

With such tools the first men killed their food, cut it up, broke the bones to suck out the marrow, cracked sea-shells to get out the fish inside them; and did many other things which it would be impossible for us to do with such blunt and clumsy implements. They had quite as much skill in using their stone tools as we have in using our iron ones.

During the time when weapons and tools were made of stone, men lived a wild and roaming life, eating roots, berries, and fruits, and in a raw state the flesh of such animals as they killed, and clothing themselves in the skins of animals,

which they sewed together with bone needles, using the sinews for thread.

Discovery of Fire.

The discovery of the art of making fire seemed so wonderful, that many curious stories sprang up in ancient times to explain it and to give an account of the way in which fire was first obtained. If these stories were true, they would be more wonderful than the discovery itself.

There is, for example, the Vedic legend of a certain Hero or Demi-god, who detected fire hiding itself in a cavern of the sky, and dragged it out of its recess and gave it to Manu, the great ancestor of mankind. There is another Vedic legend, in which another hero ascends to the upper regions in search of his divine mistress, where he learns the secret of making fire, which thenceforth came into use in earthly sacrifices. Many other legends or fables might be quoted from other countries, all intended to explain the discovery of fire.

Fables are pleasant to read, but they are not the Truth. However rude and ignorant man may at first have been, he was never stupid. He has ever been quick to make use of what we call "wits" or common sense; and common sense soon taught him that fire could be made by rubbing two pieces of wood together. Moreover,

in chipping his flint weapons he must have seen that sparks occasionally flashed out; which was a proof to him that fire could be produced by concussion. When he felt cold, he rubbed his hands together, and warmth came to them. So he tried what could be done by rubbing one piece of wood against another, and he found first that each became heated and then that flames burst out.

How Fire is Made.

Such may have been the discovery of fire; and there are many jungle tribes in India to this day who know no other way of making a flame. All over India this way is known by the highest as well as by the lowest classes of people. The almost savage Musahar, before he lights a brick-kiln, invariably produces a pure and new fire by this method in order to propitiate the goddess whom he believes to be the patron of his tribe. Those Brahmans who keep perpetual fires invariably produce the first flame by the friction of wood on wood. In the Vedic hymns, the fire-god, Agni, was worshipped by a public performance of the Friction Ceremony: "Let us bring this mother of the people (the lower wood); let us rub out Agni, as was done by the men of old."

Fire was as useful in the time we are talking

about as travellers find it now, in giving protection from wild beasts at night. Man had many reasons for keeping his fire always burning by heaping on it the wood which was ready to his hand in such abundance.

Cooking and Pottery.

At first men ate flesh raw, as some northern tribes do still, but in course of time they learned to cook it, and this they did by simply putting the meat direct on to the fire. Afterwards they dug a hole and lined it with the hide of the slain animal, filled it with water, put in the meat, and then made some stones red-hot, which they continued dropping into the vessel until the water became hot enough to cook the meat.

In course of time a still better way was found by boiling the food in baskets set over a flame; but these were first thickly daubed on the outside with clay to prevent them from catching fire.

From seeing how hard the clay was made by burning, men learned to use the clay by itself and to shape it into rough pots, which were first dried in the sun, and then burnt and hardened in the fire. This was the origin of pottery; which led men at last to discover and practise the beautiful art of making earthenware vessels.

Thus the art of pottery arose out of the art of cooking. In this way one invention springs up

out of another. Man, as we said at first, however rude and ignorant he was in the beginning, is not unprogressive like the brutes. He rises from one step to another, higher and higher in the scale of being, always profiting by the experience bequeathed to him by his predecessors.

Mankind as Shepherds, Farmers, Traders.

From being a wild and roving savage who gnawed roots, or crouched behind a rock or tree to pounce upon his prey, uncertain each morning whether night would not set in before he could get enough to eat, man became by degrees a shepherd or a tiller of the soil. By this time he had not only discovered the greatness of the earth in which he had been placed, but he was beginning dimly to feel his own greatness above the beast of the field and the fowl of the air.

Certain tribes in different parts of the world, finding how useful certain animals were for the milk and flesh which they gave as food, and for the skins, especially of their young ones, which could be made into soft clothing, had learned to tame these animals and to collect flocks and herds, leading them from place to place wherever the most and best grass could be had. These men were the first shepherds or herdsmen. They lived a wandering life, and dwelt in tents which could be easily taken down and put up

again. The Ahirs or cattle-grazing tribes of India, though now quite settled down to village life, and often engaged in agriculture, were once nomads: for the older form of their name was "Abhir," which means "Men who move about."

While some tribes loved the shepherd's or herdsman's life, others chose a more settled state, and became tillers of the earth. The first farmers burnt the primeval forest, and ploughed the land thus cleared for cultivation; but they remained on it only for a few years; after which, finding that this piece of land had become less fertile, they moved on and cleared a fresh patch of forest. There are many tribes in Central India, and in the swamps at the foot of the Himalaya range, who are practising this roving kind of agriculture up to the present day. The Kándhs and Cherus of Central India, and the Thárus who dwell at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, are examples of nomad or wandering farmers.

To plough the land effectually, the rude stone implements of the earliest men were not sufficient, and tools made of the best and hardest metals were now needed in the place of stone ones. Then, as men remained in one place, they were not content with log huts as men were in the Stone Age, or with tents as the nomads were, but wished to have their houses well built, and

to put up stables and barns in which to lodge their cattle and store their corn.

The Origin of Trade.

In this condition of society the men who tilled the fields were glad to employ others who could build their houses and make their tools. Thus, one after another, different trades arose which brought different houses and families together for mutual help and convenience; thus houses became villages, villages towns, and towns grew into cities. The first form of trade consisted simply in giving one article in exchange for another, and this is known as barter. But, between these two stages, there is a third.

Then as bartering grew and trade increased, it was found inconvenient to carry things about from place to place, especially if sometimes they were not very much wanted: and men would agree to make use of some common medium of exchange which was convenient to carry, steady in value, and not easily damaged. So, whenever they could, men fixed upon pieces of metal, first shaping bronze into coins, and then using gold and silver, which being more scarce and therefore more valuable than other metals were more fit to be used as money. We learn from the paintings at Thebes, the most ancient city of Egypt, and from ancient history generally, that gold and

silver were counted as wealth in early times. Abraham, the great ancestor of the Jews, is said in the Old Testament to have been "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold."

The word "pecuniary" which is commonly used in speaking of a man's riches, comes from a Latin word which means *cattle*, and shows that formerly a man's wealth was sometimes reckoned by the number of cattle that he had. In ancient India, too, wealth was commonly reckoned by cattle; and the oldest word in Sanskrit for house, family, or clan is *gotra*, which means a cattle-pen.

CHAPTER II.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT VISITS GULLIVER.

BY BENJAMIN SWIFT (1667-1745).

Gulliver was shipwrecked and cast ashore on an island on which there lived people between five and six inches high. Although so small, they were exactly like ordinary men, making the same mistakes and considering themselves the most important things in the Universe.

WHEN I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess, I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square,

resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

The Emperor Comes.

I soon found that the Emperor was advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet. But that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in and held the bridle, while his Majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off

at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The Empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident

Kept his seat, till his attendants ran in and held the bridle.

that happened to the Emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe.

A Great Little Man.

He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is

enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off. However, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it, when I stood up.

Gulliver is Protector.

The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad: so that the spot they

stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were, High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands. I took them all on my right hand, put five of them into my coat pocket; and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife; but I soon put them out

of fear, for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Coming to Terms.

Towards night, I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight, during which time the Emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds, of the common measure, were brought in carriages and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, which was of smooth stone. By the same computation, they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, which were tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

In the meantime, the Emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who

was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his Majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an Imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in, every morning, six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his Majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons, to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very

conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his Majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the Emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the Emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me.

Learning the Language.

We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learned were to express my desire that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*; that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be

dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said his Majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers ; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance ; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands ; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them.

The Search.

I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows :

Imprimis, In the right coat-pocket of the

great man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your Majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket, we saw a large silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious number of white thin substances folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures ; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left, there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your Majesty's court ; wherewith we conjecture the *man-mountain* combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the breeches-pocket on the right side, we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar ; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces

of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk ; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and so heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket, were two black pillars irregularly shaped. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece ; but at the upper end of the other, there appeared a white and round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel, which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal ; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures, circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears,

which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill, and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion,

He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise.

because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly), that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman; we found therein several massy

pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

Having thus, in obedience to your Majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold about fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the *man-mountain*, who used us with great civility and due respect to your Majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your Majesty's auspicious reign.

CLEFRIN FRELOC.
MARSI FRELOC.

Surprises.

When this inventory was read over to the Emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out,

scabbard and all. In the meantime, he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most part exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His Majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and I cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the Emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the Emperor, although he stood his

ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols, in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets, begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air.

A Wonderful Engine.

I likewise delivered up my watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern ; for their sight is much more acute than ours. He asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating ; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones ; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his Majesty's stores ; but the rest of my goods were returned to me.

I had, as I before observed, one private

pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which, being of no consequence to the Emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover.

CHAPTER III.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH.

FROM THE *TANGLEWOOD TALES.*

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864).

Cadmus was considered by the Greeks to have been the inventor of the Alphabet. Once, when his two brothers and his sister Europa were playing on the sea-shore, a snow-white bull (which was really the god Zeus in disguise), carried off Europa. The brothers set out to find her, but failed: until, at last, Cadmus sought the advice of the Oracle at Delphi, which told him, "Follow the cow; where the stray cow lies down, there is your home."

Cadmus set out, and on his journey met an enchanted cow, which he and his companions followed, until at last it lay down in a lovely and fertile plain.

PART I. KILLING THE DRAGON.

"YES, my friends," said Cadmus to them, "this is to be our home. Here will we build our

habitations. The brindled cow, which has led us hither, will supply us with milk. We will cultivate the neighbouring soil, and lead an innocent and happy life."

His companions joyfully assented to this plan; and, in the first place, being very hungry and thirsty, they looked about them for the means of providing a comfortable meal.

Not far off they saw a tuft of trees which appeared as if there might be a spring of water beneath them. They went thither to fetch some, leaving Cadmus stretched on the ground along with the brindled cow, for, now that he had found a place of rest, it seemed as if all the weariness of his pilgrimage, ever since he left his father's palace, had fallen upon him at once.

But his new friends had not long been gone, when he was suddenly startled by cries, shouts, and screams, and the noise of a terrible struggle, and, in the midst of it all, a most awful hissing, which went right through his ears like a rough saw.

Running towards the tuft of trees, he beheld the head and fiery eyes of an immense serpent or dragon, and a vast many rows of horribly sharp teeth. Before Cadmus could reach the spot, this pitiless reptile had killed his poor companions, and was busily devouring them, making but a mouthful of each man.

It appears that the fountain of water was enchanted, and that the dragon had been set to guard it, so that no mortal might ever quench his thirst there. As the neighbouring inhabitants carefully avoided the spot, it was now a long time (not less than a hundred years, or thereabouts) since the monster had broken his fast, and, as was natural enough, his appetite had grown to be enormous, and was not half satisfied by the poor people whom he had just eaten up.

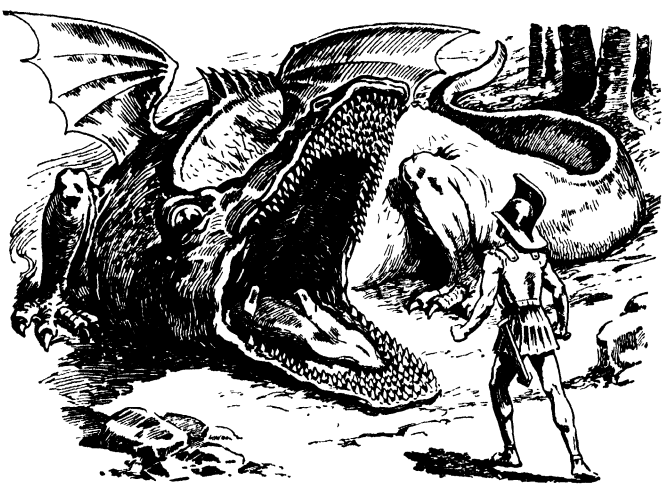
When he caught sight of Cadmus, therefore, he set up another abominable hiss, and flung back his immense jaws, until his mouth looked like a great red cavern, at the further end of which were seen the legs of his last victim, whom he had hardly had time to swallow.

But Cadmus was so enraged at the destruction of his friends, that he cared neither for the size of the dragon's jaws nor for his hundreds of sharp teeth. Drawing his sword, he rushed at the monster, and flung himself right into his cavernous mouth.

This bold method of attacking him took the dragon by surprise, for, in fact, Cadmus had leaped so far down into his throat, that the rows of terrible teeth could not close upon him, nor do him the least harm in the world.

Thus, though the struggle was a tremendous one, and though the dragon shattered the tuft

of trees into small splinters by the lashing of his tail, yet, as Cadmus was all the while slashing and stabbing at his very vitals, it was not long before the scaly wretch bethought himself of slipping away. He had not gone his length, however, when the brave Cadmus gave him a



Drawing his sword, he rushed at the monster.

sword thrust that finished the battle, and, creeping out of the gateway of the creature's jaws, there he beheld him still wriggling his vast bulk, although there was no longer life enough in him to harm a little child.

But do not you suppose that it made Cadmus sorrowful to think of the melancholy fate which had befallen these poor friendly people who had

followed the cow along with him? It seemed as if he were doomed to lose everybody whom he loved, or to see them perish in one way or another. And here he was, after all his toils and troubles, in a solitary place, with not a single human being to help him build a hut.

"What shall I do?" cried he aloud. "It were better for me to have been devoured by the dragon, as my poor companions were."

"Cadmus," said a voice—but whether it came from above or below him, or whether it spoke within his own breast, the young man could not tell—"Cadmus, pluck out the dragon's teeth and plant them in the earth."

This was a strange thing to do; nor was it very easy, I should imagine, to dig out all those deep-rooted fangs from the dragon's jaws. But Cadmus toiled and tugged, and after pounding the monster's head almost to pieces with a great stone, he at last collected as many teeth as might have filled a bushel or two.

The next thing was to plant them. This likewise was a tedious piece of work, especially as Cadmus was already exhausted with killing the dragon and knocking his head to pieces, and had nothing to dig the earth with, that I know of, unless it were his sword blade. Finally, however, a sufficiently large tract of ground was turned up and sown with this new kind of seed, although

half of the dragon's teeth still remained to be planted some other day.

Cadmus, quite out of breath, stood leaning upon his sword, and wondering what was to happen next. He had waited but a few moments, when he began to see a sight which was as great a marvel as the most marvellous thing you were ever told about.

The sun was shining slantwise over the field, and showed all the moist dark soil, just like any other newly-planted piece of ground. All at once, Cadmus fancied he saw something glisten very brightly, first at one spot, then at another, and then at a hundred and a thousand spots together.

Soon he perceived them to be the steel heads of spears, sprouting up everywhere like so many stalks of grain, and outwardly growing taller and taller. Next appeared a vast number of bright sword blades, thrusting themselves up in the same way. A moment afterwards, the whole surface of the ground was broken by a multitude of polished brass helmets, coming up like a crop of enormous beans. So rapidly did they grow, that Cadmus now discerned the fierce countenance of a man beneath every one. In short, before he had time to think what a wonderful affair it was, he beheld an abundant harvest of what looked like human beings, armed with

helmets and breastplates, shields, swords, and spears; and before they were well out of the earth, they brandished their weapons, and clashed them one against the other, seeming to think, little while they had as yet lived, that they had wasted too much of life without a battle. Every tooth of the dragon had produced one of these sons of deadly mischief.

Up sprouted also a great many trumpeters; and with the first breath that they drew, they put their brazen trumpets to their lips, and sounded a tremendous and ear-shattering blast; so that the whole space just now so quiet and solitary, reverberated with the clash and clang of arms, the bray of warlike music, and the shouts of angry men. So enraged did they all look, that Cadmus fully expected them to put the whole world to the sword. How fortunate would it be for a great conqueror if he could get a bushel of the dragon's teeth to sow!

PART II. THE BUILDING OF THE CITY.

"CADMUS," said the same voice which he had before heard, "throw a stone into the midst of the armed men."

So Cadmus seized a large stone, and flinging it into the middle of the earth army, saw it strike the breastplate of a gigantic and fierce-

looking warrior. Immediately on feeling the blow, he seemed to take it for granted that somebody had struck him; and, uplifting his weapon, he smote his next neighbour a blow that cleft his helmet asunder, and stretched him on the ground.

In an instant, those nearest the fallen warrior began to strike at one another with their swords, and stab with their spears. The confusion spread wider and wider. Each man smote down his brother, and was himself smitten down before he had time to exult in his victory.

The trumpeters, all the while, blew their blasts shriller and shriller; each soldier shouted a battle cry, and often fell with it on his lips. It was the strangest spectacle of causeless wrath and of mischief for no good end, that had ever been witnessed; but, after all, it was neither more foolish nor more wicked than a thousand battles that have since been fought, in which men have slain their brothers, with just as little reason as these children of the dragon's teeth. It ought to be considered, too, that the dragon people were made for nothing else; whereas other mortals were born to love and help one another.

Well, this memorable battle continued to rage until the ground was strewn with helmeted heads that had been cut off. Of all the thousands that began the fight, there were only five left

standing. These now rushed from different parts of the field, and, meeting in the middle of it, clashed their swords, and struck at each other's hearts as fiercely as ever.

"Cadmus," said the voice again, "bid those five warriors sheathe their swords. They will help you to build the city."

Without hesitating a moment, Cadmus stepped forward, with the aspect of a king and a leader, and, extending his drawn sword amongst them, spoke to the warriors in a stern and commanding voice.

"Sheathe your weapons!" said he.

And forthwith, feeling themselves bound to obey him, the five remaining sons of the dragon's teeth made him a military salute with their swords, returned them to the scabbards, and stood before Cadmus in a rank, eyeing him as soldiers eye their captain, while awaiting the word of command.

These five men had probably sprung from the biggest of the dragon's teeth, and were the boldest and strongest of the whole army. They were almost giants indeed, and had good need to be so, else they never could have lived through so terrible a fight.

They still had a very furious look, and, if Cadmus happened to glance aside, would glare at one another, with fire flashing out of their

eyes. It was strange, too, to observe how the earth, out of which they had so lately grown, was incrusted, here and there, on their bright breastplates, and even begrimed their faces ; just as you may see it clinging to beets and carrots when pulled out of their native soil. Cadmus hardly knew whether to consider them as men, or some odd kind of vegetable ; although, on the whole, he concluded that there was human nature in them, because they were so fond of trumpets and weapons, and so ready to shed blood.

They looked him earnestly in the face, waiting for his next order, and evidently desiring no other employment than to follow him from one battlefield to another, all over the wide world. But Cadmus was wiser than these earth-born creatures with the dragon's fierceness in them, and knew better how to use their strength and hardihood.

" Come ! " said he. " You are sturdy fellows. Make yourselves useful Quarry some stones with those great swords of yours, and help me to build a city."

The five soldiers grumbled a little, and muttered that it was their business to overthrow cities, not to build them up. But Cadmus looked at them with a stern eye, and spoke to them in a tone of authority, so that they knew him for

their master, and never again thought of disobeying his commands. They set to work in good earnest, and toiled so diligently that, in a very short time, a city began to make its appearance.

At first, to be sure, the workmen showed a quarrelsome disposition. Like savage beasts, they would doubtless have done one another a mischief, if Cadmus had not kept watch over them, and quelled the fierce old serpent that lurked in their hearts, when he saw it gleaming out of their wild eyes. But, in course of time, they got accustomed to honest labour, and had sense enough to feel that there was more true enjoyment in living at peace, and doing good to one's neighbour, than in striking at him with a two-edged sword. It may not be too much to hope that the rest of mankind will by and by grow as wise and as peaceable as these five earth-begrimed warriors, who sprung from the dragon's teeth.

And now the city was built, and there was a home in it for each of the workmen. But the palace of Cadmus was not yet erected, because they had left it to the last, meaning to introduce all the new improvements of architecture, and make it very commodious, as well as stately and beautiful.

After finishing the rest of their labours, they all went to bed betimes, in order to rise in the

gray of the morning, and get at least the foundation of the edifice laid before nightfall. But, when Cadmus arose and took his way towards the site where the palace was to be built, followed by his five sturdy workmen marching all in a row, what do you think he saw ?

What should it be but the most magnificent palace that had ever been seen in the world ! It was built of marble and other beautiful kinds of stone, and rose high into the air, with a splendid dome, and a portico along the front, and carved pillars, and everything else that befitted the habitation of a mighty king. It had grown up out of the earth in almost as short a time as it had taken the armed host to spring from the dragon's teeth ; and, what made the matter more strange, no seed of this stately edifice had ever been planted in the ground.

When the five workmen beheld the dome, with the morning sunshine making it look golden and glorious, they gave a great shout.

" Long live King Cadmus," they cried, " in his beautiful palace."

CHAPTER IV.

JEREMY'S ESCAPE.

FROM *LORNA DOONE.*

BY R. D. BLACKMORE (1825-1900).

"Lorna Doone" is a tale of Exmoor, in Devon. Glen Doone was a valley inhabited by a clan of robbers called the Doones, from whom John Ridd, who tells the story, had rescued his sweetheart, Lorna Doone. The following chapter describes the escape of one of the Devon Magistrates from pursuit by them.

SCARCELY was Tom clean out of sight, and Annie's tears not dry yet (for she always made a point of crying upon his departure), when in came Master Jeremy Stickles, splashed with mud from head to foot, and not in the very best of humours, though happy to get back again.

"Plague take those fellows!" he cried, with a stamp which sent the water hissing from his boot among the embers; "a pretty plight you may call this, for His Majesty's Commissioner to return to his head-quarters in! Annie, my dear," for he was always very affable with Annie, "will you help me off with my overalls, and then turn your pretty hand to the gridiron? Not a blessed morsel have I touched for more than twenty-four hours."

"Surely then you must be quite starving, Sir," my sister replied with the greatest zeal; for she did love a man with an appetite. "How glad I am that the fire is clear!" But Lizzie, who happened to be there, said with her peculiar smile——

"Master Stickles must be used to it; for he never comes back without telling us that."

"Hush!" cried Annie, quite shocked with her; "how would you like to be used to it? Now, Betty, be quick with the things for me. Pork, or mutton, or deer's meat, sir? We have some cured since the autumn."

"Oh, deer's meat, by all means," Jeremy Stickles answered; "I have tasted none since I left you, though dreaming of it often. Well, this is better than being chased over the moors for one's life, John. All the way from Landacre Bridge, I have ridden a race for my precious life, at the peril of my limbs and neck. Three great Doones galloping after me, and a good job for me that they were so big, or they must have overtaken me. Just go and see to my horse, John, that's an excellent lad. He deserves a good turn, this day, from me; and I will render it to him."

However, he left me to do it, while he made himself comfortable; and in truth the horse required care; he was blown so that he could

hardly stand, and plastered with mud, and steaming so that the stable was quite full of it.

By the time I had put the poor fellow to rights, his master had finished dinner, and was in a more pleasant humour, having even offered to kiss Annie out of pure gratitude, as he said; but Annie answered with spirit, that gratitude must not be shown by increasing the obligation. Jeremy made reply to this, that his only way to be grateful then was to tell us his story; and so he did, at greater length than I can here repeat it; for it does not bear particularly upon Lorna's fortunes.

It appears that as he was riding towards us, from the town of Southmolton in Devonshire, he found the roads very soft and heavy, and the floods out in all directions: but met with no other difficulty until he came to Landacre Bridge. He had only a single trooper with him, a man not of the militia, but of the King's army, whom Jeremy had brought from Exeter.

As these two descended towards the bridge, they observed that both the Kensford water, and the River Barle, were pouring down in mighty floods, from the melting of the snow. So great indeed was the torrent, after they united, that only the parapets of the bridge could be seen above the water, the road across either bank being covered and very deep on the hither side.

The trooper did not like the look of it, and proposed to ride back again, and round by way of Simonsbath, where the stream is smaller. But Stickles would not have it so, and, dashing into the river, swam his horse for the bridge, and gained it with some little trouble ; and there he found the water not more than up to his horse's knees perhaps.

On the crown of the bridge he turned his horse to watch the trooper's passage, and to help him with directions ; when suddenly he saw him fall headlong into the torrent, and heard the report of a gun from behind, and felt a shock to his own body, such as lifted him out of the saddle.

Turning round he beheld three men, risen up from behind the hedge on one side of his onward road, two of them ready to load again, and one with his gun unfired, waiting to get good aim at him.

Then Jeremy did a gallant thing, for which I doubt whether I should have had the presence of mind in the danger. He saw that to swim his horse back again would be almost certain death ; as affording such a target, where even a wound must be fatal. Therefore he struck the spurs into the nag, and rode through the water straight at the man who was pointing the long gun at him.

If the horse had been carried off his legs, there must have been an end of Jeremy ; for the

He saw him fall headlong into the torrent.

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other men were getting ready to have another shot at him. But luckily the horse galloped right on without any need for swimming, being himself excited, no doubt, by all he had seen and heard of it. And Jeremy lay almost flat on his neck, so as to give little space for good aim, with the mane tossing wildly in front of him.

Now if that young fellow with the gun had his brains as ready as his flint was, he would have shot the horse at once, and then had Stickles at his mercy; but instead of that he let fly at the man, and missed him altogether, being scared perhaps by the pistol which Jeremy showed him the mouth of. And galloping by at full speed, Master Stickles tried to leave his mark behind him, for he changed the aim of his pistol to the biggest man, who was loading his gun and shouting like ten cannons. But the pistol missed fire, no doubt from the flood which had gurgled in over the holsters; and Jeremy seeing three horses tethered at a gate just up the hill, knew that he had not yet escaped, but had more danger behind him.

He tried his other great pistol at one of the horses tethered there, so as to lessen (if possible) the number of his pursuers. But the powder again failed him; and he durst not stop to cut the bridles, hearing the men coming up the hill. So he even made the most of his start, thanking

God that his weight was light, compared at least to what theirs was.

And another thing he had noticed which gave him some hope of escaping; to wit, that the horses of the Doones, although very handsome animals, were suffering still from the bitter effects of the late long frost, and the scarcity of fodder. "If they do not catch me up, or shoot me, in the course of the first two miles, I may see my home again"; this was what he said to himself, as he turned to mark what they were about, from the brow of the steep hill.

He saw the flooded valley shining with the breadth of water, and the trooper's horse on the other side, shaking his drenched flanks and neighing; and half-way down the hill he saw the three Doones mounting hastily. And then he knew that his only chance lay in the stoutness of his steed.

The horse was in pretty good condition; and the rider knew him thoroughly, and how to make the most of him; and though they had travelled some miles that day through very heavy ground, the bath in the river had washed the mud off, and been some refreshment. Therefore Stickles encouraged his nag, and put him into a good hand gallop, heading away towards Withycombe.

At first he had thought of turning to the right, and making off for Withypool, a mile or so down

the valley ; but his good sense told him that no one there would dare to protect him against the Doones, so he resolved to go on his way ; yet faster than he had intended.

The three villains came after him, with all the speed they could muster, making sure from the badness of the road that he must stick fast ere long, and so be at their mercy. And this was Jeremy's chiefest fear, for the ground being soft, and thoroughly rotten, after so much frost and snow, the poor horse had terrible work of it, with no time to pick the way ; and even more good luck than skill was needed to keep him from foundering.

How Jeremy prayed for an Exmoor fog (such as he had often chafed at), that he might turn aside and lurk, while his pursuers went past him ! But no fog came, nor even a storm to damp the priming of their guns ; neither was wood or coppice nigh, nor any place to hide in ; only hills, and moor, and valleys ; with flying shadows over them, and great banks of snow in the corners.

At one time poor Stickles was quite in despair ; for after leaping a little brook which crosses the track at Newland, he stuck fast in a " dancing-bog," as we call them upon Exmoor. The horse had broken through the crust of moss and sedge and marish-weed, and could do nothing but

wallow and sink, with the black water spirting over him. And Jeremy, struggling with all his might, saw the three villains now topping the crest, less than a furlong behind him ; and heard them shout in their savage delight.

With the calmness of despair, he yet resolved to have one more try for it ; and scrambling over the horse's head, gained firm land, and tugged at the bridle. The poor nag replied with all his power to the call upon his courage, and reared his forefeet out of the slough, and with straining eyeballs gazed at him. "Now," said Jeremy, "now, my fine fellow!" lifting him with the bridle ; and the brave beast gathered the roll of his loins, and sprang from his quagmired haunches.

One more spring, and he was on earth again, instead of being under it ; and Jeremy leaped on his back, and stooped, for he knew that they would fire. Two bullets whistled over him, as the horse, mad with fright, dashed forward ; and in five minutes more he had come to the Exe, and the pursuers had fallen behind him.

The Exe, though a much smaller stream than the Barle, now ran in a foaming torrent, unbridged, and too wide for leaping. But Jeremy's horse took the water well ; and both he and his rider were lightened, as well as comforted by it. And as they passed towards Lucott hill,

and struck upon the founts of Lynn, the horses of the three pursuers began to tire under them. Then Jeremy Stickles knew that if he could only escape the sloughs, he was safe for the present; and so he stood up in his stirrups, and gave them a loud halloo, as if they had been so many foxes.

Their only answer was to fire the remaining charge at him; but the distance was too great for any aim from horseback; and the dropping bullet idly ploughed the sod upon one side of him. He acknowledged it with a wave of his hat, and laid one thumb to his nose, in the manner fashionable in London for expression of contempt.

However, they followed him yet further, hoping to make him pay out dearly, if he should only miss the track, or fall upon morasses. But the neighbourhood of our Lynn stream is not so very boggy; and the King's messenger now knew his way as well as any of his chasers did; and so he arrived at Plover's Barrows, thankful and in rare appetite.

"But was the poor soldier drowned?" asked Annie; "and you never went to look for him! Oh, how very dreadful!"

"Shot, or drowned; I know not which. Thank God it was only a trooper. But they shall pay for it, as dearly as if it had been a captain."

"And how was it you were struck by a bullet, and only shaken in your saddle? Had you a coat of mail on, or of Milanese chain-armour? Now, Master Stickles, had you?"

"No, Mistress Lizzie; we do not wear things of that kind nowadays. You are apt, I perceive at romances. But I happened to have a little flat bottle of the best stoneware slung beneath my saddle-cloak, and filled with the very best *Eau de vie*, from the George Hotel, at Southmolton. The brand of it now is upon my back. Oh, the murderous scoundrels, what a brave spirit they have spilled!"

"You had better set to and thank God," said I, "that they have not spilled a braver one."

CHAPTER V.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By Daniel Defoe (1661-1731)

PART I.—THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND.

Robinson Crusoe was wrecked in the Pacific, but managed to reach a small island, which at first seemed to him to be uninhabited. He had with him some stores, and was able to kill wild animals for food, and to make clothes of their skins. He also made a big canoe, in which he hoped to reach the coast of South America, and also a smaller

boat to help him in exploring the coast of the island. But, having started on a cruise, he was swept out to sea, and only got back to shore with difficulty.

CRUSOE'S RETURN FROM HIS CRUISE—HE REARS A FLOCK OF GOATS—HIS PETS—HIS DRESS —THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND—PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ATTACK.

WHEN I was on shore I fell on my knees and gave God thanks for my deliverance, resolving to lay aside all thoughts of my deliverance by my boat; and refreshing myself with such things as I had, I brought my boat close to the shore, in a little cove that I had spied under some trees, and laid me down to sleep, being quite spent with the labour and fatigue of the voyage.

I resolved in the morning to make my way westward along the shore, and to see if there was no creek where I might lay up my frigate in safety, so as to have her again if I wanted her. In about three miles, or thereabouts, coasting the shore, I came to a very good inlet or bay, where I found a very convenient harbour for my boat and where she lay as if she had been in a little dock made on purpose for her. Here I put in, and having stowed my boat very safe, I went on shore to look about me, and see where I was.

I soon found I had but a little passed by the place where I had been before, when I travelled

on foot to that shore; so taking nothing out of my boat but my gun and my umbrella, for it was exceedingly hot, I began my march. The way was comfortable enough after such a voyage as I had been upon, and I reached my old bower in the evening, where I found everything standing as I left it; for I always kept it in good order, being, as I said before, my country house.

The Voice from Nowhere.

I got over the fence, and laid me down in the shade to rest my limbs, for I was very weary, and fell asleep. But judge you, if you can, that read my story, what a surprise I must be in, when I was waked out of my sleep by a voice calling me by my name several times, "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you? Where have you been?"

I was so dead asleep at first, being fatigued with rowing the first part of the day, and with walking the latter part, that I did not wake thoroughly; but dozing between sleeping and waking, thought I dreamed that somebody spoke to me. But as the voice continued to repeat "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe," at last I began to wake more perfectly, and was at first dreadfully frighted, and started up in the utmost consternation. But no sooner were my eyes open, but I

saw my Poll sitting on the top of the hedge, and immediately knew that it was he that spoke to me; for just in such bemoaning language I had used to talk to him, and teach him; and he had learned it so perfectly, that he would sit upon my finger, and lay his bill close to my face, and cry, "Poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been? How come you here?" and such things as I had taught him.

I had now had enough of rambling to sea for some time, and for near a year lived a very sedate retired life, as you may well suppose; and my thoughts being very much composed as to my condition, and fully comforted in resigning myself to the dispositions of Providence, I thought I lived really very happily in all things, except that of society.

Potter and Trapper.

I improved myself in this time in all the mechanic exercises which my necessities put me upon applying myself to, and I believe could, upon occasion, make a very good carpenter, especially considering how few tools I had. Besides this, I arrived at an unexpected perfection in my earthenware, and contrived well enough to make them with a wheel, which I found infinitely easier and better, because I made things round and shapable which before were filthy

things indeed to look on. But I think I was never more vain of my own performance, or more joyful for anything I found out, than for my being able to make a tobacco-pipe, for though it was a very ugly, clumsy thing, I was exceedingly comforted with it.

Being now in the eleventh year of my residence, and my ammunition growing low, I set myself to study some art to trap and snare the goats, to see whether I could not catch some of them alive. I dug several large pits in the earth, in places where I had observed the goats used to feed, and over these pits I placed hurdles, of my own making too with a great weight upon them; and several times I put ears of barley and dry rice, without setting the trap, and I could easily perceive that the goats had gone in and eaten up the corn, for I could see the marks of their feet. At length I set three traps in one night, and going the next morning, I found them all standing, and yet the bait eaten and gone; this was very discouraging. However, I altered my trap; and, not to trouble you with particulars, going one morning to see my trap, I found in one of them a large old he-goat, and in one of the other three kids, a male and two females.

As to the old one, I knew not what to do with him, he was so fierce I durst not go into the pit to him; that is to say, to go about to bring him

away alive, which was what I wanted. I could have killed him, but that was not my business, nor would it answer my end; so I even let him out, and he ran away, as if he had been frighted out of his wits.

Then I went to the three kids, and taking them one by one, I tied them with strings together, and with some difficulty brought them all home.

It was a good while before they would feed, but throwing them some sweet corn, it tempted them, and they began to be tame. And now I found that if I had expected to supply myself with goat-flesh when I had no powder or shot left, breeding some up tame was my only way, when perhaps I might have them about my house like a flock of sheep.

The Goat-Breeder.

But then it presently occurred to me that I must keep the tame from the wild, or else they would always run wild when they grew up; and the only way for this was to have some enclosed piece of ground, well fenced either with hedge or pale, to keep them in so effectually, that those within might not break out, or those without break in.

This was a great undertaking for one pair of hands, and for the first beginning, I resolved to enclose a piece of about 150 yards in length,

and 100 yards in breadth; which, as it would maintain as many as I should have in any reasonable time, so, as my flock increased I could add more ground to my enclosure.

This answered my end, and in about a year and half I had a flock of about twelve goats, kids and all; and in two years more I had three and forty, besides several that I took and killed for my food.

But this was not all, for now I not only had goat's flesh to feed on when I pleased, but milk too, a thing which, indeed, in my beginning, I did not so much as think of, and which, when it came into my thoughts, was really an agreeable surprise. For now I set up my dairy, and had sometimes a gallon or two of milk in a day; and I, that had never milked a cow, much less a goat, or seen butter or cheese made, very readily and handily, though after a great many essays and miscarriages, made me both butter and cheese at last, and never wanted it afterwards.

An Absolute Monarch.

It would have made a stoic smile, to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was My Majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island; I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command. I could hang, draw, give liberty, and take it away; and no rebels among all my subjects.

Then to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants. Poll, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog, who was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand, and two cats, one on one side the table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favour.

Had any one in England met such a man as I was, it must either have frighted them, or raised a great deal of laughter.

His Majesty's Clothes.

I had a great high shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me, as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh, under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goat's skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same. The breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side, that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs. Stockings and shoes I had none, but had me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins, to

flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes; but of a most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goat's skin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and in a kind of a frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and a dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, one on the other. I had another belt, not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder: and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin too; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great clumsy ugly goat-skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun. As for my face, the colour of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nineteen degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers. I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape

monstrous enough, and such as, in England, would have passed for frightful.

Developing the Kingdom.

You are to understand that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations in the island; one, my little fortification or tent, with the wall about it, under the rock, with the cave behind me, which, by this time, I had enlarged into several apartments or caves, one within another.

As for my wall, made, as before, with long stakes or piles, those piles grew all like trees, and were by this time grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not the least appearance, to any one's view, of any habitation behind them.

Near this dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the land, and upon lower ground, lay my two pieces of corn ground, which I kept duly cultivated and sowed.

Besides this, I had my country seat, and I had now a tolerable plantation there also; for, first, I had my little bower, as I called it, which I kept in repair; that is to say, I kept the hedge which circled it in constantly fitted up to its usual height, the ladder standing always in the inside. I kept the trees, which at first were no more than my stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall, I kept them always so cut, that they might

spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable shade, which they did effectually to my mind. In the middle of this, I had my tent always standing, being a piece of a sail spread over poles, set up for that purpose, and which never wanted any repair or renewing; and under this I had made me a squab or couch, with the skins of the creatures I had killed, and with other soft things, and a blanket laid on them, such as belonged to our sea-bedding, which I had saved, and a great watch-coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had occasion to be absent from my chief seat, I took up my country habitation.

In this place also I had my grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my winter store of raisins, and which I never failed to preserve very carefully, as the best and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet. And indeed they were not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing to the last degree.

As this was also about half-way between my other habitation and the place where I had laid up my boat, I generally stayed and lay here in my way thither; for I used frequently to visit my boat, and I kept all things about, or belonging to her, in very good order. Sometimes I went out in her to divert myself, but no more hazardous voyages would I go, I was so apprehensive of being hurried out of my knowledge again by the

currents or winds, or any other accident. But now I come to a new scene of my life.

A Surprise.

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with

The print of a man's naked foot on the shore.

the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground, to look farther. I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one ; I could see no other impression but that

one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy: but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued, and never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night, and I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. I presently concluded that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loth, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

What is It?

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thought one day, that all this might be a mere chimera of my own; and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little too, and I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water.

Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock. But to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted; and so, indeed, I had.

However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go

down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But when I came to the place, first, it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabout; secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapours again to the highest degree; so that I shook with cold, like one in an ague; and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware. And what course to take for my security, I knew not.

Safety First!

I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large as to bring a door through again, which door, as I said, came out beyond where my fortification joined to the rock. Upon maturely considering this, therefore, I resolved to draw me a second fortification, in the same manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before. These trees having been

planted so thick before, they wanted but a few piles to be driven between them, that they should be thicker and stronger, and my wall would be soon finished.

So that I had now a double wall; and my outer wall was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of, to make it strong, having in it seven little holes, about as big as I might put my arm out at. In the inside of this I thickened my wall to above ten feet thick, with continual bringing earth out of my cave, and laying it at the foot of the wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets, of which I took notice that I got seven on shore out of the ship. These, I say, I planted like my cannon, and fitted them into frames, that held them like a carriage, that so I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time. This wall I was many a weary month a-finishing, and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

CHAPTER VI.

SOHRAB AND RUSTAM.

FROM THE *SHAH NAMEH* OF FIRDAUSI.

WITH the first streak of morning light in the skies, the champions armed and rode to the open

space between the two armies. Sohrab smiled as if he were greeting a friend, and spoke to Rustam: "Have you slept well? How are you to-day? Why do you still incline to the fight? Let us sit peaceably together here and ask Heaven's forgiveness, and become firm friends. I am drawn to you wonderfully. Let others fight. We will feast. Tell me your birth and your distinguished name. Are you not the lord of Zabul, the mighty Rustam, son of White-haired Zal?"

But Rustam replied, "We have not come out to feast, or to talk, but to fight. Delay us no longer by these tricks. I am ready. Are you? Each do his best, and leave the result in the hands of God."

Sohrab, finding all entreaty vain, answered, "Old man, it would be fitter for you to die quietly at home when your time is come, and when your warriors attending you are prepared to honour your funeral as befits you. You reject words of wisdom, and it may be that God is about to put you into my hands. I may be the chosen instrument of Fate."

Rustam said nothing, but dismounted and tightened his girdle, and each secured his horse to a huge rock. They rubbed their wrists and tested them by bending, and, with furious eyes, rushed together. The veins on their arms

swelled like ropes, and the sinews were as bands of steel. They seized each other, and struck hard, fast, and furiously. So they fought and wrestled from sunrise to noon-tide, and on till the evening; they were covered with blood and sweat, and not for one instant did the fight cease. At last Sohrab sprang back, clapped his hands, and rushed on Rustam like a lion or a wild elephant. With a safe hold he caught the King's girdle, and by a tremendous effort raised Rustam from the ground. The aged champion felt his nerves yield, and he was dashed to the earth, his face and mouth covered with dust. Sohrab leapt upon him as a lion upon a wild ass, and drew his sword to strike off his head. But Rustam quickly spoke. He thought of a plan to save his life. "Stay your hand a moment! Are not our rules of fighting known in Tartary? A chief may be thrown once and yet not earn the fatal blow which is due when he is twice thrown."

Sohrab believed Rustam's words and sheathed his sword. Again Rustam was free, and Sohrab ran from the field to his tent without another thought of the terrible combat.

One of Afrasiab's councillors, hearing Sohrab's story that night, was astounded to learn that Rustam was still alive, and grew angry with the youthful champion as he related how he had let

Rustam go. "You must be tired of life," said he, "to trap a lion and let him escape alive! You must watch him well when next you fight. Never delay the final stroke. Have you never heard the wise words of a renowned warrior, 'Never calculate upon the weakness of the least of your enemies?'—and this enemy of yours is by no means the weakest you could find."

Sohrab was grieved to hear these words, but bravely he answered, "To-morrow we shall fight again, and doubtless, as I have been gaining upon him these two days, I shall again place him under my power." And he went to his tent to sleep.

Rustam, when he was released, watched Sohrab running like the wind to his tent; then he turned towards a stream and drank till his thirst was quenched, and washed his hands, face, and body. That night he prayed to Heaven that God would make him the victor. But he did not know what his prayer meant. It is said that in his early manhood Rustam was gifted with such enormous strength that when he stepped upon a rock his foot crushed it into powder. At that time he prayed that God would decrease his strength to a more convenient extent, and the Almighty received the prayer. But now that his life was threatened and he feared the strength of Sohrab, he prayed that the full power with which he was first endowed might be restored

to him. And the second time he did not know the meaning of his prayer.

When next they met, Sohrab's face shone with admiration for the restored hero, and, in gladness and wonder, he cried, "You have, then, come again to oppose me! Or is it that you think it is time to die, and you seek eternal rest at the hands of a brave enemy? You do not care for my words of truth, old man, and even now you may be thinking of some further device. Twice I have respected your great age, and twice my heart has softened to you."

Rustam waved these words aside, saying, "Youth is proud. No warrior would boast like that. But what else can one expect from a dweller among Afrasiab's dancing-girls! My aged arm may still prove able to vanquish your upstart spirit."

Dismounting, they glared at one another, and rushed to begin the fight. So fiercely did they struggle, that they did not see that Heaven itself refused to watch. A darkness spread around. The foes in either camp heard the sounds of terrific blows such as woodmen deal upon huge trunks of trees. The sand scattered by their feet soared above their heads and joined the lowering cloud, and the sun was hidden. They tugged and bent and twisted and strained. Suddenly Rustam encircled the youth and bent

his head far back and threw him on the ground.

Following fast upon him, he drew his dagger and thrust it into Sohrab's side.

Raksh neighed an unearthly cry, which made the very river tremble as it flowed.

Rustam stood, regarding the dying youth; and the whirling sand subsided and the light of heaven shone forth; and the two camps knew the end of the fight.

The victor spoke: "Sohrab, this day you thought to strip the glory of a Persian chief, and cheer Afrasiab with the trophies; or perhaps, that Rustam himself would come to fight you, and your smooth words would win a gift which would be shown to Tartar soldiers as a proof of your valour by the Oxus. But you are slain by a man unknown, and your friends have less comfort from you than the wild beasts shall have." So burned out Rustam's pride of conquest.

Fearlessly Sohrab replied: "Hold your boast and cease your pride. You have been but the instrument of Fate, and the fault is mine alone. But I wish that I had seen my father before my life was over. No more shall my soul feast on the stories of his glory. My mother told me the signs whereby to know him, and in my search I have, luckless, died! You boast; but your boasting is brief, for, proud man, if you became

a fish in the sea, or mount the stars in the sky, you would not escape the wrath of the avenging Rustam ! "

* * * * * * * *

A deathlike horror covered Rustam's mind, and for a time the world faded from his senses, and with pallid face and tearless eyes he swooned in anguish on the sand. At length he rose, a painful frenzy in his face, and cried, " What do you know of Rustam ? What marks have you to prove that you are his ? " And, as he looked, a piercing groan escaped his lips.

Sohrab mournfully, yet proudly, answered, " I am Rustam's son. My mother is Tehmina ; she sits alone, vainly waiting my return to the palace of Samengan."

In his agony of doubt Rustam fell to the ground. When he recovered, he said, " Show me proof that Rustam is your father. For I am Rustam ! "

The dying Sohrab shook with astonishment, and sadly spoke : " If then you are Rustam, you are a cruel man ! How often did I speak to you of peace, feeling within something that forbade me fight with thee. Yet you would not agree. A strange father who has no love for his son ! Unclasp my armour and strip bare my arms. There look, and have no doubt if I am

Rustam's son! When the brazen drums were beating, my mother clasped me to her bosom, and, amid her tears, fixed on my arm the bracelet of Rustam. She said, 'Wear this on your arm as your valiant father wore it. It is the sign of Rustam's son, and will be your glory when the time comes.' And now I meet my father, only to die before his eyes."

Rustam tore aside the coat of mail, and saw once more the onyx bracelet he had given to Tehmina, saying, "If our child is a girl, place this in her hair; but if God gives us a boy, let him wear this on his arm; it will give him the power of the mighty San." Also, near the shoulder, was the Griffin lightly traced in points of vermilion—the Griffin, who had reared the helpless baby, Zal, on Mount Elburz.

The distracted Rustam tore his clothes in despair, and heaped the dust upon his head; and the sun went down. He cried, "My son! My son! Slain by my hand, and torn from the earth!"

Sohrab turned and crawled to Rustam's side, flung his arms round his neck and kissed him, and called him from his death-like swoon. Remembrance came again, and Rustam plucked his hair and beard, and his vast breast was convulsed with pain.

He seized his sword and was about to plunge

it into his heart, when Sohrab guessed the thought. "Stay," said he, "it was not you who killed me. It was Heaven's decree, and on you fell the awful lot. But I have found my father. Come, then, and let me feel that you are he. Take me in your hands, let your tears fall upon my cheeks, and say those words I came to hear—Call me your son. Let that be the word as I pass away beyond the reach of words!"

The hosts looked on, and Raksh wandered over the plain. The Persians feared that Rustam was dead, and, in alarm for his throne, Kai-Khosru sent to inquire as to the end of the conflict. Raksh ran with them, and came to the father and son, and, as if to join their fearful grief, mingled his tears with theirs.

Sohrab heard the noise of the moving army, and said to Rustam, "Let my life buy peace between the foes. The Tartars came at my behest when I set out in pride to find you. I hoped to reign with you and put all tyrants to the sword. But fate has ordered it otherwise, and my father's hands are stained with my blood."

CHAPTER VII.

SOHRAB AND RUSTAM.

By Matthew Arnold (1822-1888).

And Rustam to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare—
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustam came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window-panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustam eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustam, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs; long he perused
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.

For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd ;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd ;
And a deep pity enter'd Rustam's soul
As he beheld him coming ; and he stood,
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said :—
" O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant ; but the grave is cold !
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me ! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried ; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe—
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death ?
Be govern'd ! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die !
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly ; Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustam, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers ; and he saw that head,

Streak'd with its first grey hairs;—hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own, and said:—
"O, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustam? speak! art thou not he?"
But Rustam eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away and spake to his own soul:—
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!
False, wily, boastful are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: *Rustam is here!*
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:
'I challenged once, when the two armies camp'd
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank, only Rustam dared; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."
And then he turn'd, and sternly spake aloud:—
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustam? I am here, whom thou hast call'd

By challenge forth ; make good thy vaunt, or
yield !
Is it with Rustam only thou wouldst fight ?
Rash boy, men look on Rustam's face and flee !
For well I know, that did great Rustam stand
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul :
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer-floods,
Oxus in summer, wash them all away."

He spoke ; and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet :—
" Art thou so fierce ? Thou wilt not fright me so !
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustam stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustam is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin ! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,

Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."
He spoke, and Rustam answer'd not, but hurl'd
His spear; down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide;—then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustam's shield; sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear,
And Rustam seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough—like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs—so huge
The club which Rustam lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustam's hand.

And Rustam follow'd his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the sand :
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustam while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand ;
But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:—
" Thou strik'st too hard ! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth ! not wroth am I ;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustam ; be it so !
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul ?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too—
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves
And heard their hollow roar of dying men ;
But never was my heart thus touch'd before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart ?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven !
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustam's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang ;

Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"
He ceased, but while he spake, Rustam had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right-hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soil'd
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foam'd, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way:—
"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
But on the Oxus-sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valour; try thy feints
And cunning! all the pity I had is gone;

Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."
He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword: at once they rush'd
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
Rustam and Soharb on each other hail'd.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And labouring breath; first Rustam struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear

Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,
And Rustam pluck'd it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustam's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through ; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust ;
And Rustam bow'd his head ; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud ; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry ;—
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert-lion, who all day
Hath trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,
And struck again ; and again Rustam bow'd
His head ; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remain'd alone.
Then Rustam raised his head ; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted : *Rustam !*—Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed ; back he recoil'd one step,
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing form ;

And then he stood bewilder'd ; and he dropp'd
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reel'd, and staggering back, sank to the ground ;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,

He dropp'd his covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.

And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustam standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.
Then, with a bitter smile, Rustam began :—
" Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,

And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustam would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustam slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thee,
And were I that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovéd name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustam shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,

And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole: at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustam knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But, with a cold, incredulous voice, he said:—
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustam never had a son."

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:—
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustam, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?

Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen !
Yet him I pity not so much, but her
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows grey
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honour, when the war is done.
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear ;
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."
He spoke ; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke ; but Rustam listen'd, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew ;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustam should seek the boy, to train in arms ;
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustam's son ;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.

So deem'd he, yet he listen'd, plunged in thought
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon ; tears gather'd in his eyes ;
For he remember'd his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture, as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain-lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustam saw
His youth ; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom ;
And that old king, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy ; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustam gazed on him with grief, and said :—
" O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustam, wert thou his, might well have loved !

Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustam's son.
For Rustam had no son; one child he had—
But one—a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."
But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die—
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;
And, rising sternly, on one arm he said:—
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And Falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustam to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
He spoke; and all the blood left Rustam's cheeks,
And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud;
And to his heart he press'd the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:
"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustam's son."

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd ; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustam's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
Rustam's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain-rocks ;
Him that kind creature found, and rear'd, and loved—
Then Rustam took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touch'd it with his hand and said :
" How say'st thou ? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustam's son, or of some other man's ? "
He spoke ; but Rustam gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless ; and then he utter'd one sharp cry :
O boy—thy father !—and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.

But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life ; and life
Came back to Rustam, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror ; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,—
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms :
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him ; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said :—
" Father, forbear ! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it ! but Fate trod these promptings down
Under its iron heel ; Fate, Fate engaged
The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear
But let us speak no more of this ! I find
My father ; let me feel that I have found !
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say : *My son!*

Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."
So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustam, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE ARGONAUTS SAILED TO COLCHIS.

FROM *THE HEROES.*

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875).

PART I.

The Argonauts were a company of adventurers told of in Greek legend, who sailed in search of the Golden Fleece. What the Golden Fleece was, we do not know, and it does not matter; it was, anyhow, an object of desire, and a prize to be won; as useful, when found, as the North Pole, but bringing honour in its discovery. Their leader was Jason.

AND what happened next, my children, whether it be true or not, stands written in ancient songs, which you shall read for yourselves some day. And grand old songs they are, written in grand

old rolling verse; and they call them the Songs of Orpheus, or the Orphics, to this day. And they tell how the heroes came to Aphetai, across the bay, and waited for the south-west wind, and chose themselves a captain from their crew: and how all called for Heracles, because he was the strongest and most huge; but Heracles refused, and called for Jason, because he was the wisest of them all. So Jason was chosen captain; and Orpheus heaped a pile of wood, and made an offering to Hera, and called all the heroes to stand round, each man's head crowned with olive, and to strike their swords into the bull. Then he filled a golden goblet with wheaten flour, and honey, and wine, and the bitter salt-sea water, and bade the heroes taste. So each tasted the goblet, and passed it round, and vowed an awful vow; and they vowed before the sun, and the night, and the blue-haired Sea who shakes the land, to stand by Jason faithfully, in the adventure of the golden fleece; and whosoever shrank back, or disobeyed, or turned traitor to his vow, then justice should minister against him, and the Erinnues who track guilty men.

The Setting-forth.

Then Jason lighted the pile, and burnt the carcase of the bull; and they went to their ship and sailed eastward, like men who have a work

to do; and the place from which they went was called Aphetai, the sailing-place, from that day forth. Three thousand years ago and more they sailed away, into the unknown Eastern seas; and great nations have come and gone since then, and many a storm has swept the earth; and many a mighty armament, to which Argo would be but one small boat; English and French, Turkish and Russian, have sailed those waters since; yet the fame of that small Argo lives for ever, and her name is become a proverb among men.

So they sailed past the Isle of Sciathos, with the Cape of Sepius on their left, and turned to the northward toward Pelion, up the long Magnesian shore. On their right hand was the open sea, and on their left old Pelion rose, while the clouds crawled round his dark pine-forests, and his caps of summer snow. And their hearts yearned for the dear old mountain, as they thought of pleasant days gone by, and of the sports of their boyhood, and their hunting, and their schooling in the cave beneath the cliff. And at last Peleus spoke—"Let us land here, friends, and climb the dear old hill once more. We are going on a fearful journey: who knows if we shall see Pelion again? Let us go up to Cheiron our master, and ask his blessing ere we start. And I have a boy, too, with him, whom he trains as he trained me once, the son whom Thetis brought me, the

silver-footed lady of the sea, whom I caught in the cave, and tamed her, though she changed her shape seven times. For she changed, as I held her, into water, and to vapour, and to burning flame, and to a rock, and to a black-maned lion, and to a tall and stately tree. But I held her and held her ever, till she took her own shape again, and led her to my father's house, and won her for my bride. And all the rulers of Olympus came to our wedding, and the heavens and the earth rejoiced together, when an Immortal wedded mortal man. And now let me see my son; for it is not often I shall see him upon earth; famous he will be, but short-lived, and die in the flower of youth."

So Tiphys the helmsman steered them to the shore under the crags of Pelion; and they went up through the dark pine-forests towards the Centaur's cave.

The Centaur.

And they came into the misty hall, beneath the snow-crowned crag; and saw the great Centaur lying, with his huge limbs spread upon the rock; and beside him stood Achilles, the child whom no steel could wound, and played upon his harp right sweetly, while Cheiron watched and smiled.

Then Cheiron leapt up and welcomed them, and kissed them every one, and set a feast before

them, of swine's flesh, and venison, and good wine; and young Achilles served them, and carried the golden goblet round. And after supper all the heroes clapped their hands, and called on Orpheus to sing: but he refused, and said, "How can I, who am the younger, sing before our ancient host?" So they called on Cheiron to sing, and Achilles brought him his harp; and he began a wondrous song; a famous story of old time, of the fight between the Centaurs and the Lapithai, which you may still see carved in stone.* He sang how his brothers came to ruin by their folly, when they were mad with wine; and how they and the heroes fought, with fists, and teeth, and the goblets from which they drank; and how they tore up the pine-trees in their fury, and hurled great crags of stone, while the mountains thundered with the battle, and the land was wasted far and wide; till the Lapithai drove them from their home in the rich Thessalian plains to the lonely glens of Pindus, leaving Cheiron all alone. And the heroes praised his song right heartily; for some of them had helped in that great fight.

The Songs of Orpheus.

Then Orpheus took the lyre, and sang of Chaos, and the making of the wondrous world, and how

*In the Elgin Marbles (in the British Museum).

all things sprang from Love, who could not live alone in the Abyss. And as he sang, his voice rose from the cave, above the crags, and through the tree-tops, and the glens of oak and pine. And the trees bowed their heads when they heard it, and the grey rocks cracked and rang, and the forest beasts crept near to listen, and the birds forsook their nests and hovered round. And old Cheiron clapt his hands together, and beat his hoofs upon the ground, for wonder at that magic song.

Then Peleus kissed his boy, and wept over him, and they went down to the ship; and Cheiron came down with them, weeping, and kissed them one by one, and blest them, and promised to them great renown. And the heroes wept when they left him, till their great hearts could weep no more; for he was kind and just and pious, and wiser than all beasts and men. Then he went up to a cliff, and prayed for them, that they might come home safe and well; while the heroes rowed away, and watched him standing on his cliff above the sea, with his great hands raised toward heaven, and his white locks waving in the wind; and they strained their eyes to watch him to the last, for they felt that they should look on him no more.

So they rowed on over the long swell of the sea, past Olympus, the seat of the Immortals,

and past the wooded bays of Athos, and Samothrace the sacred isle; and they came past Lemnos to the Hellespont, and through the narrow strait of Abydos, and so on into the Propontis, which we call Marmora now. And there they met with Cyzicus, ruling in Asia over the Dolions, who, the songs say, was the son of Æneas, of whom you will hear many a tale some day. For Homer tells us how he fought at Troy: and Virgil how he sailed away and founded Rome; and men believed until late years that from him sprang our old British kings. Now Cyzicus, the songs say, welcomed the heroes; for his father had been one of Cheiron's scholars; so he welcomed them, and feasted them, and stored their ship with corn and wine, and cloaks and rugs, the songs say, and shirts, of which no doubt they stood in need.

The Funeral of Cyzicus.

But at night, while they lay sleeping, came down on them terrible men, who lived with the bears in the mountains, like Titans or giants in shape; for each of them had six arms, and they fought with young firs and pines. But Heracles killed them all before morn with his deadly poisoned arrows; but among them, in the darkness, he slew Cyzicus the kindly prince.

Then they got to their ship and to their oars,

and Tiphys bade them cast off the hawsers, and go to sea. But as he spoke a whirlwind came, and spun the Argo round, and twisted the hawsers together, so that no man could loose them. Then Tiphys dropped the rudder from his hand, and cried, "This comes from the Gods above." But Jason went forward, and asked counsel of the magic bough.

Then the magic bough spoke and answered,—"This is because you have slain Cyzicus your friend. You must appease his soul, or you will never leave this shore."

Jason went back sadly, and told the heroes what he had heard. And they leapt on shore, and searched till dawn; and at dawn they found the body, all rolled in dust and blood, among the corpses of those monstrous beasts. And they wept over their kind host, and laid him on a fair bed, and heaped a huge mound over him, and offered black sheep at his tomb, and Orpheus sang a magic song to him, that his spirit might have rest. And then they held games at the tomb, after the custom of those times, and Jason gave prizes to each winner. To Ancæus he gave a golden cup for he wrestled best of all; and to Heracles a silver one, for he was the strongest of all; and to Castor, who rode best, a golden crest; and Polydeuces the boxer had a rich carpet, and to Orpheus for his song, a sandal with

golden wings. But Jason himself was the best of all the archers, and the Minuai crowned him with an olive crown; and so, the songs say, the soul of good Cyzicus was appeased, and the heroes went on their way in peace.

But when Cyzicus' wife heard that he was dead, she died likewise of grief; and her tears became a fountain of clear water, which flows the whole year round.

Hylas.

Then they rowed away, the songs say, along the Mysian shore, and past the mouth of Rhindacus, till they found a pleasant bay, sheltered by the long ridges of Arganthus, and by high walls of basalt rock. And there they ran the ship ashore upon the yellow sand, and furled the sail, and took the mast down, and lashed it in its crutch. And next they let down the ladder, and went ashore to sport and rest.

And there Heracles went away into the woods, bow in hand, to hunt wild deer; and Hylas the fair boy slipt away after him, and followed him by stealth, until he lost himself among the glens, and sat down weary to rest himself by the side of a lake; and there the water nymphs came up to look at him, and loved him, and carried him down under the lake to be their playfellow, for ever happy and young. And Heracles sought

for him in vain, shouting his name till all the mountains rang; but Hylas never heard him, far down under the sparkling lake. So while Heracles wandered searching for him, a fair breeze sprang up, and Heracles was nowhere to be found; and the Argo sailed away, and Heracles was left behind, and never saw the noble Phasian stream.

The Bosphorus.

Then the Minuai came to a doleful land, where Amycus the giant ruled, and cared nothing for the laws of Zeus, but challenged all strangers to box with him, and those whom he conquered he slew. But Polydeuces the boxer struck him a harder blow than he ever felt before, and slew him; and the Minuai went on up the Bosphorus, till they came to the city of Phineus, the fierce Bithynian king; for Zetes and Calais bade Jason land there, because they had a work to do.

And they went up from the shore toward the city, through forests white with snow; and Phineus came out to meet them with a lean and woful face, and said, "Welcome, gallant heroes, to the land of bitter blasts, the land of cold and misery: yet I will feast you as best I can." And he led them in, and set meat before them; but before they could put their hands to their mouths, down came two fearful monsters, the

like of whom man never saw; for they had the faces and the hair of fair maidens, but the wings and claws of hawks; and they snatched the meat from off the table, and flew shrieking out above the roofs.

The Harpies.

Then Phineus beat his breast and cried, "These are the Harpies, whose names are the Whirlwind and the Swift, the daughters of Wonder and of the Amber-nymph, and they rob us night and day. They carried off the daughters of Pandareus, whom all the Gods had blest; for Aphrodite fed them on Olympus with honey and milk and wine; and Hera gave them beauty and wisdom, and Athené skill in all the arts; but when they came to their wedding, the Harpies snatched them both away, and gave them to be slaves to the Erinnues, and live in horror all their days. And now they haunt me, and my people, and the Bosphorus, with fearful storms; and sweep away our food from off our tables, so that we starve in spite of all our wealth."

Then up rose Zetes and Calaïs, the winged sons of the North-wind, and said, "Do you not know us, Phineus, and these wings which grow upon our backs?" And Phineus hid his face in terror: but he answered not a word.

"Because you have been a traitor, Phineus,

the Harpies haunt you night and day. Where is Cleopatra our sister, your wife, whom you keep in prison? and where are her two children, whom you blinded in your rage, at the bidding of an evil woman, and cast them out upon the rocks? Swear to us that you will right our sister, and cast out that wicked woman; and then we will free you from your plague, and drive the whirlwind maidens to the south: but if not, we will put out your eyes, as you put out the eyes of your own sons."

Then Phineus swore an oath to them, and drove out the wicked woman; and Jason took those two poor children, and cured their eyes with magic herbs.

But Zetes and Calaïs rose up sadly, and said, "Farewell now, heroes all; farewell, our dear companions, with whom we played on Pelion in old times; for a fate is laid upon us, and our day is come at last, in which we must hunt the whirlwinds, over land and sea for ever; and if we catch them they die, and if not, we die ourselves."

The Battle of the Winds.

At that all the heroes wept; but the two young men sprang up, and aloft into the air after the Harpies, and the battle of the winds began.

The heroes trembled in silence as they heard the shrieking of the blasts; while the palace rocked and all the city, and great stones were torn from the crags, and the forest pines were hurled earthward, north and south and east and west, and the Bosphorus boiled white with foam, and the clouds were dashed against the cliffs.

But at last the battle ended, and the Harpies fled screaming toward the south, and the sons of the North-wind rushed after them, and brought clear sunshine where they passed. For many a league they followed them, over all the isles of the Cyclades, and away to the south-west across Hellas, till they came to the Ionian Sea, and there they fell upon the Echinades, at the mouth of the Acheloüs; and those isles were called the Whirlwind Isles for many a hundred years. But what became of Zetes and Calaïs I know not; for the heroes never saw them again: and some say that Heracles met them, and quarrelled with them, and slew them with his arrows; and some say that they fell down from weariness and the heat of the summer sun, and that the Sun-god buried them among the Cyclades, in the pleasant Isle of Tenos; and for many hundred years their grave was shown there, and over it a pillar, which turned to every wind. But those dark storms and whirlwinds haunt the Bosphorus until this day.

CHAPTER IX.

CROSSING THE DESERT.

FROM *EOTHEN*.

BY A. W. KINGLAKE (1809-1891).

THE manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not, therefore, allow a halt until the evening came. About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

The Imperious Sun.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to

make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders

ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond ; but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank

Crossing the Desert.

shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses : the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on ; comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Rest at Last!

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing, I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for

wherever man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so, when the night closed round me, I began to return—to return as it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread—Mysseri rattling teacups; the little kettle with her odd, old-maidish looks sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight, with open portal and with welcoming look—a look like "the own armchair" of our lyrist's "sweet Lady Anne."

Insects.

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night-breeze blew coldly: when that happened the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the Wind, that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along these dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bed-rooms, drawing-rooms, oratories—all crowded into the space of a hearthrug. The

first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

Striking Camp.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loth to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken

away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots: the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start then came its fall: the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle.

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the South—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side. On its bosom the reflected fire of the Sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

The Oasis.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had

gathered together in a vast hollow between the sandhills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore-line. The minute crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun, were made to seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

Church Bells in the Desert.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache, from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days, this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The Sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep

—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing "for church." After a while the sound died away slowly. It happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told to me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun in

the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

During my travels I kept a journal—a journal sadly meagre and intermittent, but one which enabled me to find out the day of the month and the week, according to the European calendar. Referring to this, I found that the day was Sunday, and roughly allowing for the difference of longitude, I concluded that at the moment of my hearing that strange peal the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to Morning Prayer. The coincidence amused me faintly, but I could not allow myself a hope that the effect I had experienced was anything other than an illusion—an illusion liable to be explained (as every illusion is in these days) by some of the philosophers who guess at Nature's riddles. It would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some pious enchantment, had asked and found this spell to rouse me from my scandalous forgetfulness of God's holy day; but my fancy was too weak to carry a faith like that. Indeed, the vale through which the bells of Marlen send their song is a highly respectable vale, and its people (save one, two, or three) are wholly unaddicted to the practice of magical arts.

Still the Sun !

After the fifth day of my journey I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce ; there was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon. Hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same —the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could baulk the fierce will of the Sun. " He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race : his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it ; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof." From Pole to Pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all Heaven and Earth. As he bade the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bade me bow down and worship him ; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, " Thou shalt have none other gods but me." I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face

to face—the mighty Sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary Self of mine that I always carry about with me.

Egypt at Last!

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god

There appeared a dark line upon the edge of the horizon.

of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am!)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came, I was still within the confines of the Desert, and my tent was pitched as usual; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the West without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned. He had toiled on a graceful service: he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green wavy fields of rice and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in a bed of deep waters.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW PROFESSION.

By George Borrow (1803-1881).

Borrow describes his first experiences after having bought from a travelling tinker, or tin-smith (a mender of kettles and the like), a pony and cart, and the tools needed in his new trade. He did not know a tinker's work, but he loved travelling, and the joy of being on the Open Road, and of being free from control by any one else. He knew the language of the Gypsies, and by them was called the "Romany Rye," the Gentleman Gypsy: and, since the Gypsy language (which

is in India spoken by the Lambadis and other wandering tribes), is the most useful language for anyone who travels by road, he found many friends and made few enemies.

It was two or three hours past noon when I took my departure from the place of the last adventure, walking by the side of my little cart; the pony invigorated by the corn, to which he was probably not much accustomed, proceeded right gallantly; so far from having to hasten him forward by the peculiar application which the tinker had pointed out to me, I had rather to repress his eagerness, being, though an excellent pedestrian, not unfrequently left behind. The country through which I passed was beautiful and interesting, but solitary: few habitations appeared. As it was quite a matter of indifference to me in what direction I went, the whole world being before me, I allowed the pony to decide upon the matter; it was not long before he left the high road, being probably no friend to public places. I followed him I knew not whither, but, from subsequent observation, have reason to suppose that our course was in a north-west direction. At length night came upon us, and a cold wind sprang up, which was succeeded by a drizzling rain.

Discomforts of the Road.

I had originally intended to pass the night in the cart, or to pitch my little tent on some

convenient spot by the road's side ; but, owing to the alteration in the weather, I thought that it would be advisable to take up my quarters in any hedge alehouse at which I might arrive. To tell the truth, I was not very sorry to have an excuse to pass the night once more beneath a roof. I had determined to live quite independent, but I had never before passed a night by myself abroad, and felt a little apprehensive at the idea ; I hoped, however, on the morrow, to be a little more prepared for the step, so I determined for one night—only for one night longer—to sleep like a Christian ; but human determinations are not always put into effect, such a thing as opportunity is frequently wanting, such was the case here. I went on for a considerable time, in expectation of coming to some rustic hostelry, but nothing of the kind presented itself to my eyes ; the country in which I now was seemed almost uninhabited, not a house of any kind was to be seen—at least I saw none—though it is true houses might be near without my seeing them, owing to the darkness of the night, for neither moon nor star was abroad. I heard, occasionally, the bark of dogs ; but the sound appeared to come from an immense distance. The rain still fell, and the ground beneath my feet was wet and miry ; in short, it was a night in which even a tramper by profession would feel more comfort-

able in being housed than abroad. I followed in the rear of the cart, the pony still proceeding at a sturdy pace, till methought I heard other hoofs than those of my own nag; I listened for a moment, and distinctly heard the sound of hoofs approaching at a great rate, and evidently from the quarter towards which I and my little caravan were moving.

A Meeting.

We were in a dark lane—so dark that it was impossible for me to see my own hand. Apprehensive that some accident might occur, I ran forward, and, seizing the pony by the bridle, drew him as near as I could to the hedge. On came the hoofs—trot, trot, trot; and evidently more than those of one horse; their speed as they advanced appeared to slacken—it was only, however, for a moment. I heard a voice cry, "Push on, this is a desperate robbing place, never mind the dark!" and the hoofs came on quicker than before. "Stop!" said I, at the top of my voice; "stop! or——" Before I could finish what I was about to say there was a stumble, a heavy fall, a cry, and a groan, and putting out my foot I felt what I conjectured to be the head of a horse stretched upon the road. "Lord have mercy upon us! what's the matter?" exclaimed a voice. "Spare my life," cried

another voice, apparently from the ground; "only spare my life, and take all I have." "Where are you, Master Wise?" cried the other voice. "Help! here, Master Bat," cried the voice from the ground, "help me up or I shall be murdered." "Why, what's the matter?" said Bat. "Some one has knocked me down, and is robbing me," said the voice from the ground. "Help! murder!" cried Bat; and, regardless of the entreaties of the man on the ground that he would stay and help him up, he urged his horse forward and galloped away as fast as he could. I remained for some time quiet, listening to various groans and exclamations uttered by the person on the ground; at length I said, "Holloa! are you hurt?" "Spare my life, and take all I have!" said the voice from the ground. "Have they not done robbing you yet?" said I; "when they have finished let me know, and I will come and help you." "Who is that?" said the voice; "pray come and help me, and do me no mischief." "You were saying that some one was robbing you," said I; "don't think I shall come till he is gone away." "Then you ben't he?" said the voice. "Ar'n't you robbed?" said I. "Can't say I be," said the voice; "not yet at any rate; but who are you? I don't know you." "A traveller whom you and your partner were going to run over in this dark lane; you almost frightened

me out of my senses." "Frightened!" said the voice, in a louder tone; "frightened! oh!" and thereupon I heard somebody getting upon his legs. This accomplished, the individual proceeded to attend to his horse, and with a little difficulty raised him upon his legs also.

Cowards turned Bullies.

"Ar'n't you hurt?" said I. "Hurt!" said the voice; "not I; don't think it, whatever the horse may be. I tell you what, my fellow, I thought you were a robber, and now I find you are not; I have a good mind ——" "To do what?" "To serve you out; ar'n't you ashamed ——?" "At what?" said I; "not to have robbed you? Shall I set about it now?" "Ha, ha!" said the man, dropping the bullying tone which he had assumed; "you are joking—robbing! who talks of robbing? I wonder how my horse's knees are; not much hurt, I think —only mired." The man, whoever he was, then got upon his horse; and, after moving him about a little, said, "Good-night, friend; where are you?" "Here I am," said I, "just behind you." "You are, are you? Take that." I know not what he did, but probably pricking his horse with the spur, the animal kicked out violently; one of his heels struck me on the shoulder, but luckily missed my face; I fell back

with the violence of the blow, whilst the fellow scampered off at a great rate. Stopping at some distance, he loaded me with abuse, and then, continuing his way at a rapid trot, I heard no more of him.

I fell back with the violence of the blow, whilst the fellow scampered off at a great rate.

"What a difference!" said I, getting up; "last night I was *fêted* in the hall of a rich genius, and to-night I am knocked down and mired in a dark lane by the heel of Master Wise's horse—I wonder who gave him that name? And yet he was wise enough to wreak his revenge upon

me, and I was not wise enough to keep out of his way. Well, I am not much hurt, so it is of little consequence."

Sleeping on the Road.

I now bethought me that, as I had a carriage of my own, I might as well make use of it; I therefore got into the cart, and, taking the reins in my hand, gave an encouraging cry to the pony, whereupon the sturdy little animal started again at as brisk a pace as if he had not already come many a long mile. I lay half-reclining in the cart, holding the reins lazily, and allowing the animal to go just where he pleased, often wondering where he would conduct me. At length I felt drowsy, and my head sank upon my breast; I soon aroused myself, but it was only to doze again; this occurred several times. Opening my eyes after a doze somewhat longer than the others, I found that the drizzling rain had ceased, a corner of the moon was apparent in the heavens, casting a faint light; I looked around for a moment or two, but my eyes and brain were heavy with slumber, and I could scarcely distinguish where we were. I had a kind of dim consciousness that we were traversing an uninclosed country—perhaps a heath; I thought, however, that I saw certain large black objects looming in the distance, which I had a confused

idea might be woods or plantations; the pony still moved at his usual pace. I did not find the jolting of the cart at all disagreeable; on the contrary, it had quite a somniferous effect upon me. Again my eyes closed; I opened them once more, but with less perception in them than before, looked forward, and, muttering something about woodlands, I placed myself in an easier posture than I had hitherto done, and fairly fell asleep.

The First Camp.

How long I continued in that state I am unable to say, but I believe for a considerable time; I was suddenly awakened by the ceasing of the jolting to which I had become accustomed, and of which I was perfectly sensible in my sleep. I started up and looked around me, the moon was still shining, and the face of the heaven was studded with stars; I found myself amidst a maze of bushes of various kinds, but principally hazel and holly, through which was a path or driftway with grass growing on either side, upon which the pony was already diligently browsing. I conjectured that this place had been one of the haunts of his former master, and, on dismounting and looking about, was strengthened in that opinion by finding a spot under an ash tree which, from its burnt and blackened appear-

ance, seemed to have been frequently used as a fireplace. I will take up my quarters here, thought I; it is an excellent spot for me to commence my new profession in; I was quite right to trust myself to the guidance of the pony. Unharnessing the animal without delay, I permitted him to browse at free will on the grass, convinced that he would not wander far from a place to which he was so much attached; I then pitched the little tent close beside the ash tree to which I have alluded, and conveyed two or three articles into it, and instantly felt that I had commenced housekeeping for the first time in my life. Housekeeping, however, without a fire is a very sorry affair, something like the housekeeping of children in their toy houses; of this I was the more sensible from feeling very cold and shivering, owing to my late exposure to the rain, and sleeping in the night air. Collecting, therefore, all the dry sticks and furze I could find, I placed them upon the fireplace, adding certain chips and a billet which I found in the cart, it having apparently been the habit of Slingsby to carry with him a small store of fuel. Having then struck a spark in a tinder-box and lighted a match, I set fire to the combustile heap, and was not slow in raising a cheerful blaze; I then drew my cart near the fire, and, seating myself on one of the shafts, hung over the warmth with feelings

of intense pleasure and satisfaction. Having continued in this posture for a considerable time, I turned my eyes to the heaven in the direction of a particular star; I, however, could not find the star, nor indeed many of the starry train, the greater number having fled, from which circumstance, and from the appearance of the sky, I concluded that morning was nigh. About this time I again began to feel drowsy; I therefore arose, and having prepared for myself a kind of couch in the tent, I flung myself upon it and went to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

PART II.

CANNIBALS VISIT THE ISLAND—CRUSOE DISCOVERS A CAVE—RESCUES FRIDAY FROM CANNIBALS.

AFTER I had thus secured one part of my little living stock, I went about the whole island, searching for another private place to make such another deposit; when, wandering more to the west point of the island than I had ever done yet, and looking out to sea, I thought I saw a boat upon the sea, at a great distance.

When I was come down the hill to the end of the island, where, indeed, I had never been before, I was presently convinced that the seeing the print of a man's foot was not such a strange thing in the island as I imagined. And, but that it was a special providence that I was cast upon the side of the island where the savages never came, I should easily have known that nothing was more frequent than for the canoes from the main, when they happened to be a little too far out at sea, to shoot over to that side of the island for harbour; likewise, as they often met and fought in their canoes, the victors having taken any prisoners would bring them over to this shore, where, according to their dreadful customs, being all cannibals, they would kill and eat them.

Cannibals ?

When I was come down the hill to the shore, as I said above, being the S.W. point of the island, I was perfectly confounded and amazed; nor is it possible for me to express the horror of my mind at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies; and particularly, I observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, like a cockpit, where it is supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feastings upon the bodies of their fellow-creatures.

I was so astonished with the sight of these things, that I entertained no notion of any danger to myself from it for a long while. All my apprehensions were buried in the thoughts of such a pitch of inhuman, hellish brutality, and the horror of the degeneracy of human nature, which, though I had heard of often, yet I never had so near a view of before. In short, I turned my face from the horrid spectacle, and got me up the hill again with all the speed I could, and walked on towards my own habitation.

I continued pensive and sad, and kept close within my own circle for almost two years after this. Time, however, began to wear off my uneasiness, and I began to live just in the same composed manner as before; only with this difference, that I used more caution, and kept my eyes more about me, than I did before, lest I should happen to be seen by any of them; and particularly, I was more cautious of firing my gun, lest any of them being on the island should happen to hear of it.

Caution in Retirement.

I went and removed my boat, which I had on the other side of the island, and carried it down to the east end of the whole island, where I ran it into a little cove, which I found under some high rocks, and where I knew, by reason of the

currents, the savages durst not, at least would not come, with their boats, upon any account whatsoever.

I kept myself more retired than ever, and seldom went from my cell, other than upon my constant employment, viz., to milk my she-goats, and manage my little flock in the wood, which, as it was quite on the other part of the island, was quite out of danger ; for certain it is, that these savage people, who sometimes haunted this island, never came with any thoughts of finding anything here, and consequently never wandered off from the coast.

I confess that these anxieties, these constant dangers I lived in, and the concern that was now upon me, put an end to all invention, and to all the contrivances that I had laid for my future accommodations and conveniences. I had the care of my safety more now upon my hands than that of my food. I cared not to drive a nail, or chop a stick of wood now, for fear the noise I should make should be heard ; much less would I fire a gun, for the same reason ; and, above all, I was intolerably uneasy at making any fire, lest the smoke, which is visible at a great distance in the day, should betray me ; and for this reason I removed that part of my business which required fire, such as burning of pots and pipes, etc., into my new apartment in the woods ; where,

after I had been some time, I found, to my unspeakable consolation, a mere natural cave in the earth, which went in a vast way, and where, I dare say, no savage, had he been at the mouth of it, would be so hardy as to venture in; nor, indeed, would any man else, but one who, like me, wanted nothing so much as a safe retreat.

A New Home.

While I was cutting down some wood, I perceived that behind a very thick branch of low brushwood, or underwood, there was a kind of hollow place. I was curious to look into it; and getting with difficulty into the mouth of it, I found it was pretty large; that is to say, sufficient for me to stand upright in it, and perhaps another with me.

Looking round me, I found the cave was but very small; that is to say, it might be about twelve feet over, but in no manner of shape, either round or square, no hands having ever been employed in making it but those of mere Nature. I observed also that there was a place at the farther side of it that went in farther, but was so low, that it required me to creep upon my hands and knees to go into it, and whither I went I knew not.

The next day I came provided with six large candles of my own making, for I made very good

candles now of goat's tallow; and going into this low place, I was obliged to creep upon all fours almost ten yards. When I was got through the strait, I found the roof rose higher up, I believe near twenty feet. But never was such a glorious sight seen in the island, I dare say, as it was, to look round the sides and roof of this vault or cave; the walls reflected a hundred thousand lights to me from my two candles. What it was in the rock, whether diamonds, or any other precious stones, or gold, which I rather supposed it to be, I knew not.

A Safe Fortress.

The place I was in was a most delightful cavity or grotto of its kind, as could be expected, though perfectly dark. The floor was dry and level, and had a sort of small loose gravel upon it, so that there was no nauseous or venomous creature to be seen; neither was there any damp or wet on the sides or roof. The only difficulty in it was the entrance, which, however, as it was a place of security, and such a retreat as I wanted, I thought that was a convenience; so that I was really rejoiced at the discovery, and resolved, without any delay, to bring some of those things which I was most anxious about to this place: particularly, I resolved to bring hither my magazine of powder, and all my spare arms,

viz. two fowling-pieces, for I had three in all, and three muskets, for of them I had eight in all. So I kept at my castle only five, which stood ready-mounted, like pieces of cannon, on my outmost fence; and were ready also to take out upon any expedition.

I fancied myself now like one of the ancient giants, which were said to live in caves and holes in the rocks, where none could come at them; for I persuaded myself, while I was here, if five hundred savages were to hunt me, they could never find me out; or, if they did, they would not venture to attack me here.

My Pets.

I was now in my twenty-third year of residence in this island; and was so naturalised to the place, and to the manner of living, that could I have but enjoyed the certainty that no savages would come to the place to disturb me, I could have been content to have capitulated for spending the rest of my time there, even to the last moment, till I laid me down and died. I had also arrived to some little diversions and amusements, which made the time pass more pleasantly with me a great deal than it did before. As, first, I had taught my Poll, as I noted before, to speak; and he did it so familiarly, and talked so articulately and plain, that it was very pleasant

to me; and he lived with me no less than six and twenty years. My dog was a very pleasant and loving companion to me for no less than sixteen years of my time, and then died of mere old age. As for my cats, they multiplied to that degree, that I was obliged to shoot several of them at first to keep them from devouring me and all I had; but at length they all ran wild into the woods, except two or three favourites, which I kept tame, and these were part of my family. Besides these, I always kept two or three household kids about me, whom I taught to feed out of my hand. And I had two more parrots, which talked pretty well, and would all call "Robin Crusoe," but none like my first. I had also several tame sea-fowls, whose names I know not, whom I caught upon the shore, and cut their wings; and the little stakes which I had planted before my castle wall being now grown up to a good thick grove, these fowls all lived among these low trees, and bred there, which was very agreeable to me; so that, as I said above, I began to be very well contented with the life I led, if it might but have been secured from the dread of the savages.

* * * * * * * *

No savages came near me for a great while, but about a year and a half after I had entertained these notions, I was surprised, one morning

early, with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures ; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed ; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted. However, I put myself unto all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages as usual ; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, that they had had meat dressed, and they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

The Victim's Escape.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged

from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, Nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands directly towards me, I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him to run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there was not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground of them; so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I saw plainly he must necessarily

swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither he had made nothing of it, though the tide was then up ; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the other, but went no further, and soon after went softly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

A Life Saved.

I observed, that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately run down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both but at the foot of the ladders, and getting up again, with the same haste, to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea, and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing

aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frighted at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back, and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. The other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frighted, and I advanced a pace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

A Friend Gained.

The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frighted with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward or went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still, than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little further, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him

all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling

At length he came close to me.

down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled

at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for the savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it but he runs to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head as cleverly, no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

A Good Fellow.

He signed to me that he should bury the two dead men with sand, that they might not be seen

by the rest if they followed ; and so I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running ; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice-straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes ; so the poor creature laid down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall, and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face ; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool ; his forehead very high and large ; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny. His face was round and plump ; his nose small,

not flat like the negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory.

The Man Friday.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some

milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

I kept there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again, and eat them. At this I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away; which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or of their canoes; so that it was plain that they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

A Horrible Sight.

But I was not content with this discovery; but having now more courage, and consequently

more curiosity, I take my man Friday with me, giving him the sword in his hand, with the bow and arrows at his back, which I found he could use very dexterously, making him carry one gun for me, and I two for myself, and away we marched to the place where these creatures had been; for I had a mind now to get some further intelligence of them. When I came to the place, my very blood ran chill in my veins, and my heart sunk within me, at the horror of the spectacle. Indeed, it was a dreadful sight, at least it was so to me, though Friday made nothing of it. The place was covered with all the tokens of the triumphant feast they had been making there, after a victory over their enemies. I saw three skulls, five hands, and the bones of three or four legs and feet, and abundance of other parts of the bodies; and Friday, by his signs, made me understand that they brought over four prisoners to feast upon; that three of them were eaten up, and that he, pointing to himself, was the fourth; that there had been a great battle between them and their next king, whose subjects it seems he had been one of, and that they had taken a great number of prisoners; all which were carried to several places by those that had taken them in the fight, in order to feast upon them, as was done here by these wretches upon those they brought hither.

I caused Friday to gather all the skulls, bones, flesh, and whatever remained, and lay them together on a heap, and make a great fire upon it, and burn them all to ashes. I found Friday had still a hankering stomach after some of the flesh, and was still a cannibal in his nature; but I discovered so much abhorrence at the very thoughts of it, and at the least appearance of it, that he durst not discover it; for I had, by some means, let him know that I would kill him if he offered it.

Friday's New Clothes.

When we had done this we came back to our castle, and there I fell to work for my man Friday; and, first of all, I gave him a pair of linen drawers, which I had out of the poor gunner's chest which I found in the wreck; and which, with a little alteration, fitted him very well. Then I made him a jerkin of goat's skin, as well as my skill would allow, and I gave him a cap, which I had made of a hare-skin, very convenient and fashionable enough; and thus he was clothed for the present tolerably well, and was mighty well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master.

The next day after I came home to my hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him. And that I might do well for him,

and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last and in the outside of the first; and as there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a formal framed door-case, and a door to it of boards, and set it up in the passage, a little within the entrance; and causing the door to open on the inside, I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladders too; so that Friday could in no way come at me in the inside of my innermost wall without making so much noise in getting over, that it must needs waken me.

The Faithful Servant.

But I needed none of all this precaution; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged; his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father.

I was greatly delighted with him, and made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make himself useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spake. And he was the aptest scholar that ever was; and particularly was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased when he could but understand me, or make me understand

him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him. And now my life began to be so easy, that I began to say to myself, that could I but have been safe from more savages, I cared not if I was never to remove from the place while I lived.

CHAPTER XII.

CORAL AND CORAL REEFS.

By T. H. Huxley (1825-1895).

An address delivered at Manchester in 1870.

The subject upon which I wish to address you to-night is the structure and origin of Coral and Coral Reefs. Under the head of "coral" there are included two very different things; one of them is that substance which I imagine a great number of us have champed when we were very much younger than we are now,—the common red coral, which is used so much, as you know, for the edification and the delectation of children of tender years, and is also employed for the purposes of ornament for those who are much older, and as some think might know better. The other kind of coral is a very different substance; it may for distinction's sake be called the white coral; it is a material which most

assuredly not the hardest-hearted of baby farmers would give to a baby to chew, and it is a substance which is to be seen only in the cabinets of curious persons, or in museums, or, may be, over the mantelpieces of seafaring men. But although the red coral, as I have mentioned to you, has access to the very best society; and although the white coral is comparatively a despised product, yet in this, as in many other cases, the humbler thing is in reality the greater; the amount of work which is done in the world by the white coral being absolutely infinite compared with that effected by its delicate and pampered namesake. Each of these substances, the white coral and the red, however, has a relationship to the other. They are, in a zoological sense, cousins, each of them being formed by the same kind of animals in what is substantially the same way.

Bones.

Each of these bodies is, in fact, the hard skeleton of a very curious and a very simple animal, more comparable to the bones of such animals as ourselves than to the shells of oysters or creatures of that kind; for it is the hardening of the internal tissue of the creature, of its internal substance, by the deposit in the body of a material which is exceedingly common,

not only in fresh but in sea water, and which is specially abundant in those waters which we know as "hard," those waters, for example, which leave a "fur" upon the bottom of a tea-kettle. This "fur" is carbonate of lime, the same sort of substance as limestone and chalk. That material is contained in solution in sea water, and it is out of the sea water in which these coral creatures live that they get the lime which is needed for the forming of their hard skeleton.

Sea Anemones.

But now what manner of creatures are these which form these hard skeletons? I dare say that in these days of keeping aquaria, of locomotion to the sea-side, most of those whom I am addressing may have seen one of those creatures which used to be known as the "sea anemone," receiving that name on account of its general resemblance, in a rough sort of way, to the flower which is known as the "anemone"; but being a thing which lives in the sea, it was qualified as the "sea anemone." Well, then, you must suppose a body shaped like a short cylinder, the top cut off, and in the top a hole rather oval than round. All round this aperture, which is the mouth, imagine that there are placed a number of feelers forming a circle. The cavity of the mouth leads into a sort of stomach, which is

very unlike those of the higher animals, in the circumstance that it opens at the lower end into a cavity of the body, and all the digested matter, converted into nourishment, is thus distributed through the rest of the body. That is the general structure of one of these sea anemones. If you touch it it contracts immediately into a heap. It looks at first quite like a flower in the sea, but if you touch it you find that it exhibits all the peculiarities of a living animal; and if anything which can serve as its prey comes near its tentacles, it closes them round it and sucks the material into its stomach and there digests it and turns it to the account of its own body.

Budding.

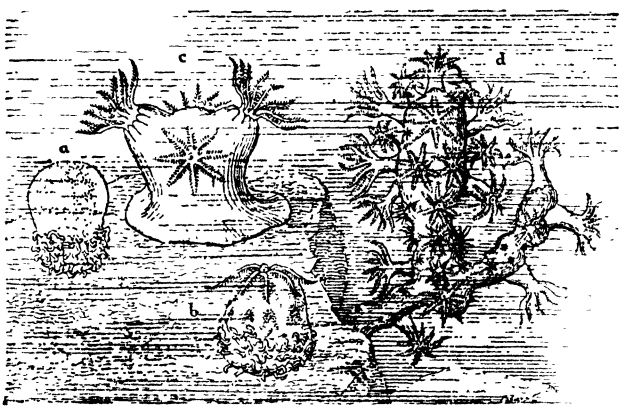
These creatures are very voracious, and not at all particular what they seize; and sometimes it may be that they lay hold of a shellfish which is far too big to be packed into that interior cavity, and, of course, in any ordinary animal a proceeding of this kind would give rise to a very severe fit of indigestion. But this is by no means the case in the sea anemone, because when digestive difficulties of this kind arise he gets out of them by splitting himself in two; and then each half builds itself up into a fresh creature, and you have two polypes where there was previously one, and the bone which stuck

in the way lying between them! Not only can these creatures multiply in this fashion, but they can multiply by buds. A bud will grow out of the side of the body (I am not speaking of the common sea anemone, but of allied creatures) just like the bud of a plant, and that will fashion itself into a creature like the parent. There are some of them in which these buds remain connected together, and you will soon see what would be the result of that. If I make a bud grow out here, and another on the opposite side, and each fashions itself into a new polype, the practical effect will be that before long you will see a single polype converted into a sort of tree or bush of polypes. And these will all remain associated together, like a kind of co-operative store, which is a thing I believe you understand very well here,—each mouth will help to feed the body and each part of the body help to support the multifarious mouths. I think that is as good an example of a zoological co-operative store as you can well have. Such are these wonderful creatures.

Wandering Children.

But they are capable not only of multiplying in this way, but in other ways, by having a more ordinary and regular kind of offspring. Little eggs are produced in the bodies of

these creatures, and those eggs are hatched and the young are passed out by the way of the mouth, and they go swimming about as little oval bodies covered with a very curious kind of hairlike processes. Each of these processes is capable of striking the water like an



Growth of Red Coral.

a, A young coral settling down; *b*, the same putting out its tentacles; *c*, the same gradually forming new mouths; *d*, a coral branch with numerous mouths. (After Lacaze-Duthiers.)

oar; and the consequence is that the young creature is propelled through the water. And thus, although the polype itself may be a fixed creature unable to move about, it is able to spread its offspring over great areas. For these creatures not only propel themselves, but while swimming about in the sea for many hours, or perhaps days, it will be obvious that they must

be carried hither and thither by the currents of the sea, which not unfrequently move at the rate of one or two miles an hour. Thus, in the course of a few days, the offspring of this stationary creature may be carried to a very great distance from its parent; and having been so carried it loses these organs by which it is propelled, and settles down upon the bottom of the sea and grows up again into the form and condition of its parents. So that if you suppose a single polype of this kind settled upon the bottom of the sea, it may by these various methods—that is to say, by cutting itself in two, which we call "fission," or by budding; or by sending out these swimming embryos,—multiply itself to an enormous extent, and give rise to thousands, or millions, of progeny in a comparatively short time; and these thousands, or millions, of progeny may cover a very large surface of the sea bottom; in fact, you will readily perceive that, give them time, and there is no limit to the surface which they may cover.

Red Coral—

Having understood thus far the general nature of these polypes, which are the fabricators both of the red and white coral, let us consider a little more particularly how the skeletons of the red coral and of the white coral are formed. The

red coral polype perches upon the sea bottom, it then grows up unto a sort of stem, and out of that stem there grow branches, each of which has its own polypes ; and thus you have a kind of tree formed, every branch of the tree terminated by its polype. It is a tree, but at the end of the branches there are open mouths of polypes instead of flowers. Thus there is a common soft body connecting the whole, and as it grows up the soft body deposits in its interior a quantity of carbonate of lime, which acquires a beautiful red or flesh colour, and forms a kind of stem running through the whole, and it is that stem which is the red coral. The red coral grows principally at the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea, at very great depths, and the coral fishers, who are very adventurous seamen, take their drag nets, of a peculiar kind, roughly made, but efficient for their purpose, and drag them along the bottom of the sea to catch the branches of the red coral, which become entangled and are thus brought up to the surface. They are then allowed to putrefy, in order to get rid of the animal matter, and the red coral is the skeleton that is left.

—And White.

In the case of the white coral, the skeleton is more complete. In the red coral, the skeleton

belongs to the whole; in the white coral there is a special skeleton for every one of these polypes in addition to that for the whole body. There is a skeleton formed in the body of each of them, like a cup divided by a number of radiating partitions towards the outside; and that cup is formed of carbonate of lime, only not stained red, as in the case of the red coral. And all these cups are joined together into a common branch, the result of which is the formation of a beautiful coral tree. This is a great mass of madrepore, and in the living state every one of the ends of these branches was terminated by a beautiful little polype, like a sea anemone, and all the skeleton was covered by a soft body which united the polypes together. You must understand

Piece of White Coral. (Madrepore.)

that all this skeleton has been formed in the interior of the body, to suit the branched body of the polype mass, and that it is as much its skeleton as our own bones are our skeleton. In this next coral the creature which has formed the skeleton has divided itself as it grew, and consequently has formed a great expansion; but scattered all over this surface there were polype bodies like those I previously described. Again, when this great cup was alive, the whole surface was covered with a beautiful body upon which were set innumerable small polype flowers, if we may so call them, often brilliantly coloured; and the whole cup was built up in the same fashion by the deposit of carbonate of lime in the interior of the combined polype body, formed by budding and by fission in the way I described. You will perceive that there is no necessary limit to this process. There is no reason why we should not have coral three or four times as big; and there are certain creatures of this kind that do fabricate very large masses, or half spheres several feet in diameter. Thus the activity of these animals in separating carbonate of lime from the sea and building it up into definite shapes is very considerable indeed.

Buried Cities.

Now I think I have said sufficient—as much

as I can without taking you into technical details, of the general nature of these creatures which form coral. The animals which form coral are scattered over the seas of all countries in the world. The red coral is comparatively limited, but the polypes which form the white coral are widely scattered. There are some of them which remain single, or which give rise to only small accumulations; and the skeletons of these, as they die, accumulate upon the bottom of the sea, but they do not come to much; they are washed about and do not adhere together, but become mixed up with the mud of the sea. But there are certain parts of the world in which the coral polypes which live and grow are of a kind which remain, adhere together, and form great masses. They differ from the ordinary polypes just in the same way as those plants which form a peat-bog or meadow-turf differ from ordinary plants. They have a habit of growing together in masses in the same place; they are what we call "gregarious" things; and the consequence of this is, that as they die, and leave their skeletons, those skeletons form a considerable solid aggregation at the bottom of the sea, and other polypes perch upon them, and begin building upon them, and so by degrees a great mass is formed. And just as we know there are some ancient cities in which you have a British city,

and over that the foundations of a Roman city; and over that a Saxon city, and over that again a modern city, so in these localities of which I am speaking, you have the accumulations of the foundations of the houses, if I may use the term, of nation after nation of these coral polypes; and these accumulations may cover a very considerable space, and may rise in the course of time from the bottom to the surface of the sea.

Reefs.

Mariners have a name which they apply to all sorts of obstacles consisting of hard and rocky matter which comes in their way in the course of their navigation; they call such obstacles "reefs," and they have long been in the habit of calling the particular kind of reef, which is formed by the accumulation of the skeletons of dead corals, by the name of "coral reefs"; therefore, those parts of the world in which these accumulations occur have been termed by them "coral reef areas," or regions in which coral reefs are found. There is a very notable example of a simple coral reef about the island of Mauritius, which I dare say you all know, lies in the middle of the Indian Ocean. It is a very considerable and beautiful island, and is surrounded on all sides by a mass of coral, which has been formed in the way I have described; so that if you could

get upon the top of one of the peaks of the island, and look down upon the Indian Ocean, you would see that the beach round the Island was continued outward by a kind of shallow terrace, which is covered by the sea, and where the sea is quite shallow; and at a distance varying from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a half from the proper beach, you would see a line of foam or surf which looks most beautiful in contrast with the bright green water in the inside, and the deep blue of the sea beyond. That line of surf indicates the point at which the waters of the ocean are breaking upon the coral reef which surrounds the island. You see it sweep round the island upon all sides, except where a river may chance to come down, and that always makes a gap in the shore.

The Mauritius "Fringe."

There are two or three points which I wish to bring clearly before your notice about such a reef as this. In the first place, you perceive it forms a kind of fringe round the island, and is therefore called a "fringing reef." In the next place, if you go out in a boat, and take soundings at the edge of the reef, you find that the depth of the water is not more than from 20 to 25 fathoms—that is about 120 to 150 feet. Outside that point you come to the natural sea

bottom; but all inside that depth is coral, built up from the bottom by the accumulation of the skeletons of innumerable generations of coral polypes. So that you see the coral forms a very considerable rampart round the island. What the exact circumference may be, I do not remember, but it cannot be less than 100 miles, and the outward height of this wall or coral rock nowhere amounts to less than about 100 or 150 feet.

A Flowery Bank.

When the outward face of the reef is examined, you find that the upper edge, which is exposed to the wash of the sea, and all the seaward face, is covered with those living plant-like flowers which I have described to you. They are the coral polypes which grow, flourish, and add to the mass of calcareous matter which already forms the reef. But towards the lower part of the reef, at a depth of about 120 feet, these creatures are less active, and fewer of them at work; and at greater depths than that you find no living coral polype at all; and it may be laid down as a rule, derived from very extensive observation, that these reef-building corals cannot live in a greater depth of water than about 120 to 150 feet. I beg you to recollect that fact, because it is one I shall have to come back to

by and by, and to show to what very curious consequences that rule leads. Well then, coming back to the margin of the reef, you find that part of it which lies just within the surf to be coated by a very curious plant, a sort of seaweed, which contains in its substance a very great deal of carbonate of lime, and looks almost like rock; this is what is called the nullipore. More towards the land, we come to the shallow water upon the inside of the reef, which has a particular name, derived from the Spanish or the Portuguese —it is called a "lagoon," or lake.

A Lagoon.

In this lagoon there is comparatively little coral living; the bottom of it is formed of coral mud. If we pounded this coral in water, it would be converted into calcareous mud, and the waves during storms do for the coral skeletons exactly what we might do for this coral in a mortar; the waves tear off great fragments and crush them with prodigious force, until they are ground into the merest powder, and that powder is washed into the interior of the lagoon, and forms a muddy coating at the bottom. Beside that, there are a great many animals that prey upon the coral —fishes, worms, and creatures of that kind, and all these, by their digestive processes, reduce the coral to the same state, and contribute a very

important element to this fine mud. The living coral found in the lagoon, is not the reef building coral; it does not give rise to the same massive skeletons. As you go in a boat over these shallow pools, you see these beautiful things, coloured red, blue, green, and all colours, building their houses; but these are mere tenements, and not to be compared in magnitude and importance to the masses which are built by the reef-builders themselves. Now, such a structure as this is what is termed a "fringing reef." You meet with fringing reefs of this kind not only in the Mauritius, but in a number of other parts of the world. If these were the only reefs to be seen anywhere, the problem of the formation of coral reefs would never have been a difficult one. Nothing can be easier than to understand how there must have been a time when the coral polypes came and settled on the shores of this island, everywhere within the 20 to 25 fathom line, and how, having perched there, they gradually grew until they built up the reef.

Atolls.

But these are by no means the only sort of coral reefs in the world; on the contrary, there are very large areas, not only of the Indian Ocean but of the Pacific, in which many many thousands of square miles are covered either with a peculiar

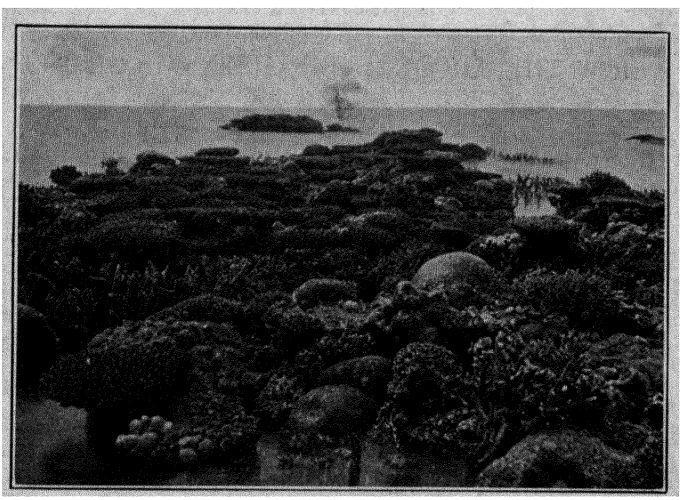
kind of reef, which is called the "encircling reef," or by a still more curious reef which goes by the name of the "atoll." There is a very good picture, which Professor Roscoe has been kind enough to prepare for me, of one of these atolls, which will enable you to form a notion of it as a landscape. You have in the foreground the waters of the Pacific. You must fancy yourself in the middle of the great ocean, and you will perceive that there is an almost circular island, with a low beach, which is formed entirely of coral sand; growing upon that beach you have vegetation, which takes, of course, the shape of the circular land; and then, in the interior of the circle, there is a pool of water, which is not very deep—probably in this case not more than eight or nine fathoms—and which forms a strange and beautiful contrast to the deep blue water outside. This circular island, or atoll, with a lagoon in the middle, is not a complete circle; upon one side of it there is a break, exactly like the entrance into a dock; and, as a matter of course, these circular islets, or atolls, form most efficient break-waters, for if you can only get inside your ship is in perfect safety, with admirable anchorage in the interior. If the ship were lying within a mile of that beach, the water would be one or two thousand feet deep; therefore, a section of that atoll, with the surroundings

as deep as this all round, would give you the notion of a great cone, cut off at the top, and with a shallow cup in the middle of it. Now, what a very singular fact this is, that we should have rising from the bottom of the deep ocean a great pyramid, beside which all human pyramids sink into the most utter insignificance! These singular coral limestone structures are very beautiful, especially when crowned with cocoa-nut trees. There you see the long line of land, covered with vegetation—cocoa-nut trees—and you have the sea upon the inner and outer sides, with a vessel very comfortably riding at anchor.

A Third Kind.

That is one of the remarkable forms of reef in the Pacific. Another is a sort of half-way house, between the atoll and the fringing reef; it is what is called an "encircling reef." In this case you see an island rising out of the sea, and at two or three miles distance, or more, and separated by a deep channel, which may be eight to twelve fathoms deep, there is a reef, which encircles it like a great girdle; and outside that again the water is one or two thousand feet deep. I spent three or four years of my life in cruising about a modification of one of these encircling reefs, called a "barrier reef," upon the east coast of

Australia—one of the most wonderful accumulations of coral rock in the world. It is about 1,100 miles long, and varies in width from one or two to many miles. It is separated from the coast of Australia by a channel of about



Crescent Reef, Outer Barrier.
From a photograph by Saville Kent.

25 fathoms deep; while outside, looking toward America, the water is two or three thousand feet deep at a mile from the edge of the reef. This is an accumulation of limestone rock, built up by corals, to which we have no parallel anywhere else. Imagine to yourself a heap of this material more than one thousand miles long, and several miles wide. That is a barrier reef; but a barrier

reef is merely as it were a fragment of an encircling reef running parallel to the coast of a great continent.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE ARGONAUTS SAILED TO COLCHIS.

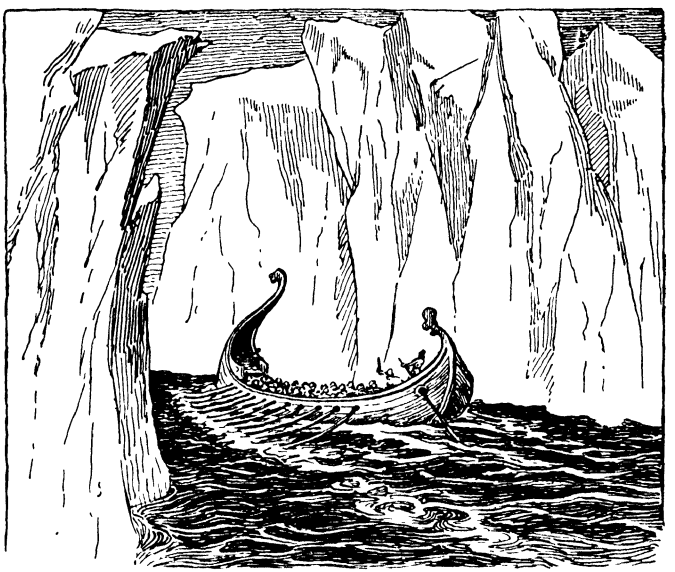
PART II.

BUT the Argonauts went eastward, and out into the open sea, which we now call the Black Sea, but it was called the Euxine then. No Hellen had ever crossed it, and all feared that dreadful sea, and its rocks, and shoals, and fogs, and bitter freezing storms; and they told strange stories of it, some false and some half-true, how it stretched northward to the ends of the earth, and the sluggish Putrid Sea, and the everlasting night, and the regions of the dead. So the heroes trembled, for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea, and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

The Wandering Rocks.

And first Orpheus spoke, and warned them,—"We shall come now to the wandering blue rocks; my mother warned me of them, Calliope, the immortal muse."

And soon they saw the blue rocks shining, like spires and castles of grey glass, while an ice-cold wind blew from them, and chilled all the heroes' hearts. And as they neared, they could see them



The oars bent like withes beneath their strokes as they rushed between those toppling ice-crags.

heaving, as they rolled upon the long sea-waves, crashing and grinding together, till the roar went up to heaven. The sea sprang up in spouts between them, and swept round them in white sheets of foam; but their heads swung nodding high in air, while the wind whistled shrill among the crags.

The heroes' hearts sank within them, and they lay upon their oars in fear; but Orpheus called to Tiphys the helmsman—"Between them we must pass; so look ahead for an opening, and be brave, for Hera is with us." But Tiphys the cunning helmsman stood silent, clenching his teeth, till he saw a heron come flying mast-high toward the rocks, and hover awhile before them, as if looking for a passage through. Then he cried, "Hera has sent us a pilot; let us follow the cunning bird."

Then the heron flapped to and fro a moment, till he saw a hidden gap, and into it he rushed like an arrow, while the heroes watched what would befall.

And the blue rocks clashed together as the bird fled swiftly through; but they struck but a feather from his tail, and then rebounded apart at the shock.

Then Tiphys cheered the heroes, and they shouted; and the oars bent like withes beneath their strokes as they rushed between those toppling ice-crags, and the cold blue lips of death. And ere the rocks could meet again they had passed them, and were safe out in the open sea.

Hard Going.

And after that they sailed on wearily along the Asian coast, by the Black Cape and Thyneis,

where the hot stream of Thymbris falls into the sea, and Sangarius, whose waters float on the Euxine, till they came to Wolf the river, and to Wolf the kindly king. And there died two brave heroes, Idmon and Tiphys the wise helmsman; one died of an evil sickness, and one a wild boar slew. So the heroes heaped a mound above them, and set upon it an oar on high, and left them there to sleep together, on the far-off Lycian shore. But Idas killed the boar, and avenged Tiphys; and Ancaios took the rudder and was helmsman, and steered them on toward the east.

And they went on past Sinope, and many a mighty river's mouth, and past many a barbarous tribe, and the cities of the Amazons, the warlike women of the East, till all night they heard the clank of anvils and the roar of furnace-blasts, and the forge-fires shone like sparks through the darkness, in the mountain glens aloft; for they were come to the shores of the Chalybes, the smiths who never tire, but serve Ares the cruel War-god, forging weapons day and night.

Caucasus.

And at day-dawn they looked eastward, and midway between the sea and the sky they saw white snow-peaks hanging, glittering sharp and bright above the clouds. And they knew that they were come to Caucasus, at the end of all

the earth ; Caucasus the highest of all mountains, the father of the rivers of the East. On his peak lies chained the Titan, while a vulture tears his heart ; and at his feet are piled dark forests round the magic Colchian land.

And they rowed three days to the eastward, while Caucasus rose higher hour by hour, till they saw the dark stream of Phasis rushing headlong to the sea, and, shining above the tree-tops, the golden roofs of king Aietes, the child of the Sun.

Then out spoke Ancaios the helmsman,—" We are come to our goal at last ; for there are the roofs of Aietes, and the woods where all poisons grow ; but who can tell us where among them is hid the Golden Fleece? Many a toil must we bear ere we find it, and bring it home to Greece."

But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold ; and he said, " I will go alone up to Aietes, though he be the child of the Sun, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go altogether, and to come to blows at once." But the Minuai would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

The Dream of Aietes.

And a dream came to Aietes, and filled his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star, which fell into his daughter's lap ; and that

Medeia his daughter took it gladly, and carried it to the riverside, and cast it in, and there the whirling river bore it down, and out into the Euxine Sea.

Then he leapt up in fear, and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the river-side and appease the nymphs, and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank. So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side, Medeia the fair witch-maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus' wife, and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

And as he drove down by the reedy river, he saw Argo sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like Immortals for beauty and for strength, as their weapons glittered round them in the level morning sunlight, through the white mist of the stream. But Jason was the noblest of all ; for Hera who loved him gave him beauty, and tallness and terrible manhood.

The King's Challenge.

And when they came near together and looked into each other's eyes, the heroes were awed before Aietes as he shone in his chariot, like his father the glorious Sun ; for his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem flashed fire ; and in his hand he bore a jewelled

sceptre, which glittered like the stars; and sternly he looked at them under his brows, and sternly he spoke and loud—

"Who are you, and what want you here, that you come to the shore of Cutaia? Do you take no account of my rule, nor of my people the Colchians who serve me, who never tired yet in the battle, and know well how to face an invader?"

Jason's Answer.

And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Hera the awful goddess put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer, "We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to plunder and to ravage, or carry away slaves from your land; but my uncle, the son of Poseidon, Pelias the Minuan king, he it is who has set me on a quest to bring home the Golden Fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men; for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. And we too never tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take; yet we wish to be guests at your table; it will be better so for both."

Then Aietes' rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard: but he

crushed his anger down in his breast, and spoke mildly a cunning speech,—

"If you will fight for the Fleece with my Colchians, then many a man must die. But do you indeed expect to win from me the Fleece in fight? So few you are, that if you be worsted, I can load your ship with your corpses. But if you will be ruled by me, you will find it better far to choose the best man among you, and let him fulfil the labours which I demand. Then I will give him the Golden Fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town. And the Minuai sat silent with sorrow, and longed for Heracles and his strength; for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians, and the fearful chance of war.

Medeia.

But Chalciope, Phrixus' widow, went weeping to the town; for she remembered her Minuan husband, and all the pleasures of her youth, while she watched the fair faces of his kinsmen, and their long locks of golden hair. And she whispered to Medeia her sister—"Why should all these brave men die? why does not my father give them up the Fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?"

And Medeia's heart pitied the heroes, and Jason

most of all: and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the Golden Fleece?" But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare nor do."

And Medeia thought of Jason and his brave countenance, and said, "If there was one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

The Meeting.

So in the dusk of evening they went down to the river-side, Chalciope and Medeia the witch-maiden, and Argus, Phrixus' son. And Argus the boy crept forward, among the beds of reeds, till he came where the heroes were sleeping, on the thwarts of the ship, beneath the bank, while Jason kept ward on shore, and leant upon his lance full of thought. And the boy came to Jason, and said—

"I am the son of Phrixus, your cousin; and Chalciope my mother waits for you, to talk about the golden fleece."

Then Jason went boldly with the boy, and found the two princesses standing; and when Chalciope saw him she wept, and took his hands, and cried—

"O cousin of my beloved, go home before you die!"

"It would be base to go home now, fair

princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain." Then both the princesses besought him: but Jason said, "It is too late."

"But you know not," said Medeia, "what he must do who would win the Fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, who breathe devouring flame; and with them he must plough ere nightfall four acres in the field of Ares; and he must sow them with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all those warriors; and little will it profit him to conquer them; for the Fleece is guarded by a serpent, more huge than any mountain pine; and over his body you must step, if you would reach the Golden Fleece."

Jason and Medeia.

Then Jason laughed bitterly. "Unjustly is that Fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless king, and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

Then Medeia trembled, and said, "No mortal man can reach that Fleece, unless I guide him through. For round it, beyond the river, is a wall full nine ells high, with lofty towers and buttresses, and mighty gates of threefold brass; and over the gates the wall is arched, with golden battlements above. And over the gateway sits Brimo, the wild witch-huntress of the woods,

brandishing a pine-torch in her hands, while her mad hounds howl around. No man dare meet her or look on her, but only I her priestess, and she watches far and wide lest any stranger should come near."

"No wall so high but it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but it may be crawled through; no serpent so wary but he may be charmed, or witch-queen so fierce but spells may soothe her; and I may yet win the Golden Fleece, if a wise maiden help bold men."

The Wise and the Brave.

And he looked at Medeia cunningly, and held her with his glittering eye, till she blushed and trembled, and said—

"Who can face the fire of the bull's breath, and fight ten thousand armed men?"

"He whom you help," said Jason, flattering her, "for your fame is spread over all the earth. Are you not the queen of all enchantresses, wiser even than your sister Circe, in her fairy island in the West?"

"Would that I were with my sister Circe in her fairy island in the West, far away from sore temptation, and thoughts which tear the heart! But if it must be so—for why should you die?—I have an ointment here; I made it from the magic ice-flower which sprang from Prometheus'

wound, above the clouds on Caucasus, in the dreary fields of snow. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her and kissed her hands.

nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow the serpents' teeth; and when the Sons of Earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of the War-god's field will mow itself, and perish."

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her and kissed her hands; and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the reeds. And Jason told his comrades what had happened, and showed them the box of ointment; and all rejoiced but Idas, and he grew mad with envy.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW JACOB SERVED HIS KING.

FROM *THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST.*

BY CAPTAIN F. MARRYAT, R.N. (1792-1848).

The date of this story is 1647, *in which year Charles I., who had been imprisoned at Hampton Court, escaped into the New Forest, in Hampshire. In the forest lived a Colonel Beverley, a strong Royalist: but he was killed in the Civil War, and his four children were now in the charge of a relative, Miss Villiers, to whom Jacob Armitage, a servant of the family, used to bring venison. Jacob discovered a plot to burn down the house of Arnwood, the family mansion, and here it is told how he broke the news to Miss Villiers.*

BEFORE Jacob is admitted to the presence of Miss Judith Villiers, we must give some account of the establishment at Arnwood. With the exception of one male servant, who officiated in the house and stable as his services might be

required, every man of the household of Colonel Beverley had followed the fortunes of their master, and as none had returned, they, in all probability, had shared his fate. Three female servants, with the man above mentioned, composed the whole household. Indeed, there was every reason for not increasing the establishment; for the rents were either paid in part or not paid at all. It was generally supposed that the property, now that the Parliament had gained the day, would be sequestrated, although such was not yet the case; and the tenants were unwilling to pay, to those who were not authorised to receive, the rents which they might be again called upon to make good. Miss Judith Villiers, therefore, found it difficult to maintain the present household; and although she did not tell Jacob Armitage that such was the case, the fact was, that very often the venison which he brought to the mansion was all the meat that was in the larder. The three female servants held the offices of cook, attendant upon Miss Villiers, and housemaid; the children being under the care of no particular servant, and left much to themselves. There had been a chaplain in the house, but he had quitted before the death of Mrs. Beverley, and the vacancy had not been filled up; indeed, it could not well be, for the one who left had not received his salary for many months, and Miss

Judith Villiers, expecting every day to be summoned by her relations to bring the children and join them, sat in her high chair waiting for the arrival of this summons, which, from the distracted state of the times, had never come.

The Household.

As we have before said, the orphans were four in number; the two eldest were boys, and the youngest were girls. Edward, the eldest boy, was between thirteen and fourteen years old; Humphrey, the second, was twelve; Alice, eleven; and Edith, eight. As it is the history of these young persons which we are about to narrate, we shall say little about them at present, except that for many months they had been under little or no restraint, and less attended to. Their companions were Benjamin, the man who remained in the house, and old Jacob Armitage, who passed all the time he could spare with them. Benjamin was rather weak in intellect, and was a source of amusement rather than otherwise. As for the female servants, one was wholly occupied with her attendance on Miss Judith, who was very exacting, and had a high notion of her own consequence. The other two had more than sufficient employment; as, when there is no money to pay with, everything must be done at home. That, under such circum-

stances, the boys became boisterous and the little girls became romps, is not to be wondered at; but their having become so was the cause of Miss Judith seldom admitting them into her room. It is true that they were sent for once a day, to ascertain if they were in the house or in existence, but soon dismissed and left to their own resources. Such was the neglect to which these young orphans were exposed. It must, however, be admitted, that this very neglect made them independent and bold, full of health from constant activity, and more fitted for the change which was so soon to take place.

Jacob asks for Audience.

"Benjamin," said Jacob, as the other came to the door, "I must speak with the old lady."

"Have you brought any venison, Jacob?" said Benjamin, grinning; "else, I reckon, you'll not be over welcome."

"No, I have not; but it is an important business, so send Agatha to her directly."

"I will; and I'll not say anything about the venison."

In a few minutes Jacob was ushered up by Agatha into Miss Judith Villiers's apartment. The old lady was about fifty years of age, very prim and starched, sitting in a high-backed chair, with her feet upon a stool, and her hands crossed

before her, her black mittens reposing upon her snow-white apron.

The old forester made his obeisance.

"You have important business with us, I am told," observed Miss Judith.

Agatha, with this injunction, bounced out of the room.

"Most important, madam," replied Jacob. "In the first place, it is right that you should be informed that His Majesty King Charles has escaped from Hampton Court."

"His Majesty escaped!" replied the lady.

"Yes; and is supposed to be secreted somewhere in this neighbourhood. His Majesty is not in this house, madam, I presume?"

"Jacob, His Majesty is not in this house; if he were, I would suffer my tongue to be torn out sooner than I would confess it, even to you."

"But I have more for your private ear, madam."

"Agatha, retire! and Agatha, be mindful that you go downstairs, and do not remain outside the door!"

Agatha, with this injunction, bounced out of the room, slamming-to the door so as to make Miss Judith start from her seat.

"Ill-mannered girl!" exclaimed Miss Judith. "Now, Jacob Armitage, you may proceed."

Jacob's Warning.

Jacob then entered into detail of what he had overheard that morning, when he fell in with the troopers, concluding with the information that the mansion would be burnt down that very night. He then pointed out the necessity of immediately abandoning the house, as it would be impossible to oppose the troopers.

"And where am I to go to, Jacob?" said Miss Judith calmly.

"I hardly know, madam; there is my cottage, it is but a poor place, and not fit for one like you."

"So I should presume, Jacob Armitage; neither shall I accept your offer. It would ill

befit the dignity of a Villiers to be frightened out of her abode by a party of rude soldiers. Happen what will, I shall not stir from this—no, not even from this chair! Neither do I consider the danger so great as you suppose. Let Benjamin saddle, and be prepared to ride over to Lymington immediately. I will give him a letter to the magistrate there, who will send us protection."

"But, madam, the children cannot remain here. I will not leave them here. I promised the colonel——"

"Will the children be in more danger than I shall be, Jacob Armitage?" replied the old lady stiffly. "They dare not ill-treat me—they may force the buttery and drink the ale—they may make merry with that and the venison which you have brought with you, I presume; but they will hardly venture to insult a lady of the house of Villiers."

"I fear they will venture anything, madam. At all events, they will frighten the children, and for one night they will be better in my cottage."

"Well then, be it so; take them to your cottage; and take Martha to attend upon the Miss Beverleys. Go down now, and desire Agatha to come to me, and Benjamin to saddle as fast as he can."

What Agatha Knew.

Jacob left the room, satisfied with the permission to remove the children. He knew that it was useless to argue with Miss Judith, who was immovable when once she had declared her intentions. He was debating in his own mind whether he should acquaint the servants with the threatened danger; but he had no occasion to do so, for Agatha had remained at the door while Jacob was communicating the intelligence, and as soon as he had arrived at that portion of it by which she learnt that the mansion was to be burnt down that night, had run off to the kitchen to communicate the intelligence to the other servants.

"I'll not stay to be burnt to death," exclaimed the cook, as Jacob came in. "Well, Mr. Armitage, this is pretty news you have brought. What does my lady say?"

"She desires that Benjamin saddles immediately, to carry a letter to Lymington; and you, Agatha, are to go upstairs to her."

"But what does she mean to do? Where are we to go?" exclaimed Agatha.

"Miss Judith intends to remain where she is."

"Then she will remain alone for me," exclaimed the housemaid, who was admired by Benjamin. "It's bad enough to have little victuals and no wages; but as for being burnt

to death—Benjamin, put a pillion behind your saddle, and I'll go to Lymington with you. I won't be long in getting my bundle."

Benjamin, who was in the kitchen with the maids at the time that Jacob entered, made a sign significant of consent, and went away to the stable. Agatha went up to her mistress in a state of great perturbation, and the cook also hurried away to her bedroom.

Faithful Jacob.

"They'll all leave her," thought Jacob; "well, my duty is plain; I'll not leave the children in the house." Jacob then went in search of them, and found them playing in the garden. He called the two boys to him, and told them to follow him. "Now, Mr. Edward," said he, "you must prove yourself your father's own son. We must leave this house immediately; come up with me to your rooms, and help me to pack up yours and your sisters' clothes, for we must go to my cottage this night. There is no time to be lost."

"But why, Jacob; I must know why?"

"Because the Parliamentary troopers will burn it down this night."

"Burn it down! Why, the house is mine, is it not? Who dares to burn down this house?"

"They will dare it, and will do it."

"But we will fight them, Jacob; we can bolt and bar; I can fire a gun, and hit too, as you know; and there's Benjamin and you."

"And what can you and two men do against a troop of horse, my dear boy? If we could

"Why, the house is mine, is it not? Who dares to burn down this house?"

defend the place against them, Jacob Armitage would be the first; but it is impossible, my dear boy. Recollect your sisters. Would you have them burnt to death, or shot by these wretches? No, no, Mr. Edward! you must do as I say, and lose no time. Let us pack up what will be

most useful, and load White Billy with the bundles; then you must all come to the cottage with me, and we will make it out how we can."

"That will be jolly!" said Humphrey; "come, Edward!"

Jacob Prevails.

But Edward Beverley required more persuasion to abandon the house; at last old Jacob prevailed, and the clothes were put up in bundles as fast as they could collect them.

"Your aunt said Martha was to go with your sisters, but I doubt if she will," observed Jacob, "and I think we shall have no room for her, for the cottage is small enough."

"Oh no, we don't want her," said Humphrey; "Alice always dresses Edith and herself too, ever since mamma died."

"Now we will carry down the bundles, and you make them fast on the pony while I go for your sisters."

"But where does Aunt Judith go?" inquired Edward.

"She will not leave the house, Master Edward; she intends to stay and speak to the troopers."

Jacob's Trick.

"And so an old woman like her remains to face the enemy, while I run away from them!" replied Edward. "I will not go!"

"Well, Master Edward," replied Jacob, "you must do as you please; but it will be cruel to leave you sisters here; they and Humphrey must come with me, and I cannot manage to get them to the cottage without you go with us; it is not far, and you can return in a very short time."

To this Edward consented. The pony was soon loaded, and the little girls, who were still playing in the garden, were called in by Humphrey. They were told that they were going to pass the night in the cottage, and were delighted at the idea.

"Now, Master Edward," said Jacob, "will you take your sisters by the hand and lead them to the cottage? Here is the key of the door; Master Humphrey can lead the pony; and Master Edward," continued Jacob, taking him aside, "I'll tell you one thing which I will not mention before your brother and sisters: the troopers are all about the New Forest, for King Charles has escaped, and they are seeking for him. You must not, therefore, leave your brother and sisters till I return. Lock the cottage door as soon as it is dark. You know where to get a light, over the cupboard; and my gun is loaded, and hangs above the mantelpiece. You must do your best, if they attempt to force an entrance; but above all, promise me not to

leave them till I return. I will remain here to see what I can do with your aunt; and when I come back, we can then decide how to act."

All Away!

This latter ruse of Jacob's succeeded. Edward promised that he would not leave his sisters, and it wanted but a few minutes of twilight when the little party quitted the mansion of Arnwood. As they went out of the gates they were passed by Benjamin, who was trotting away with Martha behind him on a pillion, holding a bundle as large as herself. Not a word was exchanged, and Benjamin and Martha were soon out of sight.

"Why, where can Martha be going?" said Alice. "Will she be back when we come home to-morrow?"

Edward made no reply, but Humphrey said, "Well, she has taken plenty of clothes in that huge bundle, for one night, at least."

Jacob, as soon as he had seen the children on their way, returned to the kitchen, where he found Agatha and the cook collecting their property, evidently bent upon a hasty retreat.

"Have you seen Miss Judith, Agatha?"

"Yes; and she told me that she would remain, and that I should stand behind her chair, that she might receive the troopers with dignity; but I don't admire the plan. They might leave

her alone, but I am sure that they will be rude to me."

"When did Benjamin say he would be back?"

"He don't intend coming back. He said he would not, at all events, till to-morrow morning, and then he would ride out this way, to ascertain if the report was false or true. But Martha has gone with him."

"I wish I could persuade the old lady to leave the house," said Jacob thoughtfully. "I fear they will not pay her the respect that she calculates upon. Go up, Agatha, and say I wish to speak with her."

"No, not I; I must be off, for it is dark already."

"And where are you going, then?"

"To Gossip Allwood's. It's a good mile, and I have to carry my things."

"Well, Agatha, if you'll take me up to the old lady, I'll carry your things for you."

Jacob tries in Vain.

Agatha consented, and as soon as she had taken up the lamp, for it was now quite dark, Jacob was once more introduced.

"I wish, madam," said Jacob, "you would be persuaded to leave the house for this night."

"Jacob Armitage, leave this house I will not, if it were filled with troopers; I have said so."

"But, madam—— "

"No more, sir; you are too forward," replied the old lady haughtily.

"But madam——"

"Leave my presence, Jacob Armitage, and never appear again. Quit the room, and send Agatha here."

"She has left, madam, and so has the cook, and Martha went away behind Benjamin; when I leave, you will be alone."

"They have dared to leave?"

"They dared not stay, madam."

"Leave me, Jacob Armitage, and shut the door when you go out." Jacob still hesitated. "Obey me instantly!" said the old lady; and the forester, finding all remonstrance useless, went out, and obeyed her last commands by shutting the door after him.

Jacob found Agatha and the other maid in the courtyard; he took up their packages, and, as he promised, accompanied them to Gossip Allwood, who kept a small alehouse about a mile distant.

"But, mercy on us! what will become of the children?" said Agatha, as they walked along, her fears for herself having, up to this time, made her utterly forgetful of them. "Poor things! and Martha has left them!"

"Yes, indeed; what will become of the dear babes?" said the cook, half-crying.

Jacob's Cunning.

Now Jacob, knowing that the children of such a Malignant as Colonel Beverley would have sorry treatment if discovered, and knowing also that women were not always to be trusted, determined not to tell them how they were disposed of. He therefore replied :

" Who would hurt such young children as those ? No, no, they are safe enough ; even the troopers would protect them."

" I should hope so ! " replied Agatha.

" You may be sure of that ; no man would hurt babies," replied Jacob. " The troopers will take them with them to Lymington, I suppose. I've no fear for them ; it's the proud old lady whom they will be uncivil to."

The conversation here ended, and in due time they arrived at the inn. Jacob had just put the bundles down on the table when the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard. Shortly afterwards the troopers pulled their horses up at the door, and dismounted. Jacob recognised the party he had met in the forest, and among them Southwold. The troopers called for ale, and remained some time in the house, talking and laughing with the women, especially Agatha, who was a very good-looking girl. Jacob would have retreated quietly, but he found a sentinel posted at the door to prevent the egress of any person.

He reseated himself, and while he was listening to the conversation of the troopers, he was recognised by Southwold, who accosted him. Jacob did not pretend not to know him, as it would have been useless; and Southwold put many questions to him as to who were resident at Arnwood. Jacob replied that the children were there, and a few servants, and he was about to mention Miss Judith Villiers, when a thought struck him,—he might save the old lady.

A Bold Scheme.

"You are going to Arnwood, I know," said Jacob, "and I have heard who you are in search of. Well, Southwold, I'll give you a hint. I may be wrong; but if you should fall in with an old lady, or something like one, when you go to Arnwood, mount her on your crupper, and away with her to Lymington as fast as you can ride. You understand me." Southwold nodded significantly, and squeezed Jacob's hand.

"One word, Jacob Armitage; if I succeed in the capture by your means, it is but fair that you should have something for your hint. Where can I find you the day after to-morrow?"

"I am leaving the country this night, and go I must. I am in trouble, that's the fact; when all is blown over, I will find you out. Don't speak to me any more just now." Southwold

again squeezed Jacob's hand, and left him. Shortly afterwards the order was given to mount, and the troopers set off.

The Burning of the Mansion.

Armitage followed slowly and unobserved. They arrived at the mansion and surrounded it. Shortly afterwards he perceived the glare of torches, and in a quarter of an hour more thick smoke rose up in the dark but clear sky; at last the flames burst forth from the lower windows of the mansion, and soon afterwards they lighted up the country round to some distance.

"It is done," thought Jacob, and he turned to bend his hasty steps towards his own cottage, when he heard the galloping of a horse and violent screams; a minute afterwards James Southwold passed him with the old lady tied behind him, kicking and struggling as hard as she could. Jacob smiled, as he thought that he had by his little stratagem saved the old woman's life, for that Southwold imagined that she was King Charles dressed up as an old woman was evident; and he then returned as fast as he could to the cottage.

Jacob at Home.

In half an hour Jacob had passed through the thick woods which were between the mansion

and his own cottage, occasionally looking back, as the flames of the mansion rose higher and higher, throwing their light far and wide. He knocked at the cottage door; Smoker, a large dog, cross-bred between the fox and blood-hound, growled till Jacob spoke to him, and then Edward opened the door.

"My sisters are in bed and fast asleep, Jacob," said Edward, "and Humphrey has been nodding this half-hour; had he not better go to bed before we go back?"

"Come out, Master Edward," replied Jacob, "and look." Edward beheld the flames and fierce light between the trees, and was silent.

"I told you that it would be so, and you would all have been burnt in your beds, for they did not enter the house to see who was in it, but fired it as soon as they had surrounded it"

"And my aunt!" exclaimed Edward, clasping his hands.

"Is safe, Master Edward, and by this time at Lymington."

"We will go to her to-morrow."

"I fear not; you must not risk so much, Master Edward. These Levellers spare nobody, and you had better let it be supposed that you are all burnt in the house."

"But my aunt knows the contrary, Jacob."

"Very true; I quite forgot that." And so

Jacob had. He expected that the old woman would have been burnt, and then nobody would have known of the existence of the children; he forgot when he planned to save her, that she knew where the children were.

Edward Learns to Hate.

"Well, Master Edward, I will go to Lymington to-morrow and see the old lady; but you must remain here, and take charge of your sisters till I come back, and then we will consider what is to be done. The flames are not so bright as they were."

"No. It is my house that these Roundheads have burnt down," said Edward, shaking his fist.

"It was your house, Master Edward, and it was your property; but how long it will be so remains to be seen. I fear it will be forfeited."

"Woe to the people who dare take possession of it!" cried Edward; "I shall, if I live, be a man one of these days."

"Yes, Master Edward, and then you will reflect more than you do now, and not be rash. Let us go into the cottage, for it's no use remaining out in the cold; the frost is sharp to-night."

Edward slowly followed Jacob into the cottage. His little heart was full. He was a proud boy and a good boy, but the destruction of the mansion had raised up evil thoughts in his heart

—hatred to the Covenanters, who had killed his father and now burnt his property—revenge upon them (how, he knew not); but his hand was ready to strike, young as he was. He lay down on the bed, but he could not sleep. He turned and turned again, and his brain was teeming with thoughts and plans of vengeance. Had he said his prayers that night, he would have been obliged to repeat, "Forgive us, as we forgive them who trespass against us." At last he fell fast asleep, but his dreams were wild, and he often called out during the night, and woke his brother and sisters.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THE ARGONAUTS SAILED TO COLCHIS.

PART III.

AND at sunrise Jason went and bathed, and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield, and his helmet, and his weapons, and bade his comrades try the spell. So they tried to bend his lance, but it stood like an iron bar; and Idas in spite hewed at it with his sword, but the blade flew to splinters in his face. Then they hurled their lances at his shield, but the spear-points turned like lead; and Caineus tried to throw him, but he never stirred a foot; and

Polydeuces struck him with his fist, a blow which would have killed an ox; but Jason only smiled, and the heroes danced about him with delight; and he leapt, and ran, and shouted, in the joy of that enormous strength, till the sun rose, and it was time to go and to claim Aietes' promise.

The Challenge.

So he sent up Telamon and Aithalides to tell Aietes that he was ready for the fight; and they went up among the marble walls, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in Aietes' hall, while he grew pale with rage.

"Fulfil your promise to us, child of the blazing Sun. Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls; for we have found a champion among us who can win the Golden Fleece."

And Aietes bit his lips, for he fancied that they had fled away by night: but he could not go back from his promise; so he gave them the serpents' teeth.

Then he called for his chariot and his horses, and sent heralds through all the town; and all the people went out with him to the dreadful War-god's field.

And there Aietes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed from head to foot in steel

chain-mail. And the people and the women crowded to every window, and bank, and wall; while the Minuai stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host.

And Chalciope was there and Argus, trembling, and Medeia, wrapped closely in her veil: but Aietes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells between her lips.

Then Jason cried, "Fulfil your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth."

The Fiery Bulls.

Then Aietes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason: but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him, but it singed not a hair of his head; and the bulls stopped short and trembled, when Medeia began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest, and seized him by the horn; and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell grovelling on his knees; for the heart of the brute died within him, and his mighty limbs were loosed, beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch-maiden, and the magic whisper of her lips.

So both the bulls were tamed and yoked; and

Jason bound them to the plough, and goaded them onward with his lance, till he had ploughed the sacred field.

The Serpent's Teeth.

And all the Minuai shouted: but Aietes bit his lips with rage; for the half of Jason's work was over, and the sun was yet high in heaven.

Then he took the serpent's teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befal. But Medeia looked at him and at his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught.

And every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod arose a man. Out of the earth they rose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason, where he stood in the midst alone.

Then the Minuai grew pale with fear for him: but Aietes laughed a bitter laugh. "See! if I had not warriors enough already round me, I could call them out of the bosom of the earth."

But Jason snatched off his helmet, and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear; and one cried to his fellow, "Thou didst strike me!" and another, "Thou art Jason: thou shalt die!" So fury seized those earth-born phantoms, and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary,

till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home into her breast; and the grass grew up all green again above them, and Jason's work was done.

Aietes Suspects Medeia.

Then the Minuai rose and shouted, till Prometheus heard them from his crag. And Jason cried—"Lead me to the Fleece this moment, before the sun goes down."

But Aietes thought—"He has conquered the bulls; and sown and reaped the deadly crop. Who is this who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet." So he delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes, till the sun went down and all was dark. Then he bade a herald cry, "Every man to his home for to-night. To-morrow we will meet these heroes, and speak about the Golden Fleece."

Then he turned and looked at Medeia: "This is your doing, false witch-maid! You have helped these yellow-haired strangers, and brought shame upon your father and yourself!"

Medeia shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear; and Aietes knew that she was guilty, and whispered, "If they win the Fleece, you die!"

But the Minuai marched toward their ship

growling like lions cheated of their prey; for they saw that Aietes meant to mock them, and to cheat them out of all their toil. And Oileus said, "Let us go to the grove together, and take the Fleece by force."

And Idas the rash cried, "Let us draw lots who shall go in first; for while the dragon is devouring one, the rest can slay him, and carry off the Fleece in peace." But Jason held them back, though he praised them; for he hoped for Medeia's help.

Medeia and the Minuai.

And after a while Medeia came trembling, and wept a long while before she spoke. And at last,—

"My end is come, and I must die; for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared; but he will not harm you, because you have been his guests. Go then, go, and remember poor Medeia when you are far away across the sea." But all the heroes cried,—

"If you die, we die with you; for without you we cannot win the Fleece, and home we will not go without it, but fall here fighting to the last man."

"You need not die!" said Jason. "Flee home with us across the sea. Show us first how to

win the Fleece; for you can do it. Why else are you the priestess of the grove? Show us but how to win the Fleece, and come with us, and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes of the Minuai, in Iolcos by the sea."

And all the heroes pressed round, and vowed to her that she should be their Queen.

Medeia wept, and shuddered, and hid her face in her hands; for her heart yearned after her sisters and her playfellows, and the home where she was brought up as a child. But at last she looked up at Jason, and spoke between her sobs,—

"Must I leave my home and my people, to wander with strangers across the sea? The lot is cast, and I must endure it. I will show you how to win the Golden Fleece. Bring up your ship to the woodside, and moor her there against the bank; and let Jason come up at midnight, and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

Then all the heroes cried together—"I will go!" "and I!" "and I!" And Idas the rash grew mad with envy; for he longed to be foremost in all things. But Medeia calmed them, and said, "Orpheus shall go with Jason, and bring his magic harp; for I hear of him that he is the king of all minstrels, and can charm all things on earth."

And Orpheus laughed for joy, and clapped his

hands, because the choice had fallen on him; for in those days poets and singers were as bold warriors as the best.

Medeia Decides.

So at midnight they went up the bank, and found Medeia; and beside came Absyrtus her young brother, leading a yearling lamb.

Then Medeia brought them to a thicket, beside the War-god's gate; and there she bade Jason dig a ditch, and kill the lamb, and leave it there, and strew on it magic herbs and honey from the honeycomb.

Then sprang up through the earth, with the red fire flashing before her, Brimo the wild witch-huntress, while her mad hounds howled around. She had one head like a horse's, and another like a ravening hound's, and another like a hissing snake's, and a sword in either hand. And she leapt into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate and drank their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled, and Medeia hid her eyes. And at last the witch-queen vanished, and fled with her hounds into the woods; and the bars of the gates fell down, and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medeia and the heroes ran forward and hurried through the poison wood, among the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the gleam of the Golden Fleece, until they saw it

hanging on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it: but Medeia held him back, and pointed shuddering to the tree-foot, where the mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots, with a body like a mountain-pine. His coils stretched many a fathom, spangled with bronze and gold; and half of him they could see, but no more; for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

The Serpent.

And when he saw them coming, he lifted up his head, and watched them with his small bright eyes, and flashed his forked tongue, and roared like the fire among the woodlands, till the forest tossed and groaned. For his cries shook the trees from leaf to root, and swept over the long reaches of the river, and over Æetes' hall, and woke the sleepers in the city, till mothers clasped their children in their fear.

But Medeia called gently to him; and he stretched out his long spotted neck, and licked her hand, and looked up in her face, as if to ask for food. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

The Song of Orpheus.

And as he sung, the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still; and the

serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child, while Orpheus called to pleasant Slumber, who gives peace to men, and beasts, and waves.

Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stept across that mighty snake, and tore the Fleece from off the tree-trunk; and the four rushed down the garden, to the bank where the Argo lay.

How the Fleece was Won.

There was silence for a moment, while Jason held the Golden Fleece on high. Then he cried—

—"Go now, good Argo, swift and steady, if ever you would see Pelion more."

And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars, till the pine-wood bent like willow in their hands, and stout Argo groaned beneath their strokes.

On and on, beneath the dewy darkness, they fled swiftly down the swirling stream; underneath black walls, and temples, and the castles of the princes of the East; past sluice-mouths, and fragrant gardens, and groves of all strange fruits; past marshes where fat kine lay sleeping, and long beds of whispering reeds; till they heard the merry music of the surge upon the bar, as it tumbled in the moonlight all alone.

Into the surge they rushed, and Argo leapt the breakers like a horse; for she knew the time was come to show her mettle, and win honour for the heroes and herself.

Into the surge they rushed, and Argo leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the still broad sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a pæan, till the heroes' hearts rose high again; and they rowed on stoutly and stedfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

NOTES FOR TEACHERS.

CHAPTER I.

Since the book from which this extract is made was written, Man has learnt a great deal more about his ancestors. We know now, for certain, that Neolithic Man was a very fine person, using instruments of precision with accuracy, and yet still living much earlier than any recorded history. Generally speaking, however, one may distinguish three Ages: (1) The Stone Age, when knives were made of stone; (2) The Bronze; and (3) The Iron, for to-day our tools are made of Iron.

Brutes: the word "Brute" means "Dumb," or, more strictly, one who is unable to communicate with his fellow-creatures by means of Articulate Speech.

Piercing: show, first, in the literal sense, by a piece of paper and a pin; and then explain the figurative use. (There is no need to bother about the terminology, if the idea is clear to the class.)

Becomes useless: if he does not use it, he finds that he cannot use it; if it is not used, it is not able to be used.

On the other hand: this can, probably, be translated.

Dwelling-place: note the Gerundial Use. A *dwelling-place* is a place *to dwell in*, just as a *walking-stick* is a stick *to walk with*.

Weapons: 'wepənz.

P. 8, l. 23. **Disused:** *dis-* as in *dis*mount, *dis*appear, etc. It is very much like the prefix *un-*.

P. 9, l. 8. **By degrees:** a degree is *a step*. Similar phrases are "gradually" and "little by little."

P. 10, l. 20. **Raiment :** the verb is *to array*.

P. 12, l. 9. **Legend :** a story handed down by word of mouth, not written.

P. 14, l. 13. **Which they continued dropping.** *Dropping* is the Infinitive after *continued ;* and *which* is the object of *dropping*.

P. 16, l. 4. **Nomad :** wandering. The word is especially used of tribes which move from place to place with flocks of sheep, or herds of cattle.

P. 17, l. 8. **Mutual :** between one another.

CHAPTER II.

P. 18, l. 16. **Prospect :** outlook. Commonly used metaphorically.

P. 19, l. 2. **Stang :** a " Rod, pole, or perch," $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

l. 8. **Had like to have cost :** old-fashioned for " Might very well have."

l. 19. **Victuals** ('vitlz) : food.

l. 27. **Vials** ('vɑɪəlz) : bottles. The same as *phials*.

P. 20, l. 2. **Princes of the blood:** children of the Royal Family.

P. 22. l. 10. **High and Low Dutch :** German and Dutch (which, like English, is a Low German, *i.e.* a Germanic language spoken near the sea-coast).

l. 11. **Linga Franca :** a mixed language, made up of Italian, Spanish, and Arabic, spoken by traders in many Mediterranean ports.

P. 23, l. 23. **Inured :** accustomed.

P. 24, l. 17. **Beeves :** bullocks.

l. 21. **Assignments :** bills, or orders.

P. 26, l. 17. **Fobs :** waistcoat-pockets.

P. 29, l. 8. **Oracle :** in Greece there were two Sacred Places, Delphi and the Island of Delos, where men received advice in answer to any questions they put. These answers were called Oracles.

P. 33, l. 4. **Perspective :** telescope.

CHAPTER III.

P. 34, l. 9. **Tuft.** Here used to mean "a clump" or "group." Ordinarily used of feathers, grass, and smaller objects.

P. 36, l. 5. **Gone his length :** Internal Accusative.

P. 37, l. 7. **It were better :** it would be better.

P. 42, l. 3. **Incrusted :** caked.

CHAPTER IV.

P. 45, l. 2. **Made a point of . . .** Was very careful to . . . (as if she could cry to order).

l. 13. **Overalls :** outer clothes.

l. 14. **Gridiron :** an apparatus for grilling meat over an open fire.

P. 46, l. 4. **Clear :** burning brightly, without black coal, or smoke.

P. 50, l. 9. **Flint :** the date of the story is the reign of Charles II., when flint locks were used. What is the lock of a gun ?

l. 20. **Holster** ('houlstə) : a pocket in the saddle to hold a pistol.

l. 27. **Durst :** an alternative (but rarer) form of *dared*.

P. 51, l. 27. **Hand gallop :** an easy gallop.

P. 52, l. 29. **Marish-weed :** *marish* is another form of *marsh*.

P. 55, l. 10. **Eau de vie** (odvi) : brandy. (*Literally*, The water of life).

CHAPTER V.

Robinson Crusoe is, to a certain extent, founded on fact, for a Scotch seaman, named Alexander Selkirk, was, in 1704, put ashore, with provisions and arms, on the island

of Juan Fernandez, 400 miles west from the coast of Chili, and remained there for over four years. He was rescued by a Captain Rogers, who wrote an account of Selkirk's life on the island. Defoe's book was written in 1719.

P. 56, l. 6. **Laid me :** note the verbs *Lie* and *Lay*. "I laid me" is old-fashioned for "I lay."

l. 11. **Frigate :** *i.e.* the big canoe. A frigate is a man-of-war.

P. 58, l. 1. **Poll :** the parrot which he had caught and tamed. "Poll" or "Polly" is the Vocative of "Parrot," just as "Puss" is of "Cat."

l. 3. **Bemoan.** Note the prefix *Be-*, it turns an Intransitive Verb into a Transitive one ; cf. *Be*stir, *Be*wail, *Be*tide, *Be*fall, etc.

l. 15. **Dispositions,** from Dispose : so we have "Oppositions" and "Oppose," "Compositions" and "Compose," "Suppositions" and "Suppose."

l. 21. **Make** here means "become." It may be explained on the analogy of "More," which can be either transitive or intransitive, but in its latter sense is *reflexive*. So here *make* really = *make myself* ; as *move* may = *move myself*.

P. 59, l. 7. **Being now . . .** Note that the first clause is an ordinary participial one, in which *being* agrees with *I*. But "My ammunition growing low" is an absolute clause.

l. 15. **Barley : rice.** Crusoe must have been lucky to find a place in which both barley and rice grew !

l. 17. **Goat :** one of the few points of similarity between Defoe's imaginative account, and Rogers', is that, on Juan Fernandez, Selkirk found goats. The island is a small one, and no one has ever discovered how they came there ; but there are goats there to-day.

P. 60, l. 22. **Pale :** fence. A kindred word is *Palisade* (ˌpæliˈseid), which is, to-day, a commoner term.

P. 61, l. 21. **Stoic :** the Stoics were a set of Greek philosophers, who disapproved of any expression of joy or sorrow.

P. 62, l. 21. **Open-kneed breeches :** shorts.

P. 63, l. 2. **Spatterdashes :** gaiters.

l. 6. **Frog :** a loop to hold a weapon.

l. 20. **Mulatto :** half-caste.

l. 22. **Equinox : Tropics.** If the class knows enough, explain in detail. In the South, most children understand what is meant by the "Sun going North."

P. 65, l. 19. **Physical :** we should say "medicinal."

P. 68, l. 3. **Chimera :** a thing merely imagined, but not really existing at all.

P. 69, l. 11. **Vapours :** what we should now call "An attack of nerves," *i.e.* sickness caused by an unknown fear.

CHAPTER VI.

The real name of Firdausi was Abul Kasim Mansur, but he is always known by his pen-name, which means "The Heavenly (Writer)." He lived about A.D. 1000.

P. 71, l. 10. **White-haired.** Zal was born with white hair.

P. 72, l. 26. **Afrasiab,** chief of the Turkomans in Turan, and practically king of all the Tartars.

P. 75, l. 5. **The very river :** the Oxus, or Amu Daria.

P. 76, l. 15. **Samengan :** in Azerbaijan.

P. 77, l. 15. **Griffin :** the Simorg, a fabulous creature which was supposed to possess more than human intelligence.

P. 78, l. 12. **Kai-Khasru :** Cyrus the Elder, King of Persia.

CHAPTER VII.

P. 79, l. 3. **Swath** (swɔːθ) : as much corn as a man can cut with one movement of the sickle.

l. 13. **Drudge :** household servant.

l. 16. **Flowers :** the Frost congeals the condensed moisture in the air, and forms patterns like flowers.

l. 18. **Defying forth :** defying to come forth.

P. 82, l. 6. **There would be then . . .** Quite true, but not in the sense in which Rustam meant it.

P. 83, l. 3. **The event :** the outcome, the result.

l. 8. **Plummet :** a lead weight on the end of a string, used to ascertain the depth of water.

l. 18. **Hyphasis or Hydaspes :** Beas and Jhelum.

l. 18. Note the variations between Matthew Arnold's story and the original.

P. 85, l. 7. **Mailed.** Cf. Chapter V., "Had you a coat of mail on, or of Milanese chain-armour ?"

l. 8. **Baleful,** and **baleful,** both mean "bringing evil."

l. 13. **Minion :** literally, "Darling," and so "Unmanly man."

P. 87, l. 4. **Clove :** the past tense of "cleave." Note "shore" from "shear," in the next line. The usual form is "sheared."

l. 20. **Shivers :** small fragments.

P. 89, l. 11. **Mien** (miːn) : look.

P 90, l. 7. **Eyry :** an eagle's nest (various forms of spelling).

l. 12. **Shall the lake glass :** reflect as in a glass. Note the unusual use of *shall* (usually only in commands or threats).

P. 91, l. 9. **bruited up :** stirred up. "To bruit" = to rumour.

P. 96, l. 1. **Numbered are my sands of life :** the metaphor is taken from an hour-glass.

Get the class to make a list of points of difference between the two versions.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Argonauts were so called because they sailed in the ship Argo.

P. 96, l. 7. **Jason** = ˈjeisən.

P. 97, l. 2. **Orpheus** (ˈɔːfjuːs) : the singer, or song-maker, whose music could stir lifeless things into motion.

l. 3. **Aphetai** = ˈæfetɑi.

l. 6. **Heracles** (ˈhiərəkliːz) : corresponds roughly to the Roman Hercules. The Romans "adopted" a large number of Greek gods, demi-gods, and heroes, sometimes slightly altering their names, sometimes giving the name of a Roman person to the Greek : thus Odysseus becomes Ulysses or Ulixes, Hera is Juno, and Hephaestus, Vulcan.

l. 11. **Hera** (ˈhiərə) : the wife of Zeus (zjuːs), the King of the Gods.

l. 19. **Blue-haired sea**. In Homer, the sea god is spoken of as the "Earth-shaker" and the "Blue (or dark) haired."

P. 98, l. 2. **Sciathos :** there is no need to bother about the pronunciation, or the exact locality, of these places.

l. 22. **Peleus :** ˈpiːljuːs. **Pelion :** ˈpiːlion.

l. 26. **Cheiron** was the Centaur, half-man, half-horse, who taught most of the Argonauts.

l. 29. **Thetis** (ˈθetis). She was a half-goddess, and is called "silver-footed" because of the whiteness of the breaking waves.

P. 100, l. 11. **Lapithai :** ˈlæpiθɑi.

l. 25. **Chaos** (ˈkeɪɔs). The word means "Emptiness."

P. 102, l. 3. **Hellespont :** now known as the Dardanelles, and made famous in the Great War.

l. 21. **Titans** (ˈtɑitənz). The old gods of Greece, before Zeus, and Pallas, and Apollo.

P. 103, l. 21. **Hawsers** ('hɔ:zəz) : ropes.

ll. 27-28. **Castor : Polydeuces** ('kɑ:stɔr, pɔli'dju:si:z). Also known (in Latin) as Castor and Pollux. The "Heavenly Twins." Consult a Classical Dictionary if more knowledge is needed.

P. 104, l. 15. **Furled :** rolled up.

l. 16. **Lashed :** tied firmly. **Crutch :** a **Y**-shaped wooden standard.

P. 106, l. 12. **Aphrodite** (ˌæfrə'dɑiti). The Goddess of Beauty, or of the Greek Spirit. The Romans transformed her into Venus, a very inferior person.

l. 14. **Athene :** in the Latin, Minerva. The Goddess of Knowledge, and of Athens, the City named after her.

l. 17. **Erinnues** (e'rinjuez). The Furies, or Avenging Deities. The word is usually spelt Erinnyes : the singular is Erinys, usually pronounced, in English, er'injis. (*N.B.*—We have no correct knowledge as to the old Greek pronunciation, but can only guess.)

P. 108, l. 13. **Cyclades :** the set of Greek islands whose centre is Delos, the Sacred Island.

l. 14. **Hellas :** what we now call Greece.

CHAPTER IX.

P. 110, l. 15. **Strike your tent :** take it down for the day's march. So we speak of "striking one's flag."

l. 18. **Near side :** the left.

CHAPTER X.

Borrow's style in writing is very pleasant, but should not be imitated : he cannot say a plain thing in a plain way, although he pretends to be able to do so.

P. 122, l. 12. **Pedestrian :** a person who walks on foot, and does not ride. It is not a word to be used ; and,

in fact, the teacher will do well if he takes Borrow's language, translates it into the simplest English (or reduces it to its lowest terms), and then teaches it to the class. Borrow has greater wealth of vocabulary than is useful for ordinary purposes.

P. 122, l. 15. **Habitations:** dwellings. Teach "To dwell," "Dwellings," "To inhabit," "Inhabitated," and "Uninhabitable." Note that Borrow might quite easily have used the word "houses."

l. 16. **It was quite a matter of indifference :** it did not matter.

P. 123, l. 4. **Hedge alehouse.** Alehouse by the side of the road.

l. 9. **Abroad :** Borrow means "in the open," "out of doors."

P. 127, l. 7. **Fêted :** honoured.

P. 130, l. 22. **Billet :** a log of wood.

l. 26. **Match :** before safety-matches, or "lucifers," fire was obtained by a flint, steel, and tinder. During the Great War, tinder-boxes were used commonly, as wooden matches were scarce.

CHAPTER XI.

P. 132, l. 32. **Cockpit :** a small pit, or arena, used for cock-fighting.

P. 135, l. 3. **Went in a vast way :** entered the earth for a great distance.

P. 136, l. 1. **Tallow :** melted fat.

P. 137, l. 19. **Capitulated for spending:** given in, on the condition of spending. . . .

P. 139, l. 4. **Broke all my measures :** upset all my calculations.

l. 11. **Formal :** in regular shape, *pukka*.

CHAPTER XII.

P. 151, l. 6. **When we were much younger. . . .** Pieces of the red coral are often given to babies to amuse them, and to help them cut their teeth. (See below.)

l. 9. **Edification :** improvement. Literally "building up." The verb is "to edify."

P. 152, l. 1. **Baby farmers :** people who make money by looking after other people's babies.

P. 153, l. 13. **Aquaria :** the plural of "aquarium." collection of fish, and other water-creatures.

l. 19. **Anemone :** ə'neməni.

P. 154, l. 26. **Polypes:** 'pɔlips. Usually now spelt "polyps."

P. 155, l. 17. **Which is a thing.** Manchester was the home of Co-operative stores, shops managed by a large body of people who become their own customers, and so get cheaper prices, instead of interest on their capital.

P. 156, l. 5. **Processes :** much the same as "organs," or "limbs."

P. 159, l. 8. **Radiating :** like the radius of a circle—going out from the centre.

P. 161, l. 19. **Peat-bog : meadow-turf.** In these the roots of the various plants are not separate, but matted together, so that it is very difficult to detach a single root.

l. 22. **Gregarious :** note that here, as elsewhere, when there is a "hard" word, Huxley explains it. One of his chief claims to fame (though by no means the only one), is that he "popularized" Science; and, by interesting large masses of people, was able to obtain help for Research. He was such a clear thinker, that he made the expression of his thought clear.

P. 162, l. 22. **Mauritius :** mɔ'rɪʃjəs.

P. 163, l. 23. **Take soundings :** test the depth of the water. This would be done with a plummet (Chapter VIII.) or plumb-line.

P. 164, l. 17. **Calcareous :** chalky.

P. 166, l. 7. **Tenements** ('tenimentz) : temporary dwellings.

P. 168, l. 6. **Pyramid :** What is a pyramid ? Where are they found, and who built them ?

CHAPTER XIII.

P. 170, l. 6. **Euxine,** in Greek, means "Friendly." The Greeks called it so from a superstitious feeling that, if they called it by a friendly name, it would be friendly to them.

l. 12. **Putrid Sea :** the Sea of Azov.

P. 173, l. 20. **Chalybes** ('kælibez). Chalyps is the Greek for Iron.

P. 174, l. 3. **The Titan :** Prometheus (pro'mi:θju:s), who taught mankind how to make fire.

P. 175, l. 1. **Medeia :** the usual spelling is Medea, but the pronunciation is the same.

CHAPTER XIV.

It would be well to give the class a short account of the Civil War.

(It may be mentioned, incidentally, that that struggle was a real tragedy, because it was the conflict of two Rights.)

Introd. **Villiers :** 'vɪləz.

P. 183, l. 11. **Sequestrated :** confiscated, taken away without payment.

P. 188, l. 16. **Buttery :** literally, the room in which the butter was kept, but, actually, a general storeroom. The word is almost out of use to-day, except at Oxford, where each college has its Buttery, supplying the members with various kinds of stores.

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