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SELECTED ENGLISH PROSE
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INDIAN STUDENTS.

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PREFACE.

This small volume of English prose selections is being offered to the boys of our High Schools in the assurance that it will instruct them as well as interest them. Stories selected from the writings of the same author and dealing with subjects of more or less similar nature are apt to grow vapid or lose their savour owing to lack of variety in form or matter. But the selections we have made are extremely varied in substance and diction, and the interest of the reader nowhere suffers an abatement. In one selection, for instance, he witnesses the sanguinary drama of a 20th century war, in another he is translated to a world of tiny fairies and is made to rove at large in the romantic seclusions of Grecian woods, in still another he beholds, not without a feeling of horror, the barbarous sports and amusements of the ancient Romans. The language of the stories is neither too easy nor too difficult for scholars preparing to enter the portals of the University. It has been simplified in many places without spoiling the beauty of the original. Archaic words and antiquated forms of expression (and they were not many) have been carefully eliminated. The arrangement of the stories

is graded and progressive ; and the Exercises in Grammar and Composition given at the end are varied, typical and practical and are intended to enable the teacher to test his pupil's power of comprehending a simple narrative in English prose.

The notes are by no means "copious." The so-called "copious notes" are generally found to contain much that is perfectly superfluous and they sometimes outbulk the text. Our notes aim at elucidating the major difficulties only and will, we trust, afford effective help to the learner without rendering the teacher's aid dispensable.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Turnbull and the Oxford University Press for permission to include "A Brave Jemadar" from "Golden Deeds of India" which appears in this book under the title "The Great War An Indian Winner of the Victoria Cross."

{ LAHORE .
October 1925. }

THE EDITORS

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THE GREAT WAR.

AN INDIAN WINNER OF THE VICTORIA CROSS

Those who have read the history of the Great War will remember how critical for the fate of the Empire and of the World was the second battle of Ypres. Had the Germans broken the Allied line sufficiently to advance to the Channel ports and to Paris—and at times they seemed to come near doing so—, it is certain that the whole future course of the war would have been profoundly changed.

In the first battle of Ypres, in October, 1914, the British had been outnumbered by three to one, in the second, in April, 1915, the numbers were more equal, but the unexpected use of poison gas gave the Germans a great advantage, till protective masks could be made and issued to our troops.

Among the Musalman soldiers that come from the North-West Frontier to join the Indian army none are better natural fighters than the Afridis. Brought up for centuries in a barren and lawless country, where each man's living and each man's safety depend on the strength of his own right arm or the keenness of his eye and the steadiness of his hand behind his rifle, the Afridis have in their blood all the fighting qualities of a fierce hill race.

To advance to the attack on a German trench in the face of bullet, shell, and gas involves a greater strain than skirmishing amid the wild hills of the Khyber Pass, but courage, coolness, and resource are qualities that are the same, whatever the conditions under which they are displayed.

How the wild valour of the hillmen could adapt itself to modern war, the story of Jemadar Mu Dast will show.

The second battle of Ypres had just begun. The Lahore Division was hurriedly flung into the fight at a crisis which Sir John French himself has declared to have been as grave as that of the first battle of that name. By the unexpected use of their new and horrible weapon of asphyxiating gas the Germans had succeeded in breaking the Allied line and making a dangerous advance. The Lahore Division had done splendidly at Neuve Chapelle, it had now marched thirty miles on bad roads and was almost at once thrown into the fight. It upheld its reputation nobly, but it suffered severely in so doing.

It was at two p.m. on the afternoon of Monday, the 26th of April, that the Lahore Division was ordered to join the French in their attack on the German line.

In the centre of the Feiozepore Brigade, with the 129th Baluchis on their right and the Connaught

Rangers on their left, were the 57th Rifles, the unit to which Jemadar Mir Dast was now attached and which was commanded by Major Willans. No regiment had done better than the 57th, which had made its mark in the first battle of Ypres, it was now to be subjected to a still severer trial.

The ground to be crossed before the German line could be reached was almost as unfavourable for an attack as it could well be. It afforded no cover at all, while about halfway there was a slight ridge, and the last part sloped upwards to the German trenches.

For nearly an hour the German line was heavily bombarded, as soon as the firing started the troops advanced, to get as far as they could before their own guns would have to cease fire.

In spite of our bombardment, the German fire was extremely heavy and the attacking troops had to advance under a regular hail of bullet and shell.

Officers and men fell fast, and many a gallant deed was performed that afternoon. The 57th suffered so heavily that before long it had only two British officers, a captain and a lieutenant, left to lead it.

The British, French, and Indian units had inevitably become mixed up, but they would have been able to hold the ground which they had gained

had the Germans not resorted once again to their horrible weapon of poison gas.

It was about half-past two when the yellow fumes began to rise from the German trenches, and as the wind was blowing from them to us, the attacking troops were soon involved in the poisonous clouds.

The whole line felt the effects, but the Ferozepore Brigade and the French felt it worst of all.

To be exposed to the effects of poison gas without being able to strike a blow or to protect himself in any way is a terrible experience for the bravest man. To see his comrades writhing on the ground in agony which will slowly kill them, is enough to make the stoutest quail.

All that our men could do was to cover their faces with wet handkerchiefs or *pagris*, some were unable to improvise even this poor protection, and could only press their faces against the parapet of the trench. It is no wonder that French, British, and Indian staggered back confused and choking, leaving the ground covered with the dying. But there were some heroes whom nothing could dismay or subdue. In such men lives—

‘ the unconquerable will,
And courage never to submit or yield ;
And, what is else, not to be overcome.’

Among these was Jemadar Mir Dast. For many of his comrades the strain had been too great, for it was almost beyond human endurance. The air was thick with horrible and poisonous fumes. Every now and then a great German shell would burst nearby, shattering part of the trench and sending a great column of earth and smoke into the air. The rattle of rifle and machine-gun fire was continuous. From this inferno of appalling noise and fearful death many had fallen back. But Mir Dast would not leave his trench without orders. Setting his teeth and grasping his rifle more firmly, he remained there, determined to hold out or die. Men who had been gassed before they could protect themselves were lying dead or groaning in agony around him. But a few had not been too badly gassed to fight. They were at once rallied by this leader of men and, inspired by his example, they determined to hold the trench till their last cartridge was exhausted. Then, if they still lived, they would meet the German attack hand to hand with their bayonets. Here and there a man fell, but the rest, under Mir Dast's leadership, maintained a steady and effective fire, amid the murky air and the crash of shells. Slowly the minutes crept by. Would the Germans attempt to rush the trench and overwhelm the handful of its gallant defenders? If so, they were ready to sell their lives

dearly. But the enemy seem to have felt that these men were a band of heroes who might repulse almost any attack. So they contented themselves with keeping up a heavy fire, and when Mir Dast now and then took a momentary glimpse at the opposing line, he saw no sign of an advance. At last the shades of evening began to fall. When the light had failed, orders to retire at length reached Mir Dast. Then, and then only, did he withdraw, at the head of the survivors whom he had inspired to so gallant a defence

He still had no thought for his own safety. On the way back he collected and brought in men from other trenches, some of them unconscious, who otherwise must have perished miserably. Nor was this all, his day's work was not yet finished. There were wounded men still left to be brought in, and Mir Dast was to the fore in rescue. But the work was highly dangerous. Occasional German shells were still falling, and, though accurate marksmanship was impossible in the dusk, bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire made it risky to cross the ground between the opposing lines. And so it happened that during this last piece of gallant work Mir Dast received a wound himself.

It was not the first occasion on which he had displayed his devoted courage. In the Mohmand

Campaign he had won the Indian Order of Merit ; he was now to be the fourth Indian soldier to win the V. C.

Nor was this the only mark of distinction conferred upon him. Before leaving Europe he was presented to the great Lord Kitchener, and the History of the Indian Corps in France contains a photograph of that interesting meeting.

He was, of course, promoted to the rank of Subedar, and is now a pensioner. When last we heard of him, in February, 1921, he had come to Rawalpindi to be presented to H R H the Duke of Connaught at a garden party, to which many pensioned Indian officers were invited.

Long may he live to enjoy the honours that have fallen to him, and long may the memory of his Golden Deed be kept bright in the hearts of his countrymen !

LITTLE SNOWDROP.

Once upon a time, in the middle of winter, when the flakes of snow fell like feathers from the sky, a queen sat at a window set in an ebony frame, and sewed. While she was sewing and watching the snow fall, she pricked her finger with her needle, and three drops of blood dropped on the snow. And because the crimson looked so beautiful on the white snow, she thought, "Oh that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of this ebony frame!"

Soon afterwards she had a little daughter, who was as white as snow, as red as blood, and had hair as black as ebony. And when the child was born, the queen died.

After a year had gone by, the king took another wife. She was a handsome lady, but proud and haughty, and could not endure that any one should surpass her in beauty. She had a wonderful mirror, and whenever she walked up to it, and looked at herself in it, she said :

" Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all ? "

Then the mirror replied :

" Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Thou art the fairest of them all."

And she was satisfied, for she knew the mirror always told the truth. But Snowdrop grew ever taller and fairer, and at seven years old was beautiful as the day, and more beautiful than the queen herself. So once, when the queen asked of her mirror.

“ Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all ’ ”

it answered

“ Lady queen, you are grand and tall,
But Snowdrop is fairest of you all.”

Then the queen was startled, and turned yellow and green with envy. From that hour she so hated Snowdrop that she burned with secret wrath whenever she saw the maiden. Pride and envy grew apace like weeds in her heart, till she had no rest day or night. So she called a huntsman and said, “ Take the child out in the forest, for I will bear her no longer in my sight. Kill her, and bring me her lungs and liver as tokens that you have done it ”

The huntsman obeyed, and led the child away ; but when he had drawn his hunting knife, and was about to pierce Snowdrop’s innocent heart, she began to weep, and said, “ Ah ! dear huntsman, spare my life, and I will run deep into the wild forest, and never more come home.”

The huntsman took pity on her, because she looked so lovely, and said, “ Run away then, poor child ! ”—“ The wild beasts will soon make an end of

thee," he thought ; but it seemed as if a stone had been rolled from his heart, because he had avoided taking her life , and as a little bear came by just then, he killed it, took out its liver and lungs, and carried them as tokens to the queen. She made the cook dress them with salt, and then the wicked woman ate them, and thought she had eaten Snowdrop's lungs and liver. The poor child was now all alone in the great forest, and she felt frightened as she looked at all the leafy trees, and knew not what to do. So she began to run, and ran over the sharp stones, and through the thorns , and the wild beasts passed close to her, but did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet could carry her, and when evening closed in, she saw a little house, and went into it to rest herself. Everything in the house was very small, but I cannot tell you how pretty and clean it was.

There stood a little table, covered with a white tablecloth, on which were seven little plates (each little plate with its own little spoon)—also seven little knives and forks, and seven little cups. Round the walls stood seven little beds close together, with sheets as white as snow. Snowdrop being so hungry and thirsty, ate a little of the vegetables and bread on each plate, and drank a drop of wine from every cup, for she did not like to empty one entirely. Then,

being very tired, she laid herself down in one of the beds, but could not make herself comfortable, for one was too long, and another too short. The seventh, luckily, was just right, so there she stayed, said her prayers, and fell asleep

When it was grown quite dark, home came the masters of the house, seven dwarfs, who dug and mined for iron among the mountains. They lighted their seven candles, and as soon as there was a light in the kitchen, they saw that some one had been there, for it was not quite so orderly as they had left it

The first said, "Who has been sitting on my stool?"

The second, "Who has eaten off my plate?"

The third, "Who has taken part of my loaf?"

The fourth, "Who has touched my vegetables?"

The fifth, "Who has used my fork?"

The sixth, "Who has cut with my knife?"

The seventh, "Who has drunk out of my little cup?"

Then the first dwarf looked about, and saw, that there was a slight hollow in his bed, so, he asked, "Who has been lying in my little bed?"

The others came running, and each called out, "Some one has also been lying in my bed."

But the seventh, when he looked in his bed, saw Snowdrop there, fast asleep. He called the others,

who flocked round with cries of surprise, fetched their seven candles, and cast the light on Snowdrop.

“ Oh, heaven ! ” they cried, “ what a lovely child ! ” and were so pleased that they would not wake her, but let her sleep on in the little bed. The seventh dwarf slept with all his companions in turn, an hour with each, and so they spent the night. When it was morning, Snowdrop woke up, and was frightened when she saw the seven dwarfs. They were very friendly, however, and inquired her name.

“ Snowdrop,” answered she.

“ How have you found your way to our house ? ” further asked the dwarfs.

So she told them how her step-mother had tried to kill her, how the huntsman had spared her life, and how she had run the whole day through, till at last she had found their little house.

Then the dwarfs said, “ If you will keep our house, cook, make the beds, wash, sew and knit, and make all neat and clean, you can stay with us, and shall want for nothing.”

“ I will, right willingly,” said Snowdrop. So she dwelt with them, and kept their house in order. Every morning they went out among the mountains, to seek iron and gold, and came home ready for supper in the evening.

The maiden being left alone all day long, the good dwarfs warned her, saying, "Beware of your wicked step-mother, who will soon find out that you are here; take care that you let nobody in."

The queen, however, after having, as she thought, eaten Snowdrop's lungs and liver, had no doubt that she was again the first and fairest woman in the world, so she walked up to her mirror, and said.

"Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?"

The mirror replied.

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here, you are fairest of them all,
But over the hills, with the seven dwarfs old,
Lives Snowdrop, fairer a hundredfold."

She trembled, knowing the mirror never told a falsehood, she felt sure that the huntsman had deceived her, and that Snowdrop was still alive. She pondered late and early, early and late, how best to kill Snowdrop. For envy gave her no rest, day or night, while she herself was not the fairest lady in the land. When she had planned what to do, she painted her face, dressed herself like an old pedlar-woman, and altered her appearance so much, that no one could have known her. In this disguise she went over the seven hills, to where the seven dwarfs dwelt, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good wares, cheap! very cheap!"

Snowdrop looked out of the window and cried, " Good moining, good woman what have you to sell ? "

" Good wares, smart wares," answered the queen—" laces of all colours , " and she drew out some which were woven of coloured silk.

" I may surely let this honest dame in ! " thought Snowdrop , so she unfastened the door, and bought for herself the pretty lace

" Child," said the old woman, " what a figure you are! Let me lace thee for once properly." Snowdrop feared no harm, so she stepped in front of her, and allowed her bodice to be fastened up with the new lace.

But the old woman laced so quick and laced so tight, that Snowdrop's breath was stopped; and she fell down as if dead " Now I am fairest at last," said the old woman to herself, and sped away.

The seven dwarfs came home soon after, at eventide, but how alarmed were they to find their poor Snowdrop lifeless on the ground! They lifted her up, and, seeing that she was laced too tightly, cut the lace of her bodice; at last she began to breathe faintly, and slowly returned to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said, " The old pedlar-woman was none other than the

wicked queen. Be careful of yourself, and open the door to no one if we are not at home."

The cruel step-mother walked up to her mirror when she reached home, and said

"Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?"

To which it answered, as usual:

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here, you are fairest of them all,
But over the hills, with the seven dwarfs old,
Lives Snowdrop, fairer a hundredfold"

When she heard this, she was so alarmed that all the blood rushed to heart, for she saw plainly that Snowdrop was still alive

"This time," said she, "I will think of some means that shall destroy her utterly," and with the help of witchcraft, in which she was skilful, she made a poisoned comb. Then she changed her dress and took the shape of another woman.

Again she crossed the seven hills to the home of the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good wares, very cheap!"

Snowdrop looked out and said, "Go away—I dare let no one in"

"You may surely be allowed to look!" answered the old woman, and she drew out the poisoned comb and held it up. The girl was so pleased

with it that she let herself be persuaded, and opened the door

When the bargain was struck, the dame said, "Now let me dress your hair properly for once" Poor Snowdrop took no heed, and let the old woman begin, but the comb had scarcely touched her hair before the poison worked, and she fell down senseless

"Now you beauty!" said the wicked woman, "all is over with you," and went away.

Luckily, it was near evening, and the seven dwarfs soon came home. When they found Snowdrop lifeless on the ground, they at once suspected her step-mother. They searched and found the poisoned comb, and as soon as they had drawn it out, Snowdrop came to herself, and told them what had happened. Again they warned her to be careful, and open the door to no one.

The queen placed herself before the mirror at home and said

"Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?"

But it again answered

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here, you are fairest of them all,
But over the hills, with the seven dwarfs old,
Lives Snowdrop, fairer a thousandfold."

When she heard the mirror speak thus, she quivered with rage. "Snowdrop shall die," she cried, "if it costs my own life!"

Then she went to a secret and lonely chamber, where no one ever disturbed her, and made an apple of deadly poison. Ripe and rosy-cheeked, it was so beautiful to look upon, that all who saw it longed for it; but it brought death to any who should eat it. When the apple was ready, she painted her face, disguised herself as a peasant-woman and journeyed over the seven hills to where the seven dwarfs dwelt. At the sound of the knock, Snowdrop put her head out of the window, and said, "I cannot open the door to anybody, for the seven dwarfs have forbidden me to do so."

"Very well," replied the peasant-woman, "I only want to be rid of my apples. Here, I will give you one of them!"

"No!" said Snowdrop, "I dare not take it."

"Are you afraid of being poisoned?" asked the old woman. "Look here, I will cut the apple in two, and you shall eat the rosy side, and I the white."

Now the fruit was so cunningly made, that only the rosy side was poisoned. Snowdrop longed for the pretty apple, and when she saw the peasant-woman eating it, she could resist no longer, but stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. She had scarcely tasted it, when she fell lifeless to the ground.

The queen, laughing loudly, watched her with a savage look, and cried, "Oh you who are white as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony, the seven dwarfs cannot awaken you this time!"

And when she asked the mirror at home,

"Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?"

the mirror at last replied.

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
You are the fairest of them all"

So her envious heart had as much repose as an envious heart can ever know

When the dwarfs came home in the evening, they found Snowdrop lying breathless and motionless on the ground. They lifted her up, searched whether she had anything poisonous about her, unlaced her, combed her hair, washed her with water and with wine, but all was useless, for they could not bring the darling back to life. They laid her on a bier, and all the seven placed themselves round it, and mourned for her three long days. Then they would have buried her, but that she still looked so fresh and life-like, and had such lovely rosy cheeks. "We cannot lower her into the dark earth," said they; and caused a transparent coffin of glass to be made, so that she could be seen on all sides, and laid her in it, writing her name outside

in letters of gold, which told that she was the daughter of a king. Then they placed the coffin on the mountain above, and one of them always stayed by it and guarded it. But there was little need to guard it, for even the wild animals came and mourned for Snowdrop, the birds also—first an owl, and then a raven, and afterwards a dove.

Long, long years, did Snowdrop lie in her coffin unchanged, looking as though asleep, for she was still white as snow, red as blood, and her hair was black as ebony. At last the son of a king chanced to wander into the forest, and came to the dwarfs' house for a night's shelter. He saw the coffin on the mountain with the beautiful Snowdrop in it, and read what was written there in letters of gold. Then he said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin! I will give you whatever you like to ask for it."

But the dwarfs answered, "We would not part with it for all the gold in the world."

He said again, "Yet give it me, for I cannot live without seeing Snowdrop, and though she is dead, I will prize and honour her as my beloved."

Then the good dwarfs took pity on him, and gave him the coffin. The prince had it borne away by his servants. They happened to stumble over a bush, and the shock forced the bit of poisoned apple which Snowdrop had tasted out of her

throat. Immediately she opened her eyes, raised the coffinlid, and sat up alive once more. "Oh, heaven!" cried she, "where am I?"

The prince answered joyfully, "You are with me," and told her what had happened, saying, "I love you more dearly than anything else in the world. Come with me to my father's castle, and be my wife."

Snowdrop, well pleased, went with him, and they were married with much state and grandeur.

The wicked step-mother was invited to the feast. Richly dressed, she stood before the mirror, and asked of it:

"Little glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest among us all?"

The mirror answered:

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here, you are fairest among them all,
But the young queen over the mountains old,
Is fairer than you a thousandfold."

The evil-hearted woman uttered a curse, and could scarcely endure her anguish. She first resolved not to attend the wedding, but curiosity would not allow her to rest. She determined to travel, and see who that young queen could be who was the most beautiful in all the world. When she came, and

found that it was Snowdrop alive again, she stood speechless, overcome with terror and despair. Then two iron shoes, heated burning hot, were drawn out of the fire with a pair of tongs, and laid before her feet. She was forced to put them on, and to go and dance at Snowdrop's wedding—dancing, dancing in these red-hot shoes till she fell down dead.

THE GRATEFUL TURK.

It is much to be lamented, that different nations frequently make bloody wars upon each other, and when they take any of their enemies prisoners, instead of using them well, and restoring them to liberty, they put them in prisons, or sell them as slaves. The enmity that there has often been between many of the Italian States and the Turks, is well known.

It once happened that a Venetian ship had taken many of the Turks prisoners, and, according to the barbarous customs I have mentioned, these unhappy men had been sold to different persons in the city. By accident, one of the slaves named Hamid lived opposite to the house of a rich Venetian who had an only son, of about the age of twelve years. It so happened that this little boy used frequently to stop as he passed near Hamid, and gaze at him attentively. Hamid who remarked in the face of the child the signs of good nature and compassion, always saluted him with the utmost courtesy, and testified the greatest pleasure in his company. At length the little boy took such a fancy to the slave, that he used to visit him several times in the day, and brought him such little presents as he could make, and as he thought would be of use to his friend.

But though Hamid seemed always to take the greatest delight in the innocent caresses of his little friend, the child could not help noticing that Hamid was often extremely sorrowful, and he often surprised him on a sudden when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmost to hide them. The little boy was at length so deeply touched by this sad spectacle that he spoke of it to his father, and implored him to try, if he could, to make poor Hamid happy. The father was very fond of his son, and as he had observed that his son never requested anything which was not generous and humane, he determined to see the Turk himself, and talk to him.

Accordingly, he went to him the next day; and observing him for some time in silence, was struck with the extraordinary appearance of mildness and honesty on his face. At length he said to him, "Are you that Hamud of whom my son is so fond, and of whose gentleness and courtesy I have so often heard him talk?"

"Yes" said the Turk, "I am that unfortunate Hamid, who have now been for three years a captive. during that time your son (if you are his father) is the only human being that seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; therefore, I must confess, he is the only object

to which I am attached in this barbarous country ; and night and day I pray to that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves, and to save him from all the miseries I suffer ”

“ Indeed, Hamid,” said the merchant, “ he is much obliged to you, although, from his present circumstances, he does not appear much exposed to danger. But I wish to do you good, so tell me in what I can assist you, for my son informs me, that you are the prey of continual regret and sorrow ”

“ Is it wonderful,” answered the Turk, with a glow of generous indignation that suddenly animated his countenance, “ is it wonderful that I should pine in silence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of my liberty, the first and noblest present of nature ? ”

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

“ I am not responsible, said the Turk, “ for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are to blame for the barbarity of yours. But as to myself, I have never practised the inhuman custom of enslaving my fellow-creatures : I have never spoiled the Venetian merchants of their property

to increase my riches. I have always respected the rights of nature, and therefore it is the more severe." Here a tear started from Hamid's eye, and wetted his manly cheek instantly, however, he recollected himself, and folding his arms upon his bosom, and gently bowing his head, he added, "God is good, and man must submit to His decrees."

The Venetian was moved with the Turk's manly fortitude, and said: "Hamid, I pity your sufferings, and may, perhaps, be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty?"

"What would I do!" answered Hamid; "by the eternal Majesty of Heaven, I would confront every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man!"

"Nay," answered the merchant, "you will not be exposed to such a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage do not belie your appearance"

"Name them! name them!" cried the impatient Hamid; "place death before me in every horrid shape, and if I shrink"—

"Patience," answered the merchant, "we shall be observed. But hear me attentively. I have in this city a sworn enemy, who has heaped upon me every injury that can most bitterly sting the heart

of man. This man is brave as he is haughty, and I must confess that the dread of his strength and valour has hitherto deterred me from resenting his insults as they deserve. Now, Hamid, your look, your form, your words, convince me that you were born for manly daring. Take this dagger, as soon as the shades of night involve the city, I will myself conduct you to the place where you may at once revenge the wrongs done to your friend, and regain your freedom."

At this proposal, scorn and shame flashed from the kindling eye of Hamid, and, for a considerable time, deprived him of the power of utterance, at length he lifted his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried, with an indignant tone, "Mighty Prophet! are these the wretches to whom you permit your faithful and devoted servants to be enslaved! Go, and know that Hamid would not stoop to the vile trade of an assassin for all the wealth of Venice!—no! not even to purchase the freedom of all his race!"

At these words, the merchant, without seeming much abashed, told him he was sorry he had offended him, but that he thought freedom had been much dearer to him than he found it was. "However," added he, as he turned his back, "you will reflect upon my proposal, and perhaps by tomorrow

you may change your mind." Hamid disdained to answer, and the merchant went away.

The next day, the merchant returned in company with his son, and mildly addressed Hamid thus. "The suddenness of the proposal I yesterday made you might perhaps have taken you aback, but I am now come to discuss the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reasons"—

"Christian!" interrupted Hamid, with a severe but composed countenance, "do not add insult to injury. Cease to torment me with proposals more shocking than even these chains. If thy religion permit such acts as those, know that they are hateful to the soul of every true Muslim, therefore, from this moment let us break off all further intercourse, and be strangers to each other."

"No," answered the merchant, flinging himself into the arms of Hamid, "let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever! Generous man, whose virtues may at once disarm and enlighten thy enemies! Fondness for my son first made me interested in thy fate, but from the moment that I saw thee yesterday, I determined to set thee free, therefore, pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy virtue, which has only raised thee higher in my esteem. Francisco's soul is no

less averse to treacherous and bloody deeds than even Hamid himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free, thy ransom is already paid, with the only obligation that thou rememberest the affection of this thy young and faithful friend, and perhaps, hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice.”

Words fail me to describe the joy or the gratitude of Hamid at this unexpected deliverance. I will not, therefore, try to repeat what he said to his benefactors, I will only add, that he was that day set free, and put on board a ship which was going to one of the Grecian islands. Francisco took leave of him with the greatest tenderness, and forced him to accept a purse of gold to pay his expenses. Nor was it without the feelings of the greatest sadness that Hamid parted from his young friend, whose kindness had thus procured his freedom, he embraced him, wept over him at parting, and prayed for every blessing upon his head.

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

hurry him downstairs, and the instant he was down, the staircase itself gave way, and sank with a horrid crash into the midst of the fire.

Francisco congratulated himself for an instant upon his escape, but the next moment he was filled with the deepest despair, when he found, upon enquiry, that his son, who slept in an upper apartment, had been neglected in the general tumult, and was yet amidst the flames. No words can describe the father's agony; he would have rushed headlong into the fire, but was restrained by his servants; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the brave man who would risk his life to save his child. As Francisco was known to be immensely rich, several ladders were instantly raised, and several daring spirits, tempted by the vast reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which burst forth at every window, together with the runs that fell on every side, baffled their efforts; and the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements, stretching out his arms, and imploring aid, seemed to be destined to certain destruction.

The unhappy father now sank down in a swoon. In this dreadful moment of suspense and agony, a man rushed through the opening crowd, mounted the tallest of the ladders with an intre-

pidity that showed he was resolved to succeed or perish, and instantly disappeared. A sudden gust of smoke and flame burst forth immediately after, which made the people imagine he was lost, but on a sudden, they beheld him emerge again with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any serious injury. A universal shout of applause now resounded to the skies: but what words can give an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, on recovering his senses, he found his darling safe within his arms?

After the first outbursts of his tenderness were over, he asked for his son's deliverer, and was shown a man of noble stature, but dressed in mean attire, and his features were so begrimed with smoke and filth that it was impossible to identify him. Francisco, however, addressed him with courtesy, and, presenting him with a purse of gold, begged he would accept of that for the present, and that the next day he should receive the utmost of his promised reward. "No, generous merchant," answered the stranger, "I do not sell my blood."

"Gracious heavens!" cried the merchant, "surely I should know that voice! It is--." "Yes," exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer, "it is my Hamid!"

It was, indeed, Hamid who stood before them, in that very mean attire which he had worn six months before, when first the generosity of the merchant had redeemed him from slavery. Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco, but as they were then surrounded by a large crowd of people, he desired Hamid to go with him to the house of one of his friends, and when they were alone, he embraced him tenderly, and asked him under what circumstances he had thus been enslaved a second time, and added a kind reproach for his not informing him of his captivity.

“I bless God for that captivity,” answered Hamid, “since it has given me an opportunity of showing that I was not altogether undeserving of your kindness, and of preserving the life of that dear youth that I value a thousand times beyond my own. But it is now fit that my generous patron should be informed of the whole truth. Know, then, that when the unfortunate Hamid was taken by your galleys, his aged father shared his captivity: it was his fate which so often made me shed those tears which first attracted the notice of your son, and when your unexampled bounty had set me free, I flew to find the Christian who had purchased him. I represented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm. To this representation

I added, too, the gold which I had received from your bounty, in a word, I prevailed upon the Christian to send back my father in that ship which was intended for me, without informing him of the means of his freedom. Since that time I have stayed here to discharge the debt of nature and gratitude, a willing slave."

When Hamid had thus finished his story, the Venetian was astonished at his virtue and noble mind, and, after saying everything that his gratitude and admiration suggested, he concluded with pressing him to accept the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamid refused with the utmost respect, but with a generous disdain, and told his friend, that in what he had done he had only discharged a debt of gratitude and friendship. "You were," said he, "my generous benefactor, you had a claim upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred. that life would have been well bestowed, had it been lost in your service, but since Providence hath otherwise decreed, it is a sufficient reward to me to have proved that Hamid is not ungrateful, and to have preserved your happiness."

But though the disinterestedness of Hamid made him underrate his own exertions, the merchant could not remain contented without showing his gratitude

by all the means within his power. He, therefore, once more purchased the freedom of Hamid, and hired a ship on purpose to send him back to his own country, he and his son then embraced him with all the affection that gratitude could inspire, and bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu.

Many years had now passed since the departure of Hamid into his own country without their seeing him, or hearing from him. In the meantime, the young Francisco, the son of the merchant, grew up to manhood; and as he had acquired every accomplishment that tends to improve the mind, or form the manners, added to an excellent disposition, he was beloved and esteemed by all

It happened that some business about this time made it necessary for him and his father to go to a neighbouring maritime city. They thought a passage by sea would be more expeditious. so they embarked in a Venetian vessel bound for that place. They set sail, therefore, with favourable winds and with every prospect of a happy passage, but they had not covered more than half their intended voyage, before a Turkish ship purposely fitted out for war was seen bearing down upon them. As the enemy ship was much swifter than theirs, they soon found that escape was impossible. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian vessel were struck with consternation,

and seemed already overcome by fear, but the young Francisco, drawing his sword, at first reproached his comrades for their cowardice, and then made a stirring speech and so encouraged them, that they determined to fight to the last for their lives and liberty. The Turkish vessel now approached them in awful silence; but in an instant the dreadful noise of the artillery was heard, and the heavens were overcast with dense volumes of smoke mingled with flashes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap, with horrid shouts, upon the deck of the Venetian vessel, and three times were they beaten back by the desperate crew, headed by young Francisco. At length the slaughter of their men was so great, that they seemed disposed to discontinue the fight, and were actually taking another course. The Venetians beheld their flight with the greatest joy, and were congratulating each other upon their successful valour and escape, when two more ships on a sudden appeared in sight, bearing down upon them with great swiftness before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when, on their nearer approach, they discovered the fatal ensigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any possibility of either resistance or escape. They therefore lowered their flag (the sign of surrendering their ship), and in an

instant saw themselves in the power of their enemies, who came pouring in on every side like beasts of prey.

All that remained alive of the brave Venetian crew were loaded with fetters, and closely guarded in the hold of the ship till it arrived at Tunis

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

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

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

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

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

At this, the Turk looked at young Francisco with greater attention, and he, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in sullen silence, now lifted them up; but scarcely had he beheld the person that was talking to the captain, when he uttered a loud cry, and repeated the name of *Hamid*! The Turk, with equal emotion, surveyed him for a moment, and then, catching him in his arms, embraced him with the transports of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long-lost child. It is needless to repeat all that gratitude and affection inspired Hamid to say; but when he heard that his old benefactor was amongst the number of those unhappy Venetians who stood before him, he hid his face for a moment under his cloak, and seemed overwhelmed with

sorrow and astonishment. At length, recollecting himself, he raised his arms to Heaven, and blessed that Providence which had made him the means of saving his revered friend. He then instantly flew to that part of the market where Francisco stood silent awaiting his fate with a manly and calm despair. He called him his friend, his benefactor, and every endearing name which friendship and gratitude could inspire, and, ordering his chains to be instantly taken off, he conducted him and his son to a magnificent house which belonged to him in the city. As soon as they were alone, and had time to talk freely to each other, Hamid told the Venetians, that when he was set at liberty by their generosity, and restored to his country, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies, and that, having had the good fortune to distinguish himself on several occasions, he had gradually been promoted, through various offices, to the dignity of Bey of Tunis. "Since I have enjoyed this post," added he, "there is nothing which I find in it so agreeable as the power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians who are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever there arrives a ship which brings with it any of these sufferers, I visit the markets, and redeem a certain number of the captives, whom I restore to liberty.

And by putting it in my power to serve the dearest and nearest of men, gracious Allah has shown that He approves of these humble efforts of mine to discharge the sacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption.

Ten days were Francisco and his son entertained in the house of Hamid during which time he left no stone unturned to please and interest them. When he found that they were desirous of returning home, he told them that he would no longer detain them from their country, but that they should embark the next day in a ship that was about to sail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow, he dismissed them, with many embraces and much reluctance, and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their vessel. On arriving there, they found to their great joy and admiration that, by the generosity of Hamid, not only the ship which had been taken, but also the whole crew, were redeemed and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son embarked, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years, respected and esteemed, mindful of the vicissitudes of fortune in human affairs and conscientious in the discharge of their duties to their fellow-creatures.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas, and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath her the biggest pile of yellow, glistening coin, that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. Thus, he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "Pooh, pooh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

And yet, in his earlier days, before he was so tirely possessed of this insane desire for riches, ng Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. e had planted a garden, in which grew the biggest d sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelt. ese roses were still growing in the garden, as large, lovely, and as fragrant, as when Midas used to ss whole hours in gazing at them, and inhaling air perfume. But now, if he looked at them at all, was only to calculate how much the garden would worth, if each of the innumerable rose-petals were thin plate of gold. And though he once was fond music (in spite of an idle story about his ears, uch were said to resemble those of an ass), the only usic for poor Midas, now, was the chink of one n aganst another.

At length (as people always grow more and re foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and ser), Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any ject that was not gold. He made it his custom, erefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a rk and dreary apartment, under ground, at the sement of his palace. It was here that he kept e wealth. To this dismal hole—for it was little tter than a dungeon—Midas betook himself, enever he wanted to be particularly happy.

Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck measure of gold-dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag ; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down , sift the gold-dust through his fingers , look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the burnished circumference of the cup , and whisper to himself, " Oh Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou ! " But it was laughable to see how the image of his face kept grinning at him, out of the polished surface of the cup. It seemed to be aware of his foolish behaviour, and to have a naughty inclination to make fun of him.

Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet quite so happy as he might be. The very height of enjoyment would never be reached, unless the whole world were to become his treasure-room, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own

Now, I need hardly remind such wise little people as you are that in the old, old times, when

King Midas was alive, a great many things came to pass which we should consider wonderful if they were to happen in our own day and country. And, on the other hand, a great many things take place now-a-days which seem not only wonderful to us, but at which the people of old times would have stared their eyes out. On the whole, I regard our own times as the strangest of the two, but, however that may be, I must go on with my story.

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold, and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face. Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over everything, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden radiance in it. Certainly, although his figure intercepted the sunshine, there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could

possibly break into his treasure-room, he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal. It is no matter about telling you who he was. In those days, when the earth was comparatively a new affair, it was supposed to be often the resort of beings endowed with supernatural powers, and who used to interest themselves in the joys and sorrows of men, women, and children, half playfully and half seriously. Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good-humoured and kindly, if not beneficent, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favour. And what could that favour be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room, and when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

“ You are a wealthy man, friend Midas ! ” he observed. “ I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room. ”

“ I have done pretty well—pretty well, ” answered Midas, in a discontented tone. “ But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me

my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich ! ”

“ What ! ” exclaimed the stranger. “ Then you are not satisfied ? ”

Midas shook his head.

“ And pray what would satisfy you ? ” asked the stranger. “ Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know. ”

Midas paused and meditated. He felt a presentiment that this stranger, with such a golden lustre in his good-humoured smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak and obtain whatever possible, or seemingly impossible thing, it might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another, in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough. At last, a bright idea occurred to King Midas. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

“ Well, Midas, ” observed his visitor, “ I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish. ”

“ It is only this,” replied Midas. “ I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so diminutive after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold ! ”

The stranger’s smile grew so very broad, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves—for so looked the lumps and particles of gold—lie strewn in the glow of light.

“ The Golden Touch ! ” exclaimed he. “ You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a conception. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you ? ”

“ How could it fail ? ” said Midas.

“ And will you never regret the possession of it ? ”

“ What could induce me ? ” asked Midas. “ I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy.”

“ Be it as you wish, then,” replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. “ Tomorrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch.”

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and all around him the

glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. Asleep or awake, however, his mind was probably in the state of a child's, to whom a beautiful new plaything has been promised in the morning. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach. He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise. So he laid his finger on a chair by the bedside, and on various other things, but was grievously disappointed to perceive that they remained of exactly the same substance as before. Indeed, he felt very much afraid that he had only dreamed about the lustrous stranger, or else that the latter had been making game of him. And what a miserable affair would it be if, after all his hopes, Midas must content himself with what little gold he could scrape together by ordinary means, instead of creating it by a touch!

All this while it was only the grey of the morning, with but a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky, where Midas could not see it. He lay in a very disconsolate mood, regretting the downfall of

his hopes, and kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been transmuted to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him, with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bed-posts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At his first touch it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly-bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with now-a-days, but, on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin golden plates, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained

its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. That was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border, in gold thread !

Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

But it was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas now took his spectacles from his pocket and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. In those days, spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were already worn by kings, else, how could Midas have had any ? To his great perplexity, however, excellent as the glasses were, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. But this was the most natural thing in the world ; for, on taking them off, the transparent crystals turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and, of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas as rather inconvenient that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

“It is no great matter, nevertheless,” said he to himself, very philosophically. “We cannot expect any great good without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles, at least, if not of one’s very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me.”

Wise King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went downstairs, and smiled, on observing that the balustrade of the staircase had become a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over it in his descent. He lifted the door latch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it), and emerged into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the world—so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet tranquillity, did these roses seem to be.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic

touch most indefatigably, until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast, and, as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast in the days of Midas, I really do not know, and cannot stop now to investigate. To the best of my belief, however, on this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook-trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold. At all events, this is a breakfast fit to be set before a king, and, whether he had it or not, King Midas could not have had a better.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at table, awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter, and loved her so much the more this morning, on account of the good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one

of the cheerfullest little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelvemonth. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits, by an agreeable surprise, so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one, with pretty figures all around it), and transmuted it to gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and disconsolately opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

“How now, my little lady!” cried Midas. “Pray, what is the matter with you, this bright morning?”

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently transmuted.

“Beautiful!” exclaimed her father. “And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?”

“Ah, dear father!” answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her, “it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you; because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little

daughter. But, oh dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them? "

"My dear little girl,—pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk! You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years) for an ordinary one, which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold, tossing it contemptuously away. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!"

The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful change in her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures and strange trees and houses, that were painted on the circumference of the bowl; and those ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee, and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendour, in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a secure place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowls and coffee-pots.

Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and, the next moment, hardened into a lump.

“Ha !” exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

“What is the matter, father ?” asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

“Nothing, child, nothing !” said Midas. “Eat your milk, before it gets quite cold.”

He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate, and, by way of experiment, touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately transmuted from an admirably-fried brook-trout into a gold fish, though not one of those goldfishes

which people often keep in glass globes, as ornaments for the parlour. No ; but it was really a metallic fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest goldsmith in the world. Its little bones were now golden wires, its fins and tail were thin plates of gold, and there were the marks of the fork in it and all the delicate, frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish exactly imitated in metal. A very pretty piece of work, as you may suppose, only King Midas, just at that moment, would much rather have had a real trout in his dish than this elaborate and valuable imitation of one.

“ I don't quite see,” thought he to himself, “ how I am to get any breakfast ! ”

He took one of the smoking hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it when, to his cruel mortification, though a moment before it had been of the whitest wheat, it assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal. To say the truth, if it had really been a hot Indian cake, Midas would have prized it a good deal more than he now did, when its solidity and increased weight made him too bitterly sensible that it was gold. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to those of the trout and the cake. The egg, indeed, might have been mistaken for one of

those which the famous goose, in the story-book, was in the habit of laying, but King Midas was the only goose that had had anything to do with the matter

“ Well, this is a puzzle ! ” thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction “ Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten ! ”

Hoping that, by dint of great dispatch, he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

“ Father, dear father ! ” cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, “ pray what is the matter ? Have you burnt your mouth ? ”

“ Ah, dear child,” groaned Midas, dolefully, “ I don’t know what is to become of your poor father ! ”

And, truly, my dear little folks, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case in all your lives ? Here

was literally the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest labourer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold. And what was to be done ? Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry. Would it be less so by dinner-time ? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him ! How many days, think you, would he survive a continuance of this rich fare ?

These reflections so troubled wise King Midas that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry a consideration as a breakfast.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger, and the perplexity of his situation, that he again groaned aloud and very grievously, too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father, and trying, with all

the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair, and running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

“My precious, precious Marygold!” cried he. But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done! How fatal was the gift which the stranger bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow colour, with yellow tear-drops congealing on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and inflexible within her father's encircling arms. Oh, terrible misfortune! The victim of his insatiable desire for wealth, little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple

remained in her golden chm. But, the more perfect was the resemblance, the greater was the father's agony at beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter. It had been a favourite phrase of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become literally true. And now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart, that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky !

It would be too sad a story if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fulness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself, and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image, he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold. But, stealing another glance, there was the precious little figure, with a yellow tear-drop on its yellow cheek, and a look so piteous and tender that it seemed as if that very expression must needs soften the gold, and make it flesh again. This, however, could not be. So Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-colour to his dear child's face.

While he was in this tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger, standing near the door. Midas bent down his head, without speaking, for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him this disastrous faculty of the Golden Touch.

The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow lustre all about the room, and gleamed on little Marygold's image, and on the other objects that had been transmuted by the touch of Midas.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for"

"Ah! So you have made a discovery since yesterday?" observed the stranger "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

“ Oh, blessed water ! ” exclaimed Midas. “ It will never moisten my parched throat again ! ”

“ The Golden Touch,” continued the stranger, “ or a crust of bread ? ”

“ A piece of bread,” answered Midas, “ is worth all the gold on earth ! ”

“ The Golden Touch,” asked the stranger, “ or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago ? ”

“ Oh my child, my dear child ! ” cried poor Midas, wringing his hands “ I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold ”

“ You are wiser than you were, King Midas ! ” said the stranger, looking seriously at him “ Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody’s grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch ? ”

“ It is hateful to me ! ” replied Midas

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor ; for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

“Go, then,” said the stranger, “and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned.”

King Midas bowed low, and when he lifted his head, the lustrous stranger had vanished

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas! it was no longer earthen after he touched it), and hastening to the river-side. As he scampered along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvellous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

“Poof! poof! poof!” snorted King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. “Well; this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!”

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold

into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt, his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and changing itself into insensible metal, but had now softened back again into flesh. Perceiving a violet, that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace and, I suppose, the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But *that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been.* The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy colour came back to the dear child's cheek!—and how she began to sneeze and splutter!—and how astonished she was to

find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her !

“ Pray do not, dear father ! ” cried she. “ See how you have wetted my nice frock, which I put on only this morning ! ”

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue , nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran, with outstretched arms, to comfort poor King Midas

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown For this purpose, he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch One was, that the sands of the river sparkled like gold , the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been transmuted by the effect of his kiss This change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to rock Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvellous story, pretty much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

“ And, to tell you the truth, my precious little folks,” quoth King Midas, diligently rocking the children all the while, ‘ ever since that morning, I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this ! ”

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

There was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased, for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man whom her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death; but as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little disobedient, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning Duke of Athens) to complain that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded in excuse for her disobedience, that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honourable reason which

Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country ; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it, and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke, she went to her lover, Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give him up and marry Demetrius, or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings , but recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. " I will meet you," said Lysander, " in the wood a few miles without the city , in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed , and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend

Helena Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood ; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favourite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *fairies*

Oberon, the king, and Titania, the queen of the fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement : they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood but they were quarrelling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend, and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as Titania was walking with some of

her maids of honour, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy courtiers

“ Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania,” said the fairy king The queen replied, “ What ! jealous Oberon, is it you ? Fairies, skip hence, I have forsworn his company ! ”—“ Tarry, rash fairy ! ” said Oberon “ am not I thy lord ? Why does Titania cross her Oberon ? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page ”

“ Set your heart at rest,” answered the queen ; “ your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me.” She then left her lord in great anger. “ Well, go your way,” said Oberon “ before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury ”

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

Puck (or, as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical pranks in the neighbouring villages—sometimes getting into the dairies and skinning the milk, sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairymaid would labour to change her cream into butter : nor had the village swains any better success, whenever Puck chose to play his tricks in

the brewing copper, the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbours were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin, and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbours a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman, and then the old gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour

“Come hither, Puck,” said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night “Fetch me the flower which maids call ‘Love in Idleness’, the juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyelids of those who sleep will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep, and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion or a bear, a meddling monkey or a busy ape, and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page.”

Puck, who loved mischief, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower, and while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood he overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part, and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers; felt great compassion for Helena, and perhaps, as Lysander said when they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favourite, "Take a part of this flower: there has been a sweet Athenian lady here who is in love with a disdainful youth, if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously, and then

Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew wild thyme, cow-slips, and sweet violets under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night, her coverlet, the enamelled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," said Her Majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings to make my small elves coats, and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not near me, but first sing me to sleep"

Then they began to sing this song —

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh,
 So good night with lullaby.

When the fairies had sung their queen to sleep with this pretty lullaby, they left her, to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying —

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take.

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night to avoid the death to which she was doomed for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting for her, to conduct her to his aunt's house, but before they had passed half through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady, who had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to

seek , and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke , so without more ado he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes . But it so fell out that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes , and, strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm that all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder which Puck had committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well . but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed

Thus this misfortune happened . Helena, as has been before related, endeavoured to keep pacc with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her ; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius, and as she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander

was sleeping. "Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground: is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration, telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake, and many more such lover-like speeches. Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner, for she thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius, but you, sir, must pretend in this disdainful manner to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away, and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the

wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learnt, by some questions he had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes, and now, having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke, and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love speeches to her, and just at that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance, and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

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

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

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

“Unkind Hermia,” said Helena, “it is you who have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises, and your other lover Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me goddess, nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia to join with men in scorning your poor friend. Have you forgot our school-day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler wrought, growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted? Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly, to join with men in scorning your poor friend.”

“I am amazed at your passionate words,” said Hermia. “I scorn you not, it seems you scorn me.”—“Ay, do!” returned Helena, “persevere, counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back, then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus.”

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander

left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena. When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed, and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, "This is your negligence, Puck, or did you do this wilfully?"—"Believe me, king of shadows," answered Puck, it was a mistake. did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport."—"You heard," said Oberon, 'that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear. See you do this till they are so weary they can go no farther, and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy

with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found.”

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon, seeing a clown near her who had lost his way in the wood, and was likewise asleep — “ This fellow,” said he, “ shall be my Titania’s true love , ” and, clapping an ass’s head over the clown’s, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Although Oberon fixed the ass’s head on very gently, it awakened him, and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept

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

“ Why, mistress,” said the foolish clown, “ if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn.”

“ Out of the wood do not desire to go,” said the enamoured queen. “ I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you.” She then called four of her fairies . their names were Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

“Attend,” said the queen, “upon this sweet gentleman, hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight, feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me,” said she to the clown, “and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!”

“Where is Pease-blossom?” said the ass-headed clown, not much regarding the fairy queen’s courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

“Here, sir,” said little Pease-blossom.

“Scratch my head,” said the clown. “Where is Cobweb?”

“Here, sir,” said Cobweb.

“Good Mr. Cobweb,” said the foolish clown, kill me the red humble-bee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not; I should be sorry to have you overflown with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed?”

“Here, sir,” said Mustard-seed. “What is your will?”

“Nothing,” said the clown, “good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch. I must go to a barber’s, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvellously hairy about the face.”

“ My sweet love,” said the queen, “ what will you have to eat ? I have a venturous fairy who shall seek the squirrel’s hoard, and fetch you some new nuts.”

“ I had rather have a handful of dried peas,” said the clown, who with his ass’s head had got an ass’s appetite , “ but, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep ”

“ Sleep, then,” said the queen, “ and I will wind you in my arms. O ! how I love you ! How I dote upon you ! ”

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight, and reproached her with having lavished her favours upon an ass.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping within her arms, with his ass’s head crowned by her with flowers.

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling boy, which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favourite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes ;

and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late folly, saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers, and their midnight quarrels, and she agreed to go with him, and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies, at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass-plot for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived with the utmost diligence to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the juice the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason his love for Hermia, and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things

had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake, and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends, all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavour to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life, and on that same

day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure, that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty harmless Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

I.

How the agricultural system of the Black Brothers was interfered with by South West Wind, Esquire.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria, there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbourhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley, and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its

grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit, and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows, they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out-of-doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich, and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value: they had heaps of

gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity ; they never went to Mass , grumbled perpetually at paying tithes , and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nick-name of the “ Black Brothers.” The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honourable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often ; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by a flood ; the vines were

cut to pieces with the hail, the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rained when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

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

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though

the knocker had been tied up--more like a puff than a knock. "It must be the wind," said Gluck, "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door." No; it wasn't the wind there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was. It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very long nose, slightly brass-coloured, and expanding towards its termination into a development not unlike the lower extremity of a bugle. His cheeks were very round, and very red, as if he had been blowing a badly burning fire for the last eight-and-forty hours. His eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his moustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a "swallow tail," but was much hidden by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very

much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

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

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

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella, and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill-stream.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said Gluck, “I am very sorry, but I really can't.”

“Can't what ?” said the old gentleman.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ No, thank you,” said the old gentleman.

“ Your cap, sir ? ”

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

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

“ It’ll take longer to do the mutton then,” replied his visitor drily.

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

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

“Impossible, sir,” said Gluck.

“I’m very hungry,” continued the old gentleman. “I’ve had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn’t miss a bit from the knuckle ! ”

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

“That’s a good boy,” said the old gentleman again.

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

“What did you keep us waiting in the rain for ? ” said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck’s face. “Ay ! what for, indeed, you little vagabond ? ” said Hans, administering an

educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

“ Bless my soul ! ” said Schwartz when he opened the door.

“ Amen,” said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

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

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

“ How did he get in ? ” roared Schwartz.

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

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

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

“ What’s your business ? ” snarled Hans.

“ I’m a poor old man, sir,” the little gentleman began very modestly, “ and I saw your fire

through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him,

when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

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

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

“ A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck ! ” said Schwartz. “ Dish the mutton, sir. If ever !

catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton's been cut ! ”

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

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

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

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

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

“ Only I,” said the little gentleman.

“ The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of

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

“Sorry to incommode you,” said their visitor, ironically “I’m afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother’s room: I’ve left the ceiling on, there”

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck’s room, wet through, and in an agony of terror

“You will find my card on the kitchen table,” the old gentleman called after them, remember, the *last* visit”

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

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck’s little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and grey mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water

had gutted the whole first floor , corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, long-legged letters, were engraved the words .

SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

II.

Of the proceedings of the three brothers after the visit of South-West Wind, Esquire ; and how little Gluck had an interview with the King of the Golden River.

South-West Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more , and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in particular, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand ; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless land in despair, to

seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

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

The thought was agreed to be a very good one , they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade : the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold , the second, that the two elder brothers whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and spend the money in the ale-house next door So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world , though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more

like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into and mixed with a beard and whiskers, of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes, and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, full of wine, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart, but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone, nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this

window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain-tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset, and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them, and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

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

“ No it wouldn't, Gluck,” said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear

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

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

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

“Hollo!” said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

“Hollo! Gluck, my boy,” said the pot again.

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

“Come, Gluck, my boy,” said the voice out of the pot again, “I'm all right, pour me out.”

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

“Pour me out, I say,” said the voice rather gruffly. Still Gluck couldn't move

“*Will* you pour me out?” said the voice passionately, “I am too hot”

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

“ That’s right ! ” said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a doublet of spun gold so fine in its texture, that the colours gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl, and over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended, they seemed to melt into an. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy, they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. “ No, it wouldn’t, Gluck, my boy,” said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck’s thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf’s observations

out of the pot, but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the statement.

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

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

“Prav, su,” said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, “were you my mug?”

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height, “I,” said the little man, “am the King of the Golden River” Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to pass away After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication

Gluck determined to say something at all events. ‘I hope your Majesty is very well’ said Gluck.

“Listen!” said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. “I am the king of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you, therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into that stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn into gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him and he will become a black stone.” So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

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

III

How Mr. Hans set off on an expedition to the Golden River, and how he prospered therein.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour ; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence, the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbours, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself ; but Schwartz was taken before the

magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

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

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

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans, “have you any message for the King of The Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and, advising him to make himself

comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the lightest spirits in the world

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

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

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed ; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer , yet he thought he had never traversed so strange, or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water , not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but, none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the

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

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

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the

bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted ; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt “ Three drops are enough,” at last thought he , “ I may at least cool my lips with it.”

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

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment , and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side , it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him.

It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark grey cloud came over the sun, and long, snake like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness, the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River sprung from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe and sprang on to complete his task. At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a grey-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "water! I am dying."

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

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

THE BLACK STONE.

IV

How Mr Schwartz set off on an expedition to the Golden River, and how he prospered therein.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house, for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the

house, nor any money ; so Gluck went, and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went, and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

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

came upon him as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water

“Water indeed,” said Schwartz, “I haven’t half enough for myself,” and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West, and, when he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. “Water, indeed,” said Schwartz, “I haven’t half enough for myself,” and on he went

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

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned, and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. “Ha, ha,” laughed Schwartz, “are you

there ? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed ! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you* ?” And he strode over the figure , yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back , but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why , but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float, between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood , and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire ; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

V.

How little Gluck set off on an expedition to the Golden River, and how he prospered therein ; with other matters of interest.

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

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was

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

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the road-side, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer, and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill, and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned, and began climbing again. And then there were all

kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

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

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

“Thank you,” said the monarch, “but don’t be frightened, it’s all right,” for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. “Why didn’t you come before,” continued the dwarf, “instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too.”

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

“Guel!” said the dwarf, “they poured unholy water into my stream do you suppose I’m going to allow that?”

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

“Very probably,” replied the dwarf, “but,” and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, “the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water

which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses.”

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

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

And Gluck clumbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise. Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley, and, as he

went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand. And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love. And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door, so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold. And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point to the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And, at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen

Two Black Stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset, and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC

The closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. The pages of romance can furnish no more striking episode than the battle of Quebec. The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled. A broad, open plain, offering no advantages to either party, was the field of fight. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength, if not in numbers. The chiefs of both were men already of honourable fame. France trusted firmly in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm. England trusted hopefully in the young and heroic Wolfe. The magnificent stronghold which was staked upon the issue of the strife stood close at hand. For miles and miles around, the prospect extended over as fair a land as ever rejoiced the sight of man—mountain and valley, forest and waters, city and solitude, grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty.

Quebec stands on the slope of a lofty eminence on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. A table-land extends westward from the citadel for about nine miles. The portion of the heights nearest the town on the west is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow path winding up the side

of the steep precipice from the river. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Up this narrow path Wolfe decided to lead secretly his whole army, and make the plains his battle-ground !

The extraordinary daring of the enterprise was its safety. The wise and cautious Montcalm had guarded against all the probable chances of war ; but he was not prepared against an attempt for which the pages of romance can scarcely furnish a parallel.

He knew indeed of the existence of the path up which Wolfe led his army. But his remark " We need not suppose that the enemy have wings," showed that he did not believe it possible for Wolfe to make use of this narrow track.

Great preparations were made throughout the fleet and the army for the decisive movement ; but the plans were still kept secret. A wise caution was observed in this respect ; for the treachery of a single deserter might have imperilled the success of the expedition, had its exact object been known. At nine o'clock at night, on the 13th of September 1759, the first division of the army, 1,600 strong, silently removed into flat-bottomed boats. The soldiers were in high spirits : Wolfe led in person. About an hour before day-light, the flotilla dropped

down with the ebb-tide. “ Weather favourable ; a star-light night.”

Silently and swiftly, unchallenged by the French sentries, Wolfe’s flotilla dropped down the stream in the shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the waters with their oars, the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken, save by the young general. He, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterwards related, repeated, in a low voice, to the officers by his side, Gray’s “ *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* , ” and as he concluded the beautiful verses, he said, “ Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec ! ”

But while Wolfe thus in the poet’s words gave vent to the intensity of his feelings, his eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the heights under which he was hurrying. He recognised at length the appointed spot (now called Wolfe’s Cove), and leaped ashore. Some of the leading boats, conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders, had, in the meantime, been carried about two hundred yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain Donald MacDonald, were the first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without path or track upon its rocky face. On the summit, a French

sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence

Without a moment's hesitation, MacDonald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff. Half the ascent was already won, when, for the first time "Qui vive?" (who comes there?), broke the silence of the night. "La France," answered the Highland captain with ready self-possession and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round.

In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard. They hastily turned out, fired one irregular volley down the precipice, and fled in panic. The captain, M. De Vergor, alone, though wounded, stood his ground. When summoned to surrender, he fired at one of the leading assailants, but was instantly overpowered. In the meantime, nearly five hundred men landed and made their way up the height. Those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the entrenched post at the top of the path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray landed with the first division. As fast as each boat was cleared,

it put back for reinforcements to the ships, which had now also floated down with the tide to a point nearly opposite that of disembarkation. The battalions formed on the narrow beach at the foot of the winding path, and as soon as completed, each ascended the cliff, when they again formed upon the plains above.

The boats plied busily, company after company was quickly landed and as soon as the men touched the shore, they swarmed up the steep ascent with ready alacrity. When morning broke, the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army stood in firm array upon the table-land above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill, and even that was not got into position without incredible difficulty.

Montcalm was already worsted as a general: it was still, however, left him to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. He commanded the centre column in person. His total force engaged was 7,520, besides Indians. Wolfe showed only a force of 4,828 of all ranks, but every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance made by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's

position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe, at the head of the 28th, was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled. Wrapping a handkerchief round the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady and to be ready and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger: with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered. Their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order to "fire." At once the long row of muskets was levelled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm, but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged

them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French, but soon the ardour of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline—they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy off their path.

Wolfe was then wounded in the body, but he concealed his suffering, for his duty was not yet accomplished. Again a ball from the redoubt struck him on the breast. He reeled on one side; but at the moment that was not generally observed, "Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sank, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage: the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a

courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain. The head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound from that time all was utter rout.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered on his sight, but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See ! they run !" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and asked eagerly, "Who run ?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer, "they give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," said Wolfe. "tell him to march Webbe's (the 48th) regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles river,

to cut off the retreat " His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned on his side, as if seeking an easier position. When he had given this last order, his eyes closed in death.

When the news reached England, triumph and lamentation were strangely intermingled. Astonishment and admiration at the splendid victory, with sorrow for the loss of the gallant victor, filled every breast. Throughout all the land were illuminations and public rejoicings, except in the little Kentish village of Westerham, where Wolfe had been born, and where his widowed mother now mourned her only child.

Wolfe's body was embalmed, and borne to the river for conveyance to England. The army escorted it in solemn state to the beach. They mourned their young general's death as sincerely as they had followed him in battle bravely. His remains were landed at Plymouth with the highest honours. minute-guns were fired, flags were hoisted half-mast high, and an escort with arms reserved received the coffin on the shore. They were then conveyed to Greenwich, and buried beside those of his father, who had died but a few months before.

After further successes of the British in other parts of Canada, under Generals Amherst, Haviland,

and Sir William Johnson, the French cause became utterly hopeless. On the 8th of September, 1760, a British force of 16,000 men assembled before Montreal, and on the same day a capitulation was signed which severed Canada from France for ever.

One of the most important political questions that have ever moved the human race was decided in this struggle. When a few English and French emigrants first landed among the Virginian and Canadian forests, it began when the British flag was hoisted on the citadel of Quebec, it was decided. From that day Providence pointed out to the Anglo-Saxon race that to them was henceforth entrusted the destiny of the New World.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows —

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Baghdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life, and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream'

'Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceed-

ingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

“ I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several who had passed by it had been entertained with music, but I had never heard that the musician had been made visible before. When, by those transporting airs which he played, he had raised my thoughts to taste the pleasures of his conversation, I looked upon him like one astonished. Thereupon he beckoned to me, and directed me by the waving of his hand to approach the place where he sat.

“ I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature, and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with

which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies, follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at the one end and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation'

"'Examine now,' continued he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life, consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which,

added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge had consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood had swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition in which I now beheld it.

“ ‘ But tell me further,’ said he, ‘ what thou discoverest on it ? ’ ‘ I see multitudes of people passing over it,’ said I, ‘ and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.’ As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it, and, upon further examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared.

‘ These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

‘ There were, indeed, some persons, but their numbers were very small, that continued a kind of

hobbling march on the broken arches, but they fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk

“I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves.

“Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank

‘In this confusion of objects I observed many with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

“The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. ‘Take thy eyes off the bridge’

said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!'

"The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thy eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.'

"I directed my sight as I was ordered, and whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or scattered part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I know not, but I saw the valley opening

at the farther end and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had huge rock running through the midst of it and dividing it into two equal parts.

“ The clouds still rested on one half of it, inso-much that I could discover nothing in it ; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers , and I could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments.

“ Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of Death, which I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

“ ‘ The islands,’ said he, ‘ that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears covered as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than

thy eye or even thy imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him.'

'I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length I said, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.'

'The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time; but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.'

THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISÆUM.

As the Romans grew prouder and more fond of pleasure, no one could hope to please them who did not give them sports and entertainments. When any person wished to be elected to any public office, it was a matter of course that he should compliment his fellow-citizens by exhibitions of the kind they loved, and when the common people were discontented, their cry was that they wanted *panem ac Circenses* ("bread and sports") the only things they cared for. In most places where there has been a large Roman colony, remains can be seen of the amphitheatres, where the citizens were wont to assemble for these diversions. Sometimes these are stages of circular galleries of seats hewn out of the hillside, where rows of spectators might sit one above the other, all looking down on a broad, flat space in the centre, under their feet, where the representations took place. Sometimes, when the country was flat, or it was easier to build than to excavate, the amphitheatre was raised above ground, rising up to a considerable height.

The grandest and most renowned of all these amphitheatres is the Colisæum at Rome. It was

built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labour at it, and the materials, granite outside and softer stone within, are so solid and so admirably built that still at the end of eighteen centuries it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome

Five acres of ground were enclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which outside rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches one above the other. Within, the galleries of seats projected forwards, each tier coming out far beyond the one above it, so that between the lowest and the outer wall there was room for a great space of chambers, passages, and vaults around the central space, called the arena, from the *arena*, or sand, with which it was strewn.

When the Roman emperors grew very vain and luxurious, they used to have this sand made ornamental with metallic filings, vermilion, and even powdered precious stones, but it was thought better taste to use the scrapings of a soft white stone, which, when thickly strewn, made the whole arena look as if covered with untrodden snow. Around the border of this space flowed a stream of

fresh water. Then came a straight wall, rising to a considerable height and surmounted by a broad platform, on which stood a throne for the Emperor, chairs of ivory and gold for the chief magistrates and senators, and seats for the vestal virgins. Next above were galleries for the equestrian order, the great mass of those who considered themselves as of gentle station, though not of the highest rank; farther up, and therefore farther back, were the galleries belonging to the freemen of Rome, and these were again surmounted by another plain wall with a platform at the top, where were places for the ladies, who were not (except the vestal virgins) allowed to look on nearer, because of the unclothed state of some of the performers in the arena. Between the ladies' boxes benches were squeezed in where the lowest people could seat themselves, and some of these likewise found room in the two uppermost tiers of porticos, where sailors, mechanics, and persons in the service of the Colisaeum had their post. Altogether, when full, this huge building held no less than 87,000 spectators. It had no roof, but when there was rain, or if the sun was too hot, the sailors in the porticos unfurled awnings that ran along upon ropes, and formed a covering of silk and gold

tissue over the whole. Purple was the favourite colour for this *velamen*, or veil, because, when the sun shone through it, it cast such beautiful rosy tints on the snowy arena and the white purple-edged togas of the Roman citizens.

· Long days were spent from morning till evening upon those galleries. The multitude who poured in early would watch the great dignitaries arrive and take their seats, greeting them either with shouts of applause or hootings of dislike, according as they were favourites or otherwise, and when the Emperor came in to take his place under his canopy, there was one loud acclamation, "Joy to thee, master of all, first of all, happiest of all. Victory to thee for ever!"

When the Emperor had seated himself and given the signal the sports began. Sometimes a rope-dancing elephant would begin the entertainment, by mounting even to the summit of the building and descending by a cord. Then a bear, dressed up as a Roman matron, would be carried along in a chair between porters, as ladies were wont to go abroad, and another bear, in a lawyer's robe, would stand on his hind legs and go through the motions of pleading in a case. Or a lion came forth with a jewelled crown on his head, a diamond

necklace round his neck, his mane plaited with gold, and his claws gilded, and played a hundred pretty, gentle antics with a little hare that danced fearlessly within his grasp. Then in would come twelve elephants—six males in the toga, six females with the veil and pallium, they took their places on couches around an ivory table, dined with great decorum, playfully sprinkling a little rosewater over the nearest spectators, and then received more guests of their own unwieldy kind, who arrived in ball dresses, scattered flowers, and performed a dance.

Sometimes water was let into the arena, a ship sailed in, and falling to pieces in the midst, sent a crowd of strange animals swimming in all directions. Sometimes the ground opened, and trees came growing up through it, bearing golden fruits. Or the beautiful old tale of Orpheus was acted: these trees would follow the harp and song of the musician; but—to make the whole part complete—it was no mere play, but real earnest, that the Orpheus of the piece fell a prey to live bears.

For the Colisaeum had not been built for such harmless spectacles as those first described. The fierce Romans wanted to be excited and feel themselves strongly stirred; and presently the doors

of the pits and dens round the arena were thrown open, and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another—rhinoceroses and tigers, bulls and lions, leopards and wild boars—while the people watched with savage curiosity to see the various kinds of attack and defence, or, if the animals were cowed or sullen, their rage would be worked up—red would be thrown to the bulls, white to boars, red-hot goads would be thrust into some, whips would be lashed at others, till the work of slaughter was fairly commenced, and gazed on with greedy eyes, and ears delighted, instead of horror-struck, by the roars and howls of the noble creatures whose courage was thus misused. Sometimes, indeed, when some specially strong or ferocious animal had slain a whole heap of victims, the cries of the people would decree that it should be turned loose in its native forest, and amid shouts of “A triumph! a triumph!” the beast would prowl round the arena, upon the carcasses of the slain victims. Almost incredible numbers of animals were imported for these cruel sports, and the governors of distant provinces made it a duty to collect troops of lions, elephants, ostriches, leopards—the fiercer or the newer the creature the better—to be thus tortured to frenzy, to make sport in the amphitheatre. However, there was

daintiness joined with cruelty. The Romans did not like the smell of blood though they enjoyed the sight of it, and all the solid stonework was pierced with tubes, through which was conducted the steam of spices and saffron, boiled in wine, that the perfume might overpower the scent of slaughter below

Wild beasts tearing each other to pieces might, one would think, satisfy any taste for horror, but the spectators needed even nobler game to be set before their favourite monsters—men were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were, at first, in full armour, and fought hard, generally with success, and there was a revolving machine, something like a squirrel's cage, in which a bear was always climbing after his enemy, and then rolling over by his own weight. Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gaining the victory by swiftness and dexterity, throwing a piece of cloth over a lion's head, or disconcerting him by putting their fist down his throat. But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans loved to see, and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast the lions, and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death. Among these condemned was many a Christian martyr, who witnessed a good confession

before the savage-eyed multitude around the arena, and “met the lion’s gory mane” with a calm resolution and hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. To see a Christian die, with upward gaze and hymns of joy on his tongue, was the most strange and unaccountable sight the Colisæum could offer, and it was therefore the choicest, and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which the brute creation had a part.

The carcasses were dragged off with hooks, the blood-stained sand was covered with a fresh clean layer, the perfume was wafted in stronger clouds, and a procession came forward—tall, well-made men in the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword and a lasso, others a trident and a net, some were in light armour, others in the full, heavy equipment of a soldier, some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in, and made their obeisance to the Emperor, and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building. *Ave, Cæsar, morturi te salutant!* (“Hail, Cæsar, those about to die salute thee.”)

They were the gladiators—the swordsmen trained to fight to the death to amuse the populace. They were usually slaves placed in schools of

arms under the care of a master. But sometimes persons would voluntarily hire themselves out to fight by way of a profession, and both these, and such slave-gladiators as did not die in the arena, would sometimes retire, and spend an old age of quiet; but there was little hope of this, for the Romans were not apt to have mercy on the fallen.

Fights of all sorts took place—the light-armed soldier and the nets-man—the lasso and the javelin—the two heavy-armed warriors—all combinations of single combat, and sometimes a general *melee*. When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he shouted to the spectators, *hoc habet* ! (“ He has it ”), and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. If the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down, he was to die; and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the death-blow, there was a scornful shout, *recipe, ferrum* ! (“ Receive the steel ”).

Sacred vestals, tender mothers, fat, good-humoured senators, all thought it fair play, and were equally pitiless in the strange frenzy for exciting scenes to which they gave themselves up when they mounted the stone stairs of the Coliseum.

Privileged persons would even descend into the arena, and examine the death-agonies of some specially brave victim ere the corpse was drawn forth at the death-gate, that the frightful game might continue undisturbed and unencumbered. Gladiator shows were the great passion of Rome, and popular favour could hardly be gained except by ministering to it. Even when the barbarians were beginning to close in on the Empire, hosts of brave men were still kept for this slavish mimic warfare—sport to the beholders, but sad earnest to the actors.

Christianity worked its way upwards, and at last was professed by the Emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Colisaeum. The Christian emperors endeavoured to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the Emperor. Mere tricks of beasts, horse and chariot races, or bloodless contests were tame and dull, according to the diseased taste of Rome, it was thought weak and sentimental to object to looking on at a death-scene, the emperors were generally absent at Constantinople, and thus the games went on for full

a hundred years after Rome had, in name, become a Christian city, and the same customs prevailed wherever there were an amphitheatre and pleasure-loving people

Meantime the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer, and Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Honorius, the Emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotic boy, but his brave general Stilicho, assembled his forces, met the Goths at Pollentia (about twenty-five miles from where Turin now stands), and gave them a complete defeat on the Easter Day of the year 403. He pursued them into the mountains, and for that time saved Rome. In the joy of the victory the Roman Senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermilion cheeks with which, of old, victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the Temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives, but Roman bloodthirstiness was not yet allayed, and, after all the procession had been completed, the Coliseum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots; then

followed a grand hunting of beasts turned loose in the arena ; and next a sword-dance. But after the sword-dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords—a combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes. Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly-robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and signing back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy in turning away the sword of the enemy by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words, this was no place for preachings—the old customs of Rome should be observed—"Back, old man!"—"On, gladiators!" The gladiators thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. He still stood between, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. "Sedition! Sedition! Down with him!" was the cry; and the man in authority, the governor of Rome, himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained down upon him from the curious people, and he perished in

the midst of the arena. He lay dead, and then came the feeling of what had been done

His dress showed that he was one of the hermits who vowed themselves to a holy life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly revered, even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him said that he had come from the wilds of Asia on pilgrimage, to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas at Rome, they knew he was a holy man, no more, and it is not even certain whether his name was Alymachus or Telemachus. His spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty or die. He had died but not in vain. His work was done. The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people, they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly surrendered themselves, and from the day when the hermit died in the Coliseum there was never another fight of gladiators. Not merely at Rome, but in every province of the Empire, the custom was utterly abolished, and one habitual crime at least was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of one humble, obscure, almost nameless man.

EXERCISES IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION.

THE GREAT WAR.

AN INDIAN WINNER OF THE VICTORIA CROSS

I. Practise usages in :—

to make one's mark , beyond human endurance , now
and then , to be exposed to , in spite of , of course ,
determined to hold out

II Give the meanings of prefixes and suffixes
in the following —

inevitably , opposing , inspire , momentary ; distinc-
tion , survivor , bullet , subjection

III Fill in the blanks in the following —

(a) He was promoted—the rank—Subedar

(b) His living and safety depend—the strength of
his own arm

(c) They contented themselves—keeping up a heavy
fire.

(d)—nearly an hour the German line was heavily
bombarded

(e) The attacking troops were soon involved—the
poisonous clouds

IV Analyse into clauses, giving the function
of each clause —

(1) All that our men could do was to cover their faces
with wet handkerchiefs or *pagnis* , some were unable
to improvise even this poor protection

(2) How the wild valour of the hillmen could adapt
itself to modern war, the story of Jemadar Mir Dast
will show.

(3) There were wounded men still left to be brought in.

V. Give in your own words an account of the gallant defence put up by Jemadar Mir Dast and his comrades at the second battle of Ypres.

VI. Explain the following :—

- (a) It afforded no cover at all, while about half way there was a slight ridge, and the last part sloped upwards to the German trenches.
- (b) Long may the memory of his brave deeds be kept bright in the hearts of his countrymen.
- (c) They would have been able to hold the ground which they had gained, had the Germans not resorted once again to their horrible weapon of poison gas.
- (d) From this inferno of appalling noise and fearful death many had fallen back.
- (e) To advance to the attack on a German trench in the face of bullet, shell and gas involves a greater strain than skirmishing amid the wild hills of the Khyber Pass, but courage, coolness, and resources are qualities that are the same, whatever the conditions under which they are displayed.

VII. Write a letter as from Jemadar Mir Dast in France to a friend of his in India giving an account of the heroic part played by him in the second battle of Ypres.

VIII. Draft a letter in reply to the above letter.

LITTLE SNOWDROP.

I. Give suitable epithets to describe the character of each of the following :—

- (a) Snowdrop.
- (b) The queen.
- (c) The seven dwarfs.

Cite incidents to show which epithet is applicable to which person.

II. Narrate briefly little Snowdrop's life in the seven dwarfs' house in the forest

III. Write an essay on *Envy*.

IV. Change the form of speech of each of the following :—

(a) " Little glass upon the wall,

Who is fairest among us all ?"

(b) She told them how her step-mother had tried to kill her, how the huntsman had spared her life, and how she had run the whole day through, till at last she had found their little house

(c) " Run away then, poor child ! The wild beasts will soon make an end of thee."

(d) The prince answered joyfully, " You are with me. I love you more dearly than anything else in the world. Come with me to my father's castle, and be my wife."

V. Form (A) nouns from.—

drop ; obey , short , friend ; woman , destroy , dear ;
marry ; merry.

(B) Adjectives from :—

beauty, mountain; motion, fair, clean; child; orn.

(C) Verbs from —

blood, grow, please, dead; breath, dear; beauty;
obey, proud.

VI. Complete each of the following by adding a subordinate clause.—

(a) She stood speechless, when————

(b) You can stay with us if————

(c) Take care that————

(d) I cannot tell you how————

(e) The old woman laced so tight that————

VII. Add a suitable principal clause to each of the following —

(a) If you will follow our advice————

(b) Whatever you like to ask for it —————

(c) When they came home in the evening————

(d)————that all the blood rushed to her heart

(e)————as long as her feet could carry her

VIII Transform the following as directed —

(a) Take the child out in the forest Kill her, and bring me her lungs and liver as tokens that you have done it (change the voice of all the verbs)

(b) The seventh, when he looked in his bed, saw Snow-drop there, fast asleep (change into a simple sentence)

(c) When it was grown quite dark, home came the masters of the house, seven dwarfs, who dug and mined for iron among the mountains (Reduce the number of finite verbs to *one*).

THE GRATEFUL TURK.

I. Frame sentences of your own to show the correct use of each of the following expressions — to leave no stone unturned, instead of, by accident, with the utmost courtesy, to take delight in, set at liberty, to take a person aback, on purpose, overwhelmed with sorrow, as to, moment of suspense

II Illustrate the use of appropriate prepositions after —

fix, restore, bound, congratulate, responsible, attached, opposite, discuss

III. Fill in the blanks in the following —

(a) The greater part—the crew belonging—the Venetian vessel were struck—consternation, and seemed already overcome—fear

(b) It has given me an opportunity—showing that I was not altogether undeserving—your kindness

(c) Do not add insult—injury Cease to torment me —proposals more shocking than even these chains

(d) You are not—blame—the barbarity—your countrymen

(e) He does not appear much exposed—dangers.

(f) He was put—board a ship which was going—one—the Grecian islands.

IV. With the help of different prefixes form at least three words from the same root as each of the words given below and give the significance of the prefix used in each case :—

proposal, succeed, attract, discharge, expression, suffer

V. Analyse the following and parse the words italicised .—

- (a) At these words, the merchants, without *seeming* much *abashed*, told him he was sorry he had offended him, but that he *thought* freedom had been much *dearer* to him than he found it was
- (b) *What damage* can he have done you more than all *the rest* whom you *have* priced so cheaply ?

VI Paraphrase —

- (1) Is it wonderful that I should pine in silence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of my liberty, the first and noblest present of nature ?
- (2) Go, and know that Hamid would not stoop to the vile trade of assassin for all the wealth of Venice !— no ! not even to purchase the freedom of all his race
- (3) Words fail me to describe the joy or the gratitude of Hamid at this unexpected deliverance
- (4) Francisco and his son embarked, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years, respected and esteemed, mindful of the vicissitudes of fortune in human affairs and conscientious in the discharge of their duties to their fellow-creatures

VII. Describe briefly the fire that broke out in Francisco's house and of the circumstances under which his son was rescued by Hamid.

VIII. Give in a few sentences your estimate of Hamid's character.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

I Report in your own words in the indirect speech the substance of the conversation that took place between King Midas and the lustrous stranger at their first meeting

II Put the following in the indirect form of speech after a verb in the past tense —

“ Go, then, and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into the former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned ”

III Describe what use King Midas made of the gift of the Golden Touch

IV Show from the story of King Midas that “ Gold is not everything ”

V Paraphrase the following to bring out clearly the meanings of the italicised expressions —

- (1) As Midas knew that he had carefully *turned the key* in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly *break into* his treasure-room, he, *of course*, concluded that the visitor must be something *more than a mortal*
- (2) He had scarcely broken it when, *to his cruel mortification*, it assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal.

- (3) It struck Midas rather inconvenient that, *with all his wealth*, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

VI. (A) Make sentences with the adjectives formed from —

bottom, desire, change, sincerity, mischief, avarice, wealth, yellow, substance

(B) Give the significance of the suffixes in the following —

enjoyments, supernatural, golden, magnificent, fragrance, pitiable.

VII Use the following words in sentences to show that each of them can be used as more than one part of speech —

half, mortal, object, head, good, back, stroke, while, since, water.

VIII Fill in the blanks in the following —

(a) Before he was so entirely possessed——this insane desire——riches, King Midas had shown a great taste——flowers.

(b) I don't care——such roses——this.

(c) Did you ever hear——such a pitiable case——all your lives ?

(d) A fly settled——his nose, but immediately fell——the ground.

(e) But it was not——while to vex himself——a trifle.

(f) You have at length hit——something that will satisfy you.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I Describe in your own words some of the *comical pranks* that Puck used to play on people in the neighbouring villages

II Relate briefly the consequences of Puck's blunder in carrying out Oberon's instructions to pour some of the juice of the purple flower into the eyes of a disdainful youth in Athenian garments

III. Supply appropriate prepositions in the spaces left blank —

- (1) I am a spirit—no common rate
- (2) Saying these words—great anger, she ran away, and Lysander followed, quite forgetful—her own Hermia
- (3) The fairy king, who was always friendly—true lovers, felt great compassion—Helena
- (4) Helena loved Demetrius—distraction, but the honourable reason which Hermia gave—not obeying her father's command moved not the stern Egeus

IV. Complete the following as directed —

- (1) The cause of this disagreement was (add a noun clause).
- (2) Which maids call "Love in Idleness" (use the given clause as an adjective clause)
- (3) When he awoke (show that the given clause can be used as a noun, adjective or adverbial clause).
- (4) Where grew wild cow-slips (answer as No 3 above).

V. (A) Construct sentences containing the following words and phrases.—

put in force, negligence, incredible, put to death, without much ado, lose sight of, quarrelsome, as soon as, throughout.

(B) Explain the meaning of the following words by explaining the meaning and significance of the prefix or suffix in each case —

incredible, dejection, unfrequently, irresistible, magnificently, inconstancy

VI. (A) Express in your own words the sense of the opening sentence of the story “(A Midsummer Night’s Dream)” in four or five shorter sentences.

(B) Break up the following sentence into as many sentences as there are finite verbs in it —

There was one instance, however, of an old man whose name was Egeus, who actually did come to complain before Theseus that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, refused to obey him because she loved another person named Lysander

(C) Transform into a simple sentence —

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

VII. Make sentences to show the difference between the uses of:—

- (i) a simple infinitive and a gerundial infinitive, and
- (ii) a gerund and a participle.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

I. How did Gluck and his brothers come to get the nickname of the "Black Brothers"? To what extent did Gluck deserve the epithet 'Black'?

II. Narrate briefly how Gluck was used by his brothers for his kind and sympathetic treatment of the little gentleman during their absence from home.

III. What was the condition of the Treasure Valley after South-West Wind Esquire had left it?

IV. Write a paragraph in indirect speech on each of the following —

(a) Gluck's first interview with the King of the Golden River

(b) The substance of the conversation between Gluck and the little old gentleman on the occasion of their first meeting

(c) Why Gluck was successful in reaching the Golden River whereas his brothers were turned into Black Stones in the course of their quest for the same

V. Practise usages in —

to come in sight, unlooked for, prevail over; prevail upon, to make up one's mind, to send for, on his way back; by no means, to take off.

VI. Punctuate the following, inserting capitals where necessary:—

I beg pardon sir may not I take your cloak no thank you said the old gentleman your cap sir I am all right

thank you said the gentleman but sir I am very sorry you're putting the fire out It will take longer to do the mutton then replied his visitor drily

VII. Supply the omissions in the following —

- (1) Its crops were so heavy,—it was commonly called the Treasure Valley
- (2) It was never known that they had given so much—a penny or a crust—charity.
- (3) I will just let him in for a quarter—an hour
- (4) The rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap—it flew out of Schwartz—hand
- (5) The flood had swept away all trees, crops and cattle, and left—their stead a waste—red and grey mud
- (6) Hans,—hearing this, contrived to escape, but Schwartz was taken—the magistrate and fined—breaking the peace and thrown—prison till the fine could be paid—him
- (7) “ Cast these—the river and descend—the other side—the mountains—the Treasure Valley.”

VIII. (A) Write down the prefixes meaning —

- (*i*) under, (*ii*) before, (*iii*) after, (*iv*) badly, (*v*) down, (*vi*) between, (*vii*) across or beyond, (*viii*) back, (*ix*) against.

Give examples.

(B) Exemplify the use of the suffixes meaning :—

- (*i*) made of, (*ii*) full of, (*iii*) somewhat like, (*iv*) little; (*v*) cost of; (*vi*) to make, (*vii*) pertaining to, (*viii*) without.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

I Give an account, in your own words, of the final struggle between the English and the French in Canada, dealing specially with the following points about the battle of Quebec —

- (a) Numerical strength of the forces on either side
- (b) Discipline and ardour of the British troops
- (c) Coolness, courage and zeal displayed by Wolfe to the last
- (d) How the news of Wolfe's death and the British triumph was received in England

II Make sentences with —

From time to time , gave way , close at hand , without a moment's hesitation , to make head against , gave vent to , in high spirits , seize an opportunity , in person

III Explain —

- (1) The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled
- (2) For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm, but a few paces told how fatal had been the force of the long-suspended blow
- (3) The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage, the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered
- (4) A wise caution was observed in this respect, for the treachery of a single deserter might have imperilled

the success of the expedition, had its exact object been known.

IV Fill in the blanks —

- (a) Again a ball—the redoubt struck him—the breast.
He reeled—one side, but—the moment that was not generally observed
- (b) —a few minutes the rustling of the trees alarmed the French guard and they fled—panic
- (c) Montcalm had guarded—all the probable chances of war, but he was not prepared—an attempt—which the pages of romance can scarcely furnish a parallel
- (d) Meantime the French had given way, and were flying—all directions

V Explain the meaning of the following words to make clear the significance of the prefix and suffix in each —

expedition, incessant, intermarriage, successor, encouragement, irregularity, extraordinarily decisive; disembarkation

VI. (A) Analyse —

- (1) He raised himself, *like one aroused* from sleep, and asked eagerly, “Who run?”
- (2) After a *spirited* advance made by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body was seen approaching Wolfe’s *position*
- (3) Montcalm’s remark “we need not *suppose* that the enemy have wings” *showed* that he did not believe it possible for Wolfe *to make* use of this narrow track.

(B) Parse fully all the italicised words in (A) above.

VII. Change each of the following into a simple sentence —

- (1) The pages of history can furnish no more striking episode than the battle of Quebec.
- (2) "Support me," said Wolfe to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall"
- (3) Those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the intrenched post at the top of the path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

- (b) The verbs formed from —title, grass, appear, pass, move, fall, large, number, place, m'nd, hand, sure
- (c) The adjectives formed from —eternity, grass, please, answer, virtue, heaven, custom, mind, happy, tide, person, m'rth, number

V. Combine each of the following sets of sentences into one complex sentence without using inverted commas —

(A) (1) I was musing

(2) I said to myself, "Surely, man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

(3) Just then I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock.

(4) On the rock I saw a person.

(5) The person whom I saw was dressed like a shepherd.

(6) The person had a musical instrument in his hand.

(7) The rock was not far from me

(B) (1) I fetched a deep sigh

(2) I also said, "Alas! man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! How is he tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!"

(3) On hearing these words the genius was moved with compassion towards me.

(4) The genius said to me, "Look no more on man in the first stage of his existence, but cast thy eyes on that thick mist."

VI. Describe any vision or dream that you have ever had.

VII. Exemplify the use of appropriate prepositions after the following words —

different, entertain, due, divide, according, think;
familiar, remind, extend.

THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISAEUM.

I Explain the italicised expressions in the following —

- (1) It was a *matter of course* that he should compliment his fellow-citizens
- (2) Custom and love of excitement *prevailed even against* the Emperor
- (3) To make the whole part complete—it was *no mere play, but real earnest*, that *the orphans of the piece* fell a prey to live bears
- (4) Almost *incredible* number of animals were imported for these cruel sports—to be thus *tortured to frenzy*
- (5) Some of these were, at first, *in full armour* and fought hard, generally with success
- (6) These were the gladiators—the swordsmen trained to *fight to the death* to amuse the populace
- (7) Even when the barbarians were *beginning to close in on* the Empire, hosts of brave men were still kept for this slavish *mimic warfare*—sport to the beholders, but *sad earnest to the actors*.
- (8) One *habitual crime* at least was wiped from the earth by the devotion of one humble, *obscure*, almost nameless man

II Give in your own words a short description of the Colisaeum at Rome

III. How do you account for the fact that, in spite of the spread of Christianity, gladiatorial combats continued in Rome ?

IV. How did gladiatorial combats originate in Rome? What was their political importance?

V. From the sentence given below deduce the actual words of the speaker mentioned therein —

A rude, roughly-robed man, bare-headed and bare-footed had sprung into the arena and signing back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy in turning away the enemy's sword by encouraging murder

VI. (A) Analyse —

When any person wished to be elected to any public office, it was a matter of course that he should compliment his fellow-citizens by exhibitions of the kind they loved, and, when the common people were discontented, their cry was that they wanted "bread and sports," the only things they cared for.

(B) Reduce the above sentence to a compound sentence *containing only two finite verbs*.

VII. Describe any wrestling match that you have ever witnessed.

GENERAL.

I (A) Think of suitable epithets to describe the character of each of the following —

Midas, Montcalm, Hamid, Hans, Puck, Snowdrop's step-mother, Gluck.

Which of these characters do you admire most? and why?

(B) Which do you like better, the story of *The Grateful Turk* or that of *Mir Dast*? Give your reasons in full.

(C) Whose courage and sacrifice do you appreciate more, Wolte's in the *Battle of Quebec* or the nameless Hermit's in the *Last Fight in the Colisæum*? Give reasons.

(D) Of *Little Snowdrop's step-mother*, *Hans*, and *Schwartz*, which character is, in your opinion, the worst? and why?

(E) Write down the points of likeness between the characters of *Gluck* and *Hamid*.

II (A) Explain the following with reference to the context —

(a) "Sedition! sedition! Down with him!" was the cry.

(b) He still had no thought for his own safety. On the way back he collected and brought in men from other trenches, some of them unconscious, who otherwise must have perished miserably

(c) "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain. How is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death?"

- (d) "Gold is not everything, and I have lost all that my heart really cared for"
- (e) "Go, and know that Hamid would not stoop to the vile trade of an assassin for all the wealth of Venice! No! not even to purchase the freedom of all his race!"
- (f) "Have the goodness to walk out again, then We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying-house"
- (g) "Support me, that my brave fellows may not see me fall"
- (h) "If you will keep our house, cook, make the beds, wash, sew and knit, and make all neat and clean, you can stay with us, and shall want for nothing."

(B) Write a short essay on any one of the following subjects, making use of incidents from the stories of the characters named in Question I above.—

- (1) Right use of money
- (2) Sympathy
- (3) Patriotism
- (4) Loyalty
- (5) Covetousness
- (6) No pains, no gains
- (7) Pride
- (8) Courage—false and true
- (9) Gratitude

III (A) Give other words, with different prefixes, of the same derivation as each of the following words explaining the significance of the prefixes used by you —

introduction, contractor, deposit, difference.

(B). Form adjectives and verbs from :—

act, live, courage, friend, breath, charge; hand;
gold, price, power, obey, horror, force, human,
number, fool

(C) Form nouns from :—

war, see, dry, depend, transport, intend, dismiss;
agree, fortune, dear, deny, boy, ball, complete;
senior

(D). Make sentences to show that you understand the difference in meaning between the following pairs of words —

compliment, complement, illicit, elicit, human,
humane, practice, practise, lightning, lightening,
advise, advice, principal, principle, council, counsel;
lose, loose, prey, pray, born and borne, birth,
berth, weak, week, incredible, incredulous, eligible,
illegible, stationary, stationery, waist, waste,
beside, besides, officious, official

(E). Expand the following words into phrases, or clauses. —

expired, enlist, illegible, concluded, invisible, colonist,
intolerable, graduated, optimist, maidenhood;
unequaled, optician, voluntarily, simultaneously;
inaudible

(F) Give one word for each of the following groups of words —

to make great, a small river, in a gloomy manner;
a man who always looks on the dark side of things,
looked over again, such as stands to reason.

(G). Write down sentences to show the different meanings of each of the following words —
 fair , fast , subject , point , sound , head , foot , part ;
 branch

IV. (A). Make sentences to exemplify the use of each of the following words as more than one part of speech —

fast , round , like , home , before , half , sound , flat , but.

(B). Show that the following phrases can do the work of adjectives and adverbs —

on the deck , near our school , beside the fort wall ,
 round the garden , to perform , in the village , on
 all sides , rolling

(C). Frame sentences to illustrate the use of the following words or phrases as nouns and adjectives —

to promise , lying , to give him , walking along the river
 bank.

V. (A). Use in sentences each of the following groups of words (*i*) as a noun , (*ii*) as an adjective, and (*iii*) as an adverb —

(a) home , (b) way , (c) where the two roads meet ;

(d) when our examination will take place , (e) you can
 help me a great deal.

(B). Supply subordinate clauses, stating the nature of the clause you supply in each case :—

(1) we should be sorry , (2) your brother promised ;

(3) we informed your father , (4) your uncle left the

place, (5) you will certainly be punished, (6) kindly grant my son two days' leave, (7) I have come here.

(C) Supply principal clauses —

- (1) that you could spare so much time, (2) since you are irregular, (3) when he is in town, (4) if he calls at 2 p m, (5) why I keep silent, (6) how you have been able to manage this affair, (7) where the meeting is to be held, (8) that I live in, (9) before the fire-engine arrived

(D) Expand the following sentences in the way indicated —

- (1) Tell him to come as early as he can—(where ? how ? and why ?)
 (2) Your father feels disappointed in you—(why ?)
 (3) The train left the station—(where ? when ? and why ?)
 (4) All the buildings, public and private, were decorated —(when ? why ? where ? and how ?)

VI Supply opposite words to those in italics. —

- (1) Who expected that *defeat* would be followed by—?
 (2) Grapes were *scarce* in the market, mangoes were—,
 (3) Your friend's *vices* exceed his—.
 (4) Those who learn first *to obey* know really how —
 (5) You have often *praised* him, why do you—him now ?
 (6) The speaker's lecture was quite *dull*, although the subject chosen by him was—
 (7) Are you still *working* as a temporary hand ? I thought you were—

VII. Correct the following sentences, giving reasons for your corrections —

- (1) I wish to admit my brother to your school
- (2) He will live in the school boarding
- (3) Tell me when your brother will leave for Lahore ?
- (4) Certainly it was not your friend who they blamed.
- (5) No sooner the teacher came that the pupils became silent
- (6) The sceneries of Kashmir are quite indescribable.
- (7) He has been doing this work since ten years and yet he don't understand such a simple thing
- (8) Your conduct is such which I cannot lightly pass over.
- (9) He asked me that how much old are you ?
- (10) I told that I am much glad to see you
- (11) Is it true that your father is the graduate of the Benares Hindu University ?
- (12). The furnitures of this room are very fine.

VIII. Write the questions to which the following are the answers .—

- (1) No ! I dare not let you in
- (2) I am now come to discuss the matter more calmly with you
- (3) The genius then led me to the highest pinnacle of rock.
- (4) His dress showed that he was one of the hermits who vowed themselves to a holy life of prayer and self-denial.
- (5) I don't think that he will turn me into a black stone.

- (6) A piece of bread is worth all the gold on earth.
- (7) It is you who have set Lysander on to vex me
with mock praises
- (8) He concealed his suffering, for his duty was not yet
accomplished

IX. Imagining yourself to be the head of a department, frame at least half a dozen *questions* that you would put to a person seeking employment in your office.

NOTES.

AN INDIAN WINNER OF THE VICTORIA CROSS

PAGE 1

critical—full of risk

profoundly—deeply

protective masks—covers for the face to protect soldiers from effects of poison gas

PAGE 2

skirmishing—fighting in small parties and in a loose, irregular way

resource—quick wit, skill in devising new plans

flung—thrown.

asphyxiating gas—suffocating gas *asphyxia, suffocation*

PAGE 3

bombarded—attacked with shot and shell

inevitably—certainly

PAGE 4

writhing—twisting the body about in acute pain

quail—shrink, lose heart

improvise—provide without previous preparation

parapet—wall of earth for covering soldiers from the enemy's shot

staggered back—reeled or tottered back.

choking—in a state of suffocation

dismay—daunt, terrify

PAGE 5

fumes—vapours

inferno—hell

appalling—dreadful, terrifying

rallied—gathered together and reduced to order

murky air—air dark with smoke

PAGE 6

glimpse—a short view, a glance

was to the fore—was conspicuous, took a leading part

marksmanship—shooting.

PAGE 7.

V. C—Victoria Cross, a British military decoration conferred for bravery, founded by Queen Victoria in 1856 and thrown open to the Indian Army in 1911

LITTLE SNOWDROP.

PAGE 8.

ebony—a kind of hard black wood

PAGE 9

apace—quickly.

PAGE 13.

pondered—thought.

pedlar-woman—a woman who travelled about selling small articles

PAGE 14.

wares—articles for sale

bodice—woman's inner vest.

PAGE 16.

bargain was struck—terms were settled.

quivered with rage—trembled with fury.

PAGE 18. •

repose—rest, peace

bier—a frame of wood for conveying a corpse to the grave.

PAGE 20.

endure her anguish—bear her pain.

THE GRATEFUL TURK.

PAGE 22.

barbarous—savage, cruel

compassion—pity, sympathy.

testified—showed

took a fancy to—became very fond of

PAGE 23

innocent caresses—harmless show of affection

trickling—flowing in small stream

spectacle—sight

PAGE 24.

generous indignation—noble anger

bereft—deprived

PAGE 25.

rights of nature—natural rights of my fellow-men

fortitude—patience under suffering, courage in adversity.

eternal Majesty of Heaven—God

confront—face

appal—fill with fear

deliverance—freedom

horrid shape—frightful form

PAGE 26

deterred me from resenting—hindered me from taking offence at

assassin—a hired murderer (lit *a hashish eater*—from Arabic *hashshash*).

PAGE 27.

taken you aback—surprised you *Aback* (adv), by surprise, unexpectedly.

composed countenance—calm face.

PAGE 28

benefactors—persons who had conferred benefits upon him or given friendly aid

PAGE 29

horrid crash—frightful noise

tumult—confusion, uproar.

battlements—parapet running round the top of the building

intrepidity—fearlessness

PAGE 30.

resounded to the skies—was so loud that it seemed to reach the very
skies

so begrimed . **identified him**—so blackened with soot and
filth that he could not be recognised by any one.

PAGE 31

galleys—low, flat-built boats driven by oars and sails

PAGE 32

to discharge the debt of nature and gratitude—to suffer instead of my
father and to save the life of my patron's boy

disinterestedness—unselfishness

PAGE 33

an eternal adieu—a farewell for ever

maritime city—city situated near the sea, a sea-port
expeditious—quick, speedy

prospect of a happy passage—expectation of a fair voyage

struck with consternation—filled with terror

PAGE 35

hold of the ship—interior cavity of the ship below the deck

PAGE 36

retreat ignominiously—retire in a disgraceful manner

drudge—work as a slave

PAGE 37

Bey of Tunis—Governor of the Turkish province of Tunis

alleviating—relieving, mitigating

corsairs—pirate ships

PAGE 38

dismissed them—sent them away

reluctance—unwillingness

vicissitudes—changes

fluted—grooved.

tassel—an ornamental tuft of loosely hanging threads attached to the curtain

PAGE 48

hemmed—stitched round the edges, *to hem*, to form a hem or border on

spectacles—there were no spectacles in Midas' time An example of anachronism.

PAGE 49

balustrade—handrail of a staircase supported by a row of short posts or pillars called *balusters* (now usually *banisters*)

emerged—came out

PAGE 50

indefatigably—unweariedly

brook trout—a kind of freshwater fish esteemed as food A table delicacy

PAGE 51

In a summer's day—in a long day

a thimbleful of tears—a very small quantity of tears **Thimble**, a small metal cap for the finger used to push the needle in sewing

disconsolately—sorrowfully, gloomily

apron—a loose garment worn in front of body to protect the clothes

PAGE 53

a service of gold—cups, dishes and plates of gold for the breakfast table

PAGE 54

very cunningly—very skilfully, with great art

nicest goldsmith—goldsmith of the finest taste and skill

cruel mortification—bitter disappointment

Indian meal—maize.

PAGE 55

dispatch—promptness, rapidity, haste

PAGE 56

ravenous—voracious, very hungry

rich fare—golden food

paltry—trifling

PAGE 57

congealing—freezing (into gold).**ringlets**—curly locks of hair**insatiable**—incapable of being satisfied**dimple**—a natural hollow or depression in the cheek or chin

PAGE 58

wring his hands—twist his hands in despair

PAGE 59

disastrous faculty—fatal power.

PAGE 61

scampered—ran rapidly**positively marvellous**—simply wonderful**foliage**—leaves

PAGE 62

honest—simple**splutter**—puff, blow

PAGE 64

rock—move to and fro as in a cradle**all other gold save this**—omit *other*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

PAGE 65

loved to distraction—loved to a mad degree

PAGE 66

evil tidings—bad news

PAGE 67

acorn-cups —**acorn**, fruit of the oak tree, an oval nut which grows in a permanent cup**changeling boy**—boy left in the place of the one carried off by fairies.

It was formerly believed fairies stole away beautiful children, leaving in their place those that were ugly and deformed

PAGE 68

cross—thwart, oppose

shrewd—mischievous
comical pranks—merry tricks

PAGE 69.

roasted crab—a roasted wild apple, which in Shakespeare's day was put into warm spiced ale
goody—a pleasant looking old woman
bob—jump up, thus spilling the ale the old woman was about to drink
wasted—spent, a sense frequent in Shakespeare
Love in Idleness—the heart's ease or common pansy
meddling—mischievous

PAGE 70

diverted—amused
frollic—merry sport
dexterously—skilfully

PAGE 71

enamelled—glittering like enamel, a glass-like, semi-transparent substance used as an ornamental coating for various articles
cankers—destructive insects that prey upon blossoms
double tongue—forked tongue
newts—lizards
blind worm—a small harmless worm-like reptile, also called slow worm
 It has very minute eyes, so is popularly supposed to be blind.

PAGE 72

enjoined them—ordered them to perform
hazarding—endangering, exposing to grave risk

PAGE 73

consequence—importance
dejected and forlorn—depressed and miserable

PAGE 76

celestial—heavenly.
sampler—a piece of embroidered work done by girls for practice, or as a sample of their skill.

mouths—grimaces

PAGE 77.

jangling—quarrelling

counterfeit—imitate with a view to deceive.

PAGE 78

clown—an unmannerly rustic

clapping—placing by a quick movement

rate—rank

PAGE 79

amiable cheeks—lovely cheeks

amiable is not now applied to the external appearance but only to the disposition of persons

humble-bee—humming bee, *to humble*, is to hum

PAGE 80

wind—enfold

PAGE 81

loathed—hated

nap—short sleep

make amends for—atone for

PAGE 83

nuptials—marriage

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

PAGE 84.

secluded—retired

cataracts—waterfalls.

drought—want of rain, continuous dry weather

PAGE 85.

cricket—a jumping chirping insect

cicada—a shrill-chirping insect.

PAGE 86.

Mass—the communion-service in the Roman Catholic churches *The Communion* is the celebration of the Lord's Supper—a most sacred religious rite

tithes—tenth part of annual income arising from land or personal industry paid for the support of the clergy and church

haystacks—piles of hay with pointed tops

PAGE 87

black blight—a disease which blasts or nips plants

maledictions—curses.

PAGE 88

termination—end

pepper and salt colour—light colour dotted with dark

altitude—height

“ swallow tail ”—a coat with tapering tails or skirts

PAGE 89

paralysed—unnerved, reduced to a helpless condition deprived of physical and mental energy

a more energetic concerto—a more vigorous knocking, *concerto* is a sort of musical composition for several instruments combined

PAGE 90

LINES 10—13

As if it were licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing

A hungry man will pass his tongue over his lips when provoked by the delicious odour of meat or some other table delicacy The roaring fire which shot up tongues of flame seemed to lick its jaws at the pleasant smell of roasted mutton

PAGE 91

hob—that part of a fireplace on which things are placed in order to be kept warm, a projection near the fire.

inders—hot ashes.

fizzed and sputtered—hissed and threw out small particles with some noise

gutter—a drain, a channel for carrying away rain water

gruffly—roughly, harshly.

PAGE 92

knuckle—knee-joint

tremendous rap—violent knock

tremendous is really something that causes one to tremble, hence fearful, terrible, (*L tremo*, I tremble).

administering an educational box—giving a blow on the ear with a view to improve. *Box*, a blow with the open hand on the ear *Educational*, intended to improve him or make him more careful.

PAGE 93

velocity—rapidity in movement

rolling-pin—a roller for preparing pastry

deprecatingly—in a manner which indicated protest or entreaty on the part of Gluck

spinning—whirling round

snarled—growled like an angry dog *To snarl* is to talk in a rude, ill-tempered way

PAGE 95.

cork-screw moustaches—spirally twisted moustaches.

PAGE 96.

gravy—liquid fat that drips from meat in cooking.

intermission—pause, stopping for a time

bolster—cushion

PAGE 97

incommode you—trouble you, inconvenience you

admonition—warning

inundation—flood

PAGE 98.

gutted the whole first floor—removed or destroyed all that was on the first floor *The first floor* is immediately above *the ground floor*.

PAGE 99.

remnants—relics.

PAGE 100

averred—declared, asserted

staggered—the word implies an unsteady gait Even when the two brothers left their shop for the ale-house, they were not quite sober

sauntered disconsolately—walked sadly

PAGE 101

flushing and fading—growing warm or dim in colour by turns

PAGE 102

“ **Lala-lira-la** ”—a tune

effervescent melody—a melody such as that which issues from a boiling kettle

effervescent—boiling or bubbling owing to disengagement of gas

PAGE 103

crucible—goldsmith's melting-pot, usually of earthenware

stuck akimbo—placed in such a way that the hands rested on the hips and the elbows pointed outwards *Akimbo* is an adverb here

PAGE 104

contemplating . **amazement**—regarding him in silent wonder

the colours . **Mother-of-pearl**—There was a play of shifting colours on the surface of this doublet of gold, very similar to that one notices on the hard brilliant surface of nacre *Mother-of-pearl* (called *sadaf* in Persian) is the hard silvery internal layer of certain kinds of shells It is extensively used in the arts

pertinacious and intractable disposition—obstinate and unyielding temper

PAGE 105

diminutive—tiny, little

auditor—listener

PAGE 106.

deigning—condescending to give Both the words (*deign* and *condescend*) imply a descending from the privileges of superior rank, a gracious stooping to the level of an inferior.

evaporated—turned to vapour and disappeared

PAGE 107

prospered—succeeded

extraordinary exit—surprising disappearance

exit usually signifies “ departure of a player from the stage ”

credence—belief, credit

wrangling—quarrelling.

knotty—difficult

fray—fight

pacify the combatants—calm or tranquilise the fighters

PAGE 108

so abandoned a character—so depraved a person

alpine staff—staff for climbing lofty mountains

gnash—strike together or **grind** the teeth in fury or anguish

PAGE 109

angular crags—sharp-cornered rocks.

splintered—broken

chasms—wide openings or clefts

PAGE 110

glacier—a slowly moving river of ice

monotonous—unvaried, characterised by dull uniformity

expression—play of features under the influence of internal emotion

PAGE 111

perilous encumbrance—dangerous burden

recruited his hardy frame—strengthened his vigorous body,

hardy—capable of bearing fatigue or exposure

indomitable—unconquerable, stubbornly persistent

PAGE 112

spurned—thrust back with foot

PAGE 113

prostrate—lying flat on the ground.

PAGE 115

lowering and gloomy—dark and threatening *To lower is to frown*

PAGE 116

flickered—waved to and fro, fluttered.

PAGE 117

the zenith—the highest point of the heavens

PAGE 119

panting—gasping for breath, breathing rapidly

PAGE 120.

gentian—a kind of blue flower found especially in mountain regions

PAGE 121.

symptoms—signs

PAGE 122

defiled—rendered foul or unclean.

PAGE 123

thicket—a large number of shrubs growing close together**tendrils**—spiral shoots of a plant by which it attaches itself to something
for support**barn**—covered building for storing corn, etc**THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.**

PAGE 125

French dominion in Canada—French supremacy in Canada lasted from
1608 to 1759**episode**—a separate story forming part of a larger whole**striking**—remarkable, impressive**unparalleled**—unequaled.**chivalrous Montcalm**—the heroic Marquis de Montcalm who commanded
the French army in Canada from 1756 to 1759**Wolfe**—the distinguished English Commander who was in charge of the
expedition against Quebec, in which he was killed in 1759**the issue of the strife**—the result of the fighting**prospect**—view, that which is presented to the eye**lofty eminence**—high hill

citadel—fortress

PAGE 126

steep precipice—an almost perpendicular cliff

imperilled—endangered

flotilla—a fleet of small ships

PAGE 127

unchallenged—unquestioned

midshipman—a naval officer next below sub-lieutenant

repeated—recited

“Elegy in a Country Churchyard”—a celebrated poem by Thomas Gray
(1716—1771)

PAGE 128

intrenched—fortified

PAGE 129

reinforcements—fresh troops

disembarkation—landing

battalion—a body of infantry, numbering about 1,000 men

alacrity—promptitude, cheerfulness, readiness

disposable—available

cove—small bay.

incredible difficulty—difficulty that cannot be believed or that passes
belief

worsted as a general—defeated in military skill

PAGE 130

incessant—ceaseless

exhorting—encouraging

pulled a trigger—pulled back the catch or lever to fire his gun. Not a
single gun was fired, all English soldiers reserved their fire in
accordance with the orders of their commander

closed up the ghastly gaps—filled up the horrible gaps made in their ranks
by the enemy's fire

PAGE 131

redoubt—a small temporary fortification

ardour—eagerness, enthusiasm

grenadier—a tall soldier, originally a soldier who threw hand-grenades or bomb-shells The name *Grenadier Guards* is now applied to the first regiment of Household Infantry

carnage—slaughter

PAGE 132

veterans—experienced fighters

utter rout—complete disorder or confusion which characterises a defeated army

PAGE 133

triumph and lamentation—joy at the victory mingled with sorrow at Wolfe's death

embalmed—treated with spices etc, to preserve it from decay

minute-guns—guns discharged at intervals of a minute in sign of sorrow or distress

PAGE 134

capitulation—an agreement containing terms of surrender

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

PAGE 135

manuscripts—books or papers written with the hand, not printed

devotions—prayers

profound contemplation—deep meditation

musings—meditating, thinking

PAGE 136

wrought into a variety of tunes—the sound was worked into many different kinds of musical notes

melodious—musical, pleasant to the ear by their sweetness

put me in mind of those heavenly airs—reminded me of those heavenly tunes

raptures—transports of delight, ecstasies

genius—a supernatural being, of a kind very common in Eastern romances. Its plural is *genii*.

transporting airs—musical tunes which filled one with extreme pleasure.

captivating strains—charming melodies, fascinating music

affability—civility, courteousness.

PAGE 137

soliloquy—talking to one's self when alone (Plural, *soliloquies*)

prodigious—huge

consummation—end, conclusion

leisurely survey—viewing it more slowly and deliberately

three score and ten entire arches—the seventy arches represent the seventy years of human life. The common limit of human life, according to the Hebrew Psalmist (King David), is *three score and ten*.

PAGE 138

a thousand arches—human life before the Flood was of a much longer duration than now (See *Genesis*).

PAGE 139

continued a kind of hobbling march—continued to limp or walk lamely

hobble—walk like a lame person

in a thoughtful posture—in a manner or attitude which showed that they were thinking

in the midst of a speculation—while they were meditating over some problem

scimitars—short curved swords from Persian *shemshir*.

PAGE 140

harpies—winged monsters, mentioned in classical mythology, having the face of a woman and the body of a bird, unclean birds

cormorants—sea ravens, large and extremely voracious sea-birds

PAGE 141.

habits—dresses

garlands—wreaths of flowers

PAGE 142

relishes—tastes.

habitations—abodes, mansions

THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISAEUM.

Colisaeum—the name of a great amphitheatre at Rome, begun by the Emperor Vespasian and finished by his son Titus, A. D. 80. It still remains one of the most magnificent ruins in the world. The structure, which was 607 feet long, 512 feet broad and 159 feet high, covered an area of about 5 acres and could accommodate

87,000 spectators Its arena was the scene of grand gladiatorial displays and mock naval battles which the Roman Emperors arranged to amuse the pleasure-loving Romans

PAGE 143

compliment—please by polite attention

exhibitions—shows

amphitheatre—a large round or oval building (with rows of seats all round, rising higher as they receded from the open space in the centre) where the people assembled to witness gladiatorial and wild beast exhibitions There were numerous amphitheatres in different parts of the Empire There were two or three in Britain alone.

diversions—amusements

excavate—dig out

PAGE 144

tiers—rows, particularly when placed one above another

PAGE 145

vestal virgins—maiden priestesses (six in number) dedicated to the service of Vesta, the Roman goddess of hearth and home They guarded the perpetual fire in her temple They were held in great esteem by reason of their spotless chastity

equestrian order—Knights of ancient Rome

ladies' boxes—separate compartments in theatre for ladies.

awnings—coverings of canvas or other material, spread over any place as a protection from sun and rain

PAGE 146

toga—a loose flowing outer robe worn by the ancient Romans It was the distinctive garb of the Roman citizen.

dignitaries—high officials

PAGE 147.

pallium—a kind of mantle or cloak

decorum—decency, propriety

Orpheus—a celebrated Greek musician He received a lyre from Apollo (god of music) upon which he played with such a wonderful skill that even rapid rivers ceased to flow and the mountains moved from their places to listen to his heavenly strains He was torn

to pieces by Thracian women whom he had offended by his coldness and indifference

PAGE 148

tortured to frenzy—driven to point of madness by the torments that were inflicted upon them

PAGE 150

gory—bloody

lasso—a noosed rope or cord for catching wild animals

trident—a sort of spear with three prongs

gladiators—men who fought with deadly weapons at ancient Roman shows for the entertainment of the people

PAGE 151

javelin—a light spear

melee—(a French word), mixed fight

adversary—opponent

PAGE 152

barbarians—savage races

sentimental—foolishly tender, full of emotional weakness

PAGE 153

allayed—diminished

PAGE 154

requite—repay

meddler—one who interferes unnecessarily with other people's affairs.

vocation—profession, business

