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# HIGH SCHOOL READER

## BOOK II

EDITED BY  
**E. GRAHAM SUTTON, M.A., (Oxon)**

ILLUSTRATED

**THE INDIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE LTD.**

**MADRAS**

1930









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Price As. <sup>10</sup>~~12~~

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## CONTENTS

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### PROSE

LESSON No.		PAGE No
1.	Cardinal Wolsey and Anne Boleyn—From 'Windsor Castle' by <i>W. Harrison Ainsworth</i> ..	1
2.	A Brave Rescue and a Rough Ride—From "Lorna Doone" by <i>Blackmore</i> ... ..	7
3.	The Son's Return— <i>Tobias Smollett</i> ... ..	16
4.	The Grain of Oat—From the <i>Swedish</i> ... ..	20
5.	The Last Hours of Sir Walter Raleigh— <i>Isaac Disraeli</i> ..	23
6.	I am sent away from Home—From 'David Copperfield' by <i>Charles Dickens</i> ... ..	27
7.	The Autobiography of a Tortoise— <i>Timothy Gilbert White</i> . ..	34
8.	The Adventures of Jack Rogers— <i>Kingston</i> ... ..	38
9.	Aviation— <i>E. G. Sutton</i> ... ..	47
10.	The Old Man of the Mountain—From the <i>Swedish</i> ... ..	54
11.	How to live on Nothing a Year— <i>Mrs. Inchbald</i> ..	57
12.	A letter from Charles Lamb to William Wordsworth— <i>Lamb</i> .. ..	66
13.	Highwaymen in the Seventeenth Century—From <i>Lord Macaulay's 'History of England'</i> ... ..	68
14.	The Pickwickians' Journey from London to Rochester—From 'Pickwick Papers' by <i>Charles Dickens</i> ..	71
15.	A City Night Peace— <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> .. ..	76
16.	A Letter— <i>L. M. Alcott</i> .. ..	78
17.	Matilda and her Father—From 'Maid Marian' by <i>T. L. Peacock</i> .. ..	80
18.	African Hospitality— <i>Mungo Park</i> ... ..	85
19.	A Child's Dream of a Star— <i>Charles Dickens</i> ... ..	87
20.	Lady Catherine Beaten—From 'Pride and Prejudice' by <i>Jane Austen</i> ... ..	91
21.	Atahualpa visits the spaniards— <i>Prescott</i> ... ..	100

---

## POETRY

LESSON No.		PAGE No
1.	The Wreck of the Hesperus— <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	. . 110
2.	The Destruction of Sennacherib— <i>Lord Byron</i>	113
3.	The Scholar— <i>R. Southey</i>	.. 114
4.	The Rhodora— <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	. . ... 115
5.	Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel— <i>L. Hunt</i>	... 115
6.	The Charge of the Light Brigade— <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	116
7.	Prayer— <i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	118
8.	Psalm— <i>The Bible</i>	. 119
9.	The Bee— <i>Isaac Watts</i>	120
10.	The Little Black Boy— <i>Blake</i>	. 121
11.	Hunting Song— <i>Walter Scott</i>	122
12.	The Village Blacksmith— <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	. 123
13.	Canute and the Tide— <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	125
14.	The Glove and the Lions— <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	.. .. 127
15.	To the Skylark— <i>W. Wordsworth</i>	. . ... 129
16.	Yussouf— <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	... 130
17.	Hammosan— <i>Archbishop Trench</i>	. 131
18.	Barbara Fretchne— <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	... .. 132
19.	Napoleon and the British Sailor— <i>T. Campbell</i>	. 135
20.	The Parrot— <i>T. Campbell</i>	. 137
21.	The Deserted Village— <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	. 138
22.	A Psalm of Life— <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	. . 142
23.	The Land of my Birth— <i>Eliza Cook</i>	... .. 143
24.	What is Noble?— <i>Swain</i>	... .. 144
25.	The Swiss Patriot's Password— <i>Montgomery</i>	. . 145
26.	The Battle of Bannockburn— <i>Sam W. Scott</i>	... .. 148
27.	The Wayside Inn— <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	.. ... 155
28.	Launcelot Gobbo	... .. 159

# HIGH SCHOOL READER II



## 1. Cardinal Wolsey and Anne Boleyn

(Cardinal Wolsey was a most trusted friend of King Henry VIII and his Lord Chancellor of the Exchequer. Against his wish, however, Henry resolved to divorce Catherine of Aragon, his first wife, and marry Anne Boleyn.)

The King had arrived at Windsor Castle. On the evening of the next day when supper was served in the banquet-chamber, Wolsey sat on the King's right hand, but he did not vouchsafe him a single word, addressing the whole of his discourse to the Duke of Suffolk, who was placed on his left. As soon as the repast was over, he retired to his closet. But the Cardinal would not be so repulsed and sent one of his gentlemen to crave a moment's audience of the King, which, with some reluctance, was accorded.

"Well, Cardinal," cried Henry, as Wolsey presented himself. "You are playing a deep game with me, as you think; but take heed, for I see through it."

"I pray you dismiss these suspicions from your mind, my liege," said Wolsey. "No servant was ever more faithful to his master than I have been to you."

“Vain man, you are already abased,” replied Anne. “A few weeks ago I would have made terms with you. Now I am your mortal enemy, and will never rest till I have procured your downfall.”

“The King will have an amiable consort, truly,” sneered Wolsey.

“He will have one who can love him and hate his foes,” replied Anne; “and not one who would side with them and thee. Henry, you know the sole terms on which you can procure my hand?”

The King nodded a playful affirmative.

“Then dismiss him at once, disgrace him,” said Anne.

“Nay, nay,” replied Henry, “the divorce is not yet passed. You are angered now, and will view matters more coolly tomorrow.”

“I shall never change my resolution,” she replied.

“If my dismissal and disgrace can save my sovereign, I pray him to sacrifice me without hesitation,” said Wolsey; “but while I have liberty of speech with him, and aught of power remaining, I will use it to his advantage. I pray your Majesty suffer me to retire.”

And, receiving a sign of acquiescence from the King, he withdrew, amid the triumphant laughter of Anne.

## 2. A Brave Rescue and a Rough Ride

It happened one November evening, when I was about fifteen years old and a great deal of rain had fallen lately, that the ducks in our courtyard made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another. Thereupon my sister Annie and I ran out to see what was the cause of it. I knew at once by their looks and cries that there was something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck-world. Annie perceived it too, but with a greater quickness; for she counted them like a good duck-wife, and could only tell thirteen of them, whereas she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come thus far to fetch us. And when we reached the neighbouring brook, what did we see? Lo, the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley-meal and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow had fallen into the brook, been caught up amidst the reeds and was in imminent danger of being drowned.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, when a man on horseback appeared suddenly on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

“Ho, there,” he cried, “get thee back, boy. The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble.”

With that he leaned forward and spoke to his mare—she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful, and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job; yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty forelegs sloped further and further in front of her and her delicate ears pricking forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing, but he kept her straight in the turbid rush, by the pressure of his knee on her. Then she looked back and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it for now her courage was waking. Then as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her forefeet down the stream, he leaned from the saddle in a manner which I could never have thought possible, and caught up the old drake with his left hand and set him between his holsters and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all were carried down stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed, some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen-garden; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge and were full of our thanks and admiring him, he would answer us not a word, until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

“Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it,” he said, as he patted her cheek, “but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it.”

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly and they understood each other. Then he took from his waistcoat two pepper-corns, and made the old drake swallow them, and set him softly upon his legs. Old Tom stood up quite bravely and clapped his wings and shook off the wet from his tail-feathers ; and then away he ran into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up and put their bills together, to thank God for this great deliverance.

Having taken all this trouble and watched the end of the adventure, the gentleman turned round to us, with a pleasant smile on his face, and asked, " Well, young ones, what are you gaping at ? "

" Your mare," said I, " I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride on her ? "

" Think thou couldst ride her, la? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her. Tut! I would be loth to kill thee."

" Ride her!" I cried with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle ; " there never was horse hereabouts but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take it off her."

He looked at me, with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his breeches-pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed as if he approved of her doing so. And the worst of all was—he said nothing.

“Get away, Annie, will you? Do you think I am a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not over-ride her.”

“That, I am sure, you won’t, my lad. She is more likely to over-ride thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Come into the yard, boy, and we will see. I am thy mother’s cousin and am going up to the house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everyone knows; and this is my young mare, Winnie.”

What a fool I was not to know it at once! Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young blood-mare, the strawberry! Already her fame was noised abroad, nearly as much as her master’s, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink and she walked demurely after him.

“Up for it still, boy, be ye?” Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped too; and they looked at me provokingly.

“Is she able to leap, sir? There is a good take-off on this side of the brook.”

“Good tumble-off, you mean, boy. Well, well, not much harm will come to thee, seeing that the ground is so wet and soft.”

“Let me get up,” said I, waxing wroth, “take off your saddle. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me.”

Mr. Faggus was, of course, provoked by this proud speech of mine; but even in his wrath, he did not forget that I was too young for any adventure on his mare’s back. So he spoke very softly to the filly who now could scarce subdue herself.

“Not too hard, my dear,” he said, “let him gently down on the midden. That will be quite enough.” Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment. Now her master gave a shrill clear whistle and she began her pranks.

First she reared upright in the air, and gave me a violent shake all over, and then down with her forefeet deep in the straw and her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her still like wax, (for my mettle was up as hers was) away she flew with me, swifter than ever I went before, or since, I trow. She took the courtyard gate at a leap, and then right over a quickset hedge, and away for the water-meadows, while I lay on her neck clutching hard at the mane and wished I had never been born. I felt the earth under us rushing away, and my breath came and went and I prayed to God with all the fervour I was capable of.

Furious at feeling me still on her back, she rushed at another device to throw me down. She leaped the wide water-trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog-briars got hold of me, and the ache on my back was unendurable, and I longed to give it up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses. Now there came a shrill whistle from the courtyard, where the people had thronged to watch us; and the mare stopped as if with a bullet; then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate, fluent and graceful motion, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again,

but my strength was all spent and no time left to recover it; and though she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the midden.

“Well done, lad,” Mr. Faggus said good-naturedly, as I rose from the ground somewhat tottering, and miry and crest-fallen, but otherwise none the worse. “Not at all bad work, my boy; we may teach you to ride by and by, I see; I thought not to see you stuck so long--”.

“I should have stuck on much longer, sir, if her sides had not been wet. She was so slippery--”.

“Boy, thou art right. She hath given many the slip. Ha, ha! vex not, lad, that I laugh at thee. It would have gone to my heart, if thou hadst conquered. None but I could ride my Winnie mare.”

“Foul shame to thee, then, Tom Faggus,” cried mother coming up suddenly, and speaking so that all were amazed, having never seen her wrathful: to put my boy, my boy, across her as if his life were no more than thine! The only son of his father, an honest man, and a quiet man, not a roystering drunken robber! A man would have taken thy mad horse and thee, and flung them both into the horse-pond—ay, and what’s more, I’ll have it done now, if a hair of his head is injured. Oh, my boy, my boy, what could I do without thee? Put up the other arm, Johnny.” All the while mother was scolding so, she was feeling me, and wiping me; while Faggus tried to look greatly ashamed, knowing well the ways of women.

Everybody looked at mother, wondering to hear talk like that, for they knew how quiet she was and how little accustomed to harsh speech. And they

began to shoulder their shovels to go home. Winnie too was looking at her, being pointed at so much, and wondering if she had done amiss. And then she came to me and trembled, and stooped her head and asked my pardon, if she had been too proud with me.

“Winnie shall stop here to-night,” said I, for Tom Faggus said never a word all this while, but began to buckle his things on; “mother, I tell you, Winnie shall stop; else I will go away with her. I never knew what it was till now to ride a horse worth riding.”

“Young man,” said Tom Faggus, preparing sternly to depart, “you know more about a horse than any man in this part of the country. Your mother may well be proud of you, but she need have no fear. As if I, Tom Faggus, your father’s cousin,—and the only thing I am proud of—would ever have let you mount my mare, which dukes and princes have vainly sought, except for the courage in your eyes, and the look of your father about you. I knew you could ride when I saw you, and rarely you have conquered. But women care not to understand us. Good-bye, John, I am proud of you.” With that he fetched a heavy sigh and feebly got upon Winnie’s back, and she came to say farewell to me. He lifted his hat to my mother with a glance of sorrow but never a word; and to me he said, “Open the gate, cousin John, if you please. You have beaten her so, that she cannot leap it, poor thing.” But before he was gone out of our yard, my mother came softly after him, with her afternoon apron across her eyes, and one hand ready to offer him. Nevertheless he

made as if he had not seen her, though he let his horse go slowly.

“Stop, cousin Tom,” my mother said, “do forgive me; it would be a sad thing if you should leave so abruptly. We cannot entertain you, no doubt, as the lordly inns on the road do. But for the sake of him that’s gone, your cousin and my dear husband, stay with us to-night.”

And Tom Faggus was mollified and stopped to sup with us.

“Now let us go and see Winnie, Jack,” he said to me after supper; “for the most part I feed her before myself; but she was so hot from the way you drove her. Now she must be grieving for me, and I never let her grieve long.”

I was too glad to go with him, and Annie came shyly after us. The filly was walking to and fro on the naked floor of the stable, and as soon as she saw her master, she ran to him like a child and caressed him.

“Hit me, Jack,” said Mr. Faggus, “and see what she will do. I will not let her hurt thee.” He was rubbing her ears as he said this, and she was leaning against him. Then I made believe to strike him, and in a moment, she caught me by the waist and lifted me clean from the ground, and was about to cast me down to trample upon me, when he stopped her suddenly.

“What think you of that, boy? Have you horse or dog that would do that for you? Ay, and more than that she will do. If I were to whistle by and by, in the tone that tells my danger, she would break the

stable-door down, and rush into the room to me. Nothing will keep her from me then—stone-wall or church tower. Ah, Winnie, Winnie, you little witch, we shall die together.”

Then he began to feed her nicely, for she was very dainty. Not a husk of oat would she touch, that had been under the breath of another horse, however hungry she might be. And with her oats he mixed some powder, fetching it from his saddle-bags. What this was I could not guess; neither would he tell me; but laughed and called it “star shavings.” He watched her eat every morsel of it, and then made her bed in a form I had never seen before, and so we said “Good-night” to her.

Afterwards by the fireside he kept us very merry, sitting in the great chimney corner, and making us play games with him. And all the while, he was smoking tobacco in a manner I had never seen before, not using any pipe for it, but having it rolled in little sticks, about as long as my finger, blunt at one end and sharp at the other. The sharp end he would put into his mouth, and lay a brand of wood to the other, and then draw clouds of curling smoke; and we never tired of watching him. I wanted him to let me do it, but he said, “No, my boy it is not meant for boys.” Then Annie put up her lips, and asked, with both hands on his knees, (for she had taken to him wonderfully), “Is it meant for girls, then, cousin Tom?” But she had better not have asked, for he gave it her to try, and she shut both eyes and sucked at it. One breath, however, was quite enough, for it made her cough so violently, that mother

and I had to thump her back, until she was almost crying. To atone for that, cousin Tom' next told us whole pages of stories, so funny and so entertaining, that we all laughed and laughed till our sides ached, and even mother exclaimed she had never heard anything so wonderful before.

—From "Loina Doone," by Blackmore.

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### 3. The Son's Return

We set out for home from Glasgow by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until our carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of my friend Mr. Bramble.

As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, gently though plainly dressed, in a blue frock, with his hair cut short and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words: "This is hard work for such an old man as you." So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, "Have you never a son?" said he, "to ease you of this labour?"

“Yes, an’ please your honour,” replied the senior, “I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way.”

“Honour not me,” cried the stranger, “it more becomes me to honour your grey hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?”

The old man said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the second had lately enlisted as a soldier in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what had become of the third, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father’s debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the gaol: then turning short, “Tell me,” said he, “has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?”

“Call him not unnatural,” replied the other, “God’s blessing be upon him! He sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman who was my landlord, and was stripped of all that I had in the world besides.”

At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron-bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, “Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that’s he.”

“I am! I am!” cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears, “I am your son Willy, sure enough!”

Before the father, who was quite confounded could make any return to this tenderness, a decent

old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? Where is my dear Willy?" The captain no sooner saw her than he ran into her arms.

My uncle, who witnessed this scene and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed and wept and clapped his hands, and halloed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. My uncle, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene, and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public house." The Captain thanked him for his kind invitation which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime, he could not think of eating or drinking, while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt, in the hands of the magistrate, who set his brother at liberty at once; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier

in the service of the East Indian Company ; that in the course of duty he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another, till he had attained the rank of Captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned the commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman in Scotland, who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for immediate expenses, over and above bank-notes for one hundred which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed ready-executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacturing business which he intended to set up; and to give five hundred pounds by way of dower to his sister who had married a farmer in low circumstances.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance, that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness and ingratitude. For my part, I was as much pleased with the modesty as

with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. The others of our party too were full of admiration for him, so that when we parted we all felt we were very much the better for our acquaintance with this good man.

—Tobias Smollett.

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#### 4. The Grain of Oat

Once upon a time there was a very poor boy, who had only a little grain of oat left to him at his mother's death. The father having died years before, the poor boy had none to keep him at home. So he resolved to go and look out for himself in the world. He took the grain with him and started on his travels. It was not long before he met an old man who looked friendly and good-natured. "Good-day, grandfather," said the boy. "Thank you, very much!" answered the old man. "What are you doing here?" "I am out on my travels," said the boy, "and have got all I possess in the world with me, and that is a grain of oat. May I hope it will not be stolen from me?"

This made the old man sorry for the poor boy, and he replied, "Never mind your grain, my boy. Nobody will deprive you of that."

At night the boy walked into a village, knocked at a farmer's door and begged a night's lodging. When he was getting into bed he took his grain and laid it in the window, and said to his host, "This is all

“I have got in the world ; may I be sure nobody will steal it from me ?”

“ Good-night, my boy,” replied the farmer. “ No harm shall come to you in my house.”

In the morning when the sun shone in through the window, the oat of grain shone brightly enough ; and the farmyard cock spied it, and pecking at it, swallowed it. Tho boy at once woke up and caught sight of the cock in the act of eating the grain. Then he burst out crying and sobbing, but the good farmer comforted him, and said he might take the cock instead of the grain. At this the boy was delighted, took the cock with him and went on his way.

In the evening he came to another village, and asked for a night’s lodging at a farm, and said, “ This cock is all I have in the world ; may I be sure no one will steal him from me ? ”

“ Good-night, my lad,” answered the farmer. “ No harm shall come to you in my farmhouse.”

Early on the following morning the cock went round the farmyard pecking about ; but just as he was finding some corn, the farmer’s pig saw him, ran after him and bit him to death. When the boy got up from his bed and looked for the cock, there he lay dead ; and the lad began to cry and said, “ Oh dear ! the pig has killed my cock.”

The farmer tried to console him and said, “ Take the pig and keep him as he has killed your cock.” Then he fastened a cord to one of the pig’s legs, and the boy went again on his way.

At nightfall he came to another village where, as before, he begged a night’s lodging of a farmer, and

this he readily obtained. He said to the farmer, "The pig is all I have in the world. May I hope no one will steal him from me?"

"A good night's rest to you, my boy!" replied the farmer. "No harm shall come to you in my farmhouse."

In the morning a wicked cow caught sight of the strange pig, rushed at him, and gored him so that he died. The boy immediately got up, looked out and saw the misfortune that had happened to him, and at once fell to crying and moaning. The farmer comforted him and said, "Take this cow and keep her, as she has gored your pig to death." With these words he put a cord round the cow's neck, and allowed the boy to lead her way.

The boy went on his journey, and was pleased enough; and as evening drew on, he came to a fine mansion, where he again asked the favour of a night's lodging and received it. When he was going to bed, he said humbly to the master of the house, "The cow is all I have in the world; may I hope no one will take her away from me?" "Good-night, sleep well, my dear boy," replied the gentleman, "You shall come to no harm here."

In the morning when the horses had to be watered, an unmanageable horse pranced round the farmyard. When he caught sight of the strange cow, he sprang at her and kicked her so badly that she died. The boy then began to sob and cry, but the master of the house consoled him saying, "Take the horse in the place of the cow and saddle him."

The boy then mounted the stately steed and rode out into the wide world and performed many heroic deeds. At last he married a princess and became a king.

—From the Swedish

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## 5. The Last Hours of Sir Walter Raleigh

(Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618) who founded the Colony of Virginia during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was thrown into prison by King James I on a charge of conspiracy against him. Raleigh remained in prison in the Tower of London for twelve years and there he wrote his History of the world. In 1615 James set him at liberty and sent him at the head of an expedition to Guana in the hope of finding gold, but being unsuccessful he was again imprisoned on his return and finally executed in 1618).

The close of the life of Sir Walter Raleigh was as extraordinary as many parts of his varied history. The promptitude and sprightliness of his genius, his carelessness of life and the equanimity of his spirit in quitting the world can only be paralleled by a few other heroes and sages. Raleigh was both.

One morning, while in prison, Raleigh was taken out of his bed, in a fit of fever, and unexpectedly hurried, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. Pleading with "a voice grown weak by sickness and an ague he had at that instant on him," he used every means to avert his fate. The judges listened to him with respect and attention. The Attorney-General said, "Sir Walter has been as a star at which the world has gazed; but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide." And the Lord Chief-Justice noticed Raleigh's

great work :- “ I know that you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work ; I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better counsel than I am able to give you.” But he ended with saying, “ Execution is granted.” It was stifling Raleigh with roses ! the heroic sage felt as if listening to fame from the voice of death.

He declared that now being old, sickly and in disgrace, life was wearisome to him, and “ all he entreated was to have leave to speak from the scaffold to satisfy the world that he was ever loyal to the sovereign and a true lover of the Commonwealth.”

The last night of his existence he spent in writing “ a remembrancer to be left with his lady, to acquaint the world with his sentiments ” in case he should be refused permission to speak from the scaffold. His lady visited him as he was engaged in writing, and amidst her fears informed him that she had obtained the favour of disposing his body ; to which he answered smiling, “ It is well, Bess, that thou mayst dispose of that, dead, which thou hadst not always the disposing of when it was alive.” At midnight he entreated her to leave him, and then sat down to compose the following and other verses on his death.

Even such is Time, that takes on trust,  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust ;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days !

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco, and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, drank it with relish. Then began the march to the scaffold. A huge crowd had gathered, and among others who were pressing hard to see him, he noticed an old man whose head was bald and asked, "whether he would have aught of him." The old man answered—"Nothing but to see him and to pray God for him." Raleigh replied—"I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good-will." Observing his bald head, he continued, "but take this night-cap (which was a richly wrought one), for thou hast more need of it now than I."

He ascended the scaffold with bright cheerfulness, and observing the lords at a distance, he requested they would approach him, as he wished that they should all hear what he had to say. The request was complied with by several, and then he made a spirited speech declaring himself guiltless of treason against the king. When he finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any libels to defame him after death. "And now I have a long journey to go and must take my leave." "He embraced all the lords and other friends with such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast," says a writer.

Having taken off his gown, he called to the headsman to show him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, "I prithee, let me see it; dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He passed the edge lightly over his finger, and smiling, observed, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases."

After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer himself. Now the executioner knelt down to ask his forgiveness; which Raleigh with an embrace gave, but entreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, "and then fear not, but strike home!" When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. "It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, so that the heart lay right," said Raleigh; but these were not his last words. When he had lain some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal, but the executioner, either unmindful or in fear, failed to strike, and Raleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" And in two blows the head was separated from the trunk.

Thus died this great and gallant cavalier, of whom a contemporary says, "His glorious hours were his arraignment and execution."

— Isaac Disraeli.

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## 6. I am sent away from Home

(Young David Copperfield has lost his father. The mother marries a Mr. Murdstone who treats the boy rather unkindly. After a time he resolves to send away the boy to a boarding school near London, and one morning he is sent away in a carriage. Young David tells his story himself.)

We might have gone about half a mile from home and my pocket handkerchief was quite wet through, when the carrier stopped short.

Looking out to ascertain for what, I saw to my amazement Peggotty, my nurse, burst from a hedge and climb into the cart. She took me in both her arms, and hugged me so hard that the pressure on my nose was extremely painful, though I never thought of that till afterwards when I found it very tender. Not a single word did she speak. Releasing one of her arms, she put it down in her pocket to the elbow, and brought out some paper bags of cakes which she crammed into my pockets, and a purse which she put into my hand, but not one word did she say. After another and a final squeeze with both arms, she got down from the cart and ran away.

The carrier looked at me, as if to inquire if she were coming back. I shook my head, and said, I thought not. "Then, come up," said the carrier to the lazy horse, and off we started again.

Having by this time cried as much as I possibly could, I began to think it was of no use crying any more. The carrier seeing me in this resolution, proposed that my handkerchief should be spread upon the horse's back to dry. I thanked him, and assented ;

and particularly small it looked under those circumstances.

I had now leisure to examine the purse. It was a stiff leather purse, with a snap, and had three bright shillings in it. But its most precious contents were two half crowns folded together in a bit of paper, on which was written in my mother's hand, "For Davy. With my love." I was so overcome by this that I asked the carrier to be so good as to reach my handkerchief again; but he said he thought I had better do without it; so I wiped my eyes on my sleeves and stopped myself.

After we had jogged on for some little time, I asked the carrier if he was going all the way. "All the way? Where?" inquired the carrier.

"There," I said.

"Where's there?" asked the carrier.

"Near London," I said.

"Why," said he, "the horse would be dead before he got over half the ground."

"Are you going only to Yarmouth, then?" I asked.

"That's about it," said the carrier. "And there I shall take you to the stage-coach, and it will take you to—wherever it is."

Now feeling quite worn out by all that had happened lately, I lay down on a sack in the cart and fell asleep. I slept soundly until we got to Yarmouth, and reached the innyard.

I got down on the pavement and began wondering what would become of me, when a lady looked out of a window and said,

“Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said.

“What name?” inquired the lady.

“Copperfield, ma’am,” I said.

“That won’t do,” returned the lady. “Nobody’s dinner is paid for here, in that name.”

“Is it Murdstone, ma’am?” I said.

“If you’re Master Murdstone,” said the lady, “Why do you go and give another name first?”

I explained to the lady the truth of the matter, how I was step-son to Mr. Murdstone; and then she rang a bell and called out, “William! show the coffee-room!” upon which a waiter came running out of the kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was only to show it to me.

It was a large room, and I sat down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest to the door, and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of castors on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops and vegetables, and took the covers off. Then he put a chair for me at the table, and said very affably, “Now, gentleman, come on.”

I thanked him and took my seat at the board and began to eat, though feeling rather uncomfortable at his standing opposite and staring at me so hard. After watching me into the second chop, he said:

“There is half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?”

I thanked him and said, "Yes." Thereupon he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said, "It seems a good deal, don't it?" "It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm akimbo holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here, yesterday," he said, "a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him."

"No," I said, "I don't think—"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, greatcoat," said the waiter.

"No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure"—

"He came in here," continued the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not to—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It ought not to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water to drink instead.

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, "our people don't like things ordered and left. It offends'em. But I'll drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it with safety, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and drank it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him fall lifeless on the carpet. But it did not hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

“What have we got here?” he said, putting a fork into my dish. “Not chops?”

“Chops,” I said.

“Lord bless my soul!” he exclaimed, “I didn’t know they were chops. Why, a chop’s the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain’t it lucky?”

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop, and another potato; and after that another chop and another potato. When he had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

“How’s the pie?” asked he, rousing himself.

“It is a pudding,” I made answer.

“Pudding!” he exclaimed. “Why, bless me, so it is! What!” looking at it nearer. “You don’t mean to say it is a batter-pudding.”

“Yes, it is indeed.”

“Why, a batter-pudding,” he said, “is my favourite pudding! Ain’t that lucky? Come on, little ‘un, and let’s see who’ll get most.”

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his table-spoon to my tea-spoon, his dispatch to my dispatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw anyone enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, I asked him for pen and ink and paper to write to Peggotty. He not only brought them immediately but was good enough to look over me, while I wrote the letter. When I had finished it, he asked me where I was going to school.

I said, "Near London," which was all I knew. Now the coach-horn in the yard blew and I got up and inquired if there was anything to pay.

"There is a sheet of letter-paper," he returned. "Did you ever buy a sheet of letter-paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

"It is dear," he said, "on account of the duty. Three pence. That's the way we're taxed in this country. There's nothing else except the waiter. Never mind the ink. I lose by that."

"What should you—what should I—how much ought I to—what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?" I stammered, blushing.

"If I hadn't a family, and that family hadn't the cowpock," said the waiter, "I wouldn't take a six pence. If I didn't support an aged parent and a lovely sister"—here the waiter was greatly agitated—"I wouldn't take a farthing. If I had a good place, and

was treated well here, I would beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking it. But I live on broken victuals—and I sleep on the coals”—here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and felt that anything short of ninepence by way of a present would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings which he received with much humility and veneration, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of.

It was a little disconcerting to me to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this from overhearing the landlady say to the guard, “Take care of that child, George, or he’ll burst!” and from observing that the women-servants who were about the place came out to look and giggle at me as a young phenomenon. My unfortunate friend the waiter, who had quite recovered his spirits, did not appear to be disturbed by this nor deem it his duty to put them right. He joined in the general admiration without being at all confused.

And what was worse, the coachman too made me the subject of his jokes, remarking that the coach drew heavy behind on account of my sitting there, and suggesting the greater expediency of my travelling by waggon. The story of my supposed appetite getting wind among the outside passengers, they were merry upon it likewise; and asked me whether I was going to be paid for at school, as two brothers or three, and whether I was contracted for, or went upon

the regular terms; with other pleasant questions. But the worst of it was, that I knew I should be ashamed to eat anything, when an opportunity offered, and that, after a rather light dinner, I should remain hungry all night—for I had left my cakes at the hotel, in my hurry. My apprehensions were realised. When we stopped for supper, I couldn't muster courage to take any, though I should have liked it very much, but sat by the fire and said I didn't want anything. This did not save me from more jokes, either; for a husky-voiced gentleman with a rough face, who had been eating out of a sandwich-box nearly all the way, except when he had been drinking out of a bottle, said I was a boa constrictor who took enough at one meal to last him a long time.

The next morning at about eight o'clock I reached London.

From 'David Copperfield' by Charles Dickens.

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## 7. The Autobiography of a Tortoise

Selburne.

August 31, 1784.

Most Respectable Lady,

Your letter gave me great satisfaction, being the first that I was ever honoured with. It is my wish to answer you in your own way; but I never could make a verse in my life, so you must be contented with plain prose. Having seen but little of this great world, conversed but little, and read less, I feel myself much at a loss how to entertain so intelligent a correspondent. Unless you will let me write about myself, my answer will be very short indeed.

Know, then, that I am an American, and was born in the year 1734 in the province of Virginia, in the midst of a savannah that lay between a large tobacco plantation and a creek of the sea. Here I spent my youthful days among my relations with much satisfaction, and saw around me many venerable kinsmen, who had attained to great ages, without any interruption from distempers. Longevity is so general among our species that a funeral is quite a strange occurrence. I can just remember the death of my great-grandfather, who departed this life in the 160th year of his age. Happy should I have been in the enjoyment of my native climate and the society of my friends, had not a sea-boy who was wandering about to see what he could pick up, surprised me as I was sunning myself under a bush, and whipping me into his wallet carried me aboard this ship. The circumstances of our voyage are not worthy a recital; I remember only that the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound, which served to smooth my slumbers as I lay in the hold. We had a short voyage, and came to anchor on the coast of England, in the harbour of Chichester. In that city my kidnapper sold me for half a crown to a county gentleman, who came to attend an election. I was immediately packed in a hand-basket, and carried, slung by the servant's side, to their place of abode. As they rode very hard for forty miles, and I had never been on horseback before, I found myself somewhat giddy from my airy jaunt. My purchaser, who was a great humorist, after showing me to some of his neighbours and giving me the name of Timothy,

took little further notice of me ; so I fell under the care of his lady, a benevolent woman, whose humane attention extended to the meanest of her retainers.

With this gentlewoman I remained almost forty years, living in a walled-in court in the front of her house, and enjoying much quiet and as much satisfaction as I could expect without society. At last this good old lady died in a very advanced old age, such as a tortoise would call, a good old age ; and then I became the property of her nephew. This man, my present master, dug me out of my winter retreat, and packing me in a deal box, jumbled me eighty miles in post-chaises to my present place of abode. I was sore shaken by this expedition, which was the worst journey I ever experienced. In my present situation, I enjoy many advantages—such as the range of an extensive garden, affording a variety of sun and shade, and abounding in lettuces, poppies, and many other salubrious and delectable herbs and plants, and especially a great choice of delicate gooseberries ! But still at times I miss my good old mistress, whose grave and regular deportment suited best with my disposition. For you must know that my master is what they call a naturalist, and much visited by people of that turn, who often put him on whimsical experiments, such as feeling my pulse, and putting me in a tub of water to try if I can swim, and twice in the year I am carried to the grocer's to be weighed, that it may be seen how I am wasted during the months of my abstinence, and how much I gain by feasting in the summer. Upon these occasions I am placed in the scale on my back, where I

sprawl about to the great diversion of the shop-keeper's children. These matters displease me, but there is another that much hurts my pride; I mean that contempt shown for my understanding which these lords of the creation are very apt to discover, thinking that nobody knows anything but themselves. I heard my master say that he expected that I should some day tumble down the well; whereas I would have him know that I can discern a precipice from plain ground as well as himself.

These are some of my grievances; but they sit very light on me in comparison with what remains behind. Know then, tender-hearted lady, that my greatest misfortune, which I have never divulged to anyone before, is the want of society of my own kind. This reflection is always uppermost in my mind, but comes upon me with irresistible force every spring. It was in the month of May last that I resolved to flee from my place of confinement, for my fancy had represented to me that probably many agreeable tortoises of both sexes might inhabit the heights of Baker's Hill or the extensive plains of the neighbouring meadow, both of which I could discern from the terrace. One sunny morning, therefore, I watched my opportunity, found the wicket open, eluded the vigilance of Thomas Hoar, and escaped into the sanfoin, which began to be in bloom, and thence into the beans. I was missing eight days, wandering in this wilderness of sweets, and exploring the meadow at times. But my pains were all to no purpose. I could find no society such as I wished and sought for. I began to grow hungry, and to wish myself at home. I therefore came forth in sight and surrendered myself up to

Thomas, who had been inconsolable in my absence. Thus, Madam, have I given you a faithful account of my joys and sorrows, the latter of which are mostly uppermost. You are a lady, I understand, of much sensibility. Let me therefore make my case your own in the following manner, and then you will judge of my feelings. Suppose you were to be kidnapped away tomorrow, in the bloom of your life, to the land of tortoises, and were never to see again for fifty years a human face! Think on this, dear lady, and pity—Your sorrowful reptile,

Timothy  
—Gilbert White.

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## 8. The Adventures of Jack Rogers

(Jack Rogers was a midshipman on board Her Majesty's brig of war "Archer" cruising along the African coast. One day he and some companions of his were sent in a boat to give chase to a slaver. They overtook the slaver and fought bravely with the Spaniards and Negroes in it, but the slaver capsized and all except Jack were drowned. Jack alone was struggling for life on the wild waters of the sea.)

Poor Jack Rogers! His lot was indeed a hard one. He was clinging to the keel of the slaver, while she was tossed about amidst the raging waters and blinding foam. Every moment he expected to be torn from his hold; but life was dear to him, and he exerted every particle of strength he possessed to hold on. Now a sea would come and wash over the vessel, almost drowning him, and completely preventing him from seeing; then he felt that he was whirled round and round, till he looked up—but it was only to

see another huge wave rolling up ready to overwhelm him. He felt the terrific dash of the wave, its roar sounded in his ears—he was almost stunned. He prayed that he might be preserved from the terrible danger to which he was exposed. The roller passed on, leaving him still firmly clinging to the wreck. Again he looked up. The blue sea danced cheerfully before his eyes; the sun shone brightly; the wreck was on the wide, wide sea. It might at any moment go down, and he might be left without any plank to rest on, a prey to the ravenous sharks which swarmed around. Soon he saw that the wreck was drifting to the southward down the coast and at no great distance from it. He calculated the distance, and thought to himself that he could swim to shore. If he delayed, the vessel might drift farther out to sea, and the feat be impossible. “The sooner it is done, the better,” he thought to himself. “I have swum as far in a worse sea before now.” Before slipping off into the water, he commended himself with a hearty prayer to the care of God. He was on the very point of letting go his hold, when, as he looked into the water, his eye fell on a dark triangular object just rising out of it, slowly moving past. He looked again with a shudder, for he recognised the fin of a shark. Another and another passed by. Truly thankful did he feel that a merciful Providence had saved him from a cruel death. If the vessel sank though, where would he be? He could not help thinking of that. He got up and gazed around. He was beginning to feel very hungry, and to his other dangers the risk of starvation was now added. Still, he did not allow himself to despair. He hoped that his friends might come and

rescue him. After a little time, as he was casting his eye to the southward, he thought he saw a dark object moving along at a little distance from the shore. He soon made out that it was a canoe, and that she was manned by blacks. As they drew near, it was evident that they saw him on the wreck, for they at once pulled towards him. He scarcely knew whether to hail them as friends or as foes. They were ill-looking fellows, he thought. There were also two white men in the canoe. He did not like their looks either. They were soon alongside, and when they saw his uniform, they looked up at him with no friendly eye. Having held a short parley among themselves, they hailed him but what they said he could not make out. Dangerous as his present position was, he felt no inclination to entrust himself to their care. However, they made signs to him to come down into the canoe, and after a little reflection, he complied with their demand; and as he slid down over the side of the vessel, they caught him and hauled him in. They asked him a number of questions in Spanish which he pretended not to understand, and so did not answer. Then they let him sit down at the bottom of the canoe, while the two whites and one of the black men talked together among themselves. Every now and then they cast glances ominous of evil intentions towards him. Poor Jack did not at all like their looks, still less what they said to each other. "Knock him on the head at once," said one. "Throw him overboard and let the sharks have him," proposed another. "Shoot him with pistol," quoth the negro grinning horribly. Jack, as he listened, longed to make an effort to save his life; anything was better than to sit there quietly and be murdered. Far rather would he die struggling bravely

for existence. Still he thought it wise not to show any signs of his understanding their intention and remained where he was without moving; soon the canoe neared the shore, and poor Jack found himself a prisoner on the coast of Africa, his arms being bound behind him by means of a rope.

He was dragged along by his savage companions, the muzzle of a pistol or the point of a long knife every now and then being shown him as a hint that he must keep up his spirits and move on. This was no easy matter, however, for the ground was strewn with decayed timber and he frequently stumbled and fell. Overhead were birds of every variety and of the richest plumage—parrots, trumpet birds, pigeons and numberless others which he was then in no mood to admire; while monkeys of all sorts skipped about among the boughs of the lofty palms, chattering away as if to inquire where the stranger had come from. In one or two openings between the giant palms, bananas and other lofty trees, Jack caught sight of some blue ranges of mountains in the far distance, and towards them his captors seemed to be proceeding. The dreadful thought now occurred to him that he was being carried off into the interior to be turned into a slave, and that perhaps he should never be able to make his escape. The jungle grew thicker and thicker and the forest more gloomy as they proceeded, till he could scarcely work his way along, and even the Spaniards and blacks, with their arms at liberty, had no little difficulty in making progress through it. At last they came to a standstill, and had a talk among themselves. Poor Jack caught the very ominous words, “Kill the little chap.”

“He is not worth the trouble he costs us,” added the ferocious Spaniard who had spoken. “This knife of mine will settle him with a blow.”

“It is a pity we did not do it in the canoe and save ourselves trouble,” growled out his companion, drawing his long knife from his belt.

Jack felt that his last moments had come. However, he eyed his captors boldly, and tried to nerve himself for the expected stroke. The blacks stood by, apparently enjoying his agony. No one spoke. Jack tried to offer up a prayer to Heaven, but at such a moment even to pray was difficult. Suddenly there was a rustling of leaves, a crashing of boughs. A loud shriek was heard; then a huge animal leaped through the brushwood and, seizing one of the negroes, again bounded off into the thicket. The unfortunate wretch cried out piteously for help. The Spaniards and the negroes turned to pursue the wild beast. From the glimpse Jack had of it, he believed it to be a tiger. On it went, bounding through the thicket, its miserable victim in vain crying for assistance. The rest pursued as fast as they could, apparently forgetting Jack altogether. They were soon hidden from his sight by the trees. He had no wish to follow them, of course. His arms were bound, and before he could do anything, he must contrive to get them loose. He tugged and tugged away frantically. He was afraid his captors would be back before he could get free, and kill him. By what means he was to escape, he could not just then tell. The first thing was to obtain the use of his limbs. He worked away for his life.

At last he twisted the rope round so that he could reach one of the knots with his teeth. He pulled

lustily, and found he was slackening it. He listened to the shouts and cries of the pirates. He thought that their voices sounded louder and nearer again. He was every moment getting the ropes looser. One more tug, and his hands were at liberty. He struck out on either side to assure himself that he had the free use of them. He looked round, no one was in sight. His first impulse was to set off and run back to the coast, but then he recollected that he might be easily pursued and recaptured.

He still heard the voices of the pirates.

A tall palm tree was near. He thought that the safest plan would be to get to the top of it. He could easily hide himself among the wide-spreading leaves, and the Spaniards, believing that his arms were bound, would never think of looking there for him. So he went up the smooth stem, and had got nearly to the top, when he heard a chattering; looking up, he saw a very ugly face grinning down upon him. It was an ape. Nothing daunted, however, he advanced, and Master Jacko, who seemed to be a very sensible monkey, retreated till Jack reached the centre of the tree, where he could coil himself away without being seen from below. He could still hear the voices of the pirates, but he could not discover whether they had succeeded in rescuing the wretched negro from the fangs of the tiger. Meantime the monkey sat on the farther end of a branch, watching him.

“I hope you have formed a favourable opinion of me, Master Jacko,” he said, looking at the ape; for even in the dangerous predicament in which he was he could not resist a joke. “Jacko, Jacko, Jacko,”

chattered the monkey in a tone which Jack thought was friendly.

He felt about in his pockets, and found a piece of biscuit. He nibbled a bit, and then held it out to his companion. The ape drew near, at first hesitatingly; Jack nibbled a little more of the biscuit. Jacko thought it would be all gone if he did not make haste, so he made one or two hops up towards Jack. Jack nibbled away, then once more held out the biscuit. The monkey made one spring, and nearly caught it, but Jack drew it back, that the animal might feel that it was given to him. Then he held it out, and the ape took it quite gently, but ran off to the end of a bough, that he might examine this new sort of food, and eat it at his leisure.

The pirates had now found their way back to where they had left Jack. He could plainly hear them asking one another what could have become of him. They were under the tree in which he lay so snugly in hiding.

“He must have hidden himself in the brushwood, he cannot be far off,” said one.

“If he had had his hands at liberty, I should say he would have gone up one of these trees,” observed another.

“He cannot be up this tree,” remarked the first. “See! There is a monkey quietly eating a nut on one of the branches. There is no other tree near, in which he could hide.”

After this the men hunted about on every side, and Jack hoped that they would soon go away.

“He must still be near,” exclaimed one of them. “Sancho, do you climb that tree and look about you. You will soon find out where he is by the shaking of the bushes as he moves along. Up, man, up!”

Jack knew, by the voice which replied, that one of the negroes was climbing up. The monkey had finished his biscuit and liking it very much, came back for some more, not observing what was occurring below. Jack had now won his confidence; and by giving him a very little bit at a time kept the animal close to him. Up climbed the black. Jack knew that he could knock him down with the butt end of his pistol, but if he did so, the others would surely come up and catch him. He felt that the black was close under him. He caught sight of his woolly pate, as he was working his way up. “Now or never,” thought Jack. He seized the unsuspecting ape, and threw him directly on the negro’s head. The monkey, as much astonished as anybody, laid hold of the woolly crop with his claws, and scratched and bit, chattering away with all his might.

“Fetish, fetish, fetish!” screamed the negro, sliding down the tree a great deal faster than he had come up and reaching the ground more dead than alive; while the monkey clambered up again, and not daring to approach Jack, took his seat at the end of a bough, chattering away in the greatest state of agitation.

Jack lay sung. He had hopes that none of the other blacks would attempt to climb the tree, for every one of them seemed afraid of the monkey. It might be possible, he thought, to escape from his

intending murderers and ultimately get back to his ship.

In a short time the Spaniards and negroes, uttering loud oaths at their ill-luck in having lost one of their companions as well as their captive, set off once more ; and Jack watched them as they worked their way through the brushwood to the eastward. He felt truly glad when they were no longer to be seen. He was now also in a hurry to be off. " Good-bye, Mr. Jacko," said he to the monkey, making a profound bow ; for Jack was the pink of politeness. " I am very much obliged to you for the shelter your tree has afforded me, and for the assistance you have rendered me, and if you will venture afloat, I shall be very happy to see you on board our ship. Good-bye, old fellow, give us a paw." He now extended his hand, and Jacko, who thought he was to have some more biscuit, came near ; but when he saw that there was none, he hopped off again and chattered away more loudly than ever.

Jack now climbed down from the tree, and after some more adventures managed to get back to his ship.

— —Kingston.

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## 9. Aviation

What does this word mean?

If you look up its derivation in your dictionary, you will find it comes from a Latin noun, meaning a bird. From earliest times, even before the days of recorded history, men have stared up in envy at the birds and pondered how to fly. We know this from old legends—the Greek legend of Daedalus, for example. This cunning workman, exiled against his will in the island of Crete, cheated the tyrant in whose power he was by inventing wings; he made them like a bird's, of feathers stitched together by their quills and then held rigid by wax. He made two pairs; one for himself, another for the boy Icarus, his son. And he succeeded, too; for the wings bore the pair of them aloft from Crete, and northwards over the Aegean Sea towards their old home. Only the boy, too full of confidence as he felt his power, forgot his father's orders and mounted too high in the air. He even neared the sun, so the legend goes; and then the sun's heat melted the wax of his wings and down he fell headlong into that part of the Aegean Sea which afterwards bore his name.

All this, of course, is only legend; and yet the legend proves that men had thought of imitating the birds, thousands of years ago: no doubt, too, men *have* tried to make themselves wings from time to time through the ages. Modern science now teaches us that such attempts had never any chance of success; for a man's arms are not nearly strong enough, in proportion to his weight, to enable him to raise himself by them, however perfectly constructed his

“wings” may be. Greater power is needed; and that is why the history of flying goes hardly any farther back than that of the oil-engine.

Yet, curiously, man's first successful attempts to mount in the air did not imitate birds at all. They were achieved in “lighter-than-air” machines—that is balloons filled with buoyant gas. The first balloon was sent up by two French brothers called Mongolfier in 1783; but before they tried it themselves, they sent up in it three animals, a sheep, a cock and a duck; these landed safely two miles from Paris, whence they had set out, and the sheep was quietly eating! Next year, another Frenchman built a ballon which could be propelled by a screw; but he had only man-power to drive this; and man-power is too weak to propel a machine effectively, much less to lift it into the air. So balloons had to wait another seventy years, before the invention of the steam-engine led to the first “dirigible,” a steam-driven balloon built by Henry Giffard in 1852. In 1886, Colonel Renard improved on this by using an electric motor. But about 1890, the oil-engine or “explosion motor” was invented—a machine far more powerful for its weight than any which had gone before: so much so that henceforward the explosion-motor alone was used, whether for lighter or heavier-than-air machines.

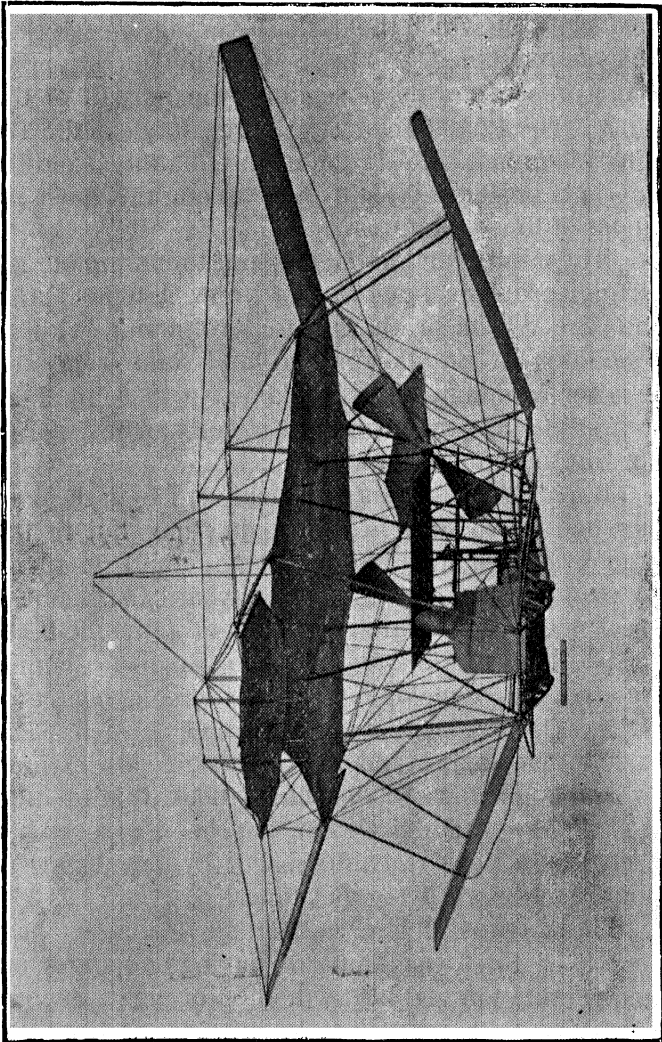
Now let us turn to this second type, in which bird-flight is actually imitated. It came much later than the balloon, because until the explosion-motor was invented there was no engine strong and light enough to raise it from the ground. But even before a suitable engine had been designed, the way was prepared by several pioneers who experimented with “gliders,”

great kites, on which the daring inventors poised themselves and "planed," down from a height, supported by the pressure of the air against the spread of their wings. The Englishman Sir George Cayley, the German Lilienthal, the Frenchman Chanute, and the American brothers Wright were among the most prominent of these pioneers.

Then came the oil-engine, and the complete self-starting aeroplane, such as we know it today. Here again, the Wright brothers were prominent, with the Frenchmen Ader, Delagrange, and Santos-Dumont; the latter winning everlasting fame, in 1906, by being the first to leave the ground in a self-starting aeroplane, and to fly for 100 metres.

Rapid progress was now made. The earliest aviators had flown only in a straight line, but in 1908 Farman showed that his aeroplane could be turned and manoeuvred. In the same year, Farman and Bleriot made cross-country flights of some distance, and in 1909 Bleriot crossed the English Channel. Since then, the development of aviation has been even swifter. Greater stability was gained, airmen began to "loop the loop" and to fly upside down, more powerful engines were designed; till, within memory of us all, the Atlantic Ocean has been crossed not merely by a pair of aviators, but by the American Colonel Lindbergh flying all alone.

Three types of heavier-than-air machines have been tried. First, Ornithopters, having flapping wings in exact imitation of a bird's method of flight. Second, Helicopters, with propellers to raise them from the ground as well as those which drive them forward. Neither of these, however, has been found so success-



ful as the Aeroplane, which is supported kite-like by the resistance of the air against its large oblique planes,

while its motor drives it along. It may have one, two, or even three sets of planes: the three types being known as monoplanes, biplanes and triplanes respectively. So far as heavier-than-air machines are concerned, there seems no doubt that the aeroplane is the air-vehicle of the future. As for balloons, the most modern designers seem to favour the "rigid" type, whose gas-bag or "envelope" is stretched over a latticed framework of aluminium; this gives stability, and lessens the danger of collapse to which so many of the early balloons succumbed.

We have already spoken of the use of aeroplanes in the Great War; and there is no doubt that the hard tests to which the war machines were put helped greatly to develop the science of building them. War-aimen too, who had not merely to be able to fly but also to fight in the air, soon became experts in such perilous tricks as they would otherwise most likely have never attempted; with the result that now, under peace conditions, air-travel is reckoned to be hardly more hazardous than any other method of transit. Great aeroplanes ply regularly between the capitals of Europe; one can book seats from London to Paris, London to Brussels, and between many other places, as promptly and easily as though one were travelling by steamship or train. Or one can buy an aeroplane of one's own, and be instructed at an aviation-school how to handle it.

Let us suppose that we are going by one of the air-liners from London to Paris. The first stage of our trip is done by car to Croydon, a suburb of London where the air-liners' landing-ground has been made. We arrive there to see our giant aeroplane already

out of her shed, with the mechanics busily at work on her three 400-horse-power engines. Our luggage—for we may take a certain amount of that—is loaded into her tail, and the leather-coated mechanic who will travel with us climbs into her nose near the engines. Then we ourselves climb in through a little door—there may be as many as twenty of us; and by the time we have done that, the men are starting her engines.

But there is still no sign of the pilot who is to take charge of us. Ah, here he comes at last, when all three engines have been started! There is no need for him to appear before. He wears a leather coat and cap, and ear-phones—for he will be in touch with Croydon by wireless telephone, all the way across, giving the Traffic Officer his position from time to time, and receiving news of any other machines that he is likely to meet.

He climbs in after us by the same door, which is then locked from outside; we can see him take his seat in the prow of the “boat,” beside the mechanic. He tries each engine separately, letting it run so fast that its sound rises to a high, shrill whine, and its propeller becomes invisible. This done, he gets the permission of the Traffic Officer to set out, by a signal.

We may not leave the ground at once, however. For we can rise only against the wind; and if the wind is blowing at our backs down the aerodrome, we must go slowly on our wheels to the far end, and then turn on the ground. But before long we hear the engines increase their speed, and are rising gently through the air; once up, we turn a little, select our course, and are off in a bee-line for our destination.

In two hours, or very little more, we shall be in Paris. There we shall find the same sort of place as that from which we started: mechanics waiting to receive our machine, porters to take our luggage, the passport-officer and custom-house men to make sure we are authorised to land in a foreign country: lastly, the waiting cars to carry us into the heart of the city. How our grandfathers would have stared, to see us descend! To us, it is hardly more of an adventure than to have come over by rail and sea—and a great deal less inconvenience.

Much other work is done by these great aeroplanes, beside the transport of passengers—the carrying of mails, for instance, and of other goods which can be taken in great bulk; for the huge modern machine with its improved engines lifts cargoes which would have amazed the aviators of twenty years ago. Its own weight may be as much as ten tons, with a further eight tons of lifting-power: its speed at least a hundred miles an hour. Twenty years ago, machines were seldom flown at a greater height than 150 feet; today, a height of 40,000 feet has been accomplished. In exploration, work of great value has been done by aeroplanes; they have flown far inland over Central Africa, and over the polar regions; they have enabled scientists and map-makers to learn what lies in hitherto untrodden lands, such as the heights of the Himalayas.

Above all, we must reflect that the aeroplane is still in its infancy. When we consider how much has been achieved, and in how short a time, we shall be rash indeed to deny that in a very few years we may

be making trips from London to New York or Calcutta, with as little fuss as on the journey which we took just now to Paris.

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### 10. The Old Man of the Mountain

There was once upon a time a poor old woman who lay ill and had neither a bit of bread nor a farthing in her house. She therefore said to her daughter, who was a dear, good, little girl, "Go out into the woods, my dear, and gather berries, and then go into the town and sell them." The girl at once took her basket and went into the woods. Soon she reached a spot where the bilberries grew thick and set to work gathering them. She thought that if she got her basket quite filled she might be able to get some good food for her mother. In the meanwhile, day was declining, and evening began to creep on over the mountains. The girl then gave up her work, looking with delight at her well-filled basket, and prepared to go home.

She tried hard to get along, but the footpath soon became lost to sight and she did not know which way she ought to go. She jumped over sticks and stones, through thick woods and thinly-wooded parts, but the trees stood out darker and darker and it began to grow more and more dusk. Then she lost heart, and stood still and cried: there was no means of getting out of the wood. Just at this moment something came between the trees, and all of a sudden there stood in front of her a very little old

man, with a long grey beard, which reached below his waist. He spoke in a kindly way to the girl, and asked, "What ails you, dear?"

"Ah!" replied the girl sobbing, "I have been gathering bilberries to sell, in order to buy bread and a little meat for my mother, who is ill, but now I cannot find my way out of the wood, and shall have to stay here all night, and my poor sick mother is quite alone at home."

"Is that all that's the matter?" answered the little old man. "Then that can soon be got over. Wait a minute, and I'll lead you out of the wood at once; only follow me."

With these words the old man led the way and soon they came to a good track. The girl went along, tired and weary as she was, and presently the wood became lighter and lighter, and they were out in the open. The girl's heart now beat with delight, and she gratefully thanked the little old man.

"Your mother is ill then?" he remarked. "As you are a good girl, I will help you." Thereupon he stooped down and plucked some herbs, and gave them to the child. "Boil them today and give the broth to your mother to drink, and she will at once get well again." The old man then turned and went off in a moment.

The girl now danced for joy on her way home and told her mother what had happened to her in the wood. She then went into the sooty little kitchen, made up a fire and boiled the herbs. When this was done, she strained off the broth, and gave it to her mother. The old woman drank it, and had scarcely swallowed the last drop, before she became quite lively, and got up from her bed.

This was all seen and heard by a neighbour's son—a lad who often came into the old woman's room—and now he thought to himself, "Wait a bit now, I also will go into the wood, and get herbs like these for myself. Then I shall go into a town, and sell them for a lot of money and buy myself figs and other nice things to eat."

So the next day the wicked boy went to the wood, gathered bilberries and ate them, and when he had well filled himself, he began to scream and make a noise so as to be heard through the trees. He had done this for some time, when the old man of the mountain came up to him and asked, "What are you making all this noise about in my quiet wood?"

"Because I cannot find my way home, and my sick mother is all alone." And with these words he began to cry, and begged the old man to lead him out of the wood.

"Oh, I can help you," answered the old man, and went on, the boy following him. Now the old man led the deceitful boy for four hours through the thickest parts of the wood, up hill, and down hill, so that he became footsore and tired to death, and bitterly repented his deceitful behaviour. When he was too worn out to do anything more, they just reached the edge of the wood. The boy was now pleased enough, and was going on his way home, when the old man said, "Wait a minute, I'll give you also a plant to take home with you."

He then stooped down and plucked some leaves and gave them to the boy. "Boil them at home," said he, "and drink the broth."

The boy now trudged off home in haste, over sticks and stones, and did as the old man had told him. He went into the kitchen, made up a fire, and boiled the herbs; he then strained off the broth, and drank it. In a few minutes a great pain came over him; and he was so pinched and racked with it that he writhed and wriggled like a worm. This lasted for several days and left him only when he had sworn to give up all his evil ways and be good.

—From the Swedish.

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## 11. How to live on nothing a year

### CHARACTERS

WAITER—An experienced man.

SAM—An inexperienced man from the country, just recruited as waiter.

DIDDLER—the gentleman that lives on nothing a year.

FAINWOU'D—a rich gentleman from the country.

RICHARD—servant to Fainwou'd.

SCENE—An inn in a country town.

SCENE—The Public room in an inn. Bell rings.

SAM—Coming, I'm a-coming.

## I

ENTER WAITER AND SAM, MEETING

*Waiter.*—Well Sam, there's a little difference between this and hay-making, eh ?

*Sam.*—Yes, but I get on pretty decent, don't I? Only, you see, when two or three people call at once, I'm apt to get flurried: and then I can't help listening to the droll things the young chaps say to one another at dinner; and then I don't exactly hear what they say to me, you see. Sometimes too, I fall a-laughing with them, and that they don't like, you understand.

*Waiter.*—Well, well, you'll soon get the better of all that.

(A LAUGH WITHOUT)

*Sam.*—What's all that about ?

*Waiter.*—(Looking out) Oh, it's Mr. Diddler trying to joke himself into credit at the bar. But it won't do, they know him too well. By the bye, Sam, mind you never trust that fellow.

*Sam.*—What, him with the spy-glass ?

*Waiter.*—Yes, that impudent, short-sighted fellow.

*Sam.*—Why, why do you say so ?

*Waiter.*—Why, because he'll never pay you. The fellow lives by sponging, gets into people's houses by his songs and his bonsmots. At some of the squires' tables he's as constant a guest as the parson or the apothecary.

*Sam.*—Come, that's an odd line to get into, however.

*Waiter.*—Then he borrows money of everyone he meets.

*Sam.*—Nay, but will anybody lend him ?

*Waiter.*—Why, he asks for such a trifle, to give it the appearance of immediate necessity, that people are ashamed to refuse him.

*Sam.*—Oh, ho, he must be a droll chap indeed !

*Waiter.*—Here he comes ; mind you take care of him.  
(EXIT).

*Sam.*—Never you fear that. I'll take care.

( ENTER DIDDLE )

*Did.*—Tol lol de riddle lol—oh (looking through a glass at Sam) the new waiter,—a very clod, an untutored clod ! My clamorous bowels, be of good cheer. (To him) Young man, how d'ye do ? Step this way, will you ?—A novice, I perceive—And how d'ye like your new line of life ?

*Sam.*—Why, very well, thank'ye. How do you like your old one ?

*Did.*—What is your name, my fine fellow ?

*Sam.*—Sam. You needn't tell me yours. I know you, my—fine fellow.

*Did.*—(Aside) Oh ! this fellow has already heard about me ! (To him) A prepossessing look—open and ruddy, importing health and liberality. Excuse my glass, I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.

*Sam.*—Yes, I can see as far as most folks.

*Did.*—(Turning away) Well, I'll thank you to—O Sam, you haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you ?

*Sam.*—Yes. (They look at each other, Diddler expecting to receive it) And I mean to keep it with me, you see.

*Did.*—Oh, aye, certainly. I only asked for information.

*Sam.*—Hark! There's a stage-coach come in. I must go and wait upon the passengers. You'd better ask some of them; mayhap they may give you a little better information.

*Did.*—Hark ye, Sam; You can get me some breakfast first. I'm devilish sharp-set, Sam. You see, I come from a long walk over the hills; and—

*Sam.*—Aye, and you see I come from—Yorkshire.

*Did.*—You do; your unsophisticated tongue declares it. Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honour you for it.

*Sam.*—Aye; well, what will you have?

*Did.*—Anything; tea, coffee, an egg, and so forth.

*Sam.*—Well now, in this transaction one of us, you understand, must have credit for a little while. That is, either I must trust you for the money, or you must trust me for the breakfast. Now as you seem to be vastly taken with me, and I am not at all taken with you, you'd better give me the money, you see, and trust me for the breakfast. He! he! he!

*Did.*—What d'ye mean by that, Sam?

*Sam.*—I just mean what I say.

*Did.*—Sir, you're getting impertinent.

*Sam.*—Oh, you don't like my terms. Why then, as you sometimes sing for your dinner, now you may whistle for your breakfast—you see?

He! he! he!

(EXIT)

*Did.*—(alone). This is to carry on trade without capital. Once I paid my way, and in a pretty high road I travelled; but thou art now, Jerry Diddler, little better than a vagabond. Fie on thee! Awake thee, rouse thy spirit! while there is life, there is hope.

II.

ENTER FAINWOU'D

*Fain.*—Bring breakfast directly. I'm very hungry.

*Sam.*—Yes, sir, yes.

ENTER DIDDLER

*Did.*—Breakfast! Delightful sound! We'll breakfast together (advancing to him). Sir, your most obedient. From London, sir, I presume?

*Fain.*—At your service, sir.

*Did.*—Pleasant travelling, sir?

*Fain.*—Middling, sir.

*Did.*—Any news in town, when you came away?

*Fain.*—Not a word, sir.

*Did.*—Pray, sir, what is your opinion of affairs in general?

*Fain.*—Sir? Why really, sir—

*Did.*—No politician, perhaps. You talked of breakfast, sir; I was just thinking of the same thing—shall be proud of your company.

*Fain.*—You're very obliging, sir, but really I am in such haste—

*Did.*—Don't mention it. Company is everything to me.  
I really couldn't dispense with you.

*Fain.*—Sir, since you insist upon it—waiter—

*Sam.*—(Without) Coming, sir,—

*Fain.*—Bless me, they're very inattentive here; they never bring you what you call for.

*Did.*—No; they very often serve me so.

ENTER SAM

*Fain.*—Let that breakfast be for two.

*Did.*—Yes, this gentleman and I are going to breakfast together.

*Sam.*—(To Fainwou'd) You order it, do you, sir?

*Fain.*—Yes, to be sure! didn't you hear me?

*Sam.*—(Chuckling) Yes, I heard you.

*Fain.*—Then bring it immediately.

*Sam.*—Yes (still chuckling).

*Fain.*—What d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel?

*Did.*—Aye, what d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel?

(DRIVES SAM OUT AND FOLLOWS)

*Fain.*—(alone) Now, that's disrespectful, especially to that gentleman, who seems to be so well known here; but these country waiters are always impertinent.

(ENTER DIDDLEL WITH A LETTER IN HIS HAND)

*Did.*—A letter for me? Desire the man to wait. That bumpkin is the most impertinent—I declare it's enough to—You haven't got such a thing as half

a crown about you, have you, sir? There's a messenger waiting, and I haven't got any change about me.

*Fain.*—Certainly. At your service.

(TAKES OUT HIS PURSE AND GIVES HIM MONEY.)

*Did.*—I'll return it to you, sir, as soon as possible. Allo! Here! Here's the man's money. (Goes out and putting the money into his own pocket) Waiter, bring the breakfast immediately.

*Waiter.*—Here it is, sir. (Exit.)

ENTER SAM, WITH BREAKFAST

*Did.*—There we are, sir. Now, no ceremony, I beg, for I'm rather in a hurry myself.

(Exit Sam chuckling. Diddler pours out coffee for himself) Help yourself, sir. When you've done with that loaf, sir, I'll thank you to hand the other to me. (Takes it out of his hands.) Thank'ye, sir. Breakfast, sir, is a very wholesome meal. (Eats fast).

*Fain.*—It is, sir. I always eat a good one.

*Did.*—So do I, sir.

*Fain.*—I'm an early riser too; and in town the servants are so lazy, that I'm often obliged to wait a long while before I get any.

*Did.*—That's exactly my case in the country.

*Fain.*—And it's very tantalizing, when one's hungry, to be served so.

*Did.*—Very, sir. I'll trouble you once more. (Snatches the bread out of his hand again).

*Fain*—(aside) This can't be meant for disrespect, but it's very like it.

*Did.*—Are you looking for this, sir. You can call for more if you want it. (Returns a very small bit)  
Here, waiter!

*Waiter.*—Sir!

*Did.*—Some more bread for this getleman—why, bless my soul, you eat nothing at all, sir!

*Fain.*—Why! bless my soul, I can get at nothing.

(SAM ENTERS WITH ROLLS OF BREAD)

*Did.*—Very well, Sam; thank ye, Sam; but don't giggle, Sam. Curse you, don't laugh. (Following him out)

*Sam.*—Ecod, you're in luck, Mr. Diddler. (Exit)

*Did.*—(enters with another letter) What, another letter by the coach! Might I trouble you again? You haven't such a thing as tenpence about you, have you? I live close by, sir; I'll send it to you the moment I go home. Will be glad to see you any time you'll look in, sir.

*Fain.*—You do me honour, sir. I haven't any halfpence; but there's my servant, you can desire him to give it you.

*Did.*—You're very obliging. (Puts the rolls Sam brought unobserved into his hat). I'm extremely sorry to give you so much trouble. (Aside) Come, this is a good morning's work. (Exit)

*Fain.*—(alone) That must be a gentleman of some breeding, indeed.

(SAM IS CROSSING)

Who is that gentleman, waiter?

*Sam.*—Gentleman!

*Fain.*—Yes; I suppose he lives upon his means—don't he?

*Sam.*—Yes, but they're the oddest sort of means you ever heard of in your life. What, don't you know him?

*Fain.*—No.

*Sam.*—Well, I thought so.

*Fain.*—He invited me to breakfast with him.

*Sam.*—Aye, that was handsome enough.

*Fain.*—I thought so myself.

*Sam.*—But it isn't quite so handsome to leave you to pay for it.

*Fain.*—Leave me to pay for it!

*Sam.*—(Looking out) Yes, I see he's off there.

*Fain.*—Poh! He's only gone to pay for a letter.

*Sam.*—A letter! Bless you, no letter comes here for him.

*Fain.*—He's had two this morning; I lent him the money to pay for 'em.

*Sam.*—No! Did you though?

*Fain.*—Yes, he hadn't any change about him.

*Sam* (laughing).—That's the softest trick I ever knew. You come from London, don't you sir?

*Fain.*—Why, you giggling blockhead, what d'ye mean?

*Sam.*—Why sir, he's had no letters, I tell you, but the one he has just been writing here himself.

*Fain.*—An impudent rascal!

*Sam.*—Well, sir, we'll put the breakfast all to your credit, you understand, as you ordered it.

*Fain.*—Psha, don't tease me about the breakfast.

*Sam.*—Upon my soul, the flattest trick I ever heard of.

(EXIT LAUGHING)

*Fain.*—Well, this is the most disrespectful treatment.—

(RICHARD ENTERS, MEETING HIM)

*Richard.*—I lent the gentleman the tenpence, sir.

*Fain.*—Confound the gentleman, and you too! (exit both.)

—Mrs. Inchbald.

## 12. A Letter from Charles Lamb to William Wordsworth

30th January 1801

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could stay anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasures of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very

women of the Town; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles;—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me often into night-walks about its crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes.

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion for groves and valleys. The room where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog, (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old schools—have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind would make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills and lakes affect me no more than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature; so ever

fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men in this great City.....

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself. Thank you for liking my play !

—Lamb.

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### 13. Highwaymen in the Seventeenth Century

Whatever might be the way in which a journey was performed in those days, the travellers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath, on the Great Western Road, and Finchley Common, on the Great Northern Road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad day-light. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill.

The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with the plunderers. At one time it was announced in the Gazette, that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses ; their horses would also be shown ; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular

exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would give up some rough diamonds, of immense value, which had been taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. A short time after appeared another proclamation, warning the innkeepers that the eye of the Government was upon them. Their criminal connivance, it was affirmed, enabled banditti to infest the roads with impunity.

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar, and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that his life was once spared by royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died in 1685, on the gallows of York.

It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honour to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders; how at the head of his troop he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to go away in peace; how his chivalry and engaging manners captured the hearts of women; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men; how, at length, in the year 1670 he was seized when overcome by wine; how dames of high rank visited him in prison and with tears interceded for his life; how the King would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect; and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all pomp till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the Crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies.

In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable; but they are not on that account unworthy of being recorded; for it is both an authentic and an important fact that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

—From Lord Macaulay's 'History of England'

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## 14. The Pickwickians' Journey from London to Rochester

That punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just risen and begun to strike a light on the morning of the 13th of May 1827, when Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers, threw open his chamber window and looked out upon the world beneath. Then he proceeded to put himself into his clothes, and his clothes into his portmanteau. The operation of shaving, dressing, and coffee-imbibing was soon performed; and in another hour, Mr. Pickwick, with his portmanteau in his hand, his telescope in his great-coat pocket and his note-book in his waistcoat, ready for the reception of any discoveries worthy of being noted down, had arrived at the coach stand in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

'Cab!' said Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you are, sir," shouted a waiter. "Here you are, sir. Now, then, fust cab!" And the first cab having been fetched from the public house, where the cabman had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

"Golden Cross," said Mr. Pickwick, and the cab drove off. "How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eying him askance.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at

the man's face, but his features were immovable; so he noted down the fact forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.

"Two or three weeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment—and out came the note-book again.

"He lives at Pentonville when he's at home," observed the driver coolly, "but we seldom takes him on account of his weakness."

"On account of his weakness!" reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

"He always falls down when he's took out o'the cab," continued the driver, "but when he is in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down; we've got a pair as *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it."

Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book, with the view of communicating it to the Pickwickian club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle, who had been anxiously awaiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowded to welcome him.

"Here's your fare," said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money on the

pavement, and requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!

“You are mad!” said Mr. Snodgrass.

“Or drunk,” said Mr. Winkle.

“Or both,” said Mr. Tupman.

“Come on! said the cab-driver, sparring away like clockwork. Come on—all four of you.”

“Here’s a lark!” shouted half a dozen hackney coachmen. “Go to work, Sam,”—and they crowded with great glee round the party.

“What’s the row, Sam?” inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

“Row!” replied the cabman, “What did he want my number for?”

“I didn’t want your number,” said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

“What did you take it for, then?” inquired the cabman.

“I didn’t take it,” said Mr. Pickwick indignantly.

“Would anybody believe,” continued the cab-driver, appealing to the crowd, “would anybody believe as an informer’d go about in a man’s cab, not only taking down his number, but ev’ry word he says into the bargain?” (A light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick and he understood—it was his note-book)

“Did he though?” inquired another cabman. “Yes, did he,” replied the first, “and then after provoking me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I’ll give it him, if I’ve six months for it. Come on!” and the cabman dashed his hat

upon the ground and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement and then dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body, and all in half a dozen seconds.

"Where's an officer?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"You shall smart for this," gasped Mr. Pickwick.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd.

"Come on," cried the cabman, who had been sparring without cessation the whole time.

The mob had hitherto been passive spectators of the scene, but as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to be aggressive, and there is no saying what acts of personal violence they might have committed, had not the affray been unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new-corner. "What's the fun?" said a rather tall thin young man, in a green coat, emerging suddenly from the coach-yard.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd again. "We are not," roared Mr. Pickwick. "Ain't you though?—ain't you?" said the young man, making his way to Mr. Pickwick through the crowd.

That learned man in a few hurried words explained the real state of the case. "Come along, then," said he of the green coat, lugging Mr. Pickwick after him by main force, and talking the whole way. "Here, No. 924, take your fare and take yourself off—

respectable gentleman—know him well—none of your nonsense—this way, sir—where're your friends—all a mistake, I see,—never mind—accidents will happen—confounded rascals.” And with a lengthened string of similar broken sentences, delivered with extraordinary volubility, the stranger led the way to the travellers' waiting-room, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and his disciples.

“Here, waiter!” shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, “glasses round—brandy and water, hot and strong, and sweet and plenty,—eye damaged sir? Waiter! raw beef-steak for the gentleman's eye,—nothing like raw beef-steak for a bruise, sir.” And when the brandy and water was served, he swallowed at a draught full half a pint of it and flung himself into a chair with as much ease as if nothing had happened.

Now as Mr. Pickwick and his friends were warmly thanking the stranger for his timely assistance, the Rochester coachman came in to announce that “The commodore” was on the point of starting. “Commodore!” said the stranger, starting up, “my coach—place booked—one outside—leave you to pay for the brandy and water—want change for a fiver”—and left the room.

Now it so happened that Mr. Pickwick and his three companions had resolved to make Rochester their halting place too; and having taken their seats at the back of the coach by the side of their new-found acquaintance, they all started off.

## 15. A City Night Peace

The clock has just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round and the suicide lifts his arms against his own sacred person.

What a gloom hangs all round ! The dying lamp emits a yellow gleam, no sound is heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten ; an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away and leave a desert in its room.

What cities as great as this have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and with short-sighted presumption promised themselves immortality ! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others, and as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds ; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile ; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice made them feeble. Their riches and opulence invited

the invaders 'who conquered and swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets which but a few hours ago were so crowded !

But who are those who make their streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent ? They are strangers, wanderers, orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease ; the world has disclaimed them ; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the suffering of wretches I cannot relieve ! Poor houseless creatures ! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich are aggravated with all the power of eloquence and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny ; and every law, which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility ! Or, why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse ! Tenderness without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu !

## 16. A Letter

A Happy New Year to you all, my dearest family. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your Christmas bundle, for I didn't get it till night, and had given up hoping. Your letter came in the morning, but you said nothing about a parcel, meaning it for a surprise. So, I was disappointed, for I'd had a kind of feeling that you would not forget me. I felt a little low in my mind, as I sat in my room after tea; and when the big, muddy, battered-looking bundle was brought to me, I just hugged it and pranced. It was so *homely* and refreshing that I sat down on the floor, and read, and looked, and ate, and laughed and cried, in my usual absurd way. The things were just what I wanted, and all the better for being made instead of bought. Beth's new ink-bib was capital; and Hannah's box of hard ginger-bread will be a treasure. I'll be sure and wear the nice flannels you sent, mamma, and read carefully the books father has marked. Thank you all, heaps and heaps!

Speaking of books reminds me that I'm getting rich in that line; for on New Year's Day, Mr. Bhaer gave me a fine Shakespeare. It is one he values much, and I've often admired it; so you may imagine how I felt when he brought it down, without its cover, and showed me my name on it, "from my friend F. Bhaer."

'You say often you wish a library; here I give you one; for between these two lids (he meant covers) is many books in one. Read him well, and he will help you much; for the study of character in this book will help you to read it in the world, and paint it with your pen.'

I thanked him as well as I could, and talk now about 'my library' as if I had a hundred books. I never knew how much there was in Shakespeare before; but then I never had a Bhaer to explain it to me. Now don't laugh at this horrid name; it isn't pronounced Bear or Beer, as people *will* say it, but something between the two, as only Germans can do it. I'm glad you both like what I tell you about him, and hope you will know him some day. Mother would admire his warm heart, father his wise head. I admire both and feel rich in my new 'friend F. Bhaer.'

Not having money, or knowing what he'd like, I got several little things and put them about the room, where he would find them unexpectedly. They were useful pretty little things—a new stand-dish on his table, a little vase for his flower—he always has one, or a bit of green in a glass to keep him fresh, he says. He is delighted with these, and I am so happy. Poor as he is, he didn't forget a child or a servant in the house; and not a soul here, from the French laundry-woman to Miss Norton, forgot him. I was so glad of that.

They got up a masquerade, and had a gay time on New-year's Eve. I didn't mean to go down, having no dress; but at the last minute, Mrs. Kirke remembered some old brocades, and Miss Norton lent me lace and feathers; so I rigged up as Mrs. Malaprop and went with a mask on. No one knew me, for I disguised my voice; and when we unmasked, it was fun to see them stare at me. I heard one of the young men tell another that he knew I'd been an actress; in fact, he thought he remembered seeing

me at one of the minor theatres. I dare say you will all relish that joke. Mr. Bhaer was Nick Bottom, and Tina was Titania—a perfect little fairy in his arms. To see them dance was quite a delight.

So I had a very happy New-year, as you see ; and when I thought over it in my room, I felt as if I was getting on a little in spite of my failures ; for I'm cheerful all the time now, work with a will, and take more interest in other people than I used to, which is satisfactory. Bless you all. Ever your loving. "Jo."

L. M. Alcott.

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## 17. Matilda and Her Father

(The Earl of Huntingdon had been outlawed by King Henry II and lived in Sherwood Forest under the name of Robin Hood. He loved Matilda, daughter of the old Baron Fitzwater, and preparations were made for their marriage. Just when the ceremony was about to be gone through in the church, it was interrupted by the entry of Sir Ralph Montfaucon who had been sent to arrest the Earl. Robin escaped to the forest. The next day Sir Ralph came to the Baron's Castle to explain to him his conduct on the previous day, and had breakfast with him.)

Matilda, not dreaming of any visitor, tripped into the apartment of her father in a dress of forest green, with a small quiver by her side and a bow and arrow in her hand. Her hair was black and glossy as the raven's wing and her black eyes sparkled like sunbeams on a river. Her lips were half opened to speak as she entered the apartment ; and with a curtsy to the stranger knight she approached the baron and said, "You are late at your breakfast, father."

“I am not at breakfast,” said the baron, “I have been at supper—my last night’s supper, for I had none.”

“I am sorry,” said Matilda, “you should have gone to bed supperless.”

“I did not go to bed supperless,” said the baron, “I did not go to bed at all, and what are you doing with that green dress and that bow and arrow?”

“I am going a-hunting,” said Matilda.

“A-hunting!” cried the baron, “to meet the earl and slip your neck into the same noose!”

“No,” said Matilda, “I am not going out of our own woods today.”

“How do I know that?” said the baron. “What surety have I of that? No, no, you can’t go.”

“Why, father,” said Matilda, “if you coop me up here in this odious castle, I shall pine and die like a lonely swan on a pool.”

“No,” said the baron, “the lonely swan does not die on a pool. If there be a river at hand, she flies to the river, and finds her a mate; and so shall not you.”

“But,” said Matilda, “you may send with me any or as many of your grooms as you will.”

“My grooms,” said the baron, “are all false knaves. I put no trust in them—But,” added he, after a pause, “why are you so anxious to meet your lover? He is as arrant a knave as ever poached.”

“What, for hunting the king’s deer?” asked Matilda. “Have I not heard you rail at the forest laws by the hour, and declare they were cruel and unjust?”

“Did you ever hear me,” said the baron, “rail myself out of house and land? If I had done that, then were I a knave.”

“My lover,” said Matilda, “is a brave man and a true man and a generous man and a young man and handsome man; ay, and an honest man too.”

“How can he be an honest man,” queried the baron, “when he has neither house nor land which are the better part of a man?”

“They are but the husk of a man,” said Matilda, “the worthless coat of the chestnut: the man himself is the kernel.”

“The man is the grape-stone,” said the baron, “and the pulp of the melon. The house and land are the true substantial fruit, and all that give him savour and value.”

“He will never want house or lands,” said Matilda, “while the meeting boughs weave a green roof in the wood, and the free range of the hart marks out the bounds of the forest.”

“Vert and Venison! Vert and Vension!” exclaimed the baron. “Treason and flat rebellion! Confound your smiling face! What makes you look so good-humoured? What! You think I can’t look at you and be in a passion? You think so, do you? We shall see. Have you no fear in talking thus, when here is the king’s liegeman come to take us all into custody, and confiscate our goods and chattels?”

“Nay, Lord Fitzwater,” said Sir Ralph, “you wrong me in your report. My visit is one of courtesy and excuse, not of menace and authority.”

“Oh, I cry you mercy, Sir Knight,” said Matilda, facing Sir Ralph, “I did not mark you before. I am your debtor for no slight favour, and so is my liege lord.”

“Pardon me, gentle lady,” said Sir Ralph. “Had I known you before yesterday, I would have cut off my right hand ere it should have been raised to do you displeasure.”

“Oh, sir,” said Matilda, “a good man may be forced on an ill office. But I can distinguish the man from his duty.”

She held out her hand to him, and turning to her father said, “Well, father, I must go to the woods.”

“Must you?” said the baron, “I say you must not.”

“But I am going,” said Matilda.

“But I shall heave up the drawbridge,” said the baron.

“But I will swim the moat,” said Matilda.

“But I will secure the gates,” said the baron.

“But I will leap from the battlement,” said Matilda.

“But I will lock you in an upper chamber” said the baron.

“I’ll then shred the tapestry,” said Matilda, “and let myself down.”

“But I will lock you in a turret,” said the baron, “where you shall only see light through a loop-hole.”

“But through that loop-hole,” said Matilda, “will I take my flight, like a young eagle from its aerie; and father, while I go out freely, I will return

willingly; but if I once slip out through a loop-hole—”  
She paused a moment, and then added singing,

The love that follows fain  
Will never its faith betray;  
But the faith that is held in a chain,  
Will never be found again,  
If a single link give way.

The baron grew impatient at this, and cried out,  
“Are you mad? Are you possessed? What in the  
devil’s name do you mean?”

“Nay, father,” said Matilda, coming nearer and  
taking the baron’s hand, “do not be hard on me. I  
mean not to offend you. My gaiety never before dis-  
pleased you. Least of all should it do so now, when  
I have need of all my spirits to outweigh the severity  
of my fortune.”

As she spoke the last words, tears started into  
her eyes, and she turned away to conceal them. The  
baron was subdued at once. He kissed his daughter,  
and said, “Sing on, in God’s name, and make your-  
self merry.” Then turning to Sir Ralph, he said,  
“You see how it is, Sir Knight. Matilda is my  
daughter, but she has me in leading-strings, that is  
the truth of it.”

—From ‘Maid Marian’ by T. L. Peacock.

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## 18. African Hospitality

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the King, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I might not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge for the night at a distant village, to which he pointed, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions as to how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village where I found to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without food in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose and there was great appearance of heavy rain—and the wild beasts were so numerous in the neighbourhood that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches.

About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon with looks of great compassion she

took up my saddle and bridle and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a fine fish, which she caused to be half broiled upon some embers and gave me for supper.

The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress—pointing to the mat and telling me that I might sleep there without apprehension—called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, and bade them resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves for a great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: “The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under a tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn.” *Chorus* “Let us pity the white man—no mother has he—” Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes.

In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

—Mungo Park.

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## 19. A Child's Dream of a Star

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wander all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky, they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children on earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry.

"For," said they, "the birds are the children of the flowers and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear-shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every

night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, 'I see the star!' And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down on their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night, and when they were turning round to sleep they used to say, 'God bless the star!'

But while she was still very young—oh, very, very young!—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak, that she could no longer stand at the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, 'I see the star!' and then a smile would come upon the face and a little, weak voice used to say, 'God bless my brother and the star!'

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive him. All these angels who were waiting turned their beaming eyes upon

the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, 'Is my brother come?' And he said, 'No.' She was turning hopelessly away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, 'O sister, I am here. Take me!' And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on the bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces. Said his sister's angel to the leader, 'Is my brother come?'. And he said,

‘Not that one, but another.’ As the child beheld his brother’s angel in her arms, he cried, ‘O sister, I am here. Take me!’ And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said, ‘Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!’ Again at night he saw the star, and all the former company. Said his sister’s angel to the leader, ‘Is my brother come?’ And he said, ‘Thy mother.’ A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, ‘O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!’ And they answered him, ‘Not yet,’ and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning grey and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again. Said his sister’s angel to the leader, ‘Is my brother come?’ And he said, ‘Nay, but his maiden daughter.’ And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, “My daughter’s head is on my sister’s bosom, and her arm is round my mother’s neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her—God be praised!” And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he

had cried so long ago, 'I see the star!' They whispered to one another, 'He is dying!' And he said, 'I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And, oh My Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!' And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

Charles Dickens.

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## 20. Lady Catherine Beaten

(Lady Catherine de Bough is a very rich widow, very arrogant and conceited, and insufferably dictatorial and insolent in her manners. She has an only daughter whom she wishes to marry to Mr. Darcy, her nephew, (sister's son) also heir to a very rich estate. She hears a rumour that Mr Darcy has fallen in love with Miss Elizabeth Bennett, the daughter of a gentleman living in the neighbourhood, and is about to be engaged to her. Much alarmed at this and anxious to have the rumour contradicted she comes to see Miss Elizabeth. Miss Elizabeth is one of five sisters and is the most intellectual and spirited of them all.)

One morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane (Elizabeth's sister) had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining-room, her attention was suddenly drawn to the window, by the sound of a carriage; and they perceived a chaise-and-four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and, besides, the equipage did not answer to that of any of their neighbours. The horses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servants was familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Jane to walk away with him into the

shrubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open, and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine de Burgh. They were all, of course, quite taken by surprise.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennett, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence, she said very stiffly to Elizabeth—

“ I hope you are well, Miss Bennett. That lady, I suppose, is your mother ? ” Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

“ And *that*, I suppose, is one of your sisters ? ” “ Yes, madam,” said Mrs. Bennett, delighted to speak to Lady Catherine. “ She is my youngest girl but one. My youngest of all is lately married ; and my eldest is somewhere about the ground walking with a young man who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family.”

“ You have a very small park here,” returned Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

“ It is nothing in comparison with yours, my lady, I dare say. It's so small.”

“ This must be a most inconvenient sitting-room for the evening in summer : the windows are full west.”

Mrs. Bennett assured her that they never sat after dinner, and then begged her ladyship, with great civility, to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely and not very politely declined eating anything; and then rising up, said to Elizabeth—

“Miss Bennett, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favour me with your company.”

“Go, my dear,” cried her mother, “and show her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage.”

Elizabeth obeyed, and running into her own room for her parasol attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining-parlour and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting-woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner:—

“You can be at no loss, Miss Bennett, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come.”

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

“Indeed, you are mistaken, madam. I have not been able at all to account for the honour of seeing you here”

“Miss Bennett,” replied her ladyship in an angry tone, “you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness, and in a cause of such moment as this, I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that *you*, Miss Elizabeth Bennett, would, in all likelihood, be soon afterwards united to my nephew—my own nephew—Mr. Darcy. Though I knew it must be a falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you.”

“If you believed it impossible to be true,” said Elizabeth colouring with astonishment and disdain, “I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?”

“At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted.”

“Your coming here to see me and my family,” said Elizabeth coolly, “will be rather a confirmation of it; if, indeed such a report is in existence.”

“If!—Do you then pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread abroad?”

“ I never heard that it was.”

“ And can you likewise declare that there is no *foundation* for it ? ”

“ I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. *You* may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer.”

“ This is not to be borne ! Miss Bennett, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage ? ”

“ Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible.”

“ It ought to be so ; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But your arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in.”

“ If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it.”

“ Miss Bennett, do you know who I am ? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns.”

“ But you are not entitled to know *mine* ; nor will such behaviour as this ever induce me to be explicit.”

“ Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place. No. never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to *my daughter*. Now what have you to say ? ”

“ Only this : that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me.”

Lady Catherine hesitated for a moment, and then replied—

“The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy they have been intended for each other. It was the favourite wish of his mother as well as of hers. While in their cradles we planned the union; and now at the moment when the wishes of both the sisters would be accomplished, is their marriage to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family? Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends, to his tacit engagement with my daughter? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?”

“Yes, and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If Mr. Darcy is determined to make another choice, and if I am that choice, why may I not accept him?”

“Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you till now? Is nothing due to me on that score? Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennett, that I came here with the determined resolution of carrying my purpose; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment.”

“*That* will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable; but it will have no effect on *me*.”

“I will not be interrupted! Hear me in silence. My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side,

from the same noble line; and, on the father's side, from respectable honourable, and ancient, though untitled, families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses; and what is to divide them? The upstart pretensions of a young woman without family, connections or fortune? Is this to be endured! No. It must not be, it shall not be! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you were brought up."

"In marrying your nephew I shall not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter; so far we are equal."

"True. You are a gentleman's daughter. But who was your mother? Who are your uncles and aunts? Do you imagine me ignorant of their condition?"

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to you."

"Tell me once for all, are you engaged to him?" Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, for it was a fact, "I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennett, I am shocked and astonished. I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will

recede. I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly *never* shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter; but would my giving you the wished-for promise make their marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would *my* refusing to accept his hand make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? No, no, Lady Catherine, this cannot be. You have widely mistaken my character. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in his affairs, I cannot tell; but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no farther on the subject."

"Not so hasty, if you please. I have by no means done. I am no stranger to the particulars of your youngest sister's marriage. Has she not married the son of Mr. Darcy's father's steward? Is that man to be Mr. Darcy's brother-in-law? Heaven and Earth—of what are you thinking, Miss Bennett?"

"You can have now nothing further to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me in every possible way. I must beg to return to the house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they returned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

"You have no regard, then, for the honour and credit of my nephew! Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody?"

“Lady Catherine, I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments.”

“You are then resolved to have him?”

“I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to you or to any other person so wholly unconnected with me.”

“It is well. You refuse then to oblige me. You refuse to obey the claims of duty, honour and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world.”

“Neither duty, nor honour, nor gratitude,” replied Elizabeth, “has any possible claim on me in the present instance. No principle of either would be violated by my marriage with Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family or the indignation of the world, if the former were excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment’s concern; and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the scorn.”

“And this is your real opinion! Very well. I shall now know how to act—I take no leave of you, Miss Bennett. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased.”

Elizabeth made no answer, and without so much as asking her ladyship to step into the house, walked quietly into it herself. The next moment she heard the carriage drive away, and heaved a huge sigh of relief.

**ATAHUALLPA VISITS THE SPANIARDS.**

[Pizarro was a brave Spanish adventurer. In 1529 he was given permission by the Emperor of Spain to sail to South America and conquer Peru. In 1530 Pizarro sailed over to Peru at the head of a Spanish force and proceeded towards Caxamalca, the capital of a province in Peru. Atahualpa, by which name the Inca, the hereditary ruler of Peru, was called, heard of this and encamped with a large retinue in the vicinity of Caxamalca. He also sent an embassy to Pizarro in order to receive him as a friend. Pizarro and his men had at the invitation of the Inca taken their quarters in Caxamalca and the Inca himself came to visit Pizarro. How the latter contrived to seize him and make him prisoner is related in the following extract.]

The clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the 16th of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza*, or public square, was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. All received orders

to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war-cries, rush out in a body from their covert, and putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order; and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition. With feelings thus kindled to a flame of religious ardour, the soldiers of Pizarro looked forward with renovated spirits to the coming conflict; and the chieftain saw with satisfaction, that in the hour of trial his men would be true to their leader and themselves.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahuallpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had

no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or, perhaps, disclose, in some measure, his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca, that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the Conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw, with surprise, that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, awaiting in

silence the coming of the Inca. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldier as prolonged suspense, in a critical situation like the present; and he feared lest his ardour might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis, and which, if not fear, is near akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose; and adding, that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose; and, striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, "the House of the Serpent." No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him! The fanatical cavalier could not fail to discern in it the immediate finger of Providence.

It was not long before sunset when the van of royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which, in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of

hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with richly coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, they opened to the right and left for the royal retin e to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, Pizarro's chaplain, came forward with a Bible in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine

of the Trinity, and concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity,—then alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—"my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, staid only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not

see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance,—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a

hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening

grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca;" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.



## 1. The Wreck of the Hesperus.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
' I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear the hurricane.

' Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see ! '  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused like a frightened  
steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

‘Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow.’

He wrapped her warm in his seaman’s coat,  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

‘O father! I hear the church bells ring,  
O say, what may it be?’

‘’Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!’  
And he steered for the open sea.

‘O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be?’

‘Some ship in distress that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!’

‘O father! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what can it be?’

But the father answered never a word—  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ who stilled the waves  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
    A sound came from the land ;  
It was the sound of the-trampling surf  
    On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.  
The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
    She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
    Like icicles from her deck.  
She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
    Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides  
    Like the horns of an angry bull.  
Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,  
    With the masts went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,  
    Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared.  
At day-break on the bleak sea-beach,  
    A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair  
    Lashed close to a drifting mast.  
The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
    The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed  
    On the billows fall and arise.  
Such was the wreck of the *Herperus*,  
    In the midnight and the snow ;  
Heav'n save us all from a death like this,  
    On the reef of Norman's Woe !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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## 2. The Destruction of Sennacherib \*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever were still.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,  
But through them there rolled not the breath of his  
pride ;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

[ \* See The Bible, Chronicles II 32, V. 21 ]

### 3. The Scholar

My days among the Dead are past ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old :  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal  
And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead : with them  
I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all Futurity ;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY.

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#### 4. The Rhodora

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER ?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that, if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being :

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !  
I never thought to ask, I never knew ;  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The self-same Power that brought me there brought  
you.

R. W. EMERSON.

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#### 5. Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold :—  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold  
And to the Presence in the room he said,

What writest thou ? '—The vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'  
'And is mine one ?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'  
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheer'ly still ; and said, 'I pray thee then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,  
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

L. HUNT.

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## 6. The Charge of the Light Brigade

### I.

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

### II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade !'  
Was there a man dismayed ?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered.

Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die.  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

LORD TENNYSON.

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## 7. Prayer

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.  
Pray, if thou canst, with hope ; but ever pray,  
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay ;  
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.  
Far is the time, remote from human sight,  
When war and discord on the earth shall cease ;  
Yet every prayer for universal peace  
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,  
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see ;  
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven  
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be :  
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,  
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

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### 8. Psalm

- 1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy  
loving kindness :  
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies  
blot out my transgressions.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,  
And cleanse me from my sin.
- 3 For I acknowledge my transgressions :  
And my sin is ever before me.
- 4 Create in me a clean heart, O God ;  
And renew a right spirit within me.
- 5 Cast me not away from thy presence ;  
And take not thy holy spirit from me.
- 6 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation :  
And uphold me with a free spirit.
- 7 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways ;  
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.

- 8 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God  
of my salvation ;  
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
- 9 O Lord, open thou my lips ;  
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
- 10 For thou delightest not in sacrifice ; else would I  
give it ;  
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.
- 11 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit :  
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt  
not despise.

THE BIBLE.

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## 9. The Bee

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!  
How skilfully she builds her cell,  
How neatly spreads the wax ;  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill  
I would be busy too ;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.

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### 10. The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And I am black, but O, my soul is white:  
White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap and kissed me,  
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

“Look on the rising sun; there God doth live,  
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;  
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men receive,  
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

“And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;  
And these black bodies, and this sunburnt face  
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“For when our souls have learnt the heat to bear,  
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,  
Saying, ‘Come from the grove, My love and care,  
And round My golden tent like lambs rejoice.’”

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,  
And thus I say to little English boy.  
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,  
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,  
I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear  
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;  
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love me.

BLAKE.

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### Hunting Song

Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
On the mountain dawns the day ;  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear.  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling ;  
Merrily, merrily mingle they—  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green ;  
Now we come to chant our lay—  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
To the greenwood haste away ;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size :

We can show the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;  
You shall see him brought to bay—  
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we!  
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

WALTER SCOTT.

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### The Village Blacksmith

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands,  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.  
His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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### Canute and the Tide

King Canute was weary-hearted ; he had reigned for  
years a score,  
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and  
robbing more ;  
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild  
sea-shore.

“Leading on my fierce companions,” cried he, “over  
storm and brine,

I have fought and I have conquered. Where was  
glory like to mine ?”

Loudly all the courtiers echoed : “ Where is glory  
like to thine ?”

“What avil me all my kingdoms ? Weary am I now  
and old ;

Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead  
and cold.

Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent  
mould !

“ Yea, I feel,” replied King Canute, “ that my end is  
drawing near.”

“Don’t say so,” exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).

“Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.”

“Live these fifty years!” the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.

“Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute ?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do’t.

“Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,

And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still ?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.”

“Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?” Canute cried ;

“Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride ?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

“Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign ?”

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, “Land and sea, my Lord, are thine.”

Canute turned towards the ocean—“Back!” he said, “thou foaming brine.

“From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat ;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy  
master's seat.

Ocean, be thou still ! I bid thee come not nearer to  
my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper  
roar,

And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on  
the shore,

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and  
courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to  
human clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth  
and seas obey ;

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from  
that day.

W. M. THACKERAY.

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### The Glove and the Lions

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal  
sport,

And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the  
court;

The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by  
their side,

And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped  
to make his bride.

And truly 'twas a gallant thing, to see the crowning  
show,

Valour and love, and a king above and the royal  
beasts below.

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

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively  
dame,  
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always  
seemed the same :  
She thought, the Count, my lover, is as brave as brave  
can be ;  
He surely would do desperate things to show his love  
of me !  
King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the chance is  
wondrous fine ;  
I'll drop my glove to prove his love : great glory will  
be mine !

She dropped her glove to prove his love : then looked  
on him and smiled ;  
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions  
wild !  
The leap was quick ; return was quick ; he soon re-  
gained his place,  
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the  
lady's face !

“ Well done!” cried Francis, “ bravely done !” and he  
 rose from where he sat :  
 “ Not love,” quoth he, “ but vanity, sets love a task like  
 that!”

LEIGH HUNT.

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### To the Skylark

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond  
 Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain  
 —’Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
 Yet might’st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

W. WORDSWORTH.

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**Yussouf**

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,  
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,  
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,  
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;  
I come to thee for shelter and for food,  
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'  
"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more  
Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;  
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,  
As I of His who buldeth over these  
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,  
And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay.'"  
So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,  
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold ;  
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight ;  
Depart before the prying day grows bold."  
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.  
That inward light the stranger's face made grand,  
Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling low,  
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,  
Sobbing, "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;  
I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done  
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"  
"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf ; "for with thee  
Into the desert, never to return,  
My one black thought shall ride away from me.  
First-born for whom by day and night I yearn,  
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;  
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace !"

J. R. LOWELL.

**Harmosan**

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne  
is done,  
And the Moslem's fiery valour has the crowning  
victory won,  
Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,  
Captive, overborne by numbers, they are bringing  
forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in  
my thirst!  
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive  
the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet; but awhile the draught  
forbore,  
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to  
explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around  
him angry foes  
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man  
enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the Caliph; "is it  
friend, a secret blow?  
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous  
dealing know.

Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou  
shalt not die before  
Thou hast drunk that cup of water. This reprieve is  
thine—no more!"

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth  
with ready hand,  
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning  
sand.

“Thou hast said that mine my life is till the water  
of that cup  
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled  
water gather up.”

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful  
passions stirred,  
Then exclaimed, “Forever sacred must remain a  
monarch’s word !

Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble  
Persian give.  
Drink, I said before, and perish ; now I bid thee drink  
and live !”

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

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### Barbara Frietchie

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind † the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

“ Halt ! ”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
“ Fire ! ”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane, and sash ;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;  
She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“ Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman’s deed and word :

“ Who touches a hair of yon grey head  
Dies like a dog ! March on ! ” he said.

All day long through Frederick Street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

J. G. WHITTIER.

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**Napoleon and the British Sailor**

I love contemplating—apart  
 From all his homicidal glory—  
 The traits that soften to our heart  
 Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne  
 Armed in our island every freeman,  
 His navy chanced to capture one  
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,  
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam;  
 And aye was bent his longing brow  
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight  
 Of birds to Britain, half-way over,  
 With envy—*they* cou'd reach the white  
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,  
 If but the storm his vessel brought  
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
 He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,  
 An empty hogshead from the deep  
 Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
 The live-long day laborious, lurking,  
 Until he launched a tiny boat  
 By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond  
Description wretched: such a wherry  
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,  
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field  
It would have made the boldest shudder—  
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,  
No sail, no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced  
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,  
And thus equipped he would have passed  
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,—  
His little Argo sorely jeering,  
Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
Serene alike in peace and danger;  
And, in his wonted attitude,  
Addressed the stranger:

“Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass  
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!  
Thy heart with some sweet British lass  
Must be impassioned.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad;  
“But, absent long from one another,  
Great was the longing that I had  
To see my mother.”

“ And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,  
“ Ye’ve both my favour fairly won !  
A noble mother must have bred  
So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
And, with a flag of truce, commanded  
He should be shipped to England old,  
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;  
But never changed the coin and gift  
Of Bonaparte.

T. CAMPBELL.

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### The Parrot

The deep affections of the breast  
That Heaven to living things imparts,  
Are not exclusively possess’d  
By human hearts.

A Parrot, from the Spanish main,  
Full young and early caged came o’er,  
With bright wings, to the bleak domain  
Of Mulla’s shore.

To spicy groves where he had won  
His plumage of resplendent hue,  
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,  
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,  
A heathery land and misty sky,  
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf  
His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold,  
He lived and chatter'd many a day:  
Until with age, from green and gold  
His wings grew gray.

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,  
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,  
A Spanish stranger chanced to come  
To Mulla's shore.

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech,  
The bird in Spanish speech replied;  
Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,  
Dropt down, and died.

T. CAMPBELL.

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### The Deserted Village

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain ;  
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made ;  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed ;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.  
Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,

Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were  
won.

Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.  
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ;  
Their welfare pleased him and their cares distress :  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven ;  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew :  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault :  
The village all declared how much he knew  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too :  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge :  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

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### A Psalm of Life

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
 Life is but an empty dream!  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act,—act in the living Present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sand of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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## THE LAND OF MY BIRTH

There's a magical tie to the land of our home,  
Which the heart cannot break, though the footstep  
may roam :  
Be that land where it may, at the Line or the Pole ;  
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.

'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,  
'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave !  
Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,  
And they'll answer with pride, " 'Tis the land of my  
birth."

Oh England ! thy white cliffs are dearer to me  
Than all the famed coasts of a foreign sea ;  
What emerald can peer, or what sapphire can vie,  
With the grass of thy fields or thy summer-day  
sky ?

They tell me of regions where flowers are found,  
Whose perfume and tints spread a paradise round;  
But brighter to me cannot garland the earth  
Than those that spring forth in the land of my  
    birth.

Did I breathe in a clime where the bulbul is heard,  
Where the citron-tree nestles the soft humming-bird;  
Oh! I'd covet the notes of thy nightingale still,  
And remember the robin that feeds at my sill.

Did my soul find a feast in the gay "land of song,"  
In the gondolier's chant, or the carnival's throng:  
Could I ever forget, 'mid their music and mirth,  
The national strain of the land of my birth?

My country I love thee: though freely I'd rove  
Through the western savannah, or sweet orange grove;  
Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the gale  
That bore me away with a homeward bound sail.

My country I love thee! and oh, mayst thou have  
The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave;  
Mayst thou yield me that grave, in thine own daisied  
    earth,  
And my ashes repose in the land of my birth!

ELIZA COOK.

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### WHAT IS NOBLE?

What is noble?—To inherit  
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?—  
There must be some *other* merit  
Higher yet than these for me!—

Something greater far must enter  
Into life's majestic span,  
Fitted to create and centre  
True nobility in man.

What is noble?—'Tis the finer  
Portion of our mind and heart,  
Linked to something still diviner  
Than mere language can impart,  
Ever prompting—ever seeing  
Some improvement yet to plan ;  
To uplift our fellow being,  
And, like man, to feel for man !

What is noble?—Is the sabre  
Nobler than the humble spade?—  
There's a dignity in labour  
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed !  
He who seeks the mind's improvement  
Aids the world, in aiding mind !  
Every great commanding movement  
Serves not one, but all mankind.

*Swain.*

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## THE SWISS PATRIOT'S PASSWORD

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,  
A living wall, a human wood ;  
Impregnable their front appears,  
All horrent with projecting spears.  
Opposed to these, a scanty band  
Contended for their Fatherland ;  
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke

From manly necks the ignoble yoke ;  
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,  
They came to conquer or to fall.  
And now the work of life and death  
Hung on the passing of a breath ;  
The fire of conflict burned within ;  
The battle trembled to begin :  
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,  
Point for assault was nowhere found ;  
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,  
The unbroken line of lances blazed ;  
That line 'twere suicide to meet  
And perish at their tyrants' feet.  
How could they rest within their graves,  
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves ?  
Would they not feel their children tread,  
With clanking chains, above their head ?

It must not be : this day, this hour,  
Annihilates the invaders' power !  
All Switzerland is in the field,  
She will not fly ; she cannot yield ;  
She must not fall ; her better fate  
Here gives her an immortal date.  
Few were the numbers she could boast ;  
But every freeman was a host,  
And felt as 'twere a secret known  
That one should turn the scale alone ;  
While each unto himself was he  
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed ;  
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried ;

There sounds not to the trump of Fame  
The echo of a nobler name.  
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,  
In rumination deep and long,  
Till you might see, with sudden grace,  
The very thought come o'er his face ;  
And, by the motion of his form,  
Anticipate the bursting storm ;  
And, by the uplifting of his brow,  
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done—  
The field was in a moment won !  
“Make way for Liberty !” he cried ;  
Then ran with arms extended wide,  
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;  
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.  
“Make way for Liberty !” he cried ;  
Their keen points crossed from side to side,  
He bowed amongst them like a tree,  
And thus made way for Liberty.  
Swift to the breach his comrades fly—  
“Make way for Liberty !” they cry ;  
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart :  
While, instantaneous as his fall,  
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all :  
An earthquake could not overthrow  
A city with a surer blow.  
Thus Switzerland again was free ;  
Thus Death made way for Liberty.

MONTGOMERY.

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No! distant, but increasing still,  
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,  
With the deep murmur of the drum.  
Responsive from the Scottish host,  
Pipe-clang, and bugle-sound were toss'd,  
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,  
And started from the ground;  
Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,  
Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,  
And in the pomp of battle bright  
The dread battalia frown'd.

Now onward, and in open view,  
The countless ranks of England drew,  
Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,  
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,  
And his deep roar sends challenge wide  
To all that bars his way!  
In front the gallant archers trode,  
The men-at-arms behind them rode,  
And midmost of the phalanx broad  
The Monarch held his sway.  
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,  
Around him waves a sea of plumes,  
Where many a knight in battle known,  
And some who spurs had first braced on,  
And deem'd that fight should see them won,  
King Edward's hests obey.  
De Argentine attends his side,  
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,  
Selected champions from the train,  
To wait upon his bridle-rein.  
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed.—

—At once, before his sight amazed,  
 Sunk banner, spear, and shield;  
 Each weapon-point is downward sent,  
 Each warrior to the ground is bent.  
 “The rebels, Argentine, repent!  
 For pardon they have kneel’d.”—  
 “Aye!—but they bend to other powers,  
 And other pardon sue than ours!  
 See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,  
 And blesses them with lifted hands!  
 Upon the spot where they have kneel’d,  
 These men will die or win the field.”—  
 —“Then prove we if they die or win!  
 Bid Gloster’s Earl the fight begin.”

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,  
 Just as the Northern ranks arose,  
 Signa’ for England’s archery  
 To halt and bend their bows.  
 Then stepp’d each yeoman forth a pace,  
 Glanced at the intervening space,  
 And raised his left hand high;  
 To the right ear the cords they bring—  
 —At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,  
 Ten thousand arrows fly!  
 Nor paused on the devoted Scot  
 The ceaseless fury of their shot;  
 As fiercely and as fast,  
 Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing,  
 As the wild hailstones pelt and ring  
 Adown December’s blast.  
 Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,  
 Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;

Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,  
If the fell shower may last !  
Upon the right, behind the wood,  
Each by his steed dismounted, stood  
The Scottish chivalry ;—  
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,  
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain  
His own keen heart, his eager train,  
Until the archers gain the plain ;  
Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"  
He cried ; and, vaulting from the ground,  
His saddle every horseman found.  
On high their glittering crests they toss,  
As springs the wild-fire from the moss ;  
The shield hangs down on every breast,  
Each ready lance is in the rest,  
And loud shouts Edward Bruce—  
"Forth, Marshal! on the peasant foe!  
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,  
And cut the bow-string loose!"

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,  
They rush'd among the archer ranks.  
No spears were there the shock to let,  
No stakes to turn the charge were set,  
And how shall yeomen's armour slight,  
Stand the long lance and mace of might?  
Or what may their short swords avail  
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?  
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,  
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,  
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout  
Give note of triumph and of rout!

Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,  
 Their English hearts the strife made good.  
 Borne down at length on every side,  
 Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide.—  
 Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,  
 And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee !  
 The broken bows of Bannock's shore  
 Shall in the greenwood ring no more !  
 Round Wakefelde's merry May-pole now,  
 The maids may twine the summer bough,  
 May northward look with longing glance,  
 For those that wont to lead the dance,  
 For the blithe archers look in vain !  
 Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,  
 Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,  
 They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.  
 "Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight ?  
 Each braggart churl could boast before,  
 Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore !  
 Fitter to plunder chase or park,  
 Than make a manly foe their mark.—  
 Forward, each gentleman and knight !  
 Let gentle blood show generous might,  
 And chivalry redeem the fight !"  
 To rightward of the wild affray,  
 The field show'd fair and level way ;  
     But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care  
 Had bored the ground with many a pit,  
 With turf and brushwood hidden yet,  
     That formed a ghastly snare.  
 Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,

With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,  
That panted for the shock !  
With blazing crests and banners spread,  
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,  
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,  
As far as Stirling rock  
Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow,  
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,  
Wild floundering on the field !  
The first are in destruction's gorge,  
Their followers wildly o'er them urge :—  
The knightly helm and shield,  
The mail, the acton, and the spear,  
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here !  
Loud, from the mass confused, the cry  
Of dying warriors swells on high,  
And steeds that shriek in agony !  
They came like mountain-torrent red,  
That thunders o'er its rocky bed ;  
They broke like that same torrent's wave  
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.  
Billows on billows burst and boil,  
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,  
And to their wild and tortured groan  
Each adds new terrors of his own !

Too strong in courage and in might  
Was England yet, to yield the fight.  
Her noblest all are here ;  
Names that to fear were never known,  
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherten,  
And Oxford's famed De Vere.

There Gloster plied the bloody sword,  
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,  
    Bottetourt and Sanzavere,  
Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,  
And Courtenay's pride and Percy's fame—  
Names known too well in Scotland's war,  
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,  
Blazed broader yet in after years,  
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.  
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,  
Brought up the rearward battle-line.  
With caution o'er the ground they tread,  
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,  
Till hand to hand in battle set,  
The bills with spears and axes met,  
And, closing dark on every side,  
Raged the full contest far and wide.  
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,  
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,  
And well did Stewart's actions grace  
The sire of Scotland's royal race!  
    Firmly they kept their ground;  
As firmly England onward press'd,  
And down went many a noble crest,  
And rent was many a valiant breast,  
    And Slaughter revell'd round.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,  
Unceasing blow by blow was met;  
    The groans of those who fell  
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang  
That from the blades and harness rang  
    And in the battle-yell.

Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,  
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot ;  
And O! amid that waste of life,  
What various motives fired the strife !  
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,  
The Patriot for his country's claim ;  
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,  
And that to win his lady's love ;  
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,  
From habit some, or hardihood ;  
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,  
    The noble and the slave,  
From various cause the same wild road,  
On the same bloody morning, trode,  
    To that dark inn, the Grave !

—SIR W. SCOTT.

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### THE WAYSIDE INN

Around the fireside at their ease  
There sat a group of friends, entranced  
With the delicious melodies ;  
Who from the far-off noisy town  
Had to the wayside inn come down,  
To rest beneath its old oak-trees.  
The fire-light on their faces glanced,  
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,  
And, though of different lands and speech,  
Each had his tale to tell, and each  
Was anxious to be pleased and please.  
And while the sweet musician plays,  
Let me in outline sketch them all,

Perchance uncouthly as the blaze  
With its uncertain touch portrays  
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace ;  
Grave in his aspect and attire ;  
A man of ancient pedigree,  
A justice of the Peace was he,  
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."

A youth was there, of quiet ways,  
A Student of old books and days,  
To whom all tongues and lands were known,  
And yet a lover of his own ;  
With many a social virtue graced,  
And yet a friend of solitude ;  
A man of such a genial mood,  
The heart of all things he embraced,  
And yet of such fastidious taste,  
He never found the best too good.  
Books were his passion and delight,  
And in his upper room at home  
Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,  
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,  
Great volumes garmented in white,  
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.

A Theologian, from the school  
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there ;  
Skilful alike with tongue and pen,  
He preached to all men everywhere  
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,  
The new Commandment given to men,

Thinking the deed, and not the creed,  
Would help us in our utmost need.  
With reverent feet the earth he trod,  
Nor banished nature from his plan,  
But studied still with deep research  
To build the Universal Church,  
Lofty as is the love of God,  
And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse  
Was tender, musical, and terse ;  
The inspiration, the delight,  
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,  
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem  
The revelations of a dream ;  
All these were his ; but with them came  
No envy of another's fame ;  
Honour and blessings on his head  
While living, good report when dead,  
Who, not too eager for renown,  
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown'

Last the Musician as he stood  
Illumined by that fire of wood ;  
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,  
His figure tall and straight and lithe,  
And every feature of his face  
Revealing his Norwegian race ;  
A radiance, streaming from within,  
Around his eye and forehead beamed,  
The Angel with the violin,  
Painted by Rapheal, he seemed.  
And when he played, the atmosphere-  
Was filled with magic, and the ear

Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,  
Whose music had so weird a sound,  
The hunted stag forgot to bound,  
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,  
The birds came down from bush and tree,  
The dead came from beneath the sea,  
The maiden to the harper's knee !  
The music ceased ; the applause was loud,  
The pleased musician smiled and bowed ;  
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,  
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,  
And from the harpsichord there came  
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,  
A sound like that sent down at night  
By birds of passage in their flight,  
From the remotest distance heard.  
Then silence followed ; then began  
A clamour for the Landlord's tale,—  
The story promised them of old,  
They said, but always left untold :  
And he, although a bashful man  
And all his courage seemed to fail,  
Finding excuse of no avail,  
Yielded ; and thus the story ran.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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## LAUNCELOT GOBBO

[ Launcelot Gobbo is a servant under Shylock the Jew, and finds his service very hard. Wandering about the streets of Venice he argues within himself whether or no he should desert his present master and take service under Bassanio. ]

LAUNCELOT. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: '*Via!*' says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

*Enter OLD GOBBO, with a basket.*

GOBBO. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT. (*Aside*) O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, highgravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

GOBBO. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOBBO. 'Twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwells with him or no?

LAUNCELOT. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? (*Aside*) Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUNCELOT. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOBBO. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

LAUNCELOT. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO. Of Launcelot, an't please your master-ship.

LAUNCELOT. *Ergo* 'Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father: for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.'

GOBBO. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUNCELOT. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

GOBBO. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

LAUNCELOT. Do you not know me, father?

GOBBO. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

LAUNCELOT. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

GOBBO. Pray you sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUNCELOT. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOBBO. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUNCELOT. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOBBO. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. (*Taking hold of Launcelot's back hair*) What a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

LAUNCELOT. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

GOBBO. How art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUNCELOT. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

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