TIGHT BINDING BOOK

READINGS

SELECTED BY

WALTER DE LA MARE

AND THOMAS QUAYLE, D.Litt.

With Woodcut Illustrations by

C. T. NIGHTINGALE

BOOK IV

BASIL BLACKWELL
OXFORD

First published December, 1925
Reprinted January, 1929
Reprinted October, 1929
Reprinted September, 1932

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

INTRODUCTION

To be able to read is to be able to explore—just as far as we can and wish—the World of Books. Even the smallest library, consisting only of books in the English language, will show how wide and rich and plenteous a world that is. No one man's life, even if he lived to the age of Methuselah, and even if he used all the time he could spare from his day's work and from the great living world of man and of nature, would be enough for its complete discovery. We begin by learning our A B C, then little words; then on to nursery rhymes, and easy tales and poems; then more difficult; and so as we grow older we come at last to the histories of the peoples of the world, of all that is in it, of the stars above and the seas beneath, of our minds and bodies, and of all that the human imagination has dreamed and made and done. The vast 'scenery opens up beneath our very eyes. There is no end to it.

With so much to read, then, and so little time and opportunity in which to read it, the simplest and wisest thing we can do is to choose the best books we can. «But just as with food and drink, what is good and

pleasant reading for one man is not always pleasant and good for another. We don't all of us like the same book; nor can every book please everybody. So in books we have gradually to discover what really interests *us,* what helps to make us happier and wiser. What, too, may help to make us better company for ourselves when we are alone, and for others when we are not.

Indeed, all that we discover in this way in the World of Books is not only a delight in itself, but will enable us far better to see and understand and realise the life and beauty of the actual world around us, at our very doors. So, too, the more we know and discover in our own living experience, the better we shall understand the books we read. One reflects the other —just as a looking-glass does, with its still charm. Books worth the reading will help us also in some measure to meet our troubles and cares, and to do our small part in keeping and making the earth a happy place for those who will come after us.

This particular little reading book contains only fragments of other books. They are pieces chosen in the hope that those who

read them will not only find pleasure in them, and will share in all they have to give, but will go on to the books from which they have been taken to make their own discoveries. It is a very difficult thing to learn to say or to write anything we think or feel so clearly and simply and vividly that others shall share what we mean. Now, all the writers represented in these pages succeeded in their own way and in their own degree in doing *this.* They had learned how to express their thoughts and feelings in words, in English. And if once one knows what a good piece of writing is, one is far less likely to spend time and pains on what is poor and dull and shallow.

That is what it comes to: there is not really time enough in our lives, with so much to be done, to waste our minds on what is not of lasting joy and use and service to them. The pieces chosen here are concerned more vyith things than with thoughts. One simply cannot pay too much attention to beautiful things and in particular to living things. And more especially when we are young. If possible, then, when .you read

about anything in a book, *see* it as clearly as you can in your own mind, and then do your best to find that thing in the world around you and compare it with what the writer has said about it.

Good books ask for good readers—readers, that is, who will do their utmost to get everything out of the words of them that the writer meant to put into them. For this reason we must be sure that we understand what those words mean. Understand them so well, in fact, that we ourselves can use them at need. Never pass over a word you do not understand; and try to make every word you read your own, so that you can use it when you need it yourself.

If we try, then, to see in our own mind what the writer saw in his, to share his thoughts and all that he hoped to express, and to hear too the very sound of the words he chose with care, we can do no better. He has found the reader he longed for, and we a friend. A good book, indeed, is the next best thing in this life to a true friend. It gives all it has to give—solely for the asking—and wants nothing in return but just a thankful blessing on the man who wrote it.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE Publishers record their grateful acknowledgments to the following:

To Thomas Nelson and Sons for kind permission to use " The Abandoned Sloop/' an extract from *The Lost Endeavour,* by John Masefield.

To Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., for "A Fox," taken from *The Book of a Naturalist,* by W. H Hudson.

To Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co, for "The Two Matches," from *Fables,* by R. L. Stevenson.

To the Rev. W. H. Hamilton, Editor of *Great-Heart,* for permission to reprint " The Mouse-Trap/' by J. P. Struthers

To Messrs. Macmillan for their courtesy and help, and for permission granted to make the extract from *Irish Fairy Tales,* by James Stephens, and for the use of the letter by Charles Dickens on page 90.

To Messrs. Dent for "Tom Tit Tot," taken from *Fairy Gold.*

To W. H! Meyerstein, Esq., for permission to use "The Child that Cried for the Moon."

To Forrest Reid, Esq., for "The Special Messenger/' taken from *The Garden of the Sea,* published by the Talbot Press, Dublin.

To Miss Eleanor Farjeon and to Messrs. Collins, Ltd., for Rind permission to reprint the extract from *Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard.*

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
A Fox - - - - - -	17
THE SHEPHERD'S BOY - - - -	33
THE FOOTPRINT - - - - -	49
TRAVELLING IN STUART TIMES - - -	58
THE FIRE OF LONDON - - - -	66
THE WILD DUCK - - - -	88
WADING IN THE STREAM . . .	108
ON THE FELL - - - - -	111
THE WIID PONY - - - -	112
ALICE, THE GRYPHON AND THE MOCK TURTLE	137
LITTLE CLAUS - - - - -	171

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Two FLOWERS: POPPY, COLTSFOOT. *BY NICHOLAS CULPEPER*	11
GARDENS. *BY FRANCIS, LORD BACON*	13
SWEET CONTENT. *BY IZAAK WALTON*	15
A Fox. *BY W. H. HUDSON*	16
SEEING THE WIND. *BY ROGER ASCHAM*	19
BATS. *BY GILBERT WHITE*	22
THREE GLIMPSES OF FAIRIES. *BY GEORGE CALDERON*	23
LONELY ANIMALS. *BY GILBERT WHITE*	27
THE MOUSE-TRAP. *BY J. P. STRUTHERS*	28
THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION. *BY JOHN BUNYAN*	33
THE OLIVE-ORCHARD. *BY ELEANOR FARJEON*	35
THE PRINCE AND THE PIPING BOY. *BY THOMAS QUAYLE*	37
MALLY DIXON AND KNURRE-MURRE. *(OLD TALE)*	45
A FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND. *BY DANIEL DEFOE*	48
A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT. *BY JONATHAN SWIFT*	50
TRAVELLING IN STUART TIMES. *BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY*	58
THE GREAT PLAGUE, 1665. *BY DANIEL DEFOE*	60
THE FIRE OF EONDON. *BY SAMUEL PEPYS*	62
THE Two MATCHES. *BY R. L. STEVENSON*	70
FEAST OF THE PRENTICES. *BY THOMAS DELONEY*	72

PAGE

DOWN TO THE SEA. *BY CHARLES KINGSLEY* - 76
THE ABANDONED SLOOP. *BY JOHN MASEFIELD* 80
RUNNING; JUMPING; SWIMMING. *BY JAMES STEPHENS* - - - - - 85
WILL WIMBLE'S LETTER. *BY JOSEPH ADDISON* 89
NEWS **OF THE NICKLEBYS.** ***BY CHARLES*** *DICKENS* 90
LOUISA MANNERS. *BY MARY LAMB* - - 92
SORROW. *By ELIZABETH GASKELL* - - 97
THE SPECIAL MESSENGER. *BY FORREST REID* - 99
THOMAS BEWICK WHEN A BOY - - - 108
DENYS AND THE BEAR. *BY CHARLES READE* - 121
THE CHILD THAT CRIED FOR THE MOON. *BY E. W. MEYERSTEIN* - - - - 133
THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY. *BY LEWIS CARROLL* - - - - - 137
TOM TIT TOT. *(OLD TALE)* - - - 146
BIG GLAUS AND LITTLE GLAUS. *(From HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN)* . . . 155

READINGS

BOOK IV

TWO FLOWERS

[In these two pieces from his delightful book on flowers, Nicholas Culpeper describes as exactly as he could the Poppy and Coltsfoot, two common but precious weeds. There are many pieces of description in the book, and they all show first, how intensely interested the writer was in the thing he tells of; and next, how hard he tried to say precisely what he meant]

THE WHITE POPPY

. . . THE white poppy hath at first, four or five whitish green leaves lying on the ground, which rise with the stalk, compassing it at the bottom of them, and are very large, much cut or torn en the edges, and dented also besides; the stalk, which is usually four or five feet high, hath sometimes no branches at the top, and usually but two or three at most, bearing every one but one head wrapped up in a thin skin, which boweth down before it is ready to blow, and then rising and being broken, the flower within it, spreading itself open, and consisting

of four very large white, round leaves, with many whitish round threads in the middle, set about a small, round, green head, having a crown or star-like cover at the head thereof, which growing ripe, becomes as large as an apple, wherein are contained a great number of small round seeds, in several partitions or divisions next unto the shell, the middle thereof remaining hollow and empty. The whole plant, both leaves, stalks, and heads, while they are fresh, young, and green, yield a milk when they are broken of an unpleasant bitter taste, which produces opium. The root is white and woody, perishing as soon as it hath given ripe seed. . . .

COLT'S FOOT

Called also coughwort, foal's foot, horse's hoof, and bull's foot.

This shooteth up a tender stalk, with small, yellowish flowers, which fall away quickly. After they are past, come up nearly round leaves, sometimes dented about the edges, much less thicker, and greener than those of butter-bur, with a little down or frieze over the green leaf on the upper side, which may be rubbed away, and whitish or mealy

underneath. The root is small and white, spreading much underground, so that where it taketh it will hardly be driven away again if any little piece be abiding therein; and from thence spring fresh leaves. It groweth in wet ground as well as in drier places. And flowereth in the end of February; the leaves begin to appear in March.

NICHOLAS CULPEPER.

GARDENS

[This is a small piece of a famous essay on Gardens, in the original spelling] and tells not of flowers that are sweet to the nose only when you stoop close to smell them, but of those that of themselves perfume the air.]

GOD Almighty first planted a Garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of Human pleasures. And because the Breath of Flowers is far Sweeter in the Air (where it comes and goes, like the Warbling of Musick) than in the Hand, therefore nothing is more fit for Delight than to know what be the Flowers and Plants that do best perfume the Air. Roses, Damask and Red, are fast Flowers of their Smells,—so that you may walk by a whole Row of them, and find nothing of their Sweetness, yea, though it be

in a Morning Dew. Bays likewise, yield no Smell as they grow, Rosemary little, nor Sweet Marjoram. That which above all others yields the Sweetest Smell in the Air is the Violet; specially the White double Violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the Musk Rose, then the Strawberry Leaves dying, with a most excellent Cordial Smell. Then the Flower of the Vines; it is a little Dust like the Dust of a Bent, which grows upon the Cluster in the first coming forth. Then Sweet-Briar, then Wall-Flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a Parlour or lower Chamber Window. Then Pinks and Gilly-Flowers, specially the matted Pink and Clove Gilly-Flower. Then the Flowers of the Lime-Tree. Then the Hony-Suckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of Bean Flowers, I speak not, because they are Field Flowers. But those which perfume the Air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being Trodden upon and Crushed, are three, that is, Burnet, Wild Time, and Water-Mints. Therefore, you are to set whole Alleys of them, to have the Pleasure when you walk or tread - . .

FRANCIS, LORD BACON.

SWEET CONTENT

[In Izaak Walton's own spelling.]

FIRST let me tell you that that very hour which you were absent from me, I sate down under a Willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant Meadow, in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many Law-Suites unsettled, and that they both damp'd his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himselfe had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields; for I could there sit quietly, and, looking on the water, see fishes leaping at Flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the Mils I could behold them spotted with Woods and Groves; looking down the Meadows, could see here a Boy gathering Lillies and Lady-smocks and there a Girle cropping Culverkeyes and Cowslips, all to make Garlands suitable to this present Month of May. These and many other Field-flowers, so perfum'd the air, that I thought this Meadow like that field in Sicily . . . where

the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sate, joying in mine own happy condition, and pittying that rich man that owned this and many other pleasant Groves and Meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth—or rather they enjoy what the others possess and enjoy not; for anglers, and meek quiet-spirited men, are free from those high, those restless thoughts and contentions which con ode the sweets of life. . . .

IZAAK WALTON.

A FOX

[Go into the woods ; see a fox for yourself ; eye him close (with your whole mind set on him); then compare him with this one seen by that lover of all things living, W. H. Hudson.']

... I HAVE seen more foxes than I can remember, but never one that was the equal of this one; yet he was, I daresay, an ordinary specimen, with nothing to distinguish him from any other large dog fox in good condition, with a fine coat of hair and a thick brush. It was in Savernake

Forest that, on emerging from a beech-wood, I noticed at a distance of seventy to eighty yards away on the wide green level open space before me, a number of rabbits sitting up at the mouths of their burrows, all staring in wide-eyed alarm in one direction. Not at me, but towards a patch of dead rust-red bracken, some clumps of which were still standing, although the time

was now the end of March. At intervals, some of the rabbits would drop their fore-feet down and begin nibbling at the grass; then in a moment they would all start up and stare once more at the patch of bracken. I walked slowly to this red patch, and when I approached it a large fox got up and moved reluctantly away. The rough red fern on which he had been lying had made him invisible to me until he moved; but he had been plainly visible to the rabbits all the time. He trotted quietly away to a distance of about forty yards, then stopped, and half turning round, stood regarding me for some time. Standing on that carpet of vivid green spring grass, with the clear morning sunlight full on him, his red colour took an intensity and richness never previously seen. In form, he appeared no less distinguished than in colour. His sharp, subtle face, large, leaf-shaped pointed ears, black without and white within, and graceful bushy tail, gave him the appearance of a dog idealised and made beautiful; and he was to the rough brown or red common dog, what the finest human type—a model for a Phidias or a Praxiteles—is to a Connemara peasant or a Greenlander.

W. H. HUDSON.

SEEING THE WIND

[Pigs are said to be able to see the wind; watch one trying to ! We humans can not, *at any rate, except by way of its showings in trees, on ponds of water, or on the sea, across fields of midsummer grass or ripening grain, among the clouds, or when snow is falling or fallen. This piece is an attempt to describe the last, and it has been done with such marvellous -precision, that as one reads one actually sees it with one's own eyes, as it was seen by the great schoolmaster, from whose book it has been taken. He lived in the days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.]*

To see the wind, with a man his eyes, it is impossible, the nature of it is so line, and subtile; yet this experience of the wind had I once myself, and that was in the great snow that fell four years ago: I rode in the highway betwixt Topcliff-upon-Swale, and Borowe Bridge, the way being somewhat trodden afore, by wayfaring men. The fields on both sides were plain and lay almost yard deep with snow, the night afore had been a little frost, so that the snow was hard and crusted above. That morning the sun shone bright and clear, the wind was whistling aloft, and sharp according to,the time of the year. The snow in the highway lay loose and trodden with horse feet: so as the wind blew,

it took the loose snow with it, and made it so slide upon the snow in the field, which was hard and crusted by reason of the frost overnight, that thereby I might see very well the whole nature of the wind as it blew that day. And I had a great delight and pleasure to mark it, which maketh me now far better to remember it. Sometime the wind would be not past two yards broad, and so it would carry the snow as far as I could see. Another time the snow would blow over half the field at once. Sometime the snow would tumble softly; by and by it would fly wonderful fast. And this I perceived also, that the wind goeth by streams and not whole together. For I should see one stream within a score on me, then the space of two score no snow would stir, but after so much quantity of ground, another stream of snow at the same very time, should be carried likewise, but not equally. For the one would stand still when the other flew apace, and so continue sometime swiftlier, sometime slowlier, sometime broader, sometime narrower, as far as I could see. Now it flew not straight, but sometime it crooked this way, sometime that way, and sometime it ran round about in a compass. And sometime, the snow would be lift clean from the

ground up into the air, and by and by it would be all clapped to the ground as though there had been no wind at all, straightway it would rise and fly again.

And that which was the most marvel of all, at one time two drifts of snow flew, the one out of the West into the East, the other out of the North into the East: and I saw two winds, by reason of the snow the one cross over the other, as it had been two highways. And again I should hear the wind blow in the air, when nothing was stirred at the ground. And when all was still where I rode, not very far from me the snow should be lifted wonderfully. This experience made me more marvel at the nature of the wind, than it made me cunning in the knowledge of the wind: but yet thereby I learned perfectly that it is no marvel at all though men in a wind lease their length in shooting, seeing so many ways the wind is so variable in blowing.

ROGER ASCHAM.

BATS

. . . I WAS much entertained last summer, with a tame bat, which would take flies out of a person's hand. If you gave it anything to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey, when they feed. The adroitness it showed in shearing off the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered; so that the notion, that bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon, seems no improbable story. While I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times confute the vulgar opinion, that bats when down upon a flat surface, cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great ease from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more dispatch than I was aware of; but in a most ridiculous and grotesque manner.

Bats drink on the wing, like swallows, by sipping the surface, as they play over pools and streams. They love to frequent waters, not only for the sake of drinking, but on account

of insects, which are found over them in the greatest plenty. As I was going some years ago, pretty late, in a boat from Richmond to Sunbury, on a warm summer's evening, I think I saw myriads of bats between the two places; the air swarmed with them all along the Thames, so that hundreds were in sight at a time.

GILBERT WHITE.

THREE GLIMPSES OF FAIRIES

[As they were seen by and told of by George C alder on, who was born in 1690, *and who wrote a history of the Isle of Man.]*

I. THE FAIRY-ELF

I WAS once prevailed upon to go and see a child, who, they told me, was a changeling, and indeed, must own, was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at the sight. Nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but, though between five and six years old, and seeming healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint.

His limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infant's of six months; his

complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world. He never spoke nor cried; ate scarce anything; and was very seldom seen to smile; but, if any one called him *Fairy-Elf,* he would frown, and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through.

His mother, or, at least, his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a-charing, and left him a whole day together. She being gone, the neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window, to see how he behaved when alone; which whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing than any mortal's could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable was that, if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety.

II. THE SCHOOLBOYS

At my first coming into the Island of Man, and hearing this sort of stories, I imputed the giving credit and trusting to them merely to the

simplicity of the poor creatures who related them. But I was strangely surprised when I heard other stories of this kind, and altogether as absurd, attested and believed in by men who passed for persons of sound judgment.

Among this number was a gentleman, my near neighbour. He affirmed, with the most solemn asseverations, that, being of my opinion, and entirely averse to the belief that any such beings were permitted to wander for the purposes related of them, he had been at last convinced of them. And this by the appearance of several little figures, playing and leaping over some stones in a field, whom, a few yards' distance, he imagined were schoolboys, and intended, when he came near enough, to reprimand for being absent from their exercises at that time of the day; it being then, he said, between three and four of the clock.

But when he approached, as near as he could guess, within twenty paces, they all immediately disappeared, though he had never taken his eye off them from the first moment he beheld them. Nor was there any place where they could so suddenly retreat, it being an open field, without hedge or bush, and, as is said before, broad day.

III. THE HORN

A young sailor, coming off a long voyage, though it was late at night, chose to land rather than lie another night in the vessel. Being permitted to do so, he was set on shore at Douglas.

It happened to be a fine moonlight night, and very dry, there being a small frost ; he therefore forbore going into any house to refresh himself, but made the best of his way to the house of a sister he had at Kirk-Merlugh.

As he was going over a pretty high mountain, he heard the noise of horses, the *halloo* of a huntsman, and the finest horn in the world. He was a little surprised that anybody pursued those kind of sports in the night, but he had not time for much reflection before they all passed by him, so near that he was able to count what number there was of them, which, he said, was thirteen, and to see that they were all dressed in green, and gallantly mounted.

He was so well pleased with the sight that he would gladly have followed, could he have kept pace with them. He crossed the footway, however, that he might see them again, which he did more than once, and lost not the sound of the horn for some miles.

At length, being arrived at his sister's, he tells her the story, who presently clapped her hands for joy that he was come home safe. For, said she, those you saw were fairies, and 'tis well they did not take you away with them.

GEORGE CALDERON.

LONELY ANIMALS

. . . MANY horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves; but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly .flock together.

But this instinct seems not to be confined to

animals of the same species; for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture. . . .

GILBERT WHITE.

THE MOUSE-TRAP

THE mother of the mouse in the trap was a widow. She had been five times married. Of her husbands one had been killed by a cat, and four had been caught in traps, one of them after they had been only two days married. Of her thirty-five children, twenty-seven had been caught in traps, as had also a hundred and seventy-three of her own brothers, sisters, and first cousins. It was no wonder, therefore, that she was always talking to her children and

friends about traps and the danger of going near them.

" Please don't begin about traps to-night again/' they would say.

" I daresay," she would answer, " I speak about them too often, but can you blame me ? Four of my husbands, twenty-seven of my children, a——"

"Oh yes, a hundred and seventy - three brothers, sisters, and first cousins, and several thousands of acquaintances Do stop, dear mother; we know all about it, and this perpetual harping about traps is enough to drive one into them."

" But I wish you to promise never even to go near one. You don't know what a mother's heart is."

" Well, if we don't, it is not for want of telling. And we are not going to submit to this kind of thing any longer. We are not fools, and mice will die though there wasn't a trap in all the world. And no reduction of traps will do any good. If a mouse wishes to go into one, it will go three miles to find one. Besides, can you prove that a reduction in the number of traps anywhere has resulted in a corresponding lessening of the number of miae trapped ?"

" Hear, hear !" said the other mice, after this great burst of reasoning. " Hear, hear ! That's the point. We have said all along that that's the point. Give us facts—something to go on."

" Haven't I given you facts ?" she said. " Four of my husbands——"

" Women can't reason," resumed the eldest son; " I'm going out. I have had enough of this talk."

The son who spoke thus to his mother was clever in some things, though not so marvellously clever as he thought. He was a good climber, thanks chiefly to his unusually scaly tail, and fond of practical jokes, so long as he himself played them. He seemed to take a special delight in teasing and fretting his mother. She was in failing health, and used to sit trembling at night listening for traps going off. Her nerves at last got into such a state that her voice shook when she spoke, and she would burst out crying without cause.

There were several kinds of traps in use in the property in which she lived. There was the bowl, turned upside down, with a little wet meal sticking to it, one side of the bowl resting on a halfpenny set up on end. When a mouse

went under the bowl and touched the meal, the halfpenny would fall and the mouse be shut up inside. Now the tricky mouse I have told you of would rub himself against the outside of the bowl and make it tumble, and then go home laughing to find his mother in tears. " It is fun to you, but no fun to me/' she would say.

He got a lesson once. His favourite little sister was playing at hide-and-seek one night, and crept under the bowl, knowing that no one would look for her there. Her brother, who was annoyed at something his mother had said to him, said, as he passed, " I'll give the old lady a fright/' and he pushed the bowl. The screams of his little sister told him too late what he had done.

That stopped his tricks for a week or two, but he soon forgot, or acted as if he had forgotten, the warning. One of the people in the property had got a new trap which caught four of his brothers and sisters in five days. Their mother redoubled her warnings and entreaties, to her eldest son's annoyance.

" I must stop this chatter," he said, and soon an opportunity, as he thought, came. He was near the trap one day, and finding the wire of

one of its compartments sprung, he determined to put his head in and scream as if he were caught, and then when his mother came running out, he would withdraw his head and ask what she was wishing. So in he went and screamed and screamed, fainter and fainter, and then, giving one or two convulsive shivers, lay as if he were dead. He did it well, for he was a good mimic. But just as he was picturing to himself the state his mother would be in, and the laugh he would have at her, a cat looked unto the press—a possibility he had overlooked—caught him, tossed him up and down for five minutes, and then gobbled him up !

The owner of the house was a drunkard, whose father was a drunkard too, and as he was putting on his boots to go out to the public-house for his last drink for the night—it was five minutes to closing-time—he looked at the mouse-trap and the cat, and said, "*Ay, it's* a queer thing that mice won't take a warning in spite of all the lessons they get !"

J. P. STRUTHERS.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

[This is from that great, simple book entitled, " The Pilgrim's Progress from this World into that which is to Come "— which "stole silently" into men's notice in 1678, *when John Bunyan was fifty.}*

BUT we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of Ground in all those parts. It is fat Ground, and as you see, consisteth much in Meddows; and if a man was to come here in the Summer time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself

in the sight of his Eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold how green this Valley is; also how beautified with Lillies. I have also known many labouring Men that have got good Estates in this Valley of Humiliation; for indeed it is a very fruitful Soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's House were here, that they might be troubled no more with either Hills or Mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there's an end.

Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a fresh and well-favoured Countenance; and as he sate by himself, he Sung. Hark ! said Mr. Great-heart, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said—

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no Pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be His Guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on Pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
Is best from Age to Age.

Then said their Guide: Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this Boy lives a merrier Life, and wears more of that Herb called Heart's-ease in his Bosom, than he that is clad in Silk and Velvet. . . . JOHN BUNYAN BUNYAN.

THE OLIVE-ORCHARD

IN Italy things are quite different.

Bridget and Chloe lived in a villa on the top of a hill, and down in the valley was a beautiful city cut in half by a green river, and so full of palaces and domes and towers that it was like a king's city. The city had a girl's name. It was called Florence.

All down the hillside there were trees, of two sorts. There were little, low grey olive-trees, like round puffs of smoke, and straight stiff black cypresses, like tall chimneys. You might almost think the olive-trees had been puffed up by the cypresses.

One day in spring we went to an olive-farm,

a little way down the hill. We went through the farm gate, past the white farm with its court full of oranges and lemons, looking like a house for a prince, and down the slopes into the olive-orchard. In the olive-trees men were sitting, singing and whistling like birds. Under the olive-trees the small black olives from last year lay scattered among the new green corn that was springing up, though it was only February. But in Italy there are wild roses when in England there is fog. The olives looked like little withered plums.

" Taste one !" said Bridget.

I tasted one—oh ! it *was* bitter ! I made a face, and Bridget and Chloe laughed.

Among the corn grew big purple anemones and golden aconites, and along the low stone walls were bright wild marigolds no bigger than daisies; there were millions of daisies, too, and at the bottom of the orchard pink roses, smooth and cup-like, hung over a wide, shallow, stony stream. Bridget and Chloe ran about the orchard finding new flowers, and I and their Mummy lay under the wall making daisy-chains for Baby Nan, who picked daisies close off by their heads to put in the chains; and the mer? sang in the trees.

When Bridget and Chloe were tired, they made houses under the olive-trees, with twisty doorways in and out between the trees and the walls, and we visited them and had tea with their dolls. Presently we felt evening coming, and it was time to go.

As we went up the terraces, we saw the biggest moon we had ever seen rise very slowly behind a castle on a high hill, and we watched it until it swam clear in the air. A man in a tree near by was whistling away and watching it too.

" How big the moon is to-night !" called Bridget's Mummy.

" Yes, yes," called the man gaily, " and if the earth were a little nearer the moon would be a little bigger !" And he went on whistling and we went away.

ELEANOR FARJEON.

THE PRINCE AND THE PIPING BOY

I

THE young Prince was ill. He was very ill, people said, as they gazed across the Park stretches at the dull lights of the Palace windows. There he lay, fretful and feverish,

in the big plush-curtained bed next to the Throne room. Such a fine bedroom it was, too, very long and very wide, with a lofty ceiling where you could see gaily-coloured birds flying and darting, and hovering and skimming above a calm blue, sail-dotted sea. Rich and gorgeous was the furniture, with its gold and silver and costly woods, but in the whole room there was nothing more pleasing than the figure of a laughing boy, standing on an ebony pedestal near the foot of the bed, a laughing boy carved in marble, wonderfully white, a boy bare-headed, barefooted, with a reed-pipe lightly touching his lips, a sculptured boy so real and so life-like that you thought to catch the sweet melodies he piped there, and would have been in no whit surprised to see him tip-toe lightly over the silken coverlets to where the young Prince lay, fretful and feverish.

A fine room and a rare room it was for a little boy to have all for his own. But the young Prince seemed to care little for it now, so pale and worn did he look. All over the floor, scattered about a carpet, wonderfully woven with great yellow lions and tigers, were some of his toys — a full-rigged schooner, a

sword in its scabbard, a fire-engine and a small ragged teddy bear, its big round eyes staring up pathetically at the skimming, hovering, fluttering birds on the painted ceiling. The King and Queen were there, sitting silently at the bedside; thrones and crowns forgotten, a father and mother sorrowing in sadness and anxiety. There were other people too: three nurses and an old white-haired doctor, who from time to time shook his head sadly.

Daylight faded away, and soon the moon showed herself just above the Pagoda, until she peeped into the room where the young Prince lay, and her beams danced about here and there, sprinkling the woven carpet with little patches of silver, until it began to look like the rich, mossy velveting of a forest pathway, and the lions and the tigers seemed about to become alive, as though they scented their prey and were minded to snarl and spring. And so the night wore on, and one by one the watchers stole silently from the room, first the nurses, all but one, and then the old white-haired doctor, still shaking his head sadly. And gentlewomen came, too, and led away the queen, weeping, with the King at her right hand. But the one nurse still sat there, watch-

ing the pale little boy, fretful and feverish, until, exhausted by many night-vigils, she too fell asleep, just as a big moonbeam, bold and bright, swept into the chamber, filling the room with tender, yellow light.

It was at that moment that the young Prince raised himself on one elbow, looked around and called out for his mother. No answer came, and he sank backwards with a sob. Only the big, bold, bright moonbeam suddenly seemed to gather itself together and shine steadily on the little laughing, piping boy carved in white marble, like a searchlight that, after long groping across the sky, has at last found what it seeks. Round and round the piping boy did that moonbeam play, lighting up now the young, fresh face, now the fingers trembling on the pipe-stops, and now the curls that lay lightly on his forehead, until at last the marble figure stood bathed all in the white moonglow, and the silvery light seemed to trickle and drip from the boy, like salt sea-water from a bather stepping out on to the firm sands. In the darkness of the room the little laughing, piping boy stood out, a mass of pure white light, very bright and beautiful.

At that moment the young Prince again

raised himself on one elbow and looked around, until his eyes were attracted by the shimmer and dazzle from the ebony pedestal. He stared and stared, for he could hardly believe his own eyes. It was no longer a mere statue in white marble, but a real, living, throbbing boy who was actually piping and dancing there, and all the time smiling happily, and now and then waving his hand lightly in gleeful invitation. Impatiently tossing the bed-clothes from off him, the King's son sat up in bed, and as he did so there came to his ears such soft, sweet music as he had never heard in all his life. Now it was like a little bickering brook, as it trickles through a mossy dell; now it was just as if all the birds in the Palace Park had fore-gathered near the King's oak-tree, there to sing softly a little song of their own, saying how glad they were that Winter, and snow and frost and cold were all gone by, and Spring was here, with its sunshine and its scents. And all the time the little, laughing boy kept on piping and piping, and dancing and dancing, whilst the young Prince propped himself up, and watched and listened and was very happy.

II

And then a still more wonderful thing happened. For the little boy, still smiling, suddenly stepped from his pedestal and came to the bedside of the Prince, heralded and followed by moonbeams. How cool and refreshing his hand felt against that fevered forehead! It seemed to the Prince as if a gentle breeze from the gateways of the sun had swept into his room, bringing with it coolness and fragrance and soothing perfumes. And then he heard a voice saying, "Poor tired little boy! Come away! Come away! Come away to the woodlands and the meadows. Come and catch the tree talk and the bird song; come and see the sunshine glint on the nutwood stream. Come away! Come away!" Such a sweet, cajoling, enticing voice it was, that nothing in the world could have stopped him from going, so, jumping up eagerly, he found himself dressed as if by magic, and as he took the hand of the little laughing, piping boy, a moonbeam seemed to snatch them up, and in a trice they were sailing out into the silver-sprinkled, star-gleaming night.

The next thing the young Prince remembered was that he and the little marble boy were

racing each other across a wide meadow, plunging headlong through the lush grass, shouting and laughing as happy and as care-free as the lark above them, singing its way steadily into the blue. What a morning it was ! The sunshine streamed down and spread itself over the meadow, adding new gold to the buttercups and daisy-hearts, throwing deep shadows on the far side where was the beech-copse, cool and shady. A squirrel leapt from branch to branch, and the Prince screamed with the joy of it. How delightful to be there, to frolic and play with his little happy friend! No Gentlemen-in-Waiting, no Usher of the Gold Rod, no governess with her tiresome questions, no sentry with his heels clicking smartly, and his everlasting " Present arms!" The very birds from tree and bush, tomtit and wren, and linnet and thrush, even the chattering pies and the unseen cuckoo that called from everywhere and nowhere, seemed to take a part in the game, whistling and chirping and fluting and calling, as if determined to lead "them on and on to where the violets lurked, or to the mossy dell where the hidden brook sang quietly to the listening trees, or to the rich soft carpets of bluebells, a sweet bed and a fit bed for a boy, even though he be a

King's son. And so the hours went on until, very tired, but very happy, the young Prince sat down in a grassy hedge decked with blue-bells, where a five-barred gate led into a ploughed field, and the last thing he remembered was a glimpse of the little, laughing boy, dancing among the flowers, and lulling him to sleep with his plaintive piping.

The Prince awoke and looked around eagerly. He saw that it was still broad daylight, for there was a ray of golden sunlight shining in front of him. But where were the meadows and the beech-copse, and the little smiling, piping boy ? Rubbing his eyes, he shouted out, " Why, there he is!" And there he was, too, standing on his pedestal where he'd always been, very living and very lifelike, but only after all a statue in marble, wonderfully white. For a moment tears came to his eyes, but they were soon wiped away when he saw the King, his father, and the Queen, his mother, bending over him, with joy and gladness in their faces. For it was quite a different boy they saw now, no longer fretful and feverjsh, but nearly himself again and very happy as he began to tell them, almost more quickly than he could find words, all his mar-

vellous adventures with the little laughing, piping boy, who had snatched him away to the woodland and meadows. At least he started to tell his father and mother, until the old white-haired, white-bearded doctor stepped forward with courtly grace, and felt the young Prince's pulse, placed his fingers gently on the forehead, and begged His Royal Highness to tell the rest of his tale to-morrow, after which he walked quietly from the royal chamber. Only this time he did not shake his head sadly. Instead as he passed he winked at the little smiling, piping boy, and the little smiling, piping boy seemed to wink back.

THOMAS QUAYLE.

MALLY DIXON AND KNURRE-MURRE

A FARMER of Staindrop, in Durham, was one night crossing a bridge, and he had barely taken a step or two under the trees of a wood on the other side, when out jumped a cat. And she stood before him, and looking him full in the face, said:

Johnny Reed I Johnny Reed !
Tell Madam Momfort
That Mally Dixon's dead.

The farmer returned home, and in mickle wonder recited this awful charm to his wife, when up started their black cat, saying, " Is she ?" and disappeared for ever.

It was supposed she was a fairy in disguise, who thus went to attend a sister's funeral, for in the North fairies do die, and green shady spots are pointed out by the country folks as the cemeteries of the tiny people. A similar story is told in Denmark. Near a town called Lyng is the hill of Brondhoe, inhabited by the trold-folk, or imps. Amongst these trolds was an old sickly devil, peevish and ill-tempered, because he was married to a young, gay, and beautiful wife. This unhappy trold often set the rest of the imps by the ears, so they nicknamed him Knurre-Murre, or Rumble-Grumble.

Now it came to pass, when Knurre-Murre discovered that nothing he said or did would prevent his young, gay, and beautiful wife from dancing and amusing herself, and from singing gay little songs and all with her favourite cousin, he vowed vengeance. So, seizing a great pitch-fork pne night, off he went in search of her cousin. But his young, gay, and beautiful wife ran faster, and presently she comes to the cavern where her

cousin was, and she cried, " Fly ! fly ! He's after you with a pitchfork !"

And in fear and trembling away flew the cousin out of the cavern, and whispering magic, he turned himself into a great big tortoise-shell cat. And he took refuge at last in the house of Goodman Platt. Goodman Platt harboured him with much hospitality, let him lie on his great wicker chair, and fed him twice a day with bread and milk out of a red earthenware pipkin.

Now one evening, a year or two afterwards, the Goodman came home, at a late hour, full of wonderment. " Goody," exclaimed he to his wife, "as I was passing over Brondhoe Bridge, and had taken barely a step or two under the woods on the other side, out jumped a trold. And she stood before me, looking me full in the face. And she said:

Hor du Plat,
Suf til din cat
At Knurre-Murre er dod.

Now the tortoise-shell cat was lying on the great wicker chair, at the moment, enjoying his supper of bread and milk out of the red earthenware pipkin. And when Goodman Platt began thus to tell his story, he pricked up his ears to

listen. And the instant the words were out of the Goodman's mouth, " Oho !" says he, jumped bolt upright upon his two hind-legs, for all the world like a Christian, and kicking the red earthenware pipkin and the rest of the bread and milk before him, whisked through the cottage door, mewing, " What ! Knurre-Murre dead. Then off I go home again !"

A FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND

[Robinson Crusoe, after living for many years in utter (but busy) solitude on his desert island, discovers, to his utmost dismay, a footprint on its sandy shore.]

IT happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was seriously surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand: I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again, to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy;

but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel and every part of a foot; how it came hither, I knew not nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last

degree, looking tehind me at every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When 1 came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

DANIEL DEFOE.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

IT would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. . . . On

the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat, into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and coyld feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured

was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least, I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I waked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look* upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise abput me; but in the posture I lay, I could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes

downward as much as 1 could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *hekinah degul:* the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a ^little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn

my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud *tolgo phonac;* when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain. . . . When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. . . .

Being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they called a great lord, as I afterward learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed; but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink.

They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity, one of their largest hogshead, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *hekinah degul.* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *borach mevolah;* and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *hekinah degul.* . . . .

. . . I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of thenci had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my

left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court. . . ,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TRAVELLING IN STUART TIMES

IN some parts of Kent and Sussex, none but the strongest horses could, in winter, get through the bog, in which at every step, they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were, in this district, generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of

Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue, several were upset and injured. A letter from one of the party has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that, during fourteen hours, he never once alighted, excepted when his coach overturned or stuck in the mud.

Of the best highways heavy articles were, in the time of Charles the Second, generally conveyed from place to place by stage waggons. In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers, who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback, and who were prevented by infirmity, or by the weight of their luggage, from going on foot. The expense of transmitting heavy goods in this way was enormous. From London to Birmingham the charge was seven pounds a ton; from London to Exeter twelve pounds a ton. This was about fifteen pence a ton for every mile, more by a third than was afterwards charged on turnpike roads, and fifteen times what is now demanded by railway companies. . . .

In the seventeenth century England abounded

with excellent inns of every rank. The traveller, sometimes, in a small village, lighted on a public house such as Walton described, where the brick floor was swept clean, where the walls were stuck round with ballads, where the sheets smelt of lavender, and where a blazing fire, a cup of good ale, and a dish of trout fresh from the neighbouring brook, were to be procured at small charge. At the larger houses of entertainment were to be found beds hung with silk, choice cookery, and claret equal to the best which was drunk in London.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE GREAT PLAGUE

1665

[Here Defoe tells what care men used in small matters for fear of infection when the Pestilence descended upon London in 1665, *and was followed by the Great Fire in the autumn of* 1666. *Seepage* 62.]

IT pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen days or thereabouts, and I could not restrain myself, but I would go to carry a letter for my brother to the

post-house. Then it was indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the post-house, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging fo the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leather purse with two keys hanging at it, with money in it, but nobody would meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but that they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropped it might come back to look for it.

I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big that I had any inclination to meddle with it, or to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with; so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up, but so that if the right owner came for it he should be sure to have it. So he went in and fetched a pail of water, and set it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder, and cast a good deal of powder upon the purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon

the purse. The train reached about two yards. After this, he goes in a third time and fetches out a pair of tongs red hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose, and first setting fire to the train of powder, that singed the purse, and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that, but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burnt through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water, so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings and some smooth groats and brass farthings.

DANIEL DEFOE.

THE FIRE OF LONDON

SEPTEMBER, 1666.

[This is taken from a diary kept in private day by day at this time by Samuel Pepys, a man who not only faithfully served his country, but never wearied of enjoying and recording whatever the world of men and affairs could show.]

SEPTEMBER 2nd (Lord's day).—Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us

up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great lire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the backside of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose agaio to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and farther off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning.

By and by, Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge.

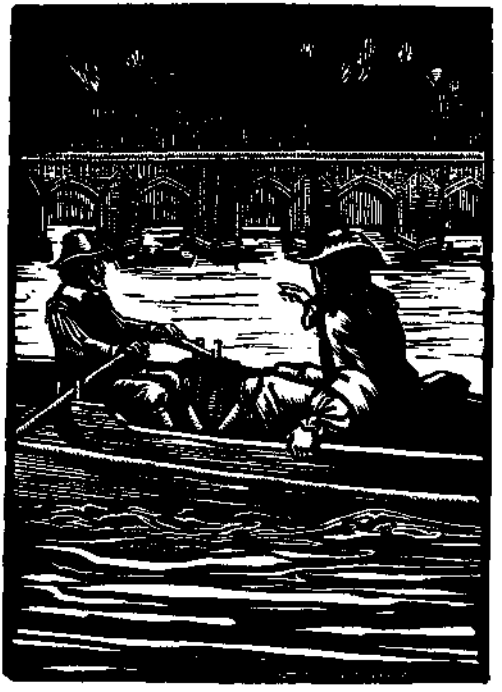
So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it

began this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running farther, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steelyard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them and then running into boats or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and fell down.

Having stayed, and in an hour's time, seen the fire range every way; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire; and, having seen it get as far as the Steelyard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving

combustible, even the very stones of churches, and, among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs.——lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to Whitehall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw; and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire.

They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of Vork bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there



sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs.

At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, " Lord ! what can I do ? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire over-

takes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things.

Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone; she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man.

But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the

sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs. Batelier came to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright.

Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and farther; and, among others, I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. . . .

Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and

the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. . . .

We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin.

So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater came with some few of

his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. . . .

SAMUEL PEPYS.

THE TWO MATCHES

ONE day there was a traveller in the woods in California, in the dry season, when the Trades were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way, and was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket he found but two matches. He struck the first, and it would not light.

" Here is a pretty state of things !" said the traveller. " Dying for smoke; only one match left: and that certain to miss fire !

" Was there ever so unfortunate a creature? And yet," thought the traveller, " suppose I light this match, and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass—the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry like tinder; and while I snatch out the flames in front, they might evade and run behind me, and seize upon yon bush of poison oak; before I could reach it, that would have blazed up; over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that too would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough; and the flame of that long torch—how would that trade wind take and brandish that through the inflammable forest ! I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voice of wind and fire, I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills; I see this pleasant forest burn for days, and the cattle roasted, and the springs dried up, and the farmer ruined, and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!"

With that he struck the match, and it missed fire.

" Thank God !" said the traveller, and put his pipe in his pocket.

R. L. STEVENSON,

FEAST OF THE PRENTICES

[In the original spelling.]

WITHIN a few years after, Alderman Eyer being chosen Lord Mayor of London, changing his company, he became one of the worshipful Company of Drapers, and for this year he kept a most bountiful house. At this time it came into his mind what a promise once he made to the prentises, being at breakfast with them at their going to the conduit, speaking to his lady in this wise: Good Lord (quoth he) what a change have we had within these thirty years ? And how greatly hath the Lord blessed us since that ? blessed be his Name for it.

I do remember, when I was a young prentise, what a match I made upon a Shrove Tuesday morning, being at the conduit, among other of my companions; trust my wife (quoth he) tis worth the hearing, and He tell thee how it fell out.

After we had filled our tankards with water, there was some would needs have me set down my tankard, and go with them to breakfast (as many times before I had done) to which I consented: and it was a breakfast of pudding-pies. I shall never forget it. But to make short, when the shot came to be paid, each one

drew out his money, but I had not one penny in my purse, and credit I had none in the place; which when I behelf being ashamed, I said; Well my masters, do you give me my breakfast this time; and in requital thereof, if ever I be Mayor of London, I'll bestow a breakfast on all the prentices of the city: these were the words, little thinking, (God wot) that ever it should come to pass: but such was the great goodness of our God, who setteth up the humble and pulleth down the proud, to bring whom he pleaseth to the seat of honour. For as the scripture witnesseth, promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west, but from him that is the giver of all good things, the mighty Lord of heaven and earth. Wherefore wife, seeing God hath bestowed that upon me that I never looked for; it is reason that I should perform my promise: and being able now, Til pay that which then I was not able to do: for I would not have men say that I am like the Ebon-tree, that neither bears leaves nor fruit. Wherefore wife, seeing that Shrove Tuesday is so near at hand, I will upon that day fulfil my promise, which upon that day I made.

Truly, my lord, (quoth she), I will be right willing thereunto

Then answered my lord, as thou dost love me, let them want neither pudding-pies nor pancakes, and look what other good cheer is to be hand, I will refer all to your discretion.

Hereupon, great provision was made for the prentices' breakfast: and Shrove Tuesday being come, the Lord Mayor sent word to the aldermen, that in their several wards they should signify his mind to the citizens, to crave their favours that their prentices might come to his house to breakfast, and that for his sake they might play all the day after. Hereupon, it was ordered that at the ringing of a bell in every parish, the prentices should leave work and shut up their shops for that day, which being ever since yearly observed, it is called the Pancake Bell.

The prentices being all assembled, my Lord Mayor's house was not able to hold them, they were such a multitude, so that besides the great hall, all the gardens were set with tables, and in the backside tables were set, and every other spare place was also furnished: so that at length they were all placed and while meat was brought in, to delight their ears, as well as to feed their bodies, and to drown the noise of their prattlings, drums and trumpets were pleasantly sounded: that being ended, the waits

of the city, with divers others sorts of music played also to beguile the time, and to put off all discontent.

After the first service, were all the tables plentifully furnished with pudding-pies and pancakes, in very plentiful manner; and the rest that remained was given to the poor. Wine and ale in very great measure they had given, insomuch that they had no lack nor excess to cause them to be disordered. And in the midst of this their merriment the Lord Mayor, in his scarlet gown, and his lady in like manner went in amongst them; bidding them all most heartily welcome, saying unto them, that his promise so long ago made, he hath at length performed. At what time they (in token of thankfulness) flung up their caps, giving a great shout, and incontinently they all quietly departed.

Then after this, Sir Symon Eyer built Leaden Hall, appointing that in the midst thereof, there should be a market place kept every Monday for leather, where the shoemakers of London, for their more ease, might buy of the tanners without seeking any further.

And in the end, this worthy man ended his life in London with great honour.

THOMAS DELONEY.

DOWN TO THE SEA

[Torn, in this passage, is the small boy in that famous book called " The Water-Babies:']

. . . BUT toward evening it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying right across the valley above his head, resting on the crags right and left. He felt not quite frightened, but very still; for everything was still. There was not a whisper of wind, nor a chirp of a bird to be heard, and next a few great drops of rain fell plop into the water, and one hit Tom on the nose, and made him pop his head down quickly enough.

And then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and leapt across Vendale and back again, from cloud to cloud, and cliff to cliff, till the very rocks in the stream seemed to shake; and Tom looked up at it through the water, and thought it the finest thing he ever saw in his life.

But out of the water he dared not put his head; for the rain came down by bucketsful, and the hail hammered like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam; and soon the stream rose, and rushed down, higher and higher, and

fouler and fouler, full of beetles, and sticks, and straws, and worms, and addle-eggs, and wood-lice, and leeches, and odds and ends, and omnium-gatherums, and this, that, and the other, enough to fill nine museums.

Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not; for out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way, and swimming about with great worms hanging out of their mouths, tugging and kicking to get them away from each other.

And now, by the flashes of the lightning, Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down stream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in the cracks of the rocks, and in burrows in the mud; and Tom had hardly e^er seen them, except now and then at night: but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened. And as they hurried past he could hear them say to each other, "We must run, we must run. What a jolly thunder-storm! Down to the sea, down to the sea 1"

And then the otter came by with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves; and she spied Tom as she came by, and said:—

" Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. Come along, children, never mind those nasty eels: we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea, down to the sea !"

Then came a flash brighter than all the rest, and by the light of it—in the thousandth part of a second they were gone again—but he had seen them, he was certain of it—Three beautiful little white girls, with their arms twined round each other's necks, floating down the torrent, as they sang, " Down to the sea, down to the sea !"

" Oh stay ! Wait for me !" cried Tom; but they were gone: yet he could hear their voices clear and sweet through the roar of thunder and water and wind, singing as they died away, " Down to the sea !"

" Down to the sea ?" said Tom; " everything is going to the sea, and I will go too. Good-bye, trout." But the trout were so busy gobbling worms that they never turned to answer him; so that Tom was spared the pain of bidding them farewell.

And now, down the rushing stream, guided by the bright flashes of the storm; past tall birch-fringed rocks, which shone out one moment as clear as day, and the next were dark as night; past dark hovers under swirling banks, from which great trout rushed out on Tom, thinking him to be good to eat, and turned back sulkily, for the fairies sent them home again with a tremendous scolding, for daring to meddle with a water-baby; on through narrow strids and roaring cataracts, where Tom was deafened and blinded for a moment by the rushing waters; along deep reaches, where the white water-lilies tossed and flapped beneath the wind and hail; past sleeping villages; under dark bridge-arches, and away and away to the sea. And Tom could not stop, and did not care to stop; he would see the great world below, and the salmon, and the breakers, and the wide, wide sea. . . .

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE ABANDONED SLOOP

[This extract contains three foreign words which the English sailors who sailed the seas in the days of Drake brought back with them to their own land.

" Barbecue " is a Spanish word meaning a wooden framework used for sleeping, a sort of rough bedstead.

" Boucan " is a Brazilian word meaning a wooden framework or grid on which meat was roasted or smoked over a fire. It has given us the word " buccaneer." "Arroyo" is a Spanish word meaning the channel of a rivulet or stream.

Captain Josiah Teat and Captain Knight were adventurers, and if you want further news of them, you must read Mr. Masefield's entrancing romance, entitled " The Lost Endeavour."]

... I FOLLOWED along the little brook, till the scrub closed in upon it so thickly, that I had to move more to one side. The scrub, though thick, was not tall; but there were many up-rooted trees tossed in all directions. A tornado had once swept that way. After a while, the brook broadened out into a pool—a pleasant little pool, with tall grass but no trees upon its borders, and a little artificial fall at its further end. I saw at once that about a year before, a camp had been there. The campers had built up the pool, as far as I could see, for convenience in filling their water-casks. I guessed from that that they were sailors, who had watered their ship there; but, whoever they were, it was plain that they had stayed for some time.

Looking about me, I soon came across their huts, with the bed sticks, or barbecues, on which the skins of their cots had been stretched, still standing in the ground. There were charred twigs on the hearth-stones, and light ash scattered here and there, not yet blown away. There were eight barbecues altogether, from which I gathered that the ship had been a small trading sloop, with eight hands in her. Looking about among the scrub (already a foot high inside the hut), I found a broken old strap (part of a sheath knife belt), and a bull's shoulder blade partly polished, and carved, not badly, with a picture of a ship under topsails, going free, flying a French ensign. I gathered from that that the campers were Frenchmen. The carver's knife had slipped, so as to scratch the ship right across, and he had abandoned the bone as spoiled. I could not find any boucan ashes near the hut, which made it clear that the men were either not hunters or extremely bad ones. The bull's shoulder blade, being dry and old, had probably been picked up on the beach.

I was just making up a little theory to myself about these hunters, telling myself that they had come there in the drought, when watering must have been a slow process, owing to the

shallowness of the arroyo, when I saw something among the scrub, a little further down towards where the surf was beating. I looked again to make sure; but there was no doubt of it. A sloop lay high and dry, a hundred yards from the sea; her bows in the hedge of greenery which marked the limit of the forest, her stern in the shingle of the beach. She had been brought in by a tidal wave, and let down there, seemingly unhurt, on an even keel. The wave which brought her in had probably uprooted the trees, and then sucked back, leaving her stranded. The huts by the little pool had been made by her crew. I tell you, the sloop was a beauty of the world; strong as a roving bull, and of a model like a swan. She was in good trim, too, even after a year on the beach; for her crew before leaving her had covered her with tarred canvas everywhere, ports, hatches, deck and planking; a hard black waterproof case for her.

But what I could not find, was the reason for her abandonment. Why had her eight men left her alone there, carefully sealed, when they might so easily have got her off and put to sea ? Her anchors were still at the bows, with good chain cable, none of the hawser stuff, to warp her out by. But, no. There she was, snug and secure, after a year ashore, while her men

were gone. That they had planned to come back was evident. Otherwise, they would never have covered her. I could not imagine why they should have left her. Plainly their business (whatever it was) had taken them inshore. If they had been going to another part of the sea-coast they would have got the sloop off and gone by sea. A moment more showed me that their business had been decided upon at the last moment, after careful prep arations to get the sloop off to sea. They had been hard at work cutting rollers from the trees broken down by the wave. They had cut about twenty or thirty with one small-headed axe.

I could tell that they had had only one axe by the marks on the trees. The blade (one could see it plainly) had a notch knocked in its edge; it did not cut clean. All the rollers had been cut by a notched axe; and the cuts were so small that only a small axe could have cut them. I saw now why the men had taken the trouble to build huts. The wood-cutting must have been a long job. Very likely they were at work for a week upon those rollers. The wood was almost as hard as iron-wood, it was a strong, dense, darkish-fibred wood. I have seen the like elsewhere; the Indians call it *manchi.*

Now before I went any further, I sat down to puzzle out the problem. A party of men had been shipwrecked. They had gone to work to get their ship to sea. Suddenly they had left their ship after protecting her carefully against all possible hurt by wind and weather They had gone off inland intending to come back, and they had not come back What could have tempted them inland ? For a moment I thought that they might have been taken off by a ship; but that I decided was improbable, impossible. What shipman would have left such a ship as the sloop ashore ? It was not possible. I went up to the sloop and swung myself on to her deck, intending to open up her cabin-hatch, which was firmly battened down with wedged battens. In one of the wedges a roll of oilskin had been jammed. I pulled it out and opened it, and found inside it a leaf from a *Seaman s Friend,* with a little writing in black lead on the unprinted side of it. This was what it said—

" Sloop Wanderer. Cap Josiah Teat. Goin off this day, seven hands all well. The gold-fields. The glorus gold-fields. If you put in here, Cap Knight, respeck our nise loop Indian bob noes glorus gold-fields to command J. T."

JOHN MASEFIELD.

RUNNING; JUMPING; SWIMMING

[Fionn (an Irish name, pronounced Fewn, rhyming with tune) was, says Saint Patrick, "a king, a seer, and a poet. … He was our magician, our knowledgeable one, our soothsayer. All that he did was sweet with him." He lived in the fifth century.]

HE was given good training by the women in running and leaping and swimming.

One of them would take a thorn switch in her hand, and Fionn would take a thorn switch in his hand, and each would try to strike the other running round a tree.

You had to go fast to keep away from the switch behind, and a small boy feels a switch. Fionn would run his best to get away from that prickly stinger, but how he would run when it was his turn to deal the strokes !

With reason too, for his nurses had suddenly grown implacable. They pursued him with a savagery which he could not distinguish from hatred, and they swished him well, whenever they got the chance.

Fionn learned to run. After a while he would buzz around a tree like a maddened fly, and oh, the joy, when he felt himself drawing from the switch and gaining from behind on its bearer 1

How he strained and panted to catch on that pursuing person and pursue her and get his own switch into action.

He learned to jump, by chasing hares in a bumpy field. Up went the hare and up went Fionn, and away with the two of them, hopping and popping across the field. If the hare turned while Fionn was after her, it was switch for Fionn; so that in a while it did not matter to Fionn which way the hare jumped, for he could jump that way too. Longways, sideways, or baw-ways, Fionn hopped where the hare hopped, and at last he was the owner of a hop that any hare would give an ear for.

He was taught to swim, and it may be that his heart sank when he fronted the lesson. The water was cold. It was deep. One could see the bottom, leagues below, millions of miles below. A small boy might shiver as he stared into that wink and blink and twink of brown pebbles and murder. And these implacable women threw him in !

Perhaps he would not go in at first. He may have smiled at them, and coaxed, and hung back. It was a leg and an arm gripped then; a swing for Fionn, and out and away with him; plop and flop for him; down into chill deep

death for him, and up with a splutter; with a sob; with a grasp at everything that caught nothing; with a wild flurry; with a raging despair; with a bubble and snort as he was hauled again down, and down, and down, and found as suddenly that he had been hauled out.

Fionn learned to swim until he could pop into the water like an otter and slide through it like an eel.

He used to try to chase a fish the way he chased hares in the bumpy field—but there are terrible spurts in a fish. It may be that a fish cannot hop, but he gets there in a flash, and he isn't there in another. Up or down, sideways or endways, it is all one to a fish. He goes and is gone. He twists this way and disappears the other way. He is over you when he ought to be under you, and he is biting your toe when you thought you were biting his tail.

You cannot catch a fish by swimming, but you can try, and Fionn tried. He got a grudging commendation from the terrible women when he was able to slip noiselessly in the tide, swim under water to where a wild duck was floating, and grip it by the leg.

" Qu— " said the duck, and he disappeared

before he had time to get the " - ack " out of him.

So the time went, and Fionn grew long and straight, and tough like a sapling; limber as a willow, and with the flirt and spring of a young bird. One of the ladies may have said, " He is shaping very well, my dear/' and the other replied, as is the morose privilege of an aunt,

" He will never be as good as his father/' but their hearts must have overflowed in the night, in the silence, in the darkness, when they thought of the living swiftness they had fashioned, and that dear fair head.

JAMES STEPHENS.

WILL WIMBLE'S LETTER

SIR ROGER,

I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observe with some concern the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's son. He takes to his learning hugely.

I am, Sir, Your humble servant,

WILL WIMBLE.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

NEWS OF THE NICKLEBYS

[This letter was written by Charles Dickens in reply to one from a small boy who wanted to be sure that everything was going to happen as it ought *to happen in "Nicholas Nickleby," a long story by Dickens that was then coming out month by month. But you must read the whole story, and see what you think about it.]*

DOUGHTY STREET,
LONDON.
December 12, 1838.

RESPECTED SIR,

I have given Squeers one cut on the neck and two on the head, at which he appeared much surprised and began to cry, which, being a cowardly thing, is just what I should have expected from him—wouldn't you ?

I have carefully done what you told me in your letter about the lamb and the two " sheeps " for the little boys. They have also had some good ale and porter, and some wine. I am sorry you didn't say *what* wine you would like them to have. I gave them some sherry which they liked very much, except one boy, who was a little sick and choked a good deal. He vas rather greedy, and that's the truth, and I believe it went the wrong way, which I say served him right, and I hope you will say so too.

Nicholas had his roast lamb, as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says if you do not mind his doing so he should like to have the rest hashed to-morrow with some greens, which he is very fond of, and so am I. He said he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoilt the flavour, so I let him have it cold. You should have seen him drink it. I thought he never would have left off. I also gave him three pounds of money, all in sixpences, to make it seem more, and he said directly that he should give more than half to his mamma and sister, and divide the rest with poor Smike. And I say he is a good fellow for saying so; and if anybody says he isn't I am ready to fight him whenever they like—there !

Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I don't think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty disagreeable thing, and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it; and what I say is that I hope it may. You will say the same, I know—at least I think you will.

I meant to have written you a long letter, but I cannot write very fast when I like the

person I am writing to, because that makes me think about them, and I like you, and so I tell you. Besides, it is just eight o'clock at night, and I always go to bed at eight o'clock except when it is my birthday, and then I sit up to supper. So I will not say anything more beside this—and that is my love to you and Neptune; and if you will drink my health every Christmas Day I will drink yours—come.

I am, Respected Sir, your affectionate Friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

P.S.—I don't write my name very plain, but you know what it is, you know, so never mind.

LOUISA MANNERS

MY name is Louisa Manners; I was seven years of age last birthday, which was on the first of May. I remember only four birthdays. The day I was four years old is the first that I recollect. On the morning of that day, as soon as I awoke, I crept into mamma's bed, and said, " Open your eyes, mamma, for it is my birthday. Open your eyes, and look at me !" Then mamma told me I should ride in a post chaise.

and see my grandmamma and my sister Sarah Grandmamma lived at a farm-house in the country, and I had never in all my life, been out of London; no, nor had I ever seen a bit of green grass, except in the Drapers' garden, which is near my papa's house in Broad Street; nor had I ever rode in a carriage before that happy birthday.

I ran about the house, talking of where I was going, and rejoicing so that it was my birthday, that when I got into the chaise I was tired and fell asleep.

When I awoke, I saw the green fields on both sides of the chaise, and the fields were full, quite full, of bright shining yellow flowers, and sheep and young lambs were feeding in them. I jumped, and clapped my hands together for joy, and I cried out: "This is

" ' Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs,' '

for I knew many of Watts' hymns by heart.

The trees and hedges seemed to fly swiftly by us, and one field, and the sheep, and the young lambs, passed away; and then another field came, and that was full of cows; and* then another field, and all the pretty sheep returned, and there was no end of these charming sights

till we came quite to grandmamma's house, which stood all alone by itself, no house to be seen at all near it. . . .

There was no end to the curiosities that my sister Sarah had to shew me. There was the pond where the ducks were swimming, and the little wooden houses where the hens slept at night. The hens were feeding all over the yard, and the prettiest little chickens, they were feeding too, and little yellow ducklings that had a hen for their mamma. She was so frightened if they went near the water. Grandmamma says a hen is not esteemed a very wise bird.

We went out of the farm-yard into the orchard. O what a sweet place grandmamma's orchard is ! There were pear-trees, and apple-trees, and cherry-trees, all in blossom. These blossoms were the prettiest flowers that ever were seen, and among the grass under the trees, there grew buttercups, and cowslips, and daffodils, and blue-bells. Sarah told me all their names, and she said I might pick as many of them as ever I pleased.

I filled my lap with flowers, I filled my bosom with-flowers, and I carried as many flowers as I could in both my hands; but as I was going into the parlour to shew them to my mamma,

I stumbled over a threshold which was placed across the parlour, and down I fell with all my treasure.

Nothing could have so well pacified me for the misfortune of my fallen flowers, as the sight of a delicious syllabub which happened at that moment to be brought in. Grandmamma said it was a present from the red cow to me because it was my birthday; and then because it was the first of May, she ordered the syllabub to be placed under the May-bush that grew before the parlour door, and when we were seated on the grass round it she helped me the very first to a large glass full of the syllabub, and wished me many happy returns of that day, and then she said I was myself the sweetest little May-blossom in the orchard.

After the syllabub there was the garden to see, and a most beautiful garden it was—long and narrow, a strait gravel walk down the middle of it, at the end of the gravel walk there was a green arbour with a bench under it.

There were rows of cabbages and radishes, and peas and beans. I was delighted to see them, for I never saw so much as a cabbage growing out of the ground before.

On one side of this charming garden there

were a great many bee-hives, and the bees sung so prettily.

Mamma said, " Have you nothing to say to these pretty bees, Louisa ?" Then I said to them:

" ' How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour
And gather honey all the day from every opening flower ' "

They had a most beautiful flower-bed to gather it from, quite close under the hives.

I was going to catch one bee, till Sarah told me about their stings, which made me afraid for a long time to go too near their hives; but I went a little nearer, and a little nearer, every day, and, before I came away from grandmamma's, I grew so bold, I let Will Tasker hold me over the glass windows at the top of the hives, to see them make honey in their own homes.

After looking at the garden, I saw the cows milked, and that was the last sight I saw that day; for while I was telling mamma about the cows, I fell fast asleep, and I suppose I was then

SORROW

MY mother was twice married. She never spoke of her first husband, and it is only from other people that I have learnt what little I know about him. I believe she was scarcely seventeen when she was married to him: and he was barely one-and-twenty. He rented a small farm up in Cumberland, somewhere towards the sea-coast; but he was perhaps too young and inexperienced to have the charge of land and cattle: anyhow, his affairs did not prosper, and he fell into ill health, and died of consumption before they had been three years man and wife, leaving my mother a young widow of twenty, with a little child only just able to walk, and the farm on her hands for four years more by the lease, with half the stock on it dead, or sold off one by one to pay the more pressing debts, and with no money to purchase more, or even to buy the provisions needed for the small consumption of every day. There was another child coming too; and sad and sorry, I believe, she was to think of it. A dreary winter she must have had in her lonesome dwelling with never another near it for miles

around; her sister came to bear her company, and they two planned and plotted how to make every penny they could raise go as far as possible.

I can't tell you how it happened that my little sister, whom I never saw, came to sicken and die; but, as if my poor mother's cup was not full enough, only a fortnight before Gregory was born the little girl took ill of scarlet fever, and in a week she lay dead. My mother was, I believe, just stunned with this last blow. My aunt has told me that she did not cry; Aunt Fanny would have been thankful if she had; but she sat holding the poor wee lassie's hand, and looking in her pretty, pale, dead face, without so much as shedding a tear. And it was all the same, when they had to take her away to be buried.

She just kissed the child, and sat her down in the window-seat to watch the little black train of people (neighbours—my aunt, and one far-off cousin, who were all the friends they could muster) go winding away amongst the snow, which had fallen thinly over the country the night before. When my aunt came back from the funeral, she found my mother in the same place, and as dry-eyed as ever. So she continued until after Gregory was born; and,

somehow, his coming seemed to loosen the tears, and she cried day and night, till my aunt and the other watcher looked at each other in dismay, and would fain have stopped her if they had but known how. But she bade them let her alone, and not be over-anxious, for every drop she shed eased her brain, which had been in a terrible state before for want of the power to cry.

She seemed after that, to think of nothing but her new little baby; she had hardly appeared to remember either her husband or her little daughter that lay dead in Brigham churchyard—at least so Aunt Fanny said; but she was a great talker, and my mother was very silent by nature, and I think Aunt Fanny may have been mistaken in believing that my mother never thought of her husband and child just because she never spoke about them. . . .

ELIZABETH GASKELL.

THE SPECIAL MESSENGER

WHEN she had washed up the tea-things, and got the sticks ready for the morning fire, and cleaned the boots, she sat down in the kitchen to rest.

At last the long day's work was over, and she had now nothing to do except answer an occasional ring at the door. At ten she would carry in the supper, and a little later she would go to bed, taking up with her the cheap noisy alarm clock set for half-past six.

It had been washing day, and she was tired. The mistress, too, had been cross. The mistress, for some reason, was always cross on washing day, yet Annie half wished now that she would come in and scold her again, she felt so lonely. It must be the spring that was affecting her. The lengthening evenings, the starlings chirping in the eaves above her bedroom window in the early morning, the sunshine, the budding trees, reminded her of so many things. She spread out an old number of the *Christian Herald* on the white deal table before her, but she had never been a reader, and the paper had no power now to come between her and her thoughts. . . .

Her thoughts were of her home; they gave her no rest; and presently she went to a small cupboard beside the range, where she kept a few things for her own private use. She brought out an ink-splashed blotter, a pen, and a little bottle of ink; then she sat down to write. She

wrote with difficulty, her head bowed over her task, her face flushed, her lips moving as if spelling out each laborious word as she scratched it on the cheap glazed paper.

" DEAR MOTHER,

" This comes hoping to find you all well as it leaves me at present. How is your roomitism ? How is father ? Tell William I thought I saw him one day but it wasn't. With fondest love to all.

" Your loving daughter,

" ANNIE."

She thought of adding a postscript: "Tell John——" but this she did not do. Her letter finished, she sat there very quietly, her hands folded. The cat jumped into her lap with a faint mew, and she began to stroke it. . . .

She had been in service here for nearly four months now—in service in town. It was her second place. Her first had been in the country, near home, but she had been tempted by the offer of higher wages, and had come up to town to better herself. . . . She hated it. Every day her longing for the country seemed to increase, yet it never occurred to her to give notice. She stayed on, with a sort of simple,

unquestioning patience — the patience of a domestic animal that has no share in the moulding of its fate. The streets bewildered her; the noise; the crowds of unknown faces. On her evening out she very often remained indoors—an unusual state of things her mistress was quick to appreciate — and when she did go out, she was always glad to get back again. Everything about her was alien to her—strange without being attractive—even the little brown, dusty sparrows seemed to belong to a different world from that of the sparrows at home. . . .

Next morning, when she came downstairs, she opened the hall door and went out into the April sunshine. She did the steps, and swept the porch. She was just finishing when she heard the sounds of a rattling can, and of a boy whistling. . . . She watched him as he came on down the empty street, a brown, snub-nosed, merry-faced boy, with quick, dark, bright eyes, and a piece of green hawthorn, plucked from some hedge, stuck in his cap like a feather. She did not know him, but she could not help watching him. She felt suddenly quite happy and .different.

She expected him to pass on, but when he reached the gate of the small dusty garden he

stopped, opened it, and came inside, holding out his can of milk to her. She took it from him in silence. His dark, alert eyes seemed to dazzle her. They looked at her with that clear bright soullessness which one sees in the eyes of a bird, and quite automatically she carried the milk into the pantry and poured it into a basin. It was only as she was returning him the empty can that she remembered that he was not their milk-boy at all, and that perhaps he had come here by mistake.

" Where's Jimmy ?" she asked.

" He's in the next street. I'm helpin' him."

She looked at him half wistfully. " You're not a town boy, are you ?"

"Ay; but I'm from the country. . . . So's these. Will you have them ?" From the side pocket of his ragged jacket he took out a big bunch of primroses.

She accepted them in a kind of dream. She did not even thank him. She seemed to have forgotten he was there till his voice awakened her.

" What are you goin' to give me for them ?"

His dark, bright eyes glinted oddly. She began to answer " Nothing." Somebody, in fact, must have spoken the word, for she heard

it quite distinctly as she stooped a little, and kissed him. . . .

A great light rushed out on all sides, as if the sky were opening. She caught her breath, and her head for a moment swam dizzily. Where was the street? Where were the houses? Where was the milk-boy? She was in a green lane, whose steep banks were gay with clumps of primroses. The trees were over her, swaying against a blue spring sky. She knew this old disused road, with its ruts worn deep by carts that no longer passed down it, its mossy stones and mossy banks. A lark sang rapturously above her—high, high up, a little brown speck in the bright air. She walked as far as the low stile, and stood there waiting. She stood by the field path, and remembered their last meeting there; and the little quarrel which had somehow grown out of nothing, and had yet spoiled everything. She had started it in fun; she had wanted to see if she could make him jealous—he had so often said she couldn't. And then—and then—somehow it had all at once become cold and bitter earnest. . . .

She drew her hand across her eyes as the gate clanged. The milk-boy was moving down the street, whistling, a green hawthorn branch stuck

in his cap like a feather. For how long had the kiss lasted ? It seemed to her that it must have lasted a long time, yet it could not have, for the blind on the window opposite, which, as she stooped, had begun to be drawn up, had not yet reached the top.

She went indoors. All day, as she worked, she saw the green primrose lane; all day she smelt the scent of primroses, and heard the singing of the lark. What matter if the air was thick with the dust of swept stair-carpets ? What matter about the shrill scolding that followed the breaking of a dish ? In the evening, when the rattle of the milk-carts began again to sound, she listened eagerly for the ringing of the door bell. It came at last, and she hurried to answer it. But it was only Jimmy, and she stared at him in disappointment, heedless of the can he offered her, and of the " Good evening" he spoke. "Where's the other?" she asked, and Jimmy stared at her in his turn.

" What other ?" he said stolidly.

" The boy who came in the morning."

" Oh, him ! How would I know where he is ?"

" Who is he?"

" Just a fella I met. He offered to leave in the milk for you while I was doin' the other

street. He said he knew you." But something seemed to strike him now for the first time, and he scratched his head. " I don't know why I give it to him," he confessed, puzzled. " But he brought back the can all right."

She returned to the kitchen. It was as if she had been dreaming, and had now awakened. And in the evening, when she had time to sit still, she sat turning it over in her mind, not very sure of anything, though the primroses were there, a kind of proof that it had all really happened. She rose and set them on the table. She bent down over them. They had darkened slightly in colour; they were no longer so fresh as when she had got them; but their cool, faint fragrance still made the air sweet, and as she breathed it she felt something of the same feeling she had felt that morning when she had kissed the milk-boy. Only it was not.so strong. She was still in the kitchen, though its walls were dim and shadowy, and through them she could make out other walls, and the outlines of trees, and a door and a window. She knew the house at the end of the field path; she recognised it as one recognises a blurred and indistinct photograph. She looked through the

window, and everything gradually grew clearer. He was there—reading a letter. In a sudden dying, flickering brightness she seemed to recognise the letter, and to see him kiss it; then the whole vision went out.

She sat on with folded hands and lifted face. . . . He must have asked her mother for the letter, or perhaps William had got it for him. . . . She would send him one for himself—just a line or two—asking him to write. . . . Later in the evening she dropped it into the pjllar-box at the street corner.

" DEAR JOHN,

" I am very lonely here. Will you write to me ? With kind thoughts.

" ANNIE."

She waited, but he did not write. On the third day, however, he came himself. So, after all, she went back to the country.

FORREST REID.

THOMAS BEWICK WHEN A -BOY

[This is taken from a Memoir written by Thomas Bewick, the famous and enchanting engraver of woodcuts—which are an endless delight to look at and study. He died in 1828 at the age of seventy-five.]

FROM the little window at my bed-head I noticed all the varying seasons of the year; and when the spring put in I felt charmed with the

music of birds, which strained their little throats to proclaim it. The chief business imposed upon me as a task, at this season, was my being set to work to " scale " the pastures and meadows—that is, to spread the mole-hills over the surface of the ground. This, with gardening and such-like jobs, was very hungry work, and often made me think dinner was long in coming; and when at last it was sent to me, be it what it might, I sat down on the " Iwon " side of a hedge, and eat it with a relish that needed no sauce.

As soon as the bushes and trees began to put forth their buds, and make the face of nature look gay, this was the signal for the angler to prepare his fishing tackle. In doing this, I was not behind hand. Fishing rods, set fads, and night lines were all soon made fit for use, and with them, late and early, I had a busy time of it during the summer months, until the frosts of autumn'forbid me to proceed. The uneasiness which my late evening wadings by the waterside gave to my father and mother, I have often since reflected upon with regret. They could not go to bed with the hopes of getting to sleep, while haunted with the apprehension of my being drowned; and well do I remember to this day my father's well-known whistle, which called me

home. He went to a little distance from the house, where nothing obstructed the sound, and whistled so loud, through his finger and thumb, that in the still hours of evening it might be heard echoing up the vale of the Tyne, to a very great distance. This whistle I learned to imitate, and answered it as well as I could, and then posted home.

From early in the morning till night I was scarcely ever out of an action either good or bad; or, when not kept close at school, or in doing jobs such as those I have described, I was almost constantly engaged in some mischievous prank or other; but with a detail of these it would be wearisome to load my narrative; they were occasioned by the overflowings of an active, wild disposition. At one time, in imitation of the savages described in " Robinson Crusoe "—or some other savages—I often, in a morning, set off *stark naked* across the fell, where I was joined by somfe associates who, in like manner, ran about like mad things, or like Bedlamites who had escaped. Climbing the tall trees at Eltringham for rook nests, at the hazard of breaking our necks or our bones, was another piece of business which employed our attention. I was also engaged in another equally dangerous.

THOMAS BEWICK WHEN A BOY in

Having formed the resolution of curing a vicious, " runaway" horse belonging to my father, which no one durst mount, I, however, took the opportunity, when out of sight of any of the family, to do so. With my hand entwined in his mane, and bare-backed, I set him a-going, and let him run over " sykes " and burns, up hill and down hill, until he was quite spent. In a short time I discovered that, to make him run at all, he must be whipt to it. At other times I swam him in the river. This, and such-like treatment, made him look ill, and quite tamed him. . . .

Sometimes the lads in the same class I belonged to, when we had been doing amiss, were sent to cut birch rods to whip us with. At other times we were locked into the belfry, where we often amused ourselves by drawing each other up by the bell ropes to the first floor; but one of our comrades having (by the rope slipping through the hands of those who held it) been precipitated to the ground, by which he was a good deal hurt, that mode of punishment was altogether dropped. The parson, poor man, had a troublesome time of it with one or other of us; and I remember once in particular, of putting him

into very great pain and distress of mind. After a great flood, a large piece of ice, about the size of the floor of a room, had been left in a place called " Ned's Hole," by the side of the river. This I got upon, and persuaded several others to do the same, and we then set to work with a " boat stower " to push it off shore; and in this manner we got some distance up the river, opposite to the parsonage garden, where our master happened to be, and saw us. I could see by his agitated motions and his uplifted hands that he was put into a state much easier to be felt than described. After having been guilty of misdemeanours of this kind, I did not go back to school for the remainder of the day, but waded, or otherwise crossed the river, and sat down or amused myself among the bushes on the water banks until the rest of the scholars left school, when I joined them, and went home. But as it would not have been safe for me to go to bed (if conscious of guilt, or if otherwise betrayed), for fear of a visit from my father, I always took up my abode for the night in the byer loft, among the hay or straw, knowing well that when his passion subsided I should escape a beating from his hands.

The first cause of my preceptor beginning a

severe system of flogging (beside the quantum I received for mischievous acts) was for not getting off my Latin tasks. When this was not done to his mind he, by way of punishment, gave me another still worse to do, and still longer, till at length I gave up even attempting to get through them at all, and began to stand a flogging without being much put about by it. I think (at this day) my very worthy preceptor, in following this rather indiscriminate system of severe punishments, was wrong. He often beat his own son, a youth of an uncommonly mild, kind, and cheerful disposition, whom I felt more distressed at seeing punished than if it had been myself; for I mostly considered that I richly deserved the stripes inflicted upon me, and that he did not.

There was a misdemeanour for which, above all the rest, I was more severely punished, both at school and at home, than for any other fault; and that was for fighting with other boys. To put a stop to this practice was the particular request of my mother. To her it was odious in the extreme. Her reasons I do not forget. She quoted the Scripture in support of them. Therein, she said, we were directed, " if we were struck on one cheek, to turn the other also "

(I forget the exact words); it is a portion of Scripture I did not obey. She also maintained that the business of fighting was degrading to human nature, and put a man that practised it on a level with dogs. I am conscious that I never sought a quarrel with any one; but I found an insult very bad to bear, and generally in the most secret manner contrived " to fight it out."

When the floggings inflicted upon me had in a great measure begun to lose their effect, another mode of punishment was fallen upon; and that was, after the school hours were over, to lock me into the church, where I was kept till the dusk of the evening. This solitary confinement was very irksome to me, as I had not at that time got over a belief in ghosts and boggles, for the sight of which I was constantly upon the look-out. Oppressed with fear, I peeped here and there into every corner, in dread of seeing some terrible spirit. In time, however, this abated, and I amused myself as well as I could in surveying the surrounding objects and in climbing up the pillars, with the help of a rope or a handkerchief, as I used to do in getting up large trees. It happened one evening when my master, as usual, came to let me out, that I was sitting astride upon the capital of one of the

pillars, where he did not see me. He called on me, but I made no answer, and he then posted off to see if the door was fast, and having ascertained that it was, he marched along the aisles in great perturbation of mind, frequently exclaiming, " God bless me !" etc. When he was gone, I slipped down and found the choir door only bolted on the inside, so I waded the river and posted home, and slept in my old asylum—the hay loft. I have frequently bitterly repented of having given a man I afterwards so highly respected through life so much pain and trouble.

I have before noticed that the first time I felt compassion for a dumb animal was upon my having caught a hare in my arms. The next occurrence of the kind happened with a bird. I had no doubt knocked many down with stones before, but they had escaped being taken. This time, however, the little victim dropped from the tree, and I picked it up. It was alive, and looked me piteously in the face; and, as I thought, could it have spoken, it would have asked me why I had taken away its life. I felt greatly hurt at what I had done, and did not quit it all the afternoon. I turned it over and over, admiring its plumage, its feet, its bill, and every part of it. It was a bullfinch. I did not

then know its name, but I was told it was a "little Matthew Martin." This was the last bird I killed; but many, indeed, have been killed since on my account.

I had been at man-fights, dog-fights, and cock-fights, without feeling much compassion. Indeed, with the last of these exhibitions I was more entertained at seeing the wry faces, contortions, and agitations of the clowns who surrounded the cock-pit, or circle, than I was with the cocks fighting. It was long before I felt disgusted at seeing men fight. This, however, happened at last. A travelling merchant, or respectable pedlar—a slim-made, genteel-looking man—had perhaps forgotten himself over a glass, and not minded what company he was in. He could not, however, be long in such society without being insulted; but, be that as it might, a fight ensued, in which the stranger was over-matched. I saw only the concluding part, and was extremely shocked; for the stranger was sitting propped up with his arms behind him, quite spent and speechless, and looked like a corpse. After sitting a short time in this helpless state, his opponent walked coolly up to him, and with a blow on the face or head, laid him flat on the ground. I thought

he was killed, at which I became so frantic with rage and indignation, that I believe at the moment, if I had had a pistol at hand, I would have shot the sturdy barbarian. . . .

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE IN THE HIGHLANDS

Having made up my mind not to visit any town or put up at any inn, I commenced my " wild-goose chase," and bent my way, in many a zig-zag direction, through the interior of part of the Highlands, by the sides of its lakes and its mountains. The beauty and serenity of the former and the grandeur or terrific aspect of the latter I gazed upon with wonder, and with both was charmed to ecstasy. In moving forward, I was often accompanied or directed to some farmer's or grazier's house by the herds or drovers, whom I fell in with, and in some of these houses I took up my abode, and often, by the pressing solicitations of my host or hostess, was prevailed upon to remain with them a day or two. These kind, these hospitable people, I have never forgotten. Often the mistress of the house in these remote places, never having seen any person from England, examined my dress from head to foot, and in

English—which, it was easy to discover, had been imperfectly taught her—made many enquiries respecting the country from whence I came; while the herds, with their bare knees, sat listening around, very seldom knowing what we were talking about. These herds, or some of the family, generally set or directed me to the house of some other distant grazier; and I met with the same kind and warm reception throughout my wanderings I had experienced at first. It sometimes happened that, by my having stopped too long on my way, in admiration of the varied prospects I met with, that I was benighted, and was obliged to take shelter under some rocky projection, or to lay myself down amongst the heather, till daylight. In my traversings and wanderings I called in at all the houses on my way, whether situated in the beautiful little valleys, in the glens, or on the sides of heathery hills. In these places it was common to see three houses, one added to another. The first contained a young married couple with their healthy-looking children; the next, or middle one, was occupied by the father and mother, and perhaps the brothers and sisters of this couple; and, further on, at the end, was the habitation of the old people,

These places had always garths and gardens adjoining, with peat stacks and other fuel at hand for the winter; and the whole was enlivened with numbers of ducks, chickens, etc. On my getting some refreshment of whey or milk in such places as these, I always found it difficult to get payment made for anything, as it seemed to give offence; and, when I could get any money slipped into the hands of the children, I was sure to be pursued, and obliged to accept of a pocket-full of bannocks and scones.

On one occasion, I was detained all day and all night at a house of this kind, in listening to the tunes of a young man of the family who played well upon the Scottish pipes. I, in turn, whistled several Tyneside tunes to him; so that we could hardly get separated. Before my departure next day I contrived by stealth to put some money into the hands of the children. I had not got far from the house till I was pursued by a beautiful young woman, who accosted me in English, which she must have got off by heart just before she left the house, the purport of which was to urge my acceptance of the usual present. This I wished to refuse; but, with a face and neck blushed with scarlet, she pressed it upon me with such sweetness—

while I thought at the same time that she invited me to return—that (I could not help it) I seized her, and gave her a kiss. She then sprang away from me, with her bare legs, like a deer, and left me fixed to the spot, not knowing what to do. I was particularly struck with her whole handsome appearance. It was a compound of loveliness, health, and agility. Her hair, I think, had been flaxen or light, but was tanned to a pale brown by being exposed to the sun. This was tied behind with a riband, and dangled down her back, and, as she bounded along, it flowed in the air. I had not seen her while I was in the house, and felt grieved because I could not hope ever to see her more. . . .

THOMAS BEWICK.

DENYS AND THE BEAR

ONE day, being in a forest a few leagues from Diisseldorf, as Gerard was walking like one in a dream, thinking of Margaret, and scarce seeing the road he trod, his companion laid a hand on his shoulder, and strung his crossbow with glittering eye. "Hush!" said he, in a low whisper, that startled Gerard more than thunder.

Gerard grasped his axe tight, and shook a little. He heard a rustling in the wood hard by, and at the same moment Denys sprang into the wood, and his crossbow went to his shoulder even as he jumped. Twang! went the metal string; and after an instant's suspense he roared, " Run forward, guard the road, he is hit! he is hit *I"*

Gerard darted forward, and as he ran a young bear burst out of the wood right upon him. Finding -itself intercepted, it went upon its hind legs with a snarl, and though not half grown, opened formidable jaws and long claws. Gerard in a fury of excitement and agitation flung himself on it, and delivered a tremendous blow on its nose with his axe, and the creature staggered; another, and it lay grovelling with Gerard hacking it.

" Hallo ! stop ! you are mad to spoil the meat/'

" I took it for a robber/' said Gerard, panting. " I mean I had made ready for a robber, so I could not hold my hand."

" Ay, these chattering travellers have stuffed your head full of thieves and assassins. They have not got a real live robber in their whole nation. Nay, Til carry the beast. Bear thou my crossbow."

"We will carry it by turns, then," said Gerard, " for 'tis a heavy load. Poor thing! how its blood drips ! Why did we slay it ?"

" For supper, and the reward the bailie of the next town shall give us."

" And for that it must die, when it had but just begun to live; and perchance it hath a mother that will miss it sore this night, and loves it as ours love us; more than mine does me."

" What, know you not that his mother was caught in a pitfall last month and her skin is now at the tanner's ? and his father was stuck full of clothyard shafts t'other day, and died like Julius Caesar, with his hands folded on his bosom, and a dead dog in each of them ?"

But Gerard would not view it jestingly. " Why, then," said he, " we have killed one of God's creatures that was all alone in the world—as I am this day, in this strange land."

" You young milksop," roared Denys, " these things must not be looked at so, or not another bow would be drawn nor quarrel fly in forest nor battlefield. Why, one of your kidney consorting with a troup of pikemen should turn them to a row of milkpails. It is ended. To Rome thou goest not alone, for never wouldst

thou reach the Alps in a whole skin. I take thee to Remiremont, my native place, and there I marry thee to my young sister, she is as blooming as a peach. Thou shakest thy head? Ah, I forgot; thou lovest elsewhere, and art a one-woman man, a creature to me scarce conceivable. Well, then, I shall find thee not a wife, but a friend, some honest Burgundian who shall go with thee as far as Lyons; and much I doubt that honest fellow will be myself, into whose liquor thou hast dropped sundry powders to make me love thee, for erst I endured not doves in doublet and hose. From Lyons, I say, I can trust thee by ship to Italy, which being by all accounts the very stronghold of milksops, thou wilt there be safe. They will hear thy words, and make thee their duke in a twinkling."

Gerard sighed. "In sooth, I love not to think of this Dxisseldorf, where we are to part company, good friend."

They walked silently, each thinking of the separation at hand. The thought checked trifling conversation, and at these moments it is a relief to do something, however insignificant. Gerard asked Denys to lend him a bolt. "I have often shot with a long bow, but never with one of these 1"

" Draw thy knife, and cut this one out of the cub," said Denys slyly.

" Nay, nay, I want a clean one."

Denys gave him three out of his quiver.

Gerard strung the bow, and levelled it at a bough that had fallen into the road at some distance. The power of the instrument surprised him. The short but thick steel bow jarred him to the very heel as it went off, and the swift steel shaft was invisible in its passage; only the dead leaves, with which November had carpeted the narrow road, flew about on the other side of the bough.

" Ye aimed a thought too high," said Denys.

" What a deadly thing! No wonder it is driving out the long bow, to Martin's much discontent."

" Ay, lad," said Denys triumphantly, " it gains ground every day, in spite of their laws and their proclamations to keep up the yewen bow, because, forsooth, their grandsires shot with it, knowing no better. You see, Gerard, war is not pastime. Men will shoot at their enemies with the hittingest arm and the killingest, not with the longest and missingest."

" Then these new engines I hear of, will put both bows down, for -these, with a pinch of

black dust, and a leaden ball, and a child's finger, shall slay you Mars and Goliath, and the Seven Champions/'

"Pooh! pooh!" said Denys warmly; "petrone nor harquebuss shall ever put down Sir Arbalest. Why, we can shoot ten times while they are putting their charcoal and their lead into their leathern smoke belchers, and then kindling their matches. All that is too fumbling for the field of battle. There a soldier's weapon needs be aye ready, like his heart."

Gerard did not answer, for his ear was attracted by a sound behind them. It was a peculiar sound too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the dead leaves. He turned round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces' distance.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

" Denys !" he cried. " O God ! Denys I"

Denys whirled round.

It was a bear as big as a cart-horse.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

The very moment he saw it, Denys said in a sickening whisper,—

"*The cub!*"

Oh! The concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the bloody trail, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, *and it*—DEATH.

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage). She raised her head big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

"Shoot!" screamed Denys; but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

"Shoot, man! ten thousand devils, shoot! Too late! Tree! tree!" And he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard the same on his side; and as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death.

With all their speed, one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree; but the bear stopped a moment at the cub.

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all round, and found—how, her Creator only knows—that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Denys's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay.

" My hour is come," thought he. " Let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew

his long knife, and clenching his teeth, prepared to job the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the cross-bow, which he had dropped in the road, and running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

" Keep aloof!" cried Denys, " or you are a dead man/'

" I care not." And in a moment he had another bolt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, " Take that ! take that!"

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. " Get away, idiot !"

He was right. The bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped

growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing, and struck with her fore-paw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed, and climbed; and presently he heard, as it were in the air, a voice say, " Go out on the bough !" He looked, and there was a long massive branch before him, shooting upwards at a slight angle. He threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong. She paused. Presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron. Instinct taught the

creature this. It crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

As the fearful monster crawled growling towards him, incongruous thoughts coursed through his mind. Margaret—the Vulgate where it speaks of the rage of a she-bear robbed of her whelps—Rome—eternity.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man; he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang. He glanced down. Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting np at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on. Again the cross-bow twanged, and the bear snarled and came nearer. Again the crossbow twanged, and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end, and eyes • starting from their sockets, palsied. The bear opened her jaws like a grave, and hot

blood spouted from them upon Gerard as from a pump. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling; it clung, it stuck its sickles of claws deep into the wood; it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot fetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump. There was a shout of triumph below, and the very next instant a cry of dismay; for Gerard had swooned, and without an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilous height.

CHARLES .READE.

THE CHILD THAT CRIED FOR THE MOON

A CHILD sat on a door-step and cried. The street was bare, and the lamps were just lit. All was hushed else, for the last cart had passed half an hour since. The cries rose, not loud, but they brought a girl, far from neat, out of the house. She held knives and forks in her two hands, and had, as like as not, cooked the meal for the folk in-door.

" What is there to cry for ?" she asked.

" I want the moon," said the child, and sobbed for a change.

" Well, you can't have it. So there !"

" I want the moon," said the child, and looked up at it.

" The moon's nice," said the girl, as *she* looked up at it.

" I want it/' said the child, with some force, and a pout.

The girl stood quite still, and mused.

" There's more than one that wants the moon," she said at last, " and more than one that *did* want it, but none got it yet that I heard tell on; so just you stow your row and come in."

" I won't come in," the child said, with large eyes.

"Don't, then!" said the girl. "But you won't have a bit to eat nor a drop to drink if you stay where you are."

This said, she turned her back on it, and was gone. The child did not seem to mind that, but stopped its din, and stared at the moon for a long while. Now the moon was at her best just then, full, round, bland and calm, with scarce a speck on her; the same might be said of the child's moist face, which was smoothed to one calm smile. " I want the moon," it said, when it had looked round to make sure that no one heard; then, as soon as the words were out of its mouth, it yelled, " I've *got* the moon."

It rose on its feet, and put its arms round a thing which, maybe, no one could have seen, and laughed out loud. For though the moon shone in her old place up there in the sky, the child seemed to think that she was down here on earth, and it marched to and fro in front of the door-step from this lamp-post to that, with both its arms stretched out and hands clasped as if they nursed a fat football.

"Dear Moon," it said, " what shall I do with

you now that I have got you? I think I will eat you all up." And it made bites and smacked its lips. But this game soon palled, and it laid the thing on the door-step, and sat down with one arm round it, for all the world as if it were no moon, but a dog or cat, or a pet, or some toy. It stroked it, propped it up, and leaned its head on it; then, with swift rage, gave it a sound push, as if vexed that it would not yield tit for tat. "I am vexed now," thought the child, but it did not put the thought in words, " that I did not want the sun. I will want the sun one day, I can wait: but what riles me now is how to get rid of the moon; it is a lump, it doesn't do what I want it to."

" Be off with you, moon; you're no use, and I don't want you," it said at last, and you could have heard it, if you had been there; but the thing it called moon would not go. Then the child beat it, at first not so hard, with the palm of its hand, then with the full weight of its clenched fist, but all in vain, as it seemed; for it turned round, pressed its thumbs to its eyes, and set up five or six sharp howls.

Once more the girl came out.

" What! Do you still want the moon ?"

" I've got the moon, but I don't want it now, and it won't go."

"Won't it ?"

" You tell it to go; then p'raps it will."

" You've been out here quite long enough/' she said, " and all you've done is to make a beast of a noise;" and she shook the child from side to side, as it stood up on the step. But it laughed, and she gave it a box on the ear.

The child looked up like one half daft, for a box on the ear makes one feel so, and said, " You've sent the moon off, it's gone now."

[11] If you *do* think it's gone," said the girl, and she smiled, for she was just a thought pleased, as no more howls were heard, " you may have your food; I've kept it warm for you."

It thought; then, in a grave voice like that of a grown-up child, it said, " I think I'll have my food;" and both went in, hand in hand.

E. W. MEYERSTEIN.

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

. . . THEY had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. " What is his sorrow ?" she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, " It's all his fancy, that: he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on !"

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

" This here young lady/' said the Gryphon, " she wants for to know your history, she do."

" Til tell it her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone: " sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, " I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

" Once/' said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, " I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of " Hjckrrh !" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying " Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, " we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise——"

" Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one ?" Alice asked.

" We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily: " really you are very dull!"

" You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, " Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it !" and he went on in these words:

" Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it——"

" I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

" You did," said the Mock Turtle.

" Hold your tongue !" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on:

" We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day——"

" *I've* been to a day-school, too," said Alice; " you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

" Yes," said Alice, " we learned French and music."

" And washing ?" said the Mock Turtle.

" Certainly not !" said Alice indignantly.

" Ah ! then yours wasn't a really good school/' said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. " Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, ' French, music, *and washing*—extra.' "

" You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; " living at the bottom of the sea."

" I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. " I only took the regular course."

" What was that ?" inquired Alice.

" Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; " and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision."

" I never heard of ' Uglification,' " Alice ventured to say. " What is it ?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. " What ! Never heard of uglifying !" it exclaimed. " You know what to -beautify is, I suppose ?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully: "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."

" Well, then," the Gryphon went on, " if you don't know what to uglify is, you *must* be a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more

questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, " What else had you to learn ?"

" Well, there was Mystery/' the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, "—Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

" What was *that* like ?" said Alice.

" Well, I can't show it you myself," the Mock Turtle said: " I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

" Hadn't time," said the Gryphon: " I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"1 never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

" So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

''And how many hours a day did you do lessons ?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

" Ten -hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle: " nine the next, und so on."

" What a curious plan !" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. " Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday ?"

" Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

" And how did you manage on the twelfth ?" Alice went on eagerly.

" That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone: "tell her something about the games now."

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but, for a minute or two, sobs choked his voice. " Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon: and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, went on again:

" You may not have lived much under the sea——" *("* I haven't," said Alice) " and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster ——" (Alice began to say: "I once tasted——"

but checked herself hastily, and said, " No, never ") "—so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is !"

" No, indeed," said Alice. " What sort of a dance is it ?"

" Why," said the Gryphon, " you first form into a line along the sea-shore——"

" Two lines !" cried the Mock Turtle. " Seals, turtles, and so on; then, when you've cleared the jelly-fish out of the way——"

" *That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"—you advance twice——"

" Each with a lobster as a partner !" cried the Gryphon.

" Of course," the Mock Turtle said: " advance twice, set to partners——"

"—Change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

" Then you know," the Mock Turtle went on, " you throw the——"

" The lobsters !" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"—As far out to sea as you can——"

" Swim after them !" screamed the Gryphon,

" Turn, a somersault in the sea !" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

" Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon.

" Back to land again, and—that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

" It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice, timidly.

" Would you like to see a little of it ?" said the Mock Turtle.

" Very much indeed/' said Alice.

" Let's try the first figure !" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. " We can do without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing ?"

" Oh, *you* sing," said the Gryphon. " I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their forepaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:—

" Will you walk a little faster ?" said a whiting to a snail
" There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance.
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance ?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance ?

" You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea !"
But the snail replied " Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

" What matters it how far we go ?" his scaly friend replied
" There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance ?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance ?"

LEWIS CARROLL.

"TOM TIT TOT"

[In different parts of the country—Norfolk, say, or Kent; Yorkshire or Cornwall—the people have their own natural way of pronouncing our English. They may have many words of their own also, and excellent words too, not to be found in printed books. Each county (and even locality, to some extent) may have, that is, its own dialect.]

ONCE upon a time there were a woman, and she baked five pies. And when they come out of the oven, they was that overbaked the crust were too hard to eat. Soe she says to her darter:

" Maw'r," says she, " put you them there pies on the shelf, an' leave 'em there a little, an' they'll come again." She meant, you know, the crust would get soft.

But the gal, she says to herself: "Well, if they'll come agin, I'll ate 'em now." And she set to work and ate 'em all, first and last.

Well, come supper-time, the woman she said: " Goo you, and git one o' them there pies. I dare say they've come agin now."

The gal she went an' she looked, and there warn't nothin' but the dishes. So back she come and says she: " Noo, they ain't come agin."

"Not none on 'em ?" says the mother.

" Not none on 'em/' says she.

" Well, come agin, or not come agin/' says the woman, "I'll ha' one for supper."

" But you can't, if they ain't come/' says the gal.

" But I can," says she. " Goo you and bring the best of 'em."

" Best or worst," says the gal, " I've ate 'em all, and you can't ha' one till that's come agin."

Well, the woman she were wholly bate, and she took her spinnin' to the door to spin, and as she span she sang:

" My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day.
My darter ha* ate five, five pies to-day."

The king he were a-comin' down the street, an' he heard her sing, but what she sang he couldn't hear, so he stopped and said:

" What were that you was a-singing of, maw'r?".

The woman she were ashamed to let him hear what her darter had been a-doin', so she sang, 'stids o' that:

" My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day.
My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day."

"S'ars'o' mine!" said the king, "I never heerd tell of any one as £ould do that."

Then he said: " Look you here, I want a wife, and I'll marry your darter. But look you here," says he, " 'leven months out o' the year she shall have all the vittles she likes to eat, and all the gowns she likes to get, and all the company she likes to have; but the last month o' the year she'll ha' to spin five skeins every day, an[1] if she doon't, I shall kill her."

" All right," says the woman; for she thought what a grand marriage that was. And as for them five skeins, whan it came to the time, there'd be plenty o' ways of getting out of it, and likeliest, he'd ha' forgot about it.

Well, so they was married. An' for 'leven months the gal had all the vittles she liked to ate, and all the gowns she liked to get, and all the company she liked to have.

But when the time was gettin' oover, she began to think about them there skeins an' to wonder if he had 'em in mind. But not one word did he say about 'em, an' she wholly thought he'd forgot 'em.

But the last day o' the last month he takes her to a room she'd never sets eyes on afore. There worn't nothing in it but a spinnin'-wheel and a stool. An' says he: " Now, my dear, here yow'll be shut in to-morrow with some

vittles and some flax, and if you hain't spun five skeins by the night, your head will goo off."

An' awa' he went about his business.

Well, she were that frightened, she'd allus been such a useless mawther, that she didn't so much as know how to spin, an' what were she to do to-morrow, with no one to come nigh her to help her. She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, and lawk ! how she did cry !

However, all on a sudden she heard a sort of a knockin' low down on the door. She upped and oped it, an' what should she see but a small little black thing with a long tail. That looked up at her right curious, an' that said:

" What are you a-cryin' for ?"

" Wha's that to you ?" says she.

" Never you mind," that said, " but tell me what you're a-cryin' for."

" That won't do me no good if I do," says she.

"You.don't know that," that said, an' twirled that's tail round.

" Well," says she, " that won't do no harm, if that don't do no good," and she upped and told about the pies and the skeins, and everything.

" This .is what I'll do," says the little black thing, "I'll come to yoyr window every morn-

ing and take the flax and bring it spun at night."

" What's your pay ?" says she.

That looked out o' the corner o' that's eyes, and that said: "I'll give you three guesses jvery night to guess my name, an' if you hain't guessed it afore the month's up, you shall be mine.[11]

Well, she thought she'd be sure to guess that's name afore the month was up. " All right/' says she, " I agree."

" All right," that says, an' lawk ! how that twirled that's tail.

Well, the next day, the king he took her into the room, an' there was the flax an' the day's vittles.

" Now there's the flax," says he, " an' if that ain't spun up this night, off goes your head." An' then he went out an' locked the door.

He'd hardly gone when there was a, knockin' on the window.

She upped and she oped it, and there sure enough was the little old thing a-settin' on the ledge.

" Where's the flax ?" says he.

" Here it be," says she. And she gonned it to him.

Well, in the evening a knockin' came again to the window. She upped and she oped it, and there were the little old thing with five skeins of flax on his arm.

" Here te be/' says he, and he gonned it to her.

" Now, what's my name ?" says he.

" What, is that Bill ?" says she.

" Noo, that ain't," says he, an' he twirled his tail.

" Is that Ned ?" says she.

" Noo, that ain't," says he, an' he twirled his tail.

" Well, is that Mark ?" says she.

" Noo, that ain't/' says he, an' he twirled his tail harder an' away he flew.

Well, when her husband he come in, there was the five skeins ready for him. " I see I shan't have for to kill you to-night, my dear," says he;'"you'll have your vittles and your flax in the mornin'," says he, an' away he goes.

Well, every day the flax an' the vittles they was brought, an' every day that there little black impet used for to come mornings and evenings, An' all the day the mawther she set a-trying for to think of names to say to it when

it come at night. But she never hit on the right one. An* as it got towards the end o' the month, the impet that began for to look so maliceful, an' that twirled that's tail faster an' faster each time she gave a guess.

At last it came to the last day but one. The impet, that came at night along o' the five skeins, and that said:

" What, ain't you got my name yet ?"

t: Is that Nicodemus ?" says she.

" Noo, t'ain't," that says.

" Is that Sammle ?" says she.

" Noo, t'ain't/[1] that says.

" A-well, is that Methusalem ?" says she.

" Noo, t'ain't that neither," that says.

Then that looks at her with that's eyes like a coal o' fire, an' that says: "Woman, there's only to-morrow night, an' then you'll be mine !" An' away it flew.

Well, she felt that horrid. Howsomeover, she heard the king a-comin' along the passage. In he came, an' when he see the five skeins, he says, says he:

" Well, my dear," says he, "I don't see but what you'll have your skeins ready to-morrow night as well, an' as I reckon I sha'n't have to kill you, I'll have supper in here to-night."

So they brought supper an' another stool for him, and down the two they sat.

Well, he hadn't eat but a mouthful or so, when he stops an' begins to laugh.

"What is it ?" says she.

"A-why," says he, "I was out a-huntin' to-day, an' I got away to a place in the wood I'd never seen afore. An' there was an old chalk-pit. An' I heard a sort of a hummin', kind o'. So I got off my hobby, an' I went right quiet to the pit, an' I looked down. Well, what should there be but the funniest little black thing you ever set eyes on. An' what was that a-doing on, but that had a little spinnin'-wheel, an' that were a-spinnin' wonderful fast, an' a-twirlin' that's tail. An' as that span, that sang:

" 'Nimmy Nimmy Not
My name's TOM TIT TOT."

Well, when the mawther heard this, she fared as if she could ha' jumped out of her skin for joy, but she didn't say a word.

Next day that there little thing looked so maliceful when he came for the flax. And when night came, she heard that a-knockin' on the window panes. She oped the window, an'

that come right in on the ledge. That were grinnin' from ear to ear an' Oo ! that's tail were twirlin' round so fast.

"What's my name?" that says, as that gonned her the skeins.

" Is that Solomon ?" she says, pretendin' to be afeard.

" Noo, t'ain't," that says, and that come further into the room.

" Well, is that Zebedee ?" says she again.

" Noo, t'ain't," says the impet. An' then that laughed an' twirled that's tail till you couldn't hardly see it.

"Take time, woman," that says; "next guess, and you're mine." An' that stretched out that's black hands at her.

Well, she backed a step or two, an' she looked at it, and then she laughed out, and says she, a-pointing of her finger at it:

" Nimmy Nimmy Not
Yar name's TOM TIT TOT."

Well, when that heard her, that shrieked awful and flew away into the dark, and she never saw it no more.

BIG CLAUS AND LITTLE CLAUS

ONCE upon a time there lived, in the same village, two farmers of the ancient name of Claus. One of these two farmers owned a fine large farpi—barns and byres, meadow and ploughland, sheep, cows, pigs, and no less than four mighty cart-horses. The other had only a scraggy nanny-goat, a jackdaw, and one poor old horse that had long ago seen its best days, and now was little more than skin and bone. To distinguish one farmer from the other, the people of the village called the rich, pros-

perous, surly one Big Claus; and the poverty-stricken, merry-hearted farmer they called Little Claus.

There was nothing but toil and labour on Big Claus's farm; and never much to eat for his maids and men. But because of an old debt, all through the week—Monday to Saturday—Little Claus was compelled to plough for him, and to lend him his poor old horse into the bargain. In return for this, on one day of the week only, when most men long for rest, Big Claus would sometimes lend Little Claus his four horses; and that glad day was Sunday.

A proud and happy man was Little Claus then. He yelled "Kem-oop!" he shouted "Gee-whoa!" He brandished the long lash of his whip over his handsome team, urging them on up the gentle slope of the field till their harness rang again. For all five horses were his this day; on Sundays there wasn't a richer farmer for miles around than he.

And the sun shone bright, and the larks sang in the blue sky, and the bells in the church-tower were ringing to church, and the people came walking sedately along dressed in their Sunday best. And as they passed ajong the lane they looked in at. the field-gate at Little

Claus driving his five horses. And he was so mighty proud of himself that he kept cracking his whip again and again, whooping out the while, " Kem-oop; kem over! Hip hooray! Five fine horses, lookye; and every one of 'em mine !"

At that moment Big Claus happened to be spying around and he looked over the hedge. " Don't you say that, my friend !" says he. " Only one of the horses is yours, and him the leanest of them all. Keep a quieter tongue in your head !"

" So I will, neighbour," says Little Claus, " it was only a slip of the tongue."

But when Little Claus spied another fine party of church-goers coming towards him, he quite forgot what Big Claus had said. " Kem-oop; kem over! Hip hooray!" he shouted. " One—Two—Three—Four—*Five* fine horses, lookye; and every single one of them mine !"

" Didn't I tell you to hold your tongue ?" shouted Big Claus, who all this while had been skulking under the hedge. " If you say that again, I'll give that old Bag-of-Bones of yours such a thwack on the head as will lay him dead on the spot. Then there'll soon be an end to your boasting about your five fine horses !"

" Oh, I promise. Never, never will I say it again. Indeed I won't !" cried Little Clans. And he fully intended to keep his word. But prerently yet another cluster of villagers came stepping by, all in their Sunday clothes, and when they nodded him a friendly " Good-morning/' he was so proud and pleased with himself, and it seemed such a grand thing this gay Spring morning to have five lusty horses to plough just his patch of a field, that he simply could not contain himself. He flourished his whip aloft. He cracked its long lash in the air; and he shouted with might and main: " Kem-oop ! Kem over ! Hip hooray ! Five fine mighty horses, lookye, and every single one of them mine !"

" Oho ! Oho ! You villain. You villain !" yelled Big Claus in a fury; and, seizing a huge stone, he flung it full at the head of Little Claus's horse. And so heavy was the blow, and so wild his rage, that without so much as a sigh or a groan the poor creature fell down instantly in the furrow as dead as a stone.

"Alas, my old friend/' cried Little Claus, kneeling down beside the carcass. " Alas and alack, now I have no horse at all!" and*he began to weeD. At length, however, he recovered him-

self a little, and then at once set to work to flay the skin off his dead horse. " Friend in need you were to me in life," said he, " friend you shall prove in death," He dried the skin thoroughly in the air, and then packing it up tight in a sack, he slung the sack over his shoulders, and set out on his way to the nearest town, intending to sell the skin just for what it would fetch.

He had a long way to go, and the road led him through a dense forest. Here a violent tempest burst forth from the heavens. Wind roared, thunder raved, rain streamed in torrents out of the clouds, and the huge firs threshed to and fro in the air. So utterly bewildered was poor Little Claus at last, that he lost his path, and before he could recover it, evening had darkened into pitch-black night. He could neither return home nor find his way in to the town.

And while he stood there in the tumult and darkness, scarcely daring to stir, he fancied he saw the twinkling of a light. Towards this he made his way; and presently came to a snug farm-house, its window-shutters tightly closed, though Little Claus could see the bright light from within twinkling out through the crevices.

" Maybe I shall find'shelter here," he said

to himself. And he went up to the house, and knocked at the door.

The farmer's wife herself answered his knock, and opening the door a few inches, looked out on the stranger. But when she heard what he wanted, she bade him at once be off about his business. " You can't come in here," she sang out at him. " No beggars or vagrants here! My good man is away from home. Be off and trouble me no more; or I'll let loose the dogs."

" Thank you kindly, ma'am," said Little Claus. "Then I must needs sleep outside; even though the roof *is* a little leaky." The farmer's wife snorted, and slammed the door in his face.

Not more than a few paces from the house was a hay-stack, and between it and the house, there stood a pent-house shed with a flat thatched roof.

" Why, bless my precious bones/' said Little Claus to himself on perceiving this; "I'll climb up in there. That will make me a capital bed. Only I hope that that old Longlegs I see on the roof will not take it into his head to fly down and bite my legs!" For a stork had made her nest on the roof, and now was mounting guard beside

her nest, as wide-awake as could be, although it was the very dead of night.

" Urchkk," said the Stork.

" Urchkk," said Little Claus, and at once crept in under the pent-house roof, and there, after turning and twisting about in its sweet litter of new-mown hay, he soon made himself a warm comfortable bed. It is true the window-shutters did not close quite properly at the top, but this gave him a fine view; so fine indeed that from his lofty and airy perch he could see everything that went on in the great room of the farm-house down below.

There he saw a large table spread out with mighty fine dishes of many kinds, full of roast meats and fish and savouries. There were pies and pasties too, standing all around; besides glasses and a bottle of wine, all lit up by the candles and the firelight—a feast for a prince. And yet for all this fine spread, there were only two at the table—the farmer's wife and a pasty-faced person in ink-black clothes.

At the very moment when Little Claus looked in at the window, the farmer's wife was pouring out wine, while her guest was greedily helping himself to another fat slice of sturgeon. The sight of these victuals so sharpened Little

Clauses hunger that his mouth fairly watered. " The gluttons," he sighed to himself; " if only they'd give me but a nibble of that enormous pie, or even one of those tasty meat pasties on that great blue-and-white dish—why then I could sleep in peace/' His eyes fairly dazzled at the feast.

And presently, as he sat there staring in at the window, he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs plodding—plodding nearer and nearer along the road through the forest. A bright moon was now gleaming through the clouds, and he guessed as he looked out that this must be the farmer riding home. But the farmer's wife had also heard the beating of the horse's hoofs, and in a flash she had removed all the meats, dishes, pies, tarts, and pasties into her large baking-oven, and had hidden the wine in a little wooden cupboard. As for her guest, he had at once jumped to his feet, and had crawled into a large empty coffer that stood in a corner of the room.

Little Claus could scarcely believe his eyes. Where before was a banquet, there was now only a bare board. How, indeed, was he to know that the pasty-faced man in the chest was the farmer's wife's favourite cousin, and the

sexton of the church on the other side of the hill, and that above everything in the world the farmer himself hated sextons, and this dismal fellow in particular?

"Oh dear, oh dear!" sighed Little Claus aloud, "what a change do I see now!"

"Holloa, who's that?" cried the farmer, hearing this voice coming down out of the hay-loft. And lo, there was Little Claus peering at him in the moonlight.

"Lawks-a-daisy!" said the farmer. "Why are you lying up there, my friend, in that draughty old loft? Come down, and tell me your business/'

At this Little Claus scrambled down from his perch, and having explained to the farmer how he had lost his way in the forest, he asked him if he would give him a crust to eat and shelter for the night.

"To be sure I will, and welcome," replied the good-natured farmer. "Follow me, and my good wife shall give us supper."

The farmer's wife was now all smirks and smiles, pretending that she had never before set eyes on Little Claus. She kissed her husband on both-cheeks, and laying a dingy napkin at one end of the long table, fetched from the

pantry a dish of cold porridge and a pitcher of small beer. The farmer, hungry after his ride, and well used to this fare, set to his porridge with a good appetite, but with every spoonful of the stuff Little Claus sniffed up the rich odours of the roast-meats and broiled fish and spicy savouries that but a few minutes before he had seen spread out on the table; and he thought of the goblet of wine and the plum cake which had been hastily stowed away in the little cupboard.

Now he had thrust the sack containing his poor old horse's skin under the table, and the more restless he grew at the thought of the dainties, the louder creaked the dry skin in the sack that lay under his feet.

" Be still now," he muttered suddenly, as if speaking to some live creature tied up in his sack. At the same moment he trod on the skin again, and it creaked louder than ever.

" What have you got under there ?" inquired the farmer, peering up at him over his bowl of porridge.

" Oh," says Little Claus, " I was only breathing a private word to the Little Wizard who travels about with me."

" Wizard !" said the farmer with ogling eyes. " And what is the Little Wizard saying ?"

" Why," says Little Claus with a broad smile on his fair, narrow face, " he says it pains him to see us two gobbling up this sour cold porridge when he has magicked a feast for us into the oven over yonder."

" There now !" said the farmer, "to tell 'ee the truth, I had a fancy when I came in that there was a savour of cooking in the air. But I knew nought about no Little Wizard/' With that he got down from his stool and flung open the oven door. And there, sure enough, was a smoking hot feast of good things fit for the banqueting of a prince.

"What do you think of this, my dear ?" said the farmer to his wife. " And here was this good friend of ours sitting up there alone, with his Little Wizard in the cold moonlight, .in that draughty.loft. Come along now, you must have a bite with us too/'

The deceitful creature could say nothing, of course, and she was compelled to sit up to table with her husband and his guest, pretending to eat with relish when she could scarcely get a mouthful down after her meal with the pasty-faced sexton.

In a minute or two Little Claus stamped on the sack yet again.

" What does the Little Wizard say now ?" asked the farmer, his mouth full of roast capon.

" He says, says he," replied Little Claus, "that there's a fine bottle of red wine in that little cupboard over yonder, a plum cake and a dish or two of pretty kickshaws/'

11 Oddsboddikins," said the farmer, " you are a guest after my own heart. Bring out the wine and kickshaws, my dear/'

Once more the farmer's wife had to put as pleasant a face on matters as she could manage. Indeed, the farmer having poured himself out a bumper of wine, insisted on cutting his wife a hunch of cake as thick as a Bible.

" He has a sprightly fancy, that Little Wizard of yours !" said he to his guest. " He knows good from not-so-good. And I'd very much like to set eyes on him, if he would have no objection/'

" Heaven bless you," replied Little Claus merrily, " he will do anything I ask of him. Won't you now ?" he piped out, stamping once more on the sack. " 'Ay, ay/ says. he. But I warn you/' he added to the farmer, " he's

no beauty to look at; though kinder heart never beat in wizard's body."

" I'm not afraid," said the farmer, supping his wine. " What is he like ?"

"Like?" said Little Glaus. " Why, he is the living image of a sexton."

"A sexton?" repeated the farmer. "Well now, I am sorry for that. If there's anything in this good world I can't abide, it's the viznomy of a sexton. But then you see, my dear," he added, turning to his wife, who was still pernicketing with her slice of cake, " this won't be no real sexton, but only the Little Wizard who has given us this feast."

" Well," says Little Glaus, " I will ask him what he thinks about it." He trod on his skin, and—creak—creak—creak ! He bent his head down as if to listen.

" What does he say now ?" asked the farmer.

"Why, he says," replied Little Glaus, "if you just lift up the lid of that old coffer in the corner over there, you will get a glimpse of him. But you must be careful to shut the lid down slap-bang; he'll only bide there an instant."

" That I will," said the farmer, " if you will be so kind as to help me lift it. It's solid oak." Upon this, the two of them stole over to the

coffer, inside of which sat huddled up the hidden sexton, half suffocated, and trembling all over with the fear of what might befall. And, having lifted the lid just one or two inches, the farmer peeped in under it.

" Mercy me !" he cried, letting it slip with a slam, " I've seen him, I've seen him; and an uglier mug I never set eyes on. Why, he is the very spit of the pasty-faced sexton that lives over the hill."

His wife meanwhile had sat as white as a sheet, and trembling all over. She could endure to stay there no longer. With one last furious, frightened glance at Little Claus squatting up there on his stool at the table, she took up her candle and went off to bed.

The two friends now left alone together continued their feast. There they sat, long after the grandfather's clock had struck midnight, sipping their wine, talking and laughing, and telling stories. The farmer waS now as brave as a lion

" Had you ever *seen* the Little Wizard before ?" he inquired of Little Claus.

" Not I ! Not I !" replied Little Claus. " He knows he is no beauty, and never wishes to thrust himself into any company linless he

is asked to. He talks to me, and I talk to him; and that's pleasure enough. I expect there is nothing in the world I could ask him that he wouldn't be pleased to give me/'

" Lor !" said the farmer, swallowing down another gulp of wine. "Lor!" he repeated; and took a long look at his visitor out of the corner of his eye—sitting there smiling softly with his narrow shoulders and straight fair hair.

" Now what I was just thinking of, in a manner of speaking," he began again, " was if you would"—and he dropped his voice to a whisper —" was if you would care to *sell* him to me. Name your own price, of course. Why, I wouldn't mind giving half a bushel of silver for him. There! Half a bushel of silver: money down."

" Silver!" cried Little Claus. " Silver! And me part with a faithful servant for a mere bribe ? Silver! he's worth ten times his weight in gold."

" So he may be," said the farmer with a gulp, " but you see I don't happen to have any gold. Make it a *whole* bushelful of silver, then: brimming over. What do you think of that, now ?"

" Well," said Little Claus in a mock-sorrowful voice, " you have been a kind friend to me

to-night, and I know you would be a kind master to my servant. Perhaps, too, he'd be more comfortable with you than roving about the world with me. But it's a sad loss; a sad loss. One bushel of silver, then; and cram full, mind you !"

" Ay," said the farmer, "cram full. And that chest yonder too. You can have that into the bargain. I don't want it in the house a moment longer. For myself," he whispered, "I prefer to keep Master Wizard in the sack."

This finished the bargain. The farmer measured out a full bushel of silver-crowns to fourpenny-bits; and Little Claus gave him his sack with the skin in it. Then they went out into the yard, and fetched out of a shed a strong wheelbarrow. On this they set the chest, and Little Claus put his bag of money on the top of that. It was a fine dark night now, with stars shining, and the wind gone down.

" Farewell," cried Little Claus.

" Farewell," cried the farmer, and' off went Little Claus with his wheelbarrow, having waved an impudent hand at the farmer's wife whom he saw peeping down at him from an upper window.

On the other side of the wood he came to a broad flowing river, over which stood'a narrow

stone bridge. Little Claus sat down for a moment to rest himself on its low parapet, and he heaved a deep sigh. And then another; and then he began to talk to himself. "Now what/' says he aloud in a clear still voice, " what is the use of this old worm-eaten chest ? It's as heavy as if it were chock full of stones. I am tired out with the thing. I am weary of it. Why shouldn't I tip it over into this deep river and be done with it ? If it floats, maybe I shall catch it up on the current in an hour or two; and if it sinks, then it's all the same to me." Whereupon he rose up and began push-

ing and tugging at the chest as if to tip it into the deep black water there and then.

" Ow, ow, ow !" cried the sexton within the chest, " let me out, let me out."

"What?" cried Little Glaus; "a voice! The thing's bewitched. In you go, my friend, and the sooner the better."

" Lift the lid! kind stranger! Kind stranger, lift the lid !" cried the sexton, " and you shall have another whole bushelful of money."

" Ah, that's another matter," said Little Glaus. And he set down the chest and lifted the lid. Out crept the sexton, scarcely able to drag his bones together for stiffness. He pushed the empty chest into the water, and, leading the way to his house, filled up yet another bumper bushelful of money. And never was any man more relieved to see the back of a fellow-creature than he when Little Glaus trudged off with his wheelbarrow full of money.

It was grey daybreak when Little Glaus reached home, and the stars were paling in the sky. He sat for a while in the brightening light of the window, looking at the hoard of riches which his poor old horse^s skin had brought him. And ju^t to make sure exactly

how much money he had, he sent a little boy, who helped him with his potatoes, to ask Big Claus for a peck measure.

"A peck measure!" said Big Claus to himself. "What can the little varmint want with that, I wonder?" And he cunningly smeared a little treacle at the bottom of the measure. Sure enough, when the little boy came back with it, there was a fat crown-piece sticking to the treacle at the bottom of the measure: one, in fact, that Little Claus himself had fixed there.

"Fine doings!" muttered Big Claus in amazement, and off he went without an instant's delay. His eyes nearly dropped out of his head when he looked in at Little Clauses little window and saw his table heaped up with the silver. And when Little Claus told him that this whole heap had been the price that had been paid for his poor old horse's skin, Big Claus rushed off in rage and envy to his farm, seized a pole-axe and killed all his four horses there and then, without a single sign of mercy or compassion. He flayed oil the skins, packed them into his gig, borrowed an old mare from the miller in the village, and at once drove off into the neighbouring town.

" Skins, fine skins, fine horses' skins !" he cried as he led the mare through the streets. At this the tanners and shoemakers of the town came running out of their shops and warehouses to ask him his price.

" Two bushelful of silver a skin/' said Big Claus.

" What ?" they cried, scarcely believing their own ears.

" Two bushels of silver," repeated Big Claus with a scowl.

" Yah !" they shouted in derision, " Madman ! Thief ! Off with you !"

But still he went on stubbornly calling through the streets: " Skins, fine skins," until at last one of the crowd of townspeople who were following after him, mocking and jeering, called out with a loud laugh, " ' Skins, fine skins/ forsooth ! let's have his too, my friends. That will be worth twenty bushelful." And seeing one of the crowd scampering off to a butcher's shop (as if to fetch a flaying-knife), Big Claus, shivering with fear, jumped into his gig and drove off as fast as his old mare could carry him.

" Harkye," he said, shaking his fist towards the little one-chimneyed house on the hill as

he entered his farm; "sleep sound you shall to-night, Little Claus, for you shall never wake again."

Now it so chanced that Little Clauses grandmother—poor old soul—had died that very evening. She had been long ailing, and, in her latter days, a cross and peevish old woman. But now that she was dead, Little Claus was full of grief and sorrow. He heaped up the fire in the room, stuffed some hay into the bed in the hope that the warmth might revive her; and he himself sat down on a stool in a corner to watch the long night through.

About one in the morning, as he sat with his chin on his hand dozing a little, the door gently opens and with a heavy axe in his hand, Big Claus creeps in towards the bed. The fire had sunk into a glow. And not doubting for an instant that Little Claus lay snug in the bed, Big Claus struck a deadly blow at the head which he could see just faintly outlined on the pillow. " That's one for you," he said. " And now make a fool of me again."

Whereupon he stole out of the room as he had come, and returned home. For a moment or two Little Claus supposed he must be dreaming. " La," he said to himself, " what a wicked man

that is. Poor dear old granny. And what a fortunate thing she was not still alive/'

The next evening, as dusk was falling, he hid himself behind a tree in a lane near Big Claus's farm. And when Big Claus was groping his way home from the inn an hour or two later, he stole out into the moonlight and stood there perfectly motionless in the dust.

" Murderer/' said he in a hollow voice. "Time! time! the hangman shall have you/'

Big Claus could scarcely breathe for a moment, supposing this shadowy creature before him was a ghost. But as soon as he heard Little Clauses small piping voice, his courage returned.

"Murderer, am I?" says he. "Well, if an axe won't finish you off, cold water shall/' So saying, he caught up Little Claus, who was a mere midget in size by comparison, thrust him into the sack which he was carrying, and set off towards the river. Now as he was passing by the churchyard, he heard the organ playing. And through a little window beneath the lofty painted ones, he could see a man sitting in the church who owed him a sum of money. Overbold with his visit to the inn, and supposing that Little Claus must now be more than half

stifled in the sack into which he had tied him, he put the sack down in the shadow of the lych-gate and stole up into the porch to beckon his debtor out of the church.

The footsteps died away. " Oh dear, oh mercy me," sighed Little Claus in the sack, after faintly struggling to get free. " Oh dear, oh mercy me."

Now by a happy chance an old cattle-driver, his hair and beard white as snow, was passing at that moment with a flock of sheep—a far larger flock than his ancient dog could very well manage. And he heard Little Clauses voice in the sack.

"Why, lawks, what's here, Graff?'" he said to his sheep-dog. " What's here, boy ?"

" Let me out, I beseech you," cried Little Claus out of the sack, " or I shall be drowned in the river."

At this the old drover instantly cut the string of the sack, and Little Claus sprang out as brisk as ninepence. Without a moment's hesitation, he dragged up into the shadow of the gate the stump of an old tree of about his own size and weight, and pushed it into the sack and tied up the string. The sheep meanwhile had passed on.

" Now, stranger," said the old drover, " one good turn deserves another. I am old bones by now, and feel I cannot trudge on much further. Would *you* of your kindness take my flock on to the next village while I sit and rest awhile in the church porch ?"

"Nothing could be better," said Little Claus. He snatched up a switch of hazel, and at once set off after the flock, with the sheep-dog.

A few minutes afterwards, having promised his friend in the church that if he didn't pay his debt within three days he'd have him shut up in gaol, Big Claus came hastening out of the porch, and lifting the sack, flung it over his shoulders. It seemed pounds lighter now, " which only shows," he said to himself, "what a few minutes' rest will do for a man." Having come to the river, he flung the sack and its contents into the water. "Lie tliere, Little Claus," he cried, staring after the bundle; "and happy dreams to you." He then turned homewards.

When he came to the crossroads, he had to step aside for a while, while an immense flock of sheep passed by, their fleeces glinting with dew in the moonlight^ But when, trudging

after them with the dog at his side, came Little Claus, his own fair hair and face all ashine with the same still light, the wicked wretch nearly swooned with horror. And Little Claus stood still and looked at him.

" Ah, my friend/' said he, " you little thought when you flung that poor body of mine into the river what service you were doing me. Look at my flock of snow-fleeced Sheep of the Sea. Wait awhile and see the green cows and the black and white oxen that are following me on the road. Bless my bones, ghost that I am, I must be the richest soul in the country."

" Green cows, black and white oxen," muttered Big Claus, his teeth chattering in his head, " but how did you get here ?"

"Why," said Little Claus, "that's a very simple matter. The sack had scarcely touched bottom when it was opened, and there in the moonlit water was the most beautiful damsel man ever set eyes on, with green hair and a green wreath in her hair. And ' Oh,' says she, taking me by the hand, ' is this then Little Claus come hither, after so hard a life ? Welcome to thee. I will show thee what will rejoice thy .heart for evermore.' And she brought me to where about a mile along the river all

these sheep were grazing, and marvellous herbs and marvellous trees growing. For the river, she said, is a kind of high-road for the People of the Sea. And they walk to and fro in it, and ride their dolphins and their sea-horses. And perhaps they press on and upwards to where the river rises, and then back to the sea again. You never saw a country to compare with it: flowers like milk, and grass greener than emeralds, and you looking up at the bubbles on the water ! And silver and gold fish slipping to and fro about one's ears. And sounds of harps and instruments, and damsels singing with their voices like birds in the air. But there, I must hasten on. I cannot stay. You will hear more in your own season. I forgive you all my wrongs/'

" But, my friend, my friend," cried Big Claus, " why are you here on land *now ?"*

" Why/' says Little Claus, " that's a very simple matter. Seeing that there is yet another flock of sheep for me a mile up the further fork of the river, I came up by the ford for a short-cut. And now I must take to the water again/' He flourished his hazel switch in the air, and the moonlight struck down on him.

" And could / have flocks and herds of Sea

Sheep and Cattle, if / went down to the bottom of the river ?" inquired Big Claus.

"What's that to me ?" said Little Claus. "How can I tell?"

"You envious wretch!" cried Big Claus. " You merely want to keep all these riches to yourself. Ghost or no ghost, either you carry me to the water and throw me in, or I will cut your head off with this knife."

"Why," says Little Claus calmly, "carry you I won't; for you are full two pigs' weight too heavy. But follow me, if you wish, twelve paces behind, and I'll throw you into the water when we come to it, with all the pleasure in the world."

With this, Little Claus hastened after his sheep, and Big Claus lumbered after him. And as soon as the flock from afar off, being now thirsty beyond measure from the dust of their journey, espied the twinkling silver waters of the stream, they scampered on as fast as they could, racing on to refresh themselves in the stream.

" Ha, ha," cried Little Claus, " see how they long to be returned into their own water meadows."

" Ay," grunted Big Cktus. " Now help me

and be quick, or there will be nothing left for *me."*

Without more ado, Little Claus held open the sack which he had been carrying over his shoulder, and Big Claus stepped in.

"Put a few great stones in with me/' said he, " else perhaps I shall not sink to the bottom, and the lovely damsel will not see me."

"No fear of that/' replied Little Claus, heaving two or three great stones into the sack. He tied the string, and with one single push, over it went into the water—and that of the deepest pool nearby—and sank to the bottom.

" And now/' said Little Claus, " there's my poor old grandmother to bury. She shall have a cartload of flowers." And off he went with his flock.

From Hans Christian Andersen.

EXERCISES FOR MIND AND MEMORY TRAINING

BY PETER HAWORTH, M.A., PH.D.,

Assistant Examiner in English to the Joint Matriculation Board of the Northern Universities.

BOOK IV

Two FLOWERS

1. Write down the principal parts of the white poppy the author describes in their order.
2. Repeat the details you remember about *(a)* the foliage of the poppy, and (6) the root of the " colt's foot."
3. If you described a tree, which parts would you mention in the beginning, middle, and end of your description ? Why ?
4. Describe your favourite tree or flower, modelling your description on this account of the white poppy.
5. Compare spring flowers and autumn flowers in root, foliage, and bloom.

GARDENS

1. What gardens and gardeners are mentioned in the Bible, and in what connection ?
2. Give a clear explanation of: " fast Flowers of their Smells/' " Bartholomew-tide," " Cordial Smell/[1]
3. Find out from your dictionary the derivation of* Gilly-Flowers." What other flowers and what birds are called by Christian names ?
4. *Composition.*—Plan out an essay-scheme on the subject " My Ideal Garden." *

SWEET CONTENT

1. Break up this passage into short paragraphs and find a suitable heading for each section.
2. Close the book. Say what Izaak Walton observed, as he sat under the tree, to make him feel so contented.
3. What reflections did he make to increase his contentment ?
4. Find simple modern English words or phrases for: plentiful estate, pretended no title, contentions, corrode.

A Fox

1. Describe a short walk leading to any wood you know. What wild life can be seen in the wood ?
2. Tell a short tale of any surprising wild creatures you have seen, and how you came to see them.
3. Close the book. Repeat as fully as you can what W. H. Hudson saw in Savernake Forest.
4. Write down what you know about Savernake Forest, Phidias, Connemara, Greenland.

SEEING THE WIND

1. Turn the first twenty lines of this passage into simple modern English about the same length.
2. Close the book. What facts does Ascham use to prove his statement that " the wind goeth by streams " ?
3. What did he see that caused him most surprise ?
4. Say clearly under what conditions Ascham made his observations.
5. In what various ways does the eye detect the presence of wind ?

BATS

1. Close the book. Say what a bat feeds on and how it takes its food.
2. What other creatures have you seen or read about having some features or limbs of a different class, just as the bat has wings like a bird ?
3. Find other words with the same meaning as: adroitness, entertained, rejected, improbable, dispatch, grotesque, frequent, myriads.
4. Find words having the opposite meaning to: confute, ridiculous, hiding, amused, ease, plenty.

THREE GLIMPSES OF FAIRIES

1. How did the child look, and what did he do to cause Calderon so much surprise ?
2. How did the child behave when his mother went out working ?
3. Relate the experience of Calderon's neighbour which made him believe in fairies.
4. Tell what the young sailor did, what he saw, and what he heard, when he went ashore at Douglas.

LONELY ANIMALS

1. Mention other creatures, wild and tame, that live in companies. What special names are used for such companies ?
2. Give a description of a doe. How did the doe in this Reading punish the strange dogs that chased her ?
3. Find words having the same meaning as: discovering, endeavouring, society,. needless, ensues, securely, menacing, assailants.

4. Find words having opposite meanings to: restrain> neglect, constantly, strange, favourite, pursuers, fierce.

THE MOUSE-TRAP

1. Tell of some of the pranks played by the eldest son to tease his mother and his favourite sister.
2. Explain the working of the trap that caught the mouse's sister. Describe the pattern of any other mouse-trap, and say how it works.
3. How did the clever mouse come to be caught at last ?
4. What remark was made by the owner of the house, and what do you think about him ?

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

1. Find words having the same meaning as: beautified, mean, well-favoured, countenance, hearkened.
2. Find words having opposite meanings to: humiliation, fruitful, delightful, humble, contentment, merrier.
3. Write a description of the Valley of Humiliation and the nature of the people who live there.
4. Turn the verses of the Shepherd Boy's song into simple prose.

THE OLIVE-ORCHARD

1. Describe the view of Florence from the villa at the top of the hill.
2. What are the striking differences between England and Italy noted by the writer ?
3. What did the writer see and do at the olive farm ?
4. Tell how Bridget and Chloe passed the day.,
5. Say what the writer saw and heard when she quitted the olive-orchard.

THE PRINCE AND THE PIPING BOY

1. What did the Prince see as he looked about his bedroom in the daytime ? Describe the most pleasing thing in the room.
2. Say what the Prince saw when the moon rose and his nurse fell asleep.
3. Imagine and describe the games the two boys played together.
4. Put together the tale the Prince told his father.

MALLY DIXON AND KNURRE-MURRE

1. Relate the story of Rumble-Grumble.
2. Imagine what happened to the tortoise-shell cat when he left Goodman Platt's house. Make up a tale.
3. Invent a story about Mally Dixon to explain why the black cat left the Staindrop farm.
4. What is an imp ? Mention any other sorts of supernatural creatures you have heard of, and describe their habits.

A FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND

1. Study the picture of Crusoe for five minutes. Close the book. Give a full description of his dress and the place where he found the footprint.
2. Try to express some of the " wild ideas " and " unaccountable whimsies " that filled Crusoe's mind on the way to his castle.
3. Tell in some detail any striking scene from another story about a desert island.
4. Find words having the same meaning as: innumerable, fortification, affrighted, unaccountable, whimsies.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

1. Explain the words: Van Diemen's Land, computation, declivity, conjectured, ligatures, rabble, clemency.
2. Close the book. Relate what Gulliver had for breakfast, and how he was fed.
3. How did Gulliver show kindness in his treatment of the little people ?
4. Say how much you remember of Gulliver's experiences from the moment he wakes up until they feed him.

TRAVELLING IN STUART TIMES

1. Mention the comforts and discomforts of passenger traffic on the English highways in Stuart times.
2. What means of travelling by land are used nowadays ? Say what you consider to be the chief dangers and inconveniences for modern travellers. Suggest what we can do to avoid these troubles.
3. Who were the chief inventors, and what were their inventions leading to the revolution in travel, since the Stuart times ?
4. *Composition.*—Going a journey.
5. Find words having the same meaning as: inaccessible, hinds, retinue, alighted, infirmity, transmitting.

THE GREAT PLAGUE

i. Explain clearly what is meant by: post-horse, a train of gunpowder, groats. Find words having the same meaning as: pent, restrain, profound, meddled, hazard.

2f Tell what precautions are taken nowadays to prevent the spread of infectious diseases,

3. Close the book. How did the writer know that there was money in the purse ? How could he know it was a small sum ?
4. Say exactly what the man did to get the money out of the purse without taking any disease.

THE FIRE OF LONDON

1. Where did the fire break out, in what direction did it spread, and what made it burn so fast ?
2. Describe the means used by the authorities for fighting the fire. What else could they have done ?
3. What did Mr. Pepys see as he watched the fire from Bankside?
4. Relate the doings of Mr. Pepys from the time he rose until dinner-time.
5. *Composition.—What* to do if the school takes fire.

THE Two MATCHES

1. Explain clearly what is meant by: Trades, dottle, tinder, brandish, outflank.
2. The same traveller, desperate with hunger, espies a deer. He has but one shot left in his gun. Conceive, his manner of reasoning to prevent disappointment as he takes aim.
3. Say what you think about the traveller's way of thinking.
4. Close the book. Repeat the whole tale in your own words.

FEAST OF THE PRENTICES

1. Find other English words that, like prentice, are shortened from longer forms.
2. Turn the third paragraph into simple modern English at about the same length.

3. Tell in your own words the arrangements made by the Lord Mayor for the feast. Explain why he came to hold it.
4. Explain clearly what is meant by: Shrove Tuesday, conduit, prentice, tankards, shot, God wot, wards, waits.
5. Mention other joyful feast-days in the Calendar. Tell how any one arose, and in what ways it is still kept up.

DOWN TO THE SEA

1. What did Tom observe from behind the rock after the storm came on ?
2. What fish other than the trout and the eels may Tom have seen ?
3. For what reason do you think Tom left the rock at last to swim down to the sea ?
4. Describe the approach of the storm, and its effect upon the stream.

THE ABANDONED SLOOP

1. Say what the traveller found in the deserted camp, and what conclusions he formed from his observations.
2. What caused him to think the crew would come back ?
3. Rewrite the captain's letter in simple and clear modern English.
4. Find words having opposite meanings to: guess, theory, seemingly, roving, bows, build, inland.

RUNNING; JUMPING; SWIMMING

1. Close the book. Tell how the nurses taught Fionn to run, and give your opinion of their methods.
2. Write down your method for teaching a friend to swim.

3. Say exactly how Fionn learned to swim.
4. Find words having the same meaning as: implacable, commendation, limber, morose. Find words having meanings opposite to: savagery, pursuing, terrible, noiselessly, tough.
5. *Composition.*—My favourite field game.

WILL WIMBLE'S LETTER

1. Write a letter to a friend enclosing a gift of your own making. Say what materials you used and exactly how you worked it. Let it be an ornament or something to wear, a photograph or something to use.
2. How does one learn things better, from books or from nature ? Give examples.
3. Make up a suitable acknowledgment of the gifts as it might have come from Sir Roger.

NEWS OF THE NICKLEBYS

1. Close the book. Say how Dickens punished the cruel schoolmaster, and say what you would have done.
2. What treat did the writer say he had given to the schoolboys in general and to Nicholas in particular ?
3. What reasons does Charles Dickens give for not writing more, and what is your opinion of them ?

LOUISA MANNERS

1. Say what you did on the birthday you can remember best.,
2. Where did Louisa pass the day, and what did she see in the farmyard and in the orchard ?

3. *Composition.*—A visit to a farmhouse.
4. Give a full description of the garden and all Louisa saw there.
5. What is a syllabub, and how is it made ?

SORROW

1. Close the book. Repeat in your own words the tale of the mother's misfortunes before her little girl died.
2. What effect had the child's death upon the mother ? Tell all that she did.
3. Describe the stages in the mother's recovery.
4. Criticize the mother's behaviour in her sorrow. What would you have done in the circumstances ?

THE SPECIAL MESSENGER

1. Put yourself in Annie's place, and write a letter to your mother telling what you did during the day.
2. Say what the mistress could do to make the maid happier.
3. Tell what happened in the morning to give Annie great joy.
4. Set down the reasons that led Annie at last to write to John.

THOMAS BEWICK WHEN A BOY

1. Close the book. Relate the pranks that Bewick played in his boyhood.
2. Find words having the same meaning as: apprehension, misdemeanours, subsided, preceptor, indiscriminate, degrading, irksome, asylum.
3. Tell how Bewick came to feel pity for animals and birds.
4. What experience made him disgusted to see men fight?

5. Say what gave Bewick most pleasure during his tour in the Highlands.
6. How did he repay the Scottish farmers for their hospitality?

DENYS AND THE BEAR

1. Explain fully how Gerard came to kill the bear's cub.
2. Describe as plainly as you can the following weapons, and give directions for their use: an axe, a crossbow, a petrone, a harquebuss.
3. What is gunpowder, and how is it prepared?
4. Say how Gerard escaped the vengeance of the she-bear.
5. Find words having the same meaning as: formidably, grovelling, insignificant, convulsive, massive, palsied, dismay.

THE CHILD THAT CRIED FOR THE MOON

1. Say why the child cried for the moon, and what she did when she thought she had it.
2. What do you think about the way the servant girl treated the child? What would you have done?
3. Suppose you were to draw or paint the scene. Say exactly what you would show in your picture.
4. What goes on in the mind of the child and the mind of the maid in this tale? Which is the happier, do you think?
5. What do you think is the moral of this story?

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

1. Tell what the Mock Turtle learned at school.
2. Make up a short " mystery " lesson taught by the old turtle.

3. What other subjects can you suggest to complete the Mock Turtle's education ?
4. Learn the Mock Turtle's song by heart and recite it.

"TOM TIT TOT"

1. Tell in your own words how the greedy girl came to marry the king.
2. For what reasons did the king get married ?
3. Explain exactly how the queen managed to spin fine skeins of flax.
4. Tell how she escaped from the little black imp.

BIG CLAUS AND LITTLE GLAUS

1. Close the book. Tell the causes of the quarrel between the two farmers, leading to the death of the horse of Little Claus.
2. Say what Little Claus saw through the chink in the shutters.
3. Explain how the farmer came to find out his wife's deceitfulness.
4. Relate the story of the second bushel of silver, and how Little Claus earned it.
5. Tell of the first attempt to kill Little Claus with an axe, and how he escaped.
6. Repeat the story of the beautiful damsel told by Little Claus.
7. What was the end of Big Claus, and how did it come about ?

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
BILLING AND SONS, LTD., GUILDFORD AND ESHER