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A FIRST BOOK
OF LITERARY READINGS

SCHOOL SELECTIONS
FROM
MODERN PROSE

EDITED WITH
NOTES AND EXERCISES IN
GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION

BY
EGERTON SMITH, M. A.
INDIAN EDUCATIONAL SERVICE
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,
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SECOND EDITION

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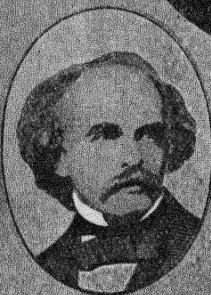
Sir Walter Scott.



Washington Irving.



JONATHAN
SWIFT



Nathaniel Hawthorne.



Charles Reade.

A FIRST BOOK OF LITERARY READINGS

SELECTED AND EDITED WITH
NOTES AND EXERCISES IN
GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION

BY
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ELEVENTH EDITION

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PREFACE.

This volume of Literary Readings is intended for the highest classes in Indian schools. It will be seen that the selections are made from English Classics generally prescribed for the Matriculation examination of Indian universities, and are chosen mainly with a view to presenting passages of high narrative or dramatic value. The various exercises in Grammar and Composition are meant to be merely suggestive; a teacher may construct many more of his own on their model. To encourage boys to express themselves in their own words as much as possible, while providing them with the requisite matter and thoughts, is their main object. The notes have been kept down to a minimum; at this stage it is more desirable that the boy himself should be led to annotate his reading. For this reason, the common practice in annotation of providing numerous dictionary-synonyms has been avoided. Many cheap dictionaries are available, by means of which a boy may do much of this work, while the provision of such works as Brewer's Handbooks as common to the class will stimulate curiosity in many directions.

J. W. HOLME

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A FIRST BOOK OF LITERARY READINGS.

1. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

I. THE CAPITAL OF LILLIPUT.

The first request I made was that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis ; which the Emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants, or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it ; and it is flanked with strong towers, at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great Western Gate, and passed very gently through the two 10 principal streets, only in my short waist-coat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers that might remain in the streets, although the orders were strict that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret-windows and top of houses were so crowded with spectators that I thought, in all my travels, I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall, being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, 20 which run across, and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to

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eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls. The houses are from three to five stories ; the shops and markets well provided.

The Emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets met. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had His Majesty's permission to step over this wall ; and, the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square
10 of forty feet, and includes two other courts : in the inmost are the royal apartments which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult ; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now, the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time, the Emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace ; but this I
20 was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand ; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and
30 second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently, from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court ; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and

discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the Empress, and the young Princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her Imperial Majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

II. GULLIVER CAPTURES THE FLEET OF BLEFUSCU.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I 10 avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our Emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, 20 which they had often plumbed, who told me, that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy glumgluffs deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty glumgluffs at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. 30 The cable was about as thick as pack-thread, and the bars

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of the length and size of a knitting needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and, for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived to the fleet in less
10 than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face: and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not
20 suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessities a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which as I observed before, had escaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any effect. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull, but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest
30 part of my enterprize remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopt a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about 10 an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was 20 approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and, holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput! This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a nardac upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

Gulliver's Travels—SWIFT.

2. THE PYGMIES.

A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders there lived an earth-born Giant named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earth-born people, who were called Pygmies. This Giant and these Pygmies being children of the same mother (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth), were all brethren, and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off, in the middle of hot Africa. The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between
10 them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the Giant, being of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safest to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose, if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a prodigiously tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide, paved with the smallest pebbles, and bordered by habitations about as big as a squirrel's cage. The king's palace attain-
20 ed to the stupendous magnitude of Periwinkle's baby-house, and stood in the centre of a spacious square, which could hardly have been covered by our hearth-rug. Their principal temple, or cathedral, was as lofty as yonder bureau, and was looked upon as a wonderfully sublime and magnificent edifice. All these structures were built neither of stone nor wood. They were neatly plastered together by the Pygmy workmen, pretty much like bird's nests, out of straw, feathers, eggshells, and other small bits of stuff, with stiff clay instead of mortar; and when the hot sun had dried them, they
30 were just as snug and comfortable as a Pygmy could desire.

The country round about was conveniently laid out in fields, the largest of which was nearly of the same extent as one of Sweet Fern's flower beds. Here the Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kinds of grain, which, when it grew up and ripened, overshadowed these tiny people as the pines, and the oaks, and the walnut and chestnut trees overshadow you and me, when we walk in our own tracts of woodland. At harvest time they were forced to go with their little axes and cut down the grain, exactly as a wood-cutter makes a clearing in the forest; and when a stalk of 10 wheat, with its overburdened top, chanced to come crashing down upon an unfortunate Pygmy, it was apt to be a very sad affair. If it did not smash him all to pieces, at least, I am sure, it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache. And oh, my stars! if the fathers and mothers were so small, what must the children and babies have been? A whole family of them might have been put to bed in a shoe, or have crept into an old glove, and played at hide and seek in its thumb and fingers. You might have hidden a year-old baby under a thimble. 20

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a Giant for their neighbour and brother, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine-tree, which was eight feet through the butt, for a walking-stick. It took a far-sighted Pygmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his long legs, which seemed to be striding about by themselves. But at noonday, in a clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, 30 the Giant Antæus, presented a very grand spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cart-wheel, and placed right in the centre of his forehead,) giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antæus; and fifty times a day, one or another of them would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists, "Halloo, brother Antæus! How are you, my good fellow?" and when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the Giant would make answer, "Pretty well, brother Pygmy, I thank you," in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft.

- 10 It was a happy circumstance that Antæus was the Pygmy people's friend: for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten million of such bodies as theirs. If he had been as ill-natured to them as he was to everybody else, he might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick, and hardly have known that he did it. With the tornado of his breath, he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings, and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot upon a multitude: and when he took it up again, there
- 20 would have been a pitiful sight, to be sure. But being the son of Mother Earth, as they likewise were, the Giant gave them his brotherly kindness, and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small. And, on their parts, the Pygmies loved Antæus with as much affection as their tiny hearts could hold. He was always ready to do them any good offices that lay in his power; as for example, when they wanted a breeze to turn their wind-mills, the Giant would set all the sails a-going with the mere natural respiration of his lungs. When
- 30 the sun was too hot, he often sat himself down, and let his shadow fall over the kingdom, from one frontier to the other; and as for matters in general, he was wise enough to tell them alone, and leave the Pygmies to manage their own affairs—which, after all, is about the best thing that great people can do for little ones.

In short, as I said before, Antæus loved the Pygmies, and the Pygmies loved Antæus. The Giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the lifetime of a Pygmy was but a span, this friendly intercourse had been going on for innumerable generations and ages. It was written about in the Pygmy histories, and talked about in their ancient traditions. The most venerable and white-bearded Pygmy had never heard of a time, even in his greatest of grandfather's day, when the Giant was not their enormous friend. Once, to be sure (as was recorded on an obelisk, three feet 10 high, erected on the place of the catastrophe), Antæus sat down upon about five thousand Pygmies, who were assembled at a military review. But this was one of those unlucky accidents for which nobody is to blame; so that the small folks never took it to heart, and only requested the Giant to be careful for ever afterwards to examine the acre of ground where he intended to squat himself.

It is a very pleasant picture to imagine Antæus standing among the Pygmies, like the spire of the tallest cathedral that ever was built, while they ran about like pismires at 20 his feet; and to think that, in spite of their difference in size, there were affection and sympathy between them and him! Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Giant needed the little people more than the Pygmies needed the Giant. For, unless they had been his neighbours and well-wishers, and, as we may say, his playfellows, Antæus would not have had a single friend in the world. No other being like himself had ever been created. No creature of his own size had even talked with him in thunder-like accents face to face. When he stood with his head among the clouds, 30 he was quite alone, and had been so for hundreds of years, and would be so forever. Even if he had met another Giant, Antæus would have fancied the world not big enough for two such vast personages, and instead of being friends with him, would have fought him till one of the two was killed.

But with the Pygmies he was the most sportive and humorous, and merry-hearted, and sweet-tempered old Giant that ever washed his face in a wet cloud.

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronising air towards the Giant.

- “Poor creature!” they said one to another. “He has a very dull time of it, all by himself; and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him.
 10 He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and, for that reason, he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might all have been Giants too.”

- On all their holidays, the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antæus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill; and it was a good hour’s walk, no doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the Giant. He
 20 would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it, and straddle from finger to finger. So fearless were they, that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments. When his head lay sidewise on the earth, they would march boldly up, and peep into the great cavern of his mouth, and take it all as a joke (as indeed it was meant) when Antæus gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as if he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair or
 30 swinging from his beard. It is impossible to tell half of the funny tricks that they played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that anything was more curious than when a party of boys were seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first round the circle of his one great eye. It was another favourite feat with them

to march along the bridge of his nose, and jump down upon his upper lip.

If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the Giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially as they had a fondness for mischief, and liked to prick his skin with their little swords and lances, to see how thick and tough it was. But Antæus took it all kindly enough; although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a peevish word or two, like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense. A great deal oftener, however, he watched their merriment and gambols until his huge, heavy, clumsy wits were completely stirred up by them; and then would he roar out such a tremendous volume of immeasurable laughter, that the whole nation of Pygmies had to put their hands to their ears, else it would certainly have deafened them. 10

“Ho! ho! ho!” quoth the Giant, shaking his mountainous sides. “What a funny thing it is to be little! If I were not Antæus, I should like to be a Pygmy, just for the joke’s sake.” 20

The Pygmies had but one thing to trouble them in the world. They were constantly at war with the cranes, and had always been so, ever since the long-lived Giant could remember. From time to time, very terrible battles had been fought, in which sometimes the little men won the victory, and sometimes the cranes. According to some historians, the Pygmies used to go to the battle, mounted on the backs of goats and rams; but such animals as these must have been far too big for Pygmies to ride upon; so that, I rather suppose, they rode on squirrel-back, or rabbit-back, or rat-back; or perhaps got upon hedgehogs, whose prickly quills would be very terrible to the enemy. However this might be, and whatever creatures the Pygmies rode upon, I do not doubt that they made a formidable appearance, armed with sword and spear, and bow and arrow, 30

blowing their tiny trumpet, and shouting their little war-cry. They never failed to exhort one another to fight bravely, and recollect that the world had its eyes upon them; although, in the simple truth, the only spectator was the Giant Antæus, with his one, great, stupid eye, in the middle of his forehead.

When the two armies joined battle, the cranes would rush forward, flapping their wings and stretching out their necks, and would perhaps snatched up some of the Pygmies cross-
 10 wise in their beaks. Whenever this happened, it was truly an awful spectacle to see those little men of might kicking and sprawling in the air, and at last disappearing down the crane's long crooked throat, swallowed up alive. A hero, you know, must hold himself in readiness for any kind of fate; and doubtless the glory of the thing was a consolation to him, even in the crane's gizzard. If Antæus observed that the battle was going hard against his little allies, he generally stopped laughing and ran with mile-long strides to their assistance, flourishing his club aloft and shouting
 20 at the cranes, who quacked and croaked, and retreated as fast as they could. Then the Pygmy army would march homeward in triumph, attributing the victory entirely to their own valour, and to the warlike skill and strategy of whomsoever happened to be captain-general; for a tedious while afterwards, nothing would be heard of but grand processions, and public banquets, and brilliant illuminations, and shows of waxwork, with likenesses of the distinguished officers as small as life.

In the above described warfare, if a Pygmy chanced to
 30 pluck out a crane's tail-feather, it proved a very great feather in his cap. Once or twice, if you will believe me, a little man was made chief ruler of the nation for no other merit in the world than bringing home such a feather.

Tanglewood Tales—HAWTHORNE.

3. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I. ROBINSON CRUSOE HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

All this time I worked very hard, the rains hindering me many days, nay, sometimes weeks together ; but I thought I should never be perfectly secure till this wall was finished. And it was scarce credible what inexpressible labour everything was done with, especially bringing piles out of the woods, and driving them into the ground ; for I made them much bigger than I need to have done.

When this wall was finished, and the outside double-fenced with a turf-wall raised up close to it, I persuaded myself that if any people were to come on shore there, they 10 would not perceive anything like a habitation.

During this time, I made my rounds in the woods for game every day, when the rain permitted me, and made frequent discoveries in these walks of something or other to my advantage ; particularly I found a kind of wild pigeons, who built, not as wood pigeons in a tree, but rather as house pigeons, in the holes of the rocks. And taking some young ones, I endeavoured to breed them up tame, and did so ; but when they grew older they flew all away, which, perhaps, was at first for want of feeding them, for I had 20 nothing to give them. However, I frequently found their nests, and got their young ones, which were very good meat.

And now in managing my household affairs I found myself wanting in many things, which I thought at first it was impossible for me to make, as indeed, as to some of them, it was. For instance, I could never make a cask to be hooped ; I had a small runlet or two, but I could never arrive to the capacity of making one by them, though I spent many

weeks about it. I could neither put in the heads, or joint the staves so true to one another, as to make them hold water; so I gave that also over.

In the next place, I was at a great loss for candle; so that as soon as ever it was dark, which was generally by seven o'clock, I was obliged to go to bed. I remembered the lump of beeswax with which I made candles in my African adventure, but I had none of that now. The only remedy I had was, that when I had killed a goat I saved
 10 the tallow, and with a little dish made of clay, which I baked in the sun, to which I added a wick of some oakum, I made me a lamp; and this gave me light, though not a clear steady light like a candle.

In the middle of all my labours it happened, that rummaging my things, I found a little bag, which, as I hinted before, had been filled with corn for the feeding of poultry, not for this voyage, but before, as I suppose, when the ship came from Lisbon. What little remainder of corn had been in the bag was all devoured with the rats, and I saw noth-
 20 ing in the bag but husks and dust; and being willing to have the bag for some other use, I think it was to put powder in, when I divided it for fear of the lightning, or some such use, I shook the husks of corn out of it on one side of my fortification, under the rock. It was a little before the great rains, just now mentioned, that I threw this stuff away, taking no notice of anything, and not so much as remembering that I had thrown anything there; when about a month after, or thereabout, I saw some few stalks of something green shooting out of the ground, which I
 30 fancied might be some plant I had not seen; but I was surprised and perfectly astonished, when after a little longer time, I saw about ten or twelve ears come out, which were perfect green barley^h of the same kind as our European, nay, as our English barley.

I carefully saved the ears of this corn, you may be sure, in their season, which was about the end of June; and laying up every corn, I resolved to sow them all again, hoping in time to have some quantity sufficient to supply me with bread. But it was not till the fourth year that I could allow myself the least grain of this corn to eat, and even then but sparingly, as I shall say afterwards in its order; for I lost all that I sowed the first season, by not observing the proper time; for I sowed it just before the dry season, so that it never came up at all, at least not as it would have done. 10

Besides this barley, there was, as above, twenty or thirty stalks of rice, which I preserved with the same care, and whose use was of the same kind, or to the same purpose, viz., to make me bread, or rather food; for I found ways to cook it up without baking, though I did that also after some time. But to return to my journal.

I worked hard these three or four months to get my wall done; and the 14th of April I closed it up, contriving to go into it, not by a door, but over the wall by a ladder, that there might be no sign in the outside of my habitation. 20

April 16.—I finished the ladder, so I went up with the ladder to the top, and then pulled it up after me, and let it down on the inside. This was a complete enclosure to me; for within I had room enough, and nothing could come at me from without, unless it could first mount my wall.

The very next day after this wall was finished, I almost had all my labour overthrown at once, and myself killed. The case was thus: As I was busy in the inside of it, behind my tent, just in the entrance into my cave, I was terribly frightened with a most dreadful surprising thing indeed; for suddenly I found the earth come crumbling down from the roof of my cave, and from the edge of the hill over my head, and two of the posts I had set up in the cave cracked in a frightful manner. I was heartily scared, but thought nothing of what was really the cause, only thinking that the 30

top of my cave was falling in, as some of it had done before ; and for fear I should be buried in it, I ran forward to my ladder ; and not thinking myself safe there, I got over my wall for fear of the pieces of the hill which I expected might roll down upon me. I had no sooner stepped down upon the firm ground, but I plainly saw it was a terrible earthquake ; for the ground I stood on shook three times at about eight minutes' interval, with three such shocks, as would have overturned the strongest building that could be supposed
 10 to have stood on the earth ; and a great piece of the top of a rock, which stood about half a mile from me near the sea, fell down with such a terrible noise, as I never heard in all my life. I perceived also the very sea was put into violent motion by it ; and I believe the shocks were stronger under the water than on the island.

After the third shock was over, and I felt no more for some time, I began to take courage ; and yet I had not heart enough to go over my wall again, for fear of being buried alive, but sat still upon the ground, greatly cast down and
 20 disconsolate, not knowing what to do. All this while I had not the least serious religious thought, nothing but the common, " Lord, have mercy upon me ! " and when it was over, that went away too.

While I sat thus, I found the air overcast, and grow cloudy, as if it would rain. Soon after that, the wind rose little by little, so that in less than half-an-hour it blew a most dreadful hurricane. The sea was suddenly covered over with foam and froth ; the shore was covered with water ; the trees were torn up by the roots ; and a terrible
 30 storm it was : and this held about three hours, and then began to abate ; and in two hours more it was quite calm, and began to rain very hard.

I was forced to go into my cave, though very much afraid and uneasy, for fear it should fall on my head.

This violent rain forced me to a new work, *viz.*, to cut a hole through my new fortification, like a sink, to let the water go out, which would else have drowned my cave. After I have been in my cave some time, and found still no more shocks of the earthquake follow, I began to be more composed. And now to support my spirits, which indeed wanted it very much, I went to my little store, and took a small sup of rum, which however, I did then, and always, very sparingly, knowing I could have no more when that was gone. .

10

It continued raining all that night and great part of the next day, so that I could not stir abroad; but my mind being more composed, I began to think of what I had best do, concluding that if the island was subject to these earthquakes, there would be no living for me in a cave, but I must consider of building me some little hut in an open place, which I might surround with a wall, as I had done here, and so make myself secure from wild beasts or men; but concluded, if I stayed where I was, I should certainly, one time or other, be buried alive.

20

With these thoughts I resolved to remove my tent from the place where it stood, which was just under the hanging precipice of the hill, and which, if it should be shaken again, would certainly fall upon my tent; and I spent the two next days, being the 19th. and 20th of April, in contriving where and how to remove my habitation.

II. ROBINSON CRUSOE REAPS HIS CORN, AND TURNS POTTER.

I was now, in the months of November and December, expecting my crop of barley and rice. The ground I had 30 manured or dug up for them was not great; for as I observed, my seed of each was not above the quantity of half a

peck ; for I had lost one whole crop by sowing in the dry season. But now my crop promised very well, when suddenly I found I was in danger of losing it all again by enemies of several sorts, which it was scarce possible to keep from it ; as, first the goats and wild creatures which I called hares, who, tasting the sweetness of the blade, lay in it night and day, as soon as it came up, and ate it so close, that it could get no time to shoot up into stalk.

This I saw no remedy for but by making an enclosure
 10 about it with a hedge, which I did with a great deal of toil, and the more, because it required speed. However, as my arable land was but small, suited to my crop, I got it totally well fenced in about three weeks' time, and shooting some of the creatures in the daytime, I set my dog to guard it in the night, tying him up to a stake at the gate, where he would stand and bark all night long ; so in a little time the enemies forsook the place, and the corn grew very strong and well, and began to ripen apace.

But as the beasts ruined me before, while my corn was in
 20 the blade, so the birds were as likely to ruin me now when it was in the ear ; for going along by the place to see how it throve, I saw my little crop surrounded by fowls, of I know not how many sorts, who stood, as it were, watching till I should be gone. I immediately let fly among them, for I always had my gun with me. I had no sooner shot, but there rose up a little cloud of fowls, which I had not seen at all, from among the corn itself.

This touched me sensibly, for I foresaw that in a few days they would devour all my hopes, that I should be
 30 starved, and never be able to raise a crop at all, and what to do I could not tell. However, I resolved not to lose my corn, if possible, though I should watch it night and day. In the first place, I went among it to see what damage was already done, and found they had spoiled a good deal of it ; but that as it was yet too green for them, the loss was not

so great but that the remainder was like to be a good crop if it could be saved.

I stayed by it to load my gun, and then coming away, I could easily see the thieves sitting upon all the trees about me, as if they only waited till I was gone away. And the event proved it to be so; for as I walked off, as if I was gone, I was no sooner out of their sight but they dropped down, one by one, into the corn again. I was so provoked, that I could not have patience to stay till more came on, knowing that every grain that they ate now was, as it might 10 be said, a peck-loaf to me in the consequence; but coming up to the hedge, I fired again, and killed three of them. This was what I wished for; so I took them up, and served them as we served notorious thieves in England, *viz*, hanged them in chains, for a terror to others. It is impossible to imagine almost that this should have such an effect as it had, for the fowls would not only not come at the corn, but, in short, they forsook all that part of the island, and I could never see a bird near the place as long as my scarecrows hung there. 20

This I was very glad of, you may be sure; and about the latter end of December, which was our second harvest of the year, I reaped my crop.

I was sadly put to it for a scythe or a sickle to cut it down, and all I could do was to make one as well as I could out of one of the broadswords, or cutlasses, which I saved among the arms out of the ship. However, as my first crop was but small, I had no great difficulty to cut it down; in short, I reaped it my way; for I cut nothing off but the ears, and carried it away in a great basket which I had made, 30 and so rubbed it out with my hands; and at the end of all my harvesting, I found that out of my half peck of seed I had nearly two bushels of rice, and above two bushels and a half of barley, that is to say, by my guess, for I had no measure at that time.

However, this was a great encouragement to me, and I foresaw that, in time, it would please God to supply me with bread. And yet here I was perplexed again, for I neither knew how to grind or make meal of my corn, or indeed how to clean it and part it; nor, if made into meal, how to make bread of it, and if how to make it, yet I knew not how to bake it. These things being added to my desire of having a good quantity for store, and to secure a constant supply, I resolved not to taste any of this crop, but to
 10 preserve it all for seed against the next season, and, in the meantime, to employ all my study and hours of working to accomplish this great work of providing myself with corn and bread.

Within doors, that is, when it rained, and I could not go out, I found employment on the following occasions; always observing, that all the while I was at work, I diverted myself with talking to my parrot, and teaching him to speak, and I quickly learned him to know his own name, and at last to speak it out pretty loud, "Poll," which was
 20 the first word I ever heard spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. I had now a great employment upon my hands. I had long studied, by some means or other, to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely, but knew not where to obtain them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find out any such clay, I might make some such pot as might, being dried in the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry, and required to be kept so; and as this was necessary in
 30 preparing corn, meal, etc., which was the thing I was upon, I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars, to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to make these jars, what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of

them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing, as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how, after having laboured hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home, and work it, I could not make about two large earthen ugly things (I cannot call them jars) in about two months' labour.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, 10 I lifted them very gently up and set them down again in two great wicker baskets, which I had made on purpose for them that they might not break; and as between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw, and these two pots being to stand always dry, I thought they would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

Though I miscarried so much in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things with better success; such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and 20 any things my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them strangely hard. But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in the fire, burnt as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself, that certainly they might be made to burn whole, if 30 they would burn broken.

This set me to studying how to order my fire, so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln, such as the potters burn in, but I placed three large pipkins, and two or three pots in a pile, one upon another, and placed

my firewood all round it, with a great help of embers under them. I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside, and upon the top, till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run, for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass, if I had gone on ; so I slacked
10 my fire gradually till the pots began to abate of the red colour ; and watching them all night, that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good, I will not say handsome, pipkins, and two other earthen pots, as hard burnt as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this experiment, I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use ; but I must say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as anyone may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt pies.

Robinson Crusoe — DEFOE.

4. THE TEMPEST.

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock ; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study ; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic ; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him ; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief. 10

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape : he took him home to his cell and taught him to speak ; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful : therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices ; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services. 20

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected
10 the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel
20 will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor
30 cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, 10 to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon 20 effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had 30 privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

- 10 "Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

- 20 "Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched

- 30 in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw

him perish.* Of the ship's crew not one is missing ; though each one thinks himself the only one saved : and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed : but there is more work yet "

"Is there more work ?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now !" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what 10 a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double ? Where was she born ? Speak ; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so ?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors ; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, 20 where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful ; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do : and away went Ariel first, to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, 30 "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made :
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the
 10 shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord ! how it looks about ! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit ?"

"No, girl," answered her father ; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might
 20 call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince : and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple
 30 maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight : but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way : therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it, from him who was the lord of it.

"Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir, I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one." 10

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the Prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not know- 20
ing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero; looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe 30
task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to

laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, 10 for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter 20 to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any women, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How 30 features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, 10
and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey. 20

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings and the feast vanished away. 30
Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause those terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero ; and Ariel 'told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero : "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly 'provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life ; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother ; and Prospero forgave them ; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the 10 famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise over-ruling Provi- 20 dence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak: and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the 30 harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's

entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing on this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order ; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit ; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was
 10 always longing to enjoy his free liberty to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. " My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, " I shall miss you ; yet you shall have your freedom. " " Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel ; " but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit ; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live ! " Here Ariel sung this pretty song :

20 " Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie
 There I crouch when owls do cry
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. "

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and
 30 being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

Tales from Shakespeare — C. & M. LAMB.

5. DISCIPLINE.

Perhaps there have never been occasions when the habit of instantaneous obedience to the voice of duty has produced more touching instances of forbearance and unselfishness than in the confusion and despair of a shipwreck.

In British ships of war, unshrinking obedience, heeding nothing but the one matter in hand, is the rule. "As a landsman," says Colonel Fisher, an engineer-officer, who was on board the *Plover* gunboat in the hottest fire on the Peiho river, "I was much struck with the coolness with which the navigation of the vessel was attended to; the man 10 in the chains cries the soundings, the master gives his orders to the man at the helm and the engineers below; the helmsman has no eyes or ears but for the master's directions and signals All seem intent on what is their duty at the time being, and utterly unmindful of the struggle raging round them." And this when not only were they being shot down every moment, but when each comparatively harmless ball rocked the gunboat, sent splinters flying, or brought the yards down upon their heads. Where such conduct is regarded as a mere matter of course, from 20 the gray-headed admiral down to the cadet and the cabin-boy, no wonder that multitudes of deeds have been done, glorious because they placed duty far above self, and proved that Nelson's signal is indeed true to the strongest instinct of the English sailor.

The only difficulty is to choose among the instances of patient obedience on record; and how many more are there, unknown to all but to Him who treasures up the record, until the day when "the sea shall give up her dead"! Let us cast a glance at the *Atalante*, bewildered in a fog upon

the coast of Nova Scotia, and deceived by the signal-guns of another ship in distress, till she struck upon the formidable reefs, known by the name of the Sisters Rocks, off Sambro Island. The wreck was complete and hopeless, and a number of men scrambled at once into the pinnace: but the captain, seeing that she could never float so loaded, ordered twenty of them out, and was implicitly obeyed, so entirely without a murmur that as the men hung clinging to the weather-gunwale of the ship they drowned the crashing of the falling masts with their cheers.

As soon as the pinnace was lightened, she floated off but immediately turned bottom upwards. Still the crew never lost their self-possession for one moment, but succeeded in righting her, and resuming their places, without the loss of a man. They then waited beyond the dash of the breakers on the reef for Captain Hickey and their companions, who were still clinging to the remains of the ship. There were two other boats but too small to hold the whole number, and an attempt was made to construct a raft, but the beating of the waves rendered this impossible, so the men already in the pinnace were directed to lie down in the bottom, and pack themselves like herrings in a barrel, while the lesser boats returned through the surf to pick off the rest—a most difficult matter and indeed some had to be dragged off on ropes, and others to swim, but not one was lost. The captain was of course the last man to quit the wreck, though several of the officers were most unwilling to precede him even for a moment; and by the time he reached the boat the last timbers had almost entirely disappeared, amid the loud cheers of the brave-hearted crew.

Nothing was saved but the admiral's dispatches, which the captain had secured at the first moment, and the chronometer. This last was the special charge of the captain's clerk, who had been directed always to hold it in his hand when the guns were fired, or the ship underwent any shock,

so as to prevent the works from being injured. On the first alarm he had caught up the chronometer and run on deck, but being unable to swim, was forced to cling to the mizen-mast. When the ship fell over, and the mast became nearly horizontal, he crawled out to the mizen-top, and sat there till the spar gave way and plunged him into the waves, whence he was dragged into one of the boats, half-drowned, but grasping tight his precious trust. A poor merry negro, who held fast to his fiddle to the last moment, as he clung to the main-chains, was obliged to let his instrument go, 10 amid the laughter and fun of his messmates, who seem to have found food for merriment in every occurrence. No one had a full suit of clothes but an old quartermaster, named Samuel Shanks who had comported himself throughout as composedly as if shipwrecks befell him every day, and did not even take off his hat, except for a last cheer to the *Atalante* as she sank. He recollected that he had a small compass seal hanging to his watch, and this being handed to the captain in his gig, and placed on the top of the chronometer, it proved steady enough to steer by, 20 as the three boats crept carefully along in the dense fog. They landed after a few hours on the coast, about twenty miles from Halifax, at a fishing station, where they were warmed and fed.

Thence the captain took the most exhausted and least clothed of the party in the boats to Halifax, leaving the others to march through the half-cleared country. Before night the whole ship's company assembled, without one man missing, in as complete order as if nothing had happened.

Here perfect discipline had proved the means of safety, 30 and hope had never failed for a moment; but we have still fresh in our memories an occasion where such forbearing obedience led to a willing self-sacrifice, when safety might have been possible to the strong at the expense of certain destruction to the weak.

The *Birkenhead*, a war steamer used as a transport, was on her way to Algoa Bay with about 630 persons on board, 132 being her own crew, the rest being detachments from the 12th, 74th, and 91st regiments, and the wives and children of the soldiers. In the dead of the night, between the 25th and 28th of February, the vessel struck on a reef of sunken rocks on the African coast, and from the rapidity with which she was moving, and the violence of the waves, became rapidly a hopeless wreck. On the shock, the whole of
10 the men and officers hurried on deck, and the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Seton, calling the other officers about him, impressed on them the necessity of preserving order and silence among the men, and placed them at the disposal of the commander of the vessel.

Sixty were placed at the pumps, others to disengage the boats, and others to throw the poor horses overboard, so as to lighten the ship, while the rest were sent to the poop to ease the fore part of the ship. Every one did as directed and not a murmur or cry was heard. They were as steady
20 as if on parade, as ready as though embarking in a British harbour.

The largest boat was unhappily too much encumbered to be got at quickly enough, but the cutter was filled with the women and children, and pushed off, as did two other small boats. The other two large ones were, one capsized, the other stove in by the fall of the funnel, which took place immediately after the cutter was clear of the ship, only twelve or fifteen minutes after the ship had struck. At the same time the whole vessel broke in two parts, crosswise,
30 and the stern part began to sink and fill with water. The commander called out, "All those that can swim jump overboard and swim for the boats."

But Colonel Seton and the officers with him besought their men to forbear, showing them that if they did so, the boats with the women must be swamped. And they stood still.

Not more than three made the attempt. Officers and men alike waited to face almost certain death rather than endanger the women and children. Young soldiers, mostly but a short time in the service, were as patiently resolute as their elders. In a few moments the whole of these brave men were washed into the sea, some sinking, some swimming, some clinging to spars. The boats picked up as many as was possible without overloading them, and then made for the shore, which was only two miles off, hoping to land these and return for more; but the surf ran so high that 10 landing was impossible, and after seeking till daylight for a safe landing-place, they were at last picked up by a schooner, which then made for the wreck, where thirty or forty were still hanging to the masts in a dreadful state of exhaustion.

A few, both of men and horses, had succeeded in swimming to the shore, but some were devoured by the sharks on the way, and out of the whole number in the ship only 192 were saved. But those who were lost, both sailors and soldiers, have left behind them a memory of calm, self-denying 20 courage as heroic as ever was shown on battlefield.

A Book of Golden Deeds—C. YONGE.

6. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

III. A DESCRIPTION OF BROBDINGNAG.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops. Neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides, it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough
10 that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats, so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size as those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and some-
20 times for curiosity they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud. I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it, for I think indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, nearly a hundred walled towns and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands on each side of

the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three glomglungs (which make about fifty-four English miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended an hundred feet; I paced the diameter and circumference several times bare-foot, and computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of 10 building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always one of the party, carried in my box, although the girl at my own desire would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, so that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets.

Beside the large box in which I was usually carried, the 20 queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap and cumbersome in the coach. This travelling-closet was an exact square with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put 30 in a leather belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave, trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court:

for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their Majesties' favour than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle my box, and place it on a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from the three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed
 10 about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling-closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in
 20 her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, not at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury Steeple.
 30 But, not to detract from a nation to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are nearly a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides

with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of the statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

IV. A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

I should have lived happy enough in that country if my 10 littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents: some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together near some dwarf apple trees, I must need shew my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees. Whereupon, the malicious rogue watch- 20 ing his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a barrel, came tumbling about my ears: one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a 30 violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground: and, when I was down, the

hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis balls; however, I crept on all fours, and sheltered myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee side of a border of lemon thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box
 10 at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to come near the place where I lay. The dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt,
 20 or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright. He gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I was; but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word. In few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear nor answer when she called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up
 30 and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger, and as for myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed

from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

10

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to pick my fingers, 20 which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let 30 him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an England swan.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail, or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be good for my health. I answered, that I understood both very well : for, although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country,

10 where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner would make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial ; where I could not manage my two

20 sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project : she ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which was placed on the floor along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans ; and, when they were weary, some

30 of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

7. LOUIS XI. AT A BOAR-HUNT.

The King's horn rung merrily through the woods as he pushed forward on the chase, followed by two or three of his guards, amongst whom was our friend Quentin Durward. And here it was remarkable, that, even in the keen prosecution of his favourite sport, the King, in indulgence of his caustic disposition, found leisure to amuse himself by tormenting Cardinal Balue.

It was one of that able statesman's weakness, as we have elsewhere hinted, to suppose himself, though of low rank and limited education, qualified to play the courtier and the 10 man of gallantry. He did not, indeed, actually enter the lists of chivalrous combat like Becket, or levy soldiers like Wolsey. But gallantry, in which they also were proficient, was his professed pursuit; and he likewise affected great fondness for the martial amusement of the chase. Yet, however well he might succeed with certain ladies, to whom his power, his wealth, and his influence as a statesman, might atone for deficiencies in appearance and manners, the gallant horses, which he purchased at almost any price, were totally insensible to the dignity of carrying a Cardinal, and paid no more 20 respect to him than they would have done to his father, the carter, miller, or tailor, whom he rivalled in horsemanship. The King knew this, and, by alternately exciting and checking his own horse, he brought that of the Cardinal, whom he kept close by his side, into such a state of mutiny against his rider, that it became apparent they must soon part company; and then, in the midst of its starting, bolting, and rearing, and lashing out, alternately, the royal tormentor rendered the rider miserable, by questioning him upon many affairs of importance, and hinting his purpose

to take that opportunity of communicating to him some of those secrets of state which the Cardinal had but a little while before seemed so anxious to learn.

A more awkward situation could hardly be imagined, than that of a privy-councillor forced to listen to and reply to his Sovereign while his fresh *gambade* of his unmanageable horse placed him in a new and more precarious attitude—his violet robe flying loose in every direction, and nothing securing him from an instant and perilous fall, save the
10 depth of the saddle, and its height before and behind. Dunois laughed without restraint; while the King, who had a private mode of enjoying his jest inwardly, without laughing aloud, mildly rebuked his minister on his eager passion for the chase, which would not permit him to dedicate a few moments to business.

“I will no longer be your hindrance to a course,” continued he, addressing the terrified Cardinal and giving his own horse the rein at the same time.

Before Balue could utter a word by way of answer or apology, his horse, seizing the bit with his teeth, went forth at an uncontrollable gallop, soon leaving behind the King and Dunois, who followed at a more regulated pace, enjoying the statesman’s distressed predicament. If any of our readers has chanced to be run away with in his time (as we ourselves have in ours), he will have a full sense at once of the pain, peril, and absurdity of the situation. Those four limbs of the quadruped, which, no way under the rider’s control, nor sometimes under that of the creature they more properly belong to, fly at such a rate as if the hindermost
30 meant to overtake the foremost—those clinging legs of the biped which we so often wish safely planted on the green sward, but which now only augment our distress by pressing the animal’s sides—the hands, which have forsaken the bridle for the mane—the body, which, instead of sitting upright on the centre of gravity, or stooping forward like a

jockey's at Newmarket, lies, rather than hangs, crouched upon the back of the animal, with no better chance of saving itself than a sack of corn—combined to make a picture more than sufficiently ludicrous to spectators, however uncomfortable to the exhibitor. But add to this some singularity of dress or appearance on the part of the unhappy cavalier—a robe of office, a splendid uniform, or any other peculiarity of costume, and let the scene of action be a race-course, a review, a procession, or any other place of con-
course and public display, and if the poor wight would es- 10
cape being the object of a shout of inextinguishable laughter, he must contrive to break a limb or two, or, which will be more effectual, to be killed on the spot; for on no slighter condition will his fall excite anything like serious sympathy. On the present occasion, the short violet-coloured gown of the Cardinal, which he used as a riding dress (having changed his long robes before he left the Castle), his scarlet stockings, and scarlet hat, with the long strings hanging down, together with his utter helplessness, gave infinite zest to his exhibition of horsemanship. 20

The horse, having taken matters entirely into his own hand, flew rather than galloped up a long green avenue, overtook the pack in hard pursuit of the boar, and then, having overturned one or two yeoman prickers, who little expected to be charged in the rear,—having ridden down several dogs, and greatly confused the chase,—animated by the clamorous expostulations and threats of the huntsman, carried the terrified Cardinal past the formidable animal itself, which was rushing on at a speedy trot, furious and embossed with the foam which he churned around his tusks. 30
Balue, on beholding himself so near the boar, set up a dreadful cry for help, which, or perhaps the sight of the boar, produced such an effect on his horse, that the animal interrupted its headlong career by suddenly springing to one

side; so that the Cardinal, who had long kept his seat only because the motion was straightforward, now fell heavily to the ground. The conclusion of Balue's chase took place, so near the boar, that, had not the animal been at that moment too much engaged about his own affairs the vicinity might have proved fatal to the Cardinal. The powerful churchman got off, however, for the fright, and, crawling as hastily as he could out of the way of hounds and huntsmen, saw the whole chase sweep by him without affording him
 10 assistance; for hunters in those days were as little moved by sympathy for such misfortunes as they are in our own.

The King, as he passed, said of Dunois, "Yonder lies his eminence low enough — he is no great huntsman, though for a fisher (when a secret is to be caught) he may match St. Peter himself. He has, however, for once, I think, met with his match."

The Cardinal did not hear the words, but the scornful look with which they were spoken led him to suspect their general import. The devil is said to seize such opportunities of
 20 temptation as were now afforded by the passions of Balue, bitterly moved as he had been by the scorn of the King. The momentary fright was over as soon as he had assured himself that his fall was harmless; but mortified vanity, and resentment against his Sovereign, had a much longer influence on his feelings.

After all the chase had passed him, a single cavalier, who seemed rather to be a spectator than a partaker of the sport, rode up with one or two attendants, and expressed no small surprise to find the Cardinal upon the ground, without a
 30 horse or attendants, and in such a plight as plainly showed the nature of the accident which had placed him there. To dismount, and offer his assistance in this predicament, to cause one of his attendants to resign a staid and quiet palfrey for the Cardinal's use — to express his surprise at the customs of the French Court, which thus permitted them to

adandon to the dangers of the chase, and forsake in his need, their wisest statesman, were the natural modes of assistance and consolation which so strange a *rencontre* supplied to Crèvecœur, for it was the Burgundian ambassador who came to the assistance of the fallen Cardinal.

He found the minister in a lucky time and humour for essaying some of those practices on his fidelity, to which it is well known that Balue had the criminal weakness to listen. Already in the morning, as the jealous temper of Louis had suggested, more had passed betwixt them than 10 the Cardinal durst have reported to its master. But although he had listened with gratified ears to the high value, which, he was assured by Crèvecœur, the Duke of Burgundy placed upon his person and talents, and not without a feeling of temptation, when the Count hinted at the munificence of his master's disposition, and the rich benefices of Flanders, it was not until the accident, as we have related, had highly irritated him, that, stung with wounded vanity, had resolved, in a fatal hour, to show Louis XI. that no enemy can be so dangerous as an offended friend and confidant. 20

On the present occasion, he hastily requested Crèvecœur to separate from him, lest they should be observed, but appointed him a meeting for the evening in the Abbey of St. Martin's at Tours, after vesper service; and that in a tone which assured the Burgundian that his master had obtained an advantage hardly to have been hoped for except in such a moment of exasperation.

In the meanwhile, Louis, who, though the most politic Prince of his time, upon this, as on other occasions, had suffered his passions to interfere with his prudence, followed 30 contentedly the chase of the wild boar, which was now come to an interesting point. It had so happened that a sounder (*i. e.* in the language of the period, a boar of only two years old) had crossed the track of the proper object of the chase, and withdrawn in pursuit of him all the dogs (except

two or three couple of old staunch hounds), and the greater part of the huntsmen. The king saw, with internal glee, Dunois, as well as others, follow upon this false scent, and enjoyed in secret the thought of triumphing over that accomplished knight in the art of *vénérerie*, which was then thought almost as glorious as war. Louis was well mounted, and followed close on the hounds ; so that, where the original boar turned to bay in a marshy piece of ground, there was no one near him but the king himself.

- 10 Louis showed all the bravery and expertness of an experienced huntsman ; for, unheeding the danger, he rode up to the tremendous animal, which was defending itself with fury against the dogs, and struck him with his boar-spear ; yet, as the horse shied from the boar, the blow was not so effectual as either to kill or disable him. No effort could prevail on the horse to charge a second time ; so that the King, dismounting, advanced on foot against the furious animal, holding naked in his hand one of those short, sharp, straight, and pointed swords, which huntsmen
- 20 used for such encounters. The boar instantly quitted the dog to rush on his human enemy, while the King, taking his station, and posting himself firmly, presented the sword, with the purpose of aiming it at the boar's throat, or rather chest, within the collar-bone ; in which case, the weight of the beast, and the impetuosity of its career, would have served to accelerate its own destruction. But, owing to the wetness of the ground, the King's foot slipped, just as this delicate and perilous manœuvre ought to have been accomplished, so that the point of the sword, encountering the
- 30 cuirass of bristles on the outside of the creature's shoulder, glanced off without making any impression, and Louis fell flat on the ground. This was so far fortunate for the monarch, because the animal, owing to the King's fall, missed his blow in his turn, and in passing only rent with his tusk the King's short hunting-cloak, instead of ripping up his

thigh. But when, after running a little ahead in the fury of his course, the boar turned to repeat his attack on the King at the moment when he was rising, the life of Louis was in imminent danger. At this critical moment, Quentin Durward, who had been thrown out in the chase by the slowness of his horse, but who, nevertheless, had luckily distinguished and followed the blast of the King's horn, rode up, and transfixed the animal with his spear.

The King, who had by this time recovered his feet, came in turn to Durward's assistance, and cut the animal's throat 10 with his sword. Before speaking a word to Quentin, he measured the huge creature not only by paces, but even by feet; then wiped the sweat from his brow, and the blood from his hands—then took off his hunting-cap, hung it on a bush, and devoutly made his orisons to the little leaden images it contained; and at length, looking upon Durward, said to him, "Is it thou, my young Scot?—thou hast begun thy woodcraft well, and Maître Pierre owes thee as good entertainment as he gave thee at the Fleur-de-Lys yonder.—Why dost thou not speak? Thou hast lost thy forwardness 20 and fire, methinks, at the court, where others find both."

Quentin, as shrewd a youth as ever Scottish breeze breathed caution into, had imbibed more awe than confidence towards his dangerous master, and was far too wise to embrace the perilous permission of familiarity which he seemed thus invited to use. He answered in very few and well-chosen words, that if he ventured to address his Majesty at all, it could be but to crave pardon for the rustic boldness with which he had conducted himself when ignorant of his high rank.

30

"Fush! man," said the King; "I forgive thy sauciness for thy spirit and shrewdness. I admired how near thou didst hit upon my gossip Tristan's occupation. You have nearly tasted of his handiwork since, as I am given to understand. I bid thee beware of him; he is a merchant who deals in

rough bracelets and tight necklaces. Help me to my horse—I like thee, and will do thee good. Build on no man's favour but mine—not even on thine uncle's or Lord Crawford's—and say nothing of thy timely aid in this matter of the boar; for if a man makes boast that he has served a King in such a pinch, he must take the braggart humour for its own recompense."

The King then winded his horn, which brought up Dunois and several attendants, whose compliments he received on
10 the slaughter of such a noble animal, without scrupling to appropriate a much greater share of merit than actually belonged to him; for he mentioned Durward's assistance as slight as a sportsman of rank, who, in boasting of the number of birds which he has bagged, does not always dilate upon the presence and assistance of the game-keeper. He then ordered Dunois to see that the boar's carcase was sent to the brotherhood of St. Martin, at Tours, to mend their fare on holy days, and that they might remember the King in their private devotions.

Quentin Durward—SCOTT.

8. THE ARGONAUTS.

I. HOW THEY BUILT THE SHIP *ARGO* IN IOLCOS.

So the heralds went out, and cried to all the heroes of the Minuiai, " Who dare come to the adventure of the golden fleece?"

And Hera stirred the hearts of all the princes, and they came from all their valleys to the yellow sands of Pagasai. And first came Heracles the mighty, with his lion's skin and club, and behind him Hylas his young squire, who bore his arrows and his bow; and Tiphys, the skilful steersman; and Butes, the fairest of all men; and Castor and Polydeuces the twins, the sons of the magic swan; and Cæneus, the 10 strongest of mortals, whom the Centaurs tried in vain to kill, and overwhelmed him with trunks of pine-trees, but even so he would not die; and thither came Zetes and Calais, the winged sons of the north wind; and Peleus, the father of Achilles, whose bride was silver-footed Thetis, the goddess of the sea. And thither came Telamon and Oileus, the fathers of the two Aiantes, who fought upon the plains of Troy; and Mopsus, the wise soothsayer, who knew the speech of birds; and Idmon, to whom Phœbus gave a tongue to prophesy of things to come; and Ancaios, who could 20 read the stars, and knew all the circles of the heavens; and Argus, the famed shipbuilder, and many a hero more, in helmets of brass and gold with tall dyed horse-hair crests, and embroidered shirts of linen beneath their coats of mail, and greaves of polished tin to guard their knees in fight; with each man his shield upon his shoulder, of many a fold of tough bull's hide, and his sword of tempered bronze in his silver-studded belt: and in his right hand a pair of lances, of the heavy white ash-staves.

So they came down to Iolcos, and all the city came out to meet them, and were never tired with looking at their height, and their beauty, and their gallant bearing, and the glitter of their inlaid arms. And some said, "Never was such a gathering of the heroes since the Hellens conquered the land." But the women sighed over them, and whispered, "Alas! they are all going to their death!"

Then they felled the pines on Pelion, and shaped them with the axe, and Argus taught them to build a galley, the
 10 first long ship which ever sailed the seas. They pierced her for fifty oars — an oar for each hero of the crew — and pitched her with coal-black pitch, and painted her bows with vermillion; and they named her *Argo* after Argus, and worked at her all day long. And at night Pelias feasted them like a king, and they slept in his palace-porch.

But Jason went away to the northward, and into the land of Thrace, till he found Orpheus the prince of minstrels, where he dwelt in his cave under Rhodope, among the savage Cicon tribes. And he asked him, "Will you leave your
 20 mountains, Orpheus, my fellow-scholar in old times, and cross Strymon once more with me, to sail with the heroes of the Minuai, and bring home the golden fleece, and charm for us all man and all monsters with your magic harp and song?"

Then Orpheus sighed, "Have I not had enough of toil and of weary wandering far and wide since I lived in Cheirons' cave, above Iolcos by the sea? In vain is the skill and the voice which my goddess mother gave me; in vain have I sung and laboured; in vain I went down to the dead, and
 30 charmed all the kings of Hades, to win back Eurydice my bride. For I won her, my beloved, and lost her again the same day, and wandered away in my madness, even to Egypt and the Libyan sands, and the isles of all the seas, driven on by the terrible gadfly, while I charmed in vain the hearts of men, and the savage forest beasts, and the trees,

and the lifeless stones, with my magic harp and song, giving rest, but finding none. But at last Calliope my mother delivered me, and brought me home in peace; and I dwell here in the cave alone, among the savage Cicon tribes, softening their wild hearts with music and the gentle laws of Zeus. And now I must go out again, to the ends of all the earth, far away into the misty darkness, to the last wave of the Eastern sea. But what is doomed must be, and a friend's demand obeyed; for prayers are the daughters of Zeus, and who honours them honours him."

10

Then Orpheus rose up sighing, and took his harp, and went over Strymon. And he led Jason to the south-west, up the banks of Haliacmon and over the spurs of Pindus, to Dodona the town of Zeus, where it stood by the side of the sacred lake, and the fountain which breathed out fire, in the darkness of the ancient oakwood, beneath the mountain of the hundred springs. And he led him to the holy oak, where the black dove settled in old times, and was changed into the priestess of Zeus, and gave oracles to all nations round. And he bade him cut down a bough, and sacrifice to Hera 20 and to Zeus; and they took the bough and came to Iolcos, and nailed it to the beak-head of the ship.

And at last the ship was finished, and they tried to launch her down the beach; but she was too heavy for them to move her, and her keel sank deep into the sand. Then all the heroes looked at each other blushing; but Jason spoke, and said, "Let us ask the magic bough; perhaps it can help us in our need."

Then a voice came from the bough, and Jason heard the words it said, and bade Orpheus play upon the harp, while 30 the heroes waited round, holding the pine-trunk rollers to help her toward the sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp, and began his magic song—
 "How sweet it is to ride upon the surges, and to leap from wave to wave, while the wind sings cheerful in the cordage,

and the oars flash fast among the foam ! How sweet it is to roam across the ocean, and see new towns and wondrous lands, and to come home laden with treasure, and to win undying fame ! ”

And the good ship *Argo* heard him, and longed to be away and out at sea ; till she stirred in every timber, and heaved from stem to stern, and leapt up from the sand upon the rollers, and plunged onward like a gallant horse ; and the heroes fed her path with pine-trunks, till she rushed into the
10 whispering sea.

Then they stored her well with food and water, and pulled the ladder up on board, and settled themselves each man to his oar, and kept time to Orpheus' harp ; and away across the bay they rowed southward, while the people linked the cliffs ; and the women wept, while the men shouted, at the starting of that gallant crew.

II. THE DEATH OF HYLAS.

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

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

Then they got to their ship and to their oars, and Tiphys bade them cast off the hawsers and go to sea. But as he spoke a whirlwind came, and spun the *Argo* round, and 10 twisted the hawsers together, so that no man could loose them. Then Tiphys dropped the rudder from his hand, and cried, "This comes from the Gods above." But Jason went forward, and asked counsel of the magic bough.

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

Jason went back sadly, and told the heroes what he had heard. And they leapt on shore and searched till dawn; and at dawn they found the body, all rolled in dust and blood, 20 among the corpses of those monstrous beasts. And they wept over their kind host, and laid him on a fair bed, and heaped a huge mound over him, and offered black sheep at his tomb, and Orpheus sang a magic song to him, that his spirit might have rest. And then they held games at the tomb, after the custom of those times, and Jason gave prizes to each winner. To Ancæus he gave a golden cup, for he wrestled best of all; and to Heracles a silver one, for he was the strongest of all; and to Castor, who rode best, a golden crest; and Polydeuces the boxer had a rich carpet, and 30 to Orpheus for his song a sandal with golden wings. But Jason himself was the best of all the archers, and the Minuai crowned him with an olive crown; and so, the songs say, the soul of good Cyzicus was appeased, and the heroes went on their way in peace.

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

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

And there Heracles went away into the woods, bow in hand, to hunt wild deer; and Hylas the fair boy slept away after him, and followed him by stealth, until he lost himself among the glens, and sat down weary to rest himself by the side of a lake; and there the water nymphs came up to look at him, and loved him, and carried him down under the lake to be their playfellow, for ever happy and young. And Heracles sought for him in vain, shouting his name till all the mountains rang; but Hylas never heard him, far
20 down under the sparkling lake. So while Heracles wandered searching for him, a fair breeze sprang up, and Heracles was nowhere to be found; and the *Argo* sailed away, and Heracles was left behind, and never saw the noble Phasian stream.

III. THE SYMPLEGADES.

But the Argonauts went eastward, and out into the open sea, which we now call the Black sea, but it was called the Euxine then. No Hellen had ever crossed it, and all feared that dreadful sea, and its rocks, and shoals, and fogs, and
30 bitter freezing storms; and they told strange stories of it, some false and some half-true, how it stretched northward to the ends of the earth, and the sluggish Putrid Sea, and

the everlasting night, and the regions of the dead. So the heroes trembled, for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea, and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

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

And soon they saw the blue rocks shining like spires and castles of grey glass, while an ice-cold wind blew from them and chilled all the heroes' hearts. And as they neared they 10 could see them heaving, as they rolled upon the long sea-waves, crashing and grinding together, till the roar went up to heaven. The sea sprang up in spouts between them, and swept round them in white sheets of foam; but their heads swung nodding high in air, while the wind whistled shrill among the crags.

The heroes' hearts sank within them, and they lay upon their oars in fear; but Orpheus called to Tiphys the helmsman, "Between them we must pass; so look ahead for an opening, and be brave, for Hera is with us." But Tiphys 20 the cunning helmsman stood silent, clenching his teeth, till he saw a heron come flying mast-high toward the rocks, and hover awhile before them, as if looking for a passage through. Then he cried, "Hera has sent us a pilot; let us follow the cunning bird."

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

And the blue rocks clashed together as the bird fled swiftly through; but they struck but a feather from his tail, and 30 then rebounded apart at the shock.

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

And after that they sailed on wearily along the Asian coast, by the Black Cape and Thyneis, where the hot stream of Thymbris falls into the sea and Sangarius, whose waters float on the Euxine, till they came to Wolf the river, and to Wolf the kindly king. And there died two brave heroes, Idmon and Tiphys the wise helmsman: one died of an evil sickness, and one a wild boar slew. So the heroes heaped a mound above them, and set upon it an oar on high, and left them there to sleep together, on the far-off Lycian shore.

- 10 But Idas killed the boar, and avenged Tiphys; and Ancaios took the rudder and was helmsman, and steered them on toward the east.

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

- 20 Ares the cruel War-god, forging weapons day and night.

And at day-dawn they looked eastward, and midway between the sea and the sky they saw white snow-peaks hanging, glittering sharp and bright above the clouds. And they knew that they were come to Caucasus at the end of all the earth; Caucasus the highest of all mountains, the father of the rivers of the East. On his peak lies chained the Titan, while a vulture tears his heart; and at his feet are piled dark forests round the magic Colchian land.

IV. THE WINNING OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

- 30 And the heroes sat silent awhile before the fact of that ancient king. But Hera the awful goddess put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer, "We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to

plunder and to ravage, or carry away slaves from your land; but my uncle, the son of Poseidon, Pelias the Minuan king, he it is who has set me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men; for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of the heroes far renowned. And we too never tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take: yet we wish to be guests at your table: it will be better so for both."

Then Aietes' rage rushed up like a whirlwind; and his eyes flashed fire as he heard but he crushed his anger down 10 in his breast, and spoke mildly a cunning speech—

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

So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence 20 to the town. And the Minuai sat silent with sorrow, and longed for Heracles and his strength; for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians and the fearful chance of war.

But Chalciope, Phrixus' widow, went weeping to the town; for she remembered her Minuan husband, and all the pleasures of her youth, while she watched the fair faces of his kinsmen, and their long locks of golden hair. And she whispered to Medeia her sister, "Why should all these brave men die? why does not my father give them up the fleece, 30 that my husband's spirit may have rest?"

And Medeia's heart pitied the heroes, and Jason most of all; and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the golden fleece?" But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare nor do."

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

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

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

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

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

"It would be base to go home now, fair princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain." Then both the princesses besought him; but Jason said, "It is too late."

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

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

Then Medeia trembled, and said, "No mortal man can reach the fleece unless I guide him through. For round it,

beyond the river, is a wall full nine ells high, with lofty towers and buttresses, and mighty gates of threefold brass; and over the gates the wall is arched, with golden battlements above. And over the gateway sits Brimo, the wild witch-huntress of the woods, brandishing a pine-torch in her hands, while her mad hounds howl around. No man dare meet her or look on her, but only I her priestess, and she watches far and wide lest any stranger should come near."

"No wall so high but it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but it may be crawled through; no serpent 10 so wary but he may be charmed, or witch-queen so fierce but spells may soothe her; and I may yet win the golden fleece, if a wise maiden help bold men."

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

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

"He whom you help," said Jason, flattering her, "for your fame is spread over all the earth. Are you not the queen of all enchantresses, wiser even than your sister 20 Circe, in her fairy island in the West?"

"Would that I were with my sister Circe in her fairy island in the West, far away from sore temptation and thoughts which tear the heart! But if it must be so—for why should you die?—I have an ointment here; I made it from the magic ice-flower which sprang from Prometheus' wound, above the clouds on Caucasus, in the dreary fields of snow. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin 30 you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow the serpent's teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of the War-god's field will mow itself, and perish."

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

And at sunrise Jason went and bathed, and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield, and his helmet, and his weapons, and bade his comrades try the spell. So
 10 they tried to bend his lance, but it stood like an iron bar; and Idas in spite hewed at it with his sword, but the blade flew to splinters in his face. Then they hurled their lances at his shield, but the spear-points, turned like lead; and Caineus tried to throw him, but he never stirred a foot; and Polydeuces struck him with his fist a blow which would have killed an ox, but Jason only smiled, and the heroes danced about him with delight; and he leapt, and ran, and shouted in the joy of that enormous strength, till the sun rose, and it was time to go and to claim Aietes' promise.

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

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

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

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

And there Aietes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed

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

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

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

Then Aietes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls 10 leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason; but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him, but it singed not a hair of his head; and the bull stopped short and trembled when Medeia began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest and seized him by the horn; and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell grovelling on his knees; for the heart of the brute died within him, and his mighty limbs were loosed, beneath the 20 steadfast eye of that dark witch-maiden and the magic whisper of her lips.

So both the bulls were tamed and yoked; and Jason bound them to the plough, and goaded them onward with his lance till he had ploughed the sacred field.

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

Then he took the serpents' teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befall. But Medeia looked at him and at 30 his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught.

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

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

But Jason snatched off his helmet, and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear ; and one cried to his fellow, "Thou didst strike me !" and another, "Thou art Jason ; thou shalt die !" So fury seized those earth-born phantoms,
10 and each turned his hand against the rest ; and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home into her breast ; and the grass grew up all green again above them, and Jason's work was done.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My end is come, and I must die; for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared; but he will not harm you, because you have been his 10 guests. 'Go, then, go, and remember poor Medeia when you are far away across the sea.'" But all the heroes cried —

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

"You need not die," said Jason. "Flee home with us across the sea. Show us first how to win the fleece; for you can do it. Why else are you the priestess of the grove? Show us but how to win the fleece, and come with us, and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes of the 20 Minuiai, in Iolcos by the sea."

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

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

"Must I leave my home and my people, to wander with strangers across the sea? The lot is cast, and I must en- 30 dure it. I will show you how to win the golden fleece. Bring up your ship to the wood-side, and moor her there against the bank; and let Jason come up at midnight, and one brave comrade with him and meet me beneath the wall."

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

And Orpheus laughed for joy, and clapped his hands, because the choice had fallen on him; for in those days poets and singers were as bold warriors as the best.

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

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

- Then sprang up through the earth, with the red fire flashing before her, Brimo the wild witch-huntress, while her mad hounds howled around. She had one head like a
20 horse's, and another like a ravening hound's, and another like a hissing snake's and a sword in either hand. And she leapt into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate and drank their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled, and Medeia hid her eyes. And at last the witch-queen vanished, and fled with her hounds into the woods; and the bars of the gates fell down, and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medeia and the heroes ran forward and hurried through the poison wood, among the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the gleam of the golden fleece. until they saw it hanging
30 on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it; but Medeia held him back, and pointed, shuddering, to the tree-foot, where the mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots, with a body like a mountain pipe. His coils stretched many a fathom, spangled with bronze and gold; and half of him they could see, but no more, for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

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

But Medeia called gently to him, and he stretched out his long spotted neck, and licked her hand, and looked up in 10 her face, as if to ask for food. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

And as he sung, the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still; and the serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child, while Orpheus called to pleasant Slumber, who gives peace to men, and beasts, and waves.

Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stept across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree-trunk; 20 and the four rushed down the garden, to the bank where the *Argo* lay.

There was a silence for a moment, while Jason held the golden fleece on high. Then he cried, "Go now, good *Argo*, swift and steady, if ever you would see Pelion more."

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

On and on, beneath the dewy darkness, they fled swiftly down the swirling stream; underneath black walls, and 30 temples, and the castles of the princes of the east; past sluice-mouths, and fragrant gardens, and groves of all strange fruits; past marshes where fat kine lay sleeping, and long beds of whispering reeds; till they heard the merry music of the surge upon the bar, as it tumbled in the moonlight all alone.

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

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

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

The Heroes — C. KINGSLEY.

9. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

III. CRUSOE SEES A FOOTPRINT IN THE SAND.

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, 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 piece of 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 10 room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. It is not possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented 20 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 I 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, 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 frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

The confusion of my thoughts kept me waking all night, but in the morning I fell asleep; and having been tired, and my spirits exhausted, I slept very soundly, and waked much better composed than I had ever been before. And now I began to think sedately, and concluded that this island, which was so pleasant and fruitful, was not so entirely
 10 ly abandoned as I might imagine; that although there were no inhabitants who lived on the spot, yet there might sometimes come boats off from the shore, which might come to this place. I had lived here fifteen years now, and had not met with the least shadow of any people yet; and if at any time they should be driven here, it was probable they went away again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix there upon any occasion.

Now I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large. Upon maturely considering this, therefore, I resolved
 20 to draw a second fortification, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before. These trees having been planted so thick before, they wanted but a few piles to be driven between them, to be thicker and stronger, and my wall would be soon finished.

I had now a double wall; and my outer wall was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of, to make it strong, having in it seven little holes, about as big as I might put my arms out of. In the inside
 30 of this I thickened my wall to above ten feet thick with continual bringing earth out of my cave, and laying it at the foot of the wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets, of which I took notice that I got seven on shore out of the ship. These, I say, I planted like my cannon, and fitted them into frames,

that held them like a carriage, that so I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time. This wall I was many a weary month finishing, and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

When this was done, I stuck all the ground without my wall, for a great way every way, as full with stakes, or sticks, as they could well stand; so that I believe I set in nearly twenty thousand of them, leaving a pretty large space between them and my wall, that I might have room to see an enemy, and they might have no shelter from the young 10 trees, if they attempted to approach my outer wall.

Thus in two years' time I had a thick grove; and in five or six years' time I had a wood before my dwelling, growing so thick and strong, that it was indeed perfectly impassable; and no men would ever imagine that there was anything beyond it, much less a habitation.

Thus I took all the measures human prudence could suggest for my own preservation; and it will be seen, at length, that they were not altogether without just reason; though I foresaw nothing at that time more than my mere fear sug- 20 gested to me.

While this was doing, I was not altogether careless of my other affairs; for I had a great concern upon me for my little herd of goats. They were a present supply to me upon every occasion, without the fatigue of hunting after the wild ones; and I was loath to lose the advantage of them, and to have them all to nurse up over again.

To this purpose, after long consideration, I could think of but two ways to preserve them. One was, to find another convenient place to dig a cave under ground, and to drive 30 them into it every night; and the other was, to enclose two or three little bits of land, remote from one another, and as much concealed as I could, where I might keep about half-a-dozen young goats in each place; so that if any disaster happened to the flock in general, I might be able to raise

them again with little trouble and time. And this, though it would require a great deal of time and labour, I thought was the most rational design.

Accordingly I spent some time to find out the most retired parts of the island; and I pitched upon one which was as private indeed as my heart could wish for. It was a little damp piece of ground in the middle of the hollow and thick woods, where I almost lost myself once before, endeavouring to come back that way from the eastern part of the island. Here I found a clear piece of land, nearly three acres, so surrounded with woods, that it was almost an enclosure by Nature; at least, it did not want nearly so much labour to make it so as the other pieces of ground I had worked so hard at.

I immediately went to work with this piece of ground, and in less than a month's time I had so fenced it round, that my flock, or herd, call it which you please, which was not so wild now as at first it might be supposed to be, was well enough secured in it. So, without any further delay, I removed ten young she-goats and two he-goats to this piece. And when they were there, I continued to perfect the fence, till I had made it as secure as the other, which, however, I did at more leisure, and it took me up more time by a great deal.

All this labour I was at the expense of, purely from my apprehensions on the account of the print of a man's foot which I had seen; for, as yet, I never saw any human creature come near the island.

IV. CRUSOE GAINS A COMPANION.

The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward or went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly than to come

on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little further, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been about to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of: and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked 10 pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself. I pointed to him, and showed him that the savage was not 20 dead. Upon this he spoke some words to me; and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid. When I saw that, I pointed my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend 30 him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; I did so. He no sooner had it but he ran to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head so cleverly, that no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe,

never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. However, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them. When he had done this, he came laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most, was to know how I
10 had killed the other Indian so far off; so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that
20 more might come after them.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed; and so I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the
30 island.

I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great heap of rice-straw, and a blanket

upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes ; so the poor creature laid down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall, and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face ; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool ; his forehead very high 10 and large ; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half-an-hour, he waked again, and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and set my other foot upon his 20 head, as he had done before, and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me ; and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know 30 that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it ; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

Robinson Crusoe — DEFOE.

10. THE BATTLE OF PRESTON-PANS.

When Fergus Mac-Ivor and his friend had slept for a few hours, they were awakened, and summoned to attend the Prince. The distant village-clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of pease-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. "Courage, my brave friends!" said the Chevalier, "and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain, upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest."

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage of star-light. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness, a narrow, broken,

and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made—"Who goes there?"

"Hush!" cried Fergus, "hush! Let none answer, as he 10 values his life—Press forward!" and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired his carabine upon the body, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. "That loon will give the alarm," said the Baron of Bradwardine.

The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were fol- 20 lowing fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the general. Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which were very simple.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or stubble field, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. 30 The few horse, whom the Prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. The Adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The class of which it was composed, formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best-armed and best-born, for the words were synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse, and additional ardour and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

"Down with your plaid, Waverley," cried Fergus, throwing off his own; "we'll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea."

The 'clansmen on every side stript their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a short prayer; then pulled their bonnets over their brows, and began to move forward at first slowly. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as if it would burst from his bosom. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rush forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment, the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapours rose like a curtain and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointment of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

"Forward, sons of Ivor," cried their Chief, "or the Camerons will draw the first blood!"—They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received an irregular fire as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillerymen, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror, that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high 10 rank, standing alone and unsupported by the side of a field piece, which, after the fight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders, within his aim. Struck with his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the warriors, and reaching the spot first, called to him, to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target and in turning it aside the Englishman's wea- 20 pon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well.

On Edward's right, the battle for a few minutes raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But 30 their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and in the personal struggle which ensued, the nature of the Highlanders' weapons, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed

to trust much to their array and discipline. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel Gardiner, deserted by his own soldiers in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park (for his house was close by the field of battle), continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many
10 wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man, became the instant object of his most anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out
20 twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, preception had not entirely fled. Thy dying warrior seemed to recognise Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding yet sorrowful look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was dealing closely with him, and resigning his purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments, did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion, as when it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.

Waverley—SIR W. SCOTT.

11. AS YOU LIKE IT.

During the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces an usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here 10 more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendour of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for 20 their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors: they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from

the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralising turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his
10 own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment, and her own dependence on the false usurper, made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet
20 cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practised now by country clowns, was a favourite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match, therefore, Celia and Rosalind went. They found
30 that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight; for a large and powerful man, who had been long practised in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contest of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men; in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him not to wrestle. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words, that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered

his antagonist, who was so much hurt, that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been
 10 dead some years; but when he was living, he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke: therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humour. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valour of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favourite
 20 was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him; and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentle-
 30 man, wear this for me. I am unfortunate, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so

suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues, and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace, and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and eaten together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favour, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore: she therefore proposed that they should disguise

their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man ; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

- 10 In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel ; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles, made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and

- 20 stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road ; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman ; and Aliena declared she could go no farther ; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to

- 30 comfort and console a woman, and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, " Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena ; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them ; for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke ; and

here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and perished for want of food; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food." 10

The man replied that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here 20 till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend; and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles 30 as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden: and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very

young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education he
 10 seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, his envy and malice knew no
 20 bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous? why are you gentle, strong, and valiant? and why
 30 would you be so fond as to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's

palace, intended to destroy him, by setting fire to his chamber that night; and in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight; and knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and he that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you: let me 10 be your servant; though I look old I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent, I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, 20 and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food, I can go no further!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him, "Cheerly, old 30 Adam, rest your weary limbs here awhile, and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their

dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees.

- Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him, if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners. On this Orlando said, he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them.
- 10 Orlando hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he: "I thought that all things would be savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if you have ever sat at any good man's feast; if ever from your eyelids
- 20 you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes, have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered, therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old
- 30 poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger: till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit." "Go, find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it

food; and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burden; you are both welcome": and they fed the old man, and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was; and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Gany- 10 mede and Aliena came there, and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets, fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favour, 20 had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty; but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humour talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," 30 said he, "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their barks; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt: "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, 10 till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage, and feign a playful courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

20 Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock-courtship, and did not care to remind 30 Ganymede that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did, which made the

duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went near, and then he discovered a lioness lie crouching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, 10 waiting until the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness ; but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire ; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness ; but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame 20 his first anger against his brother ; and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness ; but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, 30 and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him : they embraced each other ; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true

brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arms having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither then Oliver went, and told Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life; and when he had
10 finished the story of Orlando's bravery, and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the heart of Aliena
20 and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered, he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man."
30 "So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him

how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favourable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying, that he so well loved her, that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to 10 this: she is now alone; for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the 20 same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous 30 magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he
10 believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here." "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Gany-
20 mede throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando, that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said, he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for
30 Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no

longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver, and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendour usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed: and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the pleasant trees, as 10 if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news, that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced towards the forest, intending to seize his 20 brother, and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword; but, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, his bad brother was converted from his intention; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived {penitence was to send a messen- 30 ger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princess. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by the restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir; so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or of envy.

- 10 The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding these true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

Tales from Shakespeare — C. & M. LAMB.

12. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observation to the Metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend fairs, and other rural festivals; and meet the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humours.

In some countries the large cities absorb the wealth and 10 fashion of the nation; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and intelligent society, and the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England on the contrary, the Metropolis is a mere gathering-place, or general rendezvous of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety, and having indulged this kind of carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life. The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighbourhoods 20 afford specimens of the different ranks.

The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a tact for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the Metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation

of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business and the success of a commercial enterprise. Even those less fortunate individuals who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; and every
 10 square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

Those who see the Englishman only in town are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this huge Metropolis. He has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to
 20 another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economise time so as to pay other visits in the morning. An immense Metropolis, like London, is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings they can but deal briefly in common-places. They present but the cold superficialities of character — its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold
 30 formalities of town; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect round him all the conveniences and elegances of polite life, and to banish its restraints. His country-seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses,

dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provided the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild soli- 10 tudes, are there assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage : the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them ; the hare, bounding away to the covert ; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing : the brook, 20 taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake : the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters, while some rustic temple or statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery ; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of 30 land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand ; and yet the operations of art which produce

the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water: all these are managed with a delicate tact, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly, providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside: all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterise the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town

cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the labouring peasantry, and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly; the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller; and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyment of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive

pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature ; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life ; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets, that have continued down from *The Flower and the Leaf* of Chaucer, and have brought to us all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The
 10 pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms ; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her — they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate obser-
 20 vers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture : but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique
 30 farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture ; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscape of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established

principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal, its tower, its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation, its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar—the parsonage, a quaint, irregular pile, partly antiquated, but 10 repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants—the footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedge-rows, according to an immemorial right of way—the neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene: all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and 20 hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight on a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embel- 30 lishments which their own hand have spread around them.

Sketch-Book—W. IRVING.

.13. FATHERS AND SONS.

One of the noblest characters in old Roman history is the first Scipio Africanus, and his first appearance is in a most pleasing light, at the battle of the river Ticinus, 219 B. C., when the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, had just completed their wonderful march across the Alps, and surprised the Romans in Italy itself.

Young Scipio was then only seventeen years of age, and had gone to his first battle under the eagles of his father, the Consul Publius Cornelius Scipio. It was an unfortunate
10 battle: the Romans when exhausted by long resistance to the Spanish horse in Hannibal's army, were taken in flank by the Numidian cavalry, and entirely broken. The Consul rode in front of the few equites he could keep together, striving by voice and example to rally his forces, until he was pierced by one of the long Numidian javelins and fell senseless from his horse. The Romans, thinking him dead, entirely gave way; but his young son would not leave him, and lifting him on his horse, succeeded in bringing him safe into the camp, where he recovered, and his after days
20 retrieved the honour of the Roman arms.

The story of a brave and devoted son comes to us to light up the sadness of our civil wars between Cavaliers and Roundheads in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was soon after King Charles had raised his standard at Nottingham, and set forth on his march for London, that it became evident that the Parliamentary army, under the Earl of Essex, intended to intercept his march. The King himself was with the army, with his two boys, Charles and James; but the General-in-chief was Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay, a brave and experienced old

soldier, sixty years of age, godson to Queen Elizabeth, and to her two favourite earls, whose Christian name he bore. He had been in her Essex's expedition to Cambridge, and had afterwards served in the Low Countries, under Prince Maurice of Nassau; for the long Continental wars had throughout King James's peaceful reign been treated by the English nobility as schools of arms, and a few campaigns were considered as a graceful finish to a gentleman's education. As soon as Lord Lindsay had begun to fear that the disputes between the King and Parliament must end in 10 war, he had begun to exercise and train his tenantry in Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, of whom he had formed a regiment of infantry. With him was his son Montagu Bertie, Lord Willoughby, a noble-looking man of thirty-two, of whom it was said that he was "as excellent in reality as others in pretence," and that, thinking "that the cross was an ornament to the crown, and much more to the coronet, he satisfied not himself with the mere exercise of virtue, but made it grace." He had likewise seen some service against the Spaniards in the Netherlands, and after his return had 20 been made a captain in the Lifeguards, and a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Vandyke has left portraits of the father and the son — the one a bald-headed, alert, precise-looking old warrior, with the cuirass and gauntlets of elder warfare; the other, the very model of a cavalier, tall, easy, and graceful, with a gentle, reflecting face, and wearing the long hair and lace collar and cuffs characteristic of Queen Henrietta's Court. Lindsay was called General-in-chief, but the King had imprudently exempted the cavalry from his command—its general, Prince Rupert of the Rhine, 30 taking orders only from himself. Rupert was only three-and-twenty, and his education in the wild school of the Thirty Years' War had not taught him to lay aside his arrogance; indeed, he had shown great petulance at receiving orders from the King through Lord Falkland.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of October King Charles was riding along the ridge of Edgehill, and looking down into the Vale of Red Horse, a fair meadow land, here and there broken by hedges and copses. His troops were mustering around him, and in the valley he could see with his telescope the various Parliamentary regiments, as they poured out of the town of Kineton and took up their positions in three lines. "I never saw the rebels in a body before," he said as he gazed sadly at the subjects
 10 arrayed against him. "I shall give them battle. God, and the prayers of good men to Him, assist the justice of my cause." The whole of his forces, about 11,000 in number were not assembled till two o'clock in the afternoon, for the gentlemen who had become officers found it no easy matter to call their farmers and retainers together and marshal them into any sort of order. But while one troop after another came trampling, clanking, and shouting in, trying to find and take their proper place, there were hot words round the royal standard.

20 Lord Lindsay, who was an old comrade of the Earl of Essex, the commander of the rebel forces, knew that he would follow the tactics they had both together studied in Holland, little thinking that one day they should be arrayed one against the other in their own native England. He had a high opinion of Essex's generalship, and insisted that the situation of the Royal Army required the utmost caution. Rupert, on the other hand, had seen the swift, fiery charges of the fierce troopers of the Thirty Years' War, and was backed up by Patrick, Lord Ruthven, one of the many Scots
 30 who had won honour under the great Swedish King, Gustavus Adolphus. A sudden charge of the Royal Horse would, Rupert argued, sweep the Roundheads from the field, and the foot would have nothing to do but to follow up the victory. The great portrait at Windsor shows us exactly how the King must have stood, with his charger by his side, and

his grave, melancholy face, sad enough at having to fight at all with his subjects, and never having seen a battle, entirely bewildered between the ardent words of his spirited nephew and the grave replies of the well-seasoned old Earl. At last, as time went on and some decision was necessary, the perplexed King, willing at least not to irritate Rupert, desired that Ruthven should array the troops in the Swedish fashion.

It was a greater affront to the General-in-chief than the King was likely to understand, but it could not shake the old 10 soldier's loyalty. He gravely resigned the empty title of General, and rode away to act as colonel of his own Lincoln regiment, pitying his master's perplexity, and resolved that no private pique should hinder him from doing his duty. His regiment was of foot-soldiers, and was just opposite to the standard of the Earl of Essex.

The church bell was ringing for afternoon service when the Royal forces marched down the hill. The last hurried prayer before the charge was stout old Sir Jacob Astley's, "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day ; if I 20 forget Thee, do not Thou forget me." Then rising, he said, "March on, boys." And, amid prayer and exhortation, the other side awaited the shock, as men whom a strong and deeply embittered sense of wrong had roused to take up arms. Prince Rupert's charge was, however, fully successful. No one even waited to cross swords with his troopers, but all the Roundhead horse galloped headlong off the field, hotly pursued by the Royalists. But the main body of the army stood firm, and for some time the battle was nearly equal, until a large troop of the enemy's cavalry who had 30 been kept in reserve wheeled round and fell upon the Royal forces just when their scanty supply of ammunition was exhausted.

Step by step, however, they retreated bravely, and Rupert, who had returned from his charge, sought in vain to collect

his scattered troopers, so as to fall again on the rebels; but some were plundering, some chasing the enemy, and none could be got together. Lord Lindsay was shot through the thigh bone, and fell. He was instantly surrounded by the rebels on horseback; but his son, Lord Willoughby, seeing his danger, flung himself along among the enemy, and forcing his way forward, raised his father in his arms, thinking of nothing else, and unheeding his own peril. The throng of enemy around called to him to surrender, and
 10 hastily giving up his sword, he carried the Earl into the nearest shed, and laid him on a heap of straw, vainly striving to stanch the blood. It was a bitterly cold night, and the frosty wind came howling through the darkness. Far above, on the ridge of the hill, the fires of the King's army shone with red light, and some way off on the other side twinkled those of the Parliamentary forces. Glimmering lanterns or torches moved about the battle-field—those of the savage plunderers who crept about to despoil the dead. Whether the battle were won or lost the father and son knew
 20 not, and the guard who watched them knew as little. Lord Lindsay himself murmured, "If it please God I should survive, I never will fight the same field with boys again!"—no doubt deeming that young Rupert had wrought all the mischief. His thoughts were all on the cause, his son's all on him; and piteous was that night as the blood continued to flow, and nothing availed to check it, nor was any aid near to restore the old man's ebbing strength.

Towards midnight the Earl's old comrade Essex had time to understand his condition, and sent some officers to in-
 30 quire for him and promise speedy surgical attendance. Lindsay was still full of spirit, and spoke to them so strongly of their broken faith, and of the sin of disloyalty and rebellion, that they slunk away one by one out of the hut, and dissuaded Essex from coming himself to see his old friend, as he had intended. The surgeon, however, arrived,

but too late: Lindsay was already so much exhausted by cold and loss of blood that he died early ~~in the morning~~ of the 24th, all his son's gallant devotion ~~having failed~~ to save him.

The sorrowing son received an affectionate note the next day from the King, full of regret for his father and esteem for himself. Charles made every effort to obtain his exchange, but could not succeed for a whole year. He was afterwards one of the four noblemen who, seven years later, followed the King's white, silent snowy funeral; and from 10 first to last he was one of the bravest, purest, and most devoted of those who did honour to the Cavalier cause.

We have still another brave son to describe, and for him we must turn away from these sad pages of our history to one of the hours of our brightest glory, when the cause we fought in was the cause of all the oppressed, and nearly alone we upheld the rights of oppressed countries against the invader. And thus it is that the battle of the Nile is one of the exploits to which we look back with the greatest exultation, when we think of the triumph of the British 20 flag.

Let us think of all that was at stake. Napoleon Bonaparte was climbing to power in France, by directing her successful arms against the world. He had beaten Austria and conquered Italy; he had threatened England, and his dream was of the conquest of the East. Like another Alexander, he hoped to subdue Asia, and overthrow the hated British power by depriving it of India. Hitherto his dreams had become earnest by the force of his marvellous genius, and by the ardour which he breathed into the whole 30 French nation; and when he set sail from Toulon, with 40,000 tried and victorious soldiers and a magnificent fleet, all were filled with vague and unbounded expectations of almost fabulous glories. He sailed from Malta for Alexandria in Egypt, in the latter end of June 1798.

His intentions had not become known, and the English Mediterranean fleet was watching the course of this great armament. Sir Horatio Nelson was in pursuit, with the English vessels, and wrote to the First Lord of the Admiralty: "Be they bound to the Antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

Nelson had, however, not ships enough to be detached to reconnoitre, and he actually overpassed the French, whom
 10 he guessed to be on the way to Egypt; he arrived at the port of Alexandria on the 28th of June, and saw its blue waters and flat coast lying still in the sun, as if no enemy were on the seas. Back he went to Syracuse, but could learn no more there. He obtained provisions with some difficulty, and then, in great anxiety sailed for Greece, where at last, on the 28th of July, he learnt that the French fleet had been seen from Candia, steering to the south-east, about four weeks since. In fact, it had actually passed by him in a thick haze, which concealed each fleet from the other, and
 20 had arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July, three days after he had left it!

Every sail was set for the south, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of August a very different sight was seen in Aboukir Bay, so solitary a month ago. It was crowded with shipping. Great castle-like men-of-war rose with all their proud, calm dignity out of the water, their dark port-holes opening in the white bands on their sides, and the tricoloured flag floating as their ensign. There were thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, and of these
 30 there were 80-gun ships, and one, towering high above the rest, with her three decks, was *L'Orient*, of 120 guns. Look well at her, for there stands the hero for whose sake we have chosen this and no other of Nelson's glorious fights to place among the setting of our Golden Deeds. There he is, a little *cadet de vaisseau*, as the French call a midshipman,

only ten years old, with a heart swelling between awe and exultation at the prospect of his first battle; but fearless and glad, for is he not the son of the brave Casabianca, the flag-captain? And is not this Admiral Brueys's own ship, looking down in scorn on the fourteen little English ships, not one carrying more than 74 guns, and one only 50?

Why Napoleon had kept the fleet there was never known. In his usual mean way of disavowing whatever turned out ill, he laid the blame upon Admiral Brueys; but though dead men could not tell tales, his papers made it plain that the ships had remained in obedience to commands, though they had not been able to enter the harbour of Alexandria. Large rewards had been offered to any pilot who would take them in, but none could be found who would venture to steer into that port a vessel drawing more than twenty feet of water. They had, therefore, remained at anchor outside, in Aboukir Bay, drawn up in a curve along the deepest of the water, with no room to pass them at either end. The admiral believed that Nelson had not ventured to attack him when they had passed by one another a month before, and when the English fleet was signalled he still supposed that it was too late in the day for an attack to be made. 10 20

Nelson had, however, no sooner, learnt that the French were in sight than he signalled from his ship, the *Vanguard*, that preparations for battle should be made, and in the meantime summoned up his captains to receive his orders during a hurried meal. He explained that, where there was room for a large French ship to swing, there was room for a small English one to anchor, and therefore he designed to bring ships up to the outer part of the French line, and station them close below their adversaries; a plan that he said Lord Hood had once designed, though he had not carried it out. 30

Captain Berry was delighted, and exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say?"

"There is no *if* in the case," returned Nelson: "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the tale is a very different question."

And when they rose and parted he said, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

In the fleet went, through a fierce storm of shot and shell from a French battery in an island in advance. Nelson's own ship, the *Vanguard* was the first to anchor within half-
 10 pistol-shot of the third French ship, the *Spartiate*. The *Vanguard* had six colours flying, in case any should be shot away; and such was the fire that was directed on her that in a few minutes every man at the six guns in her fore part was killed or wounded, and this happened three times. Nelson himself received a wound in the head, which was thought at first to be mortal, but which proved but slight. He would not allow the surgeon to leave the sailors to attend to him till it came to his turn.

Meantime his ships were doing their work gloriously. The
 20 *Bellerophon* was, indeed, overpowered by *L'Orient*, 200 of her crew killed, and all her masts and cables shot away, so that she drifted away as night came on; but the *Swiftsure* came up in her place, and the *Alexander* and *Leander* both poured in their shot. Admiral Brueys received three wounds, but would not quit his post, and at length a fourth shot almost cut him in two. He desired not to be carried below, but that he might die on deck.

About nine o'clock the ship took fire, and blazed up with fearful brightness, lighting up the whole bay, and showing
 30 five French ships with their colours hauled down, the others still fighting on. Nelson himself rose and came on deck when this fearful glow came shining from sea and sky into his cabin; and gave orders, that the English boats should immediately be put off for *L'Orient*, to save as many lives as possible.

The English sailors rowed up to the burning ship which they had lately been attacking. The French officers listened to the offer of safety, and called to the little favourite of the ship, the captain's son, to come with them. "No," said the boy; "he was where his father had stationed him, and bidden him not to move save at his call." They told him his father's voice would never call him again, for he lay senseless and mortally wounded on the deck, and that the ship must presently blow up. "No," said the brave child; "he must obey his father." The moment allowed no delay—the 10 boat put off. The flames showed all that passed in a quivering glare more intense than daylight, and the little fellow was then seen on the deck, leaning over the prostrate figure, and presently tying it to one of the spars of the shivered masts.

Just then a thundering explosion shook down to the very hold every ship in the harbour, and burning fragments of *L'Orient* came falling far and wide, plashing heavily into the water, in the dead awful stillness that followed the fearful sound. English boats were playing busily about, 20 picking up those who had leapt overboard in time. Some were dragged in through the lower port-holes of the English ships and about seventy were saved altogether. For one moment a boat's crew had a sight of a helpless figure bound to a spar, and guided by a little childish swimmer, who must have gone overboard with his precious freight just before the explosion. They rowed after the brave little fellow, earnestly desiring to save him; but in darkness, in smoke, in the uncertain light, amid hosts of drowning wretches, they lost sight of him again. 30

"The boy, oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea;
With mast and helm, and pennant fair
That well had borne their part:
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!"

MRS. HEMANS.

By sunrise the victory was complete. Nay, as Nelson said, "It was not a victory, but a conquest." Only four French ships escaped, and Napoleon and his army were cut off from home. These are the glories of our navy, gained by men with hearts as true and obedient as that of the brave child they had tried in vain to save. Yet still, while giving the full meed of thankful, sympathetic honour to our noble sailors, we cannot but feel that the Golden Deed of Aboukir Bay fell to—

"That young faithful heart."

A Book of Golden Deeds—C. YONGE.

14. RIP VAN WINKLE.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and 10 purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have described the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great anti- 20 quity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the

country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous old days. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man ; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity ;

10 for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing ; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles ; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.

20 The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand trick on him with impunity ; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable

30 aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance ; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together,

trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible. 10

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces: his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a 20 mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mor- 30
tals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife

kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way to replying to all lectures of the king, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so

10 that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belonged to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can with-

20 stand the ever-during and all besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle and at the least flourish of a broomstick or laddle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that

30 grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in

the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth my statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place. 10

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how 20 to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in 30 upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, scared from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathised as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!"

- 10 Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

- In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill-mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a
20 precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

- On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the
30 reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, " Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: " Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle"! — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; 10 he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled 20 beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin, strapped round the waist — several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, 30 apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient

thunder-shower which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain; yet there was something
 10 strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the hollow, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes: the
 20 face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had
 30 been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he

had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the com- 10
pany. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into 20
a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine- 30
pins—the flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip; “what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by

him, the barrel incrustured with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed a way after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's
 10 gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it — leaping from rock to rock, and filling
 20 the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through the thickets and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from
 30 the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities.

What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion 10 from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognised for an old acquaintance, barked at him as 20 he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the door—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and 30 dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed, “The flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe,

expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van
10 Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doo-
20 little." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognised on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand
30 instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was printed in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling tone about it

instead of the accustomed drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches ; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered 10 Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising to tiptoe, inquired in his ear, 20 "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question ; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels and whether he meant to breed 30 a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with

him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor men humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely come there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to live near the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's
10 Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone to."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed—others say he was drowned in a squall. I don't know—he never came back again."

20 "Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand; war—Congress;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but he cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

30 "Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely

confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else goes into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!" 10

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their forehead. Their was a whisper, also about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man 20 won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollection in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried 30 away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice,—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since ; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from
10 among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed! "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours started when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had
20 returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborat-
30 ed his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every

twenty years, with his crew ; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain ; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her ; she had a 10 snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm ; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits ; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time ; and preferred making friends 20 among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times 'before the war.' It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a 30 revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England — and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician ; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on

him ; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end ; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes ; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

- 10 He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit.
- 20 Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins ; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

Sketch-Book — W. IRVING.

15. A SIEGE IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

The besiegers encamped a furlong from the walls, and made roads; kept their pikemen in camp ready for an assault when practicable; and sent forward their sappers, pioneers, catapultiers and crossbowmen. These opened a siege by filling the moat and mining, or breaching the wall. And as much of their work had to be done under close fire of arrows, quarrels, bolts, stones, and little rocks, the above artists "had need of a hundred eyes," and acted in concert with a vigilance, and an amount of individual intelligence, daring, and skill, that made a siege very interesting, and 10 even amusing to lookers on.

The first thing they did was to advance their carpenters behind rolling mantelets, to erect a stockade high and strong on the very edge of the moat. Some lives were lost at this, but not many; for a strong force of crossbowmen, including Denys, rolled their mantelets up and shot over the workmen's heads at every besieged who showed his nose, and at every loop-hole, arrow-slit, or other aperture, which commanded the particular spot the carpenters happened to be upon. Covered by their condensed fire, these soon raised a 20 high palisade between them and the ordinary missiles from the pierced masonry.

But the besieged expected this, and ran out at night their wooden penthouses on the top of the curtains. The curtains were built with square holes near the top to receive the beams that supported these structures, the true defence of mediæval forts, from which the besieged delivered their missiles with far more freedom and variety of range than they could shoot through the oblique but immovable loop-holes of the curtain. On this the besiegers brought up

mangonels, and set them hurling huge stones at these wood-works and battering them to pieces. Contemporaneously they built a triangular wooden tower as high as the curtain, and kept it ready for use, and just out of shot.

This was a terrible sight to the besieged. These wooden towers had taken many a town. They began to mine underneath that part of the moat the tower stood frowning at; and made other preparations to give it a warm reception. The besiegers also mined, but at another part, their object
 10 being to get under the square barbican and throw it down. All this time Denys was behind his mantelet with another arbalestrier, protecting the workmen and making some excellent shots. These ended by earning him the esteem of an unseen archer, who every now and then sent a winged compliment quivering into his mantelet. One came and struck within an inch of the narrow slit through which Denys was squinting at the moment. "You shoot well, my friend," cried he. "Come forth and receive my congratulations? Shall merit such as thine hide its head? Comrade,
 20 it is one of those cursed Englishmen, with his half ell shaft. I'll not die till I've had a shot at London wall."

On the side of the besieged was a figure that soon attracted great notice by promenading under fire. It was a tall knight, clad in complete brass, and carrying a light but long lance, with which he directed the movements of the besieged. And when any disaster befell the besiegers, this tall knight and his long lance were pretty sure to be concerned in it.

My young reader will say, "Why did not Denys shoot
 30 him?"

Denys did shoot him; every day of his life; other arbalestriers shot him; archers shot him. Everybody shot him. He was there to be shot, apparently. But the abomination was, he did not mind being shot. He walked his battlements under fire, as some stout skipper paces his deck in a

suit of Flushing, calmly oblivious of the April drops that fall on his woollen armour. At last the besiegers got spiteful and would not waste any more good steel on him ; but cursed him and his impervious coat of mail.

He took these missiles like the rest.

It was a bright day, clear, but not quite frosty. The efforts of the besieging force were concentrated against a space of about two hundred and fifty yards, containing two curtains and two towers, one of which was the square barbican, the other had a pointed roof that was built to overlap. 10 The curtains were overlapped with penthouses somewhat shattered by the mangonels, and other slinging engines of the besiegers. On the besiegers' edge of the moat was what seemed at first sight a gigantic arsenal, longer than it was broad, peopled by human ants, and full of busy, honest industry, and displaying all the various mechanical science of the age in full operation. Mantelets rolling, the hammer tapping all day, horses and carts in endless succession rattling up with materials. Only, on looking closer into the hive of industry, you might observe that arrows were constantly fly- 20 ing to and fro, that the cranes did not tenderly deposit their masses of stone, but flung them with an indifference to property, though on scientific principles, and that among the tubs full of arrows, and the tar-barrels and the beams, the fagots, and other utensils, here and there a workman or a soldier lay flatter than is usual in limited naps, and something more or less feathered stuck in them.

At the edge of the moat opposite the wooden tower, a strong penthouse, which they called 'a cat,' might be seen stealing towards the curtain, and gradually filling up the 30 moat with fascines and rubbish, which the workmen flung out at its mouth. It was advanced by two sets of ropes passing round pulleys, and each worked by a windlass at some distance from the cat. The knight burnt the first cat by flinging blazing tar-barrels on it. So the besiegers made

the roof of this one very steep, and covered it with raw hides, and the tar-barrels could not harm it. Then the knight made signs with his spear, and a little trébuchet behind the wall began dropping stones just clear of the wall into the moat, and at last they got the range, and a stone went clean through the roof of the cat, and made an ugly hole.

Baldwyn of Burgundy saw this, and losing his temper, ordered the great catapult that was battering the wood-work
 10 of the curtain opposite it to be turned and levelled slant-wise at this invulnerable knight. Denys and his Englishman went to dinner. These two worthies being eternally on the watch for one another had made a sort of distant acquaintance, and conversed by signs, especially on a topic that in peace or war maintains the same importance. Sometimes Denys would put a piece of bread on the top of his mantelet, and then the archer would hang something of the kind out by a string; or the order of invitation would be reversed. Anyway, they always managed to dine together.
 20 And now the engineers proceeded to the unusual step of slinging fifty-pound stones at an individual.

This catapult was a scientific, simple, and beautiful engine, and very effective in vertical fire at the short ranges of the period.

Imagine a fir-tree cut down, and set to turn round a horizontal axis on lofty uprights, three-fourths of the tree being on the hither side. At the shorter and thicker end of the tree was fastened a weight of half a ton. This butt end just before the discharge pointed towards the enemy. The long
 30 tapering portion of the tree was forced down to the very ground, and fastened by a bolt; and the stone placed in a sling attached to the tree's nose. But this process of course raised the butt end with its huge weight high in the air, and kept it there struggling in vain to come down. The bolt was now drawn; Gravity, an institution which flourished

even then, resumed its sway, the short end swung furiously down, the long end went as furiously round up, and at its highest elevation flung the huge stone out of the sling with a tremendous jerk. In this case the huge mass so flung missed the knight, but came down near him on the penthouse, and went through it like paper, making an awful gap in roof and floor.

"Aha! a good shot," cried Baldwyn of Burgundy.

The tall knight retired. The besiegers hooted him.

He reappeared on the platform of the barbican, his helmet 10 being just visible above the parapet. He seemed very busy, and soon an enormous catapult made its appearance on the platform, and aided by the elevation at which it was planted, flung a twenty-pound stone two hundred and forty yards in the air. The next stone struck a horse that was bringing up a sheaf of arrows in a cart, bowled the horse over dead like a rabbit, and spilt the cart. It was then turned at the besiegers' wooden tower, supposed to be out of shot. It slung stones cut with sharp edges on purpose, and struck it repeatedly, and broke it in several places. The besiegers 20 turned two of their slinging engines on this monster, and kept constantly slinging smaller stones on to the platform of the barbican, and killed two of the engineers. But the catapult disdained to retort. It flung a forty-pound stone on to the besiegers' great catapult, and hitting it in the neighbourhood of the axis, knocked the whole structure to pieces, and sent the engineers skipping and yelling.

In the afternoon, as Simon was running back to his mantelet from a palisade where he had been shooting at the besieged, Denys, peeping through his slit, saw the poor 30 fellow suddenly stare and hold out his arms, then roll on his face, and a feathered arrow protruded from his back. The archer showed himself a moment to enjoy his skill. It was the Englishman. Denys, already prepared, shot his bolt, and the murderous archer staggered away wounded. But poor Simon never moved. His wars were over.

The next morning an unwelcome sight greeted the besieged. The cat was covered with mattresses and raw hides, and fast filling up the moat. The knight stoned it, but in vain; flung burning tar-barrels on it, but in vain. Then with his own hands he let down by a rope a bag of burning sulphur and pitch, and stunk them out: But Baldwyn, armed like a lobster, ran, and bounding on the roof, cut the string, and the work went on. Then the knight sent fresh engineers into the mine, and undermined the place and
 10 underpinned it with beams, and covered the beams thickly with grease and tar.

At break of day the moat was filled, and the wooden tower began to move on its wheels towards a part of the curtain on which two catapults were already playing to breach the penthouses, and clear the way. There was something awful and magical in its approach without visible agency, for it was driven by internal rollers. On the top was a platform, where stood the first assailing party protected in front by the drawbridge of the turret, which stood vertical till
 20 lowered on to the wall; but better protected by full suits of armour. The besieged slung at the tower, and struck it often, but in vain. It was well defended with mattresses and hides, and presently was at the edge of the moat. The knight bade fire the mine underneath it.

Then the besieged town's catapult flung a stone of half a hundredweight right amongst the knights, and carried two away with it off the tower on the plain. One lay and writhed: the other neither moved nor spake.

And now the besieging catapults flung blazing tar-barrels,
 30 and fired the penthouses on both sides, and the assailants ran up the ladders behind the tower, and lowered the drawbridge on to the battered curtain, while the catapults in concert flung tar-barrels and fired the adjoining works to dislodge the defenders. The armed men on the platform sprang on the bridge, led by Baldwyn. The invulnerable

knight and his men-at-arms met them, and a fearful combat ensued, in which many a figure was seen to fall headlong down off the narrow bridge. But fresh besiegers kept swarming up behind the tower, and the besieged were driven off the bridge.

Another minute, and the town was taken ; but so well had the firing of the mine been timed, that just at this instant the underpinners gave way, and the tower suddenly sank away from the walls, tearing the drawbridge clear and pouring the soldiers off it against the masonry, and on to the 10 dry moat. The besieged uttered a fierce shout, and in a moment surrounded Baldwyn and his fellows ; but strange to say, offered them quarter. While a party disarmed and disposed of these, others fired the turret in fifty places with a sort of hand grenades. At this work who so busy as the tall knight. He put the fire-bags on his long spear, and thrust them into the doomed structure late so terrible. To do this he was obliged to stand on a projecting beam to the shattered hoard, holding on by the hand of a pikeman to steady himself. This provoked Denys ; he ran out from 20 his mantelet, hoping to escape notice in the confusion, and levelling his crossbow missed the knight clean, but sent his bolt into the brain of the pikeman, and the tall knight fell heavily from the wall, lance and all. Denys gazed wonder-struck ; and in that unlucky moment, suddenly he felt his arm hot, then cold, and there was an English arrow skewering it.

The Cloister and the Hearth — C. READE.

16. THE STAGE COACH.

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies ; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three
10 fine rosy-cheeked school-boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog ;
20 and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed ; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot ! how he could run ! and then such leaps as he would take — there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they

addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat: He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers, 10 to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessels of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is 20 still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole; the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey-boots which reach about half-way up his legs. 30

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great

- consequence and consideration along the road ; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust ; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins, and abandons the cattle to the care of the ostler ; his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn yard
- 10 with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of ostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs. These all look up to him as to an oracle ; treasure up his cant phrases ; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore ; and above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is a embryo Coachey.
- 20 Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends, some with bundles and boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime the coachman has a world of small commis-
- 30 sions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant ; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public-house ; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village

everyone runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled jontos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the men round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre 10 in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers, butchers, and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were 20 stirring briskly about putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations:—"Now capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton — must all die — for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent 30 again, if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas eve."

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation, by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognising every tree and cottage as they approached

home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of the lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

- 10 I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer; who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

- Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with
 20 questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days, when like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John
 30 trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing

kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad, honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin-vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon, were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fire-place, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round 10 of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travelers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles besides the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backward and forwards under the directions of a fresh bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word, and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire.

The Sketch-Book — W. IRVING.

17. THE WRECK.

About two months before, the natives of a little maritime place between Naples and Rome might be seen flocking to the sea beach, with eyes cast seaward at a ship, that laboured against a stiff gale blowing dead on the shore.

At times she seemed likely to weather the danger, and then the spectators congratulated her aloud; at others the wind and sea drove her visibly nearer, and the lookers-on were not without a secret satisfaction they would not have owned even to themselves. And the poor ship, though not
10 scientifically built for sailing, was admirably constructed for going ashore, with her extravagant poop that caught the wind. To those on the beach, that battered labouring frame of wood seemed alive, and struggling against death with a panting heart. But could they have been transferred to her deck they would have seen she had not one beating heart but many, and not one nature but a score were coming out clear in that fearful hour.

The mariners stumbled wildly about the deck, handing the ropes as each thought fit, and cursing and praying alter-
20 nately.

The passengers were huddled together round the mast, some sitting, some kneeling, some lying prostrate, and grasping the bulwarks as the vessel rolled and pitched in the mighty waves. One comely young man, whose ashy cheek, but compressed lips, showed how hard terror was battling in him with self-respect, stood a little apart, holding tight by a shroud, and wincing at each sea. It was the ill-fated Gerard. Meantime prayers and vows rose from the trembling throng amid-ships, and to hear them, it seemed there were almost as many gods about, as men and women.

The sailors, indeed, relied on a single goddess. They varied her titles only, calling on her as 'Queen of Heaven,' 'Star of the Sea,' 'Mistress of the World,' 'Haven of Safety.'

Suddenly a more powerful gust than usual catching the sail at a disadvantage, the rotten shrouds gave way, and the sail was torn out with loud crack, and went down, the wind smaller and smaller, blacker and blacker, and fluttered into the sea, half a mile off, like a sheet of paper, and ere the helmsman could put the ship's head before the wind, a wave caught her on the quarter and drenched the poor wretches to the bone, and gave them a foretaste of chill death. Then one vowed aloud to turn monk, if St. Thomas would save him. Another would go a pilgrim to Compostella, bareheaded, bare-footed, with nothing but a coat of mail on his naked skin, if St. James would save him. Others invoked Thomas, Dominic, Denys, and above all, Catherine of Sienna.

Two petty Neapolitan traders stood shivering.

One shouted at the top of his voice, "I vow to St. Christopher at Paris a waxen image of his own weight, if I win safe to land."

20

On this the other nudged him, and said, "Brother, brother, take heed what you vow. Why, if you sell all you have in the world by public auction, 'twill not buy his weight in wax."

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said the vociferator. Then in a whisper:

"Think ye I am in earnest? Let me but win safe to land, I'll not give him a rush dip."

Others lay flat and prayed to the sea.

"Oh, most merciful sea! oh, sea most generous! oh! bountiful sea! oh, beautiful sea! be gentle, be kind, preserve us in this hour of peril."

30

And others wailed and moaned in mere animal terror each time the ill-fated ship rolled or pitched more terribly than usual; and she was now a mere plaything in the arms of the tremendous waves.

A Roman woman of the humbler class sat with her child at her half-bared breast, silent amid that wailing throng: her cheek ashy pale; her eye calm; and her lips moved at times in silent prayer, but she neither wept, nor lamented, nor bargained with the gods. Whenever the ship seemed really gone under their feet, and bearded men squeaked, she kissed her child; but that was all. Ay, there I do believe, sat Antiquity among those mediævals. Sixteen hundred years had not tainted the old Roman blood in her veins; and the
 10 instinct of a race she had perhaps scarce heard of taught her to die with decent dignity.

A gigantic friar stood on the poop with feet apart, not so much defying, as ignoring, the peril that surrounded him. He recited verses from the Canticles with a loud unwavering voice; and invited the passengers to confess to him. Some did so on their knees, and he heard them, and laid his hands on them, and absolved them as if he had been in a snug sacristy, instead of a perishing ship. Gerard got nearer and nearer to him, by the instinct that takes the
 20 wavering to the side of the impregnable. And in truth, the courage of heroes facing fleshly odds might have paled by the side of that gigantic friar, and his still more gigantic composure. Thus, even here, two were found who maintained the dignity of our race: a woman, tender, yet heroic, and a monk steeled by religion against mortal fears.

And now, the sail being gone, the sailors cut down the useless mast a foot above the board, and it fell over the ship's side. This seemed to relieve her a little.

But now the hull, no longer impelled by canvas, could not
 30 keep ahead of the sea. It struck her again and again on the poop, and the tremendous blows seemed given by a rocky mountain, not by a liquid.

The captain left the helm and came amidships pale as death. "Lighten her," he cried. "Fling all overboard, or we shall foundere ere we strike, and lose the one little chance

we have of life." While the sailors were executing this order, the captain, pale himself, and surrounded by pale faces that demanded to know their fate, was talking as unlike an English skipper in like peril as can well be imagined. "Friends," said he, "last night when all was fair, too fair, alas! there came a globe of fire close to the ship. When a pair of them come it is good luck, and nought can drown her that voyage. We mariners call these fiery globes Castor and Pollux. But if Castor come without Pollux, or Pollux without Castor, she is doomed. Therefore, like good 10 Christians, prepare to die."

These words were received with a loud wail.

To a trembling inquiry how long they had to prepare, the captain replied, "She may, or may not, last half an hour; over that, impossible; she leaks like a sieve; bustle, men, lighten her."

The poor passengers seized on everything that was on deck and flung it overboard. Presently they laid hold of a heavy sack; an old man was lying on it, seasick. They lugged it from under him. It rattled. Two of them drew 20 it to the side; up started the owner, and with an unearthly shriek, pounced on it. "Holy Moses! what would you do? 'Tis my all; 'tis the whole fruits of my journey; silver candlesticks, silver plates, brooches,—"

"Let go, thou hoary villain," cried the others; "shall all our lives be lost for thy ill-gotten gear?" "Fling him in with it," cried one; "'tis this Hebrew we Christian men are drowned for." Numbers soon wrenched it from him, and heaved it over the side. It splashed into the waves. Then its owner uttered one cry of anguish, and stood glaring, 30 his white hair streaming in the wind, and was going to leap after it, and would, had it floated. But it sank, and was gone for ever; and he staggered to and fro, tearing his hair, and cursed them and the ship, and the sea, and all the powers of heaven and hell alike.

And now the captain cried out ; " See, there is a church in sight. Steer for that church, mate, and you, friends, pray to the saint, whoe'er he be."

So they steered for the church and prayed to the unknown saint it was named after. A tremendous sea pooped them, broke the rudder, and jammed it immovable, and flooded the deck.

Then wild with superstitious terror some of them came round Gerard. " Here is the cause of all," they cried. " He has never invoked a single saint. He is a heathen : here is a pagan aboard."

" Alas, good friends, say not so," said Gerard, his teeth chattering with cold and fear. " Rather call these heathens, that lie a praying to the sea. Friends, I do honour the saints—but I dare not pray to them now—there is no time—(oh !) what avail me Dominic, and Thomas, and Catherine? Nearer God's throne than these St. Peter sitteth ; and if I pray to him, it's odd, but I shall be drowned ere he has time to plead my cause with God. Oh ! oh ! oh ! I must needs go straight to Him that made the sea, and the saints, and me. Our father, which art in heaven, save these poor souls and me that cry for the bare life !"

At this moment the sailors were seen preparing to desert the sinking ship in the little boat, which even at that epoch every ship carried ; then there was a rush of egotists ; and thirty souls crowded into it. Remained behind three who were bewildered, and two who were paralyzed, with terror. The paralyzed sat like heaps of wet rags, the bewildered ones ran to and fro, and saw the thirty egotists put off, but made no attempt to join them : only kept running to and fro, and wringing their hands. Besides these there was one on his knees, praying over the wooden statue of the Virgin Mary, as large as life which the sailors had reverently detached from the mast. It washed about the deck, as the water came slushing in from the sea, and pouring out at the

scuppers : and this poor soul kept following it on his knees, with his hands clasped at it, and the water playing with it. And there was the Jew palsied, but not by fear. He was no longer capable of so petty a passion. He sat cross-legged, bemoaning his bag, and whenever the spray lashed him, shook his fist at, where it came from, and cursed the Nazarenes, and their gods, and their devils, and their ships, and their waters, to all eternity.

And the gigantic Dominican, having shriven the whole ship, stood calmly communing with his own spirit. And the 10 Roman woman sat pale and patient, only drawing her child closer to her bosom as death came nearer.

Gerard saw this, and it awakened his manhood.

"See ; see !" he said, " they have ta'en the boat and left the poor woman and her child to perish."

His heart soon set his wit working.

" Wife, I'll save thee yet, please God." And he ran to find a cask or a plank to float her. There was none.

Then his eye fell on the wooden image of the Virgin. He caught it up in his arms, and heedless of a wail that issued 20 from its worshipper like a child robbed of its toy, ran aft with it. " Come, wife," he cried. " I'll lash thee and the child to this. 'Tis sore worm eaten, but 'twill serve."

She turned her great dark eye on him and said a single word :

" Thyself ? "

But with wonderful magnanimity and tenderness.

" I am a man, and have no child to take care of."

" Ah !" said she, and his words seemed to animate her face with a desire to live. He lashed the image to her side. 30 Then with the hope of life she lost something of her heroic calm ; not much : her body trembled a little, but not her eye.

The ship was now so low in the water that by using an oar as a lever he could slide her into the waves.

" Come," said he, " while yet there is time."

She turned her great Roman eyes, wet now, upon him. "Poor youth! — God forgive me! — My child!" And he launched her on the surge, and with his oar kept her from being battered against the ship.

A heavy hand fell on him; a deep sonorous voice sounded in his ear: "'Tis well. Now come with me."

It was the gigantic friar.

Gerard turned, and the friar took two strides, and laid hold of the broken mast. Gerard did the same, obeying him
10 instinctively. Between them, after a prodigious effort, they hoisted up the remainder of the mast, and carried it off. "Fling it in," said the friar, "and follow it." They flung it in; but one of the bewildered passengers had run after them, and jumped first and got on one end. Gerard seized the other, the friar the middle.

It was a terrible situation. The mast rose and plunged with each wave like a kicking horse, and the spray flogged their faces mercilessly, and blinded them: to help knock them off.

20 Presently was heard a long grating noise ahead. The ship had struck, and soon after, she being stationary now, they were hurled against her with tremendous force. Their companion's head struck against the upper part of the broken rudder with a horrible crack, and was smashed like a coconut by a sledge-hammer. He sunk directly, leaving no trace but a red stain on the water, and a death cry ringing in their ears, as they drifted clear under the lee of the black hull. The friar uttered a short Latin prayer for the safety of his soul, and took his place composedly. They rolled
30 along; one moment they saw nothing, and seemed down in a mere basin of watery hills: the next they caught glimpses of the shore speckled bright with people, who kept throwing up their arms with wild Italian gestures to encourage them, and the black boat driving bottom upwards, and between it and them the woman rising and falling like themselves.

She had come across a paddle, and was holding her child tight with her left arm, and paddling gallantly with her right.

When they had tumbled along thus a long time, suddenly the friar said quietly —

“ I touched the ground.”

“ Impossible, father,” said Gerard ; “ we are more than a hundred yards from shore. Prithee, prithee, leave not our faithful mast.”

“ My son,” said the friar, “ you speak prudently. But know that I have business of Holy Church on hand, and 10 may not waste time floating when I can walk, in her service. There, I felt it with my toes again ; see the benefit of wearing sandals, and not shoon. Again ; and sandy. Thy stature is less than mine ; keep to the mast ! I walk.” He left the mast accordingly, and extending his powerful arms rushed through the water. Gerard soon followed him. At each overpowering wave the monk stood like a tower, and closing his mouth, threw his head back to encounter it, and was entirely lost under it awhile ; then emerged and ploughed lustily on. At last they came close to the shore ; but the 20 suction outward baffled all their attempts to land. Then the natives sent stout fishermen in the sea, holding by long spears in a triple chain ; and so dragged them ashore.

The friar shook himself, bestowed a short paternal benediction on the natives, and went on to Rome, with eyes bent on earth, and without pausing. He did not even cast a glance back upon that sea, which had so nearly engulfed him, but had no power to harm him, without his Master's leave.

Gerard grasped every hand upon the beach. They brought him to an enormous fire, and with a delicacy he would 30 hardly have encountered in the north, left him to dry himself alone. When this was done to his mind, and not till then, he consented to put on a fisherman's dress and leave his own by the fire, and went down to the beach.* What he saw may be briefly related.

The captain stuck by the ship, not so much from gallantry, as from a conviction that it was idle to resist Castor or Pol-lux, whichever it was that had come for him in a ball of fire.

Nevertheless the sea broke up the ship and swept the poop, captain and all, clear of the rest, and took him safe ashore. Gerard had a principal hand in pulling him out of the water. The disconsolate Hebrew landed on another frag-
 10 ment, and on touching earth, offered a reward for his bag, which excited little sympathy, but some amusement. Two
 more were saved on pieces of the wreck. The thirty egotists came ashore, but one at a time, and dead ; one breathed still. Him the natives, with excellent intentions, took to a hot fire. So then he too retired from this shifting scene.

As Gerard stood by the sea, watching, with horror and curiosity mixed, his late companions washed ashore, a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder. He turned. It was the Roman matron, burning with womanly gratitude. She took his hand gently, and raising it slowly to her lips, kissed it ;
 20 but so nobly, she seemed to be conferring an honour on one deserving hand. Then with face all beaming and moist eyes, she held her child up and made him kiss his preserver.

Gerard kissed the child more than once. He was fond of children. But he said nothing. He was much moved ; for she did not speak at all, except with her eyes, and glowing cheeks, and noble antique gesture, so large and stately. Per-haps she was right. Gratitude is not a thing of words. It was an ancient Roman matron thanking a modern from her heart of hearts.

The Cloister and the Hearth.—C. READE.

18. UNDER IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

Prince Andrej Kourbsky was one of the chief boyards or nobles at the Court of Ivan, the first Grand Prince of Muscovy who assumed the Eastern title of Tzar, and who relieved Russia from the terrible invasions of the Tatars. This wild race for nearly four hundred years had roamed over the country, destroying and plundering all they met with, and blighting all the attempts at civilization that had begun to be made in the eleventh century. It was only when the Russians learnt the use of firearms that these savages were in any degree repressed. In the year 1551 10 the city of Kazan, upon the river Kazanka, a tributary of the Volga, was the last city that remained in the hands of the Tatars. It was a rich and powerful place, a great centre of trade between Europe and the East; but it was also a nest of robbers, who had frequently broken faith with the Russians, and had lately expelled the Khan Schig Alei for having endeavoured to fulfil his engagements to them. The Tzar Ivan Vassilovitch, then only twenty-two years of age, therefore marched against the place, resolved at any cost to reduce it and free his country from these 20 inveterate foes.

On his way he received tidings that the Crimean Tatars had come plundering into Russia, probably thinking to attack Moscow while Ivan was besieging Kazan. He at once sent off the Prince Kourbsky with 15,000 men, who met double that number of Tatars at Toula, and totally defeated them, pursuing them to the river Chevorona, where, after a second defeat, they abandoned a great number of Russian captives and a great many camels. Prince Kourbsky was

wounded in the head and shoulder, but was able to continue the campaign.

Some of the boyards murmured at the war, and declared that their strength and resources were exhausted. Upon this the Tzar desired that two lists might be drawn up of the willing and unwilling warriors in his camp. "The first," he said, "shall be as dear to me as my own children; their need shall be made known to me and I will share all I have with them. The other may stay at home; I want no
10 cowards in *my* army." No one, of course, chose to be in the second list; and about this time was formed the famous guard called the Strelitzes, a body of chosen warriors who were always near the person of the Tzar.

In the middle of August 1552 Ivan encamped in the meadows on the banks of the Volga, which spread like a brilliant green carpet around the hill upon which stood the strongly fortified city of Kazan. The Tatars had no fears. "This is not the first time," they said, "that we have seen the Muscovites beneath our walls. Their fruitless attacks
20 always end in retreats, till we have learnt to laugh them to scorn." And when Ivan sent them messengers with offers of peace, they replied, "All is ready; we only await your coming to begin the feast."

They did not know of the great change that the last half-century had made in sieges. One of the Italian condottieri, or leaders of free companies, had made his way to Moscow, and under his instructions Ivan's troops were for the first time to conduct a siege in the regular modern manner, by digging trenches in the earth, and throwing up the soil in
30 front into a bank, behind which the cannon and gunners are posted, with only small openings made through which to fire at some spot in the enemy's walls. These trenches are constantly worked nearer and nearer to the fortifications, till by the effect of the shot an opening or breach must be made in the walls, and the soldiers can then climb up upon scaling

ladders or heaps of small fagots piled up to the height of the opening. Sometimes, too, the besiegers burrow underground till they are just below the wall, then fill the hole with gunpowder, and blow up all above them. In short, instead of, as in former days, a well-fortified city being almost impossible to take, except by starving out the garrison, a siege is in these times almost equally sure to end in favour of the besiegers.

All through August and September the Russians made their approaches, while the Tatars resisted them bravely, but 10 often showing great barbarity. Once when Ivan again sent a herald, accompanied by a number of Tatar prisoners, to offer terms to Yediguer, the present Khan, the defenders called out to their countrymen, "You had better perish by our pure hands than by those of the wretched Christians," and shot a whole flight of arrows at them. Moreover, every morning the magicians used to come out at sunrise upon the walls, and their shrieks, contortions, and waving of garments were believed, not only by the Tatars but by the Russians, and by Andrej Kourbsky himself, to 20 bring foul weather, which greatly harassed the Russians. On this, Ivan sent to Moscow for a sacred cross that had been given to the Grand Prince Vladimir when he was converted; the rivers were blessed, and their water sprinkled round the camp, and the fair weather that ensued was supposed to be due to this counteraction of the incantations of the magicians.

A great mine had been made under the gate of Arsk, and eleven barrels of gunpowder placed in it. On the 30th of September it was blown up and the whole tower became a 30 heap of ruins. For some minutes the consternation of the besieged was such that there was a dead silence like the stillness of the grave. The Russians rushed forward over the opening; but the Tatars, recovering at the sight of them, fought desperately, but could not prevent them from taking

possession of the tower at the gateway. Other mines were already prepared, and the Tzar gave notice of a general assault for the next day, and recommended all his warriors to purify their souls by repentance, confession, and communion, in readiness for the deadly strife before them. In the meantime he sent Yediguer a last offer of mercy ; but the brave Tatars cried out, "We will have no pardon ! If the Russians have one tower, we will build another ; if they ruin our ramparts, we will set up more. We will be buried
10 under the walls of Kazan, or else we will make him raise the siege."

Early dawn began to break. The sky was clear and cloudless. The Tatars were on their walls, the Russians in their trenches ; the Imperial eagle standard, which Ivan had lately assumed, floated in the morning wind. The two armies were perfectly silent, save here and there the bray of a signal trumpet or beat of a drum in one or the other, and the continuous hum of the hymns and chants from the three Russian chapel-tents. The archers held their arrows on the
20 string, the gunners stood with lighted matches. The copper-clad domes of the minarets began to glow with the rising sunbeams ; the muezzins were on the roofs, about to call the Moslemin to prayer ; the deacon in the Tzar's chapel-tent was reading the Gospel. At the moment the sun's disk appeared above the eastern hills, and ere yet the red orb had fully mounted above the horizon there was a burst as it were of tremendous thunderings, and the ground shook beneath the church. The Tzar went to the entrance, and found the whole city hill so 'rolled in sable smoke' that he could
30 distinguish nothing, and, going back to his place, desired that the service should continue. The deacon was in the midst of the prayer for the establishment of the power of the Tzar and the discomfiture of his enemies, when the crushing burst of another explosion rushed upon their ears, and as it died away another voice broke forth, the shout

raised by every man in the Russian lines, 'God is with us!' On then they marched towards the openings that the mines had made; but there the dauntless garrison, in spite of the terror and destruction caused by the two explosions, met them with unabated fury, rolling beams or pouring boiling water upon them as they strove to climb the breach, and fighting hand to hand with them if they mounted it. However, by the time the Tzar had completed his devotions and mounted his horse, his eagle could be seen above the smoke upon the citadel.

10

Still the city had to be won, step by step, house by house, street by street; and even while struggling onwards the Russians were tempted aside by plunder among the rich stores of merchandise that were heaped up in the warehouses of this, the mart of the East. The Khan profited by their lack of discipline, and forced them back to the walls; nay, they would have absolutely been driven out at the great gate, but that they beheld their young Tzar on horseback among his gray-haired councillors. By the advice of these old men Ivan rode forward, and with his own hand planted the 20 sacred standard at the gates, thus forming a barrier that the fugitives were ashamed to pass. At the same time he, with half his choice cavalry, dismounted, and entered the town all fresh and vigorous, their rich armour glittering with gold and silver, and plumes of various colours streaming from their helmets. This reinforcement recalled the plunderers to their duty, and the Tatars were driven back to the Khan's palace, whence, after an hour's defence, they were forced to retreat.

At a postern gate Andrej Kourbsky and two hundred men 30 met Yediguer and 10,000 Tatars, and cut off their retreat, enclosing them in the narrow streets. They forced their Khan to take refuge in a tower, and made signs as if to capitulate. "Listen," they said, "As long as we had a government we were willing to die for our prince and

country. Now Kazan is yours, we deliver our Khan to you, alive and unhurt : lead him to the Tzar. For our own part, we are coming down into the open field to drain our last cup of life with you."

Yediguer and one old councillor were accordingly placed in the hands of an officer and then the desperate Tatars, climbing down the outside of the walls, made for the Kazanka, where no troops, except the small body under Andrej Kourbsky and his brother Romanus, were at leisure to pursue them. The fighting was terrible, but the two princes kept them in view until checked by a marsh which horses could not pass. The bold fugitives took refuge in a forest, where, other Russian troops coming up, all were surrounded and slain, since not a man of them would accept quarter.

Yediguer was kindly treated by Ivan, and accompanying him to Moscow, there became a Christian, and was baptized by the name of Simeon, in the presence of the Tzar and his whole court, on the banks of the Moskwa. He married a Russian lady, and his whole conduct proved that his conversion was sincere.

But this story has only been told at so much length to show what manner of man Andrej Kourbsky was and Ivan Vassilovitch had been, and how they had once been brethren in arms ; and perhaps it has been lingered over from the melancholy interest there must always be in watching the fall of a powerful nation, and the last struggles of gallant men. Ivan was then a gallant, religious, and highly gifted prince, generous and merciful, and with every promise of a glorious reign, full of benefits to his country. Alas ! this part of his career was one glimpse of brightness in the course of a long, tempestuous day. His reign had begun when he was but three years old. He had had a violent and cruel mother, and had, after her death, been bred up by evil-minded courtiers, who taught him cruel and dissolute amusements in order to prevent him from attending to State affairs.

For a time, the exhortations of the good and fearless patriarch, and the influence of his gentle wife Anastasia, had prevailed; and with great vigour and strong principle he had shaken off all the evil habits of his boyhood, and begun, as it seemed, an admirable reign.

Too soon a severe illness shook the balance of his mind, and this was quickly followed by the death of the excellent Tzarina Anastasia. Whether grief further unsettled him, or whether the loss of her gentle influence left him a prey to his wicked counsellors, from that time forward his conduct 10 was so wildly savage and barbarous as to win for him the surname of the Terrible. Frantic actions, extravagant excesses, and freaks of horrible cruelty looked like insanity; and yet, on the other hand, he often showed himself a clear-headed and sagacious monarch, anxious for the glory and improvement of his people.

But he lived in continual suspicion, and dreaded every eminent man in his dominions. Kourbsky, whom he had once loved and trusted, and had charged with the command of his army, as his most able boyard, fell under his suspi- 20 cion; and, with horror and indignation, learnt that the Tzar was plotting against his life, and intended to have him put to death. Kourbsky upon this explained to his wife that she must either see him put to a shameful death or let him leave her for ever. He gave his blessing to his son, a boy nine years old, and leaving his house at night he scaled the wall of Moscow, and meeting his faithful servant, Vasili Shibanoff, with two horses, he made his escape. This Vasili was his stirrup-bearer, one of those serfs over whom the boyard on whose land they were born possessed absolute power. 30 That power was often abused, but the instinctive faithfulness of the serf towards his master could hardly be shaken, even by the most savage treatment, and a well-treated serf viewed his master's family with enthusiastic love and veneration. Vasili accompanied his master's flight through the

birch forests towards the frontier, the country where but lately Kourbsky had been leading the Tzar's armies. On the way the prince's horse became exhausted by his weight, and Vasili insisted on giving up his own in its stead, though capture in the course of such desertion would have been certain death. However, master and servant safely arrived at Wolmar in Livonia, and there Andrej came to the determination of renouncing the service of the ungrateful Ivan, and entering that of the King of Poland. For this last step
 10 there was no excuse. Nothing can justify a man in taking up arms against his country ; but in the Middle Ages the tie of loyalty was rather to the man than to the State, and Andrej Kourbsky seems to have deemed that his honour would be safe, provided he sent a letter to his sovereign, explaining his grievances and giving up his allegiance. The letter is said to have been full of grave severity and deep suppressed indignation, though temperate in tone ; but no one would consent to be the bearer of such a missive, since the cruel tyrant's first fury was almost certain to fall on him
 20 who presented it. Believing his master's honour at stake Vasili offered himself to be the bearer of the fatal letter ; and Kourbsky accepted the offer, tendering to him a sum of money, which the serf rejected knowing that money would soon be of little service to him, and seeking no reward for what he deemed his duty to his lord.

As Ivan's justice had turned into barbarity, so his religion had turned into foolish fanatic observance. He had built a monastery near Moscow for himself and three hundred chosen boyards, and every morning at three or four o'clock he
 30 took his two sons into the belfry with him and proceeded to strike the bells — the Russian mode of ringing them — till all the brethren were assembled. This bell-sounding was his favourite occupation, and in it he was engaged when Vasili arrived. The servant awaited him in the vestibule, and delivered the letter with these words : " From my master and thine exile, Prince Andrej Kourbsky."

Ivan answered by such a blow on the leg with his iron-tipped rod that the blood poured from the wound ; but Vasili neither started, cried out, nor moved a feature. At once the Tzar bade him be seized and tortured, to make him disclose whether his master had any partners in guilt, or if any plans were matured. But no extremity of agony could extract aught but praises of the prince, and assurances of his readiness to die for him. From early morn till late at night the torturers worked, one succeeding when another was tired out ; but nothing could overcome his constancy, and his last 10 words were a prayer to implore his God to have mercy on his master and forgive his desertion.

His praise came even from the tyrant, who wrote to Kourbsky, " Let thy servant Vaska* shame thee. He preserved his truth to thee before the Tzar and the people. Having given thee his word of faith, he kept it, even before the gates of death."

After the flight of Kourbsky, the rage of Ivan continued to increase with each year of his life. He had formed a sort of 20 bodyguard of a thousand ruffians, called the Oprichnina, who carried out his barbarous commands, and committed an infinity of murders and robberies on their own account.

In the vacancy of the Metropolitan See he cast his eyes upon the monastery in the little island of Solovsky, in the White Sea, where the Prior, Feeleep Kolotchof, was noted for his holy life, and the good he had done among the wild and miserable population of the island. He was the son of a rich boyard, but had devoted himself from his youth to a monastic life, and the fame of his exertions in behalf of the 30 islanders had led the Tzar to send him not only precious vessels for the use of his church, but contributions to the stone churches, piers, and hostelrys that he raised for his people ; for whom he had made roads, drained marshes, introduced cattle and made fisheries, changing the whole

*The abbreviation of Vasili or Basil.

aspect of the place, and lessening even the inclemency of the climate.

On this good man the Tzar fixed his choice. He wrote to him to come to Moscow to attend a synod, and on his arrival made him dine at the palace, and informed him that he was to be chief pastor of the Russian Church. Feeleep burst into tears, entreating permission to refuse, and beseeching the Tzar not to trust 'so heavy a freight to such a feeble bark.' Ivan held to his determination, and Feeleep then begged him at least to dismiss the cruel Oprichnina. "How can I bless you," he said, "while I see my country in mourning?"

The Tzar replied by mentioning his suspicions of all around him, and commanded Feeleep to be silent. He expected to be sent back to his convent at once, but, instead of this, the Tzar commanded the clergy to elect him Archbishop, and they all added their entreaties to him to accept the office, and endeavour to soften the Tzar, who respected him; and he yielded at last, saying, "The will of the Tzar and the pastors of the Church must, then, be done."

At his consecration he preached a sermon on the power of mildness, and the superiority of the victories of love over the triumphs of war. It awoke the better feelings of Ivan, and for months he abstained from any deed of violence; his good days seemed to have returned, and he lived in intimate friendship with the good Archbishop.

But after a time the sleeping lion began to waken. Ivan's suspicious mind took up an idea that Feeleep had been incited by the nobles to request the abolition of the Oprichnina, and that they were exciting a revolt. The spies whom he sent into Moscow told him that whenever an Oprichnik appeared the people shrank away in silence, as, poor things, they well might! He fancied this a sign that conspiracies were brewing, and all his atrocities began again. The tortures to which whole families were put were most horrible; the Oprichniks went through the streets with poniards and axes,

seeking out their victims, and killing from ten to twenty a day. The corpses lay in the streets, for no one dared to leave his house to bury them. Feeleep vainly sent letters and exhortations to the Tzar—they were unnoticed. The unhappy citizens came to the Archbishop, entreating him to intercede for them, and he gave them his promise that he would not spare his own blood to save theirs.

One Sunday, as Feeleep was about to celebrate the Holy Communion, Ivan came into the Cathedral with a troop of his satellites, like him, fantastically dressed in black cas- 10
socks and high caps. He came towards the Metropolitan, but Feeleep kept his eyes fixed on the picture of our Lord, and never looked at him. Some one said, "Holy father, here is the prince; give him your blessing."

"No," said the Archbishop—"I know not the Tzar in this strange disguise; 'still less do I know him in his government. O Prince, we are here offering sacrifice to the Lord, and' beneath the altar the blood of guiltless Christians is flowing in torrents..... You are indeed on the throne, but there is One above all, our Judge and yours. How shall you 20
appear before His Judgment Seat—stained with the blood of the righteous, stunned with their shrieks? for the stones beneath your feet cry out for vengeance to heaven. Prince, I speak as shepherd of souls; I fear God alone."

The Archbishop was within the golden gates, which in Russian churches close in the sanctuary, and are only entered by the clergy. He was thus out of reach of the cruel iron-tipped staff, which the Tzar could only strike furiously on the pavement, crying out, "Rash monk, I have spared you too long. Henceforth I will be to you such as you describe." 30

The murders went on in their full horrors; but, in spite of the threat, the Archbishop remained unmolested, though broken-hearted at the cruelties around him. At last, however, his resolute witness became more than the tyrant would endure, and messengers were secretly sent to the

island of Solovskiy, to endeavour to find some accusation against him. They tampered with all the monks in the convent, to induce them to find some fault in him; but each answered that he was a saint in every thought, word, and deed—until at last Payssi, the prior who had succeeded him, was induced, by the hope of a bishopric, to bear false witness against him.

He was cited before an assembly of bishops and boyards, presided over by the Tzar, and there he patiently listened
 10 to the monstrous stories told by Payssi. Instead of defending himself, he simply said, "This seed will not bring you a good harvest"; and, addressing himself to the Tzar, said, "Prince, you are mistaken if you think I fear death. Having attained an advanced age, far from stormy passions and worldly intrigues, I only desire to return my soul to the Most High, my Sovereign Master and yours. Better to perish an innocent martyr than a Metropolitan to look on at the horrors and impieties of these wretched times. 'Do what you will with me! Here are the pastoral staff, the
 20 white mitre, and the mantle with which you invested me.—And you, bishops, abbots, servants of the altar, feed the flock of Christ zealously, as preparing to give an account thereof, and fear the Judge of Heaven more than the earthly judge."

He was then departing, when the Tzar recalled him, saying that he could not be his own judge, and that he must await his sentence. In truth, worse indignities were preparing for him. He was in the midst of the Liturgy on the 8th of November, when a boyard came in with a troop of armed Oprichniks, who overawed the people, while the boyard
 30 read a paper degrading the Metropolitan from his sacred office; and then the ruffians, entering through the golden gates, tore off his mitre and robes, wrapped him in a mean gown, absolutely swept him out of the church with brooms, and took him in a sledge to the Convent of the Epiphany. The people ran after him, weeping bitterly; while the

venerable old man blessed them with uplifted hands, and, whenever he could be heard, repeated his last injunction, "Pray, pray to God."

Once again he was led before the Emperor, to hear the monstrous sentence, that for sorcery and other heavy charges he was to be imprisoned for life. He said no reproachful word, only, for the last time, he besought the Tzar to have pity on Russia, and to remember how his ancestors had reigned, and the happy days of his youth. Ivan only commanded the soldiers to take him away; and was heavily ironed, and thrown into a dungeon, whence he was afterwards transferred to a convent on the banks of the Moskwa, where he was kept bare of almost all the necessities of life; and in a few days' time the head of Ivan Borissovitch Kolotchof, the chief of his family, was sent to him, with the message, "Here are the remains of your dear kinsman; your sorcery could not save him!" Feeleep calmly took the head in his arms, blessed it, and gave it back.

The people of Moscow gathered round the convent, gazed at his cell, and told each other stories of his good works, which they began to magnify into miracles. Thereupon the Emperor sent him to another convent, at a greater distance. Here he remained till the next year, 1569, when Maluta Skouratof, a Tatar noted as a favourite of the Tzar, and one of the chief ministers of his cruelty, came into his cell, and demanded his blessing for the Tzar.

The Archbishop replied that blessings only await good men and good works, adding tranquilly, "I know what you are come for. I have long looked for death. Let the Tzar's will be done." The assassin then smothered him, but pretended to the abbot that he has been stifled by the heat of the cell. He was buried in haste behind the altar, but his remains have since been removed to his own cathedral at Moscow, the scene where he had freely offered his own life by confronting the tyrant in the vain endeavour to save his people.

Vain, too, was the reproof of the hermit, who shocked Ivan's scruples by offering him a piece of raw flesh in the middle of Lent, and told him that he was preying on the flesh and blood of his subjects. The crimes of Ivan grew more and more terrible, and yet his acuteness was such that they can hardly be ascribed to insanity. He caused the death of his own son by a blow with that fatal staff of his ; and at last, after a fever, varied by terrible delirium, in which alone his remorse manifested itself, he died while setting up
 10 the pieces for a game at chess, on the 17th of March 1584.

This has been a horrible story, in reality infinitely more horrible than we have made it ; but the blackest night makes its diamonds only show their living lustre more plainly ; and surely even Ivan the Terrible, in spite of himself, did something for the world in bringing out the faithful fearlessness of Archbishop Feeleep, and the constancy of the stirrup-bearer, Vasili.

A Book of Golden Deeds—C. YONGE.

19. THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH INCH.

The citizens of Perth crowded to see the unusual procession on the streets, and thronged the churches where the two clans attended their devotions, to witness their behaviour, and to form a judgment from their appearance which was most likely to obtain the advantage in the approaching conflict. Their demeanour in the church, although not habitual frequenters of places of devotion, was perfectly decorous; and, notwithstanding their wild and untamed dispositions, there were few of the mountaineers who seemed affected either with curiosity or wonder. They appeared to think it 10 beneath their dignity of character to testify either curiosity or surprise at many things which were probably then presented to them for the first time.

On the issue of the combat, few even of the most competent judges dared venture a prediction: although the great size of Torquil and his eight stalwart sons, induced some who professed themselves judges of the thews and sinews of men, to incline to ascribe the advantage to the party of the Clan Quhele. The opinion of the female sex was much 20 decided by the handsome form, noble countenance, and gallant demeanour of Eachin MacIain. There were more than one who imagined they had recollection of his features: but his splendid military attire rendered the humble Glover's apprentice unrecognizable in the young Highland Chief, saving by one person.

That person, as may well be supposed, was the Smith of the Wynd, who had been the foremost in the crowd that thronged to see the gallant champions of Clan Quhele. It was with mingled feelings, of dislike, jealousy, and something approaching to admiration, that he saw the Glover's

apprentice stripped of his mean slough, and blazing forth as a chieftain, who, by his quick eye and gallant demeanour, the noble shape of his brow and throat, his splendid arms and well-proportioned limbs, seemed well worthy to hold the foremost rank among men selected to live or die for the honour of their race. The Smith could hardly think that he looked upon the same passionate boy, when he had brushed off as he might a wasp that stung him, and, in mere compassion, forebore to despatch by treading on him.

- 10 “He looks gallantly with my noble armour,” thus muttered Henry to himself, “the best I ever wrought. Yet if he and I stood together where there was neither hand to help nor eye to see, by all that is blessed in this holy church, the good harness should return to its owner! All that I am worth would I give for three fair blows on his shoulders to undo my own best work; but such happiness will never be mine. If he escape from the conflict, it will be with so high a character for courage, that he may well disdain to put his fortune, in its freshness, to the risk of an encounter with
20 a poor burgess like myself.”

The congregation was moving from the church, when the Smith thrust through the crowd as hastily as the solemnity of the place and occasion would permit. In making his way through the press, he was at one instant carried so close to Eachin that their eyes encountered. The Smith's hardy and embrowned countenance coloured up like the heated iron on which he wrought, and retained its dark-red hue for several minutes. Eachin's features glowed with a brighter blush of indignation, and a glance of fiery hatred was shot from
30 his eyes. But the sudden flush died away in ashy paleness, and his gaze instantly avoided the unfriendly but steady look with which it was encountered.

Torquil, whose eye never quitted his foster-son, saw his emotion, and looked anxiously around to discover the cause. But Henry was already at a distance, and hastening on his

way to the convent. Here also the religious service of the day was ended ; and those who had so lately borne palms in honour of the great event which brought peace on earth, and good-will to the children of men, were now streaming to the place of combat ; some prepared to take the lives of their fellow-creatures, or to lose their own ; others to view the deadly strife, with the savage delight which the heathens took in the contest of their gladiators.

The crowd was so great that any other person might well have despaired of making way through it. But the general 10 deference entertained for Henry of the Wynd, as the Champion of Perth, and the universal sense of his ability to force a passage, induced all to unite in yielding room for him, so that he was presently quite close to the warriors of the Clan Chattan. Their pipers marched at the head of their column. Next followed the well-known banner, displaying 'a mountain cat, with the appropriate caution,—“Touch not the cat but (*i.e.*, without) the glove.” The Chief followed with his two-handed sword advanced, as if to protect the emblem of the tribe. He was a man of middle 20 stature, more than fifty years old, but betraying, neither in features nor form, any decay of strength, or symptoms of age. His dark-red close-curved locks were in part chequered by a few grizzled hairs, but his step and gesture were as light in the dance, in the chase, or in the battle, as he had not passed his thirtieth year. His grey eye gleamed with a wild light expressive of valour and ferocity mingled ; but wisdom and experience dwelt on the expression of his forehead, eye-brows, and lips. The chosen champions followed by two and two. There was a cast of anxiety on several of their 30 faces, for they had that morning discovered the absence of one of their appointed number ; and, in a contest so desperate as was expected, the loss seemed a matter of importance to all save to their high-mettled, Chief, MacGillie Chattanach.

"Say nothing to the Saxons of his absence," said this bold leader, when the diminution of his force was reported to him. "The false Lowland tongues might say that one of Clan Chattan was a coward, and perhaps that the rest favoured his escape, in order to have a pretence to avoid the battle. I am sure that Ferquhard Day will be found in the ranks ere we are ready for battle; or, if he should not, am not I man enough for two of the Clan Quhele? or would we not fight them fifteen to thirty, rather than lose the renown that
10 this day will bring us?"

The tribe received the brave speech of their leader with applause, yet there were anxious looks thrown out in hopes of espying the return of the deserter; and perhaps the Chief himself was the only one of the determined band who was totally indifferent on the subject.

They marched on through the streets without seeing any thing of Ferquhard Day. MacGillie Chattanach marched on without seeming to observe the absence of the deserter, and entered upon the North Inch, a beautiful and level plain,
20 closely adjacent to the city, and appropriated to the martial exercises of the inhabitants.

The plain is washed on one side by the deep and swelling Tay. There was erected within it a strong palisade, enclosing on three sides a space of one hundred and fifty yards in length, and seventy-four yards in width. The fourth side of the lists was considered as sufficiently fenced by the river. An amphitheatre for the accommodation of spectators surrounded the palisade, leaving a large space free to be occupied by armed men on foot and horseback, and for the
30 more ordinary class of spectators. At the extremity of the lists, which was nearest to the city, there was a range of elevated galleries for the King and his courtiers, so highly decorated with rustic treillage, intermingled with gilded ornaments, that the spot retains to this day the name of the Golden, or Gilded Arbour.

The mountain minstrelsy, which sounded the appropriate pibrochs or battle-tunes of the rival confederacies, was silent when they entered on the Inch, for such was the order which had been given. Two stately, but aged warriors, each bearing the banner of his tribe advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, and pitching their standards into the earth, prepared to be spectators of a fight in which they were not to join. The pipers, who were also to be neutral in the strife, took their places.

The multitude received both bands with the same general 10 shout, with which on similar occasions they welcome those from whose exertion they expect amusement, or what they term sport. The destined combatants returned no answer to this greeting, but each party advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, where were entrances by which they were to be admitted to the interior. A strong body of men-at-arms guarded either access; and the Earl Marshal at the one, and the Lord High Constable at the other, carefully examined each individual, to see whether he had the appropriate arms, being steel-cap, mail-shirt, two-handed sword, 20 and dagger. They also examined the numbers of each party; and great was the alarm among the multitude, when the Earl of Errol held up his hand and cried,—“Ho!—The combat cannot proceed, for the Clan Chattan lack one of their number.”

“What reck of that?” said the young Earl of Crawford; “they should have counted better ere they left home.”

The Earl Marshal, however, agreed with the Constable, that the fight could not proceed until the inequality should be removed; and a general apprehension was excited in the 30 assembled multitude, that after all the preparation there would be no battle.

Of all present, there were only two perhaps who rejoiced at the prospect of the combat being adjourned: and these were, the Captain of the Clan Quhele, and the tender-hearted

King Robert. Meanwhile the two Chiefs, each attended by a special friend and adviser, met in the midst of the lists, having, to assist them in determining what was to be done, the Earl Marshal, the Lord High Constable, the Earl of Crawford, and Sir Patrick Charteris. The Chief of the Clan Chattan declared himself willing and desirous of fighting upon the spot, without regard to the disparity of numbers.

“That,” said Torquil of the Oak, “Clan Quhele will never
10 consent to. You can never win honour from us with the sword, and you seek but a subterfuge, that you may say when you are defeated, as you know you will be, that it was for want of the number of your band fully counted out. But I make a proposal — Ferquhard Day was the youngest of your band, Eachin MacIain is the youngest of ours — we will set him aside in place of the man who has fled from the combat.”

“A most unjust and unequal proposal,” exclaimed Toshach Beg, the second, as he might be termed, of MacGillie
20 Chattanach. “The life of the Chief is to the clan the breath of our nostrils, nor will we ever consent that our Chief shall be exposed to dangers which the Captain of Clan Quhele does not share.”

Torquil saw with deep anxiety that his plan was about to fail, when the objection was made to Hector’s being withdrawn from the battle; and he was meditating how to support his proposal, when Eachin himself interfered. His timidity, it must be observed, was not of that sordid and selfish nature which induces those who are infected by it
30 calmly to submit to dishonour rather than risk danger. On the contrary, he was morally brave, though constitutionally timid, and the shame of avoiding the combat became at the moment more powerful than the fear of facing it.

“I will not hear,” he said, “of a scheme which will leave my sword sheathed during this day’s glorious combat. If I

am young in arms, there are enough of brave men around me, whom I may imitate if I cannot equal."

He spoke these words in a spirit which imposed on Torquil, and perhaps on the young Chief himself.

"Now, Gold bless his noble heart!" said the foster-father to himself. "I was sure the foul spell would be broken through, and that the tardy spirit which besieged him would fly at the sound of the pipe, and the first flutter of the Brattach!"

"Hear me, Lord Marshal," said the Constable. "The 10 hour of combat may not be much longer postponed, for the day approaches to high noon. Let the Chief of Clan Chattan take the half hour which remains, to find, if he can, a substitute for this deserter; if he cannot, let them fight as they stand."

"Content I am," said the Marshal, "though, as none of his own clan are nearer than fifty miles, I see not how Mac-Gillie Chattanach is to find an auxiliary."

"That is his business," said the High Constable; "but if he offers a high reward, there are enough of stout yeomen 20 surrounding the lists, who will be glad enough to stretch their limbs in such a game as is expected. I myself, did my quality and charge permit, would blithely take turn of work amongst these wild fellows, and think it fame won."

They communicated their decision to the Highlanders, and the Chief of the Clan Chattan replied,—“You have judged impartially and nobly, my lords, and I deem myself obliged to follow your direction.—So make proclamation, heralds, that if any one will take his share with Clan Chat- 30 tan of the honours and chances of this day, he shall have present payment of a gold crown, and liberty to fight to the death in my ranks.”

“You are something chary of your treasure, Chief,” said the Earl Marshal; “a gold crown is poor payment for such a campaign as is before you.”

"If there be any man willing to fight for honour," replied MacGillie Chattanach, "the price will be enough; and I want not the service of a fellow who draw his sword for gold alone."

The heralds had made their progress, moving half way round the lists, stopping from time to time, to make proclamation as they had been directed, without the least apparent disposition on the part of any one to accept of the proffered enlistment. Some sneered at the poverty of the Highland-
 10 ers, who set so mean a price upon such a desperate service. Others affected resentment, that they should esteem the blood of citizens so lightly. None showed the slightest intention to undertake the task proposed, until the sound of the proclamation reached Henry of the Wynd, as he stood without the barrier, speaking from time to time with Bailie Craigdallie, or rather listening vaguely to what the magistrate was saying to him.

"Ha! what proclaim they?" he cried out.

"A liberal offer on the part of MacGillie Chattanach,"
 20 said the Host of the Griffin, "who proposes a gold crown to any one who will turn wild cat for the day and be killed a little in his service! That's all."

"How!" exclaimed the Smith, eagerly, "do they make proclamation for a man to fight against the Clan Quhele?"

"Ay, marry do they," said Griffin; "but I think they will find no such fools in Perth."

He had hardly said the word, when he beheld the Smith clear the barriers at a single bound, and alight in the lists, saying, "Here am I, Sir Herald, Henry of the Wynd, will-
 30 ing to do battle on the part of the Clan Chattan."

A cry of admiration ran through the multitude, while the grave burghers, not being able to conceive the slightest reason for Henry's behaviour, concluded that his head must be absolutely turned with the love of fighting. The Provost was especially shocked.

"Thou art mad," he said, "Henry! Thou hast neither two-handed sword nor shirt of mail."

"Truly no," said Henry, "for I parted with a mail-shirt, which I had made for myself, to yonder gay Chief of the Clan Quhele, who will soon find on his shoulders with what sort of blows I clink my rivets! As for two-handed sword, why this boy's brand will serve my turn till I can master a heavier one."

"This must not be," said Errol. "Hark thee, armourer, by Saint Mary, thou shalt have my Milan hauberk and good 10 Spanish sword."

"I thank your noble earlship, Sir Gilbert Hay. I am little used to sword or harness that I have not wrought myself, because I do not well know what blows the one will bear out without being cracked, or the other lay on without snapping."

The cry had in the meanwhile run through the multitude, and passed into the town, that the dauntless Smith was about to fight without armour, when, just as the fated hour was approaching, the shrill voice of a female was heard 20 screaming for passage through the crowd. The multitude gave place to her importunity, and she advanced, breathless with haste, under the burden of a mail hauberk and a large two-handed sword. The widow of Oliver Proudfoot was soon recognized, and the arms which she bore were those of the Smith himself, which, occupied by her husband on the fatal evening when he was murdered, had been naturally conveyed to his house with the dead body, and were now by the exertions of his grateful widow, brought to the lists at a moment when such proved weapons were of the last 30 consequence to their owner. Henry joyfully received the well-known arms, and the widow with trembling haste assisted in putting them on, and then took leave of him, saying, "God for the champion of the widow and orphan, and ill-luck to all who come before him!"

Confident at feeling himself in his well-proved armour, Henry shook himself as if to settle the steel shirt around him, and, unsheathing the two-handed sword, made it flourish over his head, cutting the air through which it whistled in the form of the figure eight, with an ease and sleight of hand, that proved how powerfully and skilfully he could wield the ponderous weapon. The champions were now ordered to march in their turns around the lists, crossing so as to avoid meeting each other, and making obeisance as
 10 they passed the Golden Arbour where the King was seated.

While this course was performing, most of the spectators were again curiously comparing, the stature, limbs and sinews of the two parties, and endeavouring to form a conjecture as to the probable issue of the combat. The feud of a hundred years, with all its acts of aggression and retaliation, was concentrated in the bosom of each combatant. Their countenances seemed fiercely writhen into the wildest expression of pride, hate, and a desperate purpose of fighting to the very last.

20 The spectators murmured a joyful applause, in high-wrought expectation of the bloody game. Wagers were offered and accepted both on the general issue of the conflict, and on the feats of particular champions. The clear, frank, and elated look of Henry Smith, rendered him a general favourite among the spectators, and odds, to use the modern expression, were taken, that he would kill three of his opponents before he himself fell. Scarcely was the Smith equipped for the combat, when the commands of the Chief ordered the champions into their places; and at the same
 30 moment Henry heard the voice of Simon Glover issuing from the crowd, who were now silent with expectation, and calling on him, "Harry Smith, Harry Smith, what madness hath possessed thee?"

"Ay, he wishes to save his hopeful son-in-law, that is, or is to be, from the Smith's handling," was Henry's first

thought — his second, was to turn and speak with him — and his third, that he could on no pretext desert the band which he had joined, or even seem desirous to delay the fight, consistently with honour.

He turned himself, therefore, to the business of the hour. Both parties were disposed by the respective Chiefs in three lines, each containing ten men. They were arranged with such intervals between each individual, as offered him scope to wield his sword, the blade of which was five feet long, not including the handle. The second and third lines were to come up as reserves, in case the first experienced disaster. On the right of the array of Clan Quhele, the Chief, Eachin MacIain, placed himself in the second line betwixt two of his foster-brothers. Four of them occupied the right of the first line whilst the father and two others protected the rear of the beloved chieftain. Torquil, in particular, kept close behind, for the purpose of covering him. Thus Eachin stood in the centre of nine of the strongest men of his band, having four especial defenders in front, one on each hand, and three in his rear.

The line of the Clan Chattan was arranged in precisely the same order, only that the Chief occupied the centre of the middle rank, instead of being on the extreme right. This induced Henry Smith, who saw in the opposing bands only one enemy, and that was the unhappy Eachin, to propose placing himself on the left of the front rank of the Clan Chattan. But the leader disapproved of this arrangement; and having reminded Henry that he owed him obedience, as having taken wages at his hand, he commanded him to occupy the space in the third line, immediately behind himself,—a post of honour, certainly, which Henry could not decline, though he accepted of it with reluctance.

When the clans were thus drawn up opposed to each other they intimated their feudal animosity, and their eagerness to engage, by a wild scream, which, uttered by the Clan Quhele,

was answered and echoed back by the Clan Chattan, the whole at the same time shaking their swords, and menacing each other, as if they meant to conquer the imagination of their opponents ere they mingled in the actual strife.

At this trying moment, Torquil, who had never feared for himself, was agitated with alarm on the part of his Dault, yet consoled by observing that he kept a determined posture ; and that the few words which he spoke to his clan were delivered boldly, and well calculated to animate them to combat, as
 10 expressing his resolution to partake their fate in death or victory. But there was no time for further observation. The trumpets of the King sounded a charge, the bagpipes blew up their screaming and maddening notes, and the combatants, starting forward in regular order, and increasing their pace till they came to a smart run, met together in the centre of the ground, as a furious land torrent encounters an advancing tide.

For an instant or two the front lines, hewing at each other with their long swords, seemed engaged in a succession of
 20 single combats ; but the second and third ranks soon came up on either side, actuated alike by the eagerness of hatred and the thirst of honour, pressed through the intervals, and rendered the scene a tumultuous chaos, over which the huge swords rose and sunk, some still glittering, others streaming with blood, appearing from the wild rapidity with which they were swayed, rather to be put in motion by some complicated machinery, than to be wielded by human hands. Some of the combatants, too much crowded together to use those long
 30 weapons, had already betaken themselves to their poniards, and endeavoured to get within the sword-sweep of those opposed to them. In the meantime, blood flowed fast, and the groans of those who fell began to mingle with the cries of those who fought ; for, according to the manner of the Highlanders at all times, they could hardly be said to shout, but to yell. Those of the spectators, whose eyes were best

accustomed to such scenes of blood and confusion, could nevertheless discover no advantage yet acquired by either party. The conflict swayed, indeed, at different intervals forwards or backwards, but it was only in' momentary superiority, which the party who acquired it almost instantly lost by a corresponding exertion on the other side. The wild notes of the pipers were still heard above the tumult, and stimulated to farther exertions the fury of the combatants.

At once, however, and as if by mutual agreement, the instruments sounded a retreat; it was expressed in wailing 10 notes, which seemed to imply a dirge for the fallen. The two parties disengaged themselves from each other, to take breath for a few minutes. The eyes of the spectators'greedily surveyed the shattered array of the combatants as they drew off from the contest, but found it still impossible to decide what had sustained the greater loss. It seemed as if the Clan Chattan had lost rather fewer men than their antagonists; but in compensation, the bloody plaids and shirts of their party (for several on both sides had thrown their mantles away) showed more wounded men than the Clan 20 Quhele. About twenty of both sides lay on the field dead or dying; and arms and legs lopped off, heads cleft to the chin, slashes deep through the shoulder into the breast, showed at once the fury of the combat, the ghastly character of the weapons used, and the fatal strength of the arms which wielded them. The Chief of the Clan Chattan had behaved himself with the most determined courage, and was slightly wounded. Eachin also had fought with spirit, surrounded by his bodyguard. His sword was bloody; his bearing bold and warlike; and he smiled when old Tor- 30 quil, folding him in his arms, loaded him with praises and with blessings.

The two Chiefs, after allowing their followers to breathe for the space of about ten minutes again drew up in their files, diminished by nearly one third of *their original number.

They now chose their ground nearer to the river than that on which they had formerly encountered, which was encumbered with the wounded and the slain. Some of the former were observed, from time to time, to raise themselves to gain a glimpse of the field, and sink back, most of them to die from the effusion of blood which poured from the terrific gashes inflicted by the claymore.

Harry Smith was easily distinguished by his Lowland habit, as well as his remaining on the spot where they had
 10 first encountered, where he stood leaning on a sword beside a corpse, whose bonneted head, carried to ten yard's distance from the body by the force of the blow which had swept it off, exhibited the oak-leaf, the appropriate ornament of the bodyguard of Eachin MacIan. Since he slew this man, Henry had not struck a blow, but had contented himself with warding off many that were dealt at himself, and some which were aimed at the Chief. MacGillie Chattanach became alarmed, when, having given the signal that his men
 20 recruit remained at a distance from the ranks, and showed little disposition to join them.

"What ails thee, man?" said the Chief. "Can so strong a body have a mean and cowardly spirit? Come, and make in to the combat."

"You as good as called me hireling but now," replied Henry — "If I am such," pointing to the headless corpse, "I have done enough for my day's wage."

"He that serves me without counting his hours," replied the Chief, "I reward him without reckoning wages."

30 "Then," said the Smith, "I fight as a volunteer, and in the post which best likes me."

"All that is at your own discretion," replied MacGillie Chattanach, who saw the prudence of humouring an auxiliary of such promise.

"It is enough," said Henry; and shouldering his heavy weapon, he joined the rest of the combatants with alacrity, and placed himself opposite to the Chief of the Clan Quhele.

It was then, for the first time, that Eachin showed some uncertainty. He had long looked up to Henry as the best combatant which Perth and its neighbourhood could bring into the lists. His hatred to him as a rival was mingled with recollection of the ease with which he had once, though unarmed, foiled his own sudden and desperate attack; and when he beheld him with his eyes fixed in his direction, the 10 dripping sword in his hand, and obviously meditating an attack on him individually, his courage fell, and he gave symptoms of wavering which did not escape his foster-father.

It was lucky for Eachin, that Torquil was incapable, from the formation of his own temper, and that of those with whom he had lived, to conceive the idea of one of his own tribe, much less of his Chief and foster-son, being deficient in animal courage. Could he have imagined this, his grief and rage might have driven him to the fierce extremity of taking Eachin's life, to save him from staining his honour. 20 But his mind rejected the idea that his Dault was a personal coward, as something which was monstrous and unnatural. That he was under the influence of enchantment, was a solution which superstition had suggested, and he now anxiously, but in a whisper, demanded of Hector, "Does the spell now darken thy spirit, Eachin?"

"Yes, wretch that I am," answered the unhappy youth; "and yonder stands the enchanter!"

"What!" exclaimed Torquil, "and you wear harness of his making?—Norman, miserable boy, why brought you 30 that accursed mail?"

"If my arrow has flown astray, I can but shoot my life after it," answered Norman. "Stand firm, you shall see me break the spell."

"Yes, stand firm," said Torquil. "He may be a fell enchanter; but my own ear has heard, and my own tongue has told, that Eachin shall leave the battle whole, free, and unwounded—let us see the Saxon wizard who can gainsay that. He may be a strong man, but the fair forest of the oak shall fall, stock and bough, ere he lay a finger on my Dault. Ring around him, my sons,—*Bas air son Eachin!*"

The sons of Torquil shouted back the words, which signify, 'Death for Hector.'

- 10 Encouraged by their devotion, Eachin renewed his spirit, and called boldly to the minstrels of his clan. "*Seid suas,*" that is, Strike up.

The wild pibroch again sounded the onset; but the two parties approached each other more slowly than at first, as men who knew and respected each other's valour. Henry Wynd, in his impatience to begin the contest, advanced before the Clan Chattan, and signed to Eachin to come on. Norman, however, sprang forward to cover his foster-brother, and there was a general, though momentary pause, 20 as if both parties were willing to obtain an omen of the fate of the day, from the event of this duel. The Highlander advanced, with his large sword uplifted, as in act to strike; but just as he came within sword's length, he dropt the long and cumbrous weapon leapt lightly over the Smith's sword, as he fetched a cut at him, drew his dagger, and being thus within Henry's guard, struck him with the weapon (his own gift) on the side of the throat, directing the blow downwards into the chest, and calling aloud, at the same time, "You taught me the stab?"

- 30 But Henry Wynd wore his own good hauberk, doubly defended with a lining of tempered steel. Had he been less surely armed, his combats had been ended for ever. Even as it was, he was slightly wounded.

"Fool!" he replied, striking Norman a blow with the pommel of his long sword, which made him stagger

backwards, "you were taught the thrust, but not the parry"; and fetching a blow at his antagonist, which cleft his skull through the steel-cap, he strode over the lifeless body to engage the young chief, who now stood open before him.

But the sonorous voice of Torquil thundered out, "*Far eil air son Eachin!*" (Another for Hector!) and the two brethren who flanked their Chief on each side, thrust forward upon Henry, and, striking both at once, compelled him to keep the defensive.

"Forward, race of the Tiger Cat!" cried MacGillie (Chat- 10 tanach; "save the brave Saxon: let these kites feel your talons!")

Already much wounded, the Chief dragged himself up to the Smith's assistance, and cut down one of those by whom he was assailed. Henry's own good sword rid him of the other.

"*Reist air son Eachin!*" (Again for Hector,) shouted the faithful foster-father.

"*Bas air son Eachin!*" (Death for Hector,) answered two more of his devoted sons, and opposed themselves to the 20 fury of the Smith, and those who had come to his aid; while Eachin, moving towards the left wing of the battle, sought less formidable adversaries, and again, by some show of valour, revived the sinking hopes of his followers. The two children of the oak, who had covered this movement, shared the fate of their brethren; for the cry of the Clan Chattan Chief had drawn to the part of the field some of his bravest warriors. The sons of Torquil did not fall unavenged, but left dreadful marks of their swords on the persons of the dead and living. But the necessity of keeping their most 30 distinguished soldiers around the person of their Chief told to disadvantage on the general event of the combat; and so few were now the number who remained fighting, that it was easy to see that the Clan Chattan had fifteen of their number left, though most of them wounded; and that of the Clan

Quhele, only about ten remained, of whom there were four of the Chief's bodyguard, including Torquil himself.

They fought and struggled on, however, and as their strength decayed, their fury seemed to increase. Henry Wynd, now wounded in many places, was still bent on breaking through, or exterminating, the bond of bold hearts who continued to fight around the object of his animosity. But still the father's shout of, "Another for Hector!" was cheerfully answered by the fatal counter-sign, "Death for
10 Hector!" and though the Clan Quhele were now outnumbered, the combat seemed, still dubious. It was bodily lassitude alone that again compelled them to another pause.

The Clan Chattan were then observed to be twelve in number, but two or three were scarce able to stand without leaning on their swords. Five were left of the Clan Quhele; Torquil and his youngest son were of the number, both slightly wounded. Eachin alone had, from the vigilance used to intercept all blows levelled against his person, escaped without injury. The rage of both parties had sunk, through
20 exhaustion, into sullen desperation. They walked staggering, as if in their sleep, through the carcasses of the slain, and gazed on them, as if again to animate their hatred towards their surviving enemies, by viewing the friends they had lost.

The multitude soon after beheld the survivors of the desperate conflict drawing together to renew the exterminating feud on the banks of the river, as the spot least slippery with blood, and, less encumbered with the bodies of the slain.

"For God's sake—for the sake of the mercy which we
30 daily pray for," said the kind-hearted old King to the Duke of Albany, "let this be ended! Wherefore should these wretched rags and remnants of humanity be suffered to complete their butchery?—Surely they will now be ruled and accept of peace on moderate terms?"

"Compcse yourself, my liege," said his brother. "These men are the pest of the Lowlands. Both Chiefs are still living—if they go back unharmed, the whole day's work is cast away. Remember your promise to the council, that you would not cry hold."

"You compel me to a great crime, Albany, both as a King, who should protect his subjects, and as a Christian man, who respects the brother of his faith."

"You judge wrong, my lord," said the Duke; "these are not loving subjects, but disobedient rebels, as my Lord of 10 Crawford can bear witness; and they are still less Christian men."

The King sighed deeply. "You must work your pleasure, and are too wise for me to contend with. I can but turn away, and shut my eyes from the sights and sounds of a carnage which makes me sicken. But well I know that God will punish me even for witnessing this waste of human life."

"Sound trumpets," said Albany: "their wounds will stiffen if they dally longer."

While this was passing, Torquil was embracing and en- 20 couraging his young Chief.

"Resist the witchcraft but a few minutes longer! Be of good cheer—you will come off without either scar or scratch, wem or wound. Be of good cheer?"

"How can I be of good cheer," said Eachin, "while my brave kinsmen have one by one died at my feet?—died all for me, who could never deserve the least of their kindness!"

"And for what were they born, save to die for their Chief?" said Torquil composedly. "Why lament that the arrow 30 returns not to the quiver, providing it hit the mark? Cheer up yet—Here are Tormot and I but little hurt, while the wild-cats drag themselves through the plain as if they were half throttled by the terriers—Yet one brave stand, and the day shall be your own, though it may well be that you alone remain alive.—Minstrels, sound the gathering!"

The pipers on both sides blew their charge, and the combatants again mingled in battle, not indeed with the same strength, but with unabated inveteracy. They were joined by those whose duty it was to have remained neuter, but who now found themselves unable to do so. The two old champions who bore the standards, had gradually advanced from the extremity of the lists, and now approached close to the immediate scene of action. When they beheld the carnage more nearly, they were mutually impelled by the desire to
 10 revenge their brethren, or not to survive them. They attacked each other furiously with the lances to which the standards were attached, closed after exchanging several deadly thrusts, then grappled in close strife, still holding their banners, until at length, in the eagerness of their conflict, they fell together into the Tay, and were found drowned after the combat, closely locked in each other's arms. The fury of battle, the frenzy of rage and despair, infected next the minstrels. The two pipers, who, during the conflict had done their utmost to keep up the spirits of their
 20 brethren, now saw the dispute well-nigh terminated for want of men to support it. They threw down their instruments, rushed desperately upon each other with their daggers, and each being more intent on despatching his opponent than in defending himself, the piper of Clan Quhele was almost instantly slain, and he of Clan Chattan mortally wounded. The last, nevertheless, again grasped his instrument, and the pibroch of the clan yet poured its expiring notes over the Clan Chattan, while the dying minstrel had breath to inspire it. The instrument which he used, or at least that
 30 part of it called the chanter, is preserved in the family of a Highland Chief to this day, and is much honoured under the name of the *Federan Dhu*, or Black Chanter.

Meanwhile, in the final charge, young Tormot, devoted, like his brethren, by his father Torquil to the protection of his Chief, had been mortally wounded by the unsparing

sword of the Smith. The other two remaining of the Clan Quhele had also fallen, and Torquil, with his foster-son, and the wounded Tormot, forced to retreat before eight or ten of the Clan Chattan, made a stand on the bank of the river, while their enemies were making such exertions as their wounds would permit to come up with them. Torquil had just reached the spot where he had resolved to make the stand, when the youth Tormot dropped and expired. His death drew from his father the first and only sigh which he had breathed throughout the eventful day. 10

"My son Tormot!" he said, "my youngest and dearest! But if I save Hector, I save all.—Now, my darling Dault, I have done for thee all that man may, excepting the last. Let me undo the clasps of that ill-omened armour, and do thou put on that of Tormot; it is light, and will fit thee well. While you do so, I will rush on these crippled men, and make what play with them I can. I trust I shall have but little to do, for they are following each other like disabled steers. At least, darling of my soul, if I am unable to save thee, I can show thee how a man should die." 20

While Torquil thus spoke, he unloosed the clasps of the young Chief's hauberk, in the simple belief that he could thus break the meshes which fear and necromancy had twined about his heart.

"My father, my father, my more than parent!" said the unhappy Eachin—"Stay with me!—with you by my side, I feel I can fight to the last."

"It is impossible," said Torquil. "I will stop them coming up, while you put on the hauberk. God eternally bless thee, beloved of my soul!" 30

And then, brandishing his sword, Torquil of the Oak rushed forward with the same fatal war-cry, which had so often sounded over that bloody field, *Bas air son Eachin!*—The words rung three times in a voice of thunder; and each time that he cried his war-shout, he struck down one of the Clan

Chattan, as he met them successively straggling towards him.—“Brave battle, hawk—well flown, falcon!” exclaimed the multitude, as they witnessed exertions which seemed, even at this last hour, to threaten a change of the fortunes of the day. Suddenly these cries were hushed into silence, and succeeded by a clashing of swords so dreadful, as if the whole conflict had recommenced in the person of Henry Wynd and Torquil of the Oak. They cut, foined, hewed and thrust, as if they had drawn their blades for the first time
 10 that day; and their inveteracy was mutual, for Torquil recognized the foul wizard, who, as he supposed, had cast a spell over his child; and Henry was before him the giant, who, during the whole conflict, had interrupted the purpose for which alone he had joined the combatants—that of engaging in single combat with Hector. They fought with an equality, which perhaps, would not have existed had not Henry, more wounded than his antagonist, been somewhat deprived of his usual agility.

Meanwhile Eachin, finding himself alone, after a disorder-
 20 ly and vain attempt to put on his foster-brother's harness, became animated by an emotion of shame and despair, and hurried forward to support his foster-father in the terrible struggle, ere some other of the Clan Chattan should come up. When he was within five yards, and sternly determined to take his share in the death-fight, his foster-father fell, cleft from the collar-bone well-nigh to the heart, and murmuring with his last breath, *Bas air son Eachin!*—The unfortunate youth saw the fall of his last friend, and at the
 30 same moment beheld the deadly enemy who had hunted him through the whole field, standing within sword's point of him, and brandishing the huge weapon which had hewed its way to his life through so many obstacles. Perhaps this was enough to bring his constitutional timidity to its highest point; or perhaps he recollected at the same moment that he was without defensive armour, and that a line of enemies'

halting indeed and crippled, but eager for revenge and blood, were closely approaching. It is enough to say, that his heart sickened, his eyes darkened, his ears tingled, his brain turned giddy — all other considerations were lost in the apprehension of instant death ; and drawing one ineffectual blow, at the Smith, he avoided that which was aimed at him in return, by bounding backward ; and ere the former could recover his weapon, Eachin had plunged into the stream of the Tay. A roar of contumely pursued him as he swam across the river, although, perhaps, not a dozen of those 10 who joined in it would have behaved otherwise in the like circumstances. Henry looked after the fugitive in silence and surprise, but could not speculate on the consequences of his flight, on account of the faintness which seemed to overpower him as soon as the animation of the contest had subsided. He sat down on the grassy bank and endeavoured to staunch such of his wounds as were pouring fastest.

The victors had the general meed of gratulation. The Duke of Albany and others went down to survey the field ; and Henry Wynd was honoured with particular notice. 20

"How, friend?" said Douglas. "Didst thou not fight for the Clan Chattan, and have they not gained a glorious conquest?"

"*I fought for my own hand,*" said the Smith, indifferently and the expression is still proverbial in Scotland.

Thus ended this celebrated conflict of the North Inch of Perth. Of sixty-four brave men (the minstrels and standard-bearers included) who strode manfully to the fatal field, seven alone survived, who were conveyed from thence in litters, in a case little different from the dead and dying 30 around them, and mingled with them in the sad procession which conveyed them from the scene of the strife. Eachin alone had left it avoid of wounds, and void of honour.

It remains but to say, that not a man of the Clan Quhele survived the bloody combat, except the fugitive Chief ; and

the consequence of the defeat was dissolution of their confederacy. The clans of which it consisted are now only matter of conjecture to the antiquary, for after this eventful contest they never assembled under the same banner. The Clan Chattan, on the other hand, continued to increase and flourish ; and the best families of the Northern Highlands boast their descent from the race of the Cat-a-Mountain.

The Fair Maid of Perth—SIR W. SCOTT.

NOTES.

1. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

I. THE CAPITAL OF LILLIPUT.

Page 1. 1. licence, permission.

2. metropolis, the capital of a country.
easily, without raising objections.

3. charge, warning.

5. by proclamation. The Emperor sent messengers round the town to tell the little people that the man-mountain Gulliver was to visit them, and to warn them to be careful.

6. encompassed, really, surrounded in a circle; but we learn later that the town is square in shape.

8. flanked, at the corners of the wall, towers were built to protect it.

12. eaves, the projecting parts of the roof.

the skirts of my coat. In the eighteenth century, when *Gulliver's Travels* was written, men used to wear coats very like the modern frock-coat, but with fuller skirts.

13. circumspection, care; really the word means 'looking around.'

16. garret, the small room immediately under the roof of a house.

Page 2. 16. the pile, the buildings.

17. hewn stone, stone shaped and squared with chisels.

II. GULLIVER CAPTURES THE FLEET OF BLEFUSCU.

Blefuscu had declared war upon Lilliput, and meant to invade it.

Page 3. 14. intercourse, trade or business, or any passing from one country to the other.

16. embargo. No ships were allowed to sail from Lilliput to Blefuscu, so that all intercourse cut off. *Embargo* is a Spanish word, meaning anything which acts as a *bar*. It is now always used to mean the prohibition of ships from sailing.

18. project, plan.

22. plumbd, measured with a line on which was hung a piece of lead (*Lat. plumbum* = lead). The modern term is *sounded*.

23. glumgluff, in the language of Lilliput, a measure of length. As 70 glumgluffs equal 6 feet, a glumgluff is about an inch.

26. over against, opposite.

27. perspective glass, telescope; literally, a thing to *look through*.

29. transports, ships used to *carry* an army *across* the sea (*Lat. porto* = I carry, *trans* = across).

30. warrant, a permission from the Emperor to obtain what he required.

31. cable, strong rope.

32. pack-thread, string used for packing.

Page 4. 1. trebled, twisted three threads into one.

7. jerkin, a short coat or waistcoat.

high water, when the tide was highest.

13. tackling, the cables and hooks.

14. prow, the front part of a ship, now called the bows.

19. infallibly, without doubt, certainly.

20. expedient, plan, device.

Page 5. 1. Blefuscudians, inhabitants of Blefuscu.

2. confounded, amazed.

4. run adrift, float here and there, without guidance.

fall foul, collide, bump against each other.

15. expecting the issue, wondering what would happen.

25. puissant, powerful; a term often used in the titles of kings.

27. encomiums, praises.

nardac, Lilliputian for 'great lord.'

2. THE PYGMIES.

Page 6. 2. Antæus, pronounce An-tæ-us.

15. prodigiously, extraordinarily, unusually.

20. Periwinkle, one of the little children for whom Hawthorne wrote *Tanglewood Tales*, from which this story is taken.

baby-house, doll's house.

23. bureau, writing-desk, and cabinet for papers.

Page 7. 3. Sweet fern, another of the little children for whom this story was first related.

24. butt, the end, where the trunk had been rooted up from the ground.

Page 8. 16. tornado, a rushing wind, so strong that it often roots trees up, and blows buildings over.

29. natural respiration of his lungs, breathing.

31. frontier, boundary.

Page 9. 4. a span, the length of the hand from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the longest finger, when outstretched. The same thought is in Psalm xxxix. 5. "Thou hast made my days as an hand-breath."

10. obelisk, a monument, in the shape of a four-sided block of stone, tapering towards the top.

20. pismires, ants.

Page 11. 22. cranes, long-legged, long-beaked birds.

Page 12. 16. gizzard, a bird's stomach.

3. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I. ROBINSON CRUSOE HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

Page 13. 5. piles, trunks of trees to form the wall.

27. runlet, a small cask.

arrive to the capacity, become skilful enough.

Page 14. 2. staves, the narrow strips of wood of which a cask is made.

8. African adventure. Before Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked on this island, he had been captured by pirates on the north coast of Africa.

10. tallow, the fat from the meat of the goat.

11. oakum, hemp, used to stop up the spaces between the planks in a boat, to make it water-tight.

14. rummaging, turning over.

20. husks, the outside covering of grain.

22. powder, gunpowder.

divided it for fear of the lightning. Robinson Crusoe had packed his gunpowder into little bags, for he thought that to keep it all together would be dangerous if the lightning struck it.

Page 15. 15. I did that also, I managed to bake also.

34. scared, frightened.

Page 16. 27. hurricane, a violent wind-storm, common in tropical countries.

Page 17. 8. rum, spirit made from sugar.

12. stir abroad, walk in the open air.

II. ROBINSON CRUSOE REAPS HIS CORN, AND TURNS POTTER.

Page 18. 12. arable, capable of being ploughed, and of producing crops other than grass.

18. apace, quickly.

24. let fly, shot at.

Page 19. 24. scythe, a long-handled instrument with a long curved blade set at right angles to it, used for cutting grass.

sickle, a shorter-handled instrument, with a blade the shape of a crescent moon.

26. cutlass, a short, broad curved sword, used by sailors.

31. rubbed it out, rubbed the grains out from the ears.

Page 20. 5. clean it and part it, clean away the meal or flour from the husks.

30. the thing I was upon, the work I was engaged in doing.

Page 21. 4. with only removing, merely with being removed.

6. temper it, to mix it with sand in order to make it workable.

12. wicker baskets, baskets made of dried reeds.

16. being to stand, being intended to stand.

20. pitchers and pipkins, jugs and little pots for boiling.

32. order my fire, arrange it and keep it supplied with fuel.

33. kiln, an oven built of bricks, in which pottery is baked hard to make it stand heat, and hold water.

Page 22. 1. embers, glowing remains of a fire.

9. slacked my fire, allowed it to go out, by adding no more fuel to it.

10. to abate of the red colour, till the red colour began to disappear.

4. THE TEMPEST.

Page 23. 11. Sycorax, pronounce Syc'-o-rax.

12. by virtue of his art, by the power of his magic art.

18. sprite, an old form of the word *spirit*, often used by Shakespeare and the writers of his time.

20. he owed him a grudge, he wished to take revenge on him, for Caliban was the son of Sycorax, who had imprisoned Ariel in a tree.

28. laborious offices, duties of the house, rough work.

29. Ariel had the charge, it was Ariel's duty to see that Caliban did his work.

Page 24. 4. mire, mud.

make mouths at him. To show his contempt, Ariel would grin and 'pull faces' at Caliban. •

6. hedgehog, a little animal, armed with sharp quills. It is not of the same family of the hog, or pig, but has a head like one.

11. obedient to his will. By the power of his magic, Prospero could command the spirits like Ariel.

24. amazed, struck with wonder.

27. in care of you, for your sake.

34. "By what?" Prospero asks Miranda to tell him *how* she remembers a time before she came to the island, *what things*, she can remember.

Page 25. 9. Milan, a town in the north of Italy. Of course, the story of the *Tempest* is not history, nor was there ever a Duke of Milan such as Prospero.

14. all worldly ends, all ideas of succeeding in the world, all ambition.

15. dedicate, give up.

21. Naples, a town in Central Italy, on the Mediterranean Sea.

28. Tackle, ropes and pulleys fitted to the sails of a boat, by which they are raised and lowered.

31. apparel, clothing.

32. some books, Prospero's books of magic art.

Page 26. 1. cherub, a heavenly being, an angel.

19. holding converse, talking. If Prospero had not made Miranda sleep, she would have thought it very strange to hear him talking, when apparently there was no one but herself to talk to, for she could not see Ariel. •

28. whom he concludes drowned. As Ferdinand landed alone on the island, he thought that no one else had been saved.

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Page 27. 18. Algiers, a town on the north coast of Africa.

28. melancholy posture, sorrowful attitude, "with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the King."

34. fathom, a measure of 6 feet, used in taking the depth of water.

Page 28. 3. Sea-nymphs, beautiful maidens, supposed to reside in the depths of the sea. Knell, a bell rung at a funeral.

Page 29. 8. hung upon her father, clasped him round the neck, beseechingly.

9. I will be his surety, I will promise for him, so that you can punish me, if you find him false.

12. chide, scold, speak angrily.

Page 30. 12. enjoined, commanded.

28. How features are abroad, what people's faces are like in other countries.

Page 31. 2. courtly phrases, high-flown language, such as is used in king's courts.

2. rich amends. For all the apparent unkindness, Prospero will make up with the rich gift of his daughter.

20. Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey, she was glad to obey Prospero's command, and sat down with Ferdinand, for she loved him.

29. voracious, greedy.

Page 34. 4. uncouth, strange, out-of-the-way.

16. prosperous gales, winds that drive a ship in the direction she wishes to go.

21. cowslip, a small meadow-flower, bright yellow in colour.

33. nuptials, marriage-ceremonies.

36. safe convoy. Ariel escorted them to Naples, for safety.

5. DISCIPLINE.

Page 35. 9. Peiho river, in China. During the war between China and Great Britain in 1860, the forts which guard its entrance were bombarded by a British naval squadron.

11. chains, a little platform projecting from the side of the vessel, protected by chains. Here the man stands who takes the depth of the water by means of a line to which a large weight is attached.

soundings, the varying depths of the channel as the ship advances.

19. yards, the long wooden poles to which the sails of a ship are attached.

24. Nelson's signal. Just before going into action at Trafalgar, Nelson hoisted his famous signal:—"England expects every man this day to do his duty."

Page 36. 1. Nova Scotia, a peninsula on the east coast of Canada.

4. Sambro Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia.

5. pinnace, a small rowing-boat.

9. weather gunwale, the gunwale (pron. *gunnel*) is the rail running round the deck of a ship. The weather side is the side of a vessel in the direction from which the wind is coming.

22. like herrings in a barrel, a proverbial phrase, meaning "very close together."

Page 37. 2. Chronometer, the very delicate time-piece, carried by every ship.

3. mizen-mast, in a three-masted vessel, the mast nearest the stern.

5. mizen-top, a small platform near the top of the mizen-mast.

9. fiddle, violin.

13. Quatermaster, a subordinate officer on a ship.

14. comported, behaved.

19. gig, the ship's largest boat, generally for the private use of the captain.

23. Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia.

Page 38. 1. Transport, a ship used for carrying troops.

2. Algoa Bay, in South Africa.

15. pumps, with which all ships are provided, in case of a leak.

17. poop, the raised portion of the ship at the stern.

26. stove in, its planks smashed in.

Page 39. 12. schooner, a two-masted sailing-vessel.

6. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

III. A DESCRIPTION OF BROBDINGNAG.

Page 40. 1. Peninsula, a stretch of land, almost surrounded by water, as India.

2. thirty miles high. The highest point of the Himalaya mountains is 29,002 feet, the height of Mount Everest. But in

Brobdingnag, the mountains are 158,400 feet high, more than five times the height of Mount Everest.

15. not worth catching. As the inhabitants of Brobdingnag are 60 or 70 feet high, the ordinary fish, one or two feet in length, would be as much good to them for food as tiny inch-long fishes are to us.

19. a man, that is, a man of Brobdingnag, for it is obviously impossible for an ordinary man to carry a whale.

20. hampers, wicker baskets.

Lorbrulgrud, the capital of Brobdingnag.

24. Greenland, the frozen country to the North-east of North America. Off its coast is one of the richest whaling-fields.

Page 41. 3. Glomglung, a Brobdingnagian measure of length equal to 18 miles.

8. computing, calculating.

13. Glumdalolitch, the daughter of Gulliver's mistress, a little girl nine years old.

16. my box, really a house sixteen feet square and twelve feet high, made as a bedroom for Gulliver. Naturally, to a man sixty feet high, it would appear to be only a 'box.'

24. cumbersome, awkward, since it took up so much room in the coach.

26. latticed, with grating made of iron wires crossing each other.

32. office, duty.

34. progresses, state journeys of a sovereign through his kingdom.

Page 42. 3. Their Majesties' favour. The courtiers esteemed Gulliver because the king and queen favoured him, rather than on account of his own merits.

7. field-bed, a light folding camp-bed.

8. hammock, a broad piece of stout canvas, suspended by the ends, used by sailors for sleeping in when on board ship.

15. sedan, or sedan-chair; a closed compartment, in which a person could sit and be carried by men, who grasped poles which were slung at the sides. They were out of fashion at the beginning of the 19th century.

17. livery, the uniform of private domestic servants.

18. complaisant, willing to please.

26. pinnacle, the highest point of the spire or steeple.

29. Salisbury steeple, the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, in Wiltshire, is 404 feet high. If we reckon the Brobdingnagian to be

ten times as tall as ordinary people, in the same proportion Salisbury steeple would be 4040 feet high. Thus the 3000 feet of the chief temple of Brobdingnag is not particularly high in proportion.

30. detract from, speak slightly of.

IV. A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Page 43. 16. the dwarf, a man only 30 feet high, kept at court to amuse the queen. When he first saw Gulliver, he was very impudent because he had never had any one before whom he dared to insult. In consequence, there was a standing enmity between the two.

19. allusion, here, comparison.

Page 44. 4. lee side, the side opposite to the direction in which the wind is blowing.

lemon thyme, an aromatic herb, growing about eight inches high in England, but in Brobdingnag high enough to shelter Gulliver from the wind.

5. abroad, out-of-doors.

13. spaniel, a small, long-haired dog, used to pick up game in shooting.

18. well-taught. A spaniel is taught not to injure with its teeth the game it picks up.

28. reprimanded, scolded.

32. for my reputation. People would not think much of him as they knew he had been picked up like a bird by a spaniel, so Gulliver said nothing of his adventure.

Page 45. 3. stoop, the downward plunge of a bird of prey.

4. hanger, a short sword.

espallier, a fruit-tree trained over a wooden framework.

24. linnet, one of the smallest English birds, about three inches high.

28. boxes, blows.

Page 46. 2. divert, amuse.

8. upon a pinch, in an emergency.

mariner, sailor.

10. wherry, a small rowing-boat, used on rivers.

13. contrive, make plans.

30. pages, boys in attendance on the Queen.

31. starboard or larboard, to the right or the left. The modern word for larboard is 'port.'

7. LOUIS XI. AT A BOAR-HUNT.

Louis XI. (1423-83), King of France, who by his statesmanship raised his country from the evil conditions in which the Hundred Years' War had left it.

Page 47. 3. Quentin Durward, the hero of Scott's novel of the same name, from which this extract is taken. He is a young Scotch archer, in the military service of the king.

6. caustic disposition, satiric, sarcastic spirit. Louis was noted for his biting criticisms of the people who served him, and many examples are given in the novel of his sharp, cutting remarks.

7. Cardinal Balue, Louis' trusted adviser and minister. A cardinal is one of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

11. man of gallantry, a servant and worshipper of ladies.

12. Becket, Thomas á Becket, the great statesman and priest, who lived in the reign of Henry II. of England.

Wolsey, the great Cardinal Wolsey, whose influence was strong in the first part of the reign of Henry VIII.

15. material amusement of the chase. In the middle ages, hunting was regarded as the finest sport for soldiers and gentlemen, as it was looked on as a sort of warfare in miniature.

Page 48. 6. gambade, the action of a horse in rearing up on its hind legs. The word is French, from which language most of the mediæval terms of horsemanship were taken.

8. violet robe. The colour of a cardinal's clothes is either violet or scarlet.

10. the depth of the saddle. Unlike modern saddles, those of the Middle Ages often had high projections in front and rear, which helped a rider to keep his seat.

Dunois, a captain in the French forces.

16. a course, a long gallop.

18. giving his own horse the rein, slacking the rein, so that the horse was not held back if it wished to gallop swiftly.

20. seizing the bit. When a horse gets the bit between its teeth, the rider has little or no control over it.

27-31. quadruped.....biped, four-footed beast (the horse), and two-footed beast (the man, its rider).

31. green-sward, level stretch of grass.

Page 49. 1. Newmarket, in Cambridgeshire, the headquarters of the Jockey club, and the chief centre of horse-racing in England.

18. scarlet stockings and scarlet hat. The scarlet hat, round-crowned and broad-brimmed, is the distinguishing mark of a Cardinal.

20. zest, enjoyment, at least to the onlookers. .

24. yeoman pricklers, countrymen who searched the wood for the boar, and drove it in the direction of the horsemen—the modern ‘beatèrs.’

30. embossed, covered with large flakes of foam from the mouth. The word is an old technical term in hunting.

Page 50. 14. fisher. The reference is to the calling of Peter who was a fisherman, by Jesus Christ. ‘And Jesus said unto them, “Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of man.”’ *St. Mark* i. 17.

34. palfrey, a quiet riding-horse.

Page 51. 3. rencontre, a French word, meaning ‘meeting,’ usually applied to an *unexpected* meeting.

4. Crèveccœur, ambassador from Charles, Duke of Burgundy, to Louis XI.

7. practices, underhand attempts.

16. rich benefices, church-livings, positions of high degree in an ecclesiastical career.

24. St. Martin’s at Tours. St. Martin was a Roman soldier of the 4th century A. D. who was converted to Christianity and became bishop of Tours, a French town on the river Loire. Afterwards, an important abbey was founded there in his memory.

vesper, the evening service in Roman Catholic churches (*Lat. vesper*=evening).

Page 52. 1. staunch hounds, strong, brave hounds who knew their work well.

5. vénerie, hunting (Fr.).

8. turned to bay, turned round on the men and dogs pursuing it.

30. cuirass, breastplate; here the strong growth of bristles on the boar’s chest.

Page 53. 15. orisons, prayers.

leaden image, little images of the Christian saints, worn by Roman Catholics. Louis was very devout, even superstitious.

18. woodcraft, knowledge of, and skill in, hunting.

23. imbibed, literally, drunk in; here, had come to feel.

31. sauciness, impudence, forwardness; the ‘rustic’ boldness that Quentin Durward himself calls it.

33. Tristan, the executioner.

Page 54. 1. rough bracelets, handcuffs.

tight necklaces, halters.

3. Lord Crawford, a Scottish noble in Louis' service.

6. a pinch, a position of danger or difficulty.

braggart humour, boasting.

8. winded his horn, blew a call upon his hunting horn.

14. dilate upon, exaggerate.

18. holy days. In the Catholic Church holy days such as Easter Sunday and Christmas are feast days.

8. THE ARGONAUTS.

I. HOW THEY BUILT THE SHIP *ARGO* IN IOLCOS.

The Argonauts were the companions of the hero Jason, who set out from the land of the Minuiai to seek the Golden Fleece, which, they thought, hung nailed to a beech-tree in the wood of the war-god in Colchis, a land on the south-east of the Black Sea. This Fleece was that of the golden ram which had saved Phrixus and Helle, the children of the cloud-nymph and Athamas, the Minuan king, from being sacrificed by Ino, their cruel step-mother. The ram flew with the children far away to the north, but over the Hellespont, the strait between Europe and Asia, Helle fell from the ram's back into the water, which takes its name from her. Phrixus, however, arrived safely at Colchis, married Chalciope, the daughter of King Aietes. He then sacrificed the ram to Ares, the war-god, and hung its fleece in the grove.

Pronunciation. (eu = you, ai = eye)

Min'-u-ai

Oi'-leus

Do-do'-na

He'-ra

Ai-a'n-tes

O-lym'-pus

Pag'asai

Id'-mon

Samo-thra'-ce

Her'-a-clēs

Phoe'-bus

Ab'-y-dos

Hy'-las

An-ca'i-os

Cy'-zi-cus

Típhys

Ar'-gus

Ae-ne'-as

Bu'-tēs

Pe'-li-on

Rhin'-da-cus

Poly-dēú-cēs

Pe'-li-as

Ar-gan'-thus

Cœ-neus

Or'-pheus

Sym-ple'g-a-des

Pronunciation.

Zé-tes	Rhó-do-pe	Chal'-y-bēs
Cal'-a-is	Cheí-ron	Pos-eí-don
Pé-leus	Eu-ry'-di-ce	Chal-c'i-o-pe
A-chill'-es	Cal-lí-o-pe	Med-ef-a
Thé-tis	Zeus	Cir'-ce
Tel'-a-môn'	Hali-ac'-mon	Prom-é-theus.

Page 55. 5. Pagasai, a gulf in Thessaly, on the shores of which stands Iolcos.

6. Heracles, son of Zeus and Alc-mé-ne. His lion's skin was the spoil of the lion he slew on Mount Cithæron.

11. Centaurs, fabulous monsters, half man, half horse. One of them, Cheiron, the wisest of all, educated Jason and Achilles, among other heroes.

Page 56. 5. Hellens, Greeks, from the name of their country, Hellas. At first they were merely a tribe in the north of Thessaly, but they gradually conquered the tribes round them, till they became masters of the greater part of northern Greece.

8. Pelion, a mountain north of Iolcos.

10. pierced her, made holes in the side, through which the oars were thrust.

12. vermilion, bright red.

18. Rhodope, a mountain in Thrace.

20. fellow-scholar. Orpheus also had been Cheiron's pupil.

21. Strymon, a gulf in the Ægean Sea.

28. my goddess mother, Calliope, one of the Muses.

31. lost her again. The King of Hades allowed Orpheus to take back Eurydice, on condition that he did not look back to her when leading her forth. But the anxiety of love overcame him, he looked back, and lost her.

34. gadfly, remorse.

34-36. I charmed.....song. Cf. the song in *Henry VIII*.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing ;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Page 57. 13. Haliacmon, a river in Macedonia.

Pindus, a mountain range on the west of Thessaly.

14. Dodona, the grove of oaks sacred to Zeus.

22. beak-head. The high bows of Greek ships were often carved in the shape of bird's heads.

II. THE DEATH OF HYLAS.

Page 58. 19. Olympus, etc. Find all these places on a map of the Ægean Sea.

Page 59. 3. Titans, twelve giants, sons and daughters of Uranus (Heaven) and Gæ (Earth).

9. hawsers, the thick ropes by which a ship is tied to the shore.

25. games of the tomb, like the funeral games in honour of dead Patroclus, in the 23rd book of the Iliad.

Page 60. 4. Mysian shore, the north-west shore of Asia Minor.

5. Rhindacus, a river in Mysia.

6. Arganthus, a mountain ridge north of Mysia.

7. basalt, hard, shining black rock.

9. crutch, a forked pole, in which the mast, when taken down, rested.

23. Phasian stream, the river Phasis in Colchis.

III. THE SYMPLEGADES.

Page 61. 22. heron, a long-legged, long-winged bird.

Page 62. 24. Caucasus, the mountain range between the Caspian and the Black Sea.

26. Titan, Prometheus, who was thus punished by Zeus for stealing fire from heaven, and bringing it to the people of earth.

IV. THE WINNING OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

The Argonauts have arrived at the palace of Aietes, the King of Colchis.

Page 63. 2. Poseidon, or Neptune, the god of the sea.

Page 64. 8. thwarts, the seats for the rowers.

Page 65. 1. ell, 45 inches ; hence the wall was $33\frac{3}{4}$ feet high.

21. Circe, the enchantress to whose island Ulysses came. She turned all her lovers into beasts.

Page 71. 32. sluice-mouths, the openings of streams into the main stream.

35. surge, the foam of breaking waves.

bar, sandbanks at the mouth of a river, upon which the waves break, causing rough water.

Page 72. 3. show her mettle, show her spirit, her bravery.

7. pæan, a song of praise.

9. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

III. CRUSOE SEES A FOOTPRINT IN THE SAND.

Page 73. 5. an apparition, a ghost or spirit.

8. it was all one, it was all the same, that is, I could not find out whose footprint it was wherever I went.

14. innumerable fluttering thoughts, thoughts coming and going, like birds. Robinson Crusoe tried in many ways to explain in his own mind how the footprints came to be there.

15. out of myself, not completely master of myself, but disturbed in mind. Cf. the modern phrase 'beside oneself.'

22. whimsies, strange fancies.

Page 74. 1. fled to cover, took refuge among small undergrowth, as is the habit of a hare when pursued by dogs.

2. fox to earth, foxes live in holes in the ground, or among the thick roots of trees. These holes are called 'earths' and a fox when hunted generally tries to reach its 'earth.'

7. much better composed, my mind more at ease.

8. sedately, seriously and quietly.

23. piles, stout wooden stakes.

27. cables, thick ropes, or perhaps, chains, used to secure a vessel to the quay, or to anchor it.

35. planted, placed in position.

Page 75. 5. without my wall, outside my wall.

6. for a great way every way, for a great distance in every direction.

23. I had a great concern upon me, I thought it a very important matter.

24. present, ever-ready.

26. loath, unwilling.

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28. To this purpose, with this end (the preservation of the goats) in view.

35. raise them, breed young ones from those remaining.

Page 76. 3. rational, reasonable, sensible.

5. pitched upon, decided upon.

IV. CRUSOE GAINS A COMPANION.

31. frightened, frightened.

piece, gun, as in fowling-piece, a gun for shooting birds.

32. stock-still, quite still, like a stock of wood.

Page 77. 9. in token of, as a sign of.

31. naked, without a sheath.

34. in Germany, where criminals used to be executed by being beheaded with a sword.

Page 78. 10. the other Indian, whom Crusoe had shot dead with his gun.

Page 79. 6. surly aspect, ill-tempered appearance.

10. like wool, like the black, closely-curved hair of a negro.

11. vivacity, liveliness.

13. slumbered, slept heavily.

19. antic, strange, uncouth. The word is the same as 'antique.'

33. sop, soak.

34. which he quickly complied with, he quickly did as Crusoe wished him to do.

10. THE BATTLE OF PRESTON-PANS.

Page 80. 1. Fergus MacIvor, the chief of the clan MacIvor, and one of the principal characters in Scott's 'Waverley.' He plays an important part in the Scottish rising of 1745, under Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender.

his friend, Edward Waverley, the hero of the novel. He is a young Englishman, who, while on a visit to Scotland, finds himself involved in the rising.

3. the Prince, Prince Charles, the Young Pretender, who has gathered the Highlanders, and is marching on Edinburgh.

5. *clans*. In the highlands of Scotland at this time the people were divided into various tribes or *clans*, each owing allegiance to its own chief.

6. *pease-straw*, the dried stalks of the pea-plant, used both as food and bedding for cattle.

11. *practicable*, though narrow and circuitous route, a road, which, though roundabout and narrow, nevertheless leads us to our destination, and on which, though with difficulty, we can march.

12. *traverses*, crosses.

13. *morass*, wet, swampy ground.

17. *unanimous*, in all minds.

19. By its right, bearing away slightly to the right of their previous position.

22. *the mist*. It very frequently happens, that a valley may be shrouded in mist, while the hill-tops are quite clear.

27. *the sea*. Preston-Pans near the place where Prince Charles defeated the English forces, is a small village to the East of Edinburgh, on the Firth of Forth. The Highlanders had encamped on some high ground to the south of the firth, and in marching down to the plain, saw the sea in the distance.

29. *inseparable from darkness*, difficulties only to be expected when marching in the dark.

Page 81. 1. *preserving union*, keeping each body of men in touch with the others.

3. *their habits of life*. The Highlanders were accustomed to country such as they were marching over, swampy, marshy ground with rough paths.

8. *patrol*, a small body of mounted men posted to give the alarm when an enemy approaches.

9. *dragoon*, a heavily armed horseman.

10. as he values his life. If a man had answered, he would have betrayed the presence of the advancing body, and Fergus would have killed him.

13. *carabine*, a short fire-arm carried by horse-soldiers.

15. *loon*, a fool, a stupid man.

16. *the Baron of Bradwardine*, a Scottish friend of Waverley, marching with the Highland army.

19. *expanse*, broad stretch of level ground.

22. *the general*, the general assembly, or call to arms.

surprise had made no part of their plan, the Highland army did not expect to come unawares on the English.

25. dispositions, placing the various parts of the army in position.

28. stubble, the short straw left standing in a cornfield when the harvest has been gathered.

31. horse, a general term for horse-soldiers.

32. Adventurer, Prince Charles.

34. deprecated, pleaded against. The chieftains thought it unwise for the Prince to expose himself at the point of greatest danger.

Page 82. 3. phalanx, the formation in which Alexander the Great's troops fought. They were drawn up in long ranks, eight deep, shoulder to shoulder, though this formation was sometimes modified, often being sixteen men deep.

6. synonymous, with the same meaning. The best-born were the richest, and could afford the best arms.

9. physical impulse, the driving force of their weight.

11. plaid, the broad piece of cloth thrown over the Highlander's shoulder. It is woven in coloured squares, the pattern being called the tartan. Each clan has a distinctive tartan.

16. bonnets, close fitting caps, called *Glengarries*, worn by Highlanders.

23. mended their pace, quickened the step from a slow march to a run.

29. regulars, the regular battalions of English soldiers.

31. flanked, having cavalry and artillery at each end of the line.

33. Camerons, a very famous Highland clan.

Page 83. 6. pieces, guns, as in the modern field-piece, a gun which can be rapidly transported from place to place on the battle-field.

13. wrought, managed, handled.

20. target, the round shield of thick leather, studded with brass, which the Highlanders carried.

21. Dugald Mahony, one of the clan of Ivor, accompanying Waverley as a servant.

30. wars in Flanders, England had been fighting against France in Holland. Though defeated at Fontenoy the English infantry had shown superhuman courage and wonderful endurance.

31. extended files, ranks with spaces between each man.

Page 84. 3. Colonel Gardiner, a friend of Waverley, and one of the English officers.

16. scythe, a long-bladed, long-handled instrument used for grass-cutting.

18. perception, ability to receive impressions by means of the senses.

20. upbraiding, remonstrating. Waverley had been in Colonel Gardiner's regiment, so that it seemed treachery for him to be fighting on the side of the Highlanders.

11. AS YOU LIKE IT.

Page 85. 6. forest of Arden, the Ardennes, in modern Belgium. But most of the details of Shakespeare's forest are taken from the woodland country round his home at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire.

8. voluntary exile. Exile is generally involuntary, when a man is sent out of his own country, and forbidden to return. But the Duke's friends, of their own free-will, departed from the dukedom.

9. revenues, rents derived from land.

12. Robin Hood, a noted outlaw, living in the reigns of King Richard I, and King John. He and his companions lived in Sherwood forest, in Nottinghamshire.

14. resorted, came.

18. dappled, marked with spots.

29-30. jewel...venomous. These were two superstitions formerly held concerning the toad: (i) that it contained a jewel in its head, useful in disease, and (ii) that its bite was poisonous. Neither of these, is, however, true.

Page 86. 5. tongues...stones. In other words, he could learn a lesson from the simplest things around him.

10. strict, in its pure Latin meaning of 'close.'

24. court, court-yard or open space.

27. clowns, rough, uncultured country people.

30. tragical sight, sad and mournful, ending in death.

34. the art, the art of wrestling.

Page 87. 4. such odds in the men, such a great difference in their strength.

7. humane, kindly, benevolent.

12. forego his purpose, change his mind, and not wrestle.

all his thoughts were bent, all his desires were in one direction.

15.

F. B. L. R.

Page 88. 22. I would...ventured, I would have wept, in addition to merely imploring him not to wrestle; and then, perhaps, my tears might have had some power to prevent him.

34. abashed, disconcerted, ill at ease.

Page 89. 16. suffered, allowed.

22. subtle, clever in an underhanded manner.

26. doom, judgment.

27. irrevocable, final, impossible to alter.

Page 90. 10. defray their expenses, pay for anything which they require on their journey.

26. he could find in his heart, he had an inclination to cry; or 'felt like' crying.

Page 91. 8. entertainment, food and shelter, *not* amusement.

Page 92. 2. on his blessing, on condition of receiving his [Sir Rowland's] blessing.

19. knew no bounds, a figurative expression, meaning that his envy and malice existed in the highest degree.

28. you memory. Orlando in his virtues and appearance seemed to bring back old Sir Rowland to people's memory.

30. fond, in its old meaning of 'foolish.'

Page 93. 6. thrifty hire, the savings produced by thrift.

9. he that doth the ravens feed, God. Adam remembers Psalm cxlvii, 9. "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

14. the fashion of these times. Orlando means to say that at the present day, no example can be found of the faithful service of old days, such as Adam is.

16. youthful wages, the wages earned by you as a youth.

light upon, find. The image is taken from a bird coming to rest upon anything.

Page 94. 2. canopy, the richly embroidered covering of a throne.

5. forbear, stop what you are doing.

18. knolled, rung to summon people to church,

27. engendered, given birth to. The tears are looked upon as the children of pity.

35. doe...fawn, the mother-dear and its offspring.

Page 95. 14. love-sonnets, love-poems.

20. condescension, gracious treatment of an inferior by a superior.

27. deportment, behaviour, appearance, carriage of the body.

29. between boys and men, too old to be called boys, too young to be called men.

32. odes, long poems.

33. hawthorns, a small tree, bearing white, delicately-scented flowers, sometimes called May, from the month in which it blossoms.

elegies, usually laments for dead persons; here, love-poetry, perhaps a little melancholy.

brambles, the black-berry bush, very thorny.

Page 96. 9. fantastic, fanciful, absurd.

whimsical, silly, capricious.

20. sportive play, mere joking.

29. diverted, amused.

35. as good parentage as he did, since, of course, Gany-mede, or Rosalind, was the Duke's daughter.

Page 97. 12. lions...sleeping. This is an old superstition.

Page 101. 4. ratified, confirmed, strengthened.

24. skirts, outskirts, the fringe of the forest where it merged into the open country.

Page 102. 2 opportunely, at just the right moment.

12. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

Page 103. 3. Metropolis, the capital of a country; here, London.

15. rendezvous, French words really meaning 'Render yourselves,' or 'Meet together.' They are used as a noun, meaning 'meeting-place.'

polite, cultured, educated.

17. carnival, in Roman Catholic countries, the week before Lent, given up to feasting and merriment; hence any such period of general gaiety.

22. rural feeling, delight in country pleasures.

Page 104. 10. mimic, imitation.

15. dissipate, waste.

25. superficial, on the surface, not going deep.

Page 105. 7. landscape gardening, the arrangement of a garden or park to make it appear like a stretch of natural, untouched countryside.

12. her coy and furtive graces, the shy, retiring beauties of Nature.

19. covert, the shelter of trees or bushes.

21. meanderings, windings in and out.

22. sequestered, sheltered, out of the way.

24. limpid, clear and fresh.

25. dank, damp.

26. classic sanctity, holiness, as of a Greek or Roman temple.

34. sterile, unfruitful, hard to cultivate.

Page 106. 2. pruning, cutting away of stray shoots.

13. embellishment, beautifying.

15. box, a small close-leaved bush, much used as a border for flower-beds.

29. robustness of frame, strength of body.

Page 107. 31. hound and horn. In the sport of fox-hunting, the horn is used to signal to the dogs.

Page 108. 10. pastoral writers, writers on country themes.

Page 109. 4. tracery, stone carving.

8. yeomanry, the class of farmers who own the land they cultivate.

13. FATHERS AND SONS.

Page 110. 3. Ticinus, the modern Ticino, in northern Italy.

5. their wonderful march. They had started from Southern Spain, marched along the east coast, and crossed the Alps between Gaul (modern France) and Italy.

8. eagles. Each legion, or regiment in the Roman army, had, instead of flags such as modern regiments carry, a carved eagle as a sign.

9. Consul, the highest official in Republican Rome.

12. Numidian cavalry, horsemen from Africa.

13. equites, (pron. equ-i-tes), Roman heavy-armed cavalry.

15. javelins, long spears.

20. retrieved, brought back again.

22. Cavaliers and Roundheads, the supporters of King and Parliament respectively.

Page 111. 2. two favourite earls, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

4. Low Countries, the modern Holland and Belgium.

Prince Maurice, son of William, the Silent. He took a large part in freeing the Low Countries from Spanish tyranny.

14. Willoughby. Pron. Will-a-by.

16. the cross, sign of Christianity, hence of virtue.

17. the crown.....the coronet, emblems of royalty and nobility.

21. Lifeguards, the regiments specially entrusted with guarding the King's life.

22. Vandyke, Sir Anthony Vandyke (1599-1641), a Dutch artist, court painter to Charles I.

24. cuirass, steel breastplate.

gauntlets, gloves with long sleeves, generally overlaid with steel.

older warfare, warfare of the time when men fought in full armour.

27. Queen Henrietta, wife of Charles I.

30. Rupert, nephew of Charles I., and a famous cavalry leader.

33. Thirty Years' War, the great war between 1618 and 1648, in which France, Sweden, Austria, and Spain were engaged. It was marked by great desperation and cruelty.

34. petulance, annoyance.

Page 112. 2. Edgehill, in Warwickshire, where the first battle of the Civil War was fought.

4. copses, small groups of trees.

22. tactics, evolutions of troops immediately before joining battle.

Page 113. 9. affront, insult.

14. pique, anger, mortification.

Page 115. 9. seven years later, in 1649, when King Charles was executed.

24. Austria, at Lodi (May 10th 1796).

25. Italy. By the Battles of Castiglione (Aug. 3, 1796), Arcola (November 15-17) and Rivoli (Jan. 14, 1797).

31. Toulon, a French naval port on the Mediterranean.

Page 116. 4. the First Lord of the Admiralty, the English Minister in charge of the Navy.

5. Antipodes, Australia.

9. to reconnoitre, to sail ahead of the main fleet in order to gain intelligence of the enemy's whereabouts.

13. Syracuse, in Sicily.

17. Candia, or Crete, a long narrow island lying off the south coast of Greece.

24. Aboukir Bay, near Alexandria, on the north coast of Egypt.

27. portholes, the holes in an old man-of-war's side, through which the guns project.

28. tricoloured flag, of blue, white and red, the flag of France.

29. ships of the line, heavy battle-ships.

frigates, lighter sailing-ships.

35. cadet de vaisseau, ship's cadet.

Page 117. 4. flag captain, the commander of a battleship under the admiral.

28. to swing, to swing round by her anchor with the tide.

Page 118. 5. Westminster Abbey, *i. e.*, a tomb in Westminster Abbey, where England's heroes are buried.

20. Bellerophon. (Pron. Bel-lèr-o-phon.) The English sailor's name for his ship is Billy Ruffian.

Page 119. 34. pennant, the long flag of an admiral.

Page 120. 7. meed, reward.

14. RIP VAN WINKLE.

Page 121. 1. Hudson, a river in the state of New York, at the mouth of which stands Long Island, on which the town of New York is built.

3. Appalachian family, the great mountain ridge running through the eastern states of N. America.

18. shingle-roof, roofs covered with wooden planks.

Page 122. 1. a province of Great Britain, before the War of Independence.

7. hen-pecked, ordered about by his wife.

11. shrews, bad-tempered women.

12. termagant, fierce.

23. Indians, American Indians.

27. with impunity, without fear of punishment.

32. Tartar's lance, an extremely long lance, like that of the Tartar hordes of Central Asia.

Page 123. 4. husking Indian corn, taking off the outer covering of the maize,—an occasion of much frolic in old-days in America.

19. patrimonial estate, the estate inherited from his father.

28. galligaskins, knee-breeches.

Page 124. 23. a gallows air, the down-cast appearance of a man about to be hanged.

34. rubicound, red-faced.

Page 125. 12. junto, committee; the word is Spanish.

34. virago, shrew, bad-tempered woman.

Page 126. 29. impending cliffs, rocks that seem to overhang.

Page 127. 22. jerkin, a coat reaching almost to the knees.

25. keg, a small barrel.

Page 128. 14. ninepins, a game in which balls are rolled at a group of nine upright pieces of wood. He wins who knocks down most.

16. doublets, short coats, reaching to the waist.

25. hanger, a short, broad-bladed sword.

Page 129. 6. Hollands, rum, a spirit distilled from sugar.

18. reiterated, repeated.

35. fowling-piece, a gun used for shooting birds.

Page 130. 1. lock, the part of the gun containing the trigger and striking mechanism.

2. stock, the wooden end of the gun which is rested against the shoulder.

3. roysters, revellers, gamesters.

Page 131. 17. skirts, outskirts.

Page 132. 24. stars and stripes, the flag of the United States.

32. General Washington, the leader of the American Revolution.

Page 133. 8. Congress, the Parliament of the United States.

9. Bunker's Hill, where the American colonists defeated the British in 1775.

heroes of seventy-six, heroes of 1776, critical year in the American War of Independence.

10. Babylonish jargon, incomprehensible speech, such as that of Babylon would be to a modern hearer.

21. Federal or Democrat, the two political parties in the United States.

26. akimbo, the hand planted in the waist.

Page 136. 2. pedlar, a man who goes round the country selling little articles, such as needles and thread, or things useful in the household.

Page 137. 19. cronies, friends and companions.

Page 138. 2. petticoat government, government by a woman.

15. A SIEGE IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

3. sappers, men who dig mines underneath a besieged fortress, in order to blow it up.

4. pioneers, those who go in front of an army, to clear the road for it.

catapultiers, men who worked catapults, large machines for hurling huge stones

5. moat, a deep trench round a fortress, which can be filled with water for purposes of defence.

7. quarrels, short, square-headed arrows.

bolts, short arrows shot from a cross-bow.

8. artists, sappers, etc.

in concert, together, each helping the other.

13. mantelets, a number of upright planks nailed together, to form a protection behind which the sappers might work, safe from arrows and stones. It was mounted on rollers or wheels, so that it could advance as the workers advanced.

16. Denys, a men-at-arms, companion of Gerard, the hero of *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

18. aperture, opening.

20. condensed fire, volleys of arrows, all aimed at one particular point.

24. penthouses, sheds, built on the top of a fortress-wall.

curtains, the parts of a fortress-wall between two towers.

28. more...variety of range. From the penthouses, archers could shoot in any direction, while from the curtain they could only shoot in the direction in which the loophole was pierced.

Page 140. 1. mangonels, large catapults.

2. contemporaneously, at the same time.

10. barbican, a large strong tower, standing at the corner of a square fortress.

12. arbalestrier, a man armed with an *arbalest*, or cross-bow.

14. winged compliment, an arrow.

20. half-ell shaft, twenty inch arrow. The English archers used stronger bows and longer arrows than the French.

23. promenading, walking to and fro.

35. skipper, captain of a ship.

Page 141. 1. Flushing, thick woollen cloth, so called from the town in Holland at which it was made.

oblivious, unmindful.

5. these missiles, their curses.

14. arsenal, a place for storing and manufacturing arms.

21. cranes, large machines for hoisting and lowering great weights.

26. limited naps, short snatches of sleep.

something more or less feathered, arrows; referring to the feathers inserted in the shaft to guide its flight.

31. fascines, bundles of thin wooden rods.

Page 142. 3. trèbuchet, a small catapult.

8. Baldwyn of Burgundy, the knight in command of the besiegers.

14. a topic, that of food.

35. gravity, the force of gravity.

Page 143. 10. platform, the broad space round the top of a fortress-wall.

28. Simon, a companion-in-arms of Denys.

Page 144. 7. like a lobster, completely covered in armour, as a lobster is completely covered by its shell.

10. underpinned, placed beams in the mine, to prevent it falling in.

35. invulnerable, one who cannot be wounded.

Page 145. 13. offered them quarter, did not kill them.

15. hand grenades, metal receptacles, filled with explosives, to be thrown by hand.

19. hoard, another term for penthouse.

16. THE STAGE COACH.

Page 146. 2. public coaches. In the days before railways, coaches used to run between the principal English towns, providing comparatively rapid means of transport.

6. hampers of game, baskets containing partridge, grouse, etc., often sent in England as Christmas gifts.

16. emancipation, freedom from tasks.

- 17.. thraldom, slavery.
pedagogue, schoolmaster.

25. Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander the Great.

28. clear, jump over without touching.

Page 147. 5. Christmas greens, holly, mistletoe and ivy, used to decorate English houses at Christmas.

12. functionaries, officials, people with a particular duty to perform.

13. an air, general appearance and behaviour.

14. the fraternity, the brotherhood, or class, of coachmen.

16. craft, trade, occupation.

17. mottled, spotted.

20. potations, deep drinkings.

26. bouquet, bunch.

27. enamoured country lass, a country girl in love with the coachman.

28. small-clothes, breeches.

35. great consequence. Every one along the road respects him.

Page 148. 6. cattle, a slang name among grooms and coachmen for horses.

7. stage, a place where fresh horses are put into the coach; hence the term stage-coach.

11. ostlers, men in charge of horses.

14. oracle, a man of infinite wisdom, from the supposed gods consulted in ancient Greece and Rome.

15. cant, slang.

16. jockey lore, information and knowledge concerning horses.

17. ragamuffin, ragged beggar.

19. embryo coachey, a coachman in the making.

34. billet-doux, a love-letter. The words are French, meaning really, 'sweet note.'

Page 149. 2. giggling, self-consciously laughing.

3. juntos, gatherings, committees. The word is Spanish.

7. speculation, guessing, perhaps as to the fortunes of the passengers or their destinations.

10. spectre. Seen through the smoke and dust, the man who blows the bellows seems dim as a ghost.

12. engine, the bellows.

25. capons, fowls.

30. half her market, half the things she should bring from the market, when sent by her mistress.

Page 150. 6. superannuated, past work and pensioned off.
pointer, a dog used in shooting game. When it scents a bird, it stands rigid, with its nose *pointed* in the direction of the game, hence the name.

11. footman, a man-servant, whose duty is inside the house.

24. the summit of earthly felicity, the greatest happiness in the world. . .

28. portico, the space in front of the main door of a house, generally covered in as a shelter.

Page 151. 7. fitches, whole sides.

8. a smoke-jack, a machine for turning meat round and round in front of the fire. It is driven by the upward rush of hot air and smoke.

9. well-scoured, well-scrubbed.

11. viands, food.

15. settles, long, high-backed seats.
trim, neat, tidy.

17. THE WRECK.

Page 152. 8. a secret satisfaction, that it was some other people, and not themselves, who were in danger.

11. extravagant poop, grotesquely high stern.

23. rolled and pitched. Rolling is the motion of a vessel from side to side, pitching the motion end on, like a see-saw.

27. shroud, the ropes by which the mast is held vertical.

28. Gerard, the hero of 'The Cloister and the Hearth.'

Page 153. 1. a single goddess, here, the Virgin Mary. The titles that follow are those given her by the Roman Catholic Church.

10. on the quarter, on the side of the ship.

12. St. Thomas, one of Jesus Christ's apostles.

13. Compostella, in the N. W. of Spain, famous for its cathedral, dedicated to St. James, the patron saint of Spain.

16. Dominic, founder of the Dominican order of monks.

Denys, patron saint of France.

Catherine of Sienna, a famous Italian woman-saint of the 15th century.

17. Neapolitan, natives of Naples.

27. a rush dip, a rush dipped in tallow, used by poor people as a candle.

Page 154. 14. Canticles, the hymns of the Church ; passages of scripture sung at services.

17. absolved, forgave their sins.

18. sacristy, a priest's house.

27. the board, the deck.

35. founder ere we strike, sink before we strike on the rocks.

Page 155. 4. skipper, captain of a merchant-ship.

6. globe of fire, a phenomenon, due to phosphorescence, often observed in the Mediterranean.

9. Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Leda, and brothers of Helen. They were regarded as the protectors of sailors.

15. sieve, the wire mesh used to separate flour from bran.
bustle, hurry about the work.

22. Holy Moses. His exclamation proclaims him a Jew.

25. thou villain. The people thought the Jew had brought them ill-luck, for in the middle ages the Jewish race was hated as usurers and extortioners.

Page 156. 5. pooped, washed over the stern.

17. St. Peter, who holds the keys of heaven.

25. egotists, selfish people who think only of themselves (Lat. *ego* = I).

26. remained, there remained.

Page 157. 1. scuppers, the holes in a vessel's side, intended to let the water out when the waves wash over the deck.

6. Nazarenes, Christians, from Christ's birthplace, Nazareth.

Page 159. 13. shoon, an old plural of 'shoe.'

18. UNDER IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

[The places mentioned should be looked out on a map of Russia.]

Page 161. 3. Muscovy, the old name of Russia.

12. Volga, the great Russian river, the longest in Europe.

Page 163. 10. approaches, trenches dug nearer and nearer to the besieged town.

12. herald, a messenger between one army and another. Their persons are sacred, they cannot be killed or taken prisoner.

26. counteraction, working against. The sprinkling of the holy water was supposed to undo the magic work of the incantations.

Page 164. 4. communion, taking the holy bread and wine of the sacrament.

10. raise the siege, discontinue it.

Page 165. 5. rolling beams or pouring boiling water. Means of defence often used by besieged garrisons in old days.

15. mart, market.

30. postern gate, a small narrow gate in the rear of the town.

31. cut off their retreat, made it impossible for them to flee.

34. capitulate, give the town up.

Page 167. 1. patriarch, the title of the priest in the Russian Church who holds the same office as Bishop in the Catholic church.

29. stirrup-bearer, the servant who holds the stirrup while his master mounts on horseback.

serfs, practically slaves.

Page 168. 7. Livonia, a province of Russia in the west, on the shores of the Baltic Sea.

34. vestibule, the open antechamber of the monastery.

Page 169. 24. In the vacancy of the Metropolitan See, while the position of Archbishop of Moscow was unfilled. The jurisdiction of a bishop is called his *see*, the *metropolitan* being the chief bishop.

26. White Sea, on the north coast of Russia.

Page 170. 4. synod, a meeting of clerics.

8. "so heavy a freight to such a feeble bark," a large cargo in a weak ship; in other words, a great weight of responsibility to a person unable to bear it.

Page 171. 10. cassocks, the long black garment of a priest.

Page 172. 19. pastoral staff. A bishop is looked upon as the shepherd (Lat. *pastor*) of a flock, and carries a staff like a shepherd's crook.

20. mitre, the head-dress of an abbot or bishop.

27. Liturgy, the Church service.

34. Epiphany, the feast of the church which celebrates the visit of the wise men of the East to Christ.

Page 174. 3. in the middle of Lent. The forty days before Easter, called the period of Lent, are a time of fasting in the Christian Church, and during this time, people used to eat no meat.

13. its diamonds, the stars.

19. THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH INCH.

Page 175. 1. Perth, a town in the Southern Highlands of Scotland. Two clans of Highlands have met to decide their differences in combat, and are to fight in an open space outside the town.

6. demeanour, behaviour.

7. decorous, quiet and reverent.

17. thews and sinews, muscles.

26. Smith. Harry Smith, a maker of armour, a prominent figure in 'The Fair Maid of Perth.'

27. Wynd, a narrow lane. He was so called from the position of his shop.

Page 176. 1. slough, really, the cast skin of a snake; here, the humble clothing of a glove-maker's apprentice.

14. harness, armour, both of a horse and of a man.

Page 177. 2 borne palms. The day was Palm Sunday, when the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem is commemorated. In Christian churches, the worshippers carry palms on this day, to signify the palm-branches which were strewn before Christ on his entry.

9. gladiators, the professional fighters who fought in the arena at Rome.

Page 178. 33. treillage, interlaced boughs.

Page 179. 26. "What reck of that?" What does that matter?

Page 181. 8. Brattach, standard of the clan.

23. blithely, happily.

32. chary, meagre, miserly.

Page 182. 15. Baillie, a magistrate in a Scotch town.

20. Host of the Griffin, landlord of the Griffin Inn.

Page 183. 10. hauberk, breastplate. Milan, in Italy, was famous for the quality of the armour manufactured there.

30. last consequence, the utmost importance.

Page 184. 17. writhen, writhed, twisted.

34. hopeful son-in-law, Glover wished Eachin MacIain to marry his daughter, the Fair Maid of Perth.

Page 186. 6. Dault, Gaelic for 'foster-son.'

Page 187. 18. plaids, the length of cloth, woven in the colours of their clan, worn by Highlanders.

Page 188. 7. claymore, the long two-handed sword of the Highlander.

9. Lowland habit, the clothes worn in the Lowlands of Scotland, the ordinary English garb, as distinguished from the Kilt of the Highlander.

11. bonneted head. The head-dress of the Highlander is a close-fitting cap, called a bonnet, or a glengarry.

33. auxiliari, helper (Lat. *auxilium*=help).

Page 189. 7. as a rival. They were both suitors for the hand of the Fair Maid of Perth.

Page 190. 35. pommel, handle, hilt.

Page 191. 32. general event, outcome, conclusion.

Page 195. 19. steers, oxen.

Page 198. 7. Cat-a-Mountain, mountain-cat or wild-cat.

EXERCISES IN GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION.

1. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

1. Give three examples of words, with their meanings, derived from the same roots as *circumspection, perspective, transport*.
2. Take the sentence in Part II. "I had not yet seen it... ..vessels whatsoever," and rewrite it, using a simple sentence for each phrase.
3. In the same sentence, name the construction :—" All intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden." Give other examples of the same construction, from Parts I and II.
4. Pick out the noun clauses in Part I, and say how each is used.
5. Rewrite the following as one compound sentence —
"The enemy saw me. They were very frightened. They leaped out of their ships. They swam to shore. There were thirty thousand people on the shore."
6. Answer following questions in complete sentences :—
How did Gulliver defend himself against the Blefusculian's arrows? Why could he wade across to the island? What honour did Lilliput confer on Gulliver? Why did he take his coat off when walking through the streets of Mildendo? How did Gulliver manage to look into the rooms of the royal palace?
7. Put yourself in the place of one of the inhabitants of Mildendo, and describe Gulliver's visit to the town.

2. THE PYGMIES.

1. Parse the words in italics :—
 - (a) The Pygmies were *so* small.
 - (b) *As* big *as* a squirrel's cage.
 - (c) It *made* the poor little fellow's head *ache*.
 - (d) The giant *would have fought* him.

- (e) You would have laughed *to see* the children dodging in and out.
- (f) The Pygmies used to go to battle, *mounted* on the backs of goats and *rams*.
2. Rewrite the following
- (a) in the passive voice :—
1. Here the Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kinds of grain.
 2. If it did not smash him in pieces, it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache.
 3. You might have hidden a year-old baby under a thimble.
- (b) in the active voice :—
1. They were neatly plastered together by the Pygmy workmen.
 2. Their principal temple was looked upon as a magnificent edifice.
3. Explain the connection between *edifice* and *edify*; *telescope* and *telegraph*; *respiration* and *aspiration*.
4. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—
- (1) How did the Pygmies go to war?
 - (2) Why did Antæus love the Pygmies?
 - (3) Of what did the Pygmies build their houses?
 - (4) How did Antæus once kill five thousand Pygmies?
5. Describe in your own words the Pygmies' town.
6. Rewrite the following in one compound sentence :—
The sun was too hot. He sat down. His shadow fell over the kingdom. It covered it from one frontier to the other.
7. Use the following words in sentences, so as to show their meaning :
Sympathy, sportive, patronising, peevish.

3. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

1. Add suitable adjectives to the following words :— (*e.g.*, the *raging* hurricane, the *terrible* lightning, the *dreadful* earthquake.) Sea, precipice, beast, sun, fire, the effects of a hurricane, the labour of wall-building.

2. Rewrite the following, using simple sentences only, without verbs in the infinitive mood :

" This violent rain forced me to a new work, *viz.*, to cut a hole through my new fortification, like a sink, to let the water go out, which would else have drowned my cave."

3. Use the following phrases in complete sentences :—

Growing older, filled much corn, taking no notice, put into violent motion, to take courage, begin to ripen, talking to my parrot.

4. Putting yourself in Robinson Crusoe's place, describe, in the first person, how you made pottery on a desert island.
5. Give examples, from the first three paragraphs, of
- (a) relative pronouns, pointing out their antecedents,
 - (b) nominatives absolute,
 - (c) verbal nouns.

6. Taking the paragraph beginning 'April 16th,' as a piece of direct speech, turn it into indirect speech. Thus, "Robinson Crusoe said that he finished the ladder, etc."

7. Punctuate the following passage :—

In the middle of all my labours it happened that rummaging my things i found a little bag which as i hinted before had been filled with corn for the feeding of poultry not for this voyage but before as i suppose when the ship came from Lisbon.

8. Change the following from first to third person :—

- (a) I made me a lamp.
- (b) I resolved to sow them all again, hoping in time to have some quantity sufficient to supply me with bread.
- (c) I was forced to go into my cave.

4. THE TEMPEST.

1. Give the abstract nouns connected with the following :—
Beautiful, ugly, inherit, gentle, conclude, heir, excellent, free, reconcile.
2. Change the following active verbs into the passive, and *vice-versa* :—

The strange news of his lost father soon roused the Prince.
I will soon move you. Miranda was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince. These kind words which Prospero spoke filled Antonio with shame.

By means of this storm, my enemies are cast ashore. This bad witch was banished from Algiers. Antonio carried us on board a ship. The nuptials were to be celebrated at Naples.

3. Expand each adverb or adjective in the following into a phrase :—

She timidly answered. State affairs. Bring them quickly. Such-like tricks. Human face. Wicked commands. His old enemy.

4. Pick out (1) the participles, (2) the participial adjectives, (3) the verbal nouns, in paragraphs 2 and 3, and say how each is used.
5. Parse the words in italics in the following:—

The opportunity I gave him of *making* himself *popular* among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to *deprive* me of my dukedom. You do not recollect *what* a torment I freed you *from*. "*Pardon* me," said Ariel, *ashamed* to seem ungrateful.

6. "He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo." Rewrite this sentence in different ways, to emphasize (i) Gonzalo, (ii) good, (iii) first.

7. Rewrite the following in direct speech :—

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. He then desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned. Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them. Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in harbour.

8. Rewrite the following in indirect speech :—

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder." "Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, "I will obey your commands." Prospero said, "How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?" "Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel. "Wherefore" said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

9. Describe how Ariel misled the people from the ship.

5. DISCIPLINE.

1. How are the following phrases used in the passage? Construct other sentences containing them :—
 - (i) the voice of duty ;
 - (ii) matter of course ;
 - (iii) like herrings in a barrel ;
 - (iv) no eyes or ears ;
 - (v) fresh in our memories ;
 - (vi) drowned the crashing of the falling masts.
2. In paragraph 4, rewrite the sentence "There were two other boats.....but not one was lost," in four or five short, complete sentences.
3. In paragraph 3, pick out all the prepositions, and say which words they connect.
4. Give examples, in complete sentences, of the following words used (a) as preposition, (b) as adverbs :—In, under, off, before, after. How are these uses connected ?
5. What is an *idiom* ? Construct sentences to show the meaning of the following idioms :—
 - (i) to lay waste ; to lay to heart ; to lay in :
 - (ii) to cry up ; to cry down :
 - (iii) to give way ; to give up ; to give in ; to give over :
 - (iv) to strike off ; to strike out ; to be struck with.
6. Describe the loss of the 'Birkenhead.'
7. Write a short essay on 'Self-denying Courage,' using the incidents of this passage as illustrations.

6. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

1. Rewrite in more modern English :—
 - (a) Neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all.
 - (b) I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity.
 - (c) Having been long used to sea-voyages those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.
 - (d) I was twenty times thinking to let him go.

2. Pick out the clauses in the following, and say what relation each bears to the others :—

The Queen, *who* often used to hear me *talk* of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions *to divert* me when I *was* melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail, or an oar, and *whether* a little exercise of rowing might not be good for my health?

Parse the words in italics.

3. Give other words derived from the same roots as the following, with their meanings :—

Divert, resolute, compute, edifice, adorn, mariner.

4. Distinguish between a *pronoun* and a *relative pronoun*. Give illustrations from Parts III and IV of the use of *that* as *pronoun*, *relative pronoun*, *conjunction* and *demonstrative adjective*.

5. Give synonyms or equivalents for the following :—

Common people, edifice, project (*noun*), project (*verb*), favour, merit, prospect (*noun*), prospect (*verb*).

6. Rewrite the following in simple sentences :—

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it *was* always in my travelling closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery.

7. Describe in your own words any of the accidents that happened to Gulliver in Brobdingnag.
8. Write an essay on the advantages and disadvantages of a visit to Brobdingnag.

7. LOUIS XI. AT A BOAR-HUNT.

1. Rewrite the following in indirect speech :—

The king said, "Yonder lies his eminence low enough—he is no great huntsman, though for a fisher (when a secret is to be caught) he may match St. Peter himself."

2. Give the abstract nouns connected with the following words :—

Statesman, secret, absurd, more, tempt, king, noble, defend, single, slay,

and use each abstract noun in a complete sentence.

3. Rewrite the following as one compound sentence:—
 The chase had passed him. A single cavalier rode up. He expressed surprise at finding the cardinal on the ground. The cardinal has been thrown from his horse. The cavalier dismounted. He offered assistance.
4. Give synonyms or equivalents for the following:—
 Prosecution, alternately, cavalier, scornful; expostulations, munificence, essaying, rustic, accelerate, proficient, infinite.
5. Pick out (i) the participles and participial adjectives, (ii) verbal nouns, (iii) verbs in the infinitive mood, in paragraph 2 of the extract from *Quentin Durward*, and say how each is used.

8. THE ARGONAUTS.

1. Change the following sentences from active to passive voice:—
 Then they felled the pines on Pelion, and shaped them with the axe. Argus taught them to build a galley, and they pierced her for fifty oars.
2. Punctuate the following:—
 He led Jason to the south-west up the banks of Haliacmon and over the spurs of Pindus to Dodona the town of Zeus where it stood by the side of the sacred lake and the fountain that breathed out fire in the darkness of the ancient oakwood beneath the mountain of a hundred springs.
3. Rewrite the preceding passage in *simple* sentences only.
4. Answer the following questions, each in a complete sentence:
 - (i) What did Aietes reply to Jason's request for the Golden Fleece?
 - (ii) How did the heron guide them through the [†]clashing rocks?
 - (iii) Why did Orpheus accompany the Argonauts?
 - (iv) Why was Heracles left behind?
5. Write in your own words a description of the appearance of the Argonauts.
6. Fill up the blanks in the following passages:—
 - (i) They.....come to the shores of the Chalybes.
 - (ii) If you.....go to the grove of the war-god, you.....find there the Golden Fleece.
 - (iii) He could not go back.....his promise.
 - (iv) Fighting.....the last man.

7. Correct the following:—

- (i) Which is worst, to be slain by the brazen-footed bulls, or by the wild witch-huntress?
- (ii) He hoped they will win the Golden Fleece.
- (iii) Jason had no hardly entered the grove, when he saw the serpent.
- (iv) He thought of the wife who he had lost.

9. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

1. Use the following prepositions in sentences, to show the various meanings of each:—

Against, with, from, in, into.

2. "I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat."

Pick out the clauses in this sentence, and say how each is used.

3. Rewrite the following in present-day English:—

(a) It took me up more time by a great deal.

(b) Through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets, of which I took notice that I got seven on shore out of the ship.

(c) All this labour I was at the expense of, purely from my apprehensions on the account of a print of a man's foot which I had seen.

4. Paraphrase:—

Thus I took all the measures human prudence could suggest for my own preservation; and it will be seen, at length, that they were not altogether without just reason; though I foresaw nothing at that time more than my mere fear suggested to me.

5. Correct the following:—

(a) A draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for.

(b) My flock, who were not so wild now.

(c) I perceived the savage who I had knocked down was not quite dead.

Give reasons for your corrections.

6. Combine the following sentences into one compound sentence:—
I had killed the other Indian far off. It astonished Friday. I pointed to the dead Indian. Friday made signs to me. The signs seemed to mean that Friday wanted permission to go to the dead Indian. I signed to him to go.
7. Rewrite the following in the Passive Voice:—
 - (a) I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him.
 - (b) I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour.
 - (c) What astonished him most, was to know how I had killed the other Indian.
 - (d) In a month's time I had fenced it round.
8. Imagine yourself cast on a desert island, near a country inhabited by savages. You see human footprints on the sand. Describe the thoughts and fears that come into your mind.

10. THE BATTLE OF PRESTON-PANS.

1. In paragraph 2, pick out (i) present participles, (ii) participial adjectives, (iii) past participles used in forming tenses of verbs, and parse each example.
2. Parse the words in *italics* in the following sentences:—
 - (a) The harvest *was gathered in*.
 - (b) The English infantry, *trained in* the wars in Flanders, stood their *ground*.
 - (c) This *difficulty surmounted*, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest.
 - (d) *It was at this moment that* Waverley remarked an English officer.
 - (e) *To save* this man became the *object* of his exertions.
3. In paragraph 1, put the whole of the Prince's words into indirect speech.
4. Rewrite the following, using only simple sentences:—
It was at this moment of confusion and terror that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing alone and unsupported by the side of a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of MacIvor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim.

5. Describe the night march of the Highland army, and their preparations for battle.
6. Give examples of words, with their meanings, derived from the same roots as the following :—
Circuitous, extend, resolution, strict, fragment, destruction, avail.
7. Give synonyms for the following :—
Rapidity, crop of corn, inevitable, martial, upbraiding, recur, consultation.
8. Pick out examples from the extract of (i) metaphor, (ii) noun used as adjective, (iii) abstract noun, (iv) nominative absolute construction, (v) omission of parts of the verb 'to be.'

11. AS YOU LIKE IT.

1. Put into direct speech :—
Then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the Duke's palace, intended to destroy him, by setting fire to his chamber that night; and in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight.
2. Paraphrase the Duke's speech in paragraph 2, using no figurative language.
3. "The wrestling match began." Take this sentence, and rewrite it with (i) an adjectival phrase; (ii) an adverbial phrase; (iii) an adjectival clause; (iv) an adverbial clause. Take all your ideas from the story.
4. Put yourself in Celia's place and write a letter to a friend left behind in the Duke's court, telling her of your adventures in the forest.
5. Frame examples from 'As you like It' to show the various uses to which the infinitive mood of verbs may be put.
6. "The usurper, *enraged* at the flight of his daughter, and *hearing* that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much *envying* that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity,

put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced towards the forest, *intending* to seize his brother, and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword."

Rewrite this passage, using the italicised participles as the predicates of new sentences.

7. Illustrate the use of the following Latin and Anglo-Saxon prefixes, by giving words in which they occur, and saying what those words mean :—

Contra, ob, retro, inter ; for, with, out.

12. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

1. Give examples from this passage of the meanings of the following affixes :—be-, ex-, con-, in-, -age, inter-, de-, -ure, -ity, -ly.
2. In paragraph 2 substitute simpler synonyms for :—Intelligent, inhabited, Metropolis, rendezvous, congenial, rural, diffused.
3. In the last paragraph but one, the passage "The old church..... of the nation" is one long sentence. Break it up into six or seven short sentences, each complete in itself.
4. Use the following phrases or words in sentences, to show their meaning :—
Home-bred virtues, rural repose, the face of the country, waive the destructions of rank, a regular gradation, covert, transient, seclusion.
5. Describe a typical English gentleman's country seat.
6. Why is there better feeling between the English upper and lower classes in the country than in the town ?
7. Take paragraph 3, and express it in simpler English.
8. How has the English love for the country passed into literature ? Can you give any example of poems that show it ?

13. FATHER AND SONS.

1. "No," said the boy ; "he was where his father had stationed him, and bidden him not to move save at his call." In spite of the quotation marks, this is really in indirect speech. Put it into direct.

2. How are the following words and phrases used ? Put them into sentences in order to show their meaning :—
Eagles, horse, the cross an ornament to the crown, hot words, ebbing strength, faithful heart, wheeled round.
3. Parse the words in italics :—
Whether the battle were won or lost, the father knew not. A very different sight was seen in Aboukir Bay, so solitary a month ago. I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action.
4. In paragraph 2, pick out (i) the adverbial clauses, (ii) the adjectival clauses, and say how each is used.
5. "The Romans fled." Expand this sentence by means of (i) an adjective and an adverb, (ii) an adjectival clause and an adverbial clause.
6. In paragraph 5, pick out examples of (i) nouns in apposition, (ii) participial phrases, (iii) noun clauses.
7. Rewrite the following, in three complete sentences instead of one :—
"The king stood, with his charger by his side, and his grave melancholy face, sad enough at having to fight at all with his subjects, and never having seen a battle, entirely bewildered between the ardent words of his spirited nephew and the grave replies of the well-seasoned old earl."
8. Describe Casabianca's deed of heroism.

14. RIP VAN WINKLE.

1. Tell the story of Rip Van Vinkle's return to the village, as if you were Rip himself.
2. Describe the strange game of nine-pins in the hollow of the mountains.
3. Write a brief character-sketch of Rip Van Winkle.
4. Use the following expressions in sentences, to show their meaning :—
With impunity, a gallows air, the brow of a precipice, outlandish fashion, somebody else in my shoes, to tap their fingers against their foreheads.

5. Analyse the following, and parse the words in italics :—

It was determined to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road.

6. Say what you know of George Washington, Bunker's Hill, King George.
7. Explain :—

His usual alacrity ; azure sky ; cocked hat ; the. neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial ; yelping precipitation

8. Use the following idioms in sentences, to show their meaning :—

- (i) to run down, to run through ;
- (ii) to die away, to die hard, dead beat, dead shot ;
- (iii) to look up, to look in, to look round, to look over ;
- (iv) in a hole, through the mill, under the rose.

9. Correct the following :—

- (i) The man that I spoke of is ill.
- (ii) This is the best of the two.
- (iii) Come here quick.
- (iv) Rip was the laziest of all other villagers.
- (v) Rip departed from the village, and comes back twenty years later.
- (vi) When he woke, he was laying on the grass.

15. A SIEGE IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

1. Give the derivation of the following, and examples of other words derived from the same roots :—

Aperture, missile, gravity, invulnerable, protrude, offer.

2. What do you mean by 'agreement' ? How does a verb agree with its subject, and a relative pronoun with its antecedent ?

3. Pick out 3 examples of

- (i) demonstrative adjectives,
- (ii) demonstrative pronouns,
- (iii) adverbial phrase.

4. " You shoot very well, my friend," cried he, " Come forth and receive my congratulations. Shall merit such as thine hang its head ? " "

Rewrite this in indirect speech.

5. "Denys did shoot him; every day of his life; other arbalestriers shot him. Archers shot him. Everybody shot him. He was there to be shot, apparently. But the adomination was, he did not mind being shot."
Rewrite this as one compound sentence.
6. Parse the words in italics :—
 (i) *I'll* not die till I've had a shot at London, wall.
 (ii) A figure soon attracted notice by *promenading* under *fire*.
 (iii) The cat was covered with mattresses and raw hides, and fast *filling up* the moat.
 (iv) A little trébuchet began *dropping* stones.
7. Describe some of the methods of an old-time siege.

16. THE STAGE COACH.

1. Form abstract nouns from the following :—
Guardian, multiply, luxurious, happy, anticipate, rustic, smoke, direct, sober, consider.
2. Put the following into the Passive or Active Voice according as each sentence is active or passive :—
 (i) It was loaded with hampers of game.
 (ii) He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat.
 (iii) I was roused from this fit of luscious meditation by a shout from my little travelling companions.
 (iv) A stage-coach carries animation always with it.
 (v) Sometimes he delivers a hare or a pheasant.
3. Use the following words or phrases in sentences, to show their meaning :—
Emancipation, consideration, an event fruitful of much speculation, oracle, flippant, in embryo, Wellington, fraternity.
4. Give synonyms for the following words or phrases :—
Functionaries, thralldom, malt liquor, of spacious dimensions, stout repast, impracticable feats, a men of great trust.
5. Describe the appearance of a typical old stage-coachman.
6. Write a letter to a friend on your feelings just before breaking up for the holidays.
7. Write in dialogue form what you think would be the conversation of the three boys with the lady and the two young girls whom they met when they arrived home.

17. THE WRECK.

1. Use the following in sentences, to show their meanings :—
Stiff gale, going ashore, ashy cheek, fleshly odds, what avails me ? under the lee, steeled by religion, this shifting scene.
2. Add suitable adjectives to the following nouns :—
Gale, terror, death, prayer, mountain, sea, anguish, gesture, wave, gratitude, gallantry.
3. Form adverbs from the following :—
Power, composed, prudence, hero, science, danger, eternity.
4. Use the following groups of words in sentences, to bring out the difference in meaning :—
(i) happiness, rapture, pleasure ;
(ii) minster, minister ;
(iii) proceed, precede ;
(iv) speak, talk, exclaim.
5. Describe how Gerard and the monk found safety from the sinking ship.
6. Contrast the behaviour of the mother with that of the 'egotists' around her.
7. Put the following into indirect speech :—
"Let go, thou hoary villain!" cried the others: "shall all our lives be lost for thy ill-gotten gear?" "Fling him in with it," cried one, "'tis this Hebrew we Christian men are drowned for."

18. UNDER IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

1. Explain the following :—
(i) "We only await you coming to begin the feast."
(ii) "The stones beneath your feet cry out for vengeance to heaven."
(iii) Feed the flock of Christ.
(iv) The sleeping lion began to waken.
(v) They tampered with the monks.
(vi) "This seed will not bring you a good harvest."

EXERCISES IN GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION. 247

2. Use the following idioms in sentences :—
 - (i) ' carry out, carry through ;
 - (ii) at stake, at bay, at length ;
 - (iii) to throw out, thrown away.
3. Paraphrase the following :—
 - (i) At that moment the sun's disk appeared above the eastern hills, and ere yet the red orb had fully mounted above the horizon, there was a burst as it were of tremendous thunderings, and the ground shook beneath the church.
 - (ii) Ivan's suspicious mind took up the idea that Feeleep had been incited by the nobles to request the abolition of the Oprichnina, and that they were exciting a revolt.
4. Correct the following :—
 - (i) The corpses lay in the street, which no one dared to bury.
 - (ii) I alone fear God.
 - (iii) Yediguer was kindly treated by Ivan, accompanied him to Moscow, and becomes a Christian.
 - (iv) The Archbishop said he knew what you have come for, but I long for death, and that you must do the Tzar's will.
 - (v) Feeleep took the head in his arms which he blessed it and has given it back.
5. Describe the virtues of Feeleep Kolotchof.
6. "No man is wholly bad." Illustrate this saying from the life of Ivan the Terrible.

19. THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH INCH.

1. Explain the following passages :—
 - (i) "He will soon find on his shoulders with what sort of blows I clink my rivets."
 - (ii) The multitude gave place to her importunity.
 - (iii) He had been somewhat deprived of his usual agility.
 - (iv) The victors had the general meed of gratulation.
 - (v) Perhaps this was enough to bring his constitutional timidity to its highest point.

2. Quote and explain words derived from the same roots as the following :—
Prediction, champion, indignation, spectator, permit, consequence, complicated.
3. Analyse the following sentence, and parse the words in italics :—
“ When the clans were thus drawn up *opposed* to each other, they intimated their feudal *animosity*, and their eagerness to engage, by a wild scream, *which*, uttered by the Clan Quhele, was answered and echoed *back* by the Clan Chattan, the *whole* at the same time *shaking* their swords, and menacing each other, *as if* they meant to conquer the imagination of their opponents ere they mingled in the actual strife.”
4. Describe the death of Torquil.
5. Write a brief character-sketch of Harry Smith, so far as the chief elements in his character are revealed by his conduct in the battle.
6. Describe the attitude of the spectators towards the combatants, and show how their feelings expressed themselves as the battle proceeded.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON AUTHORS.

DANIEL DEFOE (1661?-1731) was perhaps the most voluminous and versatile of the literary men of his age. Journalist, satirist, and towards the end of his life, novelist, he excelled in all fields. His early life was curiously varied; he was educated with a view to becoming a dissenting minister, he fought in Monmouth's army, he was hosier, merchant-adventurer, and brick-maker. His chief journalistic enterprise was the *Review*, a survey of politics, trade, and literature, carried on by him when imprisoned in Newgate. *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* (1702), his greatest satire, is marked with a grave irony worthy of Swift. But he is remembered chiefly by his novels, the chief of which were *Robinson Crusoe* (1719), *Journal of the Plague Year* (1722) and *Memoirs of a Cavalier* (1724). They are all novels of adventure and incident, and by piling up of minute detail, Defoe gives his fiction an extraordinary effect of being a vivid and truthful transcript from real life.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864) was born at Salem, Massachusetts, and was a fellow-student with Longfellow at Bowdoin College. He obtained a post in the American Custom-House, but soon deserted it for literature. His literary work was mainly fiction, his most powerful novel being *The Scarlet Letter*. From 1853-58 he was United States Consul at Liverpool, the fruit of his English sojourn being *Our Old Home*, consisting of notes on English life and character. Most of his novels have a strong mystical element, and his work is probably the richest in imaginative power yet produced in America.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) is chiefly known in England by his *Sketch-book* (1819), the fruits, in essay-form, of his stay in England, where he was the friend of Thomas Campbell and Sir Walter Scott. He was born in New York, and intended for the law, but delicate health forced him to tour in Europe from 1804 to 1806, and again from 1815 to 1832. A long sojourn in Spain gave rise to a series of historical works, such as the *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), and others. On his final return to America in 1842, he published a *Life of Goldsmith*, and in 1855-59, his greatest work the *Life of Washington*.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875) was educated for the law, but took orders and in 1842 became Curate, and later Rector of Eversley in Hampshire. His literary work was various; he wrote *The Saint's Tragedy* (1842), a drama on St. Elizabeth of Hungary, two novels, *Yeast* (1848) and *Alton Locke* (1850) dealing with social and economic questions, historical novels, *Hypatia* (1853) dealing with the early Christians in Alexandria, *Westward Ho!* (1855) in which the English voyages of the 16th century are reflected with vigour and spirit, and *Hereward the Wake* (1866) which has as its subject England before and after the Norman Conquest. His two books for children are *The Water Babies*, instilling a reverence for Nature, and *The Heroes*, in which he re-tells some of the classic myths. Kingsley was much interested in natural history, and the fruit of this interest is found in *Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore*. In 1860 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, in 1869 Canon of Chester, and in 1873 Canon of Westminster.

Hot-tempered, downright and positive in the expression of opinion, Kingsley was nevertheless a man of singular purity of character. Optimist in his outlook on life, his novels display with great vigour his own very sturdy conceptions of manly duty.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834) holds perhaps the highest place in early 19th century literature as essayist and critic. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he formed a lasting friendship with Coleridge; for some time he was a clerk in the South Sea House, being transferred in 1792

to the India House, where he remained for 32 years, retiring in 1825 on a pension. The tragedy of Lamb's life occurred in 1796, when his sister Mary went suddenly insane, and killed their mother with a table knife. Henceforward Lamb lived only for her; his care and devotion towards her during long lucid intervals forms one of the most beautiful and touching stories in the world. Lamb's early literary production was varied; he contributed sonnets to a volume of Coleridge's poems (1796), his romance *Rosamund Gray* appeared in 1798, while *John Woodvil*, a tragedy, and *Mr. H.*, a farce were produced later. *The Tales from Shakespeare* appeared in 1805, Charles writing the tragedies, Mary the comedies, though it is probable that the hand of Charles afforded much guidance to his sister's. About the same time, he edited a volume of selection from the Elizabethan dramatists, full of delicate appreciation and subtle criticism. This work did much to stimulate the further study of the literature of the Elizabethan age, and is indeed, a landmark. But the work on which his fame chiefly rests, the *Essays*, appeared late in life, the first series in 1823, the second in 1833.

All that Lamb wrote is pervaded with the extraordinary charm of his personality. Deep tenderness of feeling, whimsical humour, rich fancy, subtle criticism and satire of life are found throughout, and in power of self-revelation the *Essays* rival the most characteristic of Johnson's work.

CHARLES READE (1814-1884) is the typical example of the writer of 'novels with a purpose,' of works largely intended to expose some abuse in society, thus taking the place of the older satirist. He was educated at Oxford and called to the Bar, but never practised. He produced both plays and novel; of the former *Masks and Faces* and *Drink* are the best known, and are still on occasion revived. His historical novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1856) has been described by Mr. Swinburne as 'among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative.' *Hard Cash* (1863) exposes the abuses of private lunatic asylums, *Foul Play* (1869) is directed against the over-insurance of worthless, unseaworthy vessels. He is a writer of great narrative and dramatic power, though too often his novels fail in point of construction.

SIR. WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832) was born at Edinburgh, but being seriously ill during infancy his childhood was passed in the Border country, among the legends and traditions which are woven so immediately into his later work. He went to the High School at Edinburgh, afterwards to the University there, where he was trained for the law. In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirk, and in 1812 one of the principal clerks to the Court of Session, positions which, while giving him a certain competency of income, allowed leisure for his favourite studies. The first period of his literary life began in 1802 with his collection of border ballads, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, followed by *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1803), *Marmion* (1808), *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), *The Vision of Don Roderick* (1811), *Rokeby* (1812), and others. Scott has himself told us how Byron's leap to fame in *Childe Harold* determined the future direction of his work; in 1814 appeared *Waverley*, which had been started and laid aside as early as 1805. In the next five years, ten more novels had appeared, and the strain began to tell, and there appeared perhaps a falling off in power with the *Monastery* of 1820. Nine more novels followed before 1826, when the publishing firm with which Scott was associated, failed, and he was left in debt to the extent of £130,000. In two years he had wiped off £40,000 of the debt. But the task was too great; in 1830 the overworked brain gave way; he had several paralytic seizures, and though he rallied from time to time, and produced two more novels, yet he died, worn out, in 1832.

Regarding both the quantity and quality of his output, Scott's production is a thing to marvel at. The wide range of subject, the variety of treatment, the almost inexhaustible vigour and fullness of style are alike wonderful. His poetry, though of the second rank, is always energetic and masculine. The novels, of course, form his chief claim to fame; in them he displays a power of characterisation almost Shakespearean united with vigorous powers of narrative and description.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) was born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College. He entered the household of Sir William Temple in 1692 as secretary, becoming acquainted with many political leaders. He later took orders, obtained various small preferments in Ireland, but devoted his time mainly to political controversy in London. In 1713 he became Dean of

St. Patrick's, but the death of Queen Anne ruined his hopes of further clerical preferment, and he spent the greater part of the remainder of his life in Ireland, varied however, by visits to London, where he was a great friend of Pope and Arbuthnot. Towards the end of his life he gradually lost his faculties, and died in 1745.

Swift's work is mainly satiric. His early privations soured his mind and very largely influenced his outlook on life. Much of his work is fierce and savagely misanthropical, but through it all burns a fire of sincerity. It is a strange reversal of fortune that *Gulliver's Travels* (1727) which is a bitter satire on political parties, and, in its latter passages, on the whole human race, should have become a favourite with modern children.

CHARLOTTE YONGE (1823-1901) was a particularly voluminous writer, chiefly of novels half-sentimental, half-religious, of which she produced nearly a hundred, the best-known being *The Heir of Redclyffe* and *The Daisy Chain*. In other directions she produced *Cameos from English History* and *The book of Golden Deeds*, in the latter of which she used historical incidents for the inculcation of high morality. Much of her work was written with a direct appeal to children, and her books hold a very high place in their affection.

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