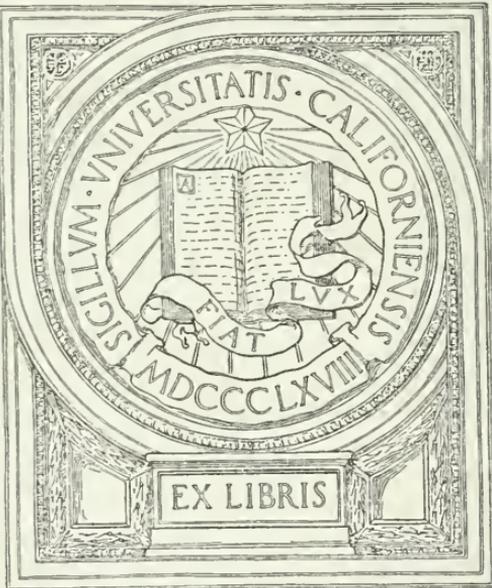
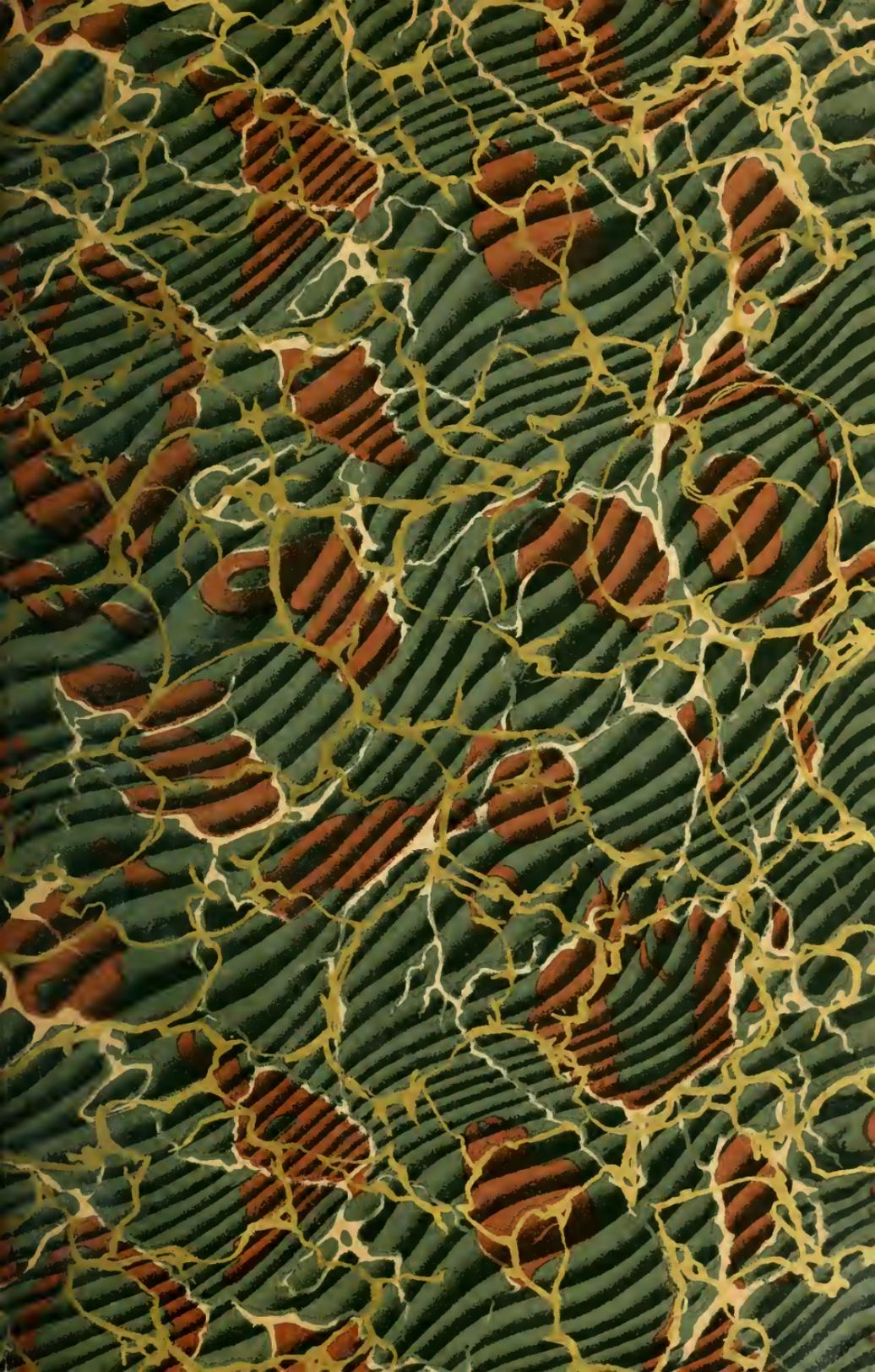


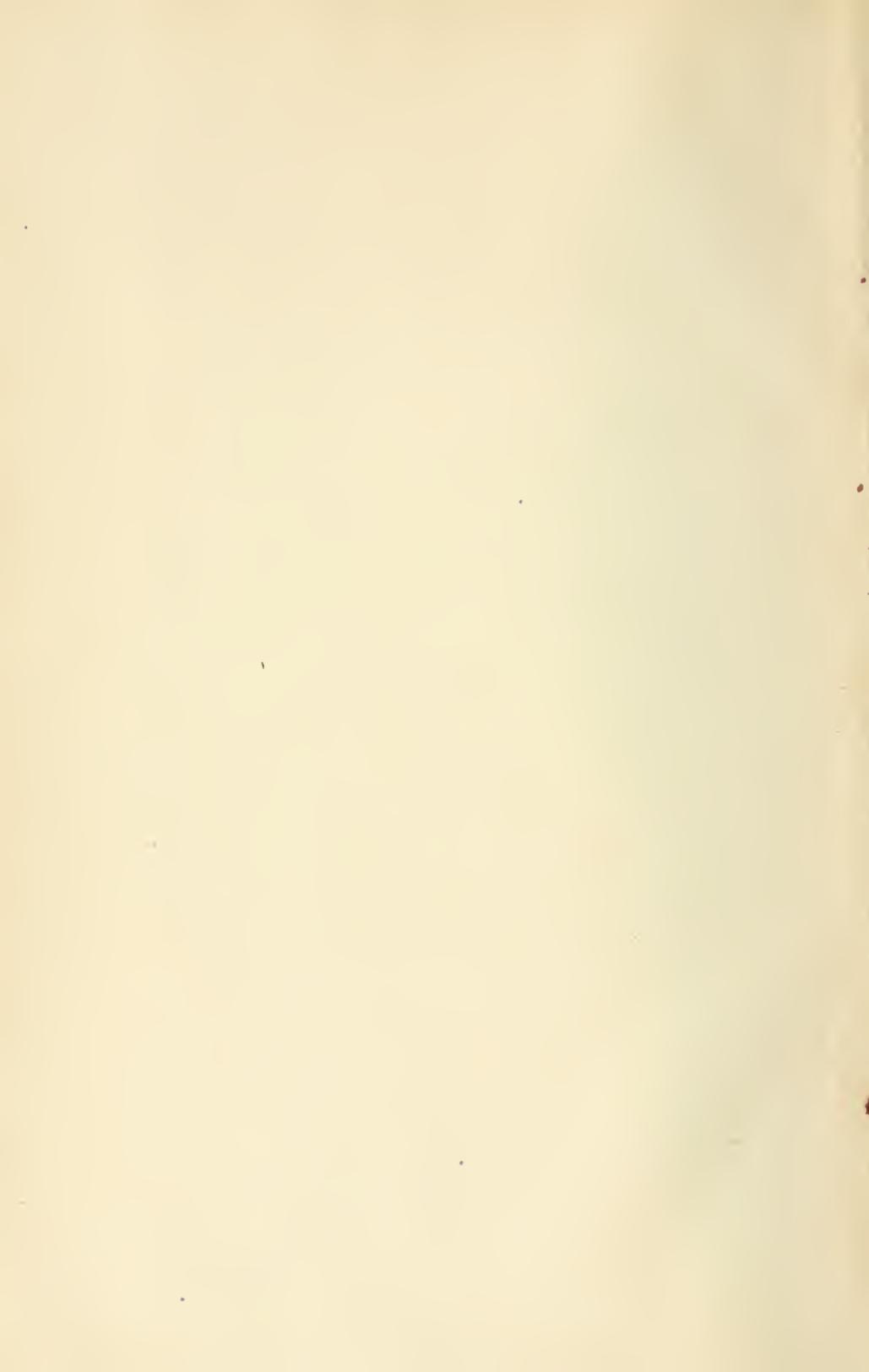


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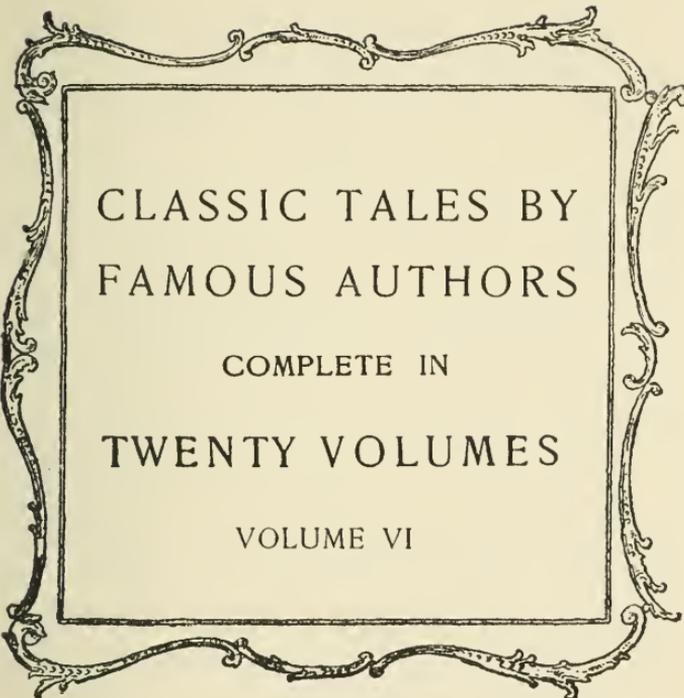
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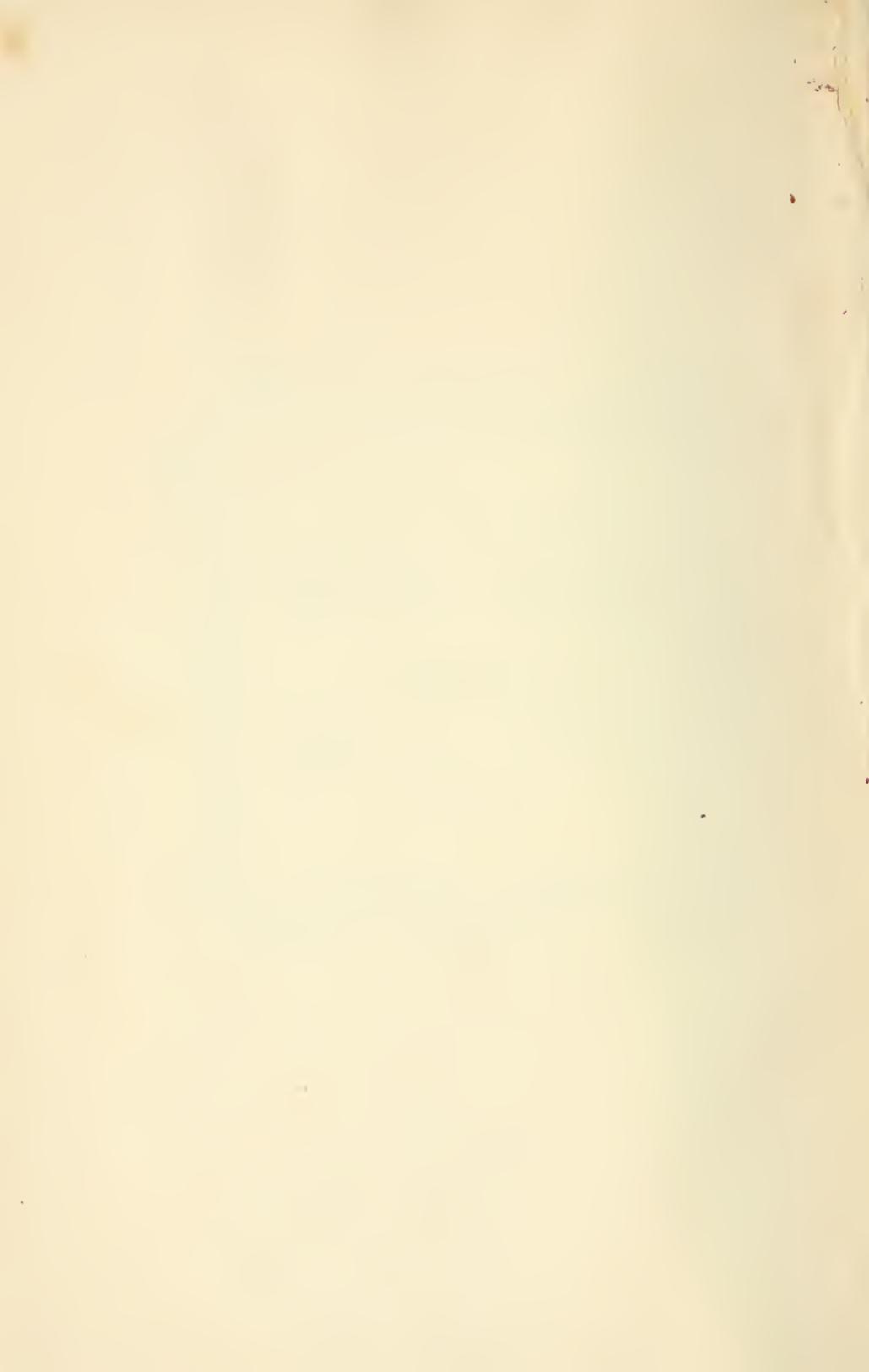
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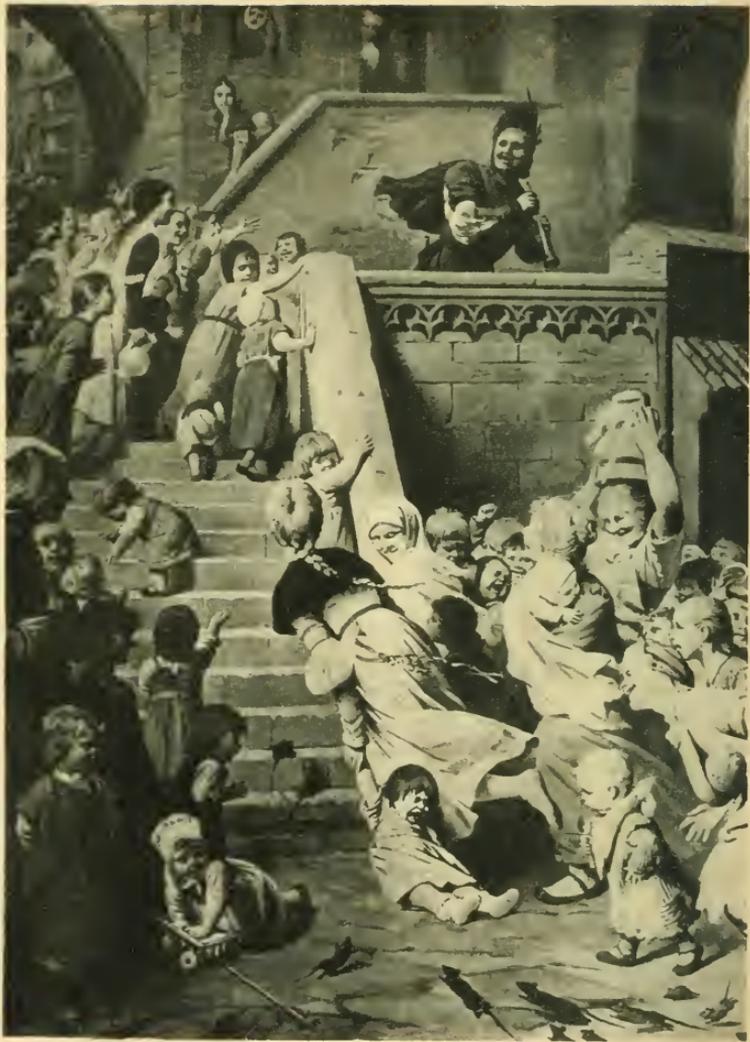
CLASSIC TALES BY
FAMOUS AUTHORS

COMPLETE IN

TWENTY VOLUMES

VOLUME VI





Classic Tales

by

Famous Authors

CONTAINING COMPLETE SELECTIONS FROM
THE WORLD'S BEST AUTHORS WITH PREVIOUS
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND SYSTEMATIC NOTES

Pied Piper of Hamelin

Photogravure. From a Painting by Kaulbach

FREDERICK B. DE BESSÉD

- 325 -

With a General Introduction by

ROSSITER JOHNSON, LL.D.

Published by

THE BELLAMY COMPANY

New York

1908



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Classic Tales

by

Famous Authors

CONTAINING COMPLETE SELECTIONS FROM
THE WORLD'S BEST AUTHORS WITH PREFATORY
BIOGRAPHICAL AND SYNOPTICAL NOTES

Edited and Arranged by

FREDERICK B. DE BERARD

14525

With a General Introduction by

ROSSITER JOHNSON, LL.D.

Published by

THE BODLEIAN SOCIETY

NEW YORK

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CRITICAL SYNOPSIS
OF SELECTIONS

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: BY WM. SHAKESPEARE.

This charming comedy embodies some of the most beautiful and idyllic of the great poet's thoughts. It is, moreover, one of the most delightful of his acting plays. It tells how the Duke of Athens and his Court celebrated his nuptials with Hippolyta by four days of revels; how Quince, and Snug, and Bottom, and other artisans, undertook to enact the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe" for the entertainment of the Court; how Oberon, the king of the fairies, and Puck, his attendant, took part in the revels and played pranks with all the characters, by causing the identity of all to become confused, whereby ensued much mystification until such time as King Oberon caused the scales to fall from their eyes.

KONG TOLV: BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

Imagination has peopled the woods, the waters, the earth and the air with superhuman beings, with genii, fairies, water-sprites, nixies, gnomes and kobolds. Invisible to human eyes, they come and go unseen, living their lives in worlds which humanity cannot enter. The legendary lore of all people and tongues is replete with tales of the doings of these unseen folk. The beautiful story of "Undine" tells how a water-sprite dwelt among mankind and partook of its life. The story of King Tolv tells how a mortal maiden was loved by the Elle-King and became his bride, Queen of the Elves of the Hill, and dwelt for years in the shining palace built by the gnomes far underground; how a child, half-human, half-fairy, was

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

born unto her; how she yearned for her old home; how the children of the fairies, born without souls, have no hope of heaven; and how she sought to win a soul for her child at the price of her own life.

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES:

Under this general title has been brought together a number of tales in verse of the doings of the fairy folk—a favorite theme of legend, song and story. Bishop Percy gathered together in his "Reliques" a great mass of ballads and folk-songs, unwritten, but transmitted verbally from generation to generation of the common people. From these have been gleaned two songs that tell of the doings of "Queen Mab" and "Robin Goodfellow."

Mary Howitt's beautiful lyric, "The Isles of the Sea Fairies," is a charming poetic fancy; "The Kelpie of Corrievreckan" is a weird ballad by Charles Mackay that tells the fate that befel a mortal maiden, beloved by the baneful sea-kelpie; William Allingham's dainty poem, "The Fairies," sings of the doings of the little people of mountain and glen; which are likewise the theme of Professor John Wilson's charming little lyric.

THE CULPRIT FAY: BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

"There are no fairies in America." Words somewhat like these led Joseph Rodman Drake to write the beautiful poem, "The Culprit Fay," one of the most charming of fairy stories. The fay has loved a mortal maid, inexorably forbidden by the law of fairyland. He is doomed to suffer for his offence; banished from fairyland, he may not return until he shall have caught a rainbow drop flashing from the spray of the sturgeon's swift leap and rekindled the spark of his torch by the flaming trail of the shooting star. Deep in a moonlit woodland glade, the fairies swarm to hear the sentence; again they gather to celebrate with gladness the return of their victorious brother fay.

I. THE DAISY: BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Many of the world-renowned fairy stories of Hans Christian Andersen are so simple in structure, so devoid of incident, that synopses of them

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

are barren and trite to the last degree. Their charm is in their delicacy of thought and beauty of sentiment—the qualities that pervade the two dainty little stories which we have selected.

"The Daisy" tells of a humble flower that was happy amid the green grass, thankful for sunlight and dew, and filled with joy at the singing of the lark; how the gorgeous garden flowers, which it had envied, were cut down and borne away, because of the brilliancy, while the humble daisy was unnoticed, because of its insignificance; and how, finally, the bit of turf in which it grew was lifted and placed in the cage where the lark, now made captive, was confined; how the flower comforted the bird; and how both died together.

II. THE FIR TREE: BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The story of "The Fir Tree" tells how all the other trees in the forest were happy and found pleasure in their lives. The fir tree, alone, was filled with envy. He wished to grow great; he heard from the storks and the cranes stories of the world, of fir trees that became the masts of ships and sailed across the seas. The little birds told him of Christmas revels and how fir trees, blazing with wax tapers and laden with beautiful things, held the place of honor in the great hall at the castle; and he murmured because he was left in his place. But finally he felt the axe; he was to become a Christmas tree, and for the first time he felt chill and dread. When he was adorned with lights and held the place of honor, surrounded by a gay throng, he became arrogant, thinking that at last his ambition was to be gratified. Finally, stripped of his lights and ornaments, tossed contemptuously into the darkness of the garret, to become dry and withered, and then chopped into firewood and fed to the flames, he learned the fate of over-weening ambition.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN: BY ROBERT BROWNING.

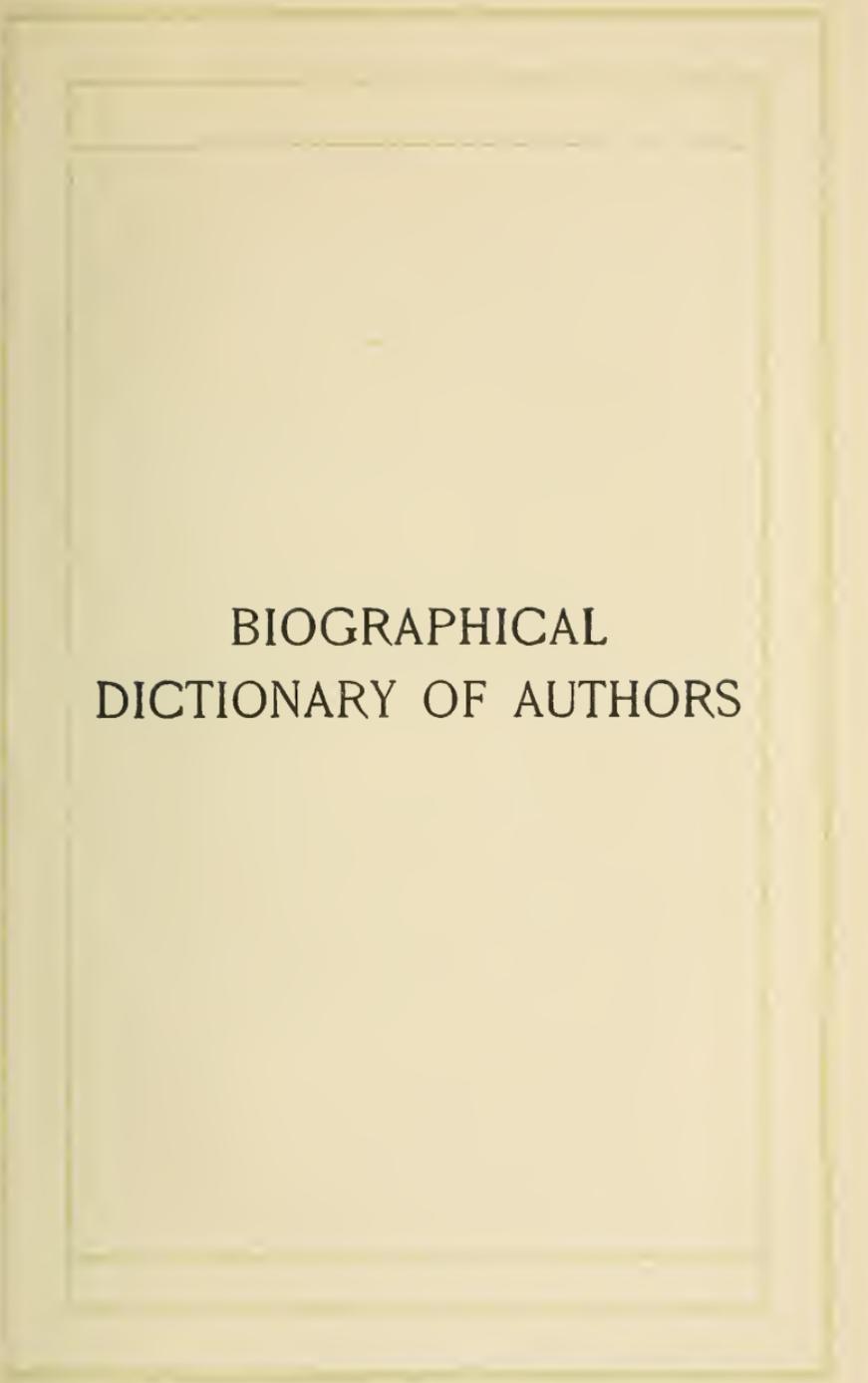
This famous ballad tells how the people of the town of Hamelin, in Brunswick, suffered from a horde of rats; how a strolling wizard engaged to

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

deliver the townspeople from their pest; how he played a magical tune upon his pipes; how the rats followed the sound of the magic music in droves and were led thereby to plunge into the river, where all were drowned save one; how the sorcerer then demanded payment, which was refused; and how he piped a tune, which drew after him, dancing and singing in glee, all the children of the town, despite the frantic pleas of their parents; and how the rocky front of the Koppelberg opened wide and the conjurer and the train of children entered and were nevermore seen.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS: BY LEWIS CARROLL.

There are two famous nonsense books called "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." In these books everything impossible happens. They embody the genius of absurdity. They tell how Alice went through the looking-glass, what she found there, and what she saw and did in Wonderland. The judicious reader who desires a synopsis is referred to the story. In the words of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, "explaining it would only spoil it." EDITOR.



BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM: An Irish poet, born 1828; died 1889. His charming little lyric, "The Fairies," is universally known, and has place in every anthology. His numerous other poems have had less currency. They are comprised in the several volumes, "Poems" (1850); "Day and Night" (1854), etc.

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN: This noted Danish novelist and poet was born at Odense, Denmark, 1805; died at Copenhagen, 1875. He is best known to English readers through his "Fairy Tales," published in 1836—a series of beautiful apologues, which have been translated into many languages. In his early years he was an actor and dramatist. His principal novels are "The Improvisator" (1830), followed by "Only a Fiddler."

BROWNING, ROBERT: (For Biographical Note see Vol. II., "Famous Tales of Heroism.")

CARROLL, LEWIS: This is a pseudonym of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, an English clergyman, who wrote several serious and abstruse works on mathematical science, and two famous nonsense books for children, which have also delighted a great audience of mature and critical readers. They are remarkable for their ingenious absurdity and sparkling wit. Mr. Dodgson was born 1832, and died 1899.

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCK (Mrs): An English authoress of prominence, more commonly known as Miss Mulock. She was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, 1826; died in Kent, 1887. Her most notable novels were written before her marriage to George Lillie Craik, in 1865. The best-known of these is

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

"John Halifax, Gentleman," published in 1857. She wrote many other novels, romances, and short stories, of which the most important are: "The Ogilvies" (1849); "The Head of the Family" (1851); "Agatha's Husband" (1852); "A Life for a Life" (1859); "A Noble Life" (1866); "A Brave Lady" (1870); "Hannah" (1871). She also wrote many poems, tales and children's stories.

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN: Two noted poems—"The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag"—preserve the memory of this American poet. He was born in New York, 1795, and died in that city, 1820. In the tentative literature of that day he was one of the most promising figures. His premature death prevented the development of his early promise. Among his ephemeral writings were "The Croaker Papers" (conjointly with Fitz-Greene Halleck), published in the "Evening Post."

HOWITT (BOTHAM), MARY: An English general writer, almost wholly in collaboration with her husband, William Howitt. Together they produced a long list of miscellaneous works, poems, travels, reviews, etc. She was born in England, 1804; died at Rome, 1888.

MACKAY, CHARLES: This author not only wrote a number of volumes of poems and miscellanies, but also attained prominence as a journalist. In 1844-47 he was editor of the "Glasgow Argus;" and editor of the "Illustrated London News" 1852-59. He was special correspondent of the "London Times" during the American Civil War, and won great note by exposing the Fenian conspiracy of 1862. Among his works are: "The Salamandrine: Or Love and Immortality" (1842); "Voices from the Crowd" (1846); and "Voices from the Mountains" (1847).

He was born at Perth, Scotland, 1814; died at London, 1889.

PERCY, THOMAS (BISHOP OF DROMORE): In 1765 a compilation of ballad poetry, in large part anonymous and traditional, was published under the title "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," since widely known as "Percy's Reliques." It rescued

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

from obscurity and oblivion many ballads current in traditionary form among the people, but unprinted, and others hidden in old manuscripts. Bishop Percy was the author of several other antiquarian works. He was born at Bridgenorth, England, 1729; died at Dromore, Ireland, 1811.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM: By common consent the greatest of poets and dramatists. As an adequate summary of his career is here impracticable, this notice is restricted to a list of his works, with their dates. Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, April, 1564; had a checkered career as actor, playwright and manager; and died at his birth-place, April 23, 1616. He went to London, 1587, and became associated with the brilliant group of playwrights whose productions have given undying luster to that period. His plays were all written for the stage; the probable date of the production of each is as follows:

"Love's Labor Lost" (1589); "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (1591); "Romeo and Juliet" (1591); "Henry VI" (1592-4); "A Comedy of Errors" (1594); "King Richard III" (1594); "Titus Andronicus" (of doubtful authenticity) (1594); "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1595); "King Richard II" (1595); "The Merchant of Venice" (1596); "King John" (1596); "Henry IV" (1597-8); "Much Ado About Nothing" (1598); "As You Like It" (1599); "Henry V" (1599); "Merry Wives of Windsor" (1600); "Troilus and Cressida" (1600); "Julius Cæsar" (1600); "Hamlet" (1601); "Macbeth" (1601); "All's Well That Ends Well" (1601); "Twelfth Night" (1602); "The Taming of the Shrew" (1603); "Othello" (1604); "King Lear" (1605); "Antony and Cleopatra" (1607); "Timon of Athens" (1607-8); "Coriolanus" (1607-8); "Pericles" (1608); "Cymbeline" (1609); "The Tempest" (1611); "The Winter's Tale" (1611); "King Henry VIII" (1613).

Shakespeare's poems are "Sonnets," "Venus and Adonis," "The Rape of Lucrece," and "A Lover's Complaint."

WILSON, JOHN: (For Biographical Note, see Vol. XIII.. "Famous Prose Idyls.") EDITOR.

KONG TOLV

KONG TOLV

A FAIRY TALE OF SCANDINAVIA

Mrs. D. M. Craik

14525

HYLDREDA KALM stood at the door of her cottage, and looked abroad into the quietness of the Sabbath morn. The village of Skjelskör lay at a little distance down the vale, lighted by the sunshine of a Zealand summer, which, though brief, is glowing and lovely even as that of the south. Hyldreda had looked for seventeen years upon this beautiful scene, the place where she was born. Sunday after Sunday she had stood thus, and listened for the distant tinkle of the church bell. A stranger, passing by, might have said, how lovely were her face and form; but the widowed mother whose sole stay she was, and the little delicate sister who had been her darling from the cradle, would have answered, that if none were so fair, none were likewise so good as Hyldreda; and that all the village knew. If she did love to bestow greater taste and care on her Sunday garments than most young damsels of her class, she had a right—for was she not beautiful as any lady? And did not the eyes of Esbern Lynge say so, when, week after week, he came up the hilly road, and descended again to the little chapel, supporting the feeble mother's slow steps, and watching his betrothed as she bounded on before with little Resa in her hand?

"Is Esbern coming?" said the mother's voice within.

"I know not—I did not look," answered Hyldreda, with a girlish willfulness. "I saw only the sun shining on the river, and the oak-wood waving in the breeze."

"Look down the road, child; the time passes. Go quickly."

"She is gone already," said Resa, laughing merrily. "She is standing under the great elder-tree to wait for Esbern Lyнге."

"Call her back, call her back!" cried the mother anxiously. "To stand beneath an elder-tree, and this night will be St. John's Eve! On Sunday, too, and she a Sunday-child! Call her quickly, Resa!"

The little child lifted up her voice, "Hyld—"

"Not her name—utter not her name!" And the widow Kalm went on muttering to herself, "Perhaps the Hyldemoer¹ will not have heard. Alas, the day! when my child was born under an elder-tree, and I, poor desolate mother! was terrified into giving my babe that name. Great Hyldemoer, be propitiated! Holy Virgin, hear!" And the widow's prayer became a curious mingling of superstition and piety. "Blessed Mary! let not the elves have power over my child! Have I not kept her from all evil?—does not the holy cross lie on her pure breast day and night? Do I not lead her every Sunday, winter and summer, in storm, sunshine or snow, to the chapel in the valley? And this day I will say for her a double prayer."

The mother's counted beads had scarce come to an end when Hyldreda stood by her side, and, following the light-footed damsel, came Esbern Lyнге.

"Child, why² didst thou linger under the tree?" said the widow. "It does not become a young maiden to

¹ *Hyldemoer*, elder-mother, is the name of a Danish elf inhabiting the elder-tree. *E la* signifies a grandmother or female ancestor. Children born on Sundays were especially under the power of the elves.

KONG TOLV.

stand flaunting outside her door. Who wert thou watching so eagerly?"

"Not thee, Esbern," laughed the girl, shaking her head at her betrothed, who interposed with a happy, conscious face; "I was looking at a grand train that wound along the road, and thinking how pleasant it would be to dress on a Sunday like the lady of the castle, and recline idly behind four prancing horses instead of trudging on in these clumsy shoes."

The mother frowned, and Esbern Lynge looked sorrowful.

"I wish I could give her all she longs for," sighed the young man, as they proceeded on their way, his dutious arm supporting the widow, while Hyldreda and Resa went bounding onward before them; "she is as beautiful as a queen—I would that I could make her one."

"Wish rather, Esbern, that Heaven may make her a pious, lowly-hearted maid, and, in good time, a wife; that she may live in humility and content, and die in peace among her own people."

Esbern said nothing—he could not think of death and her together. So he and the widow Kalm walked on silently, and so slowly that they soon lost sight of the two blithe sisters.

Hyldreda was talking merrily of the grand sight she had just seen, and describing to little Resa the gilded coach, the prancing horses, with glittering harness. "Oh, but it was a goodly train, as it swept down towards the river! Who knows?—perhaps it may have been the king and queen themselves."

"No," said little Resa, rather fearfully, "you know Kong Tolv¹ never lets any mortal king pass the bridge of Skjelskør."

¹ Kong Tolv, or *King Twelve*, is one of the Elle-kings who divide the fairy sovereignty of Zealand.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

"Kong Tolv! What, more stories about Kong Tolv!" laughed the merry maiden. "I never saw him; I wish I could see him, for then I might believe in thy tales, little one."

"Hush, hush! But mother told me never to speak of these things to thee," answered Resa; "unsay the wish, or some harm may come."

"I care not! who would heed these elfin tales on such a lovely day? Look, Resa, down that sunny meadow, where there is a cloud-shadow dancing on the grass; a strange cloud it is too, for it almost resembles a human form."

"It must be Kong Tolv rolling himself in the sunshine," cried the trembling child; "look away, my sister, lest he should hear us."

Again Hyldreda's fearless laugh made music through the still air, and she kept looking back until they passed from the open road into the gloom of the oak wood.

"It is strange that thou shouldst be so brave," said Resa, once more. "I tremble at the very thought of the Elle-people of whom our villagers tell, while thou hast not a single fear. Why is it, sister?"

"I know not, save that I never yet feared anything," answered Hyldreda, carelessly. "As for Kong Tolv, let him come; I care not."

While she spoke, a breeze swept through the oak-wood, the trees began to bend their tops, and the under branches were stirred with leafy murmurings, as the young girl passed beneath. She lifted her fair face to meet them. "Ah! 'tis delicious, this soft scented wind; it touches my face like airy kisses; it makes the leaves seem to talk to me in musical whispers. Dost thou not hear them too, little Resa? and dost thou not—"

Hyldreda suddenly stopped, and gazed eagerly down the road.

"Well, sister," said Resa, "what art dreaming of

now? Come, we shall be late at church, and mother will scold." But the elder sister stood motionless.

"How strange is thy look! What dost thou see, Hyldreda?"

"See!—what is there?"

"Nothing, but a cloud of dust that the wind sweeps forward. Stand back, sister, or it will blind thee."

Still Hyldreda bent forward with admiring eyes, muttering, "Oh! the grand golden chariot, with its four beautiful white horses! And therein sits a man—surely it is the king! and the lady beside him is the queen. See, she turns—"

Hyldreda paused, dumb with wonder; for, despite the gorgeous show of jewelled attire, she recognized that face. It was the same she had looked at an hour before in the little cracked mirror. The lady in the carriage was the exact counterpart of herself!

The pageant came and vanished. Little Resa turned round and wiped her eyes—she, innocent child, had seen nothing but a cloud of dust. Her elder sister answered not her questionings, but remained silent, oppressed by a nameless awe. It passed not, even when the chapel was reached, and Hyldreda knelt to pray. Above the sound of the hymn she heard the ravishing music of the leaves in the oak wood, and instead of the priest she seemed to behold the two dazzling forms which had sat side-by-side in the golden chariot.

When service was ended, and all went homewards, she lingered under the trees where the vision, or reality, whichever it was, had met her sight, half-longing for its re-appearance. But her mother whispered something to Esbern, and they hurried Hyldreda away.

She laid aside her Sunday mantle, the scarlet woof which to spin, weave, and fashion, had cost her a world of pains. How coarse and ugly it seemed! She threw it contemptuously aside, and thought how beautiful

looked the purple-robed lady, who was so like herself.

"And why should I not be as fair as she? I should, if I were only dressed as fine.. Heaven might as well have made me a lady, instead of a poor peasant girl."

These repinings entered the young heart hitherto so pure and happy. They haunted her even when she rejoined her mother, Resa, and Esbern Lyngé. She prepared the noonday meal, but her step was heavy and her hand unwilling. The fare seemed coarse, the cottage looked dark and poor. She wondered what sort of a palace-home was that owned by the beautiful lady; and whether the king, if king the stranger were, presided at his banquet table as awkwardly as did Esbern Lyngé at the mean board here.

At the twilight, Hyldreda did not steal out as usual to talk with her lover beneath the rose-porch. She went and hid herself out of his sight, under the branches of the great elder-tree, which to her had always a strange charm, perhaps because it was the spot of all others where she was forbidden to stay. However, this day Hyldreda began to feel herself no longer a child, but a woman whose will was free.

She sat under the dreamy darkness of the heavy foliage. Its faint, sickly odor overpowered her like a spell. Even the white bunches of elder flowers seemed to grow alive in the twilight, and to change into faces, grinning at her whithersoever she turned. She shut her eyes, and tried to summon back the vision of the golden chariot, and especially of the king-like man who sat inside. Scarcely had she seen him clearly, but she felt he looked a king. If wishing could bring to her so glorious a fortune, she would almost like to have, in addition to the splendors of rich dress and grand palaces, such a noble-looking man for her lord and husband.

And the poor maiden was rudely wakened from her

dream, by feeling on her delicate shoulders the two heavy hands of Esbern Lyngé.

Haughtily she shook them off. Alas! he, loving her so much, had ever been lightly loved in return! to-day he was not loved at all. He came at an ill time, for the moment his hand put aside the elder-branches, all the dazzling fancies of his betrothed vanished in air. He came, too, with an ill wooing, for he implored her to trifle with him no more, but to fulfill her mother's hope and his, and enter as mistress at the blacksmith's forge. She, who had just been dreaming of a palace home! Not a word she answered at first, and then cold, cruel words, worse than silence. So Esbern, who, though a lover, was a high-spirited youth, and thought it shame to be mocked by a girl's light tongue, left her there and went away, not angry, but very sorrowful.

Little Resa came to summon her sister. But Hyl-dreda trembled before the gathering storm, for Widow Kalm, though a tender mother, was one who well knew how to rule. Her loud, severe voice already warned the girl of the reproof that was coming. To avoid it for a little, until her own proud spirit was calmed, Hyl-dreda told Resa she would not come in until after she had taken a little walk down the moonlight road. As she passed from under the elder-tree, she heard a voice, like her mother's, and yet not her mother's—no, it could never be, for it shouted after her—

"Come now, or come no more!"

Some evil impulse goaded the haughty girl to assert her womanly right of free action, and she passed from her home, flying with swift steps. A little, only a little absence, to show her indignant pride, and she would be back again, to heal all strife. Nevertheless, ere she was aware, Hyldreda had reached the oak-wood, beneath which she had seen the morning's bewildering sight.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

And there again, brighter in the moonlight than it had ever seemed in the day, came sweeping by the stately pageant. Its torches flung red shadows on the trees, its wheels resounded through the night's quiet with a music as of silver bells. And sitting in his state alone, grand but smiling, was the lord of all this splendor.

The chariot stopped, and he dismounted. Then the whole train vanished, and, shorn of all his glories, except a certain brightness which his very presence seemed to shed, the king, if he were indeed such, stood beside the trembling peasant maid.

He did not address her, but looked in her face inquiringly, until Hyldreda felt herself forced to be the first to speak.

"My lord, who art thou, and what is thy will with me?"

He smiled. "Thanks, gentle maiden, for thy question has taken off the spell. Otherwise it could not be broken, even by Kong Tolv."

Hyldreda shuddered with fear. Her fingers tried to seize the cross which always lay on her breast, but no! she had thrown aside the coarse black wooden crucifix, while dreaming of ornaments of gold. And it was St. John's Eve, and she stood beneath the haunted oak-wood. No power had she to fly, and her prayers died on her lips, for she knew herself to be in the Hill-king's power.

Kong Tolv began to woo, after the elfin fashion, brief and bold, "Fair maiden, the Dronningstolen¹ is empty, and 'tis thou must fill it. Come and enter my palace under the hill."

But the maiden sobbed out that she was too lowly to sit on a queen's chair, and that none of mortals, save the dead, made their home underground. And she

¹ Dronningstolen, or Queen's Chair.

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prayed the Elle-king to let her go back to her mother and little Resa.

He only laughed. "Wouldst be content, then, with the poor cottage, and the black bread, and the labor from morn till eve? Didst thou not of thyself wish for a palace and a lord like me? And did not the Hylde-moer waft me the wish, so that I came to meet and welcome thee under the hill?"

Hyldreda made one despairing effort to escape, but she heard again Kong Tolv's proud laugh, and looking up, she saw that the thick oak-wood had changed to an army. In place of each tree stood a fierce warrior, ready to guard every step. She thought it must be all a delirious dream that would vanish with the morning. Suddenly she heard the far village clock strike the hour. Mechanically she counted—one—two—three—four—up to twelve.

As she pronounced the last word, Kong Tolv caught her in his arms, saying, "Thou hast named me and art mine."

Instantly all the scene vanished, and Hyldreda found herself standing on the bleak side of a little hill, alone in the moonlight. But very soon the clear night darkened, and a heavy storm arose. Trembling she looked around for shelter, and saw in the hill-side a tiny door, which seemed to invite her to enter. She did so! In a moment she stood dazzled by a blaze of light—a mortal amidst the festival of the elves. She heard the voice of Kong Tolv, half-speaking, half-singing:

"Welcome, maiden, fair and free,
Thou hast come of thyself in the hill to me;
Stay thou here, nor thy fate deplore;
Thou hast come of thyself in at my door."

And bewildered by the music, the dance, and the splendor, Hyldreda remembered no more the cottage, with

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its one empty chair—nor the miserable mother, nor the little sister straining her weeping eyes along the lonely road.

The mortal maiden became the Elle-king's bride, and lived in the hill for seven long years; at least, so they seemed in Elfinland, where time passes like the passing of a strain of music, that dies but to be again renewed. Little thought had she of the world above-ground, for in the hill-palace was continual pleasure, and magnificence without end. No remembrance of lost kindred troubled her, for she sat in the Dronningstolen, and all the elfin people bowed down before the wife of the mighty Kong Tolv.

She might have lived so always, with no desire ever to go back to earth, save that one day she saw trickling down through the palace roof a pearly stream. The elves fled away, for they said it was some mortal weeping on the grassy hill overhead. But Hyldreda stayed and looked on until the stream settled into a clear pellucid pool. A sweet mirror it made, and the Hill-king's bride ever loved to see her own beauty. So she went and gazed down into the shining water.

There she beheld—not the image of the elfin-queen, but of the peasant maid, with her mantle of crimson woof, her coarse dress, and her black crucifix. She turned away in disgust, but soon her people brought her elfin mirrors, where she could see her present self, gorgeously clad, and a thousand times more fair. The sight kindled in her heart a proud desire.

She said to her lord, "Let me go back for a little while to my native village, and my ancient home, that I may show them all my splendor, and my greatness. Let me enter, sitting in my gilded chariot, with the four white horses, and feel myself as queen-like as the lady I once saw beneath the oak-wood."

Kong Tolv laughed, and assented. "But," he said,

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"remain thy own proud self the while. The first sigh, the first tear, and I carry thee back into the hill with shame."

So Hyldreda left the fairy-palace, and came sweeping through the village, with a pageant worthy a queen. Thus, in her haughtiness, after seven years had gone by, she stood at her mother's door.

Seven years, none of which had cast one shadow on the daughter's beauty. But time and grief together had bowed the mother almost to the verge of the grave. The one recognized not the other until Resa came between; little Resa, who looked her sister's olden self, blooming in the sweetness of seventeen. Nothing to her was the magnificence of the beautiful guest; she only saw Hyldreda, the lost and found.

"Where hast thou been?" said the mother, doubtfully, when, in answer to all their caresses, the stately lady only looked on them with a proud smile. "Who gave thee those grand dresses, and put the matron's veil upon thy hair?"

"I am the Hill-king's wife," said Hyldreda. "I dwell in a gorgeous palace, and sit on a queen's throne."

"God preserve thee!" answered the mother. But Hyldreda turned away, for Kong Tolv had commanded her never to hear or utter the one holy Name. She began to inquire about her long-forgotten home, but half-carelessly, as if she had no interest in it now.

"And who was it," she asked, "that wept on the hillside until the tears dropped through, staining my palace walls?"

"I," answered Resa, blushing; and then Hyldreda perceived that, young as she was, the girl wore the matron's head-tire. "I, sitting there with my babe, wept to think of my poor sister who died long ago, and never knew the sweetness of wifehood and mother-

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hood. And almost it grieved me to think that my love had blotted out the bitterness of her memory even from the heart of Esbern Lyngé."

At the name proudly laughed the elder sister: "Take thy husband and be happy, girl; I envy thee not; I am the wife of the great Hill king."

"And does thy lord love thee? Does he sit beside thee at eve, and let thee lean thy tired head on his breast, as Esbern does with me? And hast thou young children, dancing about thy feet, and a little blue-eyed one to creep dove-like to thy heart at nights, as mine does? Say, dear sister, art thou as happy as I?"

Hyldreda paused. Earth's sweet ties arose before her, and the grandeur of her lot seemed only loneliness. Forgetting her lord's command, she sighed, she even wept one regretful tear; and that moment in her presence stood Kong Tolv.

"Kill me, but save my mother, my sister," cried the wife, imploringly. The prayer was needless; they saw not the Elle-king, and he marked not them—he only bore away Hyldreda, singing mockingly in her ear something of the same rhyme which had bound her his:

"Complainest thou here all drearilie—
Camest thou not of thyself in the hill to me?
And stayest thou here thy lot to deplore?
Camest thou not of thyself in at my door?"

When the mother and sister of Hyldreda lifted up their eyes, they saw nothing but a cloud of dust sweeping past the cottage door, they heard nothing but the ancient elder-tree howling aloud as its branches were tossed about in a gust of wintry wind.

Kong Tolv took back to the hill his mortal bride.

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There he set her in a golden chair, and brought to her to drink a silver horn of elfin-wine, in which he had dropped an ear of wheat. At the first draught, she forgot the village where she had dwelt; at the second, she forgot the sister who had been her darling; at the third, she forgot the mother who bore her. Again, she rejoiced in the glories of the fairy-palace, and in the life of never-ceasing pleasure.

Month after month rolled by—by her scarce counted, or counted only in jest, as she would number a handful of roses, all held so fast and sure, that none could fall or fade; or as she would mark one by one the little waves of a rivulet whose source was eternally flowing.

Hyldreda thought no more of any earthly thing, until there came, added to her own, a young, new life. When her beautiful babe, half-elf, half-mortal, nestled in her woman's breast, it wakened there the fountain of human love, and of long-forgotten memories.

"Oh! let me go home once—once more," she implored of her lord. "Let me go to ask my mother's forgiveness, and, above all, to crave the church's blessing on this my innocent babe."

Kong Tolv frowned, and then looked sad. For it is the one sorrow of the Elle-people that they, with all others of the elfin race, are shut out from Heaven's mercy. Their lives are counted by centuries, not years; but they have no hope of immortality. Therefore do they often steal mortal wives, and strive to have their children christened according to holy rite, in order to participate in the blessings granted to the offspring of Adam.

"Do as thou wilt," the Hill-king answered; "but know, there awaits a penalty. In exchange for a soul must be given a life."

His dark saying terrified the young mother for a time, but soon the sweet, strange wiles of her elfin-

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babe beguiled her into renewed happiness; so that her longing faded away.

The child grew not like a mortal child. An unearthly beauty was in its face; wondrous, precocious signs marked it from its birth. Its baby-speech was very wisdom; its baby-smile was full of thought. The mother read her own soul—the pure soul that was hers of yore—in her infant's eyes.

One day when Hyldreda was following the child in its play, she noticed it disappear through what seemed the outlet of the fairy-palace, which outlet she herself had never been able to find. She forgot that her boy was of elfin as well as of mortal race. Out it passed, the mother eagerly pursuing, until she found herself with the child in a meadow near the village of Skjelskør, where years ago she had often played. It was on a Sunday morning, and cheerfully yet solemnly rang out the chapel bells. All the sounds and sights of earth came back upon her, with a longing that would not be restrained.

In the white, frozen grass, for it was winter time, knelt the wife of Kong Tolv, holding fast to her bosom the elfin babe, who shivered at every blast of wind; yet, shivering, seemed to smile. Hyldreda knelt until the chapel bells ceased at service-time. And then there came bursting from her lips the long-sealed prayers, the prayers of her childhood. While she breathed them, the rich fairy garments crumbled from her, and she remained clad in the coarse dress she wore when Kong Tolv carried her away; save that they hung in miserable tatters, as if worn for years, and through their rents the icy wind pierced her bosom, so that the heart within might have sunk and died, but for the ever-abiding warmth of maternal love.

That told her how in one other mother's heart there must be warmth still.

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"I will go home," she murmured; "I will say, Mother, take me in and save me, or else I die!" And so, when the night closed, and all the villagers were safe at home, and none could mock at her and her misery, the poor, desolate one crept to her mother's door.

It had been open to her even when she came in her pride; how would it be closed against her sorrow and humility? And was there ever a true mother's breast, in which, while life yet throbbed, there was not a refuge for a repentant child?

Hyldreda found shelter and rest. But the little elfin babe, unused to the air of earth, uttered continual moanings. At night the strange eyes never closed, but looked at her with a dumb entreaty. And tenfold returned the mother's first desire, that her darling should become a "christened child."

Much the old grandame gloried in this, looking with distrust on the pining, withered babe. But keenly upon Hyldreda's memory came back the saying of Kong Tolv, that for a soul would be exchanged a life. It must be hers. That, doubtless, was the purchase; and thus had Heaven ordained the expiation of her sin. If so, meekly she would offer it, so that Heaven would admit into its mercy her beloved child.

It was in the night—in the cold, white night, that the Widow Kalm, with her daughter and the mysterious babe, came to the chapel of Skjelskör. All the way thither they had been followed by strange, unearthly noises; and as they passed beneath the oak-wood, it seemed as if the overhanging branches were transformed into giant hands, that evermore snatched at the child. But in vain; for the mother held it fast, and on its little breast she had laid the wooden cross which she herself used to wear when a girl. Bitterly the infant had wailed, but when they crossed the threshold of the chapel, it ceased, and a smile broke over

its face—a smile pure and saintly, such as little children wear, lying in a sleep so beautiful that the bier seems like the cradle.

The mother beheld it, and thought, What if her foreboding should be true; that the moment which opened the gate of heaven's mercy unto her babe, should close upon herself life and life's sweetnesses? But she felt no fear.

"Let me kiss thee once again, my babe, my darling!" she murmured: "perhaps I may never kiss thee more. Even now, I feel as if my eyes were growing dark, and thy little face were gliding from my sight. But I can let thee go, my sweet! God will take care of thee, and keep thee safe, even amidst this bitter world."

She clasped and kissed the child once more, and kneeling calm, but very pale, she awaited whatever might be her doom.

The priest, performing by stealth what he almost deemed a desecration of the hallowed rite, began to read the ceremony over the fairy babe. All the while, it looked at him with those mysterious eyes, so lately opened to the world, yet which seemed to express the emotions of a whole existence. But, when the sprinkled water touched them, they closed, softly, slowly, like a blue flower at night.

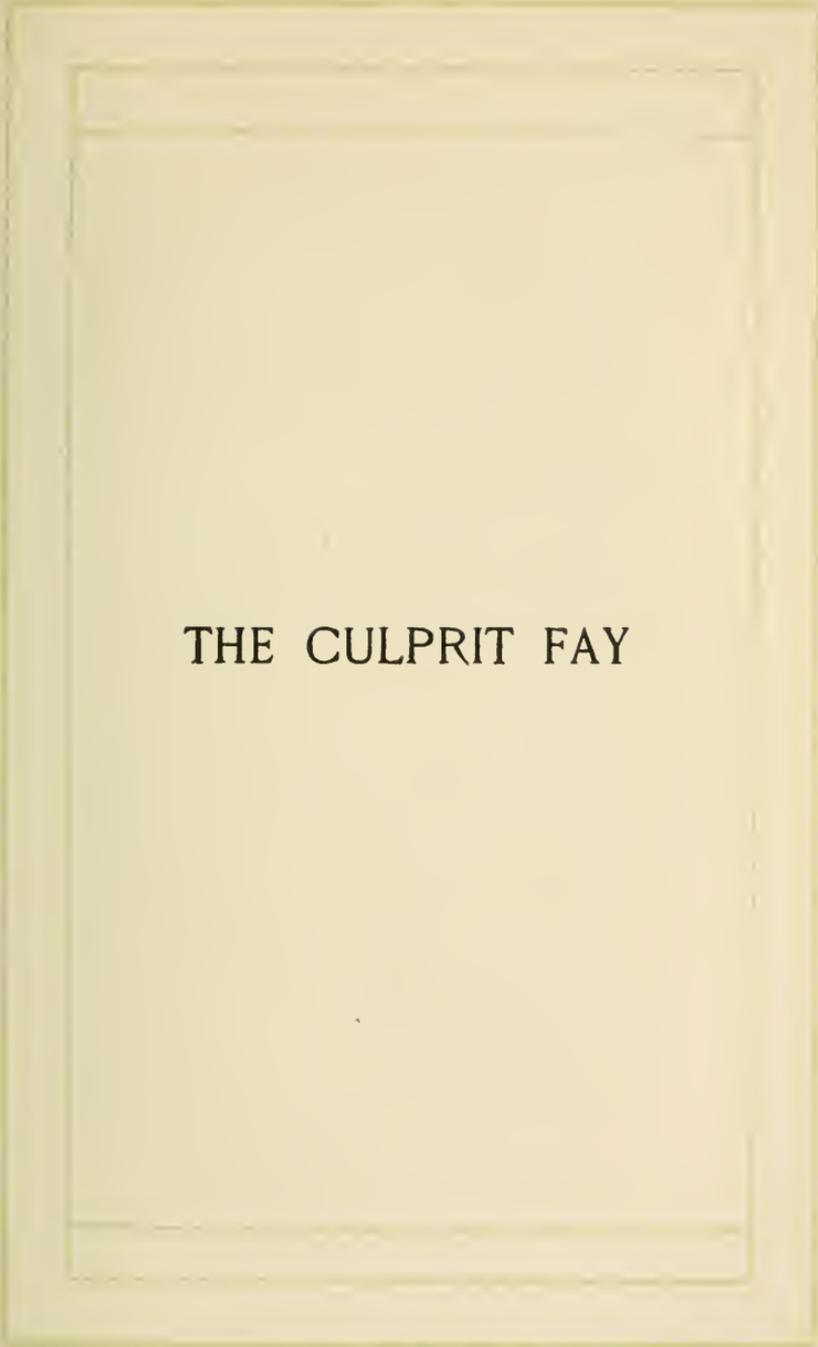
The mother, still living, and full of thankful wonder that she did live, took from the priest's arms her recovered treasure, her Christian child. It lay all smiling, but it lifted not its eyes; the color was fading on its lips, and its little hands were growing cold. For it—not for her, had been the warning. It had rendered up its little life, and received an immortal soul.

For years after this, there abode in the village of Skjelskör a woman whom some people thought was an utter stranger; for no one so grave and, at the same time, so good was ever known among the light-hearted

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people of Zealand. Others said that if any one could come back alive from fairy land, the woman must be Hyldreda Kalm. But as later generations arose, they mocked at the story of Kong Tolv and the palace under the hill, and considered the whole legend but an allegory, the moral of which they did not fail to preach to their fair young daughters continually.

Nevertheless, this woman had surely once lived, for her memory, embalmed by its own rich virtues, long lingered in the place where she had dwelt. She must have died there too, for they pointed out her grave, and a smaller one beside it, though whose that was none knew. There was a tradition that when she died—it was on a winter night, and the clock was just striking twelve—there arose a stormy wind which swept through the neighboring oak-wood, laying every tree prostrate on the ground. And from that hour there was no record of the Elle-people or the mighty Kong Tolv having been ever again seen in Zealand.



THE CULPRIT FAY

THE CULPRIT FAY

Joseph Rodman Drake

*"My visual orbs are purged from film, and lo!
Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales
I see old fairy-land's miraculous show!
Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,
Her Ouphs that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,
And fairies, swarming—"*

TENNANT'S "Anster Fair."

i

'TIS the middle watch of a summer night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Nought is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And nought is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid;
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elfe
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell:—)
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

IV

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;

THE CULPRIT FAY.

Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rock'd about in the evening breeze;
Some from the humbird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charméd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering rising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!

V

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup;—
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played with the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away:—
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

VI

The throne was reared upon the grass
Of spicewood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And over it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

VII

“Fairy! fairy! list and mark:
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain,
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are died with a deadly stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye,
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high,
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love:
Fairy, had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment.
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettle's stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell

THE CULPRIT FAY.

With the lazy worm in the walnut shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly;
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be:

VIII

“Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land,
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water sprites will wield their arms
And dash around with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirit's charms;
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might;
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX

“If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away:
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must reillumine its spark.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting-star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

X

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of night-shade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake:
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leapt the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back;
He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist;
He lashed her sides with an osier thong;

THE CULPRIT FAY.

And now, through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

XI

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream,
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint and distant moans;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river dew.

XII

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode,
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
From sea-silk beds in their coral caves,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY

With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong,
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony starfish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab;
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings—
They cut the wave with the living oar
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

XIV

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong,
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
He throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the puny foam-beads rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side;
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin.
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw;

THE CULPRIT FAY.

He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,
He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
Hopeless is the unequal fight,
Fairy! nought is left but flight.

XV

He turned him round and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide.
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet,
But the water sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill;
They bade the wave before him rise,
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,
With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
Oh! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree;
—Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore;
He blessed the force of the charmed line,
And he banned the water goblins' spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moonshine,
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

XVI

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel leaf and the henbane bud;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb lint he staunched the blood.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

The mild west wind was soft and low,
It cooled the heat of his burning brow,
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
As he drank the juice of the calamus root;
And now he treads the fatal shore,
As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite:
'Tis the middle wane of night,
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot wheels of light;
And vain are the spells of fairy-land;
He must work with a human hand.

XVIII

He cast a saddened look around,
But he felt new joy his bosom swell
When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple mussel shell;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within;
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm blue deep.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

XIX

The imps of the river yell and rave;
They have no power above the wave,
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
 And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
 Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She wimpled about in the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
And momentarily athwart her track
The quarl upheaved his island back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And spatter the water about the boat;
But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
 And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread
While on every side like lightning fell
 The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw below the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim:
Around him were the goblin train—
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head;
Then he dropt his paddle blade,
And held his colen goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprung above the waters blue.
Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged him in the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.
It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there;
He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XXII

A moment and its lustre fell,
But ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell,
A droplet of its sparkling dew—
Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—
Cheerily ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII

He turns, and lo! on either side
The ripples on his path divide;
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleamy wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;

THE CULPRIT FAY.

They swim around with smile and song;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along,
Toward the beach of speckled sand;
And, as he lightly leapt to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow,
Then gayly kissed each little hand,
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

XXIV

A moment stayed the fairy there;
He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer.
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew;
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till lessening far through ether driven,
It mingles with the hues of heaven:
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blending soft and bright,
Till lost in the shades of fading night;
So rose from earth the lovely Fay—
So vanished, far in heaven away!

* * * *

Up, Fairy! quit thy chickweed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour,
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies—
Up! thy charmed armor don,
Thou 'lt need it ere the night be gone.

XXV

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katydid forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone,
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground,
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string
When the vine-twig boughs were tightly drawn,

THE CULPRIT FAY.

And the nettle shaft through air was borne,
Feathered with down of the humbird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier Ouphe,
Some hunter sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past,
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast,
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast:
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind.
Howling the misty spectres flew,
They rend the air with frightful cries,
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX

Up to the cope careering swift
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The spheréd moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh! it was sweet in the clear moonlight,
To tread the starry plain of even,
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way,
Then he checked his courser's foot
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

XXX

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the Fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,

THE CULPRIT FAY.

And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein;
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where through clouds of amber seen
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.
Its spiral columns gleaming bright
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtains' light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush,
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI

But oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright,
She seemed to the entrancéd Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was of purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,
And they leapt with smiles, for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly Fay been seen.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Long she looked on his tiny face;
Long with his butterfly cloak she played;
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade;
And as he told in accents low
The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started in her eyes,
And "O sweet spirit of earth," she cried,
"Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide
In the land of everlasting light!
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
And all the jewels of the sky
Around thy brow shall brightly beam!
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orbéd moon!
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
Their harps are of the umber shade,
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleaming string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII

She was lovely and fair to see
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;

THE CULPRIT FAY.

But lovelier far, and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there,
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love,
For he thought upon her looks so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek;
Never again might he bask and lie
On that soft cheek and moonlight eye,
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his revery,
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

XXXIV

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy knight,
To do my sentence-task aright;
My honor scarce is free from stain,
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now."
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye;
But she led him to the palace gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight
Of clouds condensed a sable car.
With charm and spell she blessed it there,
From all the fiends of upper air;
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud;
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky,
For by its wan and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
 Northward away, he speeds him fast,
 And his courser follows the cloudy wain,
 Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain,
 The clouds roll backward as he flies,
 Each flickering star behind him lies,
 And he has reached the northern plain
 And backed his fire-fly steed again,
 Ready to follow in its flight
 The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven
 But it rocks in the summer gale;
 And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
 And now 'tis deadly pale;
 And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur smoke,
 And quenched is its rayless beam,
 And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
 It bursts in flash and flame.
 As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
 That the storm-spirit flings from high,
 The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
 As it fell from the sheeted sky.
 As swift as the wind in its trail behind
 The elfin gallops along,
 The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
 But the sylphid charm is strong;
 He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
 While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
 He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
 And rides in the light of its rays,
 But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
 And caught a glimmering spark;
 Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
 And sped through the midnight dark.

* * * *

THE CULPRIT FAY.

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither, wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again,
With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry-elf his call has made,
A streak is in the western sky,
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed, and the Fays are gone.

THROUGH THE LOOKING
GLASS

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE

Lewis Carroll

INTRODUCTION

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter;
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter—
Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale.

A tale begun in other days,
When summer suns were glowing—
A simple chime, that served to time
The rhythm of our rowing—
Whose echoes live in memory yet,
Though envious years would say, "forget."

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
With bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!
We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near

Without, the frost, the blinding snow,
The storm-wind's moody madness—
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow
And childhood's nest of gladness.
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For "happy summer days" gone by,
And vanished summer glory—
It shall not touch with breath of bale
The pleasance of our fairy-tale.

CHAPTER I

LOOKING-GLASS HOUSE

ONE thing was certain, that the white kitten had had nothing to do with it: it was the black kitten's fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering); so you see that it couldn't have had any hand in the mischief.

The way Dinah washed her children's faces was this: first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose; just

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to purr—no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great armchair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again, and there it was, spread over the hearth-rug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

“Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing!” cried Alice, catching up the kitten and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. “Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You ought, Dinah, you know you ought!” she added, looking reproachfully at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage—and then she scrambled back into the armchair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again. But she didn’t get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help if it might.

“Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?” Alice began. “You’d have guessed if you’d been up in the window with me—only Dinah was making you tidy, so you couldn’t. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire—and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold, and it snowed so, they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty, we’ll go and see the bonfire to-morrow.” Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten’s neck, just to see how it

would look; this led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

"Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty," Alice went on, as soon as they were comfortably settled again, "when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself? Now don't interrupt me!" she went on, holding up one finger; "I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one; you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty; I heard you! What's that you say?" (pretending that the kitten was speaking.) "Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's your fault, for keeping your eyes open—if you'd shut them tight up, it wouldn't have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen! Number two; you pulled Snow-drop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty, too? Now for number three; you unwound every bit of worsted while I wasn't looking!

"That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week—suppose they had saved up all my punishments!" she went on, talking to herself more than the kitten. "What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner: then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I shouldn't mind that much! I'd rather go without them than eat them!

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

"Do you hear the snow against the window-panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow loves the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says, 'Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.' And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green, and dance about—whenever the wind blows—oh, that's very pretty!" cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands. "And I do so wish it was true! I'm sure the woods look sleepy in the autumn, when the leaves are getting brown.

"Kitty, can you play chess? Now, don't smile, my dear, I'm asking it seriously. Because, when we were playing just now, you watched just as if you understood it: and when I said 'Check!' you purred! Well, it was a nice check, Kitty, and really I might have won, if it hadn't been for that nasty Knight, that came wriggling down among my pieces. Kitty, dear, let's pretend——" And here I wish I could tell you half the things Alice used to say, beginning with her favorite phrase "Let's pretend." She had had quite a long argument with her sister only the day before—all because Alice had begun with "Let's pretend we're kings and queens;" and her sister, who liked being very exact, had argued that they couldn't, because there were only two of them and Alice had been reduced at last to say, "Well, you can be one of them then, and I'll be all the rest." And once she had really frightened her old nurse by shouting suddenly in her ear, "Nurse! Do let's pretend that I'm a hungry hyena, and you're a bone!"

But this is taking us away from Alice's speech to the kitten. "Let's pretend that you're the Red Queen, Kitty! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded

your arms, you'd look exactly like her. Now do try, there's a dear!" And Alice got the Red Queen off the table, and set it up before the kitten as a model for it to imitate: however, the thing didn't succeed, principally, Alice said, because the kitten wouldn't fold its arms properly. So, to punish it, she held it up to the looking glass, that it might see how sulky it was—"and if you're not good directly," she added, "I'll put you through into Looking-glass House. How would you like that?"

"Now, if you'll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I'll tell you all my ideas about Looking-Glass House. First, there's the room you can see through the glass—that's just the same as our drawing-room, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair—all but the bit just behind the fireplace. Oh! I do so wish I could see that bit! I want so much to know whether they've a fire in the winter: you never can tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then smoke comes up in that room too—but that may be only pretense, just to make it look as if they had a fire. Well, then the books are something like our books, only the words go the wrong way; I know that because I've held up one of our books to the glass, and then they hold up one in the other room.

"How would you like to live in Looking-glass House, Kitty? I wonder if they'd give you milk in there? Perhaps Looking-glass milk isn't good to drink—But oh, Kitty! now we come to the passage. You can just see a little peep of the passage in Looking-glass House, if you leave the door of our drawing-room wide open: and it's very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different on beyond. Oh, Kitty! how nice it would be if we only could get through into Looking-glass House! I'm sure it's got, oh! such beautiful things in it! Let's pretend there's

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let's pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it's turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It'll be easy enough to get through——." She was up on the chimney-piece while she said this, though she hardly knew how she had got there. And certainly the glass was beginning to melt away, just like a bright silvery mist.

In another moment Alice was through the glass, and jumped lightly down into the Looking-glass room. The very first thing she did was to look whether there was a fire in the fireplace, and she was quite pleased to find that there was a real one, blazing away as brightly as the one she had left behind. "So I shall be as warm here as I was in the old room," thought Alice: "warmer, in fact, because there'll be no one here to scold me away from the fire. Oh, what fun it'll be, when they see me through the glass in here, and can't get at me!"

Then she began looking about and noticed that what could be seen from the old room was quite common and uninteresting, but that all the rest was as different as possible. For instance, the pictures on the wall next the fire seemed to be all alive, and the very clock on the chimney-piece (you know you can only see the back of it in the looking glass) had got the face of a little old man, and grinned at her.

"They don't keep this room so tidy as the other," Alice thought to herself, as she noticed several of the chessmen down in the hearth among the cinders: but in another moment, with a little "Oh," of surprise, she was down on her hands and knees watching them. The chessmen were walking about two and two.

"Here are the Red King and the Red Queen," Alice said (in a whisper, for fear of frightening them), "and there are the White King and the White Queen sitting on the edge of the shovel—and here are two castles

walking arm in arm—I don't think they can hear me," she went on as she put her head closer down, "and I'm nearly sure they can't see me. I feel somehow as if I were invisible——"

Here something began squeaking on the table behind Alice, and made her turn her head just in time to see one of the White Pawns roll over and begin kicking: she watched it with great curiosity to see what would happen next.

"It is the voice of my child!" the White Queen cried out, as she rushed past the King, so violently that she knocked him over among the cinders.

"My precious Lily! My imperial kitten!" and she began scrambling wildly up the side of the fender.

"Imperial fiddlestick!" said the King, rubbing his nose, which had been hurt by the fall. He had a right to be a little annoyed with the Queen, for he was covered with ashes from head to foot.

Alice was very anxious to be of use, and, as the poor little Lily was nearly screaming herself into a fit, she hastily picked up the Queen and set her on the table by the side of her noisy little daughter.

The Queen gasped, and sat down: the rapid journey through the air had quite taken away her breath, and for a minute or two she could do nothing but hug the little Lily in silence. As soon as she recovered her breath a little, she called out to the White King, who was sitting sulkily among the ashes, "Mind the volcano!"

"What volcano?" said the King, looking up anxiously into the fire, as if he thought that was the most likely place to find one.

"Blew—me—up," panted the Queen, who was still a little out of breath. "Mind you come up—the regular way—don't get blown up!"

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

Alice watched the White King as he slowly struggled up from bar to bar, till at last she said:

"Why, you'll be hours and hours getting to the table, at that rate. I'd far better help you, hadn't I?" But the King took no notice of the question; it was quite clear that he could neither hear her nor see her.

So Alice picked him up very gently, and lifted him across more slowly than she had lifted the Queen, that she mightn't take his breath away; but, before she put him on the table, she thought she might as well dust him a little, he was so covered with ashes.

She said afterward that she had never seen in all her life such a face as the King made, when he found himself held in the air by an invisible hand, and being dusted; and he was far too much astonished to cry out, but his eyes and his mouth went on getting larger and larger and rounder and rounder, till her hand shook so with laughing that she nearly let him drop upon the floor.

"Oh! please don't make such faces, my dear!" she cried out, quite forgetting that the King couldn't hear her. "You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you! And don't keep your mouth so wide open! All the ashes will get into it—there, now I think you're tidy enough!" she added, as she smoothed his hair, and set him upon the table near the Queen.

The King immediately fell flat on his back, and lay perfectly still; and Alice was a little alarmed at what she had done, and went round the room to see if she could find any water to throw over him. However, she could find nothing but a bottle of ink, and when she got back with it she found he had recovered, and he and the Queen were talking together in a frightened whisper—so low, that Alice could hardly hear what they said.

The King was saying, "I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!"

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

To which the Queen replied, "You haven't got any whiskers."

"The horror of that moment," the King went on, "I shall never, never forget!"

"You will, though," the Queen said, "if you don't make a memorandum of it."

Alice looked on with great interest as the King took an enormous memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began writing. A sudden thought struck her, and she took hold of the end of the pencil, which came some way over his shoulder, and began writing for him.

The poor King looked puzzled and unhappy, and struggled with the pencil for some time without saying anything; but Alice was too strong for him, and at last he panted out, "My dear! I really must get a thinner pencil. I can't manage this one a bit; it writes all manner of things that I don't intend——"

"What manner of things?" said the Queen looking over the book (in which Alice had put "The White Knight is sliding down the poker. He balances very badly"). "That's not a memorandum of your feelings!"

There was a book lying near Alice on the table, and while she sat watching the White King (for she was still a little anxious about him, and had the ink all ready to throw over him, in case he fainted again), she turned over the leaves, to find some part that she could read, "for it's all in some language I don't know," she said to herself.

It was like this.

YKCOWREBBAJ

sevot yhtils eht dna, gillirb sawT'
;ebaw eht ni elbmig dna eryg diD
,sevogorob eht crew ysmim llA
.ebargtuo shtar emom eht dnA

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

She puzzled over this for some time, but at last a bright thought struck her. "Why, it's a looking-glass-book, of course! And if I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again."

This was the poem that Alice read.

JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

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'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"It seems very pretty," she said when she had finished it, "but it's rather hard to understand!" (You see she didn't like to confess, even to herself, that she couldn't make it out at all.) "Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—only I don't exactly know what they are! However, somebody killed something: that's clear, at any rate——"

"But oh!" thought Alice, suddenly jumping up, "if I don't make haste I shall have to go back through the Looking glass, before I've seen what the rest of the house is like! Let's have a look at the garden first!" She was out of the room in a moment and ran downstairs—or, at least, it wasn't exactly running, but a new invention for getting downstairs quickly and easily, as Alice said to herself. She just kept the tips of her fingers on the hand-rail, and floated gently down without even touching the stairs with her feet; then she floated on through the hall, and would have gone straight out at the door in the same way, if she hadn't caught hold of the door-post. She was getting a little giddy with so much floating in the air, and was rather glad to find herself walking again in the natural way.

CHAPTER II

THE GARDEN OF LIVE FLOWERS

"I should see the garden far better," said Alice to herself, "if I could get to the top of that hill: and here's a path that leads straight to it—at least, no, it doesn't do

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that"—(after going a few yards along the path, and turning several sharp corners), "but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It's more like a corkscrew than a path! Well, this turn goes to the hill, I suppose—no, it doesn't! This goes straight back to the house! Well then, I'll try it the other way."

And so she did: wandering up and down and trying turn after turn, but always coming back to the house, do what she would. Indeed, once, when she turned a corner rather more quickly than usual, she ran against it before she could stop herself.

"It's no use talking about it." Alice said, looking up at the house and pretending it was arguing with her. "I'm not going in again yet. I know I should have to get through the looking glass again—back into the old room—and there'd be an end of all my adventures!"

So, resolutely turning her back upon the house, she set out once more down the path, determined to keep straight on till she got to the hill. For a few minutes all went on well, and she was just saying, "I really shall do it this time——" when the path gave a sudden twist and shook itself (as she described it afterwards), and the next moment she found herself actually walking in at the door.

"Oh, it's too bad!" she cried. "I never saw such a house for getting in the way! Never!"

However, there was the hill full in sight, so there was nothing to be done but start again. This time she came upon a large flower-bed, with a border of daisies, and a willow-tree growing in the middle.

"O Tiger-lily," said Alice, addressing herself to one that was waving gracefully about in the wind, "I wish you could talk!"

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"We can talk," said the Tiger-lily: "when there's anybody worth talking to."

Alice was so astonished that she couldn't speak for a minute: it quite seemed to take her breath away. At length, as the Tiger-lily only went on waving about, she spoke again, in a timid voice—almost in a whisper. "And can all the flowers talk?"

"As well as you can," said the Tiger-lily. "And a great deal louder."

"It isn't manners for us to begin, you know," said the Rose, "and I really was wondering when you'd speak! Said I to myself, 'Her face has got some sense in it, though it's not a clever one!' Still you're the right color, and that goes a long way."

"I don't care about the color," the Tiger-lily remarked. "If only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right."

Alice didn't like being criticised, so she began asking questions. "Aren't you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?"

"There's the tree in the middle," said the Rose: "what else is it good for?"

"But what could it do, if any danger came?" Alice asked.

"It could bark," said the Rose.

"It says 'Bough-wough!'" cried a Daisy, "that's why its branches are called boughs!"

"Didn't you know that?" cried another Daisy, and here they all began shouting together, till the air seemed quite full of little shrill voices. "Silence, every one of you!" cried the Tiger-lily, waving itself passionately from side to side, and trembling with excitement. "They know I can't get at them!" it panted, bending its quivering head toward Alice, "or they wouldn't dare to do it!"

"Never mind!" Alice said in a soothing tone, and

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stooping down to the daisies, who were just beginning again, she whispered, "If you don't hold your tongues, I'll pick you!"

There was silence in a moment, and several of the pink daisies turned white.

"That's right!" said the Tiger-lily. "The daisies are worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin together, and it's enough to make one wither to hear they way they go on!"

"How is it you can all talk so nicely?" Alice said, hoping to get it into a better temper by a compliment. "I've been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk."

"Put your hand down and feel the ground," said the Tiger-lily. "Then you'll know why."

Alice did so. "It's very hard," she said, "but I don't see what that has to do with it."

"In most gardens," the Tiger-lily said, "they make the beds too soft—so that the flowers are always asleep."

This sounded a very good reason, and Alice was quite pleased to know it. "I never thought of that before!" she said.

"It's my opinion that you never think at all," the Rose said in a rather severe tone.

"I never saw anybody that looked stupider," a Violet said, so suddenly, that Alice quite jumped; for it hadn't spoken before.

"Hold your tongue!" cried the Tiger-lily. "As if you ever saw anybody! You keep your head under the leaves, and snore away there, till you know no more what's going on in the world, than if you were a bud!"

"Are there any more people in the garden besides me?" Alice said, not choosing to notice the Rose's last remark.

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"There's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you," said the Rose. "I wonder how you do it"—("You're always wondering," said the Tiger-lily), "but she's more bushy than you are."

"Is she like me?" Alice asked eagerly, for the thought crossed her mind, "There's another little girl in the garden, somewhere!"

"Well, she has the same awkward shape as you," the Rose said. "But she's redder—and her petals are shorter, I think."

"Her petals are done up close, almost like a dahlia," the Tiger-lily interrupted; "not tumbled about anyhow, like yours."

"But that's not your fault," the Rose added kindly: "you're beginning to fade, you know—and then one can't help one's petals getting a little untidy."

Alice didn't like this idea at all: so, to change the subject, she asked, "Does she ever come out here?"

"I daresay you'll see her soon," said the Rose. "She's one of the thorny kind."

"Where does she wear the thorns?" Alice asked with some curiosity.

"Well, all round her head, of course," the Rose replied. "I was wondering you hadn't got some too. I thought it was the regular rule."

"She's coming!" cried the Larkspur. "I hear her footstep, thump, thump, along the gravel-walk!"

Alice looked round eagerly, and found that it was the Red Queen. "She's grown a good deal!" was her first remark. She has indeed: when Alice first found her in the ashes, she had been only three inches high—and here she was, half a head taller than Alice herself.

"It's the fresh air that does it," said the Rose: "wonderfully fine air it is, out here."

"I think I'll go and meet her," said Alice, for, though the flowers were interesting enough, she felt that it

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would be far grander to have a talk with a real queen.

"You can't possibly do that," said the Rose: "I should advise you to walk the other way.

This sounded nonsense to Alice, so she said nothing, but set off at once toward the Red Queen. To her surprise, she lost sight of her in a moment, and found herself walking in at the front door again.

A little provoked, she drew back, and after looking everywhere for the Queen (whom she spied out at last, a long way off), she thought she would try the plan, this time, of walking in the opposite direction.

It succeeded beautifully. She had not been walking a minute before she found herself face to face with the Red Queen, and full in sight of the hill she had been so long aiming at.

"Where do you come from?" said the Red Queen. "And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers all the time."

Alice attended to all these directions, and explained as well as she could, that she had lost her way.

"I don't know what you mean by your way," said the Queen; "all the ways about here belong to me—but why did you come out here at all?" she added in a kinder tone. "Courtesy while you're thinking what to say. It saves time."

Alice wondered a little at this, but she was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it. "I'll try it when I go home," she thought to herself, "the next time I'm a little late for dinner."

"It's time for you to answer now," the Queen said, looking at her watch; "open your mouth a little wider when you speak, and always say 'your majesty.'"

"I only wanted to see what the garden was like, your majesty——"

"That's right," said the Queen, patting her on the

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head, which Alice didn't like at all, "though, when you say 'garden,'—I've seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness."

Alice didn't dare to argue the point, but went on: "And I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill——"

"When you say 'hill,'" the Queen interrupted, "I could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley."

"No, I shouldn't," said Alice, surprised into contradicting her at last: "a hill can't be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense——"

The Red Queen shook her head. "You may call it 'nonsense' if you like," she said, "but I've heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!"

Alice courtesied again, as she was afraid from the Queen's tone that she was a little offended, and they walked on in silence till they got to the top of the little hill.

For some minutes Alice stood without speaking, looking out in all directions over the country—and a most curious country it was. There were a number of tiny little brooks running straight across it from side to side, and the ground between was divided up into squares by a number of little green hedges, that reached from brook to brook.

"I declare, it's marked out just like a large chess-board!" Alice said at last. "There ought to be some men moving about somewhere—and so there are!" she added in a tone of delight, and her heart began to beat quick with excitement as she went on. "It's a great huge game of chess that's being played—all over the world—if this is the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I wish I was one of them! I

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wouldn't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though, of course, I should like to be a Queen, best."

She glanced rather shyly at the real Queen as she said this, but her companion only smiled pleasantly, and said, "That's easily managed. You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play; and you're in the Second Square to begin with; when you get to the Eighth Square you'll be a Queen——" Just at this moment, somehow or other, they began to run.

Alice never could quite make out, in thinking it over afterwards, how it was that they began; all she remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all she could do to keep up with her; and still the Queen kept crying "Faster! Faster!" but Alice felt she could not go faster, though she had no breath left to say so.

The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and the other things round them never changed their places at all; however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. "I wonder if all the things move along with us?" thought poor, puzzled Alice. And the Queen seemed to guess her thoughts, for she cried, "Faster! Don't try to talk!"

Not that Alice had any idea of doing that. She felt as if she would never be able to talk again, she was getting so much out of breath; and still the Queen cried "Faster! Faster!" and dragged her along. "Are we nearly there?" Alice managed to pant out at last.

"Nearly there!" the Queen repeated. "Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!" And they ran on for a time in silence, with the wind whistling in Alice's ears, and almost blowing her hair off her head, she fancied.

"Now! Now!" cried the Queen. "Faster!" "Faster!" And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim

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through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as Alice was getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy.

The Queen propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, "You may rest a little now."

Alice looked round her in great surprise. "Why, I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time! Everything's just as it was!"

"Of course it is," said the Queen; "what would you have it?"

"Well, in our country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time, as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

"I'd rather not try, please!" said Alice. "I'm quite content to stay here—only I am so hot and thirsty!"

"I know what you'd like!" the Queen said, good-naturedly, taking a little box out of her pocket. "Have a biscuit?"

Alice thought it would not be civil to say "No," though it wasn't at all what she wanted. So she took it, and ate it as well as she could; and it was very dry; and she thought she had never been so nearly choked in all her life.

"While you're refreshing yourself," said the Queen, "I'll just take the measurements." And she took a ribbon out of her pocket, marked in inches, and began measuring the ground, and sticking little pegs in here and there.

"At the end of two yards," she said, putting in a peg to mark the distance, "I shall give you your directions—have another biscuit?"

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"No, thank you," said Alice; "one's quite enough!"

"Thirst quenched, I hope?" said the Queen.

Alice did not know what to say to this, but luckily the Queen did not wait for an answer, but went on. "At the end of three yards I shall repeat them—for fear of your forgetting them. At the end of four I shall say good-bye. At the end of five, I shall go!"

She had got all the pegs put in by this time, and Alice looked on with great interest as she returned to the tree, and then began slowly walking down the row.

At the two-yard peg she faced round, and said, "A pawn goes two squares in its first move, you know. So you'll go very quickly through the Third Square—by railway, I should think—and you'll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time. Well, that square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the Fifth is mostly water—the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty—But you make no remark?"

"I—I didn't know I had to make one—just then," Alice faltered out.

"You should have said," the Queen went on, in a tone of grave reproof, "'It's extremely kind of you to tell me all this'—however, we'll suppose it said—the Seventh Square is all forest—however, one of the Knights will show you the way—and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it's all feasting and fun!" Alice got up and courtesied, and sat down again.

At the next peg the Queen turned again, and this time she said, "Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk—and remember who you are!" She did not wait for Alice to courtesy this time, but walked on quickly to the next peg, where she turned for a moment to say "good-bye," and then hurried on to the last.

How it happened, Alice never knew, but exactly as

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she came to the last peg, she was gone. Whether she vanished into the air, or whether she ran quickly into the wood ("and she can run very fast," thought Alice), there was no way of guessing, but she was gone, and Alice began to remember that she was a Pawn, and that it would soon be time for her to move.

CHAPTER III

LOOKING-GLASS INSECTS

Of course, the first thing to do was to make a grand survey of the country she was going to travel through. "It's something very like learning geography," thought Alice, as she stood on tiptoe in hopes of being able to see a little further. "Principal rivers—there are none. Principal mountains—I'm on the only one, but I don't think it's got any name. Principal towns—why, what are those creatures, making honey down there? They can't be bees—nobody ever saw bees a mile off, you know"—and for some time she stood silent, watching one of them that was bustling about among the flowers, poking its proboscis into them "just as if it was a regular bee," thought Alice.

However, this was anything but a regular bee; in fact, it was an elephant—as Alice soon found out, though the idea quite took her breath away at first. "And what enormous flowers they must be!" was her next idea. "Something like cottages with the roofs taken off, and stalks put to them—and what quantities of honey they must make! I think I'll go down and—no, I won't go just yet," she went on, checking herself just as she was beginning to run down the hill, and trying to find some excuse for turning shy so suddenly. "It'll never do to go down among them without a good long branch to brush them away—and what fun it'll be

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when they ask me how I liked my walk. I shall say—'Oh, I liked it well enough'—(here came the favorite little toss of the head), 'only it was so dusty and hot, and the elephants did tease so!'

"I think I'll go down the other way," she said, after a pause; "and perhaps I may visit the elephants later on. Besides, I do want to get into the Third Square!"

So with this excuse she ran down the hill and jumped over the first of the six little brooks.

* * * *

"Tickets, please!" said the Guard, putting his head in at the window. In a moment everybody was holding out a ticket; they were about the same size as the people, and quite seemed to fill the carriage.

"Now, then! Show your ticket, child!" the Guard went on, looking angrily at Alice. And a great many voices all said together ("like the chorus of a song," thought Alice), "Don't keep him waiting, child! Why, his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute!"

"I'm afraid I haven't got one," Alice said, in a frightened tone; "there wasn't a ticket-office where I came from." And again the chorus of voices went on: "There wasn't room for one where she came from. The land there is worth a thousand pounds an inch!"

"Don't make excuses," said the Guard; "you should have bought one from the engine-driver." And once more the chorus of voices went on with "The man that drives the engine. Why, the smoke alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff!"

Alice thought to herself, "Then there's no use in speaking." The voices didn't join in this time, as she hadn't spoken; but, to her great surprise they all thought in chorus (I hope you understand what thinking in chorus means—for I confess that I don't), "Better say nothing at all. Language is worth a thousand pounds a word!"

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"I shall dream about a thousand pounds to-night, I know I shall!" thought Alice.

All this time the Guard was looking at her, first through a telescope, then through a microscope, and then through an opera-glass. At last he said, "You're traveling the wrong way," and shut up the window and went away.

"So young a child," said the gentleman sitting opposite to her (he was dressed in white paper), "ought to know which way she's going, even if she doesn't know her own name!"

A Goat, that was sitting next to the gentleman in white, shut his eyes and said in a loud voice, "She ought to know her way to the ticket-office, even if she doesn't know her alphabet!"

There was a Beetle sitting next to the Goat (it was a very queer carriage-full of passengers altogether), and, as the rule seemed to be that they should all speak in turn, he went on with "She'll have to go back from here as luggage!"

Alice couldn't see who was sitting beyond the Beetle, but a hoarse voice spoke next. "Change engines——" it said, and there it choked and was obliged to leave off.

"It sounds like a horse," Alice thought to herself. And an extremely small voice, close to her ear, said, "You might make a joke on that—something about 'horse' and 'hoarse,' you know."

Then a very gentle voice in the distance said, "She must be labeled 'Lass, with care,' you know——"

And after that other voices went on ("What a number of people there are in the carriage!" thought Alice), saying, "She must go by post, as she's got a head on her"—"She must be sent as a message by the telegraph"—"She must draw the train herself the rest of the way."—and so on.

But the gentleman dressed in white paper leaned for-

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ward and whispered in her ear, "Never mind what they all say, my dear, but take a return-ticket every time the train stops."

"Indeed, I shan't!" Alice said rather impatiently. "I don't belong to this railway journey at all—I was in a wood just now—and I wish I could get back there!"

"You might make a joke on that," said the little voice close to her ear; "something about 'you would if you could,' you know."

"Don't tease so," said Alice, looking about in vain to see where the voice came from; "if you're so anxious to have a joke made, why don't you make one yourself?"

The little voice sighed deeply; it was very unhappy, evidently, and Alice would have said something pitying to comfort it, "if it would only sigh like other people!" she thought. But this was such a wonderfully small sigh, that she wouldn't have heard it at all, if it hadn't come quite close to her ear. The consequence of this was that it tickled her ear very much, and quite took off her thoughts from the unhappiness of the poor little creature.

"I know you are a friend," the little voice went on; "a dear friend, and an old friend. And you won't hurt me, though I am an insect."

"What kind of insect?" Alice inquired a little anxiously. What she really wanted to know was, whether it could sting or not, but she thought this wouldn't be quite a civil question to ask.

"What, then you don't——" the little voice began, when it was drowned by the shrill scream from the engine, and everybody jumped up in alarm, Alice among the rest.

The Horse, who had put his head out of the window, quietly drew it in and said, "It's only a brook we have to jump over." Everybody seemed satisfied with this,

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though Alice felt a little nervous at the idea of trains jumping at all. "However, it'll take us into the Fourth Square, that's some comfort," she said to herself. In another moment she felt the carriage rise straight up into the air, and in her fright she caught at the thing nearest to her hand, which happened to be the Goat's beard.

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But the beard seemed to melt away as she touched it, and she found herself sitting quietly under a tree—while the Gnat (for that was the insect she had been talking to) was balancing itself on a twig just over her head, and fanning her with its wings.

It certainly was a very large Gnat; "about the size of a chicken," Alice thought. Still she couldn't feel nervous with it, after they had been talking together so long.

"—then you don't like all insects?" the Gnat went on, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"I like them when they can talk," Alice said. "None of them ever talk, where I come from."

"What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where you come from?" the Gnat inquired.

"I don't rejoice in insects at all," Alice explained; "because I'm rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them."

"Of course they answer to their names?" the Gnat remarked carelessly.

"I never knew them to do it."

"What's the use of their having names," the Gnat said, "if they won't answer to them?"

"No use to them," said Alice; "but it's useful to the people that name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?"

"I can't say," the Gnat replied. "Further on, in the

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wood down there, they've got no names—however, go on with your list of insects; you're wasting time."

"Well, there's the Horse-fly," Alice began counting off the names on her fingers.

"All right," said the Gnat; "half way up that bush, you'll see a Rocking-horse-fly, if you look. It's made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch."

"What does it live on?" Alice asked with great curiosity.

"Sap and sawdust," said the Gnat. "Go on with the list."

Alice looked at the Rocking-horse-fly with great interest, and made up her mind that it must have been just repainted, it looked so bright and sticky; and then she went on:

"And there's the Dragon-fly."

"Look on the branch above your head," said the Gnat, "and there you'll find a Snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy."

"And what does it live on?" Alice asked, as before.

"Frumenty and mince-pie," the Gnat replied; "and it makes its nest in a Christmas-box."

"And then there's the Butterfly," Alice went on, after she had taken a good look at the insect with its head on fire, and had thought to herself, "I wonder if that's the reason insects are so fond of flying into candles—because they want to turn into Snap-dragon-flies!"

"Crawling at your feet," said the Gnat (Alice drew her feet back in some alarm), "you may observe a Bread-and-butter-fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar."

"And what does it live on?"

"Weak tea with cream in it."

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A new difficulty came into Alice's head. "Supposing it couldn't find any?" she suggested.

"Then it would die, of course."

"But that must happen very often," Alice remarked thoughtfully.

"It always happens," said the Gnat.

After this, Alice was silent for a minute or two, pondering. The Gnat amused itself meanwhile by humming round and round her head; at last it settled again and remarked, "I suppose you don't want to lose your name?"

"No, indeed," Alice said, a little anxiously.

"And yet I don't know," the Gnat went on in a careless tone; "only think how convenient it would be if you could manage to go home without it! For instance, if the governess wanted to call you to your lessons, she would call out 'Come here——' and there she would have to leave off, because there wouldn't be any name for her to call, and of course you wouldn't have to go, you know."

"That would never do, I'm sure," said Alice; "the governess would never think of excusing me lessons for that. If she couldn't remember my name, she'd call me 'Miss!' as the servants do."

"Well, if she said 'Miss,' and didn't say anything more," the Gnat remarked, "of course you'd miss your lessons. That's a joke. I wish you had made it."

"Why do you wish I had made it?" Alice asked. "It's a very bad one."

But the Gnat only sighed deeply, while two large tears came rolling down its cheeks.

"You shouldn't make jokes," Alice said, "if it makes you so unhappy."

Then came another of those melancholy little sighs, and this time the poor Gnat really seemed to have sighed itself away, for, when Alice looked up, there was

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nothing whatever to be seen on the twig, and, as she was getting quite chilly with sitting still so long, she got up and walked on.

She very soon came to an open field, with a wood on the other side of it; it looked much darker than the last wood, and Alice felt a little timid about going into it. However, on second thoughts, she made up her mind to go on; "for I certainly won't go back," she thought to herself, and this was the only way to the Eighth Square.

"This must be the wood," she said thoughtfully to herself, "where things have no names. I wonder what'll become of my name when I go in? I shouldn't like to lose it at all—because they'd have to give me another, and it would be almost certain to be an ugly one. But then the fun would be, trying to find the creature that had got my old name! That's just like the advertisements, you know, when people lose dogs—'answers to the name of "Dash:" had on a brass collar'—just fancy calling everything you met 'Alice,' till one of them answered! Only they wouldn't answer at all, if they were wise."

She was rambling on in this way when she reached the wood; it looked very cool and shady. "Well, at any rate it's a great comfort," she said as she stepped under the trees, "after being so hot, to get into the—into the—into what?" she went on, rather surprised at not being able to think of the word. "I mean to get under the—under the—under this, you know!" putting her hand on the trunk of the tree. "What does it call itself, I wonder? I do believe it's got no name—why, to be sure it hasn't!"

She stood silent for a minute, thinking; then she suddenly began again. "Then it really has happened, after all! And now, who am I! I will remember, if I can! I'm determined to do it!" But being determined didn't

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help her much, and all she could say, after a great deal of puzzling was, "L, I know it begins with L!"

Just then a Fawn came wandering by: it looked at Alice with its large gentle eyes, but didn't seem at all frightened. "Here then! Here then!" Alice said, as she held out her hand and tried to stroke it; but it only started back a little, and then stood looking at her again.

"What do you call yourself?" the Fawn said at last. Such a soft, sweet voice it had!

"I wish I knew!" thought poor Alice. She answered, rather sadly, "Nothing, just now."

"Think again," it said; "that won't do."

Alice thought, but nothing came of it. "Please, would you tell me what you call yourself?" she said timidly. "I think that might help a little."

"I'll tell you if you'll come a little further on," the Fawn said. "I can't remember here."

So they walked on together through the wood, Alice with her arms clasped lovingly round the soft neck of the Fawn, till they came out into another open field, and here the Fawn gave a sudden bound into the air, and shook itself free from Alice's arms.

"I'm a Fawn!" it cried out in a voice of delight, "and dear me! you're a human child!" A sudden look of alarm came into its beautiful brown eyes, and in another moment it had darted away at full speed.

Alice stood looking after it, almost ready to cry with vexation at having lost her dear little fellow-traveler so suddenly. "However, I know my name now," she said, "that's some comfort. Alice—Alice—I won't forget it again. And now, which of these finger-posts ought I to follow, I wonder?"

It was not a very difficult question to answer, as there was only one road through the wood, and the two finger-posts both pointed along it. "I'll settle it," Alice

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said to herself, "when the road divides and they point different ways."

But this did not seem likely to happen. She went on and on, a long way, but wherever the road divided there were sure to be two finger-posts pointing the same way, one marked "TO TWEEDLEDUM'S HOUSE," and the other "TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE."

"I do believe," said Alice at last, "that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before—But I can't stay there long. I'll just call and say 'How d'ye do?' and ask them the way out of the wood. If I could only get to the Eighth Square before it gets dark!" so she wandered on, talking to herself as she went, till, on turning a sharp corner, she came upon two fat little men, so suddenly that she could not help starting back, but in another moment she recovered herself, feeling sure that they must be

CHAPTER IV

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

They were standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck, and Alice knew which was which in a moment, because one of them had "DUM" embroidered on his collar, and the other "DEE." "I suppose they've each got 'TWEEDLE' round at the back of the collar," she said to herself.

They stood so still that she quite forgot they were alive, and she was just looking round to see if the word "TWEEDLE" was written at the back of each collar, when she was startled by a voice coming from the one marked "DUM."

"If you think we're wax-works," he said, "you ought

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to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!"

"Contrariwise," added the one marked "DEE," "if you think we're alive, you ought to speak."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," was all Alice could say; for the words of the old song kept ringing through her head like the ticking of a clock, and she could hardly help saying them out loud:

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel."

"I know what you're thinking about," said Tweedledum: "But it isn't so nohow."

"Contrariwise," continued Tweedledum, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

"I was thinking," Alice said very politely, "which is the best way out of this wood: it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?"

But the fat little men only looked at each other and grinned.

They looked so exactly like a couple of great school-boys, that Alice couldn't help pointing her finger at Tweedledum and saying, "First Boy!"

"Nohow!" Tweedledum cried out briskly, and shut his mouth up again with a snap.

"Next boy!" said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee,

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though she felt quite certain he would only shout out "Contrariwise!" and so he did.

"You've begun wrong!" cried Tweedledum. "The first thing in a visit is to say, 'How d'ye do?' and shake hands!" And here the two brothers gave each other a hug, and then they held out the two hands that were free, to shake hands with her.

Alice did not like shaking hands with either of them first, for fear of hurting the other one's feelings; so, as the best way out of the difficulty, she took hold of both hands at once: the next moment they were dancing round in a ring. This seemed quite natural (she remembered afterward), and she was not even surprised to hear music playing: it seemed to come from the tree under which they were dancing, and it was done (as well as she could make it out) by the branches rubbing one across the other, like fiddles and fiddlesticks.

"But it certainly was funny" (Alice said afterward, when she was telling her sister the history of all this), "to find myself singing 'Here we go round the Mulberry bush.' I don't know when I began it, but somehow I felt as if I'd been singing it a long, long time!"

The other two dancers were fat, and very soon out of breath. "Four times round is enough for one dance," Tweedledum panted out, and they left off dancing as suddenly as they had begun: the music stopped at the same moment.

Then they let go of Alice's hands, and stood looking at her for a minute: there was a rather awkward pause, as Alice didn't know how to begin a conversation with people she had just been dancing with. "It would never do to say 'How d'ye do?' now," she said to herself: "we seem to have got beyond that, somehow!"

"I hope you're not much tired?" she said at last.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

"Nohow. And thank you very much for asking," said Tweedledum.

"So much obliged!" added Tweedledee. "You like poetry?"

"Ye-es, pretty well—some poetry," Alice said doubtfully. "Would you tell me which road leads out of the wood?"

"What shall I repeat to her?" said Tweedledee, looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes, and not noticing Alice's question.

"'The Walrus and the Carpenter' is the longest," Tweedledum replied, giving his brother an affectionate hug.

Tweedledee began instantly:

"The sun was shining——"

Here Alice ventured to interrupt him. "If it's very long," she said, as politely as she could, "would you please tell me first which road——"

Tweedledee smiled gently, and began again:

"The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
'It's very rude of him,' she said,
'To come and spoil the fun!'

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
'If this were only cleared away,'
They said, 'it would be grand!'

'If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,
'That they could get it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

'Oysters, come and walk with us!'
The Walrus did beseech.
'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

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But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things;
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.'

'But wait a bit,' the Oyster cried,
'Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!'
'No hurry!' said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,
'Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.'

'But not on us!' the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
'After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!
'The night is fine,' the Walrus said,
'Do you admire the view?

'It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!
The Carpenter said nothing but
'Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!'

'It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,
'To play them such a' trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!
The Carpenter said nothing but
'The butter's spread too thick!'

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said:
'I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

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'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter
'You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?'
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice, "because, you see, he was a little sorry for the poor oysters."

"He ate more than the Carpenter, though," said Tweedledee. "You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn't count how many he took; contrariwise."

"That was mean!" Alice said, indignantly. "Then I like the Carpenter best—if he didn't eat as many as the Walrus."

"But he ate as many as he could get," said Tweedledum.

This was a puzzler. After a pause, Alice began: "Well! They were both very unpleasant characters—" Here she checked herself in some alarm, at hearing something that sounded to her like the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though she feared it was more likely to be a wild beast. "Are there any lions or tigers about here?" she asked, timidly.

"It's only the Red King snoring," said Tweedledee.

"Come and look at him!" the brothers cried, and they each took one of Alice's hands and led her up to where the King was sleeping.

"Isn't he a lovely sight?" said Tweedledum.

Alice couldn't honestly say that he was. He had a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he was lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap and snoring loud—"fit to snore his head off!"—as Tweedledum remarked.

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"I'm afraid he'll catch cold lying on the damp grass," said Alice, who was a very thoughtful little girl.

"He's dreaming now," said Tweedledee; "and what do you think he's dreaming about?"

Alice said, "Nobody can guess that."

"Why, about you!" Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly. "And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?"

"Where I am now, of course," said Alice.

"Not you!" Tweedledee retorted, contemptuously. "You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream!"

"If that there King was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!"

"I shouldn't!" Alice exclaimed, indignantly. "Besides, if I'm only a sort of thing in his dream, what are you, I should like to know?"

"Ditto," said Tweedledum.

"Ditto, ditto!" cried Tweedledee.

He shouted this so loud that Alice couldn't help saying, "Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise."

"Well, it's no use your talking about waking him," said Tweedledum, "when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real."

"I am real!" said Alice, and began to cry.

"You won't make yourself a bit realler by crying," Tweedledee remarked; "there's nothing to cry about."

"If I wasn't real," Alice said—half-laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous—"I shouldn't be able to cry."

"I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?" Tweedledum interrupted, in a tone of great contempt.

"I know they're talking nonsense," Alice thought to herself; "and it's foolish to cry about it." So she brushed away her tears and went on as cheerfully as

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she could, "At any rate, I'd better be getting out of the wood, for really it's coming on very dark. Don't you think it's going to rain?"

Tweedledum spread a large umbrella over himself and his brother, and looked up into it. "No, I don't think it is," he said; "at least—not under here. Nohow."

"But it may rain outside?"

"It may—if it chooses," said Tweedledee; "we've no objections. Contrariwise."

"Selfish things!" thought Alice, and she was just going to say "Good-night" and leave them, when Tweedledum sprang out from under the umbrella, and seized her by the wrist.

"Do you see that?" he said, in a voice choking with passion, and his eyes grew large and yellow all in a moment, as he pointed with a trembling finger at a small white thing lying under the tree.

"It's only a rattle," Alice said, after a careful examination of the little white thing. "Not a rattlesnake, you know," she added hastily, thinking that he was frightened; "only an old rattle—quite old and broken."

"I knew it was!" cried Tweedledum, beginning to stamp about wildly and tear his hair. "It's spoiled, of course!" Here he looked at Tweedledee, who immediately sat down on the ground, and tried to hide himself under the umbrella.

Alice laid her hand upon his arm, and said in a soothing tone, "You needn't be so angry about an old rattle."

"But it wasn't old!" Tweedledum cried, in a greater fury than ever. "It's new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—my nice NEW RATTLE!" and his voice rose to a perfect scream.

All this time Tweedledee was trying his best to fold up the umbrella, with himself in it, which was such an extraordinary thing to do, that it quite took off Alice's attention from the angry brother. But he

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couldn't quite succeed, and it ended in his rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out, and there he lay, opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes—"looking more like a fish than anything else," Alice thought.

"Of course, you agree to have a battle?" Tweedledum said, in a calmer tone.

"I suppose so," the other sulkily replied, as he crawled out of the umbrella; "only she must help us to dress up, you know."

So the two brothers went off hand in hand into the wood, and returned in a minute with their arms full of things—such as bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers and coal-scuttles. "I hope you're a good hand at pinning and tying strings?" Tweedledum remarked. "Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other."

Alice said afterward she had never seen such a fuss made about anything in all her life—the way those two bustled about—and the quantity of things they put on—and the trouble they gave her in tying strings and fastening buttons: "Really, they'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else by the time they're ready!" she said to herself, as she arranged a bolster around the neck of Tweedledee, "to keep his head from being cut off," as he said.

"You know," he added, very gravely; "it is one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—to get one's head cut off."

Alice laughed **aloud**; but she managed to turn it into a cough, for fear of hurting his feelings.

"Do I look very pale?" said Tweedledum, coming up to have his helmet tied on. (He called it a helmet, though it certainly looked much more like a saucepan.)

"Well—yes—a little," Alice replied, gently.

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"I'm very brave, generally," he went on, in a low voice; "only to-day I happen to have a headache."

"And I've got a toothache!" said Tweedledee, who had overheard the remark. "I'm far worse than you!"

"Then you'd better not fight to-day," said Alice, thinking it a good opportunity to make peace.

"We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long," said Tweedledum. "What's the time now?"

Tweedledee looked at his watch, and said, "Half-past four."

"Let's fight till six, and then have dinner," said Tweedledum.

"Very well," the other said, rather sadly; "and she can watch us—only you'd better not come very close," he added; "I generally hit everything I can see—when I get really excited."

"And I hit everything within reach," cried Tweedledum, "whether I can see it or not!"

Alice laughed. "You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think," she said.

Tweedledum looked round him with a satisfied smile. "I don't suppose," he said, "there'll be a tree left standing, for ever so far round, by the time we've finished!"

"And all about a rattle!" said Alice, still hoping to make them a little ashamed of fighting for such a trifle.

"I shouldn't have minded it so much," said Tweedledum, "if it hadn't been a new one."

"I wish the monstrous crow would come!" thought Alice.

"There's only one sword, you know," Tweedledum said to his brother; "but you can have the umbrella—it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can."

"And darker," said Tweedledee.

It was getting dark so suddenly that Alice thought

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there must be a thunderstorm coming on. "What a thick black cloud that is!" she said. "And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!"

"It's the crow!" Tweedledum cried out in a shrill voice of alarm; and the two brothers took to their heels and were out of sight in a moment.

Alice ran a little way into the wood, and stopped under a large tree. "It can never get at me here," she thought; "it's far too large to squeeze itself in among the trees. But I wish it wouldn't flap its wings so—it makes quite a hurricane in the wood—here's somebody's shawl being blown away!"

CHAPTER V

WOOL AND WATER

She caught the shawl as she spoke, and looked about for the owner; in another moment the White Queen came running wildly through the wood, with both arms stretched out wide, as if she were flying, and Alice very civilly went to meet her with the shawl.

"I'm very glad I happened to be in the way," Alice said, as she helped her to put on her shawl again.

The White Queen only looked at her in a helpless, frightened sort of way, and kept repeating something in a whisper to herself that sounded like "Bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter," and Alice felt that if there was to be any conversation at all, she must manage it herself. So she began rather timidly: "Am I addressing the White Queen?"

"Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing," the Queen said. "It isn't my notion of the thing at all."

Alice thought it would never do to have an argument at the very beginning of their conversation, so she

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smiled and said, "If your majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can."

"But I don't want it done at all!" groaned the poor Queen. "I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours."

It would have been all the better, as it seemed to Alice, if she had got someone else to dress her, she was so dreadfully untidy. "Every single thing's crooked," Alice thought to herself, "and she's all over pins!—May I put your shawl straight for you?" she added aloud.

"I don't know what's the matter with it!" the Queen said, in a melancholy voice. "It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here, and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!"

"It can't go straight you know, if you pin it all on one side," Alice said, as she gently put it right for her; "and, dear me, what a state your hair is in!"

"The brush has got entangled in it!" the Queen said, with a sigh. "And I lost the comb yesterday."

Alice carefully released the brush, and did her best to get the hair into order. "Come, you look better now!" she said, after altering most of the pins. "But, really, you should have a lady's maid!"

"I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure!" the Queen said. "Twopence a week, and jam every other day."

Alice couldn't help laughing, as she said, "I don't want you to hire me—and I don't care for jam."

"It's very good jam," said the Queen.

"Well, I don't want any to-day, at any rate."

"You couldn't have it if you did want it," the Queen said. "The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day."

"It must come sometimes to 'jam to-day.'" Alice objected.

"No, it can't," said the Queen. "It's jam every other day; to-day isn't any other day, you know."

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"I don't understand you," said Alice. "It's dreadfully confusing!"

"That's the effect of living backward," the Queen said kindly; "it always makes one a little giddy at first——"

"Living backward!" Alice repeated in great astonishment. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"——but there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways."

"I'm sure mine only works one way," Alice remarked. "I can't remember things before they happen."

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backward," the Queen remarked.

"What sort of things do you remember best?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Oh, things that happened the week after next," the Queen replied in a careless tone. "For instance, now," she went on, sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger as she spoke, "there's the King's Messenger. He's in prison now, being punished; and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday; and of course the crime comes last of all."

"Suppose he never commits the crime?" said Alice.

"That would be all the better, wouldn't it?" the Queen said, as she bound the plaster round her finger with a bit of ribbon.

Alice felt there was no denying that. "Of course it would be all the better," she said; "but it wouldn't be all the better his being punished."

"You're wrong there, at any rate," said the Queen; "were you ever punished?"

"Only for faults," said Alice.

"And you were all the better for it, I know!" the Queen said triumphantly.

"Yes, but then I had done the things I was punished for," said Alice; "that makes all the difference."

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"But if you hadn't done them," the Queen said, "that would have been better still; better, and better, and better!" Her voice went higher with each "better," till it got quite to a squeak at last.

Alice was just begining to say "There's a mistake somewhere——" when the Queen began screaming, so loud that she had to leave the sentence unfinished. "Oh, oh, oh!" shouted the Queen, shaking her hand about as if she wanted to shake it off. "My finger's bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Her screams were so exactly like the whistle of a steam-engine, that Alice had to hold both her hands over her ears.

"What is the matter?" she said, as soon as there was a chance of making herself heard. "Have you pricked your finger?"

"I haven't pricked it yet," the Queen said, "but I soon shall—oh, oh, oh!"

"When do you expect to do it?" Alice asked, feeling very much inclined to laugh.

"When I fasten my shawl again," the poor Queen groaned out; "the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh!" As she said the words the brooch flew open, and the Queen clutched wildly at it, and tried to clasp it again.

"Take care!" cried Alice. "You're holding it all crooked!" And she caught at the brooch; but it was too late; the pin had slipped, and the Queen had pricked her finger.

"That accounts for the bleeding, you see," she said to Alice with a smile. "Now you understand the way things happen here."

"But why don't you scream now?" Alice asked, holding her hands ready to put over her ears again.

"Why, I've done all the screaming already," said the

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Queen. "What would be the good of having it all over again?"

By this time it was getting light. "The crow must have flown away, I think," said Alice; "I'm so glad it's gone. I thought it was the night coming on."

"I wish I could manage to be glad!" the Queen said. "Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!"

"Only it is so very lonely here!" Alice said in a melancholy voice; and at the thought of her loneliness two large tears came rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, don't go on like that!" cried the poor Queen, wringing her hands in despair. "Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come to-day. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything, only don't cry!"

Alice could not help laughing at this, even in the midst of her tears. "Can you keep from crying by considering things?" she asked.

"That's the way it's done," the Queen said with great decision; "nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let's consider your age to begin with—how old are you?"

"I'm seven and a half exactly."

"You needn't say 'exactly,'" the Queen remarked. "I can believe it without that. Now I'll give you something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months and a day."

"I can't believe that," said Alice.

"Can't you?" the Queen said, in a pitying tone. "Try again; draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said; "one can't believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for

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half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes the shawl again!"

The brooch had come undone as she spoke, and a sudden gust of wind blew the Queen's shawl across a little brook. The Queen spread out her arms again, and went flying after it, and this time she succeeded in catching it for herself. "I've got it!" she cried in a triumphant tone. "Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!"

"Then I hope your finger is better now?" Alice said very politely, as she crossed the little brook after the Queen.

* * * * *

"Oh, much better," cried the Queen, her voice rising into a squeak as she went on. "Much be-etter! Be-etter! Be-e-e-etter! Be-e-ehh!" The last word ended in a long bleat, so like a sheep that Alice quite started.

She looked at the Queen, who suddenly seemed to have wrapped herself up in wool. Alice rubbed her eyes, and looked again. She couldn't make out what had happened at all. Was she in a shop? And was that really—was it really a sheep that was sitting on the other side of the counter? Rub as she would, she could make nothing more of it; she was in a little dark shop, leaning with her elbows on the counter, and opposite to her was an old Sheep, sitting in an arm-chair knitting, and every now and then leaving off to look at her through a great pair of spectacles.

"What is it you want to buy?" the Sheep said at last, looking up for a moment from her knitting.

"I don't quite know yet," said Alice very gently. "I should like to look all round me first, if I might."

"You may look in front of you, and on both sides, if you like," said the Sheep; "but you can't look all

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round you—unless you've got eyes at the back of your head."

But these, as it happened, Alice had not got; so she contented herself with turning round, looking at the shelves as she came to them.

The shop seemed to be full of all manner of curious things—but the oddest part of it all was, that whenever she looked hard at any shelf, to make out exactly what it had on it, that particular shelf was always quite empty; though the others round it were crowded as full as they could hold.

"Things flow about so here," she said at last in a plaintive tone, after she had spent a minute or so in vainly pursuing a large bright thing, that looked sometimes like a doll and sometimes like a work-box, and was always in the shelf next above the one she was looking at. "And this one is the most provoking of all—but I'll tell you what——" she added, as a sudden thought struck her, "I'll follow it up to the very top shelf of all. It'll puzzle it to go through the ceiling, I expect."

But even this plan failed; the "thing" went through the ceiling as quietly as possible, as if it were quite used to it.

"Are you a child or a tectotum?" the Sheep said, as she took up another pair of needles. "You'll make me giddy soon, if you go on turning round like that." She was now working with fourteen pairs at once, and Alice couldn't help looking at her in great astonishment.

"How can she knit with so many?" the puzzled child thought to herself. "She gets more and more like a porcupine every minute."

"Can you row?" the Sheep asked, handing her a pair of knitting needles as she spoke.

"Yes; a little—but not on land—and not with

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needles——” Alice was beginning to say, when suddenly the needles turned into oars in her hands, and she found they were in a little boat, gliding along between banks; so there was nothing for it but to do her best.

“Feather!” cried the Sheep, as she took up another pair of needles.

This didn’t sound like a remark that needed any answer, so Alice said nothing, but pulled away. There was something very queer about the water, she thought, as every now and then the oars got fast in it, and would hardly come out again.

“Feather! Feather!” the Sheep cried again, taking more needles. “You’ll be catching a crab directly.”

“A dear little crab!” thought Alice. “I should like that.”

“Didn’t you hear me say ‘Feather?’” the Sheep cried angrily, taking up quite a bunch of needles.

“Indeed, I did,” said Alice; “you’ve said it very often—and very loud. Please, where are the crabs?”

“In the water, of course,” said the Sheep, sticking some of the needles into her hair, as her hands were full. Feather, I say!”

“Why do you say ‘Feather!’ so often?” Alice asked at last, rather vexed. “I’m not a bird!”

“You are,” said the Sheep; “you’re a little goose.”

This offended Alice a little, so there was no more conversation for a minute or two, while the boat glided gently on, sometimes among beds of weeds (which made the oars stick fast in the water, worse than ever), and sometimes under trees, but always with the same tall river-banks frowning over their heads.

“Oh, please! There are some scented rushes!” Alice cried in a sudden transport of delight. “There really are—and such beauties!”

“You needn’t say ‘please’ to me about ’em,” the

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Sheep said, without looking up from her knitting. "I didn't put 'em there, and I'm not going to take 'em away."

"No; but I meant—please, may we wait and pick some?" Alice pleaded. "If you don't mind stopping the boat for a minute."

"How am I to stop it?" said the Sheep. "If you leave off rowing, it'll stop itself."

So the boat was left to drift down the stream as it would, till it glided gently in among the waving rushes. And then the little sleeves were carefully rolled up, and the little arms were plunged in elbow-deep, to get hold of the rushes a good, long way down before breaking them off—and for awhile Alice forgot all about the Sheep and the knitting, as she bent over the side of the boat, with just the ends of her tangled hair dipping into the water—while with bright, eager eyes she caught at one bunch after another of the darling, scented rushes.

"I only hope the boat won't tiddle over!" she said to herself. "Oh, what a lovely one! Only I couldn't quite reach it." And it certainly did seem a little provoking ("almost as if it happened on purpose," she thought), that, though she managed to pick plenty of beautiful rushes as the boat glided by, there was always a more lovely one that she couldn't reach.

"The prettiest are always further!" she said at last, with a sigh at the obstinacy of the rushes in growing so far off, as, with flushed cheeks and dripping hair and hands, she scrambled back into her place, and began to arrange her new-found treasures.

What mattered it to her just then that the rushes had begun to fade, and to lose all their scent and beauty, from the very moment that she picked them? Even real scented rushes, you know, last only a very little while—and these, being dream-rushes, melted

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away almost like snow, as they lay in heaps at her feet—but Alice hardly noticed this, there were so many other curious things to think about.

They hadn't gone much farther before the blade of one of the oars got fast in the water, and wouldn't come out again (so Alice explained it afterward), and the consequence was that the handle of it caught her under the chin, and, in spite of a series of little shrieks of "Oh, oh, oh!" from poor Alice, it swept her straight off the seat and down among the heap of rushes.

However, she wasn't much hurt, and was soon up again; the Sheep went on with her knitting all the while, just as if nothing had happened. "There was a nice crab you caught!" she remarked, as Alice got back into her place, very much relieved to find herself in the boat.

"Was it? I didn't see it," said Alice, peeping cautiously over the side of the boat into the dark water. "I wish it hadn't let go—I should so like a little crab to take home with me!" But the Sheep only laughed scornfully, and went on with her knitting.

"Are there many crabs here?" said Alice.

"Crabs, and all sorts of things," said the Sheep; "plenty of choice, only make up your mind. Now, what do you want to buy?"

"To buy!" Alice echoed in a tone that was half astonished and half frightened—for the oars, and the boat, and the river, had vanished all in a moment, and she was back again in the little dark shop.

"I should like to buy an egg, please?" she said, timidly. "How do you sell them?"

"Fivepence farthing for one—twopence for two," the Sheep replied.

"Then two are cheaper than one?" Alice said in a surprised tone, taking out her purse.

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"Only you must eat them both, if you buy two," said the Sheep.

"Then I'll have one, please," said Alice, as she put the money down on the counter. For she thought to herself, "They mightn't be at all nice, you know."

The Sheep took the money and put it away in a box; then she said: "I never put things into people's hands—that would never do—you must get it for yourself." And, so saying, she went off to the other end of the shop, and set the egg upright on a shelf.

"I wonder why it wouldn't do?" thought Alice, as she groped her way among the tables and chairs, for the shop was very dark toward the end. "The egg seems to get further away the more I walk toward it. Let me see, is this a chair? Why, it's got branches, I declare! How very odd to find trees growing here! And, actually, here's a little brook! Well, this is the very queerest shop I ever saw!"

* * * * *

So she went on, wondering more and more at every step, as everything turned into a tree the moment she came up to it, and she quite expected the egg to do the same.

CHAPTER VI

HUMPTY DUMPTY

However, the egg only got larger and larger, and more and more human; when she had come within a few yards of it, she saw that it had eyes and a nose and mouth; and when she had come close to it, she saw clearly that it was HUMPTY DUMPTY himself. "It can't be anybody else!" she said to herself. "I'm as certain of it as if his name were written all over his face!"

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It might have been written a hundred times, easily, on that enormous face. Humpty Dumpty was sitting with his legs crossed, like a Turk, on the top of a high wall—such a narrow one that Alice quite wondered how he could keep his balance—and, as his eyes were steadily fixed in the opposite direction, and he didn't take the least notice of her, she thought he must be a stuffed figure, after all.

"And how exactly like an egg he is!" she said aloud, standing with her hands ready to catch him, for she was every moment expecting him to fall.

"It's very provoking," Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence, looking away from Alice as he spoke, "to be called an egg—very!"

"I said you looked like an egg, sir," Alice gently explained. "And some eggs are very pretty, you know," she added, hoping to turn her remark into a sort of compliment.

"Some people," said Humpty Dumpty, looking away from her, as usual, "have no more sense than a baby!"

Alice didn't know what to say to this; it wasn't at all like conversation, she thought, as he never said anything to her; in fact, his last remark was evidently addressed to a tree—so she stood and softly repeated to herself:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again."

"That last line is much too long for the poetry," she added, almost out loud, forgetting that Humpty Dumpty would hear her.

"Don't stand chattering to yourself like that,"

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Humpty Dumpty said, looking at her for the first time; "but tell me your name and your business."

"My name is Alice, but——"

"It's a stupid name enough!" Humpty Dumpty interrupted impatiently. "What does it mean?"

"Must a name mean something?" Alice asked, doubtfully.

"Of course, it must," Humpty Dumpty said, with a short laugh; "my name means the shape I am—and a good, handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost."

"Why do you sit out there alone?" said Alice, not wishing to begin an argument.

"Why, because there's nobody with me!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "Did you think I didn't know the answer to that? Ask another."

"Don't you think you'd be safer down on the ground?" Alice went on, not with any idea of making another riddle, but simply in her good-natured anxiety for the queer creature. "That wall is so very narrow."

"What tremendously easy riddles you ask?" Humpty Dumpty growled out. "Of cousse, I don't think so! Why, if ever I did fall off—which there's no chance of—but if I did——" Here he pursed up his lips, and looked so solemn and grand that Alice could hardly help laughing. "If I did fall," he went on, "the King has promised me—ah, you may turn pale, if you like! You didn't think I was going to say that, did you? The King has promised me—with his very own mouth—to——"

"To send all his horses and all his men," Alice interrupted, rather unwisely.

"Now I declare that's too bad!" Humpty Dumpty cried, breaking into a sudden passion. "You've been listening at doors—and behind trees—and down chimneys—or you couldn't have known it!"

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"I haven't, indeed!" Alice said very gently. "It's in a book."

"Ah, well! They may write such things in a book," Humpty Dumpty said in a calmer tone. "That's what you call a History of England, that is. Now, take a good look at me! I'm one that has spoken to a King, I am: mayhap you'll never see such another: and to show you I'm not proud, you may shake hands with me!" And he grinned almost from ear to ear, as he leaned forward (and as nearly as possible fell off the wall in doing so) and offered Alice his hand. She watched him a little anxiously as she took it. "If he smiled much more, the ends of his mouth might meet behind," she thought: "and then I don't know what would happen to his head! I'm afraid it would come off!"

"Yes, all his horses and all his men," Humpty Dumpty went on. "They'd pick me up again in a minute, they would! However, this conversation is going on a little too fast: let's go back to the last remark but one."

"I'm afraid I can't quite remember it," Alice said very politely.

"In that case we start fresh," said Humpty Dumpty, "and it's my turn to choose a subject"—("He talks about it just as if it was a game!" thought Alice.) "So here's a question for you. How old did you say you were?"

Alice made a short calculation, and said, "Seven years and six months."

"Wrong!" Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. "You never said a word like it!"

"I thought you meant, How old are you?" Alice explained.

"If I'd meant that, I'd have said it," said Humpty Dumpty.

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Alice did not want to begin another argument, so she said nothing.

"Seven years and six months!" Humpty Dumpty repeated thoughtfully. "An uncomfortable sort of age. Now if you'd asked my advice, I'd have said, 'Leave off at seven'—but it's too late now."

"I never ask advice about growing," Alice said indignantly.

"Too proud?" the other inquired.

Alice felt even more indignant at this suggestion. "I mean," she said, "that one can't help growing older."

"One can't, perhaps," said Humpty Dumpty, "but two can. With proper assistance, you might have left off at seven."

"What a beautiful belt you've got on!" Alice suddenly remarked. (They had had quite enough of the subject of age, she thought; and if they really were to take turns in choosing subjects, it was her turn now.) "At least," she corrected herself on second thoughts, "a beautiful cravat, I should have said—no, a belt, I mean—I beg your pardon!" she added in dismay, for Humpty Dumpty looked thoroughly offended, and she began to wish she hadn't chosen that subject. "If only I knew," she thought to herself, "which was neck and which was waist!"

Evidently Humpty Dumpty was very angry, though he said nothing for a minute or two. When he did speak again, it was in a deep growl.

"It is a—most—provoking—thing," he said at last, "when a person doesn't know a cravat from a belt!"

"I know it's very ignorant of me," Alice said, in so humble a tone that Humpty Dumpty relented.

"It's a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It's a present from the White King and Queen. There now!"

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"Is it really?" said Alice, quite pleased to find that she had chosen a good subject, after all.

"They gave it me," Humpty Dumpty continued thoughtfully, as he crossed one knee over the other and clasped his hands round it, "they gave it me—for an un-birthday present."

"I beg your pardon?" Alice said with a puzzled air.

"I'm not offended," said Humpty Dumpty.

"I mean, what is an un-birthday present?"

"A present given when it isn't your birthday, of course."

Alice considered a little. "I like birthday presents best," she said at last.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "How many days are there in a year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five," said Alice.

"And how many birthdays have you?"

"One."

"And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what remains?"

"Three hundred and sixty-four, of course."

Humpty Dumpty looked doubtful. "I'd rather see that done on paper," he said.

Alice couldn't help smiling as she took out her memorandum-book, and worked the sum for him:

$$\begin{array}{r} 365 \\ 1 \\ \hline 364 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Humpty Dumpty took the book, and looked at it carefully. "That seems to be done right——" he began.

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"You're holding it upside down!" Alice interrupted.

"To be sure I was!" Humpty Dumpty said gayly, as she turned it round for him. "I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, that seems to be done right—though I haven't time to look it over thoroughly just now—and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get un-birthday presents——"

"Certainly," said Alice.

"And only one for birthday presents, you know. There's glory for you."

"I don't know what you mean by 'glory,'" Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you!'"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything, so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. "They've a temper, some of them—particularly verbs, they're the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, I can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what I say!"

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable child," said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by 'impenetrability' that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean

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to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said, in a thoughtful tone.

"When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said Humpty Dumpty, "I always pay it extra."

"Oh!" said Alice. She was too much puzzled to make any other remark.

"Ah, you should see 'em come round me of a Saturday night," Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head gravely from side to side: "for to get their wages, you know."

(Alice didn't venture to ask what he paid them with; and so you see I can't tell you.)

"You seem very clever at explaining words, sir," said Alice. "Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called 'Jabberwocky?'"

"Let's hear it," said Humpty Dumpty. "I can explain all the poems that ever were invented—and a good many that haven't been invented just yet."

This sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the first verse:

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

"That's enough to begin with," Humpty Dumpty interrupted: there are plenty of hard words there. 'Brillig' means four o'clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin broiling things for dinner."

"That'll do very well," said Alice: "and 'slithy?'"

"Well, 'slithy' means lithe and slimy. 'Lithe' is the same as 'active.' You see it's like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word."

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"I see it now," Alice remarked, thoughtfully; "and what are 'toves'?"

"Well, 'toves' are something like badgers—they're something like lizards—and they're something like corkscrews."

"They must be very curious-looking creatures."

"They are that," said Humpty-Dumpty, "also they make their nests under sun-dials—also they live on cheese."

"And what's to 'gyre' and to 'gimble'?"

"To 'gyre' is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To 'gimble' is to make holes like a gimlet."

"And 'the wabe' is the grass-plot round a sun-dial, I suppose?" said Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity.

"Of course it is. It's called 'wabe,' you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it——"

"And a long way beyond it on each side," Alice added.

"Exactly so. Well then, 'mimsy' is flimsy 'and miserable' (there's another portmanteau for you). And a 'borogove' is a thin, shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live mop."

"And then 'mome raths'?" said Alice. "I'm afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Well, a 'rath' is a sort of green pig; but 'mome' I'm not certain about. I think it's short for 'from home'—meaning that they'd lost their way, you know."

"And what does 'outgrabe' mean?"

"Well, 'outgribing' is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle; however, you'll hear it done, maybe, down in the wood yonder—and when you've once heard it you'll be quite content. Who's been repeating all that hard stuff to you?"

"I read it in a book," said Alice. "But I had some

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poetry repeated to me, much easier than that, by—
Tweedledee, I think it was."

"As to poetry, you know," said Humpty Dumpty, stretching out one of his great hands, "I can repeat poetry as well as other folk, if it comes to that——"

"Oh, it needn't come to that!" Alice hastily said, hoping to keep him from beginning.

"The piece I'm going to repeat," he went on, without noticing her remark, "was written entirely for your amusement."

Alice felt that in that case she really ought to listen to it, so she sat down and said "Thank you" rather sadly.

"In winter, when the fields are white,
I sing this song for your delight——

only I don't sing it," he added, as an explanation.

"I see you don't," said Alice.

"If you can see whether I'm singing or not, you've sharper eyes than most," Humpty Dumpty remarked severely. Alice was silent.

"In spring, when woods are getting green,
I'll try and tell you what I mean."

"Thank you very much," said Alice.

"In summer, when the days are long,
Perhaps you'll understand the song;

In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
Take pen and ink, and write it down."

"I will, if I can remember it so long," said Alice.

"You needn't go on making remarks like that,"

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Humpty Dumpty said; "they're not sensible, and they put me out."

"I sent a message to the fish:
I told them, 'This is what I wish.'

The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me.

The little fishes' answer was
'We cannot do it, sir, because——'

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said Alice.
"It get's easier further on," Humpty Dumpty replied.

"I sent to them again to say,
'It will be better to obey.'

The fishes answered with a grin.
'Why, what a temper you are in!'

I told them once, I told them twice,
They would not listen to advice.

I took a kettle large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump;
I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then someone came to me and said,
'The little fishes are in bed.'

I said to him, I said it plain,
Then you must wake them up again.'

I said it very loud and clear;
I went and shouted in his ear."

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Humpty Dumpty raised his voice almost to a scream as he repeated this verse, and Alice thought with a shudder, "I wouldn't have been the messenger for anything!"

"But he was very stiff and proud;
He said, 'You needn't shout so loud!'

And he was very proud and stiff;
He said, 'I'd go and wake them, if——'

I took a corkscrew from the shelf;
I went to wake them up myself.

And when I found the door was locked,
I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but——"

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?" Alice timidly asked.

"That's all," said Humpty Dumpty. "Good-bye."

This was rather sudden, Alice thought; but, after such a very strong hint that she ought to be going, she felt that it would hardly be civil to stay. So she got up and held out her hand. "Good-bye, till we meet again!" she said, as cheerfully as she could.

"I shouldn't know you again if we did meet," Humpty Dumpty replied, in a discontented tone, giving her one of his fingers to shake; "you're so exactly like other people."

"The face is what one goes by, generally," Alice remarked, in a thoughtful tone.

"That's just what I complain of," said Humpty Dumpty. "Your face is the same as everybody has—

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the two eyes, so"—(marking their places in the air with his thumb) "nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance—or the mouth at the top—that would be some help."

"It wouldn't look nice," Alice objected. But Humpty Dumpty only shut his eyes and said, "Wait till you've tried."

Alice waited a minute to see if he would speak again, but as he never opened his eyes or took any further notice of her, she said "Good-bye!" once more, and, getting no answer to this, she quietly walked away; but she couldn't help saying to herself as she went, "Of all the unsatisfactory"—(she repeated this aloud, as it was a great comfort to have such a long word to say) "of all the unsatisfactory people I ever met——" She never finished the sentence, for at this moment a heavy crash shook the forest from end to end.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

The next moment soldiers came running through the wood, at first in twos and threes, then ten or twenty together, and at last in such crowds that they seemed to fill the whole forest. Alice got behind a tree, for fear of being run over, and watched them go by.

She thought that in all her life she had never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet: they were always tripping over something or other, and whenever one went down, several more always fell over him, so that the ground was soon covered with little heaps of men.

Then came the horses. Having four feet, these managed rather better than the foot-soldiers: but even they

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stumbled now and then; and it seemed to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbled, the rider fell off instantly. The confusion got worse every moment, and Alice was very glad to get out of the wood into an open place, where she found the White King seated on the ground, busily writing in his memorandum-book.

"I've sent them all," the King cried in a tone of delight, on seeing Alice. "Did you happen to meet any soldiers, my dear, as you came through the woods?"

"Yes, I did," said Alice: "several thousand I should think."

"Four thousand two hundred and seven, that's the exact number," the King said, referring to his book. "I couldn't send all the horses, you know, because two of them are wanted in the game. And I haven't sent the two Messengers, either. They're both gone to the town. Just look along the road, and tell me if you can see either of them."

"I see nobody on the road," said Alice.

"I only wish I had such eyes," the King remarked in a fretful tone. "To be able to see nobody. And at that distance too! Why, it's as much as I can do to see real people, by this light."

All this was lost on Alice, who was still looking intently along the road, shading her eyes with one hand. "I see somebody now," she exclaimed at last. "But he's coming very slowly—and what curious attitudes he goes into." (For the Messenger kept skipping up and down, and wriggling like an eel, as he came along, with his great hands spread out like fans on each side.)

"Not at all," said the King. "He's an Anglo-Saxon Messenger and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He only does them when he's happy. His name is Haigha." (He pronounced it so as to rhyme with "mayor.")

"I love my love with an H," Alice couldn't help be-

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ginning, "because he is Happy. I hate him with an H, because he is Hideous. I fed him with—with Ham-sandwiches, and Hay. His name is Haigha, and he lives——"

"He lives on the Hill," the King remarked simply, without the least idea that he was joining in the game, while Alice was still hesitating for the name of a town beginning with H. "The other Messenger's called Hatta. I must have two, you know—to come and go. One to come, one to go."

"I beg your pardon?" said Alice.

"It isn't respectable to beg," said the King.

"I only meant that I didn't understand," said Alice. "Why one to come and one to go?"

"Don't I tell you?" the King repeated impatiently. "I must have two—to fetch and carry. One to fetch, and one to carry."

At this moment the Messenger arrived: he was far too much out of breath to say a word, and could only wave his hands about, and make the most fearful faces at the poor King.

"This young lady loves you with an H," the King said, introducing Alice in the hope of turning off the Messenger's attention from himself—but it was no use—the Anglo-Saxon attitudes only got more extraordinary every moment, while the great eyes rolled wildly from side to side.

"You alarm me!" said the King. "I feel faint—give me a ham sandwich!"

On which the Messenger, to Alice's great amusement, opened a bag that hung round his neck, and handed a sandwich to the King, who devoured it greedily.

"Another sandwich!" said the King.

"There's nothing but hay left now," the Messenger said, peeping into the bag.

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"Hay, then," the King murmured in a faint whisper. Alice was glad to see that it revived him a good deal. "There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint," he remarked to her, as he munched away.

"I should think throwing cold water over you would be better," Alice suggested: "or some sal-volatile."

"I didn't say there was nothing better," the King replied. "I said there was nothing like it." Which Alice did not venture to deny.

"Who did you pass on the road?" the King went on, holding out his hand to the Messenger for some more hay.

"Nobody," said the Messenger.

"Quite right," said the King; "this young lady saw him too. So of course Nobody walks slower than you."

"I do my best," the Messenger said in a sullen tone. "I'm sure nobody walks much faster than I do!"

"He can't do that," said the King, "or else he'd have been here first. However, now you've got your breath, you may tell us what's happened in the town."

"I'll whisper it," said the Messenger, putting his hands to his mouth in the shape of a trumpet and stooping so as to get close to the King's ear. Alice was sorry for this, as she wanted to hear the news too. However, instead of whispering, he simply shouted at the top of his voice, "They're at it again!"

"Do you call that a whisper?" cried the poor King, jumping up and shaking himself. "If you do such a thing again, I'll have you buttered! It went through and through my head like an earthquake!"

"It would have to be a very tiny earthquake!" thought Alice. "Who are at it again?" she ventured to ask.

"Why, the Lion and the Unicorn, of course," said the King.

"Fighting for the crown?"

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"Yes, to be sure," said the King: "and the best of the joke is, that it's my crown all the while! Let's run and see them." And they trotted off, Alice repeating to herself, as she ran, the words of the old song:

"The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown:

The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town,
Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them out of town."

"Does—the one—that wins—get the crown?" she asked, as well as she could, for the run was putting her quite out of breath.

"Dear me, no!" said the King. "What an idea!"

"Would you—be good enough," Alice panted out, after running a little further, "to stop a minute—just to get—one's breath again?"

"I'm good enough," the King said, "only I'm not strong enough. You see, a minute goes by so fearfully quick. You might as well try to stop a Bandersnatch!"

Alice had no more breath for talking, so they trotted on in silence, till they came in sight of a great crowd, in the middle of which the Lion and Unicorn were fighting. They were in such a cloud of dust, that at first Alice could not make out which was which: but she soon managed to distinguish the Unicorn by his horn.

They placed themselves close to where Hatta, the other Messenger, was standing watching the fight, with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other.

"He's only just out of prison, and he hadn't finished his tea when he was sent in," Haigha whispered to Alice: "and they only give them oyster-shells in there—

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so you see he's very hungry and thirsty. How are you, dear child?" he went on, putting his arm affectionately round Hatta's neck.

Hatta looked round and nodded, and went on with his bread and butter.

"Were you happy in prison, dear child?" said Haigha.

Hatta looked round once more, and this time a tear or two trickled down his cheek: but not a word would he say.

"Speak, can't you!" Haigha cried impatiently. But Hatta only munched away, and drank some more tea.

"Speak, won't you!" cried the King. "How are they getting on with the fight?"

Hatta made a desperate effort, and swallowed a large piece of bread-and-butter. "They're getting on very well," he said in a choking voice: "each of them has been down about eighty-seven times."

"Then I suppose they'll soon bring the white bread and the brown?" Alice ventured to remark.

"It's waiting for 'em now," said Hatta: "this is a bit of it as I'm eating."

There was a pause in the fight just then, and the Lion and the Unicorn sat down, panting, while the King called out, "Ten minutes allowed for refreshments!" Haigha and Hatta set to work at once, carrying round trays of white and brown bread. Alice took a piece to taste; but it was very dry. "I don't think they'll fight any more to-day," the King said to Hatta; "go and order the drums to begin." And Hatta went bounding away like a grasshopper.

For a minute or two Alice stood silent, watching him. Suddenly she brightened up. "Look, look!" she cried, pointing eagerly. "There's the White Queen running across the country! She came flying out of the wood over yonder. How fast those Queens can run!"

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"There's some enemy after her, no doubt," the King said, without even looking round. "That wood's full of them."

"But aren't you going to run and help her?" Alice asked, very much surprised at his taking it so quietly.

"No use, no use!" said the King. "She runs so fearfully quick. You might as well try to catch a Bandersnatch! But I'll make a memorandum about her, if you like—she's a dear, good creature," he repeated softly to himself, as he opened his memorandum-book. "Do you spell 'creature' with a double 'e'?"

At this moment the Unicorn sauntered by them, with his hands in his pockets. "I had the best of it this time!" he said to the King, just glancing at him as he passed.

"A little—a little," the King replied rather nervously. "You shouldn't have run him through with your horn, you know."

"It didn't hurt him," the Unicorn said carelessly, and he was going on, when his eyes happen to fall upon Alice; he turned round instantly, and stood for some time looking at her with an air of the deepest disgust.

"What—is—this?" he said at last.

"This is a child!" Haigha replied eagerly, coming in front of Alice to introduce her, and spreading out both his hands toward her in an Anglo-Saxon attitude. "We only found it to-day. It's as large as life, and twice as natural!"

"I always thought they were fabulous monsters!" said the Unicorn. "Is it alive?"

"It can talk," said Haigha, solemnly.

The Unicorn looked dreamily at Alice, and said: "Talk, child."

Alice could not help her lips curling up into a smile as she began: "Do you know, I always thought Uni-

corns were fabulous monsters, too! I never saw one alive before!"

"Well now that we have seen each other," said the Unicorn, "if you'll believe in me, I'll believe in you. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes, if you like," said Alice.

"Come, fetch out the plum-cake, old man!" the Unicorn went on, turning from her to the King. "None of your brown bread for me!"

"Certainly—certainly!" the King muttered, and beckoned to Haigha. "Open the bag!" he whispered. "Quick! Not that one—that's full of hay!"

Haigha took a large cake out of the bag, and gave it to Alice to hold, while he got out a dish and carving-knife. How they all came out of it Alice couldn't guess. It was just like a conjuring-trick, she thought.

The Lion had joined them while this was going on; he looked very tired and sleepy, and his eyes were half shut. "What's this?" he said, blinking lazily at Alice, and speaking in a deep, hollow tone that sounded like the tolling of a great bell.

"Ah, what is it now?" the Unicorn cried eagerly. "You'll never guess! I couldn't."

The Lion looked at Alice wearily. "Are you animal—or vegetable—or mineral?" he said, yawning at every other word.

"It's a fabulous monster!" the Unicorn cried out, before Alice could reply.

"Then hand round the plum-cake, Monster," the Lion said, lying down and putting his chin on his paws. "And sit down, both of you" (to the King and the Unicorn): "fair play with the cake, you know!"

The King was evidently very uncomfortable at having to sit down between the two great creatures; but there was no other place for him.

"What a fight we might have for the crown, now!"

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the Unicorn said, looking slyly up at the crown, which the poor King was nearly shaking off his head, he trembled so much.

"I should win easy," said the Lion.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the Unicorn.

"Why, I beat you all round the town, you chicken!" the Lion replied angrily, half getting up as he spoke.

Here the King interrupted, to prevent the quarrel going on; he was very nervous, and his voice quite quivered. "All round the town?" he said. "That's a good long way. Did you go by the old bridge, or the market place? You get the best view by the old bridge."

"I'm sure I don't know," the Lion growled out as he lay down again. "There was too much dust to see anything. What a time the Monster is, cutting up that cake!"

Alice had seated herself on the bank of a little brook, with the great dish on her knees, and was sawing away diligently with the knife.

"It's very provoking!" she said, in reply to the Lion (she was getting quite used to being called "the Monster"). "I've cut several slices already, but they always join on again!"

"You don't know how to manage Looking-glass cake," the Unicorn remarked. "Hand it round first, and cut it afterward."

This sounded nonsense, but Alice very obediently got up, and carried the dish round, and the cake divided itself into three pieces as she did so. "Now cut it up," said the Lion, as she returned to her place with the empty dish.

"I say, this isn't fair!" cried the Unicorn, as Alice sat with the knife in her hand, very much puzzled how to begin. "The Monster has given the Lion twice as much as me!"

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"She's kept none for herself, anyhow," said the Lion "Do you like plum-cake, Monster?"

But before Alice could answer him the drums began.

Where the noise came from, she couldn't make out; the air seemed full of it, and it rang through and through her head till she felt quite deafened. She started to her feet and sprang across the little brook in her terror, and had just time to see the Lion and the Unicorn rise to their feet, with angry looks at being interrupted in their feast, before she dropped to her knees, and put her hands over her ears, vainly trying to shut the dreadful uproar.

"If that doesn't 'drum them out of town,'" she thought to herself, "nothing ever will!"

CHAPTER VIII

"IT'S MY OWN INVENTION"

After awhile the noise seemed gradually to die away, till all was dead silence, and Alice lifted up her head in some alarm. There was no one to be seen, and her first thought was that she must have been dreaming about the Lion and the Unicorn and those queer Anglo-Saxon Messengers. However, there was the great dish still lying at her feet, on which she had tried to cut the plum-cake. "So I wasn't dreaming after all," she said to herself, "unless—unless we're all part of the same dream. Only I do hope it's my dream, and not the Red King's. I don't like belonging to another person's dream," she went on in a rather complaining tone; "I've a great mind to go and wake him, and see what happens."

At this moment her thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!" and a Knight,

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dressed in crimson armor, came galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached her, the horse stopped suddenly; "You're my prisoner," the Knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse.

Startled as she was, Alice was more frightened for him than for herself at the moment, and watched him with some anxiety as he mounted again. As soon as he was comfortably in the saddle, he began once more, "You're my——" but here another voice broke in, "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check," and Alice looked round in some surprise for the new enemy.

This time it was a White Knight. He drew up at Alice's side, and tumbled off his horse just as the Red Knight had done; then he got on again, and the two Knights sat and looked at each other for some time without speaking. Alice looked from one to the other in some bewilderment.

"She's my prisoner, you know!" the Red Knight said at last.

"Yes, but then I came and rescued her!" the White Knight replied.

"Well, we must fight for her, then," said the Red Knight, as he took up his helmet (which hung from the saddle, and was something the shape of a horse's head), and put it on.

"You will observe the rules of battle, of course?" the White Knight remarked, putting on his helmet too.

"I always do," said the Red Knight, and they began banging away at each other with such fury that Alice got behind a tree to be out of the way of the blows.

"I wonder, now, what the Rules of Battle are," she said to herself, as she watched the fight, timidly peeping out from her hiding-place; "one Rule seems to be, that if one Knight hits the other, he knocks him off his horse, and if he misses, he tumbles off himself—and another Rule seems to be that they hold their clubs with

their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy. What a noise they make when they tumble! Just like a whole set of fire-irons falling into the fender! And how quiet the horses are! They let them get on and off them just as if they were tables!"

Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads, and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side; when they got up again, they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

"It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?" said the White Knight, as he came up, panting.

"I don't know," Alice said, doubtfully. "I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen."

"So you will, when you've crossed the next brook," said the White Knight. "I'll see you safe to the end of the wood—and then I must go back, you know. That's the end of my move."

"Thank you very much," said Alice. "May I help you off with your helmet?" It was evidently more than he could manage by himself; however, she managed to shake him out of it at last.

"Now one can breathe more easily," said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands and turning his gentle face and large, mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.

He was dressed in tin armor, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulders, upside down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

"I see you admiring my little box," the Knight said, in a friendly tone. "It's my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see, I carry it upside down, so that the rain can't get in."

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"But the things can get out," Alice gently remarked. "Do you know the lid's open?"

"I didn't know it," the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. "Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them." He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. "Can you guess why I did that?" he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head.

"In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get the honey."

"But you've got a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle," said Alice.

"Yes, it's a very good bee-hive," the Knight said, in a discontented tone, "one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out—or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which."

"I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for," said Alice. "It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back."

"Not very likely, perhaps," said the Knight; "but if they do come, I don't choose to have them running all about."

"You see," he went on, after a pause, "it's as well to be provided for everything. That's the reason the horse has those anklets round his feet."

"But what are they for?" Alice asked, in a tone of great curiosity.

"To guard against the bites of sharks," the Knight replied. "It's an invention of my own. And now help me on. I'll go with you to the end of the wood. What's that dish for?"

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"It's meant for plum-cake," said Alice.

"We'd better take it with us," the Knight said. "It'll come in handy if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag."

This took a long time to manage, though Alice held the bag open very carefully, because the Knight was so very awkward in putting in the dish; the first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. "It's rather a tight fit, you see," he said, as they got it in at last; "there are so many candlesticks in the bag." And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

"I hope you've got your hair well fastened on?" he continued, as they set off.

"Only in the usual way," Alice said, smiling.

"That's hardly enough," he said, anxiously. "You see, the wind is so very strong here. It's as strong as soup."

"Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown off?" Alice inquired.

"Not yet," said the Knight. "But I've got a plan for keeping it from falling off."

"I should like to hear it, very much."

"First you take an upright stick," said the Knight. "Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit-tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs down—things never fall upward, you know. It's a plan of my own invention. You may try it, if you like."

It didn't sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was not a good rider.

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off

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behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways; and as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk quite close to the horse.

"I'm afraid you've not had much practice in riding," she ventured to say, as she was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised, and a little offended at the remark. "What makes you say that?" he asked, as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice's hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

"Because people don't fall off quite so often, when they've had much practice."

"I've had plenty of practice," the Knight said very gravely; "plenty of practice!"

Alice could think of nothing better to say than "Indeed?" but she said it as heartily as she could. They went on a little way in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

"The great art of riding," the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, "is to keep——" Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she picked him up, "I hope no bones are broken?"

"None to speak of," the Knight said, as if he didn't mind breaking two or three of them. "The great art of riding, as I was saying, is—to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know——"

He let go the bridle, and stretched out both his arms

to show Alice what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse's feet.

"Plenty of practice!" he went on repeating, all the time that Alice was getting him on his feet again. "Plenty of practice!"

"It's too ridiculous!" cried Alice, losing all her patience this time. "You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!"

"Does that kind go smoothly?" the Knight asked, in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms round the horse's neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

"Much more smoothly than a live horse," Alice said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she could do to prevent it.

"I'll get one," the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. "One or two—several."

There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight went on again. "I'm a great hand at inventing things. Now, I daresay you noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?"

"You were a little grave," said Alice.

"Well just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate—would you like to hear it?"

"Very much indeed," Alice said politely.

"I'll tell you how I came to think of it," said the Knight. "You see, I said to myself, 'The only difficulty is with the feet; the head is high enough already.' Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate—then the head's high enough—then I stand on my head—then the feet are high enough, you see—then I'm over, you see."

"Yes, I suppose you'd be over when that was done," Alice said thoughtfully; "but don't you think it would be rather hard?"

"I haven't tried it yet," the Knight said, gravely, "so

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I can't tell for certain—but I'm afraid it would be a little hard."

He looked so vexed at the idea, that Alice changed the subject hastily. "What a curious helmet you've got," she said cheerfully. "Is that your invention too?"

The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle. "Yes," he said, "but I've invented a better one than that—like a sugar loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a very little way to fall, you see. But there was the danger of falling into it, to be sure. That happened to me once—and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet."

The Knight looked so solemn about it that Alice did not dare to laugh. "I'm afraid you must have hurt him," she said in a trembling voice, "being on the top of his head."

"I had to kick him, of course," the Knight said, very seriously. "And then he took the helmet off again—but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as—as lightning, you know."

"But that's a different kind of fastness," Alice objected.

The Knight shook his head. "It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you!" he said. He raised his hands in some excitement as he said this, and instantly rolled out of the saddle and fell headlong into a deep ditch.

Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. She was rather startled by the fall, as for some time he had kept on very well, and she was afraid that he really was hurt this time. However, though she could see nothing but the soles of his feet, she was much relieved to hear that he was talking on in his usual tone.

"All kinds of fastness," he repeated: "but it was careless of him to put another man's helmet on—with the man in it, too."

"How can you go on talking so quietly, head downward?" Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the feet and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. "What does it matter where my body happens to be?" he said. "My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head downward I am, the more I keep inventing new things. Now the cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did," he went on after a pause, "was inventing a new pudding during the meat-course."

"In time to have it cooked for the next course?" said Alice. "Well, that was quick work, certainly!"

"Well not the next course," the Knight said in a slow, thoughtful tone: "no, certainly not the next course."

"Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn't have two pudding-courses in one dinner?"

"Well, not the next day," the Knight repeated as before: "not the next day. In fact," he went on, holding his head down, and his voice getting lower and lower, "I don't believe that pudding ever was cooked! In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever will be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent."

"What did you mean it to be made of?" Alice asked, hoping to cheer him up, for the poor Knight seemed quite low-spirited about it.

"It began with blotting-paper," the Knight answered with a groan.

"That wouldn't be very nice, I'm afraid——"

"Not very nice alone," he interrupted, quite eagerly: "but you've no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things—such as gun-powder and sealing-

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wax. And here I must leave you." They had just come to the end of the wood.

Alice could only look puzzled: she was thinking of the pudding.

"You are sad," the Knight said, in an anxious tone: "let me sing you a song to comfort you."

"Is it very long?" Alice asked, for she had heard a good deal of poetry that day.

"It's long," said the Knight, "but it's very, very beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it—either it brings the tears into their eyes, or else——"

"Or else what?" said Alice, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.

"Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called 'Haddocks' Eyes.'"

"Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?" Alice said, trying to feel interested.

"No, you don't understand," the Knight said, looking a little vexed. "That's what the name is called. The name really is 'The Aged Aged Man.'"

"Then I ought to have said 'That's what the song is called?'" Alice corrected herself.

"No, you oughtn't: that's quite another thing! The song is called, 'Ways and Means;' but that's only what it's called, you know!"

"Well, what is the song, then?" said Alice, who was by this time completely bewildered.

"I was coming to that," the Knight said. "The song really is 'A-Sitting on a Gate;' and the tune's my own invention."

So saying, he stopped his horse and let the reins fall on its neck; then, slowly beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile lighting up his gentle, foolish face as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began.

Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey "Through the Looking-Glass," this was the one that

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she always remembered most clearly. Years afterward she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday—the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight—the setting sun gleaming through his hair, and shining on his armor in a blaze of light that quite dazzled her—the horse quietly moving about, with the reins hanging loose on his neck, cropping the grass at her feet—and the black shadows of the forest behind—all this she took in like a picture, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she leaned against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, in a half dream, to the melancholy music of the song.

“But the tune isn’t his own invention,” she said to herself; “it’s ‘I give thee all, I can no more.’” She stood and listened very attentively, but no tears came into her eyes.

“I’ll tell you everything I can;
There’s little to relate.
I saw an aged aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.
‘Who are you, aged man?’ I said.
‘And how is it you live?’
And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

He said ‘I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men,’ he said,
‘Who sail on stormy seas;
And that’s the way I get my bread—
A trifle, if you please.’

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But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen.
So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried 'Come, tell me how you live!'
And thumped him on the head.

His accents mild took up the tale:
He said 'I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain-rill
I set it in a blaze;
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowland's Macassar Oil—
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil.'

But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.
I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue:
'Come, tell me how you live,' I cried.
'And what it is you do!'

He said 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night.
And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

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'I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs:
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of Hansom-cabs.
And that's the way' (he gave a wink)
'By which I get my wealth—
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honor's noble health.'

I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know—
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
Whose face was very like a crow,
With eyes like cinders, all aglow,
Who seemed distracted with his woe,
Who rocked his body to and fro,
And muttered mumblingly and low,
As if his mouth were full of dough,
Who snorted like a buffalo—
That summer evening, long ago,
A-sitting on a gate."

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

As the Knight sang the last words of the ballad, he gathered up the reins, and turned his horse's head along the road by which they had come. "You've only a few yards to go," he said, "down the hill and over that little brook, and then you'll be a Queen. But you'll stay and see me off first?" he added as Alice turned with an eager look in the direction to which he pointed. "I sha'n't be long. You'll wait and waive your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the road. I think it'll encourage me, you see."

"Of course I'll wait," said Alice; "and thank you very much for coming so far—and for the song—I liked it very much."

"I hope so," the Knight said doubtfully; "but you didn't cry so much as I thought you would."

So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest. "It won't take long to see him off, I expect," Alice said to herself, as she stood watching him. "There he goes! Right on his head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily—that comes of having so many things hung round the horse." So she went on talking to herself as she watched the horse walking leisurely along the road, and the Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reached the turn, and then she waved her handkerchief to him, and waited till he was out of sight.

"I hope it encouraged him," she said, as she turned to run down the hill; "and now for the last brook, and to be a Queen! How grand it sounds?" A very few steps brought her to the edge of the brook. "The Eighth Square at last!" she cried as she bounded across, and threw herself down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss, with little flower-beds dotted about it here and there. "Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what is this on my head?" she exclaimed in a tone of dismay,

as she put her hands up to something very heavy, that fitted tight all round her head.

"But how can it have got there without my knowing it?" she said to herself, as she lifted it off, and set it on her lap to make out what it could possibly be.

It was a golden crown.

CHAPTER IX QUEEN ALICE

"Well, this is grand!" said Alice. "I never expected I should be a Queen so soon—and I'll tell you what it is, your majesty," she went on in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself), "it'll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know!"

So she got up and walked about—rather stiffly just at first, as she was afraid that the crown might come off; but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her, "and if I really am a Queen," she said, as she sat down again, "I shall be able to manage it quite well in time."

Everything was happening so oddly that she didn't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side; she would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but she feared it would not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, she thought, in asking if the game was over.

"Please, would you tell me——" she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

"Speak when you're spoken to!" the Queen sharply interrupted her.

"But if everybody obeyed that rule," said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, "and if you only

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that——”

“Ridiculous!” cried the Queen. “Why, don’t you see, child——” here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. “What do you mean by ‘If you really are a Queen?’ What right have you to call yourself so? You can’t be a Queen, you know, till you’ve passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better.”

“I only said ‘if,’” poor Alice pleaded in a piteous tone.

The two Queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked, with a little shudder, “She says she only said ‘if’——”

“But she said a great deal more than that,” the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. “Oh, ever so much more than that.”

“So you did, you know,” the Red Queen said to Alice. “Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterward.”

“I’m sure I didn’t mean——” Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

“That’s just what I complain of. You should have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning—and a child’s more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn’t deny that, even if you tried with both hands.”

“I don’t deny things with my hands,” Alice objected.

“Nobody said you did,” said the Red Queen. “I said you couldn’t if you tried.”

“She’s in that state of mind,” said the White Queen, “that she wants to deny something—only she doesn’t know what to deny.”

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

"A nasty, vicious temper," the Red Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying to the White Queen, "I invite you to Alice's dinner-party this afternoon."

The White Queen smiled feebly, and said, "And I invite you."

"I didn't know I was to have a party at all," said Alice; "but if there is to be one, I think I ought to invite the guests."

"We gave you the opportunity of doing it," the Red Queen remarked: "but I daresay you've not had many lessons in manners yet?"

"Manners are not taught in lessons," said Alice. "Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort."

"Can you do Addition?" the White Queen asked. "What's one and one?"

"I don't know," said Alice. "I lost count."

"She can't do Addition," the Red Queen interrupted. "Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight."

"Nine from eight I can't, you know," Alice replied very readily: "but——"

"She can't do Subtraction," said the White Queen. "Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife—what's the answer to that?"

"I suppose——" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. "Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another Subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog: what remains?"

Alice considered. "The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it—and the dog wouldn't remain; it would come to bite me—and I'm sure I shouldn't remain!"

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

"Then you think nothing would remain?" said the Red Queen.

"I think that's the answer."

"Wrong as usual," said the Red Queen; "the dog's temper would remain."

"But I don't see how——"

"Why, look here!" the Red Queen cried. "The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it would," Alice replied cautiously.

"Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!" the Queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways." But she couldn't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we are talking!"

"She can't do sums a bit!" the Queens said together, with great emphasis.

"Can you do sums?" Alice said, turning suddenly on the White Queen, for she didn't like being found fault with so much.

The Queen gasped and shut her eyes. "I can do Addition," she said, "if you give me time—but I can't do Subtraction under any circumstances!"

"Of course you know your A B C?" said the Red Queen.

"To be sure I do," said Alice.

"So do I," the White Queen whispered: "we'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret—I can read words of one letter! Isn't that grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time."

Here the Red Queen began again. "Can you answer useful questions?" she said. "How is bread made?"

"I know that!" Alice cried eagerly. "You take some flour——"

"Where do you pick the flower?" the White Queen asked. "In a garden, or in the hedges?"

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

"Well, it isn't picked at all," Alice explained: "it's ground——"

"How many acres of ground?" said the White Queen, "You mustn't leave out so many things."

"Fan her head!" the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. "She'll be feverish after so much thinking." So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves, till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

"She's all right again now," said the Red Queen. "Do you know Languages?, What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?"

"Fiddle-de-dee's not English," Alice, replied gravely.

"Who ever said it was?" said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty this time. "If you'll tell me what language 'fiddle-de-dee' is, I'll tell you the French for it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly, and said "Queens never make bargains."

"I wish Queens never asked questions," Alice thought to herself.

"Don't let us quarrel," the White Queen said, in an anxious tone. "What is the cause of lightning?"

"The cause of lightning," Alice said, very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, "is the thunder—no, no!" she hastily corrected herself. "I meant the other way."

"It's too late to correct it," said the Red Queen: "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences."

"Which reminds me," the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, "we had such a thunderstorm last Tuesday—I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know."

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

Alice was puzzled. "In our country," she remarked, "there's only one day at a time."

The Red Queen said, "That's a poor, thin way of doing things. Now here, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together—for warmth, you know."

"Are five nights warmer than one night, then?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Five times as warm, of course."

"But they should be five times as cold, by the same rule——"

"Just so!" cried the Red Queen. "Five times as warm, and five times as cold—just as I'm five times as rich as you are, and five times as clever!"

Alice sighed and gave it up. "It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!" she thought.

"Humpty Dumpty saw it too," the White Queen went on in a low voice, more as if she were talking to herself. "He came to the door with a corkscrew in his hand——"

"What did he want?" said the Red Queen.

"He said he would come in," the White Queen went on, "because he was looking for a hippopotamus. Now as it happened, there wasn't such a thing in the house, that morning."

"Is there generally?" Alice asked in an astonished tone.

"Well, only on Thursday," said the Queen.

"I know what he came for," said Alice: "he wanted to punish the fish, because——"

Here the White Queen began again. "It was such a thunderstorm, you can't think!" ("She never could, you know," said the Red Queen.) "And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in—and it went rolling round the room in great lumps—and

knocking over the tables and things—till I was so frightened, I couldn't remember my own name!"

Alice thought to herself, "I never should try to remember my name in the middle of an accident! Where would be the use of it?" but she did not say this aloud, for fear of hurting the poor Queen's feelings.

"Your Majesty must excuse her," the Red Queen said to Alice, taking one of the White Queen's hands in her own, and gently stroking it: "she means well, but she can't help saying foolish things, as a general rule."

The White Queen looked timidly at Alice, who felt she ought to say something kind, but really couldn't think of anything at the moment.

"She never was really well brought up," the Red Queen went on: "but it's amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she'll be!" But this was more than Alice had courage to do.

"A little kindness—and putting her hair in papers—would do wonders with her——"

The White Queen gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on Alice's shoulder. "I am so sleepy!" she moaned.

"She's tired, poor thing!" said the Red Queen. "Smooth her hair—lend her your nightcap—and sing her a soothing lullaby."

"I haven't got a nightcap with me," said Alice, as she tried to obey the first direction: "and I don't know any soothing lullabies."

"I must do it myself, then," said the Red Queen, and she began:

"Hush-a-by lady, in Alice's lap!
Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap:
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball—
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

"And now you know the words," she added, as she put her head down on Alice's other shoulder, "just sing it through to me, I'm getting sleepy, too." In another moment both Queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.

"What am I to do?" exclaimed Alice, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head, and then the other, rolled down from her shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. "I don't think it ever happened before, that any one had to take care of two Queens asleep at once! No, not in all the History of England—it couldn't, you know, because there never was more than one Queen at a time. Do wake up, you heavy things!" she went on in an impatient tone; but there was no answer but a gentle snoring.

The snoring got more distinct every minute, and sounded more like a tune: at least she could even make out words, and she listened so eagerly that, when the two great heads suddenly vanished from her lap, she hardly missed them.

She was standing before an arched doorway over which were the words QUEEN ALICE in large letters, and on each side of the arch there was a bell handle: one was marked "Visitors' Bell," and the other "Servants' Bell."

"I'll wait till the song's over," thought Alice, "and then I'll ring the—the—which bell must I ring?" she went on, very much puzzled by the names. "I'm not a visitor, and I'm not a servant. There ought to be one marked 'Queen,' you know——"

Just then the door opened a little way, and a creature with a long beak put its head out for a moment and said "No admittance till the week after next!" and shut the door again with a bang.

Alice knocked and rang in vain for a long time, but at last a very old Frog, who was sitting under a tree,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

got up and hobbled slowly toward her: he was dressed in bright yellow, and had enormous boots on.

"What is it, now?" the Frog said in a deep hoarse whisper.

Alice turned round, ready to find fault with anybody. "Where's the servant whose business it is to answer the door?" she began angrily.

"Which door?" said the Frog.

Alice almost stamped with irritation at the slow drawl in which he spoke. "This door, of course!"

The Frog looked at the door with his large dull eyes for a minute: then he went nearer and rubbed it with his thumb, as if he were trying whether the paint would come off, then he looked at Alice.

"To answer the door?" he said. "What's it been asking of?" He was so hoarse that Alice could scarcely hear him.

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"I speaks English, doesn't I?" the Frog went on. "Or are you deaf? What did it ask you?"

"Nothing!" Alice said impatiently. "I've been knocking at it!"

"Shouldn't do that—shouldn't do that," the Frog muttered. "Wexes it, you know." Then he went up and gave the door a kick with one of his great feet. "You let it alone," he panted out, as he hobbled back to his tree, "and it'll let you alone, you know."

At this moment the door was flung open, and a shrill voice was heard singing:

"To the Looking-Glass world it was Alice that said,
'I've a scepter in hand, I've a crown on my head;
Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be,
Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen
and me!'"

And hundreds of voices joined in the chorus:

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

"Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran;
Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea—
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!"

Then followed a confused noise of cheering, and Alice thought to herself, "Thirty times three makes ninety. I wonder if any one's counting." In a minute there was silence again, and the same shrill voice sang another verse:

"'O Looking-Glass creatures,' quoth Alice, 'draw near!
'Tis an honor to see me, a favor to hear;
'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea
Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen and
me!'"

Then came the chorus again:

"Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink,
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink;
Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine—
And welcome Queen Alice with ninety-times-nine!"

"Ninety times nine!" Alice repeated in despair. "Oh, that'll never be done! I'd better go in at once;" and in she went, and there was a dead silence the moment she appeared.

Alice glanced nervously along the table, as she walked up the large hall, and noticed that there were about fifty guests, of all kinds; some were animals, some birds, and there were even a few flowers among them. "I'm glad they've come without waiting to be asked," she thought; "I should never have known who were the right people to invite!"

There were three chairs at the head of the table;

the Red and White Queens had already taken two of them, but the middle one was empty. Alice sat down in it, rather uncomfortable at the silence, and longing for some one to speak.

At last the Red Queen began. "You've missed the soup and fish," she said. "Put on the joint!" And the waiters set a leg of mutton before Alice, who looked at it rather anxiously, as she had never had to carve a joint before.

"You look a little shy; let me introduce you to that leg of mutton," said the Red Queen, "Alice—Mutton; Mutton—Alice." The leg of mutton got up in the dish and made a little bow to Alice; and Alice returned the bow, not knowing whether to be frightened or amused.

"May I give you a slice?" she said, taking up the knife and fork, and looking from one Queen to the other.

"Certainly not," the Red Queen said, very decidedly: "it isn't etiquette to cut any one you've been introduced to. Remove the joint!" And the waiters carried it off, and brought a large plum-pudding in its place.

"I won't be introduced to the pudding, please," Alice said rather hastily, "or we shall get no dinner at all. May I give you some?"

But the Red Queen looked sulky, and growled "Pudding—Alice; Alice—Pudding. Remove the pudding!" and the waiters took it away so quickly that Alice couldn't return its bow.

However, she didn't see why the Red Queen should be the only one to give orders, so, as an experiment, she called out, "Waiter! Bring back the pudding!" and there it was again in a moment, like a conjuring-stick. It was so large that she couldn't help feeling a little shy with it, as she had been with the mutton; however, she conquered her shyness by a great effort, and cut a slice and handed it to the Red Queen.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

"What impertinence!" said the Pudding. "I wonder how you'd like it, if I were to cut a slice out of you, you creature!"

It spoke in a thick, suety sort of voice, and Alice hadn't a word to say in reply: she could only sit and look at it and gasp.

"Make a remark," said the Red Queen: "it's ridiculous to leave all the conversation to the pudding!"

"Do you know, I've had such a quantity of poetry repeated to me to-day," Alice began, a little frightened at finding that, the moment she opened her lips, there was dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon her; "and it's a very curious thing, I think—every poem was about fishes in some way. Do you know why they're so fond of fishes, all about here?"

She spoke to the Red Queen, whose answer was a little wide of the mark. "As to fishes," she said, very slowly and solemnly, putting her mouth close to Alice's ear, "her White Majesty knows a lovely riddle—all in poetry—all about fishes. Shall she repeat it?"

"Her Red Majesty's very kind to mention it," the White Queen murmured into Alice's other ear, in a voice like the cooing of a pigeon. "It would be such a treat! May I?"

"Please do," Alice said very politely.

The White Queen laughed with delight, and stroked Alice's cheek. Then she began:

"'First, the fish must be caught.'

That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it.

'Next, the fish must be bought.'

That is easy: a penny, I think, would have bought it.

'Now cook me the fish!'

That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.

'Let it lie in a dish!'

That is easy, because it already is in it.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

‘Bring it here! Let me sup!’
It is easy, to set such a dish on the table.
‘Take the dish-cover up!’
Ah, that is so hard that I fear I’m unable!

For it holds it like glue—
Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle:
Which is easiest to do,
Un-dish-cover the fish, or dish-cover the riddle?”

“Take a minute to think about it, and then guess,” said the Red Queen. “Meanwhile, we’ll drink your health—Queen Alice’s health!” she screamed at the top of her voice, and all the guests began drinking it directly, and very queerly they managed it; some of them put their glasses upon their heads like extinguishers, and drank all that trickled down their faces—others upset the decanters, and drank the wine as it ran off the edges of the table—and three of them (who looked like kangaroos) scrambled into the dish of roast mutton, and began eagerly lapping up the gravy, “just like the pigs in a trough!” thought Alice.

“You ought to return thanks in a neat speech,” the Red Queen said, frowning at Alice as she spoke.

“We must support you, you know,” the White Queen whispered, as Alice got up to do it, very obediently, but a little frightened.

“Thank you very much,” she whispered in reply, “but I can do quite well without.”

“That wouldn’t be at all the thing,” the Red Queen said very decidedly; so Alice tried to submit to it with a good grace.

“And they did push so!” she said afterward, when she was telling her sister the history of the feast. “You would have thought they wanted to squeeze me flat!”

In fact, it was rather difficult for her to keep in her

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

place while she made her speech; the two Queens pushed her so, one on each side, that they nearly lifted her up into the air; "I rise to return thanks——" Alice began; and she really did rise as she spoke, several inches; but she got hold of the edge of the table, and managed to pull herself down again.

"Take care of yourself!" screamed the White Queen, seizing Alice's hair with both her hands. "Something's going to happen!"

And then (as Alice afterward described it) all sorts of things happened in a moment. The candles all grew up to the ceiling, looking something like a bed of rushes with fireworks at the top. As to the bottles, they each took a pair of plates, which they hastily fitted on as wings, and so, with forks for legs, went fluttering about in all directions; "and very like birds they look," Alice thought to herself, as well as she could in the dreadful confusion that was beginning.

At this moment she heard a hoarse laugh at her side, and turned to see what was the matter with the White Queen, but instead of the Queen there was the leg of mutton sitting in the chair. "Here I am!" cried a voice from the soup-tureen, and Alice turned again, just in time to see the Queen's broad, good-natured face grinning at her for a moment over the edge of the tureen, before she disappeared into the soup.

There was not a moment to be lost. Already several of the guests were lying down in the dishes, and the soup-ladle was walking up the table toward Alice's chair, and beckoning to her impatiently to get out of its way.

"I can't stand this any longer!" she cried as she jumped up and seized the tablecloth with both hands; one good pull, and plates, dishes, guests, and candles came crashing down together in a heap on the floor.

"And as for you," she went on, turning fiercely upon

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

the Red Queen, whom she considered as the cause of all the mischief—but the Queen was no longer at her side—she had suddenly dwindled down to the size of a little doll, and was now on the table merrily running round and round after her own shawl, which was trailing behind her.

At any other time, Alice would have felt surprised at this, but she was far too much excited to be surprised at anything now. "As for you," she repeated, catching hold of the little creature in the very act of jumping over a bottle which had just lighted upon the table, "I'll shake you into a kitten, that I will!"

CHAPTER X

SHAKING

She took her off the table as she spoke, and shook her backward and forward with all her might.

The Red Queen made no resistance whatever; only her face grew very small, and her eyes got large and green; and still, as Alice went on shaking her, she kept on growing shorter—and fatter—and softer—and rounder—and—

CHAPTER XI

WAKING

—and it really was a kitten, after all.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

CHAPTER XII

WHICH DREAMED IT

"Your Red Majesty shouldn't purr so loud," Alice said, rubbing her eyes, and addressing the kitten, respectfully, yet with some severity. "You woke me out of oh! such a nice dream! And you've been along with me, kitty—all through the Looking-Glass world. Did you know it, dear?"

It is a very inconvenient habit of kittens (Alice had once made the remark) that, whatever you say to them, they always purr. "If they would only purr for 'yes,' and mew for 'no,' or any rule of that sort," she had said, "so that one could keep up a conversation! But how can you talk with a person if they always say the same thing?"

On this occasion the kitten only purred; and it was impossible to guess whether it meant "yes" or "no."

So Alice hunted among the chessmen on the table till she had found the Red Queen; then she went down on her knees on the hearth-rug, and put the kitten and the Queen to look at each other. "Now, Kitty!" she cried, clapping her hands triumphantly. "Confess that was what you turned into!"

("But it wouldn't look at it," she said, when she was explaining the thing afterward to her sister; "it turned away its head, and pretended not to see it; but it looked a little ashamed of itself, so I think it must have been the Red Queen.")

"Sit up a little more stiffly, dear!" Alice cried, with a merry laugh. "And courtesy while you're thinking what to—what to purr. It saves time, remember!" And she caught it up and gave it one little kiss, "just in honor of its having been a Red Queen."

"Snowdrop, my pet!" she went on, looking over

her shoulder at the White Kitten, which was still patiently undergoing its toilet, "when will Dinah have finished with your White Majesty, I wonder? That must be the reason you were so untidy in my dream.—Dinah! Do you know that you're scrubbing a White Queen? Really, it's most disrespectful of you!"

"And what did Dinah turn to, I wonder?" she prattled on, as she settled comfortably down, with one elbow on the rug, and her chin in her hand, to watch the kittens. "Tell me, Dinah, did you turn to Humpty Dumpty? I think you did—however, you'd better not mention it to your friends just yet, for I'm not sure.

"By the way, Kitty, if only you'd been really with me in my dream, there was one thing you would have enjoyed—I had such a quantity of poetry said to me, all about fishes! To-morrow morning you shall have a real treat. All the time you're eating breakfast, I'll repeat 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' to you; and then you can make believe it's oysters, dear!

"Now, Kitty, let's consider who it was that dreamed it all. This is a serious question, my dear, and you should not go on licking your paw like that—as if Dinah hadn't washed you this morning! You see, Kitty, it must have been either me or the Red King. He was part of my dream, of course—but then I was part of his dream, too! Was it the Red King, Kitty? You were his wife, my dear, so you ought to know. Oh, Kitty, do help to settle it! I'm sure your paw can wait!" But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw and pretended it hadn't heard the question.

Which do you think it was?

A boat, beneath a sunny sky,
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July—

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

Children three that nestle near.
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear—

Long has paled that sunny sky;
Echoes fade and memories die;
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die.

Ever drifting down the stream—
Lingering in the golden gleam—
Life, what is it but a dream?

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S
DREAM

Vol. 6—11

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, }
DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, a carpenter.

SNUG, a joiner.

BOTTOM, a weaver.

FLUTE, a bellows-mender.

SNOUT, a tinker.

STARVELING, a tailor.

HYPPOLITA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

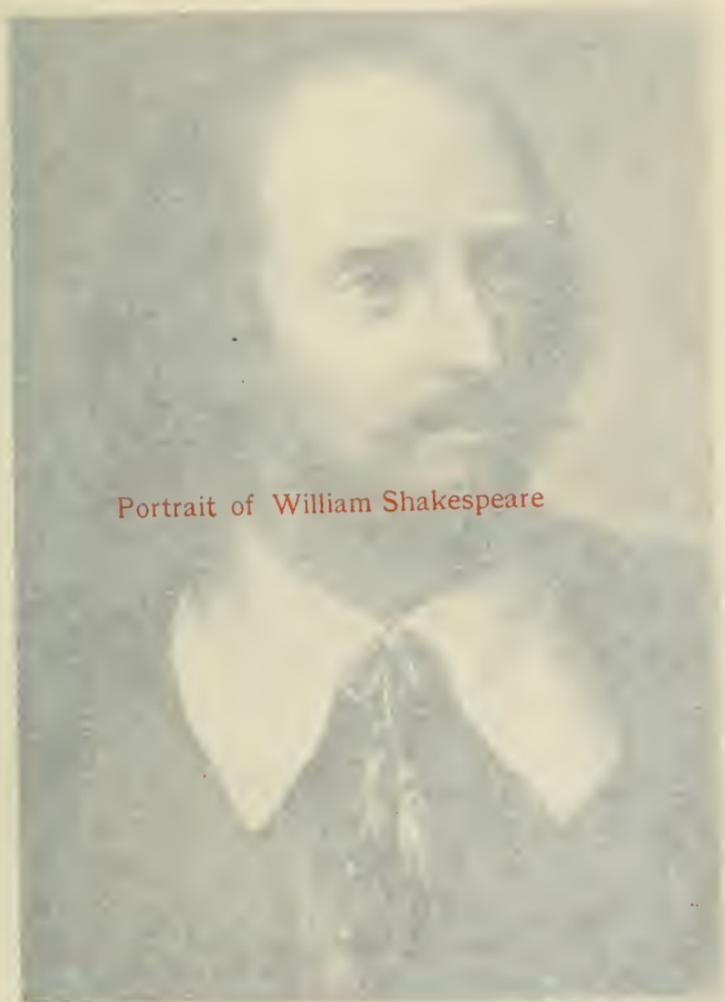
TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEASEBLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } fairies.
MOTH, }
MUSTARDSEED, }

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

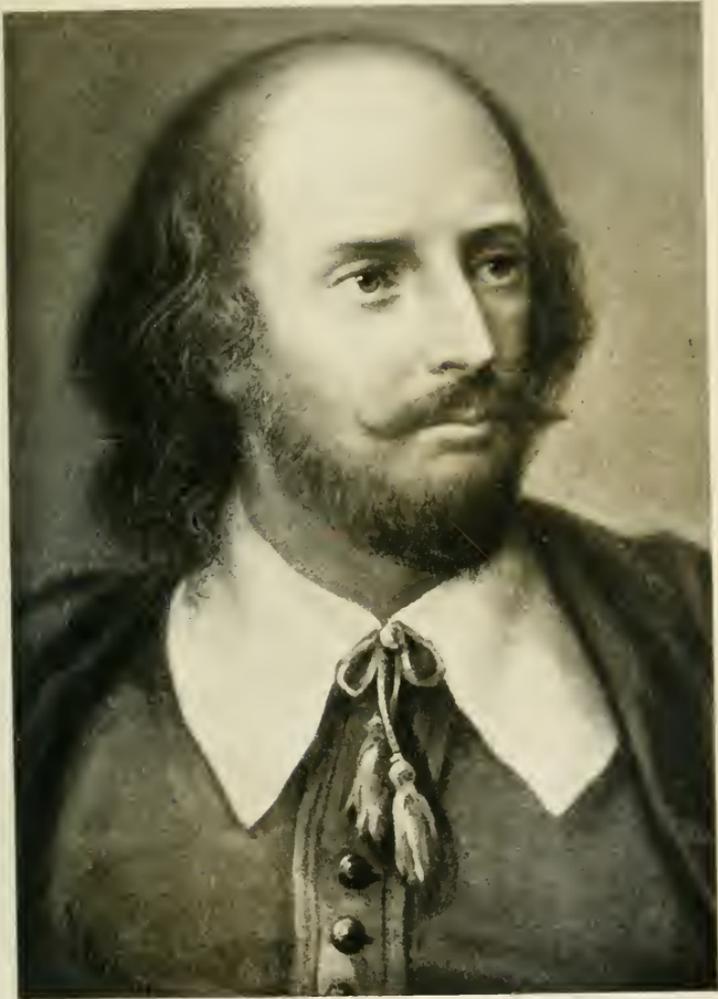
SCENE: Athens, and a wood near it.



Portrait of William Shakespeare

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The portrait of William Shakespeare is a reproduction of a drawing by Martin Droghda, which is based on a drawing by an unknown artist. The portrait shows Shakespeare from the chest up, wearing a dark, high-collared garment and a white ruff. He has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the right. The background is plain and light-colored.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

William Shakespeare

ACT FIRST

SCENE I: *Athens.—The palace of Theseus*

[Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate
and Attendants.]

The.—Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip.—Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The.— Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exit Philostrate.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

[Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander and
Demetrius.]

Ege.—Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The.—Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?

Ege.—Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander; and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child;
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
rhymes

And interchanged love-tokens with my child;
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, con-
ceits;

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messen-
gers

Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth;
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness; and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

- Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
- The.—Take time to pause; and by the next new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.
- Dem.—Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
- Lys.—You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.
- Ege.—Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
- Lys.—I am, my Lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am loved of beautiful Hermia;
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
- The.—I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke
thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,

I have some private schooling for you both.
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up,—
 Which by no means we may extenuate,—
 To death, or to a vow of single life.
 Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?
 Demetrius and Egeus, go along;
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial, and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege.—With duty and desire we follow you.

[Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.]

Lys.—How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her.—Belike for want of rain, which I could well
 Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys.—Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth;
 But, either it was different in blood,—

Her.—O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lys.—Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her.—O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys.—Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her.—O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys.—Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Her.—If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and
sighs,

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys.—A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, **Hermia**.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remote seven
leagues;

And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle **Hermia**, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with **Helena**,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her.— My good **Lysander**!

I swear by thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys.—Keep promise, love. Look, here comes **Helena**.

[Enter **Helena**.]

Her.—God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel.—Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's
sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds ap-
pear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favor so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Her.—I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel.—O, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Her.—I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel.—O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her.—The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel.—The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her.—His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel.—None, but your beauty; would that fault were
mine!

Her.—Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me;

O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys.—Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Her silvery visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her.—And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys.—I will, my Hermia. [Exit Herm.

Helena, adieu;

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit.

Hel.—How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities;
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity;
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense;
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

[Exit.

SCENE II: *The same.—Quince's house*

[Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute,
Snout, and Starveling.]

Quin.—Is all our company here?

Bot.—You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin.—Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot.—First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin.—Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Bot.—A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin.—Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot.—Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin.—You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Bot.—What is Pyramus? a lover or a tyrant?

Quin.—A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot.—That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humor is for a tyrant; I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin.—Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu.—Here, Peter Quince.

Quin.—Flute, you must take Thisbe on you.

Flu.—What is Thisbe? a wandering knight?

Quin.—It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu.—Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin.—That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot.—An' I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe, too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, "Thisbe, Thisbe;" "Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisbe dear, and lady dear!"

Quin.—No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisbe.

Bot.—Well, proceed.

Quin.—Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star.—Here, Peter Quince.

Quin.—Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout.—Here, Peter Quince.

Quin.—You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisbe's father; Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part; and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug.—Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin.—You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot.—Let me play the lion, too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin.—And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All.—That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot.—I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin.—You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot.—Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin.—Why, what you will.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Bot.—I will discharge it in either your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin.—Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot.—We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin.—At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot.—Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

[Exeunt.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I: *A wood near Athens*

[Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.]

Puck.—How now, spirit! Whither wander you?

Fai.— Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green,
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,
 In those freckles live their savors:

I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck.—The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
 Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she as her attendant hath
 A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
 She never had so sweet a changeling;
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
 But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all
 her joy;

And now they never meet in grove or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
 But they do square, that all their elves for fear
 Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai.—Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery;
 Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife
 churn;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no
 barm;
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their
 harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

You do their work, and they shall have good
luck:

Are not you he?

Puck.— Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and
laugh;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai.—And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

[Enter, from one side, Oberon with his
train; from the other, Titania with
hers.]

Obe.—Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita.—What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe.—Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

Tita.—Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,

Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe.—How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmer-
 ing night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
 And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
 With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Tita.—These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
 Or in the beached margin of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
 sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents;
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain;
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green
 corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
 The human mortals want their winter here;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound;
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is
which;

And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe.—Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita.— Set your heart at rest:

The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order;
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following—her womb then rich with my young
squire,—

Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise,
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;

And for her sake I will not part with him,

Obe.—How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita.—Perchance till after Theseus' wedding day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,

And see our moonlight revels, go with us;

If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe.—Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita.—Not for thy fairy kingdom Fairies, away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exit Titania with her Train.

Obe.—Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song,

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck.— I remember.

Obe.—That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,

And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft

Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery
moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,

Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee
once;

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck.—I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [Exit.]

Obe.— Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
Or meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their confidence.

[Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.]

Dem.—I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this
wood;

And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel.—You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel; leave you your power to draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem.—Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth

Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel.—And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you;

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,

Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,—

And yet a place of high respect with me,—

Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem.—Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel.—And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem.—You do impeach your modesty too much,

To leave the city, and commit yourself

Into the hands of one that loves you not;

To trust the opportunity of night

And the ill counsel of a desert place

With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel.—Your virtue is my privilege; for that

It is not night when I do see your face,

Therefore I think I am not in the night;

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,

For you in my respect are all the world;

Then how can it be said I am alone,

When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem.—I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel.—The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be changed:

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;

The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind

Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

Dem.—I will not stay thy questions; let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Her.—Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex;
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

[Exit Dem.]

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exit.]

Obe.—Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do leave this
grove,

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

[Reënter Puck.]

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck.—Ay, there it is.

Obe.— I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this
grove;

A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies

May be the lady; thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
Puck.—Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II: *Another part of the wood*

[Enter Titania, with her train.]

Tita.—Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern
wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep
back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and
wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

Fir. Fairy.—You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Fir. Fair.—Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody, etc,

Sec. Fairy—Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.
[Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.

[Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower
on Titania's eyelids.]

Obe.—What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit.

[Enter Lysander and Hermia.]

Lys.—Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her.—Be it so, Lysander; find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys.—One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her.—Nay, good Lysander, for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lys.—O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her.—Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys.—Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her.—With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[They sleep.]

[Enter Puck.]

Puck.— Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love,
Night and silence.—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid;
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

[Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.]

Hel.—Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem.—I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel.—O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

Dem.—Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [Exit.

Hel.—O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt
tears;

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no; I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear;

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is hère? Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Awaking]—And run through fire I will for thy
sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shews art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword;

Hel.—Do not say so, Lysander, say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

Lys.—Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love;
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel.—Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye;
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth,
you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo,
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [Exit.

Lys.—She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Art hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honor Helen and to be her knight! [Exit.
Her. [Awaking]—Help me, Lysander, help me! do
thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no
word?
Alack! Where are you? Speak, an' if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh;
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I: *The wood.—Titania lying asleep.*

[Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute,
Snout, and Starveling.]

Bot.—Are we all met?

Quin.—Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient
place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall
be our stage; this hawthorn-brake our tiring-
house; and we will do it in action as we will do
it before the duke.

Bot.—Peter Quince,—

Quin.—What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot.—There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and

Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout.—By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star.—I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot.—Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom, the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin.—Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot.—No; make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout.—Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star.—I fear it, I promise you.

Bot.—Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

Snout.—Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot.—Nay; you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: "Ladies," or "Fair ladies—I would wish you," or, "I would request you," or, "I would entreat you—not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;" and there indeed let him name his

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin.—Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

Snout.—Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot.—A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine!

Quin.—Yes; it doth shine that night.

Bot.—Why, then, may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin.—Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout.—You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot.—Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

Quin.—If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

[Enter Puck behind.]

Puck.—What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What! a play toward! I'll be an auditor;

An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin.—Speak, Pyramus. Thisbe, stand forth.

Bot.—Thisbe, the flowers of odious savors sweet—

Quin.—Odors, odors.

Bot.— — odors savors sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck.—A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [Exit.

Flu.—Must I speak now?

Quin.—Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu.—Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never
tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin.—“Ninus' tomb,” man; why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, “never tire.”

Flu.—O! As true as truest horse, that yet would never
tire.

[Reënter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's
head.]

Bot.—If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine.

Quin.—O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and
Starveling.]

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Puck.—I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and
burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[Exit.

Bot.—Why do they run away? This is a knavery of
them to make me afeard.

[Reënter Snout.]

Snout.—O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see
on thee?

Bot.—What do you see? You see an ass-head of your
own, do you? [Exit Snout.

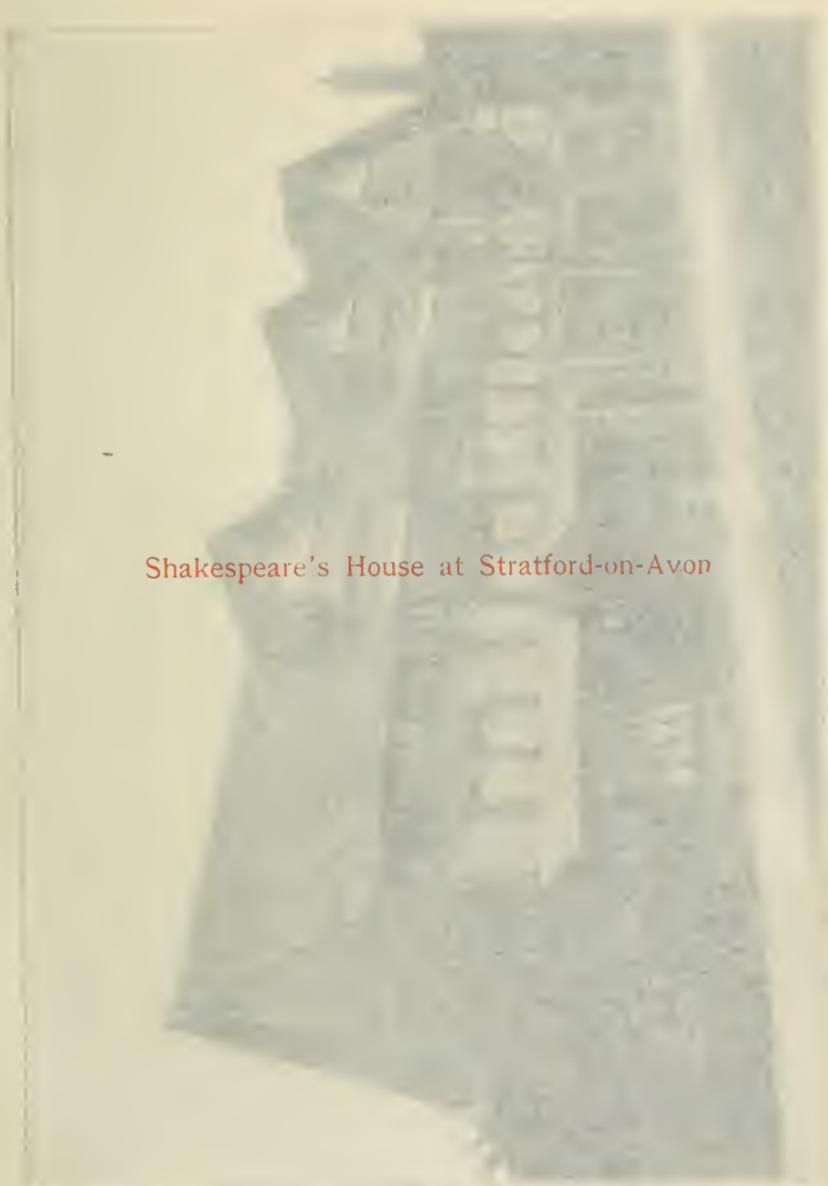
[Reënter Quince.]

Quin.—Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art
translated. [Exit.

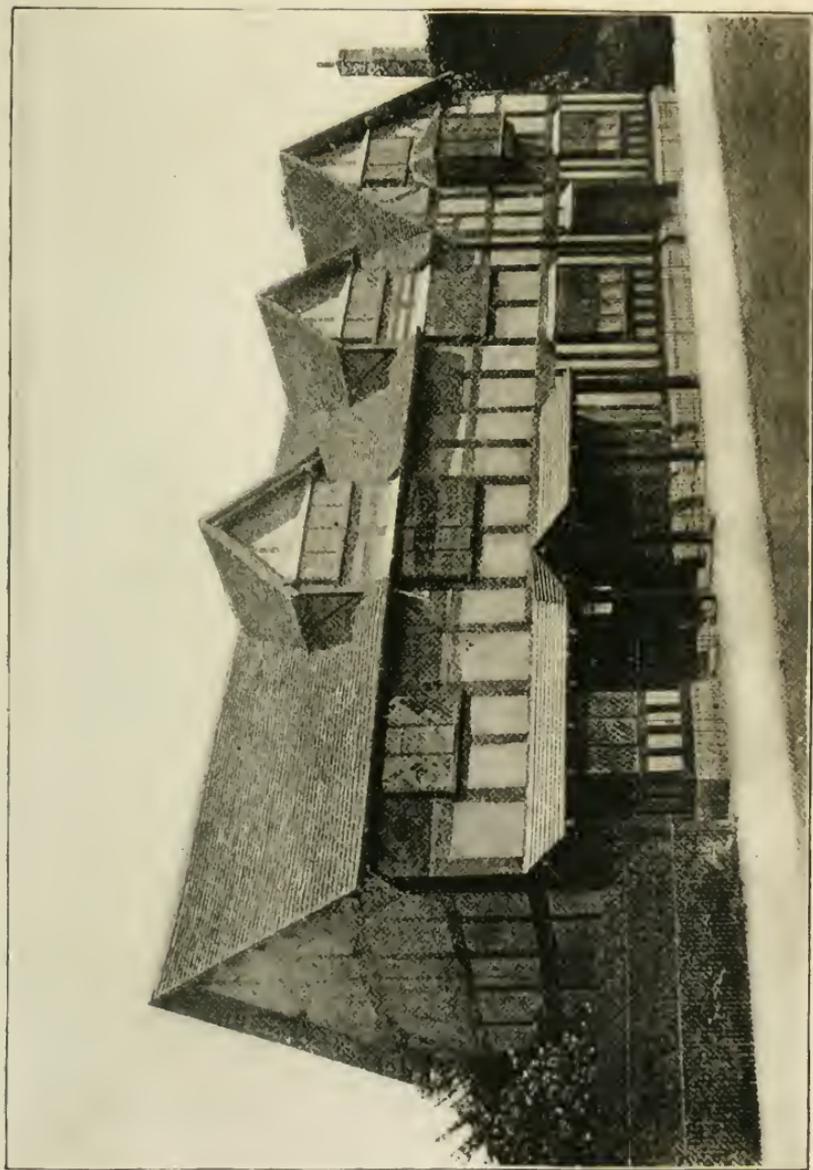
Bot.—I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of
me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not
stir from this place, do what they can; I will
walk up and down here, and I will sing, that
they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. [Awaking]—What angel wakes me from my
flowery bed?



Shakespeare's House at Stratford-on-Avon



Bot.—[Sings]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish
a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though
he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita.—I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;
Mine ear is much enamor'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move
me

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot.—Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason
for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and
love keep little company together nowadays; the
more the pity, that some honest neighbors will
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon
occasion.

Tita.—Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot.—Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine
own turn.

Tita.—Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost
sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-
seed!

[Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and
Mustardseed.]

First Fai.—Ready.

Sec. Fai.— And I.

Third Fai.— And I.

Fourth Fai.— And I.

All.— Where shall we go?

Tita.—Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

First Fai.—Hail, mortal!

Sec. Fai.—Hail!

Third Fai.—Hail!

Fourth Fai.—Hail!

Bot.—I cry your worship's mercy, heartily; I beseech
your worship's name.

Cob.—Cobweb.

Bot.—I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good
Master Cobweb; if I cut my finger, I shall make
bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas.—Peaseblossom.

Bot.—I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash,
your mother, and to Master Peascod, your
father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall de-

sire you of more acquaintance, too. Your name,
I beseech you, sir.

Mus.—Mustardseed.

Bot.—Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience
well; that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef
hath devoured many a gentleman of your house;
I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes
water ere now. I desire your more acquaint-
ance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita.—Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II: *Another part of the wood*

[Enter Oberon.]

Obe.—I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

[Enter Puck.]

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit!

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck.—My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dill and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears
thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things
catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe.—This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With a love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck.—I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd, too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

[Enter Hermia and Demetrius.]

Obe.—Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck.—This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem.—O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her.—Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me, too.

The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me; would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored, and that the
moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem.—So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern
cruelty;

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her.—What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem.—I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her.—Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him,
then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave
touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem.—You spend your passion on a misprised mood;
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her.—I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem.—An' if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her.—A privilege, never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[Exit.

Dem.—There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[Lies down and sleeps.

Obe.—What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight;
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck.—Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe.—About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find;
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood
dear;

By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck.—I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.[Exit.

Obe.— Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

[Reënter Puck.]

Puck.— Captain of our fairy land,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe.— Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck.— Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

[Enter Lysander and Helena.]

Lys.—Why should you think that I should woo in
scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears;
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel.—You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh;

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys.—I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel.—Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys.—Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [Awaking]—O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect
divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure, congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel.—O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment;
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts.
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena;
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys.—You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know;
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel.—Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem.—Lysander, keep thy Hermia! I will none;
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys.— Helen, it is not so.

Dem.—Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

[Reënter Hermia.]

Her.—Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys.—Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her.—What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys.—Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee
know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her.—You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel.—Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspired, have you with these con-
trived

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her.—I am amazed at your passionate words.

I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel.—Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you.
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,

But miserable most, to love unloved?

This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her.—I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel.—Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,

Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;

Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up;

This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,

You would not make me such an argument.

But fare ye well; 'tis partly my own fault;

Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys.—Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;

My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel.—O excellent!

Her.— Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem.—If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys.—Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;

Thy threats have no more strength than her
weak prayers.

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem.—I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys.—If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it, too.

Dem.—Quick, come!

Her.— Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys.—Away, you Ethiopie!

Dem.— No, no, he'll . . .

Seem to break loose; take on as you would
follow,

But yet come not; you are a tame man, go!

Lys.—Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let
loose,

Or I'll shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her.—Why are you grown so rude? What change is
this?

Sweet love,—

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

- Lys.— Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
 Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
- Her.—Do you not jest?
- Hel.— Yes, sooth; and so do you.
- Lys.—Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
- Dem.—I would I had your bond, for I perceive
 A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.
- Lys.—What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
 Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
- Her.—What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
 Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
 Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
 I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
 Since night you loved me; yet since night you
 left me;
 Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
 In earnest, shall I say?
- Lys.— Ay, by my life;
 And never did desire to see thee more.
 Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
 Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
 That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
- Her.—O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
 You thief of love! what, have you come by night
 And stolen my love's heart from him?
- Hel.— Fine, i' faith!
 Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
 No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
 Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
 Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
- Her.—Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
 Now I perceive that she hath made compare
 Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
 And with her personage, her tall personage,
 Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with
 him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak!
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel.—I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her.— Lower! hark, again.

Hel.—Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me, too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further; let me go;
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her.—Why, get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

Hel.—A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her.—What, with Lysander?

Hel.— With Demetrius.

Lys.—Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem.—No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel.—O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her.—Little again! nothing but low and little!

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys.— Get you gone, you dwarf!
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem.— You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys.— Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem.—Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.]

Her.—You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you;
Nay, go not back.

Hel.— I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray.
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[Exit.]

Her.—I am amazed, and know not what to say.

[Exit.]

Obe.—This is thy negligence; still thou mistakest,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck.—Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob.—Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welkin cover thou anon
 With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
 And lead these testy rivals so astray,
 As one come not within another's way.
 Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
 And from each other look thou lead them thus,
 Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
 To take from thence all error with his might,
 And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
 With league whose date till death shall never
 end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be
 peace.

Puck.—My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
 there,
 Troop home to churchyards; damned spirits all
 That in crossways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd
 night.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Obe.—But we are spirits of another sort;
I with the morning's love hath oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;
We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit.

Puck.— Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

[Reënter Lysander.]

Lys.—Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou
now.

Puck.—Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art
thou?

Lys.—I will be with thee straight.

Puck.— Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

[Exit Lysander, as following the voice.

[Reënter Demetrius.]

Dem.— Lysander; speak again;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Puck.—Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come,
thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem.— Yea, art thou there?

Puck.—Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.]

[Reënter Lysander.]

Lys.—He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I;
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark, uneven way.
And here will rest me. [Lies down.]

Come, thou gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

[Sleeps.]

[Reënter Puck and Demetrius.]

Puck.—Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?

Dem.—Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck.— Come hither; I am here.

Dem.—Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy
this dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see;
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

[Reënter Helena.]

Hel.—O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east.
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest;

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Puck.— Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad;
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

[Reënter Hermia.]

Her.—Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Puck.— On the ground
Sleep sound;
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.
When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown;
Jack shall have Jill;
Naught shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall
be well. [Exit.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I: *The same.*—*Lysander, Demetrius, Helena and Hermia lying asleep.*

[Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.]

Tita.—Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair, large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot.—Where's Peaseblossom?

Peas.—Ready.

Bot.—Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's
Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob.—Ready.

Bot.—Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-
hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and,
good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do
not fret yourself too much in the action, moun-
sieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the
honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have
you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.
Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus.—Ready.

Bot.—Give me your neaf,¹ Mounsieur Mustardseed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus.—What's your will?

Bot.—Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy
about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if
my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Tita.—What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot.—I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita.—Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot.—Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita.—I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot.—I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita.—Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[Exeunt Fairies.]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[They sleep.]

[Enter Puck.]

Obe. [Advancing]—Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes.

Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
 And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes;
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;
 That, he awaking when the other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair,
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;
 See as thou wast wont to see;
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita.—My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe.—There lies your love.

Tita.— How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe.—Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita.—Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

[Music, still.

Puck.—Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's
 eyes peep.

Obe.—Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands
 with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity;
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck.— Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe.— Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita.— Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

[Exeunt. Horns winded within.]

[Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus and
train.]

The.—Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[Exit an attendant.]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip.—I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder

The.—My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs
are these?

Ege.—My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;
I wonder of their being here together.

The.—No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege.—It is, my lord.

The.—Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem.,
Hel. and Her., wake and start up.
Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys.—Pardon, my lord.

The.— I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys.—My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think—for truly would I speak,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither; our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege.—Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would, De-
metrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem.—My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power—
But by some power it is—my love to Hermia.
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia;
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will forever more be true to it.

The.—Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens! three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege. and train.*

Dem.—These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her.—Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel.— So methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem.— Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her.—Yea; and my father.

Hel.— And Hippolyta.

Lys.—And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem.—Why, then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Awaking*].—When my cue comes, call me,
and I will answer; my next is, "Most fair Pyra-
mus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the
bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starvel-
ling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me
asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have
had a dream, past the wit of man to say what
dream it was; man is but an ass, if he go about
to expound this dream. Methought I was—
there is no man can tell what. Methought I
was—and methought I had—but man is but a
patched fool, if he will offer to say what me-
thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard,
the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is
not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor
his heart to report, what my dream was. I will

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit.

SCENE II: *Athens.—Quince's house.*

[Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.]

Quin.—Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Star.—He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu.—If he come not, then the play is marred; it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin.—It is not possible; you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu.—No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin.—Yea, and the best person, too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu.—You must say "paragon"; a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

[Enter Snug.]

Snug.—Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu.—O sweet bully Bottom. Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have escaped sixpence a day; an' the Duke had not

given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it; sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

[Enter Bottom.]

Bot.—Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin.—Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour.

Bot.—Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin.—Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot.—Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away! go, away! [Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I: *Athens.—The palace of Theseus.*

[Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate,
Lords and Attendants.]

Hip.—'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

- The.—More strange than true; I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact;
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!
- Hip.—But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.
- The.—Here comes the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
[Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and
Helena.]
Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!
- Lys.— More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
- The.—Come now; what masques, what dances shall we
have,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

[Reënter Philostrate.]

Phil.—So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.
The.—Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.]

[Enter Quince for the Prologue.]

Pro.—If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
This is the true beginning of our end,
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here re-
pent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The.—This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys.—He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he
knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord:
it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip.—Indeed, he hath played on his prologue like a
child on a recorder; a sound, but not in govern-
ment.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

The.—His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

[Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.]

Pro.—Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers
sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are
content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And find's his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion
and Moonshine.]

The.—I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem.—No wonder, my lord; one lion may, when
many asses do.

Wall.—In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and
 Thisbe,
 Did whisper often very secretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
 show,
 That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The.—Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem.—It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard dis-
 course, my lord.

The.—Pyramus draws near the wall; silence!

[Reënter Pyramus.]

Pyr.—O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
 O night, which ever art when day is not!
 O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
 I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot!
 And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
 That stand'st between her father's ground and
 mine!
 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 Show me thy chink, to blink through with
 mine eyne!

[Wall holds up his fingers.

Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well
 for this!

But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
 O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
 Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The.—The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse
 again.

Pyr.—No: in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving
 me" is Thisbe's cue; she is to enter now, and
 I am to spy her through the wall. You shall

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

[Reënter Thisbe.]

This.—O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr.—I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.
Thisbe!

This.—My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr.—Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This.—And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr.—Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This.—As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr.—O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This.—I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr.—Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This.—'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.]

Wall.—Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, this wall away doth go.

[Exit.]

The.—Now is the mural down between the two neighbors.

Dem.—No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful
to hear without warning.

Hip.—This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The.—The best in this kind are but shadows; and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip.—It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The.—If we imagine no worse of them than they of
themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a
lion.

[Reënter Lion and Moonshine.]

Lion.—You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble
here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The.—A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem.—The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I
saw.

Lys.—This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The.—True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem.—Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his
discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The.—His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor!
for the goose carries not the fox. It is well;
leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the
moon.

Moon.—This **lanthorn** doth the horned moon pre-
sent;—

Dem.—He should have worn the horns on his head.

The.—He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible
within the circumference.

Moon.—This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The.—This is the greatest error of all the rest: the
man should be put into the lantern. How is it
else the man i' the moon?

Dem.—He dares not come there for the candle; for,
you see, it is already in snuff.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Hip.—I am aweary of this moon; would he would change!

The.—It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys.—Proceed, Moon.

Moon.—All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem.—Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

[Reënter Thisbe.]

This.—This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
Lion. [Roaring]—Oh! [Thisbe runs off.]

Dem.—Well roared, Lion.

The.—Well run, Thisbe.

Hip.—Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.]

The.—Well moused, Lion.

Dem.—And then came Pyramus.

Lys.—And so the lion vanished.

[Reënter Pyramus.]

Pyr.—Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?
 How can it be?
 O dainty duck! O dear!
 Thy mantle good,
 What, stain'd with blood!
 Approach, ye Furies fell!
 O Fates, come, come,
 Cut thread and thrum;
 Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The.—This passion and the death of a dear friend,
 would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip.—Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr.—O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
 Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
 Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
 That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd
 with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;
 Out, sword, and wound
 The pap of Pyramus;
 Ay, that left pap,
 Where heart doth hop: [Stabs himself.
 Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
 Now am I dead,
 Now am I fled;
 My soul is in the sky:
 Tongue, lose thy light;
 Moon, take thy flight. [Exit Moonshine.
 Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.

Dem.—No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys.—Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is
 nothing.

The.—With the help of a surgeon he might yet re-
 cover, and prove an ass.

Hip.—How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe
 comes back and finds her lover?

The.—She will find him by starlight. Here she comes;
 and her passion ends the play.

[Reënter Thisbe.]

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Hip.—Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus; I hope she will be brief.

Dem.—A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys.—She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem.—And thus she means, videlicet:—

This.— Asleep, my love?
 What, dead, my dove?
 O Pyramus, arise!
 Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
 Dead, dead? A tomb
 Must cover thy sweet eyes.
 These lily lips,
 This cherry nose,
 These yellow cowslip cheeks,
 Are gone, are gone:
 Lovers make moan:
 His eyes were green as leeks.
 O Sisters Three,
 Come, come to me,
 With hands as pale as milk:
 Lay them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word:
 Come, trusty sword;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
 [Stabs herself.
 And, farewell, friends;
 Thus, Thisbe ends:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies.

The.—Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem.—Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [Starting up]—No; I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The.—No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergo-mask; let your epilogue alone. [A dance.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [Exeunt.

[Enter Puck.]

Puck.—Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

[Enter Oberon and Titania with their
train.]

Obe.—Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita.—First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note;
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing and bless this place.

[Song and dance.

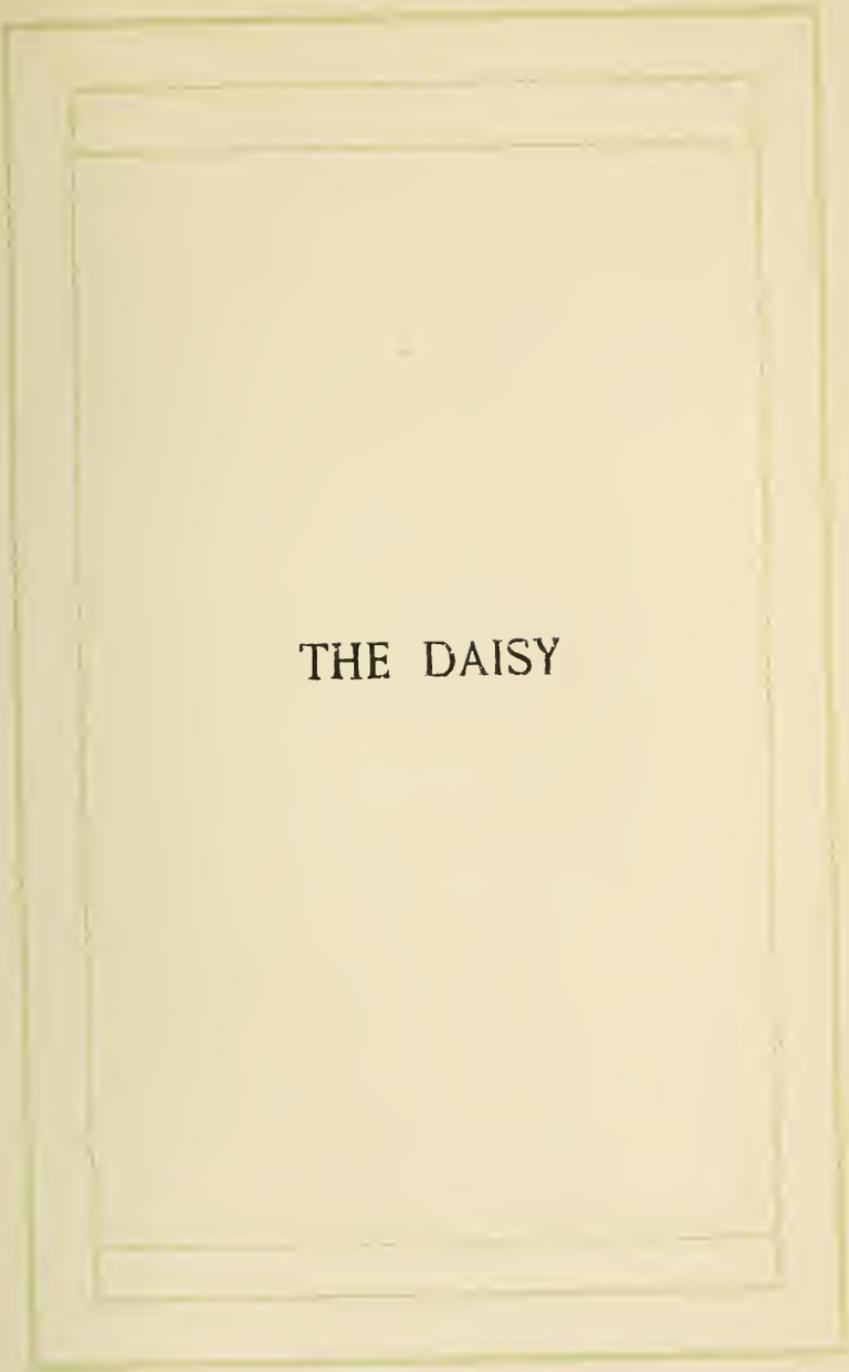
Obe.—Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,

Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania and train.

Puck.—If we shadows have offended
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So good-night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[Exit.



THE DAISY

THE DAISY

Hans Christian Andersen

NOW you shall hear.

Out in the country, close by the road-side, there was a country house; you yourself have certainly once seen it. Before it is a little garden with flowers, and a paling which is painted. Close by it, by the ditch, in the midst of the most beautiful green grass, grew a little Daisy. The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it as on the great splendid garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour. One morning it stood in full bloom, with its little shining white leaves spreading like rays round the little yellow sun in the centre. It never thought that no man would notice it down in the grass, and that it was a poor despised floweret; no, it was very merry, and turned to the warm sun, looked up at it, and listened to the Lark caroling high in the air.

The little Daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday, and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school; and while they sat on their benches learning, it sat on its little green stalk, and learned also from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is. And the Daisy was very glad that everything that it silently felt was sung so loudly and charmingly by the Lark. And the Daisy looked up with a kind of respect to the happy bird who could

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sing and fly; but it was not at all sorrowful because it could not fly and sing also.

"I can see and hear," it thought; "the sun shines on me, and the forest kisses me. Oh, how richly have I been gifted!"

Within the palings stood many stiff, aristocratic flowers—the less scent they had the more they flaunted. The peonies blew themselves out to be greater than the roses, but size will not do it; the tulips had the most splendid colors, and they knew that, and held themselves bolt upright, that they might be seen more plainly. They did not notice the little Daisy outside there, but the Daisy looked at them the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful they are! Yes, the pretty bird flies across to them and visits them. I am glad that I stand so near them, for at any rate I can enjoy the sight of their splendor!" And just as she thought that—"keevit!"—down came flying the Lark, but not down to the peonies and tulips—no, down into the grass to the lowly Daisy, which started so with joy that it did not know what to think.

The little bird danced round about it, and sang—

"Oh, how soft the grass is! and see what a lovely little flower, with gold in its heart and silver on its dress!"

For the yellow point in the Daisy looked like gold, and the little leaves around it shone silvery white.

How happy was the little Daisy—no one can conceive how happy! The bird kissed it with his beak, sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air. A quarter of an hour passed, at least, before the Daisy could recover itself. Half ashamed, yet inwardly rejoiced, it looked at the other flowers in the garden, for they had seen the honor and happiness it had gained, and must understand what a joy it was. But the tulips stood up twice as stiff as before, and they looked

THE DAISY.

quite peaky in the face and quite red, for they had been vexed. The peonies were quite wrong-headed; it was well they could not speak, or the Daisy would have received a good scolding. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humor, and that hurt it sensibly. At this moment there came into the garden a girl with a great, sharp, shining knife; she went straight up to the tulips, and cut off one after another of them.

"Oh!" sighed the little Daisy, "that is dreadful! Now it is all over with them."

Then the girl went away with the tulips. The Daisy was glad to stand out in the grass, and to be only a poor little flower; it felt very grateful; and when the sun went down it folded its leaves and went to sleep, and dreamed all night long about the sun and the pretty little bird.

The next morning, when the flower again happily stretched out all its white leaves, like little arms, toward the air and the light, it recognized the voice of the bird, but the song he was singing sounded mournfully. Yes, the poor Lark had good reason to be sad; he was caught, and now sat in a cage close by the open window. He sang of free and happy roaming, sang of the young green corn in the fields, and of the glorious journey he might make on his wings high through the air. The poor Lark was not in good spirits, for there he sat a prisoner in a cage.

The little Daisy wished very much to help him. But what was it to do? Yes, that was difficult to make out. It quite forgot how everything was so beautiful around, how warm the sun shone, and how splendidly white its own leaves were. Ah! it could think only of the imprisoned bird, and how it was powerless to do anything for him.

Just then two little boys came out of the garden.

One of them carried in his hand the knife which the girl had used to cut off the tulips. They went straight up to the little Daisy, which could not at all make out what they wanted.

"Here we may cut a capital piece of turf for the Lark," said one of the boys; and he began to cut off a square patch round about the Daisy, so that the flower remained standing in its piece of grass.

"Tear off the flower!" said the other boy.

And the Daisy trembled with fear, for to be torn off would be to lose its life; and now it wanted particularly to live, as it was to be given with the piece of turf to the captive Lark.

"No, let it stay," said the other boy; "it makes such a nice ornament."

And so it remained, and was put into the Lark's cage. But the poor bird complained aloud of his lost liberty, and beat his wings against the wires of his prison; and the little Daisy could not speak—could say no consoling word to him, gladly as it would have done so. And thus the whole morning passed.

"Here is no water," said the captive Lark. "They are all gone out, and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. It is like fire and ice within me, and the air is so close. Oh, I must die! I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green, and all the splendor that God has created!"

And then he thrust his beak into the cool turf to refresh himself a little with it. Then the bird's eye fell upon the Daisy, and he nodded to it, and kissed it with his beak and said:

"You also must wither in here, poor little flower. They have given you to me with the little patch of green grass on which you grow, instead of the whole world which was mine out there! Every little blade

THE DAISY.

of grass shall be a great tree for me, and every one of your fragrant leaves a great flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost!"

"If I could only comfort him!" thought the Daisy.

It could not stir a leaf; but the scent which streamed forth from its delicate leaves was far stronger than is generally found in these flowers; the bird also noticed that, and though he was fainting with thirst, and in his pain plucked up the green blades of grass, he did not touch the flower.

The evening came on, and yet nobody appeared to bring the poor bird a drop of water. Then he stretched out his pretty wings and beat the air frantically with them; his song changed to a mournful piping, his little head sank down toward the flower, and the bird's heart broke with want and yearning. Then the flower could not fold its leaves, as it had done on the previous evening, and sleep; it drooped, sorrowful and sick, toward the earth.

Not till the next morn did the boys come; and when they found the bird dead they wept—wept many tears—and dug him a neat grave, which they adorned with leaves of flowers. The bird's corpse was put into a pretty red box, for he was to be royally buried—the poor bird! While he was alive and sang they forgot him, and let him sit in his cage and suffer want; but now that he was dead he had adornment and many tears.

But the patch of turf with the Daisy on it was thrown out into the high-road: no one thought of the flower that had felt the most for the little bird, and would have been so glad to console him.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Robert Browning

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser deep and wide
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in their cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town-hall came flocking:
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy:

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease!
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking.
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow, and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one, "It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.
Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stopt,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished,
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe
And putting apples wondrous ripe
Into a cider press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon!
All ready staved, like a great sun shone

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" When suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"
A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue,
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in **joke**—
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty:
A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-time

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head-cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst."

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling,
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering.
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
And now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top;
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me:
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

The Mayor sent east, west, north and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly,
If after the day of the month and year
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six;"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

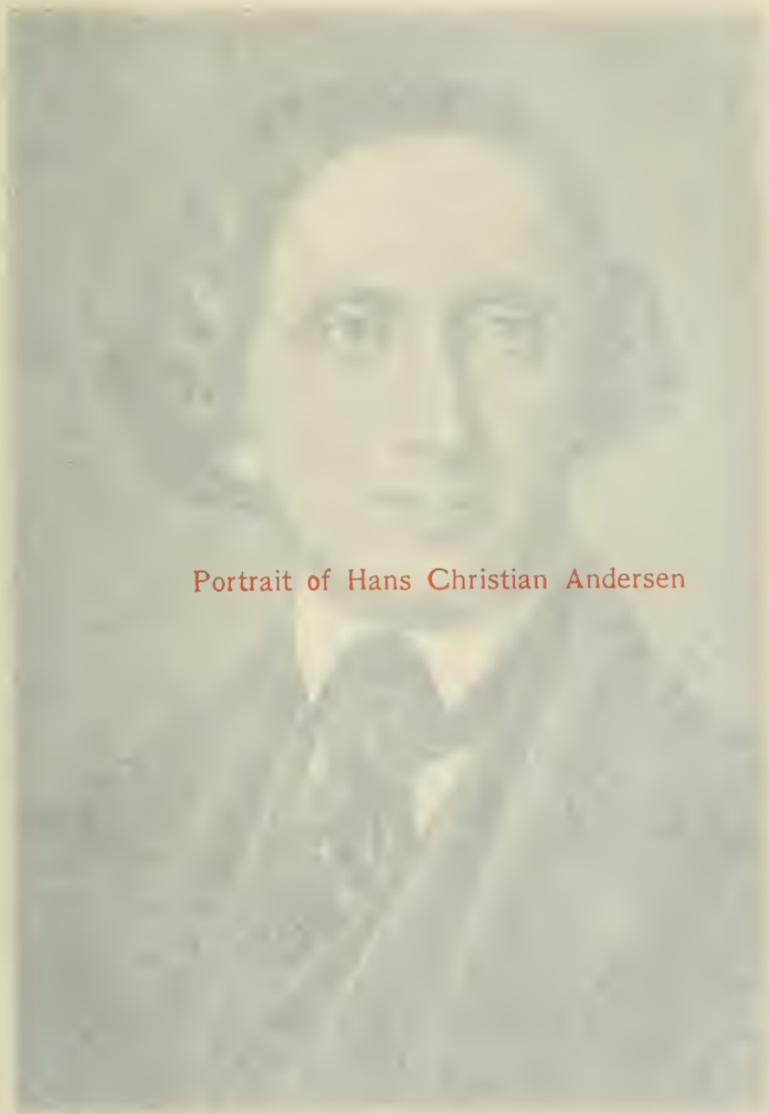
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people, that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers,
And whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.



THE FIR-TREE



Portrait of Hans Christian Andersen



THE FIR-TREE

Hans Christian Andersen

OUT in the woods stood a nice little Fir-tree. The place he had was a very good one; the sun shone on him; as to fresh air, there was enough of that, and round him grew many large-sized comrades, pines as well as firs. But the little Fir wanted so very much to be a grown-up tree.

He did not think of the warm sun and of the fresh air; he did not care for the little cottage-children that ran about and prattled when they were in the woods looking for wild strawberries. The children often came with a whole pitcher full of strawberries, or a long row of them threaded on a straw, and sat down near the young tree and said, "Oh, how pretty he is! what a nice little fir!" But this was what the tree could not bear to hear.

At the end of a year he had shot up a good deal, and after another year he was another long bit taller; for with fir-trees one can always tell by the shoots how many years old they are.

"Oh, were I but such a high tree as the others are," sighed he. "Then I should be able to spread out my branches, and with the tops look into the wide world! Then would the birds build nests among my branches; and when there was a breeze I could bend with as much stateliness as the others!"

Neither the sunbeams, nor the birds, nor the red

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clouds which morning and evening sailed above him, gave the little tree any pleasure.

In winter, when the snow lay glittering on the ground, a hare would often come leaping along, and jump right over the little tree. Oh, that made him so angry! But two winters were past, and in the third the tree was so large that the hare was obliged to go round it. "To grow and grow, to get older and be tall," thought the tree—"that, after all, is the most delightful thing in the world!"

In autumn the wood-cutters always came and felled some of the largest trees. This happened every year; and the young Fir-tree, that had now grown to a very comely size, trembled at the sight; for the magnificent great trees fell to the earth with noise and cracking, the branches were lopped off, and the trees looked long and bare; they were hardly to be recognized; and then they were laid in carts, and the horses dragged them out of the wood.

Where did they go? What became of them?

In spring, when the Swallows and the Storks came, the tree asked them, "Don't you know where they have been taken? Have you not met them anywhere?"

The Swallows did not know anything about it; but the Stork looked musing, nodded his head, and said, "Yes; I think I know; I met many ships as I was flying hither from Egypt; on the ships were magnificent masts, and I venture to assert that it was they that smelt so of fir. I may congratulate you, for they lifted themselves on high most majestically!"

"Oh, were I but old enough to fly across the sea! But how does the sea look in reality? What is it like?"

"That would take a long time to explain," said the Stork, and with these words off he went.

"Rejoice in thy growth!" said the Sunbeams, "rejoice

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in thy vigorous growth, and in the fresh life that moveth within thee!"

And the Wind kissed the tree, and the Dew wept over him; but the Fir understood it not.

When Christmas came, quite young trees were cut down; trees which often were not even as large or of the same age as this Fir-tree, who could never rest, but always wanted to be off. These young trees, and they were always the finest looking, retained their branches; they were laid on carts, and the horses drew them out of the wood.

"Where are they going to?" asked the Fir. "They are not taller than I; there was one, indeed, that was considerably shorter—and why do they retain all their branches? Whither are they taken?"

"We know! we know!" chirped the sparrows. "We have peeped in at the windows in the town below! We know whither they are taken! The greatest splendor and the greatest magnificence one can imagine awaits them. We peeped through the windows, and saw them planted in the middle of the warm room, and ornamented with the most splendid things—with gilded apples, with gingerbread, with toys, and many hundred lights!"

"And then?" asked the Fir-tree, trembling in every bough. "And then? What happens then?"

"We did not see anything more; it was incomparably beautiful."

"I would fain know if I am destined for so glorious a career," cried the tree, rejoicing. "That is still better than to cross the sea! What a longing do I suffer! Were Christmas but come! I am now tall, and my branches spread like the others that were carried off last year! Oh, were I but already on the cart! Were I in the warm room with all the splendor and magnificence! Yes; then something better, something

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still grander, will surely follow, or wherefore should they thus ornament me. Something better, something still grander, must follow—but what? Oh, how I long, how I suffer! I do not know myself what is the matter with me!"

"Rejoice in our presence!" said the Air and the Sunlight; "rejoice in thy own fresh youth!"

But the tree did not rejoice at all; he grew and grew, and was green both winter and summer. People that saw him said, "What a fine tree!" and towards Christmas he was one of the first that was cut down. The axe struck deep in to the very pith; the tree fell to the earth with a sigh; he felt a pang—it was like a swoon; he could not think of happiness, for he was sorrowful at being separated from his home, from the place where he had sprung up. He well knew that he should never see his dear old comrades, the little bushes and flowers around him, any more; perhaps not even the birds! The departure was not at all agreeable.

The tree only came to himself when he was unloaded in a courtyard with the other trees, and heard a man say, "That one is splendid! we don't want the others." Then two servants came in rich livery and carried the Fir-tree into a large and splendid drawing-room. Portraits were hanging on the walls, and near the white porcelain stove stood two large Chinese vases with lions on the covers. There, too, were large easy-chairs, silken sofas, large tables full of picture-books, and full of toys worth hundreds and hundreds of crowns—at least the children said so. And the Fir-tree was stuck upright in a cask that was filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a cask, for green cloth was hung all around it, and it stood on a gayly-colored carpet. Oh, how the tree quivered! What was to happen? The servants, as well as the young ladies, decorated it. On one branch there hung little nets cut

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out of colored paper, and each net was filled with sugar-plums; and among the other boughs gilded apples and walnuts were suspended, looking as though they had grown there, and little blue and white tapers were placed among the leaves. Dolls that looked for all the world like men—the tree had never beheld such before—were seen among the foliage, and at the very top a large star of gold tinsel was fixed. It was really splendid—beyond description splendid!

“This evening!” said they all; “how it will shine this evening!”

“Oh,” thought the tree, “if the evening were but come! If the tapers were but lighted! And then I wonder what will happen! Perhaps the other trees from the forest will come to look at me! Perhaps the sparrows will beat against the window-panes! I wonder if I shall take root here, and winter and summer stand covered with ornaments!”

He knew very much about the matter! but he was so impatient that for sheer longing he got a pain in his back, and this with trees is the same as a headache with us.

The candles were now lighted. What brightness! What splendor! The tree trembled so in every bough that one of the tapers set fire to the foliage. It blazed up splendidly.

“Help! help!” cried the young ladies, and they quickly put out the fire.

Now the tree did not even dare tremble. What a state he was in! He was so uneasy lest he should lose something of his splendor, that he was quite bewildered amidst the glare and brightness; when suddenly both folding-doors opened, and a troop of children rushed in as if they would upset the tree. The older persons followed quietly; the little ones stood quite still. But it was only for a moment; then they shouted

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

so that the whole place re-echoed with their rejoicing; they danced round the tree, and one present after the other was pulled off.

"What are they about?" thought the tree. "What is to happen now?" And the lights burned down to the very branches, and as they burned down they were put out one after the other, and then the children had permission to plunder the tree. So they fell upon it with such violence that all its branches cracked; if it had not been fixed firmly in the cask, it would certainly have tumbled down.

The children danced about with their beautiful play-things; no one looked at the tree except the old nurse, who peeped between the branches; but it was only to see if there was a fig or an apple left there that had been forgotten.

"A story! a story!" cried the children, drawing a little fat man towards the tree. He seated himself under it, and said, "Now we are in the shade, and the tree can listen, too. But I shall tell only one story. Now which will you have; that about Ivedy-Avedy, or about Klumpy-Dumpy who tumbled downstairs, and yet after all came to the throne and married the princess?"

"Ivedy-Avedy," cried some; "Klumpy-Dumpy," cried the others. There was such a bawling and screaming!—the Fir-tree alone was silent, and he thought to himself, "Am I not to bawl like the rest?—am I to do nothing whatever?" for he was one of the company, and had done what he had to do.

And the man told about Klumpy-Dumpy that tumbled down, who notwithstanding came to the throne, and at last married the princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried out, "Oh, go on! Do go on!" They wanted to hear about Ivedy-Avedy too, but the little man only told them about Klumpy-Dumpy. The Fir-tree stood quite still and absorbed in thought; the

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birds in the wood had never related the like of this, "Klumpy-Dumpy fell downstairs, and yet he married the princess! Yes, yes! that's the way of the world!" thought the Fir-tree, and believed it all, because the man who told the story was so good-looking. "Well, well! who knows, perhaps I may fall downstairs too, and get a princess as wife!" And he looked forward with joy to the morrow, when he hoped to be decked out again with lights, playthings, fruits, and tinsel.

"I won't tremble to-morrow!" thought the Fir-tree. "I will enjoy to the full all my splendor! To-morrow I shall hear again the story of Klumpy-Dumpy, and perhaps that of Ivedy-Avedy, too." And the whole night the tree stood still and in deep thought.

In the morning the servant and the housemaid came in.

"Now then the splendor will begin again," thought the Fir. But they dragged him out of the room, and up the stairs into the loft; and here, in a dark corner, where no daylight could enter, they left him. "What's the meaning of this?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? What shall I hear now, I wonder?" And he leaned against the wall, lost in reverie. Time enough he had, too, for his reflections; for days and nights passed on, and nobody came up; and when at last somebody did come, it was only to put some great trunks in a corner out of the way. There stood the tree quite hidden; it seemed as if he had been entirely forgotten.

"'Tis now winter out of doors!" thought the tree. "The earth is hard and covered with snow; men cannot plant me now, and therefore I have been put up here under shelter till the springtime comes! How thoughtful that is! How kind man is, after all! If it were only not so dark here, and so terribly lonely! Not even a hare. And out in the woods it was so pleasant, when

the snow was on the ground, and the hare leaped by; yes—even when he jumped over me; but I did not like it then. It is really terribly lonely here!”

“Squeak! squeak!” said a little Mouse at the same moment, peeping out of his hole. And then another little one came. They snuffed about the Fir-tree, and rustled among the branches.

“It is dreadfully cold,” said the Mouse. “But for that it would be delightful here, old Fir, wouldn’t it?”

“I am by no means old,” said the Fir-tree. “There’s many a one considerably older than I am.”

“Where do you come from?” asked the Mice; “and what can you do?” They were so extremely curious. “Tell us about the most beautiful spot on the earth. Have you never been there? Were you never in the larder, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from above; where one dances about on tallow-candles; that place where one enters lean, and comes out again fat and portly?”

“I know no such place,” said the tree. “But I know the wood, where the sun shines, and where the little birds sing.” And then he told all about his youth; and the little Mice had never heard the like before; and they listened and said—

“Well, to be sure! How much you have seen! How happy you must have been!”

“I!” said the Fir-tree, thinking over what he had himself related. “Yes, in reality those were happy times.” And then he told about Christmas Eve, when he was decked out with cakes and candy.

“Oh,” said the little Mice, “how fortunate you have been, old Fir-tree!”

“I am by no means old,” said he. “I came from the wood this winter; I am in my prime, but am rather short for my age.”

“What delightful stories you know!” said the Mice;

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and the next night they came with four other little Mice, who were to hear what the tree recounted; and the more he related, the more plainly he remembered all himself; and it appeared as if those times had really been happy times. "But they may still come—they may still come. Klumpy-Dumpy fell downstairs, and yet he got a princess!" and he thought at the moment of a nice little Birch-tree growing out in the woods; to the Fir, that would be a real charming princess.

"Who is Klumpy-Dumpy?" asked the Mice. So then the Fir-tree told the whole fairy-tale, for he could remember every single word of it; and the little Mice jumped for joy up to the very top of the tree. Next night two more mice came, and on Sunday two Rats, even; but they said the stories were not interesting, which vexed the little Mice; and they, too, now began to think them not so very amusing, either.

"Do you know only one story?" asked the Rats.

"Only that, one," answered the tree. "I heard it on my happiest evening; but I did not then know how happy I was."

"It is a very stupid story! Don't you know one about bacon and tallow candles? Can't you tell any larder-stories?"

"No," said the tree.

"Then good-bye," said the Rats; and they went home.

At last the little Mice stayed away also; and the tree sighed: "After all, it was very pleasant when the sleek little Mice sat round me and listened to what I told them. Now that, too, is over. But I will take good care to enjoy myself when I am brought out again."

But when was that to be? Why, one morning there came a quantity of people and set to work in the loft. The trunks were moved, the tree was pulled out and thrown—rather hard, it is true—down on the floor,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

but a man drew him towards the stairs, where the daylight shone.

"Now a merry life will begin again," thought the tree. He felt the fresh air, the first sunbeam—and now he was out in the courtyard. All passed so quickly, there was so much going on around him, that the tree quite forgot to look to himself. The court adjoined a garden, and all was in flower; the roses hung so fresh and odorous over the balustrade, the lindens were in blossom, the Swallows flew by, and, said "Quirre-vit! my husband is come!" but it was not the Fir-tree that they meant.

"Now, then, I shall really enjoy life," said he, exultingly, and spread out his branches; but, alas! they were all withered and yellow. It was in a corner that he lay, among weeds and nettles. The golden star of tinsel was still on the top of the tree, and glittered in the sunshine.

In the courtyard some of the merry children were playing who had danced at Christmas round the Fir-tree, and were so glad at the sight of him. One of the youngest ran and tore off the golden star.

"Only look what is still left on the ugly old Christmas-tree!" said he, trampling on the branches, so that they all crackled beneath his feet.

And the tree beheld all the beauty of the flowers, and the freshness in the garden; he beheld himself, and wished he had remained in his dark corner in the loft; he thought of his first youth in the wood, of the merry Christmas Eve, and of the little Mice who had listened with so much pleasure to the story of Klumpy-Dumpy.

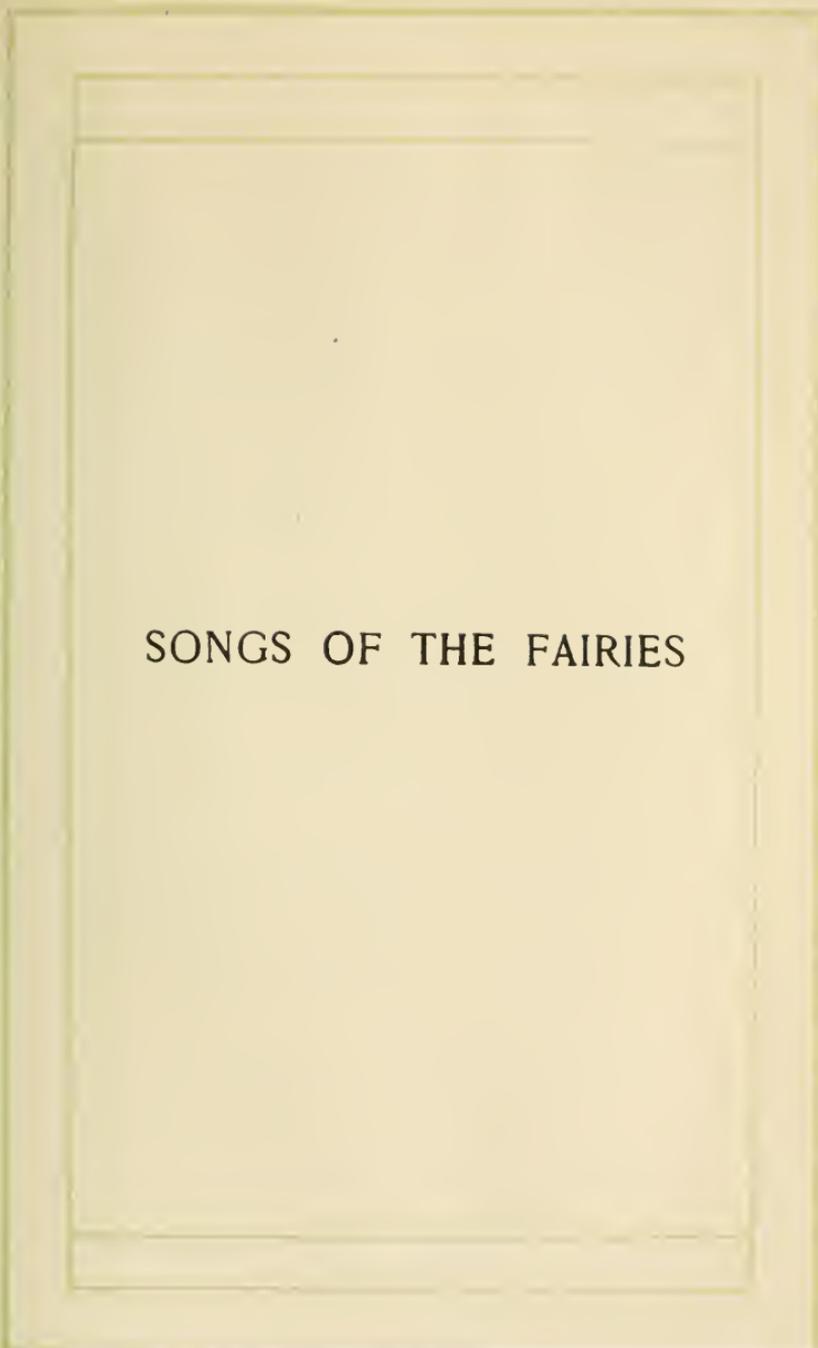
"'Tis over—'tis past!" said the poor tree. "Had I but rejoiced when I had reason to do so! But now 'tis past, 'tis past!"

And the gardener's boy chopped the tree into small

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pieces; there was a whole heap lying there. The wood flamed up splendidly under the large brewing copper, and it sighed so deeply! Each sigh was like a shot.

The boys played about in the court, and the youngest wore the gold star on his breast which the tree had had on the happiest evening of his life. However, that was over now—the tree gone, the story at an end. All, all was over; every tale must end at last.



SONGS OF THE FAIRIES

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES

I

QUEEN MAB'S INVITATION

From Percy's "Reliques"

COME follow, follow me,
You Fairie elves that be:
And circle round this greene,
Come follow me, your queene.
Hand in hand, let's dance a round,
For this place is Fayrie ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snorting in their nest,
Unheard, or unespy'd,
Through keyholes we do glide:
Over tables, stooles, and shelves,
We trip it with our Fairie elves.

And if the house be foule,
Or platter, dish, or bowle,
Upstairs we nimbly creepe,
And find the sluts asleepe:
Then we pinch their armes and thighs,
None escape, nor none espies.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleannesse kept,
We praise the house and maid,
And surely she is paid:
For we do use before we go
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon the mushroome's head,
Our table-cloth we spread,
A grain o' th' finest wheat
Is manchet¹ that we eate:
The pearlie drops of dew we drinke
In akorne-cups fill'd to the brinke.

The tongues of nightingales,
With unctious juyce of snails,
Betwixt two nut-shels stewde
Is meate that's easily chewde;
The braines of rennes, the beards of mice,
Will make a feast of wondrous price.

Over the tender grasse,
So lightly we can passe,
The yonge and tender stalke
Nere bowes whereon we walke,
Nor in the morning dew is seene
Over night where we have beene.

The grasse-hopper, gnat, and flie,
Serve for our minstrels three,
And sweetly dance awhile
Till we the time beguile:
And when the moon-calfe hides her head,
The glow-worm lights us into bed.

¹ A small loaf of fine bread.

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES.

II

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

From Percy's "Reliques"

FROM Oberon in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin, I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee, and merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I flye
About this airey welkin soone,
And in a minute's space descrye,
Each thinge that's done belowe the moone.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
But Robin, I, their feates will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call them on with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke to play some tricke,
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swifte than winde away I go,
O'er hedge and lands, thro' pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And to make sport,
I snore and snort;
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss; they shriek—Who's this?
I answer nought but ho! ho! ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel, to threade their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow:
If any wake, and would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue:
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleepe and wake
I do them take,

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES.

And on key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry, then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought:
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog¹ and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'**Twixt** one another secretlye:
I marke their gloze,²
And it disclose,
To them who they have wrongéd so:
When I have done, I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loope-holes where the vermine creep,
Who from their foldes and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambes and sheep:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

¹ To lie, to wheedle.

² Flattering, wheedling

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

By wells and rills, in meadows greene,
We nightly dance our hey-dey guise,
And to our fairye king and queene
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling,
And babes new-borne steale as we go,
An elf in bed we leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellò.
Friends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old my feates have told;
So, Vale, Vale; ho, ho, ho!

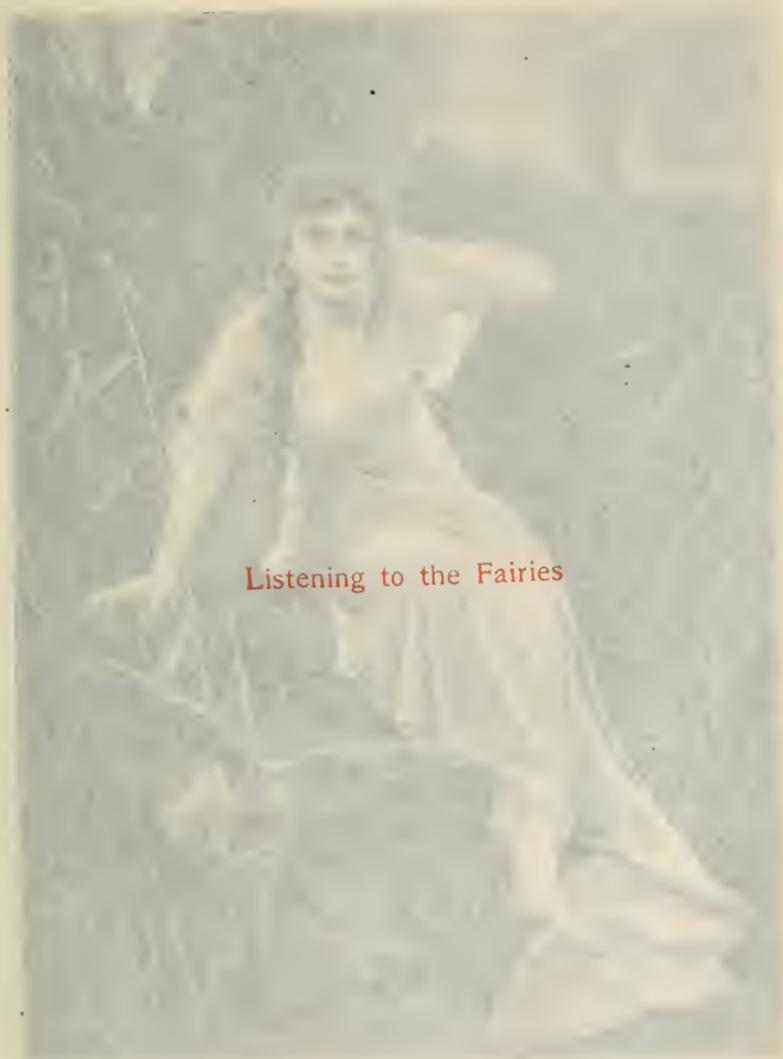
III

THE ISLES OF THE SEA FAIRIES

Mary Howitt

AMONG the Isles of the golden Mist,
I lived for many a year:
And all that chanced unto me there
'Tis well that ye should hear.

I dwelt in a hall of silvery pearl,
With rainbow-light inlaid;
I sate on a throne, old as the sea,
Of the ruby coral made.



Listening to the Fairies

THE FAIRIES OF THE FAIRIES

By William Shakespeare
As it was presented at the Swan Theatre
in the year 1596
By the famous and renowned
Comedian, Mr. William Shakespeare

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SONGS OF THE FAIRIES.

The old carbuncle lit the dome,
Where I was made a king;
The crown was wrought of pale sea-gold,
So was my fairy ring.

And she who on my right hand sate
As the morning star was fair;
She was clothed in a robe of shadowy light,
And veiled by her golden hair.

They made me king of the Fairy Isles,
That lie in the golden mist,
Where the coral rocks and the silvery sand
By singing waves are kissed.

Far off, in the ocean solitudes,
They lie, a glorious seven;
Like a beautiful group of sister stars,
In the untraced heights of heaven:

For the mariner sails them round about,
But he comes them not anigh;
They are hid far off, in a secret place
Of the sea's immensity.

Oh, beautiful isles! where comes no death,
Where no winter enters in,
Where the fairy race, like the lily flowers,
Do neither toil nor spin!

Oh, beautiful isles! where the coral rocks
Like the ancient temple stand,
Like a temple of wondrous workmanship
For a lofty worship planned!

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

The heights of heaven they roof it in,
O'er-spanned like an azure bow;
And its floor is the living waves of light,
That cover the depths below;

The unsunned depths of the ancient sea,
Where the fairy kings of old
Stored up, in emerald caverns vast,
Their treasure-hoards and gold.

Oh, beautiful isles! When the waning moon
Sinks down from the vales of earth,
She rises up on those fairy seas,
And gives their daylight birth.

There comes no cloud to dim her ray,
She shines forth pure and bright;
The silver moon she shines by day,
The golden mist by night.

Oh, beautiful isles! And a fairy race,
As the dream of a poet, fair,
Now hold the place by a charmed spell,
With power o'er sea and air.

Their boats are made of the large pearl-shell
That the waters cast to land;
With carved prows more richly wrought
Than works of mortal hand.

They skim along the silver waves
Without or sail or oar;
Whenever the fairy voyager would,
The pearl ship comes to shore.

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES.

They taught me the song which is their speech,
A tone of love divine;
They set me down to their banquet board,
And poured out fairy wine.

The wine of the old sea-vintage, red,
That was made long years ago,
More rich than the blood in kingly veins,
Yet pure and cool as snow.

I loved that idle life for a time;
But when that time was by,
I pined again for another change,
For the love in a human eye.

They brought me then a glorious form,
And gave her for my bride;
I looked on her, and straight forgot
That I was to earth allied.

I snatched the crown they offered me;
I forgot what I had been;
I snatched the crown to be a king,
That she might be a queen.

For many a year and more, I dwelt
In those isles of soft delight;
Where all was kind and beautiful,
With neither death nor night.

We danced on the sands when the silver moon
Through the coral arches gleamed,
And pathways broad of glittering light
O'er the azure waters streamed.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Then forth shot many a pearly boat,
Like stars, across the sea;
And songs were sung, and shells were blown
That set wild music free.

* * * *

IV

THE KELPIE OF CORRIEVRECKAN

Charles Mackay

I

HE mounted his steed of the water clear,
And sat on his saddle of sea-weed sere;
He held his bridle of strings of pearl,
Dug out of the depths where the sea-snakes curl.

II

He put on his vest of the whirlpool froth,
Soft and dainty as velvet cloth,
And donn'd his mantle of sand so white,
And grasp'd his sword of the coral bright.

III

And away he gallop'd, a horseman free,
Spurring his steed through the stormy sea,
Clearing the billows with bound and leap—
Away, away, o'er the foaming deep!

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES.

IV

By Scarba's rock, by Lunga's shore,
By Garveloch isles where the breakers roar,
With his horse's hoofs he dash'd the spray,
And on to Loch Buy, away, away!

V

On to Loch Buy all day he rode,
And reach'd the shore as sunset glow'd,
And stopp'd to hear the sounds of joy
That rose from the hills and glens of Moy.

VI

The morrow was May, and on the green
They'd lit the fire of Beltan E'en,
And danced around, and piled it high
With peat and heather and pine logs dry.

VII

A piper played a lightsome reel,
And timed the dance with toe and heel;
While wives look'd on, as lad and lass
Trode it merrily o'er the grass.

VIII

And Jessie (fickle and fair was she)
Sat with Evan beneath a tree,
And smiled with mingled love and pride,
And half agreed to be his bride.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

IX

The Kelpie gallop'd o'er the green—
He seemed a knight of noble mien,
And old and young stood up to see,
And wonder'd who the knight could be.

X

His flowing locks were auburn bright,
His cheeks were ruddy, his eyes flash'd light;
And as he sprang from his good gray steed,
He look'd a gallant youth indeed.

XI

And Jessie's fickle heart beat high,
As she caught the stranger's glancing eye:
And when he smiled, "Ah, well," thought she,
"I wish this knight came courting me!"

XII

He took two steps towards her seat—
"Wilt thou be mine, O maiden sweet?"
He took her lily-white hand, and sigh'd,
"Maiden, maiden, be my bride!"

XIII

And Jessie blush'd, and whisper'd soft—
"Meet me to-night when the moon's aloft;
I've dream'd, fair knight, long time of thee—
I thought thou camest courting me."

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES.

XIV

When the moon her yellow horn display'd,
Alone to the trysting went the maid;
When all the stars were shining bright,
Alone to the trysting went the knight.

XV

"I have loved thee long, I have loved thee well,
Maiden, oh more than words can tell!
Maiden, thine eyes like diamonds shine;
Maiden, maiden, be thou mine!"

XVI

"Fair sir, thy suit I'll ne'er deny—
Though poor my lot, my hopes are high;
I scorn a lover of low degree—
None but a knight shall marry me."

XVII

He took her by the hand so white,
And gave her a ring of the gold so bright;
"Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine—
Maiden, maiden, now thou'rt mine!"

XVIII

He lifted her on his steed of gray,
And they rode till morning, away, away—
Over the mountain and over the moor,
And over the rocks, to the dark seashore.

XIX

“We have ridden east, we have ridden west—
I’m weary, fair knight, and I fain would rest.
Say, is thy dwelling beyond the sea?
Hast thou a good ship waiting for me?”

XX

“I have no dwelling beyond the sea,
I have no good ship waiting for thee:
Thou shalt sleep with me on a couch of foam,
And the depths of the ocean shall be thy home.”

XXI

The gray steed plunged in the billows clear,
And the maiden’s shrieks were sad to hear,
“Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine—
Maiden, maiden, now thou’rt mine!”

XXII

Loud the cold sea-blast did blow,
As they sank ’mid the angry waves below—
Down to the rocks where the serpents creep,
Twice five hundred fathoms deep.

XXIII

At morn a fisherman, sailing by,
Saw her pale corse floating high:
He knew the maid by her yellow hair
And her lily skin, so soft and fair.

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES.

XXIV

Under a rock on Scarba's shore,
Where the wild winds sigh and the breakers roar,
They dug her a grave by the water clear,
Among the sea-weed, salt and sere.

XXV

And every year at Beltan E'en,
The Kelpie gallops across the green,
On a steed as fleet as the wintry wind,
With Jessie's mournful ghost behind.

XXVI

I warn you, maids, whoever you be,
Beware of pride and vanity;
And ere on change of love you reckon,
Beware the Kelpie of Corrievreckan.

V

THE FAIRIES

William Allingham

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
To dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

VI

THE FAIRIES

John Wilson

T chanced three merry fairies met
On the bridge of a mountain rivulet,
Whose hanging arch thro' the misty spray,
Like a little lunar rainbow lay,
With turf and flowers a pathway meet
For the twinkling of unearthly feet,
For bright were the flowers as their golden tresses,
And green the turf as their elfin dresses.
Aye the water o'er the linn
Was mocking with a gleesome din,

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

The small shrill laughter as it broke
In peals from these night-wandering folk;
While the stream danced on with a tinkling tune,
All happy to meet by a blink o' the moon.
Now laughing louder than before,
They strove to deaden that ceaseless roar;
And, when vanquished was the water-fall,
Loudly they shouted, one and all,
Like the chorus of a madrigal—
Till the glen arose from its midnight trance,
And o'er the hills in flight-like dance,
Was all the troop of echoes driven,
This moment on earth, and that in heaven.

From the silent heart of a hollow yew,
The owl sailed forth with a loud halloo:
And his large yellow eyes looked bright
With wonder, in the wan moonlight,
As hovering white, and still as snow,
He caught a glance of the things below,
All burning on the bridge like fire
In the sea-green glow of their wild attire.
"Halloo! halloo! tu-whit! to-who!"
Cried the gleesome elves, and away they flew,
With mimic shriek, sob, cry and howl,
In headlong chase of the frightened owl.
With many a buffet they drove him onward,
Now hoised him up, now pressed him downward;
They pulled at his horns, and with many a tweak,
Around and around they screwed his beak;
On his back they beat with a birch-spray flail,
And they tore the long feathers from his tail;
Then, like warriors mounted in their pride,
Behind his wings behold them ride!

SONGS OF THE FAIRIES.

And shouting, charge unto the war,
Each waving his soft plume scimitar;
A war of laughter, not of tears,
The wild-wood's harmless cuirassiers.

Thro' the depth of ivy on the wall
(The sole remains of old Graystock Hall)
The screamer is driven, half scared to death;
And the gamesome fairies, all out of breath,
Their tiny robes in the air arranging,
And kisses in their flight exchanging,
Now slowly with the soft wind stealing,
Right onwards, round about now wheeling,
Like leaves blown off in gusty weather,
To the rainbow-bridge all flock together;
And lo! on the green moss all alight,
Like a cluster of goldfinches mingling bright.
What feats the fairy creatures played!
Now seeming of the height afraid,
And, folding the moss in fast embraces,
They peeped o'er the bridge with their lovely faces.
Now hanging like the fearless flowers
By their tiny arms in the cataract showers,
Swung back and forward with delight,
Like pearls in the spray-shower burning bright!
Then they dropt at once into the pool—
A moment gone! then beautiful
Ascending on slow hovering wing,
As if with darkness dallying,
They rose again thro' the smiling air,
To their couch of moss and flow'rets fair,
And rooted lay in silence there.
Down into the gulf profound
Slid the stream without a sound!
A charm had hushed the thundering shocks.

FAMOUS TALES OF FAIRYLAND AND FANCY.

And stillness steeped the blackened rocks.
'Twas fit, where these fair things were lying,
No sound, save of some zephyr sighing,
Should stir the gentle solitude!
The mountain's night-voice was subdued
To far-off music, faint and dim,
From nature's heart a holy hymn!

THE END

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