

Those are the words, but they are only the body of it; the soul of the song was the dear old woman's sweet face, and sweet voice, and the sweet old air to which she sang; and that, alas! one cannot put on paper. And at last she grew so still and lame that the angels were forced to carry her; and they helped her on with her wedding dress, and carried her up over Harthover Fells, and a long way beyond that too; and there was a new schoolmistress in Vendale.

And all the while Tom was swimming about in the river, with a pretty little lace collar of gills about his neck, as lively as a grig,¹ and as clean as a fresh-run salmon.

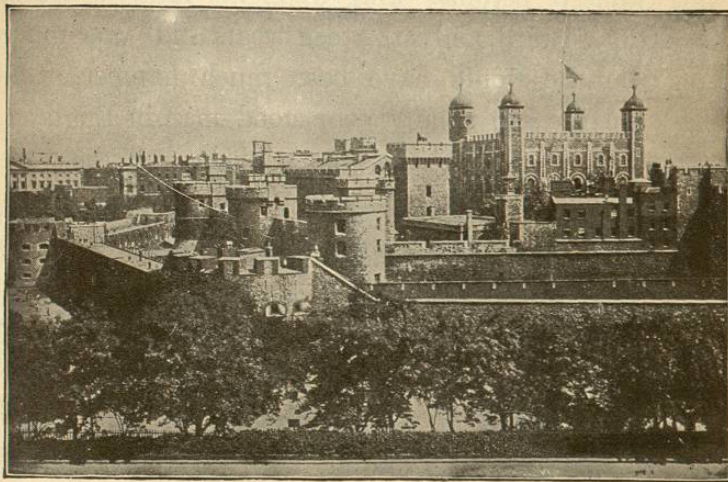
Now, if you don't like my story, then go to the schoolroom and learn your multiplication table, and see if you like that better. Some people, no doubt, would do so. So much the better for us, if not for them. It takes all sorts, they say, to make a world.

XXVIII. KING EDWARD THE FIFTH.

MANY and many a boy has wished that he were a king, and many a girl has thought that, if she were only a queen, she should be perfectly happy; for boys and girls, and sometimes grown

¹ grig, cricket.

people, think that kings and queens must be happy; that they have nothing to do but what they please; that other people must obey them, and that no one can direct them,—and what boy or girl does not like that?



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

But kings and queens are not always happy. Indeed, I doubt very much whether any boy or girl who reads this is not happier in wishing to be a king or queen than if the wish were gratified. Kings and queens usually lead very hard lives, and they cannot by any means do all that they would like to do.

There was once in England a boy who was a king. His name was Edward, and he was called Edward

the Fifth because England had had four kings already who were called Edward.

When Edward was only thirteen years old, his father, who was King Edward the Fourth, died. In most countries that have kings the oldest son of a king himself becomes king upon his father's death. So little Edward, only thirteen years old, was made king; but he would have been much happier if he had been the son of any poor good man in England, because many people want to be kings, and only one in a country can be; so that, if the king is weak, it is quite likely that some one stronger than he will try to get his place.

Little King Edward had an uncle, called the Duke of Gloucester. This duke was a very bad man, and he wanted to be king in Edward's place. He did not say so at once, and he pretended to be very fond of his little nephew. But the King's mother knew that Richard, the Duke of Gloucester, was a bad man, and she was afraid of him. She knew that he wanted Edward's place, but she was helpless. Of course Edward was too young to govern the people of England, so his uncle was made protector to the King, — that is, he was to see that the King's position was made safe, and that the country was wisely governed until Edward should become a man. This gave him the opportunity that he wanted.

The young King had been placed in the care of the Earl of Rivers, who was a friend of the Queen and would take good care of the little boy. But Richard, now protector, charged that Rivers was a traitor, and had him killed. Then he took the little King and his younger brother, only eleven years old, and, pretending to be very friendly, rode with them on horseback. The King rode with his uncle to London. The uncle bowed very low, appearing to have great affection for the boy; then, as if afraid something might happen to him, he had him sent to the Tower of London to live, — claiming that this was the safest place, — and he had the King's younger brother sent there too.

When the Queen heard this, she knew that Richard was bound to have the lives of her boys and the kingly crown. Then Richard arrested all of the great men who had been friends of the late King, and who would protect the little King, claiming that they were traitors, and many of them he killed. Soon he got some wicked men, who were afraid of him, to stand before the people and say that Richard should be King; and some of them cried out, "God save King Richard!" Richard pretended that he did not want this, but it was only a pretense, and soon he said that, if they insisted, he would be their King.

At this time, Sir Robert Brackenberry had charge of the Tower of London, where the little boys were

living, really in prison. No one was King. Then the Duke of Gloucester told Sir Robert to kill the boys. Sir Robert was not bad enough for that, and refused to do it; so Richard placed the Tower in charge of another man, Sir Thomas Tyrrel, to see if he would not kill the boys. Tyrrel was a bad man and a coward. He hired two murderers to do the terrible deed for him.

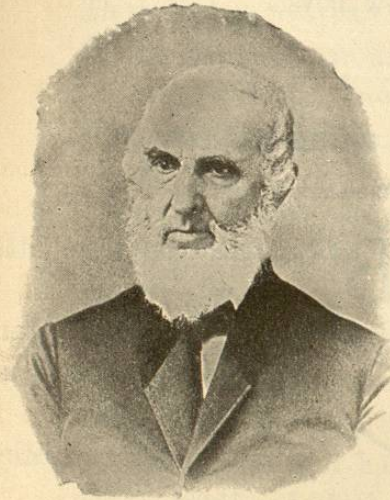
The little boys, all alone in the great castle, seemed to fear that something terrible was to happen. The older one did his best to comfort the younger, as you see in the picture. (*See Frontispiece.*) Finally, after saying their prayers, they went to bed, and in spite of their fears, were soon sound asleep.

The two murderers crept up the stairs to the door of the chamber where the two little boys were. They listened at the door to see if they were awake. Hearing no noise, they softly opened the door, went stealthily to the side of the bed, and looked down upon the two sleeping children; but no pity stirred their wicked hearts. They took the pillows from the bed and held them down over the faces of the children until they were smothered.

This was the end of the little King Edward; not a happy end. Would he not have been happier had he been the son of a poor man? After the death of the boys, Richard became King; but he, too, had his troubles, as you will read in history.

XXIX. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1807-1892.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

YOU have read about the poet Longfellow, who wrote "The Children's Hour" and "Hiawatha." There was another poet, who was a friend of Mr. Longfellow, and, like him, loved everything beautiful, and especially loved children; though, unlike Mr. Longfellow, he had

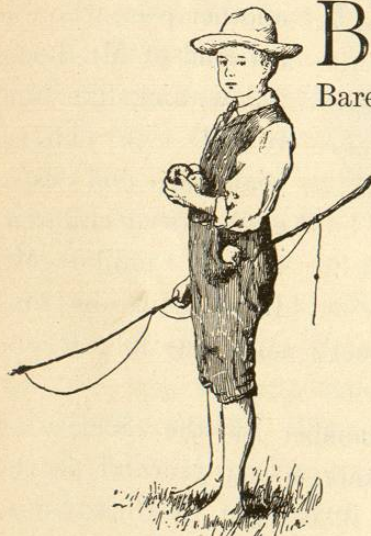
none of his own. This poet's name was John Greenleaf Whittier.

Mr. Whittier was a member of the Society of Friends, often called Quakers, a very peaceful people, who do not believe that it is right or Christian to fight. Mr. Whittier could not go to college when he was a boy, as he was too poor; but he studied by himself, and shamed other boys whose parents wanted them to go to school, but who would not study. Mr. Whittier lived to be an old man, and had a very

peaceful and happy old age, because he had done so much good in the world that everybody loved him and tried to make his last years pleasant. Among his poems is one called "The Barefoot Boy," which shows how well he knew boys.

XXX. THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little
man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up
pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled
tunes;
With thy red lip, redder
still
Kissed by strawberries
on the hill;
With the sunshine on
thy face,
Through thy torn brim's
jaunty¹ grace;

From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!

¹ jaun'ty, showy.

Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.¹
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude²
Of the tenants³ of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;

¹ re-pub'li-can, of common rank.

² hab'i-tude, habits.

³ ten'ant, one who lives in.

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural¹ plans
 Of gray hornet artisans!²
 For, eschewing³ books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy, —
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming birds and honeybees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the night,
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall;

¹ ar-chi-tec-tur-al, pertaining to mode of building.

² ar-ti-sans, workmen.

³ es-chew'-ing, avoiding.

Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine, unbending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides!¹
 Still as my horizon² grew,
 Larger grew my riches too;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex³ Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal⁴ dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread;
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the doorstone, gray and rude!
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied⁵ frogs' orchestra;⁶
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

¹ Hes-per'i-des. A fabled garden in Africa which produced golden apples.

² ho-ri'zon, extent of vision (literally the edge of the sky).

³ com'plex, difficult to make; complicated.

⁴ fes'tal, pertaining to a feast.

⁵ pied, spotted.

⁶ or'ches-tra, a band of musicians.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!



XXXI. THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE pleasant isle of Rügen
 Looks the Baltic water o'er,
 To the silver-sanded beaches of
 the Pomeranian¹ shore;

And in the town of Ramin a
 little boy and maid
 Plucked the meadow flowers to-
 gether, and in the sea surf played.

Alike were they in beauty, if not in their degree:
 He was the Amptman's² first-born, the miller's child
 was she.

Now of old, the isle of Rügen was full of Dwarfs
 and Trolls,
 The brown-faced little Earthmen, the people without
 souls;

And for every man and woman in Rügen's island
 found
 Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was under-
 ground.

¹ Pom-er-a'-ni-a. a province of Prussia.

² Ampt'man, chief officer of a province.

It chanced, the little maiden one morning strolled
away
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and
goblins play.

That day, in barley fields below, the harvesters had
known
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns
blown.

She came not back; the search for her in field and
wood was vain;
They cried her east, they cried her west, but she
came not again.

"She's down among the Brown Dwarfs," said the
dream-wives wise and old,
And prayers were made, and masses said, and Ram-
bin's church bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John
Deitrich said:
"I will find my little playmate, be she alive or
dead."

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the
Brown Dwarfs sing,
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a
ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap
of red,
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell, and thrust it
on his head.

The Troll came crouching at his feet, and wept for
lack of it.

"Oh, give me back my magic
cap, for your great head
unfit!"



"Nay," Deitrich said; "the
Dwarf who throws his
charmèd cap away

Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.

"You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the
earth;
And you shall ope the door of glass, and let me
lead her forth."

"She will not come; she's one of us; she's mine!"
the Brown Dwarf said;

"The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we
shall wed."

"The fell fiend fetch thee!" Deitrich cried, "and
keep thy foul tongue still.
Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the
hill!"

The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down the
long stairway passed,
And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange
and vast.

Weird,¹ rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-
land, —
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden
sand.

He came unto a banquet hall, with tables richly
spread,
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine
and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and
so wild!
Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never
smiled.

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her
tender blue eyes seemed
Like something he had seen elsewhere, or something
he had dreamed.

He looked; he clasped her in his arms; he knew
the long-lost one;
“O Lisbeth! see thy playmate, — I am the Ampt-
man’s son!”

¹ weird, strange.

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through
her sobs she spoke:
“Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the
elfin folk!

“And let me tread the grass-green fields, and smell
the flowers again,
And feel the soft wind on my cheek, and hear the
dropping rain!

“And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of
the tree,
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of
the sea!

“And oh, upon my father’s knee to sit beside the
door,
And hear the bell of vespers¹ ring in Rambin church
once more!”

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips; the Brown
Dwarf groaned to see,
And tore his tangled hair, and ground his long
teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said: “For five long years this tender
Christian maid
Has served you in your evil world, and well must
she be paid!

¹ ves’pers, evening prayers.

"Haste! — hither bring me precious gems, the richest in your store;
Then, when we pass the gate of glass, you'll take your cap once more."

No choice was left the baffled Troll; and, murmuring, he obeyed,
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land, and passed the gate of glass;
They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they trod the soft green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up to them his brown
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so blue,
As hand in hand they homeward walked the pleasant meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Ramin's woods before,
And never washed the waves so soft along the Baltic shore;

And when beneath his dooryard trees the father met his child,
The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks with joy ran wild.

And soon from Ramin's holy church the twain came forth as one,
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest a son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse and maid crooned¹ o'er
Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well, the Trolls shall come no more!"

For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a cross of stone;
And Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door where door was none.

The tower he built in Ramin, fair Rügen's pride and boast,
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast;

And, for his worth ennobled,² and rich beyond compare,
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long and happy there.

¹ crooned. sang in a low tone.

² en-no'bled, raised to a high rank.