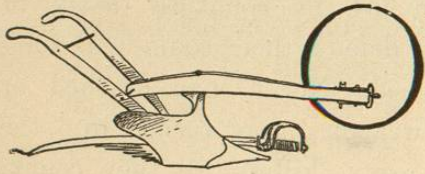


## XLIX. TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.



LD Tubal Cain was a  
 man of might  
 In the days when  
 earth was young;  
 By the fierce red  
 light of his furnace bright  
 The strokes of his hammer rung;  
 And he lifted high his brawny hand  
 On the iron glowing clear,  
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers  
 As he fashioned the sword and spear.  
 And he sang, — "Hurrah for my handiwork!  
 Hurrah for the Spear and Sword!  
 Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
 For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,  
 As the crown of his desire.  
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
 Till they shouted loud for glee,  
 And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,  
 And spoils of the forest free.

And they sang, — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
 Who hath given us strength anew!  
 Hurrah for the smith! Hurrah for the fire!  
 And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,  
 Ere the setting of the sun;  
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
 For the evil he had done.  
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
 Made war upon their kind;  
 And the land was red with the blood they shed  
 In their lust for carnage, blind.  
 And he said, — "Alas! that ever I made,  
 Or that skill of mine should plan  
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
 Is to slay their fellowman!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
 Sat brooding o'er his woe;  
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
 And his furnace smoldered low.  
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
 And a bright courageous eye,  
 And bared his strong right arm for work,  
 While the quick flames mounted high.  
 And he sang, — "Hurrah for my handiwork!"  
 As the red sparks lit the air;

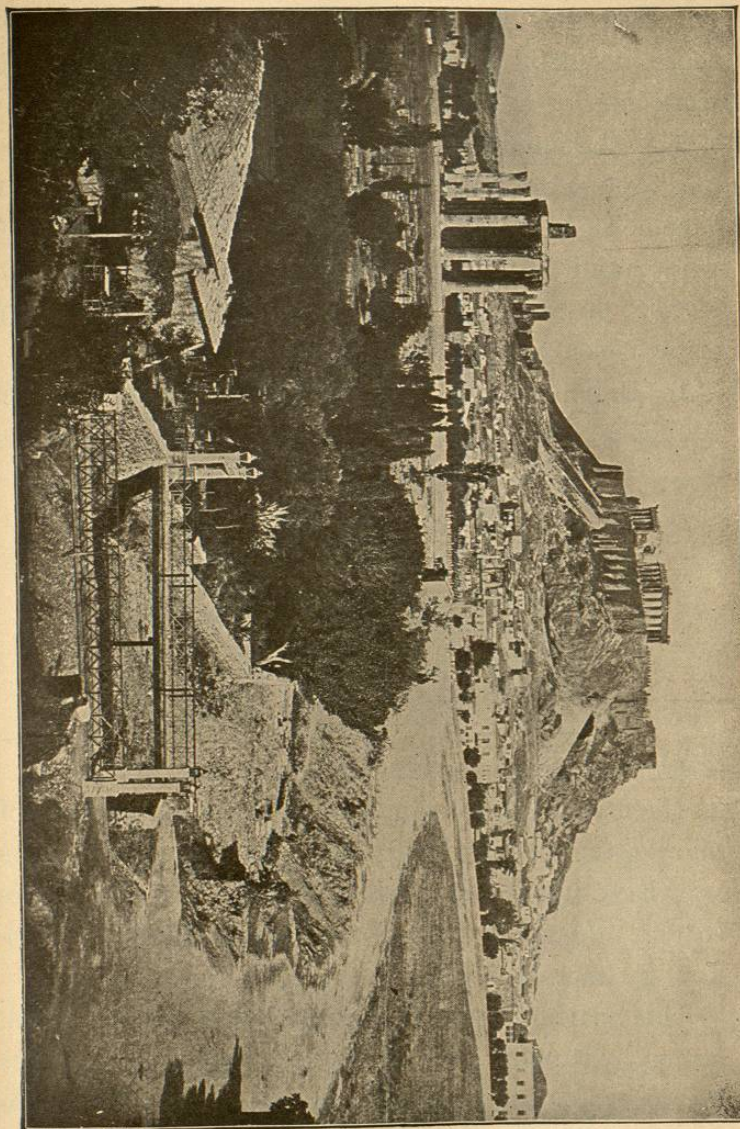
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,  
As he fashioned the First Plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,  
In friendship joined their hands.  
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,  
And plowed the willing lands;  
And sang, — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!  
Our stanch good friend is he.  
And for the Plowshare and the Plow  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while Oppression lifts its head,  
Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the Plow,  
We'll not forget the Sword!"

#### L. ATHENS AND THE ATHENIANS.

**A**THENS was a city in Greece even more famous than Sparta, and famous for very different reasons. Although its people were brave, they were not so warlike as the Spartans, but they were better educated, and lived in a much more elegant and showy way.

The Spartans despised money, cared very little for their homes, thought nothing of comfort or refinement, and were anxious only to be good soldiers. They did

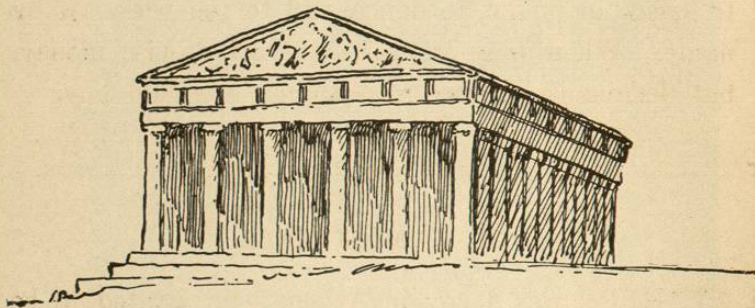


"In the midst of the city was a hill called the Acropolis, which was covered with beautiful temples." (Page 308.)

not have fine buildings, books, or pictures, or any of those beautiful things that most people value and work for.

The Athenians were the best educated and the most refined people that had ever lived, up to their time. Their poets were the greatest poets of the world, and no modern country has such paintings, statues, or buildings as were found in the little city of Athens.

In the midst of the city was a hill called the Acropolis, which was covered with beautiful temples.



In these were found wonderful statues, some made of marble and some of ivory and gold, and no sculptors who have lived since have been able to make statues so fine. Many of the most beautiful buildings of today are merely copies of the old Greek temples.

The Spartans, you remember, were trained to be strong by running races, wrestling, and other exercises in the gymnasium. Besides these, they were taught to read, but that was all.

The Athenians trained the body, but they also trained the mind. The education of an Athenian boy was divided into two parts, gymnastics and music; but music meant much more than it does now. Among the gods whom the Athenians worshiped were nine goddesses known as the Muses, who had special care of the arts, such as music, poetry, dancing, and learning in general.

The word music means anything sacred to the Muses, and an Athenian boy who was taught music, as they called it, might learn to sing, to write poetry, to speak in public, to dance, and to tell the stars by name. When he grew up, he did not despise money, but desired it for the good things it would buy.

---

#### LI. DEMOSTHENES.

**T**HERE was a boy in Athens who wanted to be an orator; that is, he wanted to be able to speak to large crowds of people so that they would do what he said. His father, who had been a great general of the armies of Athens, died when the boy was very young, and left his money in care of some bad men, who spent it.

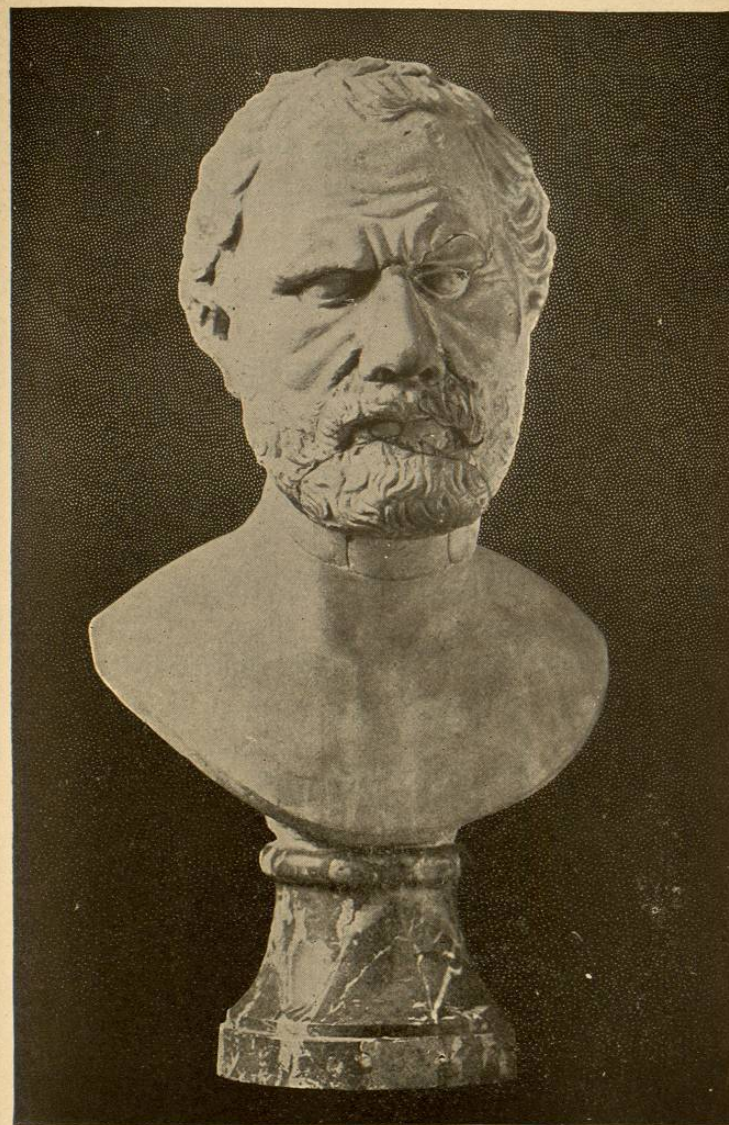
When Demosthenes, for that was the boy's name, was old enough to know this, he asked them to give him his money. They could not do it, because they

had spent it; so the boy went before the judges and told them his story. He did this so well that the judges punished the wicked men, and made them pay a fine.

Demosthenes had done so well in this, his first attempt, that he thought he was already an orator and could speak before the people; and he tried it, but failed. Then he knew he had much to do before he could be an orator. Indeed, he did have much to do: for he had a very weak voice, he could not pronounce words plainly, he could not speak the letter R at all, and he stammered. Was not that enough to discourage most boys? But Demosthenes was not discouraged; he went to work to correct his faults.

Many stories are told of the things he did. It is said that he put pebbles in his mouth, and talked with them there until he could speak plainly; that he went to the seaside when the waves were rolling in with a loud roaring, and spoke until he could be heard above their noise; that he used to speak aloud while running up-hill, to strengthen his lungs. So hard did he work, and so well did he succeed, that in time he became the greatest orator of Greece, and, as many think, the greatest that ever lived.

At this time the Greeks had a very powerful enemy, who was extremely cunning as well. This enemy was Philip The Great, — a powerful king who



DEMOSTHENES.

lived in Macedonia, a country north of Greece. He tried both by fighting and trickery to conquer Greece; but Demosthenes, by his wonderful eloquence, for many years stirred up the Athenians so that they were able to resist Philip and their other enemies.

---

## LII. KING CANUTE.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

**K**ING CANUTE was weary-hearted: he had reigned for years a score,  
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much  
 and robbing more;  
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild  
 seashore.

On that day a something vexed him; that was clear to  
 old and young;  
 Thrice his Grace had yawned at table when his favor-  
 ite gleemen<sup>1</sup> sung;  
 Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade  
 her hold her tongue.

“Something ails my gracious master,” cried the Keeper  
 of the Seal.

<sup>1</sup> glee'man, a minstrel or musician.

“Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys<sup>1</sup> served at dinner,  
 or the veal?”

“Pshaw!” exclaimed the angry monarch. “Keeper,  
 ’t is not that I feel.

“’T is the heart and not the dinner, fool, that doth my  
 rest impair:

Can a king be great as I am, prithee,<sup>2</sup> and yet know  
 no care?

Oh, I’m sick, and tired, and weary.” Some one cried,  
 “The King’s armchair!”

Then towards the lackeys<sup>3</sup> turning, quick my Lord the  
 Keeper nodded:

Straight the King’s great chair was brought him, by  
 two footmen able-bodied;

Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

“Ah! I feel,” said old King Canute, “that my end is  
 drawing near.”

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> lam’prey, an eel-like fish used as food.    <sup>2</sup> prith’ee, I pray thee.

<sup>3</sup> lack’ey, a servant.

<sup>4</sup> wad’ded, stuffed, or lined, with a soft material.

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

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do 't.

“With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete:

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet:

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he sternly bade them nevermore to bow to human clay,

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

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