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Robin Goodfellow -- His Friends

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ONCE upon a time a boy called Dan and a girl called Una lived in England upon a farm a thousand years old not very far from where Caesar landed to conquer the Britons, and quite close to where William the Conqueror fought the battle of Hastings. That was why they sometimes dug up old Roman and Anglo-Saxon coins in their garden.

At one end of the farm stood a tiny water-mill that had been a smuggler's hiding-place ever since smuggling began; and at the other was a tumble-down cottage called The Forge, in a broken hollow of fern and gorze, which was all that remained of an ancient iron foundry that had cast cannon for the ships that fought the Spanish Armada. Dan and Una never found anything except rats in the mill; but by the Forge, where their friend Hobden the Hedger lived, they would come across beautiful glassy-green pieces of

slag, and rusty nails that looked like real daggers.

If they had thought for a moment (instead of scrambling about with old Hobden, setting traps), they would have seen that their farm was the last place in Old England to take liberties with. There were queer dimples and waves and hillocks in the old smooth pastures that had never been broken up since Elizabeth's time — and each mound was crowned with a warning Fairy Ring, or a tuft of fern. After heavy rain, when the sun struck right, you could trace something like faint shadows of a broad road sweeping past across a lonely field and disappearing into huge double hedges almost as tall and deep as railway tunnels. Some people said it used to run straight to Land's End in Cornwall, but old Hobden said that in his father's time a wise man could bring twenty packhorses up from the sea inside those double hedges, with a keg of brandy on each horse, and never show a single horse's single ear above ground all the way.

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Odd lengths of footpath paved with thin oblong bricks popped up in a honeycombed rabbit-warren, died out in the plough land beyond, and reappeared half a mile off at the south side of a steep wood where you could reach down between the gorze stems and feel the outline of a flat hearthstone. There were fords to the brook that nobody could use because the banks were so high; but when you peered down, you could see the stones had been worn hollow by human feet. The valley was full of noises of running water, and the spatter of the mill-wheel — half words and chuckles by day; whole sentences and impudent songs by night — and wherever you went, you could not (the children had tried often), hide from an Oak, an Ash, and a Thorn, all three trees together, leaning and whispering and watching.

Yet in spite of these signs, Dan and Una took it into their heads to act a piece out of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the most magical play in the world — on Midsummer Night's Eve, the most magical night in the year. Not content with that, they acted it in the middle of an old Fairy Ring, which lay almost under a little ferny hill called Pook's Hill, and Pook means Puck all England through, and Puck means Magic.

Not even content with that, they acted it three times over — three times over, *on* the edge of light and dark, *on* the edge of Midsummer Night, *on* the edge of running water, *in* a Fairy Ring, and *under* Puck's particular Hill!

Then they were surprised to meet Puck himself! But as he said, if all the people of the Hills (he never used the word Fairies), had not left England a few hundred years before, they would have met every fairy who was any fairy from Merlin the Wizard to King Oberon. However he was very nice about it, and told them that he was the only person of his kind in the country. He did not exactly say what he was, but he admitted he was the oldest of the Old Things, and had come into England with Oak, Ash, and Thorn. When Oak, Ash, and Thorn had perished out of England, he would have to go too.

That is quite true, but it will not happen for some time. Puck has many names.

Our South country folk call him Robin — short for Robin Goodfellow, and when anything has gone wrong with a carter's plough-harness, or a dairy maid's churn, or an old woman's ball of knitting wool, they always ask: "Who's been playin' Robin with this?" — for, as Master William Shakespere says, Puck used to be a great practical joker.

But when he met Dan and Una, he did not bother them with any conjurer's magic. He simply said that as the People of the Hills had gone, he would have to show them something else, and so he gave them each a clod of earth, said Words over it, and made them free of all Old England, and all the people who had lived on their Farm for three thousand years.

The consequences were rather exciting, because all sorts of people belonging to all sorts of past times turned up in all sorts of places, and the children never knew whom they would find next. You can easily see, though, if they had gone to tea with their dear parents and had said: "There's a Norman baron in the Seven Acre with spurs a foot long," or: "Do you know that when Mr. Cabot was discovering islands he told us he lived for a month on quite raw fish?" or "We've been talking to a one-eyed Jew down at the mill who says he really made King John sign Magna Charta" — their dear parents and their governess would have been shocked and surprised. And when grown-ups are that way it means medicine for the schoolroom.

So Puck after each talk magicked away their memories with the Strong Magic of Oak, Ash, and Thorn, and they went back to their home quite comfortable and ordinary.

That is one of the reasons why these tales have been so difficult to collect. I know for a fact they met a young British-born Roman in Far Wood; and a painter-man in the Mill attic; and I know that Puck told them and old Hobden the story of how the fairies left England in Elizabeth's time. But I believe they met other people as well; for taking only the thousand years that their farm had been a farm, many folk must have come and gone there.

And Puck he knew them all!



I A Centurion of the Thirtieth



DAN had come to grief over his Latin, and was kept in, so Una went alone to Far Wood. Dan's big catapult and the lead bullets that Hobden had made for him were hidden in an old hollow beech stub on the west of the wood. They had named the place out of the verse *In Lays of Ancient Rome*.

*From Lordly Volaterrae
Where scowls the far-jamed bold
Piled by the hands of giants
For Godlike Kings of old.*

They were the "Godlike Kings," and when old Hobden piled some comfortable brushwood between the big wooden knees of Volaterrae, they called him "Hands of Giants."

Una slipped through her private gap in the fence, and sat still a while, scowling as scowllily and lordly as she knew how; for "Volaterrae" is an important watch-tower that juts out of Far Wood just as Far Wood juts out of the hillside. Pook's Hill lay below her, and all the turns of the brook as it wanders out of the Willingford Woods between hop-gardens to old Hobden's cottage at the Forge. The Sou' West wind (there is always a wind by Volaterrae) blew from the bare ridge where Cherry Clack Windmill stands.

Now wind prowling in the woods sounds like exciting things going to happen, and that is why on blowy days, you stand up in

Volaterrae, and shout bits of *Lays* to suit its noise.

Una took Dan's catapult from its Secret Place, and made ready to meet Lars Porse-na's army stealing through the wind-whitened aspens by the brook. A gust boomed up the valley, and Una sang sorrowfully:

*Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain,
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.*

But the wind, not charging fair to the wood, started aside, and shook a single oak in Gleason's pasture. Here it made itself all small, and crouched among grasses, waving the tips of them as a cat waves the tip of her tail before she springs.

"Now welcome — welcome Sextus," sang Una, loading the catapult.

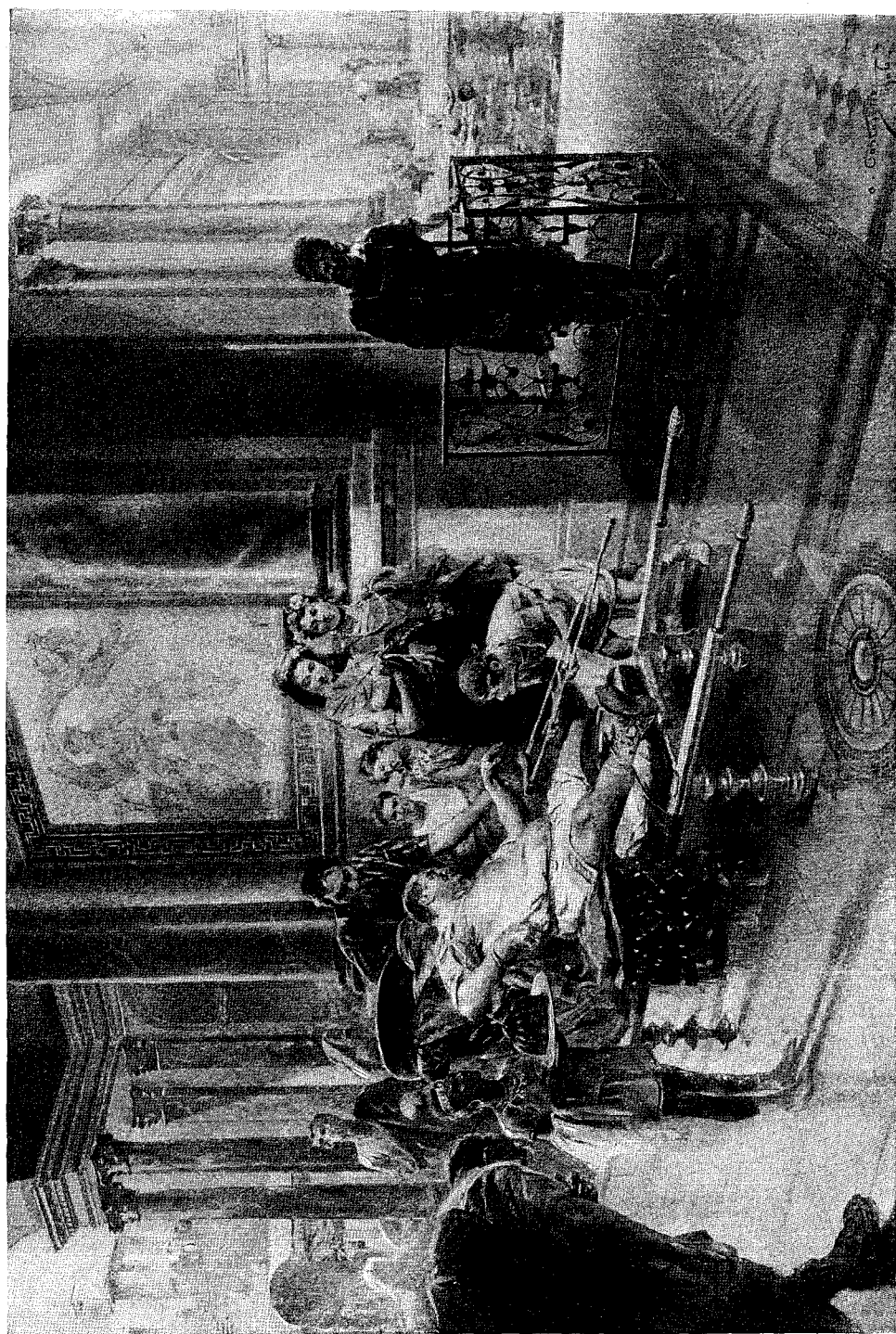
*Now welcome to thy home,
Why dost thou stay and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome.*

She fired into the face of the lull to wake up the cowardly wind, and heard a grunt from behind a thorn in the pasture.

"Oh, My Winkie!" she said aloud, and that was something she had picked up from Dan. "I believe I've tickled up one of Gleason's cows."

"You little painted beast!" a voice cried. "I'll teach you to sling your masters."

She looked down most cautiously, and saw a young man covered with hoopy bronze



"'AQUAE SOLIS . . . THE BEST BATHS IN BRITAIN. JUST AS GOOD, I'M TOLD, AS ROME.'"

armour all glowing among the broom. But what Una admired most was his great bronze helmet with a red horsetail that flicked in the wind. She could hear the long hairs rasp on his shimmery shoulder-plates.

"What does the Faun mean," he said half aloud to himself, "by telling me the Painted People have changed?" He caught sight of Una's yellow head. "Have you seen a painted lead-slinger?" he called.

"No — o," said Una. "But if you've seen a bullet —"

"Seen?" said the man. "It passed within a hair's-breadth of my ear."

"Well, that was me. I'm most awfully sorry."

"Didn't the Faun tell you I was coming?" He smiled.

"Now if you mean Puck. I thought you were a Gleason cow. I — I didn't know you were a — a — What are you?"

He laughed outright showing a set of splendid teeth. His face and eyes were dark, and his eyebrows met above his big nose in one bushy black bar.

"They call me Parnesius. I have been a Centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion — the Ulpia Victrix. Did you sling that bullet?"

"I was using Dan's tweaker — catapult I mean," said Una.

"Catapults!" said he. "I ought to know something about them. Show me!"

He leaped the rough fence with a rattle of spear, shield, and armour, and hoisted himself into Volaterrae as quietly as a shadow.

"A sling on a forked stick. I understand!" he cried, and pulled at the elastic. "But what wonderful beast yields this stretching leather?"

"It's lassy — elastic. You put the bullet into that loop, and then you pull hard."

The man pulled, and hit himself square on his thumbnail.

"Each to his own weapon," he said gravely, handing it back. "I am better with the machine, little maiden. But it's a pretty toy. A wolf would laugh at it. Aren't you afraid of wolves?"

"There aren't any," said Una.

"Never believe it. A wolf's like a Northman. He comes when he isn't expected. Don't they hunt them here?"

"We don't hunt," said Una, remembering what she had heard from grown-ups.

"We preserve — pheasants. Do you know them?"

"I ought to," said the young man smiling again, and he imitated the cry of the cock-pheasant so perfectly that a bird answered out of the wood.

"What a big, painted, clucking fool is a pheasant," he said. "Just like some Romans!"

"But you're a Roman yourself, aren't you?" said Una.

"Ye — es and no. I'm one of a good few thousands who have never seen Rome except in a picture. My people have lived at Vectis for generations. Vectis — the island west yonder that you can see from so far in clear weather."

"Do you mean the Isle of Wight? It lifts up just before rain, and we see it from the Downs."

"Very likely. Our Villa is on the south edge of the Island by the Broken Cliffs. Most of it is two hundred years old, but the cow stables where our first ancestor lived must be a hundred years older. Oh, quite that, because the founder of our family had his land given him by Agricola at the Settlement. It's not a bad little estate for its size. In spring time violets grow down to the very beach. I've gathered sea-weeds for myself and violets for my Mother many a time with our old nurse."

"Was your nurse a — a Romaness too?"

"No, a Numidian — Gods be good to her! A dear, fat, brown thing with a tongue like a cow-bell. She was a free woman. By the way, are you free, maiden?"

"Oh, quite," said Una. "At least till tea-time, and in summer our governess doesn't say much if we're late."

The young man laughed again — a proper understanding laugh.

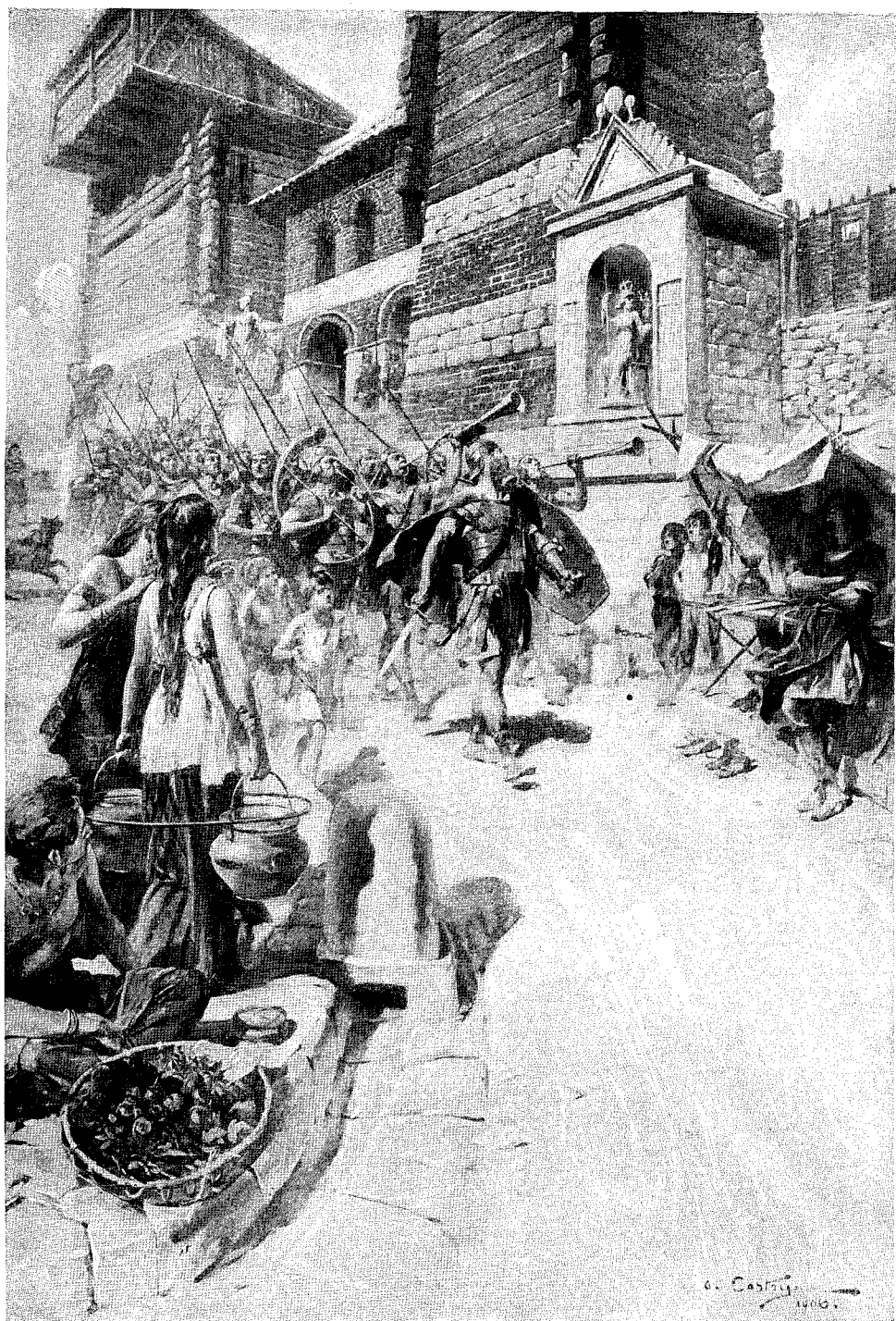
"I see," said he. "That accounts for your being in the wood. *We* used to hide among the cliffs."

"Did *you* have a governess then?"

"Did we not! A Greek too. She had a way of clutching her dress when she hunted us among the gorze-bushes that made us laugh. Then she'd say she'd get us whipped. She never did, though, bless her! Aglaia was a thorough sportswoman, for all her learning."

"But what lessons did you do — when — when you were little?"

"Ancient history, the Classics, arithmetic, and so on," he answered. "My sister and



“‘I WAS HAPPIER THAN ANY EMPEROR WHEN I LED MY HANDFUL
THROUGH THE NORTH GATE OF THE CAMP’”

I were thickheads, but my two brothers (I'm the middle one), liked those things, and, of course, Mother was clever enough for any six. She was nearly as tall as I am, and she looked like the old statue on the Cunetio Road — the Demeter of the Baskets! And funny! Roma Dea! How Mother could make us laugh!"

"What at?"

"Little jokes and sayings that every family has. Don't you know?"

"I know *we* have, but I didn't know other people had them too," said Una.

"Tell me about all your family, please."

"Good families are very much alike. Mother would sit spinning of evenings while Aglaia read in her corner, and Father did accounts, and we four romped about the passages. When our noise grew too much, the Pater would say: 'Less tumult! Less tumult! Have you never heard of a Father's right over his children? He can slay them, my dears — slay them dead — and the Gods highly approve of the action!' Then Mother would prim up her dear mouth over the wheel, and answer: 'H'm! I'm afraid there can't be much of the Roman father about you!' Then the Pater would roll up his accounts, and say: 'I'll show you!' — and then — then, he'd be worse than any of us!"

"Fathers can — if they like," said Una, her eyes dancing.

"Didn't I say all good families are very much the same?"

"What did you do in summer?" said Una.

"Play about?"

"Yes, and we visited our friends. There are no wolves in Vectis. We had many friends, and as many ponies as we wished."

"It must have been lovely," said Una.

"I hope it lasted forever."

"Not quite, little maid. When I was about sixteen or seventeen, the Father felt gouty, and we all went to the Waters."

"What waters?"

"At Aquae Solis. Every one goes there. You ought to get your Father to take you some day."

"But where? I don't know," said Una.

The young man looked astonished for a moment. "Aquae Solis," he repeated. "The best baths in Britain. Just as good, I'm told, as Rome. All the old gluttons sit in the hot water, and talk scandal and politics. And the Generals come through the

streets with their guards behind them; and the magistrates come in their chairs with their stiff guards behind them; and you meet fortune-tellers, and goldsmiths, and merchants, and philosophers, and feather sellers, and ultra-Roman Britains, and tame tribesmen pretending to be civilized, and Jew lecturers, and — oh, everybody interesting. We young people, of course, took no interest in politics. We had not the gout; there were many of our age like us. We did not find life sad.

"But while we were enjoying ourselves without thinking, my sister Flavia met the son of the magistrate at Vindomi — and a year afterwards, she was married to him. My young brother, who was always interested in plants and roots, met the First Doctor of a Legion from the City of the Legions, and he decided that he would be an army doctor. I do not think it is a profession for a well-born man, but then — I'm not my brother. He went to Rome to study medicine, and now he's First Doctor to a Legion in Egypt — at Antinoe, I think, but I have not heard from him for some time.

"My eldest brother came across a Greek philosopher, and told my Father that he intended to settle down on the estate as a farmer and a philosopher. You see," the young man's face twinkled, "his philosopher was a long-haired one!"

"I thought philosophers were bald," said Una.

"Not all. She was very pretty. I don't blame him. Nothing could have suited me better than my eldest brother's marrying, for I was only too keen to join the army. I had always feared I should have to stay at home and look after the estate while my brother took *this*."

He rapped on his great glistening shield that never seemed to be in his way.

"So we were well contented — we young people — and we rode back to Clausentum along the Wood Road very quietly. But when we reached home Aglaia, our governess, saw what had come to us. I remember her at the door, the torch held high over her head, watching us climb up the cliff path from the boat. 'Aie! Aie!' she said. 'Children you went away! Men and a woman you return!' Then she kissed Mother, and Mother wept. Thus our visit to the Waters settled our fates for each of us, Maiden."

He rose to his feet, and listened, leaning on the shield-rim.

"I think that's Dan — my brother," said Una.

"Yes, and the Faun is with him," he replied, as Dan with Puck stumbled through the copse.

"We should have come sooner," Puck called, "but the beauties of your native tongue, O Parnesius, have enthralled this young citizen."

Parnesius looked bewildered, even when Una explained.

"Dan said the plural of 'dominus' was 'dominoes,' and when Miss Blake said it wasn't, he said he supposed it was 'back-gammon', and so he had to write it out twice — for cheek, you know."

Dan had climbed into Volaterrae, hot and panting.

"I've run nearly all the way," he gasped, "and then Puck met me. How do you do, Sir?"

"I am in good health," Parnesius answered. "See! I have tried to bend the bow of Ulysses, but —" he held up his thumb.

"I'm sorry. You must have pulled off too soon," said Dan. "But Puck said you were telling Una a story."

"Continue, O Parnesius," said Puck, who had perched himself on a dead branch above them. "I will be chorus. Has he puzzled you much, Una?"

"Not a bit, except I didn't know where Ak — Ak something was," she answered.

"Oh, Aquae Solis. That's Bath — where the buns come from. Let the hero tell his own tale."

Parnesius pretended to thrust with his spear at Puck's legs but Puck reached down, caught at the horsetail plume, and pulled off the tall helmet.

"Thanks, jester," said Parnesius, shaking his head. "That is cooler. Now hang it up for me. I was telling your sister how I joined the army," he said to Dan.

"Did you have to pass an Exam?" Dan asked eagerly.

"No. I went to my father, and said I should like to enter the Dacian Horse (I had seen some at Aquae Solis), but he said I had better begin my service in a regular legion from Rome. Now, like many of our youngsters, I was not too fond of anything Roman. The Roman-born officers and magistrates looked down on us British-born as though we were barbarians. I told my Father so.

"I know they do," he said, "but, remember, after all, we are the People of the Old Stock, and our duty is to the Empire."

"To which Empire?" I asked. "We split the Eagle before I was born."

"What thieves' talk is that?" said my father. He hated slang.

"Well, Sir," I said, "we've one Emperor in Rome. I don't know how many Emperors the outlying provinces have set up from time to time. Which am I to follow?"

"Gratian," said he. "At least he's a sportsman."

"He's all that," I said. "Hasn't he turned himself into a raw-beef-eating Scythian?"

"Where did you hear it?" said the Pater.

"At Aquae Solis," I said. It was perfectly true. This precious Emperor Gratian of ours had a body-guard of fur-cloaked Scythians, and he was so crazy over them that he dressed like them. In Rome! Rome of all places in the world! It was as bad as if my own father had painted himself blue!

"No matter for the clothes," said the Pater. "They are only the fringe of our trouble. It began before your time or mine. Rome has forsaken her Gods, and must be punished. The great war with the Painted People broke out in the very year the temples of our Gods were destroyed. We beat the Painted People in the very year our temples were rebuilt. Go back further still' . . . He went back to the time of Diocletian; and to listen to him you would have thought that Eternal Rome was on the edge of destruction, just because a few people had become a little large-minded.

"I knew nothing about it. Aglaia never taught us the history of our own country. She was so full of her ancient Greeks.

"There is no hope for Rome," said the Pater at last. "She has forsaken her Gods: but if the Gods forgive us here, we may save Britain. To do that, we must keep the Painted People back. Therefore, I tell you, Parnesius, as a Father, that if your heart is set on service, your place is with men on the Wall — and not with women among the cities."

"What Wall?" said Dan and Una together.

"Father meant the one we call Hadrian's Wall. I'll tell you about it later. It was built long ago, across North Britain to keep out the Painted People — Picts you can call

them. Father had fought in the great Pict War that lasted more than twenty years, and he knew what fighting meant. Theodosius, one of our great Generals, had chased the little beasts back behind both Walls before I was born; and down at Vectis we never troubled our heads about them. But when my Father spoke as he did, I kissed his hand, and waited for orders. We British-born Romans know what is due to our parents."

"If I kissed my Father's hand, he'd laugh," said Dan.

"Customs change; but if you did not obey your father, the Gods remember it. You may be quite sure of *that*," said Parnesius.

"After our talks, seeing I was in earnest, the Pater sent me over to Clausentum to learn my foot-drill in a barrack full of foreign auxiliaries — as unwashed and unshaven a mob of mixed barbarians as ever scrubbed a breastplate. It was your stick in their stomachs, and your shield in their faces to push them into any sort of formation. When I had learned my work, the Instructor gave me a handful — and they *were* a handful! — of Gauls and Iberians to polish up till they were sent to their stations up-country. I did my best, and one night, a villa in the suburbs caught fire, and I had my handful out and at work before any of the other troops. I noticed a quiet looking man on the lawn, leaning on a stick. He watched us passing buckets from the pond, and at last he said to me: 'Who are you?'

"A probationer, waiting for a cohort," I answered. I didn't know who he was from Deucalion!

"Born in Britain?" he said.

"Yes, if you were born in Spain," I said, for he neighed his words like an Iberian mule.

"And what might you call yourself when you are at home?" he said laughing.

"That depends," I answered, "sometimes one thing, and sometimes another. But now I'm busy."

"He said no more till we had saved the family gods (they were respectable householders), and then he grunted across the laurels: — 'Listen, young Sometimes-one-thing-and-sometimes-another, in future call yourself Centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth, the Ulpia Victrix. That will help me to remember you! Your father and a few other people call me Maximus!'

"He tossed me the polished stick he was leaning on, and went away. You might have knocked me down with a vinestalk!"

"Who was he?" said Dan.

"Maximus himself. Our great General! The General of Britain who had been Theodosius's right hand in the Pict War. Not only had he given me my Centurion's stick direct, but three steps in a good Legion as well. A new man generally begins in the tenth cohort of his legion, and works up."

"And were you awfully pleased?" said Una.

"Very. I thought Maximus had chosen me for my good looks, and fine style in marching; but, when I went home, the Pater told me he had served under Maximus in the Great Pict War, and had asked him to promote me."

"A child you were!" said Puck from above.

"I was," said Parnesius. "Don't begrudge it me, Faun. Afterwards — the Gods know I put aside the games!" And Puck nodded, brown chin on brown hand, his big eyes still.

"The night before I left, we sacrificed to our ancestors — the usual little Home Sacrifice — but I never before prayed so earnestly to all the Good Shades. And then I crossed with my Father by boat to Regnum, and over the chalk eastwards to Anderida yonder."

"Regnum? Anderida?" The children turned their faces to Puck together.

"Regnum's Chichester," he said, pointing west, and, he threw his arm south behind him — "Anderida's Pevensey."

"Pevensey!" said Dan. "Why, that's close here." It was only ten miles off.

"But that has nothing to do with its age," said Puck. "Pevensey isn't young — even compared to me!"

"The headquarters of the Thirtieth lay at Anderida in summer but my own cohort, the Seventh, was on the Wall up north. Maximus was inspecting auxiliaries — the Abulci I think — at Anderida and we stayed with him, for he and my Father were very old friends. I was only there ten days when I was ordered to go up with thirty men to my Cohort." He laughed merrily. "A man never forgets his first march. I was happier than any Emperor when I led my handful through the North Gate of the Camp, and we saluted the guard and the Altar of Victory there."

"How? How?" said Dan and Una.

Parnesius smiled, and stood up, flashing in his armour.

"So!" said he, and he moved slowly through the beautiful movements of the Salute, that ended with a hollow clang of the shield coming into its place on his broad shoulders.

"Hai!" said Puck. "That sets one thinking!"

"We went out fully armed," said Parnesius, sitting down. "But as soon as the road entered the Great Wood, my men expected the packhorses to hang their shields on. 'No!' I said, 'you can dress like women in Anderida, but while you're with me you will carry your own weapons and armour.'"

"'But it's hot,' said one of them, 'and we haven't a doctor. Suppose we get sun-stroke, or a fever?'"

"'Then die,' I said, 'and a good riddance to Rome! Up shields — up spears — and tighten your foot-wear!'"

"'Don't think yourself Emperor of Britain already,' a fellow said. I knocked him over with the butt of my spear, and explained to these Rome-born Romans, that if there was any further trouble, we should go on with one man short. And, by the Light of the Sun, I meant it too! My raw Gauls at Clausentum had never treated me so."

"Then, quietly as a cloud, Maximus rode out of the fern (my Father behind him), and reined up across the road. He wore purple, as though he were already Emperor, his leggings were of white buckskin laced with gold."

"My men dropped like — like partridges."

"He said nothing for some time, only looked, with his eyes puckered. Then he crooked his forefinger, and my men walked — crawled I mean — to one side."

"'Stand in the sun, children!' he said, and they formed up on the hard road."

"'What would you have done?' he said to me, 'If I had not been here?'"

"'I should have killed that man,' I answered."

"'Kill him now,' he said. 'He will not move a limb.'"

"'No,' I said. 'You've taken my men out of my command. I should only be your butcher if I killed him now.' Do you see what I meant?" Parnesius turned to Dan.

"Yes," said Dan. "It wouldn't have been fair, somehow."

"That was what I thought," said Parnesius. "But Maximus frowned. 'You'll never be an Emperor,' he said. 'Not even a General will you be.'"

"I was silent, but my Father seemed pleased."

"'I came here to see the last of you,' he said smiling."

"'You have seen it,' said Maximus. 'I shall never need your son any more. He will live and he will die a Centurion of a Legion — and he might have been Prefect of one of my provinces. Now eat and drink with us,' he said. 'Your men will wait till you have finished.'"

"My miserable thirty stood like wine-skins glistening in the hot sun, and Maximus led us to where his people had set a meal. Himself he mixed the wine."

"'A year from now,' he said, 'you will remember that you have sat with the Emperor of Britain — and Gaul.'"

"'Yes,' said the Pater, 'you can drive two mules — Gaul and Britain.'"

"'Five years hence, you will remember that you have drunk' — he passed me the cup and there was blue borage in it — 'with the Emperor of Rome!'"

"'No, you can't drive three mules; they will tear you in pieces,' said my Father."

"'And you on the Wall, among the heather, will weep because your notion of justice was more to you than the favor of the Emperor of Rome!'"

"I sat quite still. One does not answer a General who wears the Purple."

"'I am not angry with you,' he went on, 'I owe too much to your father —'"

"'You owe me nothing but advice that you never took,' said the Pater."

"'To be unjust to any of your family. Indeed, I say you will make a good Centurion, but, so far as I am concerned, on the Wall you will live, and on the Wall you will die.'"

"'Very like,' said my Father. 'But we shall have the Picts and their friends breaking through before long. You cannot move all troops out of Britain to make you Emperor, and expect the North to sit quiet.'"

"'I follow my destiny,' said Maximus."

"'Follow it then,' said my Father, pulling up a fern root. 'And die as Theodosius died!'"

"'Ah,' said Maximus. 'My old General was killed because he served the Empire too well. I may be killed, but not for that reason,' and he smiled a little pale gray smile that made my blood run cold."

"Then I had better follow my destiny," I said, 'and take my men to the Wall.'

"He looked at me a long time, and bowed his head slantways like a Spaniard. 'Follow it!' he said. That was all. I was only too glad to get away, though I had many messages for home. I found my men standing as they had been put — they had not even shifted their feet in the dust, and off I marched, still feeling that terrific smile like an east wind up my back. I never halted them till sunset, and — " he turned about, and looked at Pook's Hill below him. "Then I halted there." He pointed to the broken bracken covered shoulder of the Forge Hill behind old Hobden's cottage.

"There? Why that's only the old Forge — where they made iron hundreds of years ago."

"Very good stuff it was too," said Parnesius calmly. "We mended three shoulder straps here, and had a spear-head riveted. The forge was rented from the government by a one-eyed man from Carthage. I remember we called him Cyclops. He sold me a beaverskin rug for my sister's room."

"But it couldn't have been here," Dan insisted.

"But it was! From the Altar of Victory at Anderida to the First Forge in the Woods here, is twelve miles, seven hundred paces. It is all in our Army Road Book. A man doesn't forget his first march. I think I could tell you every station between here and — " He leaned forward, but his eye was caught by the setting sun.

It had come down to the top of Cherry Clack Hill, and the light poured in between the tree trunks so that you could see red, and gold, and black, deep into the heart of Far Wood; and Parnesius in his armour hone as though he had been afire.

"Wait," he said, lifting a hand, and the sunlight jinked on his glass bracelet. "Wait! I pray to Mithras!" He rose and stretched his arms westward, with deep splendid sounding words.

Then Puck began to sing too, in a voice like bells tolling, and as he sang, he slipped from Volaterrae to the ground, and beckoned the children to follow. They obeyed; it seemed as though the voices were pushing them along, and through the goldy brown light on the beech leaves they walked, while Puck between them chanted something like this: —

*Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia
Quam vasa figuli quae sunt fragilia*

They found themselves at the little locked gate of the wood.

*Quo Caesar abiit celsus imperio?
Vel Dives splendidus totus in prandio
Dic ubi Tullius —*

Still singing, Puck took Dan's hand and wheeled him round so as to face Una as she came out of the gate, and it shut behind her, at the same time as he threw the memory-magicking Oak, Ash, and Thorn leaves over their heads.

"Well, you *are* jolly late," said Una. "Couldn't you get away before?"

"I did," said Dan. "I got away in lots of time, but — but I didn't know it was so late. Where've you been?"

"In Volaterrae — waiting for you."

"Sorry," said Dan. "It was all that beastly Latin."

The second story of this series, "On the Great Wall" will be published next month.



REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

VII

FLIGHT FROM THE FATHERLAND

ILLUSTRATED WITH A MAP BY HARRY FENN

At the opening of this article Schurz and his fellow-patriot, Kinkel, are hurrying to the nearest seaport — Schurz having the night before rescued Kinkel from the penitentiary at Spandau near Berlin. — THE EDITOR.



HE sun was up when we greeted the boundary pole of Mecklenburg. Even there we did not by any means feel quite safe, although a little safer than in Prussian territory.

The trot of our horses became slower and slower. One of them appeared utterly exhausted. So we had to stop at the nearest Mecklenburg inn, in Dannenwalde. There Hensel washed the horses with warm water, which helped a little, but only for a short time. In the town of Fürstenberg we had to unharness them for a longer stop because they could go no farther, having put over fifty miles behind them. At last we reached Strelitz where in the person of Judge Petermann, a city magistrate, we had an enthusiastic friend and protector who already in the preceding night had been on the road with one of the relay carriages.

Petermann received us with so demonstrative a joy that I feared he would not refrain from proclaiming the happy event from the windows of his house to the passers-by. In fact, he could not deny himself the pleasure of bringing in some friends. Soon we sat down to a plentiful meal and with merrily clinking glasses we waited for another carriage and fresh horses. Then we took a cordial leave of our friend Hensel. His two fine bays had lain down as soon as they reached the stable, one of them, as I learned later, never to rise again. Honor to his memory!

Petermann accompanied us on the further drive which now went on with uninterrupted rapidity. In Neubrandenburg as well as Teterow we changed horses and by seven o'clock the next morning, the 8th of November, we arrived at the "White Cross Inn" on the Neubrandenburg turnpike near the city of Rostock. Petermann went at once to fetch our friend Moritz Wiggers whose turn it now was to take the management of affairs. Without delay he sent us, in a wagon accompanied by a Rostock merchant by the name of Blume, to Warnemünde, a seaside resort on a fine harbor, where we were cared for in Woehlerts Hotel. Petermann, happy beyond measure that his part of the adventure was so successfully accomplished, turned back to Strelitz. On our journey we had accustomed ourselves to calling Kinkel by the name of Kaiser and myself by the name of Hensel, and these names we inscribed upon the register.

Wiggers had recommended Warnemünde to us as a place of patriarchal customs and conditions where there existed a police only in name and where the local authorities, if they should discover us, would make it their business to protect rather than betray us. There, he thought, it would be safe to remain until a more secure asylum or a favorable opportunity to cross the sea could be found. From the shore of Warnemünde I saw for the first time in my life the sea. I had longed for that spectacle, but the first view of it was disappointing. The horizon appeared to me much narrower and the