WATER BABIES

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

ILLUSTRATED
Down the Tree He Went, Like a Cat.

(Page 18)
THE WATER-BABIES

A Fairy-Tale for Land-Babies

BY

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Slightly abridged, in words of one syllable, and edited by

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Illustrated by

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EDITOR'S FORE-WORD.

To the lit-tle peo-ple, who, if they read, will be sure to like Kings-ley's charm-ing sto-ry.

The au-thor of "The Wa-ter Ba-bies," Charles Kings-ley, was an Eng-lish cler-gy-man, po-et, nov-el-ist, and nat-u-ral-ist. He was born in 1819 in Dev-on-shire, went to col-lege at Cam-bridge, where he took high hon-ors, and, la-ter on, be-came pro-fes-sor of mod-ern his-tory, can-on of Ches-ter and West-min-ster, and was for thir-ty-three years rec-tor of Ever-sley, Hamp-shire, where he died in 1875.

A man of wide and va-ried in-for-ma-tion, and of a chiv-al-rous, knight-ly char-ac-ter, with fine de-scrip-tive pow-ers as a wri-ter, Kings-ley wrote on ma-ny pol-it-ic-al and oth-er top-ics, which won his sym-pa-thies as a Chris-tian so-cial-ist, such as "Al-ton Locke" and "Yeast," be-sides verse, such as his "An-drom-e-da," "The Saint; Trag-e-dy," and ma-ny short dra-mat-ic lyr-ics. But it is as an his-tor-i-cal nov-el-ist, and as a wri-ter of clas-sics for the young, that he is most fav-or-a-bly known and will, no doubt, be best re-mem-bered.

Here his knowl-edge of his-tory and gifts of in-sight, im-ag-i-na-tion and feel-ing best serve him, as is seen in his sto-ries, "Hy-pa-ti-a," a romance of E-gypt in the fifth cen-tu-ry; "Her-e-ward the Wake"; "Two Years A-go"; and his fine nov-el, "West-ward Ho!" with its stir-ring pic-ture of Eng-lish ad-ven-ture in the days of Queen E-liz-a-beth.

More en-ter-tain-ing, for the young at least, were, how-ev-
er, his Greek fair-y tales, en-ti-tled "The He-ros," which deals with the Ar-go-nauts, Per-se-us, and These-us; his in-structive book "Glau-cus, or The Won-ders of the Shore" and, best of all, his de-light-ful "Wa-ter Ba-bies," with its thought-ful par-a-ble, set-ting forth the life of sin un-der the char-ac-ter of the chim-ney sweep, and of sel-fiish-
ness and world-li-ness in the ear-ly car-ee-r of the wa-ter ba-by, and, fi nal-ly, of the change which came to Tom when, un-der the prompt-ings of con-science and the in-fluence of grace, both he and his old task-mas-ter Grimes, de-cide to live a new life and o pen their minds to re-li-gious im-pres-sions. Then were Tom’s eyes o pened, and he saw Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, as beau-ti-ful rather than as ug-ly fair-ies, the change com-ing to both through Di-vine grace.

The mean-ing of all this the young read-ers will per-
haps hard-ly as yet un-der-stand, though it may be fur-
ther ex-plained to them by their eld-ers. Fail-ing to gath-er the full and beau-ti-ful mean-ing Kings-ley had in view in wri-ting the fair-y tale, much may be learned a-bout it in a book by Judge Hughes, au-thor of "Tom Brown’s School Days," as well as from an ar-ti-cle in the pages of "The Kin-der-gar-ten Mag-a-zine" for May, 1905, by a re-vered friend of the pre-
sent writ-er, Prof. Wm. Clark, D. D., D. C. L., of Trin-i-
y U-ni-ver-si-ty, Tor-on-to, Can-a-da.

The ed-i-tor has on-ly to add that, to make the sto-ry pure-
ly one of de-light and in-ter-est to young read-ers, some parts of it have been a-bridged, as be-ing be-yond the com-pre-
hen-sion of the youth-ful mind. He has fur-
ther sim-pli-fied the sto-ry by break-ing the words into syl-la-bles.

New York, Easter, 1905.

G. M. A.
CHAPTER I.

TOM, THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Once up-on a time there was a lit-tle chim-ney sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it be-fore, so you will not have much trou-ble in re-mem-ber-ing it. He lived in a great town in England, where there were plen-ty of chim-neys to sweep, and plen-ty of mon-ey for Tom to earn and his mas-ter to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do ei-ther; and he nev-er washed him-self, for there was no wa-ter up the court where he lived. He had nev-er been taught to say his pray-ers. He nev-er had heard of God, or of Christ, ex-cept in words which you nev-er have heard, and which it would have been well if he had nev-er heard. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rub-bing his poor knees and el-bows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did ev-ery day in the week; and when his mas-ter beat him, which he did ev-ery day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which hap-pened ev-ery day in the week like-wise. And he laughed the oth-er half of the day, when he was tos-sing pen-nies with the oth-er boys, or play-ing leap-frog o-ver the posts, or bowl-ing stones at the hors-es’ legs as they trot-ted by, which last was fun when there was a wall at hand be-hind which to hide.

As for chim-ney sweep-ing, and be-ing hun-gry, and be-ing beat-en, Tom took all that for the way of the world, like the
rain and snow and thun-der, and stood man-ful-ly with his back to it till it was o-ver, as his old don-key did to a hail-
storm, and then shook his ears and was as jol-ly as ev-er; and
thought of the fine times com-ing, when he would be a man,
and a mas-ter sweep, and sit in the pub-lic-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards, and keep a white bull-
dog with one gray ear, and car-ry her pup-pies in his poc-ket, just like a man. And he would have ap-pren-ti-ces, one, two, three, if he could. How he would bul-ly them, and knock them a-bout, just as his mas-ter did to him; and make them car-ry home the soot-sacks, while he rode be-fore them on his don-key, with a pipe in his mouth and a flow-er in his but-ton-hole, like a king at the head of his army. Yes, there were good times com-ing; and when his mas-ter let him have a pull at the leav-ings of his beer, Tom was the jol-li-est boy in the whole town.

One day a smart lit-tle groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hid-ing be-hind a wall to heave half a brick at his horse’s legs, as is the cus-tom of that coun-try when they wel-come strang-ers; but the groom saw him, and hal-loed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chim-ney-sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom’s own mas-ter; and Tom was a good man of busi-ness, and al-ways civ-il to cus-
tom-ers, so he put the half-brick down qui-et-ly be-hind the wall, and pro-ceed-ed to take or-ders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morn-ing to Sir John Harth-o-ver’s, at the Place, for his old chim-ney-sweep was gone to pris-on, and the chim-neys want-ed sweep-ing. And so he rode a-way, not giv-ing Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to pris-on for, which was a mat-ter of in-ter-est to Tom, as he had been in pris-on once or twice him-self.

His mas-ter was so de-light-ed at his new cus-tom-er that
he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night than he was wont to do. And, when he got up at four the next morn-ing, he knocked Tom down a-gain, in order to teach him (as young gen-tle-men used to be taught at pub-lic schools) that he must be an ex-tra good boy that day, as they were go-ing to a very great house, and might make a very good thing of it, if they could but give sat-is-fac-tion.

And Tom thought so too, and, in-deed, would have done and be-haved his best, even with-out being knocked down. For of all places upon earth, Harth-o-ver Place (which he had nev-er seen) was the most won-der-ful; and of all men on earth, Sir John (whom he had seen, hav-ing been sent to jail by him twice) was the most aw-ful.

Harth-o-ver Place was really a grand place, and so Tom and his mas-ter set out for it. Grimes rode the don-key in front, and Tom and the brush-es walked be-hind — out of the court, and up the street, past the closed win-dow-shut-ters, and the wink-ing wear-y po-lice-men, and the roofs all shin-ing gray in the gray dawn.

They passed through the pit-men’s or mi-ners’ vill-age, all shut up and si-lent now, and through the turn-pike; and then they were out in the real coun-try, and plod-ding a-long the black dus-ty road, be-tween black slag walls, with no sound but the groan-ing and thump-ing of the pit en-gine in the next field. But soon the road grew white, and the walls like-wise; and at the wall’s foot grew long grass and gay flow-ers, all drenched with dew; and in-stead of the groan-ing of the pit en-gine, they heard the sky-lark say-ing his mat-ins¹ high up in the air, and the pit-bird war-bling in the sedg-es, as he had war-bled all night long.

All else was si-lent. For old Mrs. Earth was still fast

¹ Mat-ins: Morn-ing songs or pray-ers.
a-sleep; and, like many pret-ty people, she looked still pret-
ti-er a-sleep than a-wake. The great elm-trees in the gold-
green mead-ows were fast a-sleep above, and the cows fast a-sleep be-neath them; nay, the few clouds which were a-bout were fast a-sleep like-wise, and so tired that they had lain down on the earth to rest, in long white flakes and bars, a-mong the stems of the elm-trees, and a-long the tops of the al-ders by the stream, wait-ing for the sun to bid them rise and go a-bout their day’s bus-iness in the clear blue o-ver-head.

On they went; and Tom looked and looked, for he nev-er had been so far into the coun-try be-fore, and longed to get o-ver a gate and pick but-ter-cups, and look for birds’ nests in the hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of bus-iness, and would not have heard of that.

Soon they came up with a poor I-rish-wom-an, trudg-ing a-long with a bun-dle at her back. She had a gray shawl over her head, and a crim-son mad-der pet-ti-coat; so you may be sure she came from Gal-way. She had nei-ther shoes nor stock-ings, and limped a-long as if she were tired and foot-sore; but she was a very tall, hand-some wom-an, with bright gray eyes, and heav-y black hair hang-ing about her cheeks. And she took Mr. Grimes’s fan-cy so much, that when he came a-long-side he called out to her,—

"This is a hard road for a neat, shape-ly foot like that. Will ye up, lass, and ride be-hind me?"

But per-haps she did not ad-mire Mr. Grimes’s look and voice, for she an-swered qui-et-ly,—

"No, thank you; I’d soon-er walk with your lit-tle lad here."

"You may please your-self," growled Grimes, and went on smok-ing.

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked
him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about him-self, till Tom thought he had nev-er met such a pleas-ant spo-ken wom-an. And she asked him, at last, wheth-er he said his pray-ers, and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no pray-ers to say.

Then he asked her where she lived, and she said far a-way by the sea. And Tom asked her a-bout the sea; and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in win-ter nights, and lay still in the bright sum-mer days for the chil-dren to bathe and play in it; and many a sto-ry more, till Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it too.

At last, at the bot-tom of a hill, they came to a spring, which flowed from a cave. And there Grimes stopped and looked; and Tom looked too. Tom was won-der-ing wheth-er any-thing lived in that dark cave, and came out at night to fly in the mead-ows. But Grimes was not won-der-ing at all. With-out a word he got off his don-key, and clam-bered over the low road wall, and knelt down, and began dip-ping his ug-ly head into the spring — and very dir-ty he made it.

Tom was pick-ing the flow-ers as fast as he could. The I-rish-wom-an helped him, and showed him how to tie them up; and a very pret-ty nose-gay they had made be-tween them. But when he saw Grimes ac-ту-al-ly wash, he stopped, quite as-ton-ished; and when Grimes had fin-ished, and began shak-ing his ears to dry them, he said,—

"Why, mas-ter, I nev-er saw you do that be-fore."

"Nor will a-gain, most like-ly. 'Twasn’t for clean-li-ness I did it, but for cool-ness. I’d be a-shamed to want wash-ing every week or so, like any dir-ty col-li-er lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor lit-tle Tom. "It must be as good as put-ting it un-der the town pump; and there is no one here to drive a chap a-way."
“Thou come a-long,” said Grimes; “what dost want with wash-ing thy-self? Thou didst not drink half a gal-lon of beer last night, like me.”

“I don’t care for you,” said naugh-ty Tom, and ran down to the stream and be-gan wash-ing his face.

Grimes was very sul-ky be-cause the wom-an pre-ferred Tom’s com-pan-y to his; so he dashed at him with hor-rid words, and tore him up from his knees, and be-gan beat-ing him. But Tom was used to that, and got his head safe be-tween Mr. Grimes’s legs and kicked his shins with all his might.

“Are you not a-shamed of your-self, Thomas Grimes?” cried the I-rish-wom-an o-ver the wall.

Grimes looked up, star-tled at her know-ing his name; but all he an-swered was, “No, nor nev-er was yet;” and went on beat-ing Tom.

“True for you. If you had been a-shamed of your-self, you would have gone over into Ven-dale long a-go.”

“What do you know a-bout Ven-dale?” shout-ed Grimes; but he left off beat-ing Tom.

“I know a-bout Ven-dale, and a-bout you, too. I know, for in-stance, what hap-pened in Al-der-mire Copse, by night, two years a-go come Mar-tin-mas.”

“You do?” shout-ed Grimes; and leav-ing Tom, he climbed up over the wall and faced the wom-an. Tom thought he was go-ing to strike her; but she looked him too full and fierce in the face for that.

“Yes; I was there,” said the I-rish-wom-an qui-et-ly.

“You are no I-rish-wom-an, by your speech,” said Grimes, af-ter ma-ny bad words.

1 Mar-tin-mas: for-mer-ly an Eng-lish hol-i-day, the Feast of St. Mar-tin (11th of Nov-em-ber).
"Never mind who I am. I saw what I saw; and if you strike that boy again, I can tell what I know."

Grimes seemed quite cowed, and got on his donkey without another word.

"Stop!" said the Irish-woman. "I have one more word for you both; for you will both see me again before all is over. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember!"

And she turned away, and through a gate into the meadow. Grimes stood still a moment, like a man who had been stunned. Then he rushed after her, shouting, "You come back." But when he got into the meadow, the woman was not there.

Had she hidden away? There was no place to hide in. But Grimes looked about, and Tom also, for he was as puzzled as Grimes himself at her disappearing so suddenly; but look where they would, she was not there.

Grimes came back again as silent as a post, for he was a little frightened; and getting on his donkey, filled a fresh pipe, and smoked away, leaving Tom in peace.

And now they had gone three miles and more, and came to Sir John's lodge-gates.

Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates, as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back door, where the ash-boy let them in, yawning horribly; and then in a passage the house-keeper met them, in such a flow-ered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for my lady herself; and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he was going up the chimneys, and not Tom. And Grimes listened, and said ever-y now and then, under his voice,
"You'll mind that, you little beggar?" and Tom did mind, all at least that he could. And then the house-keeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice; and so, after a whimper or two and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went and up the chimney, while a house-maid stayed in the room to watch the furniture.

How many chimneys Tom swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed, but such as you would find—if you would only get up them and look, which perhaps you would not like to do—in old country houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran into one another. So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitch darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground; but at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never been in gentlefolk's rooms but when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the ladies to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white,—white window-curtains, white bed-curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flow'ers, and the walls were hung with
pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs among them, not even a terrier. But the two pictures which took his fancy most were, one a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children’s heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady’s room. For he could see that it was a lady’s room by the dresses which lay about.

The next thing he saw, and that, too, puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water—“what a heap of things all for washing! She must be a very dirty lady,” thought Tom, “by my master’s rule, to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterwards, for I don’t see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels.”

And then, looking to the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath in astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and gold-en hair, and wondered whether she was a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.
No. She can-not be dir-ty. She nev-er could have been dir-ty, thought Tom to him-self. And then he thought, "And are all peo-ple like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and won-dered wheth-er it ev-er would come off. "Cer-tain-ly I should look much pret-ti-er then, if I grew at all like her."

And look-ing round, he sud-den-ly saw, stand-ing close to him, a lit-tle ug-ly, black, rag-ged fig-ure, with bleared eyes and grin-ning white teeth. He turned on it an-gri-ly. What did such a lit-tle black ape want in that sweet young la-dy’s room? And be-hold, it was him-self, re-reflect-ed in a great mir-ror the like of which Tom had nev-er seen be-fore.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dir-ty; and burst into tears with shame and an-ger; and turned to sneak up the chim-ney a-gain and hide; and up-set the fend-er and threw the fire-i-rons down, with a noise as of ten thou-sand tin ket-tles tied to ten thou-sand mad dogs’ tails.

Up jumped the lit-tle white lady in her bed, and, see-ing Tom, screamed as shrill as any pea-cock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and see-ing Tom, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plun-der, des-troy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fend-er, so fast that she caught him by the jack-et.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a po-lice-man’s hands many a time, and out of them too, what is more; and he would have been a-shamed to face his friends for-ev-er if he had been stu-pid e-nough to be caught by an old wom-an; so he doub-led un-der the good la-dy’s arm, a-cross the room, and out of the win-dow in a mo-ment.

All un-der the win-dow spread a tree, with great leaves and sweet white flowers, al-most as big as his head. It was a mag-
no-li-a, I suppose; but Tom knew nothing about that, and cared less; for down the tree he went like a cat, and acros the gar-den lawn, and over the i-ron rail-ings, and up the park to-wards the wood, leav-ing the old nurse to scream mur-der and fire at the win-dow.

Nev-er was there heard at Hall Place — not e-ven when the fox was killed in the con-serv-a-tory, a-mong a-cres of bro-ken glass and tons of smashed flow-er-pots — such a noise, row, hub-bub, and to-tal con-tempt of dig-ni-ty, re-pose, and or-der, as that day, when Grimes, the gar-den-er, the groom, the dai-ry-maid, Sir John, the stew-ard, the plow-man, the keep-er, and the I-rish-wom-an,— all ran up the park, shout-ing “Stop thief,” in the be-lief that Tom had at least a thou-sand pounds’ worth of jew-els in his emp-ty pock-ets; and the very mag-pies and jays fol-lowed Tom up, screak-ing and scream-ing, as if he were a hunt-ed fox.

Tom, of course, made for the woods. He had nev-er been in a wood in his life; but he was sharp e-nough to know that he might hide in a bush, or swarm up a tree, and, al-to-geth-er, had more chance there than in the o-pen. If he had not known that, he would have been fool-ish-er than a mouse or a min-now.

But when he got into the wood, he found it a very dif-fer-ent sort of place from what he had fan-cied. He pushed into a thick cov-er of rho-do-den-drons, and found him-self at once caught in a trap. The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms, poked him in his face and his stom-ach, made him shut his eyes tight (though that was no great loss, for he could not see at best a yard before his nose); and when he got through the rho-do-den-drons, the has-sock-grass and sedges tum-bled him over, and cut his poor lit-tle fin-gers af-ter-wards most spite-ful-ly; the birches birched him as sound-ly as if he had
been a no-ble-man at Eton, and over the face too (which is not fair swish-ing, as all brave boys will a-gree); and the bram-bles tripped him, and tore his shins as if they had sharks’ teeth.

“ I must get out of this,” thought Tom, “ or I shall stay here till some-body comes to help me — which is just what I don’t want.”

But how to get out was the dif-fi-cult mat-ter. And in-deed I don’t think he would ever have got out at all, but have stayed there till the cock-rob-ins cov-ered him with leaves, if he had not sud-den-ly run his head a-gainst a wall.

Now, run-ning your head a-gainst a wall is not pleas-ant, es-pe-cial-ly if it is a loose wall, with the stones all set on edge, and a sharp-cor-nered one hits you be-tween the eyes, and makes you see all man-ner of beau-ti-ful stars. The stars are very beau-ti-ful cer-tain-ly; but un-for-tu-nate-ly they go in the twen-ty-thou-sandth part of a split sec-ond, and the pain which comes after them does not. And so Tom hurt his head; but he was a brave boy, and did not mind that a pen-ny. He guessed that over the wall the cov-er would end; and up it he went, and o-ver like a squir-rel.

And there he was, out on the great grouse-moors, which the coun-try-folk called Harth-o-ver Fell — heath-er and bog and rock, stretch-ing a-way and up, up to the very sky.

Now, Tom was a cun-ning lit-tle fellow — as cun-ning as an old Exmoor stag. Why not? Though he was but ten years old, he had lived long-er than most stags, and had more wits to start with in-to the bar-gain.

He knew as well as a stag that if he backed he might throw the hounds out. So the first thing he did when he was o-ver the wall was to make the neat-est dou-ble sharp to his right, and run a-long un-der the wall for near-ly half a mile.
Where-by Sir John, and the keep-er, and the stew-ar-d, and the gar-den-er, and the plow-man, and the dairy-maid, and all the hue-and-cry to-geth-er, went on a-head half a mile in the very op-po-site di-rec-tion, and in-side the wall, leav-ing him a mile off on the out-side; while Tom heard their shouts die a-way in the woods, and chuc-kled to him-self mer-ri-ly.

At last he came to a dip in the land, and went to the bot-tom of it, and then he turned brave-ly a-way from the wall and up the moor; for he knew that he had put a hill be-tween him and his en-e-mies, and could go on without their see-ing him.

But the I-rish-wom-an alone, of them all, had seen which way Tom went. She had kept a-head of ev-er-y one the whole time; and yet she nei-ther walked nor ran. She went a-long quite smooth-ly and grace-ful-ly, while her feet twin-kled past each oth-er so fast that you could not see which was fore-most; till ev-er-y one asked the oth-er who the strange wom-an was, and all a-greed, for want of any-thing bet-ter to say, that she must be in league with Tom.

But when she came to the woods, they lost sight of her; and they could do no less. For she went qui-et-ly o-ver the wall after Tom, and fol-lowed him wher-ev-er he went, but Sir John and the oth-ers saw no more of her.

And now he be-gan to get a lit-tle hun-gry, and ver-y thir-sty; for he had run a long way, and the sun had ris-en high in heav-en, and the rock was as hot as an oven.

But he could see noth-ing to eat any-where, and still less to drink.

Yet he went on and on, till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church-bells ring-ing a long way off.

"Ah!" he thought, "where there is a church there will be hous-es and peo-ple; and per-haps some one will give me
a bite and a sup." So he set off a-gain to look for the church; for he was sure that he heard the bells quite plain.

And in a min-ute more, when he looked round, he stopped a-gain, and said, "Why, what a big place the world is!"

And so it was; for from the top of the moun-tain he could see — what could he not see?

To his right rose moor after moor, hill after hill, till they fa-ded a-way, blue into blue sky. But be-tween him and those moors, and real-ly at his feet, lay some-thing, to which, as soon as Tom saw it, he de-ter-mined to go, for that was the place for him.

A deep, deep green and rock-y val-ley, ver-y nar-row, and filled with wood; but through the wood, hun-dreds of feet be-low him, he could see a clear stream glance. Oh, if he could but get down to that stream! Then, by the stream, he saw the roof of a lit-tle cot-tage, and a lit-tle gar-den set out in squares and beds. And there was a ti-ny lit-tle red thing mov-ing in the gar-den, no big-ger than a fly. As Tom looked down, he saw that it was a wom-an in a red pet-ti-coat. Ah! per-haps she would give him some-thing to eat. And there were the church-bells ring-ing a-gain. Sure-ly there must be a vil-lage down there. Well, no-body would know him, or what had hap-pened at the Place. The news could not have got there yet, even if Sir John had set all the po-lice-men in the coun-ty af-ter him; and he could get down there in five min-utes.

Tom was quite right about the hue-and-cry not hav-ing got thith-er; for he had come with-out know-ing it the best part of ten miles from Harth-o-ver; but he was wrong about get-ting down in five min-utes, for the cot-tage was more than a mile off, and a good thou-sand feet be-low.

How-ev-er, down he went, like a brave lit-tle man as he
was, though he was very foot-sore and tired and hun-gry and thirst-y; while the church-bells rang so loud, he be-gan to think that they must be in-side his own head, and the riv-er chimed and tin-kled far be-low.

So Tom went down, and all the while he nev-er saw the I-rish-wom-an go-ing down be-hind him.
CHAPTER II.

TOM BECOMES A WATER-BABY.

A mile off, and a thou-sand feet down.
So Tom found it, though it seemed as if he could have chucked a peb-ble on to the back of the wom-an in the red pet- ti-coat who was weed-ing in the gar-den, or even a-cross the dale to the rocks be-yond. For the bot-tom of the val-ley was just one field broad, and on the oth-er side ran the stream; and a-bove it, gray crag, gray down, gray stair, gray moor, walled up to heav-en.

So Tom went to go down; stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jol-ly lit-tle black ape, with four hands in-stead of two.

And all the while he nev-er saw the I-rish-wom-an com-ing down be-hind him.

At last he got to the bot-tom. But, be-hold, it was not the bot-tom — as peo-ple u-su-al-ly find when they are com-ing down a moun-tain. For at the foot of the crag were heaps and heaps of fal-len lime-stone of every size, from that of your head to that of a stage-wag-on, with holes between them full of sweet heath-fern; and be-fore Tom got through them he was out in the bright sun-shine a-gain, and then he felt, once for all and sud-den-ly, as peo-ple gen-er-ally do, that he was b-e-a-t, beat.

He lay down on the grass till the bee-tles ran over him, and the flies set-bled on his nose. I don’t know when he would
have got up a-gain, if the gnats and the mid-ges had not taken pity on him. But the gnats blew their trump-ets so loud in his ear, and the mid-ges nib-bled so at his hands and face wher-ev-er they could find a place free from soot, that at last he woke up, and stum-bled away, down o-ver a low wall and into a nar-row road, and up to the cot-tage door.

SO TOM WENT TO GO DOWN, AS IF HE HAD BEEN BORN A JOL-LY LIT-TLE BLACK APE.

He came slow-ly up to the o-pen door, which was all hung round with clem-a-tis and ro-ses, and then peeped in, half a-fraid.

And there sat by the emp-ty fire-place, which was filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nic-est old wom-an that ever was seen, in her red pet-ti-coat, and short dim-i-ty bed-gown, and clean white cap, with a black silk hand-ker-chief over it, tied
un-der her chin. At her feet sat the grand-fa-ther of all the cats; and op-po-site her sat, on two ben-ches, twelve or four-
teen neat, ro-sy, chub-by lit-tle chil-dren, learn-ing their Chris-
cross-row;1 and gab-ble enough they made a-bout it.

Such a pleas-ant cot-tage it was, with a shin-y, clean, stone
floor, and cu-ri-ous old prints on the walls, and an old black
oak side-board full of bright pew-ter and brass dish-es, and a
cuck-oo clock in the cor-ner, which began shout-ing as soon
as Tom appeared; not that it was fright-en ed at Tom, but that
it was just eleven o’clock.

All the chil-dren start-ed at Tom’s dir-ty, black fig-ure—
the girls be-gan to cry, and the boys be-gan to laugh, and all
pointed at him rude-ly e-nough; but Tom was too tired to
care for that.

" What art thou, and what dost want? " cried the old dame.
" A chim-ney-sweep! A-way with thee! I’ll have no sweeps
here."

" Wa-ter," said poor lit-tle Tom, quite faint.
" Water? There’s plen-ty i’ the brook," she said quite
sharp-ly.

" But I can’t get there; I’m most starved with hun-ger
and thirst." And Tom sank down upon the door-step and
laid his head a-gainst the post.

And the old dame looked at him through her spec-ta-cles
one min-ute, and two, and three; and then she said, " He’s
sick; and a bairn’s a bairn, sweep or none."

" Wa-ter," said Tom.
" God for-give me! " and she put by her spec-ta-cles, and
rose and came to Tom. " Wa-ter’s bad for thee; I’ll give
thee milk." And she tod-dled off into the next room, and
brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread.

1 Chris-cross-row: the alphabet arranged in the form of a Cross, as a charm.
Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up re-vived.

"Where didst come from?" asked the dame.

"Over Fell, there," said Tom, and point-ed up in-to the sky.

"Over Harth-o-ver, and down Lew-thwaite Crag? Art sure thou art not ly-ing?"

"Why should I?" said Tom, and leaned his head a-gainst the post.

"And how got ye up there?"

"I came over from the Place;" and Tom was so tired and des-per-ate he had no heart or time to think of a story, so he told all the truth in a few words.

"Bless thy little heart! And thou hast not been steal-ing, then?"

"No."

"Bless thy lit-tle heart! and I'll war-rant not. Why, God's guid-ed the bairn, be-cause he was in-no-cent! A-way from the Place, and over Harth-o-ver Fell, and down Lew-thwaite Crag! Who ever heard the like, if God hadn't led him? Why dost not eat thy bread?"

"I can't."

"It's good e-nough, for I made it my-self."

"I can't," said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees, and then asked,—

"Is it Sun-day?"

"No, then; why should it be?"

"Be-cause I hear the church-bells ring-ing so."

"Bless thy pret-ty heart! The bairn's sick. Come wi' me, and I'll wrap thee up some-where. If thou wert a bit clean-er I'd put thee in my own bed, for the Lord's sake. But come a-long here."
But when Tom tried to get up, he was so tired and gid-dy that she had to help him and lead him.

She put him in an out-house upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was o-ver, in an hour’s time.

And so she went in a-gain, ex-pect-ing Tom to fall fast a-sleep at once.

But Tom did not fall a-sleep.

In-stead of it, he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strang-est way, and felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the riv-er and cool him-self; and then he fell half a-sleep, and dreamt that he heard the lit-tle white lady cry-ing to him, “Oh, you’re so dir-ty; go and be washed;” and then that he heard the I-rish-wom-an say-ing, “Those that wish to be clean; clean they will be.”

And all of a sud-den he found him-self, not in the out-house on the hay, but in the mid-dle of a mead-ow, o-ver the road, with the stream just before him, say-ing con-tin-u-ally, “I must be clean, I must be clean.” He had got there on his own legs, be-tween sleep and a-wake, as chil-dren will oft-en get out of bed and go a-bout the room, when they are not quite well. But he was not a bit sur-prised, and went on to the bank of the brook and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear, clear lime-stone wa-ter, with every peb-ble at the bot-tom bright and clean, while the lit-tle sil-ver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of his black face; and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said, “I will be a fish; I will swim in the wa-ter; I must be clean; I must be clean.”

“Ah,” said Tom, “I must be quick and wash my-self; the bells are ring-ing quite loud now; and they will stop soon,
and then the door will be shut, and I shall nev-er be able to
get in at all.”

And all the while he nev-er saw the I-rish-wom-an, not be-
hind him this time, but be-fore.

For just be-fore he came to the riv-er-side, she had stepped
down into the cool, clear wa-ter; and her shawl and her pet-
ti-coat float-ed off her, and the green wa-ter-weeds float-ed
round her sides, and the white wa-ter-lil-ies float-ed round her
head, and the fair-ies of the stream came up from the bot-tom
and bore her a-way and down upon their arms; for she was
the Queen of them all, and per-haps of more be-sides.

“Where have you been?” they asked her.

“I have been smooth-ing sick folks’ pil-lows, and whis-per-
ing sweet dreams into their ears; o-pen-ing cot-tage case-
ments to let out the sti-fling air; coax-ing lit-tle chil-dren
a-way from gut-ters and foul pools where fe-ver breeds; turn-
ing wom-en from the gin-shop door, and stay-ing men’s hands
as they were go-ing to strike their wives; do-ing all I can to
help those who will not help them-selves — and lit-tle e-nough
that is, and wear-y work for me. But I have brought you a
new lit-tle broth-er, and watched him safe all the way here.”

Then all the fair-ies laughed for joy at the thought that
they had a lit-tle broth-er com-ing.

“But mind, maid-ens, he must not see you, or know that
you are here. He is but a sav-age now, and like the beasts
which per-ish; and from the beasts which per-ish he must
learn. So you must not play with him, or speak to him, or
let him see you; but on-ly keep him from be-ing harmed.”

Then the fair-ies were sad be-cause they could not play with
their new broth-er, but they al-ways did what they were told.

And their Queen float-ed a-way down the riv-er; and whith-
er she went, thith-er she came. But all this Tom, of course,
never saw or heard; and perhaps if he had it would have made little difference in the story; for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he threw himself as quickly as he could into the clear cool stream.

And he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, cosiest sleep that ever he had in his life; and he dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning, and the tall elm-trees, and the sleeping cows; and after that he dreamt of nothing at all.

The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple; and yet hardly any one has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

The kind old dame came back at twelve, when school was over, to look at Tom; but there was no Tom there. She looked about for his footprints; but the ground was so hard that there was no track.

So the old dame went in again quite sulky, thinking that little Tom had tricked her with a false story, and shammed ill, and then ran away again.

But she changed her mind the next day. For when Sir John and the rest of them had run themselves out of breath, and lost Tom, they went back again, looking very foolish.

And they looked more foolish still when Sir John heard more of the story from the nurse; and more foolish still, again, when they heard the whole story from Miss Ellie, the little lady in white. All she had seen was a poor little black chimney-sweep, crying and sobbing, and going to get up the chimney again. Of course, she was much frightened, and no wonder. But that was all. The boy had taken nothing in the room; by the mark of his little sooty feet,
they could see that he had nev-er been off the hearth-rug till the nurse caught hold of him. It was all a mis-take.

And Tom?

Ah, now comes the most won-der-ful part of this won-der-ful sto-ry. Tom, when he woke, for of course he woke,—chil-dren al-ways wake aft-er they have slept ex-act-ly as long as is good for them,—found him-self swim-ming a-bout in the stream, be-ing a-bout four inch-es long, and hav-ing round his neck and un-der his ears a set of gills just like those of a young liz-ard, which he mis-took for a lace frill, till he pulled at them, found he hurt him-self, and made up his mind that they were part of him-self, and best left a-lone.

In fact, the fair-ies had turned him into a wa-ter-ba-by.

A wa-ter-ba-by? You nev-er heard of a wa-ter-ba-by. Per-haps not. That is the very rea-son why this sto-ry was writ-ten. There are a great ma-ny things in the world which you nev-er heard of; and a great ma-ny more which no-body ever heard of; and a great ma-ny things, too, which no-body, per-haps, will ever hear of.

“But there are no such things as wa-ter-ba-bies.”

No wa-ter-ba-bies, in-deed? Why, wise men of old said that ev-ery-thing on earth had its dou-ble in the wa-ter; and you may see that that is, if not quite true, still quite as true as most oth-er no-tions which you are like-ly to hear for ma-ny a day. There are land-ba-bies — then, why not wa-ter-ba-bies?

At all e-vents, so it hap-pened to Tom — he had be-come a wa-ter-ba-by. And there-fore the keep-er, and the groom, and Sir John made a great mis-take, and were ver-y un-happy (Sir John at least) with-out any rea-son, when they found a black thing in the wa-ter, and said it was Tom’s bod-y, and that he had been drowned. They were ut-ter-ly mis-tak-en.
Tom was quite a-live, and clean-er and mer-ri-er than he ev-er had been. The fair-ies had washed him, you see, in the swift riv-er, so well that not on-ly his dirt, but his whole husk and shell had been washed quite off him; and the pret-ty lit-tle real Tom was washed out of the in-side of it, and swam away, as a cad-dis\(^1\) does when its case of stones and silk is bored through, and a-way it goes on its back, pad-dling to the shore, there to split its skin, and fly away as a ca-per-er,\(^2\) on four fawn-col-ored wings, with long legs and horns. They are fool-ish fel-lows, the ca-per-ers, and fly into the can-dle at night if you leave the door o-pen. We will hope Tom will be wis-er, now he has got safe out of his soot-y old shell.

But good Sir John did not un-der-stand all this; and he took it into his head that Tom was drowned. When they looked into the emp-ty pock-ets of his shell, and found no jew-els there, nor mon-ey,— noth-ing but three mar-bles, and a brass but-ton with a string to it,— then Sir John did some-thing as like cry-ing as ev-er he did in his life, and blamed him-self more bit-ter-ly than he need have done. So he cried, and the groom-boy cried, and the hunts-man cried, and the dame cried, and the lit-tle girl cried, and the dai-ry-maid cried, and the old nurse cried (for it was some-what her fault), and my la-dy cried, for though peo-ple have wigs, that is no rea-son why they should not have hearts; but the keep-er did not cry, though he had been so good-na-tured to Tom the morn-ing be-fore; for he was so dried up with run-ning after poach-ers, that you could no more get tears out of him than milk out of leath-er; and Grimes did not cry, for Sir John gave him ten pounds, and he drank it all in a week.

\(^1\) Caddis (or caddice): a worm which, when it issues from its larva condition from its shell, becomes a winged insect somewhat like a butterfly.

\(^2\) Caperer: the caddis-fly es-cap ed from its case or shell.
Sir John sent far and wide to find Tom’s father and mother; but he might have looked till Dooms-day for them, for one was dead, and the other was in Australia. And the little girl would not play with her dolls for a whole week, and never for-got poor lit-tle Tom. And soon my la-dy put a pret-ty lit-tle tomb-stone over Tom’s shell in the lit-tle church-yard in Ven-dale, where the old dales-men all sleep side by side be-tween the lime-stone crags. And the dame decked it with gar-lands every Sun-day, till she grew so old that she could not stir a-broad; then the lit-tle chil-dren decked it for her. And al-ways she sang an old, old song, as she sat spin-ning what she called her wed-ding-dress. The chil-dren could not un-der-stand it, but they liked it none the less for that; for it was very sweet, and very sad; and that was e-nough for them. And these are the words of it:—

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.
Those are the words; but they are on-ly the bod-y of it: the soul of the song was the dear old wom-an’s sweet face and sweet voice, and the sweet old air to which she sang; and that, alas! one can-not put on pa-per. And at last she grew so stiff and lame, that the an-gels were forced to car-ry her; and they helped her on with her wed-ding-dress, and car-ried her up over Harth-o-ver Fells, and a long way be-yond that too; and there was a new school-mis-tress in Ven-dale.

And all the while Tom was swim-ming a-bout in the riv-er, with a pret-ty lit-tle lace col-lar of gills a-bout his neck, as live-ly as a crick-et, and as clean as a fresh-run salm-on.
CHAPTER III.

THE WATER FAIRIES AND THE SALMON.

He pray-eth well who lov-eth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He pray-eth best who lov-eth best
All things both great and small:
For the dear God who lov-eth us,
He made and lov-eth all.

Coleridge.

Tom was now quite am-phi-bi-ous, and, what was bet-ter still, he was clean. For the first time in his life, he felt how com-fort-a-ble it was to have noth-ing on him but him-self. But he only en-joyed it: he did not know it, or think about it; just as you en-joy life and health, and yet never think a-bout being a-live and health-y; and may it be long be-fore you have to think a-bout it!

Tom was ver-y hap-py in the wa-ter. He had been sad-ly o-ver-worked in the land-world; and so now, to make up for that, he had noth-ing but hol-i-days in the wa-ter-world for a long, long time to come. He had noth-ing to do now but en-joy him-self, and look at all the pret-ty things which are to be

1 Amphibious: part fish and part beast, and so able to live both on land and in water.
seen in the cool, clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot, and the frost is never too cold.

And what did he live on? Water-cress, perhaps; or perhaps water-gruel and water-milk; too many land-babies do like-wise. But we do not know what one-tenth of the water-things eat, so we are not answerable for the water-babies.

Now, you must know that all the things under the water talk; only not such a language as ours, but such as horses and dogs and cows and birds talk to each other; and Tom soon learned to understand them and talk to them; so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had only been a good boy. But I am sorry to say, he was too like some other little boys, very fond of hunting and tormenting creatures for mere sport. Some people say that boys cannot help it; that it is nature, and only a proof that we are all originaly descended from beasts of prey. But whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it, and must help it. For if they have naughty, low, mischievous tricks in their nature, as monkeys have, that is no reason why they should give way to those tricks like monkeys, who know no better. And therefore they must not torment dumb creatures; for if they do, a certain old lady who is coming will surely give them exactly what they deserve.

But Tom did not know that; and he pecked the poor water-things about sadly, till they were all afraid of him, and got out of his way, or crept into their shells, so he had no one to speak to or play with.

The water-fairies, of course, were very sorry to see him so unhappy, and longed to take him, and tell him how naughty he was, and teach him to be good, and to play and romp with him too; but they had been forbidden to do that.
Tom had to learn his lesson for himself by sound and sharp experience, as many another foolish child has to do, though there may be many a kind heart yearning over them all the while, and long-ing to teach them what they can only teach them-selves.

Tom now swam a-way. He was be-gin-ning to be a lit-tle a-shamed of him-self, and felt all the naugh-ti-er, as lit-tle boys do when they have done wrong and won’t say so.

One day Tom had a new ad-ven-ture. He was sit-ting on a wa-ter li-ly leaf, he and a friend he had met, a drag-on fly, watch-ing the gnats dance.

Sud-den-ly, Tom heard the strang-est noise up the stream; coo-ing and grunt-ing and whi-ning and squeak-ing, as if you had put into a bag two stock-doves, nine mice, three guin-ea-
pigs, and a blind pup-py, and left them there to set-tle them-selves and make mu-sic.

Tom asked the drag-on fly what it could be; but, of course, with his short sight, he could not e-ven see it.

But to-ward e-ven-ing it grew sud-den-ly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blan-ket of black clouds ly-ing right a-cross the val-ley above his head, rest-ing on the crags right and left. He felt not quite fright-ened, but very still; for ev-ery-thing was still. There was not a whis-per of wind nor a chirp of a bird to be heard; and next a few great drops of rain fell plop into the water, and one hit Tom on the nose, and made him pop his head down quick-ly e-nough.

And then the ot-ter came by with all her brood, twi-ning and sweep-ing a-long as fast as the eels them-selves; and she spied Tom as she came by, and said,—

"Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. Come a-long, chil-dren, nev-er mind those nas-ty eels; we shall break-fast on salm-on to-mor-row. Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

Then came a flash bright-er than all the rest, and by the light of it—in the thou-sandth part of a sec-ond they were gone a-gain—but he had seen them, he was cer-tain of it—three beau-ti-ful lit-tle white girls, with their arms twined round each oth-er's necks, float-ing down the tor-rent as they sang, "Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

"Oh, stay! Wait for me!" cried Tom; but they were gone; yet he could hear their voic-es clear and sweet through the roar of thun-der and wa-ter and wind, sing-ing as they died a-way, "Down to the sea!"

"Down to the sea?" said Tom; "ev-ery-thing is go-ing to the sea, and I will go too. Good-by, trout." But the trout were so bus-y gob-bling worms that they nev-er turned to
answer him; so that Tom was spared the pain of bidding them fare-well.

And now, down the rushing stream, guided by the bright flashes of the storm; past tall, birch-fringed rocks, which shone out one moment as clear as day and the next were dark as night; past dark hovers, under swirling banks, from which great trout rushed out on Tom, thinking him to be good to eat, and turned back sulkily, for the fairies sent them home again with a tremendous scolding, for daring to meddle with a water-baby; on through narrow parts of the stream and roaring cataracts, where Tom was deafened and blinded for a moment by the rushing waters; along deep reaches, where the white water lilies tossed and flapped beneath the wind and hail; past sleeping villages, under dark bridge arches, and away and away to the sea. And Tom could not stop, and did not care to stop: he would see the great world below and the salmon and the breakers and the wide, wide sea.

And when the day-light came, Tom found himself out in the salmon river.

And after a while he came to a place where the river spread out into broad, still and shallow lakes, so wide that little Tom, as he put his head out of the water could hardly see across.

And there he stopped. He got a little frightened. "This must be the sea," he thought. "What a wide place it is! If I go on into it I shall surely lose my way, or some strange thing will bite me. I will stop here and look out for the otter, or the eels, or some one to tell me where I shall go."

So he went back a little way, and crept into a crack of the rock, just where the river opened out into the wide shallows, and watched for some one to tell him his way; but the
ot-ter and the eels were gone on miles and miles down the stream.

There he wait-ed, and slept too, for he was quite tired with his night’s jour-ney; and when he woke, the stream was clear-ing to a beau-ti-ful am-ber hue, though it was still very high. And af-ter a while he saw a sight which made him jump up; for he knew in a mo-ment it was one of the things which he had come to look for.

Such a fish! ten times as big as the big-gest trout, and a hun-dred times as big as Tom, scul-ling up the stream past him, as eas-i-ly as Tom had sculled down.

Such a fish! shin-ing sil-ver from head to tail, and here and there a crim-son dot; with a grand hooked nose, and grand curl-ing lip, and a grand bright eye, look-ing round him as proud-ly as a king, and sur-vey-ing the wa-ter right and left as if all be-longed to him. Sure-ly he must be the salm-on, the king of all the fish.

Tom was so fright-ened that he longed to creep into a hole; but he need not have been; for salm-on are all true gen-tle-men, and, like true gen-tle-men, they look no-ble and proud e-nough, and yet, like true gen-tle-men, they nev-er harm or quar-rel with any one, but go a-bout their own bus-i-ness, and leave rude fel-lows to them-selves.

The salm-on looked at him full in the face, and then went on with-out mind-ing him, with a swish or two of his tail which made the stream boil a-gain. And in a few min-utes came an-oth-er, and then four or five, and so on; and all passed Tom, rush-ing and plung-ing up the cat-ar-act with strong strokes of their sil-ver tails, now and then leap-ing clean out of the wa-ter and up over a rock, shi-ning glor-i-ous-ly for a mo-ment in the bright sun; while Tom was so de-light-ed that he could have watched them all day long.
And at last one came up big-ger than all the rest; but he came slow-ly, and stopped, and looked back, and seemed very an-xious and bu-sy. And Tom saw that he was help-ing an-
th-er salm-on, an es-pe-cial-ly hand-some one, who had not a single spot upon it, but was clothed in pure sil-ver from nose to tail.

"My dear," said the great fish to his com-pan-ion, "you real-ly look dread-ful-ly tired, and you must not o-ver ex-ert your-self at first. Do rest your-self be-hind this rock," and he shoved her gent-ly with his nose to the rock where Tom sat.

You must know that this was the salm-on’s wife. For salm-on, like other true gen-tle-men, always choose their la-
dy, and love her, and are true to her, and take care of her, and work for her, and fight for her, as ev-er-y true gen-tle-man ought; and are not like vul-gar chub and roach and pike, who have no high feel-ings, and take no care of their wives.

Then he saw Tom, and looked at him ver-y fierce-ly one mo-
ment, as if he were go-ing to bite him.

"What do you want here?" he said ver-y fierce-ly.

"Oh, don’t hurt me!" cried Tom. "I only want to look at you; you are so hand-some."

"Ah!" said the salm-on, ver-y state-ly but ver-y civ-il-ly.

"I real-ly beg your par-don; I see what you are, my lit-tle dear. I have met one or two crea-tures like you be-fore, and found them very a-gree-a-ble and well-be-haved. In-deed, one of them showed me a great kind-ness late-ly, which I hope to be able to re-pay. I hope we shall not be in your way here. As soon as this la-dy is rest-ed, we shall pro-ceed on our jour-
ney."

What a well-bred old salm-on he was!

"So you have seen things like me be-fore?" asked Tom.

"Sev-er-al times, my dear. In-deed, it was only last night
that one at the river’s mouth came and warned me and my wife of some new stake-nets which had got into the stream, I can not tell how, since last winter, and showed us the way round them in the most charmingly obliging way."

"So there are babies in the sea?" cried Tom, and clapped his little hands. "Then I shall have some one to play with there? How delightful!"

"Were there no babies up this stream?" asked the lady salmon.

"No; and I grew so lonely. I thought I saw three last night; but they were gone in an instant, down to the sea. So I went too; for I had nothing to play with but the cad-dis-es and drag-on flies and trout."

"Ugh!" cried the lady, "what low company!"

"My dear, if he has been in low company, he has certainly not learnt their low manners," said the salmon.

"No, indeed, poor little dear; but how sad for him to live among such people as cad-dis-es, who have actual six legs, the nasty things; and drag-on flies too! Why they are not even good to eat; for I tried them once, and they are all hard and empty; and as for trout, ev-er-y one knows what they are." At this she curled up her lip, and looked dreadful-scornful, while her husband curled up his too, till he looked as proud as a soldier.

"Why do you dislike the trout so?" asked Tom.

"My dear, we do not even mention them, if we can help it; for I am sorry to say they are relations of ours who do us no credit. A great many years ago they were just like us; but they were so lazy and cowardly and greedy, that instead of going down to the sea every year to see the world and grow strong and fat, they chose to stay and poke about in the little streams and eat worms and grubs; and they are
very prop-er-ly pun-ished for it; for they have grown ug-ly
and brown and spot-ted and small, and are ac-tu-al-ly so de-
grad-ed in their tastes that they will eat our chil-dren.”

“And then they pre-tend to scrape ac-quain-tance with us
a-gain,” said the la-dy. “Why, I have ac-tu-al-ly known
one of them to pro-pose to a la-dy salm-on, the im-pu-dent lit-
tle crea-ture.”

“I should hope,” said the gen-tle-man, “that there are
ver-y few la-dies of our race who would de-grade them-selves
by lis-ten-ing to such a crea-ture for an in-stant. If I saw
such a thing hap-pen, I should con-sid-er it my duty to put
them both to death upon the spot.” So the salm-on said, and
he would have done it too. For you must know, no en-e-mies
are so bit-ter a-gainst each oth-er as those who are of the same
race; and a salm-on looks on a trout as some great folks look
on some lit-tle folks, as some-thing just too much like him-
self to be tol-er-a-ted.
CHAPTER IV.

ELLIE AND PROFESSOR PTTHMLNSPRTS.

So the salmon went up, after Tom had warned them of the wicked old otter; and Tom went down, but slowly and cautiously, coasting along the shore. He was many days about it, for it was many miles down to the sea; and perhaps he would never have found his way, if the fairies had not guided him, without his seeing their fair faces, or feeling their gentle hands.

Suddenly, he saw a beautiful sight. A bright red light moved along the river-side, and threw down into the water a long tap-root of flame. Tom, curious little rogue that he was, must needs go and see what it was; so he swam to the shore, and met the light as it stopped over a shallow run at the edge of a low rock.

And there, underneath the light, lay five or six great salmon, looking up at the flame with their great goggle eyes, and wagging their tails, as if they were very much pleased at it.

Tom came to the top to look at this wonderful light nearer, and made a splash.

And he heard a voice say,—
"There was a fish rose."

He did not know what the words meant, but he seemed to know the sound of them, and to know the voice which spoke them; and he saw on the bank three great two-legged crea-
tures, one of whom held the light, flar-ing and sput-ter-ing, and an-oth-er a long pole. And he knew that they were men, and was fright-en ed, and crept into a hole in the rock, from which he could see what went on.

The man with the torch bent down over the wa-ter and looked ear-nest-ly in; and then he said,—

"Tak’ that muc-kle1 fel-low, lad; he’s ower2 fif-teen punds;3 and haud4 your hand stead-y."

Tom felt that there was some dan-ger com-ing, and longed to warn the fool-ish salm-on, who kept star-ing up at the light as if he was be-witched. But be-fore he could make up his mind, down came the pole through the wa-ter; there was a fear-ful splash and strug-gle, and Tom saw that the poor salm-on was speared right through, and was lifted out of the wa-ter.

And then, from be-hind, there sprang on these three men three other men; and there were shouts and blows, and words which Tom rec-ol-lect-ed to have heard be-fore; and he shud-dered and turned sick at them now, for he felt some-how that they were strange and ug-ly and wrong and hor-ri-ble. And it all be-gan to come back to him. They were men, and they were fight-ing; sav-age, des-per-ate, up-and-down fight-ing, such as Tom had seen too ma-ny times be-fore.

And he stopped his lit-tle ears, and longed to swim a-way; and was ver-y glad that he was a wa-ter-ba-by, and had noth-ing to do any more with hor-rid dir-ty men, with foul clothes on their backs, and foul words on their lips; but he dared not stir out of his hole, while the rock shook over his head with the tramp-ling and strug-gling of the keep-ers5 and the poach ers.6

1 muckle: big.  2 ow er: over.  3 pun ds: pounds.  4 haud: hold.
5 keep ers: men who take care of the game and fish-preserves.
6 poachers: those, contrary to law, who despoil them.
All of a sud-den there was a tre-men-dous splash, and a fright-ful flash, and a hiss-ing, and all was still.
For into the wa-ter, close to Tom, fell one of the men—he who held the light in his hand. In-to the swift riv-er he sank, and rolled o-ver and o-ver in the cur-rent. Tom heard the men above run a-long, seem-ing-ly look-ing for him; but he drift-ed down into the deep hole be-low, and there lay quite still, and they could not find him.
Tom wait-ed a long time, till all was quiet, and then he peeped out and saw the man ly-ing. At last he screwed up his cour-age and swam down to him. “Per-haps,” he thought, “the wa-ter has made him fall a-sleep as it did me.”
Then he went near-er. He grew more and more cu-ri-ous, he could not tell why. He must go and look at him. He would go very quiet-ly, of course; so he swam round and round him, clos-er and clos-er; and, as he did not stir, at last he came quite close and looked him in the face.
The moon shone so bright that Tom could see every fea-
ture; and, as he saw, he rec-ol-lect-ed, bit by bit, it was his old mas-ter, Grimes.
Tom turned tail, and swam away as fast as he could.
“Oh, dear me!” he thought, “now he will turn into a wa-ter ba-by. What a nas-ty trou-ble-some one he will be! And per-haps he will find me out, and beat me a-gain.”
So he went up the riv-er a-gain a lit-tle way, and lay there the rest of the night un-der an al-der root; but, when morn-
ing came, he longed to go down a-gain to the big pool, and see wheth-er Mr. Grimes had turned into a wa-ter ba-by yet.
So he went ver-y care-ful-ly, peep-ing round all the rocks, and hid-ing un-der all the roots. Mr. Grimes lay there still; he had not turned into a wa-ter ba-by. In the af-ter-noon Tom went back again. He could not rest till he had found
out what had become of Mr. Grimes. But this time Mr. Grimes was gone; and Tom made up his mind that he was turned in-to a wa-ter ba-by.

He might have made him-self ea-sy, poor lit-tle man; Mr. Grimes did not turn into a wa-ter ba-by, or any-thing like one at all. But he did not make him-self ea-sy; and a long time he was fear-ful lest he should meet Grimes sud-den-ly in some deep pool. He could not know that the fair-ies had car-ried him a-way, and put him where they put ev-er-y-thing which falls into the wa-ter, ex-act-ly where it ought to be.

But Tom went on down, for he was a-fraid of stay-ing near Grimes; and as he went, all the vale looked sad. The red and yel-low leaves show-ered down into the riv-er, the flies and bee-tles were all dead and gone, the chill au-tumn fog lay low up-on the hills, and some-times spread it-self so thick-ly on the riv-er that he could not see his way. But he felt his way in stead.

He did not care now for the tide be-ing a-gainst him. A red buoy was in sight, dan-cing in the o pen sea; and to the buoy he would go, and to it he went. He passed great shoals of fishes, but nev-er heed-ed them, or they him; and once he passed a great black shin-ing seal who was coming in af-ter the fishes. The seal put his head and should-ers out of the wa-ter and stared at him, look-ing ex-act-ly like a fat old greas-y ne-gro with a gray pate. And Tom, in stead of be ing fright-en ed, said, "How d’ye do, sir? what a beau ti ful place the sea is!" And the old seal, in stead of try-ing to bite him, looked at him with his soft, sleep-y, wink-ing eyes, and said, "Good tide to you, my lit-tle man; are you look-ing for your broth ers and sis-ters? I passed them all at play out side."

1 seal: a fur-clad water animal.
“Oh, then,” said Tom, “I shall have play-fellows at last,” and he swam on to the buoy, and got up-on it (for he was quite out of breath), and sat there, and looked round for wa-ter ba-bies; but there were none to be seen.

To have come all this way, and faced so ma-ny dan-gers, and yet to find no wa-ter ba-bies! How hard! Well, it did seem hard; but peo-ple, even lit-tle ba-bies, can-not have all they want with-out wait-ing for it, and work-ing for it too, my lit-tle man, as you will find out some day.

And Tom sat upon the buoy long days, long weeks, look-ing out to sea, and won-der-ing when the wa-ter ba-bies would come back; and yet they nev-er came.

Then he be-gan to ask all the strange things which came in out of the sea if they had seen any; and some said, “Yes,” and some said noth-ing at all.

But one day a-mong the rocks he found a play-felllow. It was not a wa-ter ba-by, alas! but it was a lob-ster; and a ver-y dis-tin-guished lob-ster he was; for he had live bar-na-cles on his claws, which is a great mark of dis-tinc-tion in lob-ster-dom, and no more to be bought for mon-ey than a good con-science.

Tom had nev-er seen a lob-ster be-fore, and he was might-i-ly tak-en with this one; for he thought him the most cur-i-ous, odd, rid-ic-u-lous crea-ture he had ever seen; and there he was not far wrong.

Tom asked him about wa-ter ba-bies. “Yes,” he said. He had seen them of-ten. But he did not think much of them. They were med-dle-some lit-tle crea-tures, that went about help-ing fish and shells which got into scrapes. Well, for his part, he should be a-shamed to be helped by lit-tle soft crea-tures that had not even a shell on their backs. He had lived quite long e-nough in the world to take care of him-self.
For Land-Babies

He was a conceited fellow, the old lobster, and not very civil to Tom; and you will hear how he had to alter his mind before he was done, as conceited people generally have. But he was so funny, and Tom so lonely, that he could not quarrel with him; and they used to sit in holes on the rocks and chat for hours.

And about this time there happened to Tom a very strange and important adventure — so important, indeed, that he was very near never finding the water-babies at all; and I am sure you would have been sorry for that.

Now it be-fell that on the very shore, and over the very rocks, where Tom was sitting with his friend, the lobster,
there walked one day the lit-tle white la-dy, El-lie her-self, and with her a very wise man in-deed — Pro-fes-sor Ptthmlln-
sprts.¹

He was a very wor-thy, kind, good na-tured, lit-tle old gen-
tle-man, and very fond of chil-dren, and ver-y good to all the world as long as it was good to him. El-lie and he were walk-
ing on the rocks, and he was show-ing her about one in ten thou-sand of all the beau-ti-ful and cur-i-ous things which are to be seen there. But lit-tle El-lie was not sat-is-fied with them at all. She liked much bet-ter to play with live chil-
dren, or even with dolls, which she could pre-tend were a-live; and at last she said hon-est-ly, “I don’t care a-bout all these things, be-cause they can’t play with me, or talk to me. If there were lit-tle chil-dren now in the wa-ter, as there used to be, and I could see them, I should like that.”

“Chil-dren in the wa-ter, you strange lit-tle duck?” said the pro-fes-sor.

“Yes,” said El-lie. “I know there used to be chil-dren in the wa-ter, and mer-maids² too, and mer-men.³ I saw them all in a pic-ture at home, of a beau-ti-ful la-dy sail-ing in a car drawn by dol-phins, and ba-bies fly-ing round her, and one sit-ting in her lap; and the mer-maids swim-ming and mer-men trum-pet-ing on conch-shells; and there is a burn-
ing moun-tain in the pic-ture be-hind. It hangs on the great stair-case, and I have looked at it ever since I was a ba-by, and dreamt about it a hun-dred times; and it is so beau-ti-ful that it must be true.”

Now, lit-tle El-lie was, I sup-pose, a stu-pid lit-tle girl; for in-
stead of be-ing con-vinced by Pro-fes-sor Ptthmllnsprts’

¹ Pro-fes-sor Pt-them-all-in-spirits.
²³ mermaids, mermen: fabled sea-people, the upper part of whose bodies were human, and the lower, fish.
ar-gu-ments, she on-ly asked the same ques-tion o-ver a-gain.

"But why are there not wa-ter-ba-bies?"

I trust and hope that it was be-cause the pro-fes-sor trod at that mo-ment on the edge of a ver-y sharp mus-sel, and hurt one of his corns sad-ly, that he an-swered quite sharp-ly:

"Be-cause there ain’t."

Which was not e-ven good Eng-lish, my dear.

And he groped with his net under the weeds so vio-lent-ly, that, as it hap-pened, he caught poor lit-tle Tom.

He felt the net very heav-y, and lift-ed it out quick-ly, with Tom all en-tan-gled in the mesh-es.

"Dear me!" he cried. "What a large pink Hol-o-thu-ri-an;¹ with hands too! It must be con-nect-ed with Syn-ap-ta."

And he took him out.

"It has ac-tu-al-ly eyes!" he cried. "Why, it must be a Ceph-a-lo-pod!² This is most ex-traor-di-na-ry!"

"No, I ain’t!" cried Tom, as loud as he could; for he did not like to be called bad names.

"It is a wa-ter ba-by!" cried El-lie; and of course it was.

"Wa-ter fid-dle-sticks, my dear!" said the pro-fes-sor, and he turned a-way sharp-ly.

There was no de-ny-ing it. It was a wa-ter ba-by; though he had said a mo-ment ago that there were none.

He now turned and poked Tom with his fin-ger, for want of any-thing bet-ter to do, and said care-less-ly, "My dear lit-tle maid, you must have dreamt of wa-ter ba-bies last night, your head is full of them."

Now, Tom had been in the most hor-ri-ble and un-speak-able fright all the while; and had kept as qui-et as he could, though he was called a Hol-o-thu-ri-an and a Ceph-a-lo-pod;

¹-²-³ Holothurian, Synapta, Cephalopod: tech-ni-cal names of sea an-i-mals.
for it was fixed in his lit-tle head that if a man with clothes on caught him, he might put clothes on him too, and make a dir-ty black chim-ney-sweep of him a-gain. But, when the pro-fes-sor poked him, it was more than he could bear; and be-tween fright and rage, he turned to bay as val-iant-ly as a mouse in a cor-ner, and bit the pro-fes-sor’s fin-ger till it bled.

“Oh! ah! yah!” cried he; and glad of an ex-cuse to be rid of Tom, dropped him on to the sea-weed, and thence he dived into the wa-ter and was gone in a mo-ment.

“But it was a wa-ter ba-by, and I heard it speak!” cried El-lie. “Ah, it is gone!” And she jumped down off the rock to try and catch Tom be-fore he slipped in-to the sea.

Too late! and what was worse, as she sprang down, she slipped, and fell some six feet with her head on a sharp rock, and lay quite still.

The pro-fes-sor picked her up, and tried to wak-en her, and called to her, and cried over her, for he loved her ver-y much; but she would not wak-en at all. So he took her up in his arms, and car-ried her to her gov-er-ness, and they all went home; and lit-tle El-lie was put to bed, and lay there quite still; on-ly now and then she woke up and called out a-bout the wa-ter-ba-by; but no one knew what she meant, and the pro-fes-sor did not tell, for he was a-shamed to tell.

And, after a week, one moon-light night, the fair-ies came fly-ing in at the win-dow, and brought her such a pret-ty pair of wings that she could not help put-ting them on; and she flew with them out of the win-dow, and over the land, and over the sea, and up through the clouds, and no-bod-y heard or saw any-thing of her for a ver-y long while.

And this is why they say that no one has ever yet seen a wa-ter ba-by.
CHAPTER V.

MRS. DO-AS-YOU-WOULD-BE-DONE-BY.

But what be-came of lit-tle Tom?

He slipped a-way off the rocks in-to the wa-ter, as I said be-fore. But he could not help think-ing of lit-tle El-lie. He did not re-mem-ber who she was; but he knew that she was a lit-tle girl, though she was a hun-dred times as big as he. That is not sur-pris-ing; size has noth-ing to do with kin-dred. A ti-ny weed may be first cous-in to a great tree; and a lit-tle dog like Vick knows that Li-o-ness is a dog too, though she is twen-ty times larg-er than her-self. So Tom knew that El-lie was a lit-tle girl, and thought a-bout her all that day, and longed to have had her to play with; but he had ver-y soon to think of some-thing else. And here is the ac-count of what hap-pened to him.

He was go-ing a-long the rocks in the wa-ter, and he saw a round cage of green twigs; and in-side it, look-ing ver-y much a-shamed of him-self, sat his friend the lob-ster, twid-dling his horns, in-stead of thumbs.

"What, have you been naught-y, and have they put you in the lock-up?" asked Tom.

The lob-ster felt a little in-dig-nant at such a no-tion, but he was too much de-pressed in spir-its to ar-gue; so he on-ly said, "I can’t get out."

"Why did you get in?"

"After that nas-ty piece of dead fish." He had thought
it looked and smelt very nice when he was out-side, and so it did, for a lob-ster; but now he turned round and a-bused it be-cause he was an-gry with him-self.

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then, why don’t you get out through it?"

"Be-cause I can’t," and the lob-ster twid-dled his horns more fierce-ly than ev-er, but he was forced to con-fess,—

"I have jumped up-wards, down-wards, back-wards, and side-ways, at least four thou-sand times, and I can’t get out; I al-ways get up un-der-neath there, and can’t find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap, and hav-ing more wit than the lob-ster, he saw plain-ly e-nough what was the mat-ter; as you may if you will look at a lob-ster-pot.

"Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me, and I’ll pull you through hind-fore-most, and then you won’t stick in the spikes."

But the lob-ster was so stu-pid and clum-sy that he couldn’t hit the hole. Like a great many fox-hunt-ers, he was very sharp as long as he was in his own coun-try; but as soon as they get out of it they lose their heads, and so the lob-ster, so to speak, lost his tail.

Tom reached and clawed down the hole after him, till he caught hold of him; and then, as was to be ex-pect-ed, the clum-sy lob-ster pulled him in head-fore-most.

"Hul-lo! here is a pret-ty bus-iness," said Tom. "Now take your great claws, and break the points off those spikes, and then we shall both get out eas-i-ly."

"Dear me, I nev-er thought of that," said the lob-ster; "and after all the ex-per-i-ence of life that I have had!"

You see, ex-per-i-ence is of very little good un-less a man, or a lob-ster, has wit e-nough to make use of it.
But they had not got half the spikes a-way when they saw a great dark cloud over them; and lo and be-hold, it was the ot-ter.

How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom. "Yar!" said she, "you lit-tle med-dle-some wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for tel-ling the salm-on where I was!" And she crawled all o-ver the pot to get in.

Tom was hor-ri-bly fright-en-ed, and still more fright-en-ed when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed her-self right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no soon-er was her head in-side than val-i-ant Mr. Lob-ster caught her by the nose and held on.

And there they were all three in the pot, roll-ing o-ver and o-ver, and very tight pack-ing it was. And the lob-ster tore at the ot-ter, and the ot-ter tore at the lob-ster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his bod-y; and I don’t know what would have hap-pened to him if he had not at last got on the ot-ter’s back, and safe out of the hole.

He was right glad when he got out; but he would not de-sert his friend who had saved him, and the first time he saw his tail up-per-most he caught hold of it, and pulled with all his might.

But the lob-ster would not let go.

"Come a-long," said Tom; "don’t you see she is dead?" And so she was, quite drowned and dead.

And that was the end of the wick-ed ot-ter.

But the lob-ster would not let go.

"Come a-long, you stu-pid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fish-er-man will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one a-bove be-gin-ning to haul up the pot.
But the lob-ster would not let go.

Tom saw the fish-er-man haul him up to the boat-side, and thought it all up with him. But when Mr. Lob-ster saw the fish-er-man, he gave such a fur-i-ous and tre-men-dous snap, that he snapped out of his hand, and out of the pot, and safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw be-hind him; for it nev-er came into his stu-pid head to let go af-ter all, so he just shook his claw off as the eas-i-er meth-od.

And now hap-pened to Tom a most won-der-ful thing; for he had not left the lob-ster five min-utes be-fore he came upon a wa-ter ba-by.

A real live wa-ter ba-by, sit-ting on the white sand, very bu-sy a-bout a lit-tle point of rock. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a mo-ment, and then cried, “Why, you are not one of us. You are a new ba-by! Oh, how de-light-ful!”

And it ran to Tom, and Tom ran to it; and they hugged and kissed each oth-er for ev-er so long, they did not know why. But they did not want any in-tro-duc-tions there un-der the wa-ter.

At last, Tom said, “Oh, where have you been all this while? I have been look-ing for you so long, and I have been so lone-ly.”

“We have been here for days and days. There are hun-dreds of us about the rocks. How was it you did not see us or hear us, when we sing and romp ev-er-y e-ven-ing be-fore we go home?”

Tom looked at the ba-by a-gain, and then he said,—

“Well, this is won-der-ful! I have seen things just like you a-gain and a-gain, but I thought you were shells or sea-crea-tures. I nev-er took you for wa-ter ba-bies like my-self.”

Now, was not that very odd? So odd, in-deed, that you will,
no doubt, want to know how it hap-pened, and why Tom could nev-er find a wa-ter ba-by till af-ter he had got the lob-ster out of the pot. And if you will read this sto-ry nine times o-ver, and then think for your-self, you will find out why. It is not good for lit-tle boys to be told ev-ery-thing, and nev-er to be forced to use their own wits.

"Now," said the ba-by, "come and help me, or I shall not have fin-ished be-fore my broth-ers and sis-ters come, and it is time to go home."

"What shall I help you at?"

"At this poor, dear lit-tle rock; a great clum-sy bowl-der came roll-ing by in the last storm, and knocked all its head off, and rubbed off all its flow-ers. And now I must plant it a-gain with beau-ti-ful sea-weeds and sea-flow-ers, and I will make it the pret-ti-est lit-tle rock-gar-den on all the shore."

So they worked a-way at the rock, and plant-ed it, and smoothed the sand down round it; and cap-i-tal fun they had till the tide be-gan to turn. And then Tom heard all the other ba-bies com-ing, laugh-ing and sing-ing and shout-ing and romp-ing; and the noise they made was just like the noise of the rip-ple. So he knew that he had been hear-ing and see-ing the wa-ter ba-bies all a-long; on-ly he did not know them, be-cause his eyes and ears were not o-pened.

And in they came, doz-ens and doz-ens of them, some big-ger than Tom and some small-er, all in the neat-est lit-tle white bath-ing dress-es; and when they found that he was a new ba-by they hugged him and kissed him, and then put him in the mid-dle, and danced round him on the sand, and there was no one ev-er so hap-py as poor lit-tle Tom.

"Now, then," they cried all at once, "we must come a-way home, we must come a-way home, or the tide will leave us dry. We have mend-ed all the bro-ken sea-weed, and put all the
rock-pools in order, and plant-ed all the shells a-gain in the sand, and no-body will see where the ug-ly storm swept in last week.”

And this is the rea-son why the rock-pools are al-ways so neat and clean; be-cause the wa-ter-ba-bies come in-shore after ev-er-y storm to sweep them out, and comb them down, and put them all to rights a-gain.

And where is the home of the wa-ter ba-bies? In St. Bran-dan’s fair-y isle.¹

And there were the wa-ter ba-bies in thou-sands, more than Tom, or you ei-ther, could count. All the lit-tle chil-dren whom the good fair-ies take to, be-cause their cruel mothers and fathers will not.

But I wish Tom had giv-en up all his naught-y tricks, and left off tor-ment-ing dumb an-i-mals, now that he had plen-ty of play-fel-lows to a-muse him. In-stead of that, I am sor-ry to say, he would med-dle with the crea-tures—all but the wa-ter-snakes, for they would stand no non-sense. So he tie-kled the sea cor-als to make them shut up, and fright-ened the crabs to make them hide in the sand and peep out at him with the tips of their eyes, and put stones into the a-nem-o-nes’ mouths to make them fan-cy that their din-ner was com-ing.

The other chil-dren warned him, and said, “Take care what you are at. Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did is com-ing.” But Tom never heed-ed them, be-ing quite ri-o-tous with high spir-its and good luck, till, one Fri-day morn-ing ear-ly, Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did came in-deed.

A very tre-men-dous la-dy she was; and when the chil-dren saw her they all stood in a row, very up-right in-deed, and

¹ St. Brandan: an Irish abbot of the sixth cen-tu-ry, whom tra-di-tion affirms owned a fly-ing is-land on which he sought to find the Islands of Par-a-dise.
smoothed down their bathing dress-es, and put their hands behind them, just as if they were going to be examined by the inspector.

And she had on a black bonnet, and a black shawl, and no crinoline at all, and a pair of large green spectacles; and a great hooked nose, hooked so much that the bridge of it stood quite up above her eye-brows; and under her arm she carried a great birch rod. Indeed, she was so ugly that "you are a very cruel woman," he said.

Tom was tempted to make faces at her, but did not; for he did not admire the look of the birch rod under her arm.

And she looked at the children one by one, and seemed very much pleased with them, though she never asked them one question about how they were behaving; and then began giving them all sorts of nice sea-things,—sea-cakes, sea-
ap-ples, sea-or-an-ges, sea-bull’s-eyes, sea-tof-fee; and to the very best of all she gave sea-ices, made out of sea-cows’ cream, which nev-er melt un-der wa-ter.

Now, lit-tle Tom watched all these sweet things giv-en a-way, till his mouth wa-tered, and his eyes grew as round as an owl’s. For he hoped that his turn would come at last; and so it did. For the la-dy called him up, and held out her fin-gers with some-thing in them, and popped it into his mouth; and, lo and be-hold, it was a nas-ty, cold, hard peb-ble.

“You are a very cru-el wom-an,” said he, and be-gan to whim-per.

“And you are a very cru-el boy, who puts peb-bles into the sea-a-nem-o-nes’ mouths, to take them in, and make them fan-cy that they had caught a good din-ner! As you did to them, so I must do to you.’’

“Who told you that?” said Tom.

“You did your-self, this very min-ute.”

Tom had never o-pened his lips, so he was ver-y much tak-en a-back in-deed.

“Yes; ev-er-y one tells me ex-act-ly what they have done wrong; and that with-out know-ing it them-selves. So there is no use try-ing to hide any-thing from me. Now go, and be a good boy, and I will put no more peb-bles in your mouth, if you put none in oth-er crea-tures’.”

“I did not know there was any harm in it,” said Tom.

“Then you know now. Peo-ple con-tin-u-ally say that to me; but I tell them, if you don’t know that fire burns, that is no rea-son that it should not burn you; and if you don’t know that dirt breeds fe-ver, that is no rea-son why the fe-vers should not kill you. The lob-ster did not know that there was
any harm in get-ting into the lob-ster-pot; but it caught him all the same.”

“Dear me,” thought Tom, “she knows ev-er-y-thing!” And so she did, in-deed.

“And so, if you do not know that things are wrong, that is no rea-son why you should not be pun-ished for them; though not as much, not as much, my lit-tle man” (and the la-dy looked ver-y kind-ly, after all), “as if you did know.”

“Well, you are a lit-tle hard on a poor lad,” said Tom.

“Not at all; I am the best friend you ever had in all your life. But I will tell you; I can not help pun-ish-ing peo-ple when they do wrong. I like it no more than they do; I am of-ten very, very sor-ry for them, poor things; but I can not help it. If I tried not to do it, I should do it all the same. For I work by ma-chin-er-y, just like an en-gine; and am full of wheels and springs in-side, and am wound up ver-y care-ful-ly, so that I can-not help go-ing.”

“Was it long a-go since they wound you up?” asked Tom. For he thought, the cun-ning lit-tle fel-low, “She will run down some day, or they may for-get to wind her up, as old Grimes used to for-get to wind up his watch when he came in from the pub-lic-house, and then I shall be safe.”

“I was wound up once and for all, so long a-go that I for-get all a-bout it.”

“Dear me,” said Tom, “you must have been made a long time!”

“I nev-er was made, my child; and I shall go for ev-er and ev-er; for I am as old as E-ter-ni-ty, and yet as young as Time.”

And there came o-ver the la-dy’s face a ver-y cu-ri-ous ex-press-sion — ver-y sol-emn, and ver-y sad, and yet ver-y, ver-y sweet. And she looked up and a-way, as if she were gaz-ing
through the sea, and through the sky, at some-thing far, far off; and as she did so, there came such a qui-et, ten-der, pa-tient, hope-ful smile over her face that Tom thought for the mo-ment that she did not look ug-ly at all. And no more she did; for she was like a great ma-ny peo-ple who have not a pret-ty fea-ture in their fac-es, and yet are love-ly to be-hold, and draw lit-tle chil-dren’s hearts to them at once; be-cause though the house is plain e-nough, yet from the win-dows a beau-ti-ful and good spir-it is look-ing forth.

And Tom smiled in her face, she looked so pleas-ant for the mo-ment. And the strange fair-y smiled too, and said,—

"Yes. You thought me very ug-ly just now, did you not?"

Tom hung down his head, and got very red a-bout the ears.

"And I am very ug-ly. I am the ug-li-est fair-y in the world; and I shall be, till people be-have them-selves as they ought to do. And then I shall grow as hand-some as my sis-ter, who is the love-li-est fair-y in the world; and her name is Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by. So she be-gins where I end, and I be-gin where she ends; and those who will not lis-ten to her must lis-ten to me, as you will see.

"And now do you be a good boy, and do as you would be done by, which they did not; and then, when my sis-ter, Mad-ame Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, comes on Sun-day, per-haps she will take no-tice of you, and teach you how to be-have. She un-der-stands that bet-ter than I do." And so she went.

Tom was very glad to hear that there was no chance of meet-ing Grimes a-gain, though he was a lit-tle sor-ry for him; but he de-ter-mined to be a good boy all Sat-ur-day; and he was; for he nev-er fright-ened one crab, nor tic-kled any live cor-als, nor put stones into the sea-a-nem-o-nes’ mouths to make them fan-cy they had got a din-ner; and when Sun-day morn-
ing came, sure e-nough, Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by came too. Where-at all the lit-tle chil-dren be-gan danc-ing and clap-ping their hands, and Tom danced too with all his might.

And as for the pret-ty lady, I can not tell you what the col-or of her hair was, or of her eyes: no more could Tom; for, when any one looks at her, all they can think of is that she has the sweet-est, kind-est, ten-der-est, fun-ni-est, mer-ri-est face they ever saw, or want to see. But Tom saw that she was a ver-y tall wom-an, as tall as her sis-ter; but in-stead of be-ing gnar-ly and horn-y, and scal-y and prick-ly, like her, she was the most nice, soft, fat, smooth, pus-sy, cud-dly, de-li-cious crea-ture who ever nursed a baby; and she un-der-stood ba-bies thor-ough-ly, for she had plen-ty of her own, whole rows and reg-i-ments of them, and has to this day. And all her de-light was, when-ev-er she had a spare mo-ment, to play with ba-bies, in which she showed her-self a woman of sense; for ba-bies are the best com-pan-y and the pleas-ant-est play-fel-lows in the world, at least, so all the wise peo-ple in the world think. And there-fore when the chil-dren saw her, they nat-u-ral-ly all caught hold of her, and pulled her till she sat down on a stone, and climbed in-to her lap, and clung round her neck, and caught hold of her hands; and then they all put their thumbs into their mouths, and be-gan cud-dling and pur-ring like so ma-ny kit-tens, as they ought to have done. While those who could get no-where else sat down on the sand and cud-dled her feet; for no one, you know, wears shoes in the wa-ter, ex-cept hor-rid old bath-ing-wom-en, who are a-fraid of the wa-ter ba-bies pinch-ing their horn-y toes. And Tom stood star-ing at them; for he could not un-der-stand what it was all a-bout.

“And who are you, you lit-tle dar-ling?” she said.
“Oh, that is the new baby!” they all cried, pull-ing their thumbs out of their mouths; “and he nev-er had any moth-er;” and they all put their thumbs back a-gain, for they did not wish to lose an-y time.

“Then I will be his moth-er, and he shall have the very best place; so get out, all of you, this mo-ment.”

But she took Tom in her arms, and laid him in the soft-est place of all, and kissed him, and pat- ted him, and talked to him, ten- der-ly and low, such things as he had nev-er heard be-fore in his life; and Tom looked up into her eyes, and loved her, and loved, till he fell fast a-sleep from pure love.

And when he woke she was tell-ing the chil-dren a sto-ry. And what sto-ry did she tell them? One sto-ry she told them, which be-gins every Christ-mas Eve, and yet nev-er ends at all for ev-er and ev-er; and as she went on, the chil-dren took their thumbs out of their mouths and lis-tened quite se-ri- ous-ly; but not sad-ly at all; for she nev-er told them any-thing sad; and Tom lis-tened too, and nev-er grew tired of lis-ten-ing. And he lis-tened so long that he fell fast a-sleep a-gain, and, when he woke, the la-dy was nurs-ing him still.

“Don’t go a-way,” said lit-tle Tom. “This is so nice. I nev-er had any one to cud-dle me be-fore.”

“Don’t go a-way,” said all the chil-dren; “you have not sung us one song.”

“Well, I have time for only one. So what shall it be?”

“The doll you lost! The doll you lost!” cried all the ba- bies at once.

So the strange fair-y sang: —

_I once had a sweet little doll, dears,_
_The pret-ti-est doll in the world;_  
_Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,_
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

“Now,” said the fairy to Tom, “will you be a good boy for my sake, and torment no more sea-beasts till I come back?”

“And you will cuddle me again?” said poor little Tom.

“Of course I will, you little duck. I should like to take you with me and cuddle you all the way, only I must not.” And away she went.

So Tom really tried to be a good boy, and tormented no sea-beasts after that as long as he lived; and he is quite alive, I assure you, still.

Oh, how good little boys ought to be who have kind pussy mam-mas to cuddle them and tell them sto-ries; and how afraid they ought to be of grow-ing naught-y, and bring-ing tears into their mam-mas' pret-ty eyes!
CHAPTER VI.

MRS. BE DONE BY AS YOU DID.

Here I come to the sad-dest part of all my sto-ry. I know some peo-ple will on-ly laugh at it. But I know one man who would not; and he was an of-fi-cer with a pair of long gray mus-tach-es, who said once that two of the most heart-rend-ing sights in the world, which moved him most to tears, which he would do any-thing to pre-vent or rem-e-dy, were a child over a bro-ken toy, and a child steal-ing sweets.

Those who heard him did not laugh at him; but, af-ter he was gone, they called him sen-ti-men-tal and so forth, all but one dear lit-tle old Qua-ker la-dy with a soul as white as her cap, who was not, of course, par-ti-al to sol-di-ers; and she said very qui-et-ly, like a Quak-er:—

"Friends, it is borne upon my mind that that is a tru-ly brave man."

Now you may fan-cy that Tom was quite good, when he had ev-er-y-thing that he could want or wish; but you would be much mis-tak-en. Be-ing quite com-fort-a-ble is a good thing; but it does not make peo-ple good. In-deed, it some-times makes them naugh-ty. And I am sor-ry to say that this hap-pened to lit-tle Tom. For he grew so fond of the sea-bull's-eyes¹ and sea-lol-li-pops² that his fool-ish lit-tle head could think of noth-ing else; and he was al-ways long-ing for more, and won-der-ing when the strange la-dy would come

¹² bull's-eyes, lollipops: candied sweets.
a-gain and give him some, and what she would give him, and how much, and wheth-er she would give him more than the others. And he thought of noth-ing but lol-li-pops by day, and dreamt of noth-ing else by night—and what hap-pened then?

That he be-gan to watch the lady to see where she kept the sweet things, and be-gan hid-ing, and sneak-ing, and fol-low-ing her a-bout, and seem-ing to be look-ing the other way, or go-ing af-ter some-thing else, till he found out that she kept them in a beau-ti-ful moth-er-of-pearl cab-i-net a-way in a deep crack of the rocks.

And he longed to go to the cab-i-net, and yet he was a-fraid; and then he longed a-gain, and was less a-fraid; and at last, by con-stant think-ing about it, he longed so much that he was not a-fraid at all. And one night, when all the other chil-dren were a-sleep, and he could not sleep for think-ing of lol-li-pops, he crept away among the rocks, and got to the cab-i-net, and be-hold! it was o-pen!

But, when he saw all the nice things in-side, in-stead of being de-light-ed, he was quite fright-en-ed, and wished he had nev-er come there. And then he would on-ly touch them, and he did; and then he would on-ly taste one, and he did; and then he would on-ly eat one, and he did; and then he would on-ly eat two and then three, and so on; and then he was ter-ri-fied lest she should come and catch him, and be-gan gob-bling them down so fast that he did not taste them, or have any pleas-ure in them; and then he felt sick, and would have on-ly one more; and then on-ly one more again, and so on till he had eat-en them all up.

And all the while, close be-hind him, stood Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did.

Some peo-ple may say, “But why did she not keep her cup-
board locked?" Well, I know. It may seem a strange thing, but she never does keep her cup-board locked; every one may go and taste for them-selves, and fare ac-cord-ing-ly. It is very odd, but so it is; and I am quite sure that she knows best. Per-haps she wish-es peo-ple to keep their fin-gers out of the fire by having them burned. She took off her spec-ta-
cles, as she did not like to see too much; and just said noth-ing at all a-bout the mat-ter, not even when Tom came next day with the rest for sweet things. He was great-ly a-fraid of com-ing; but he was still more a-fraid of stay-ing a-way, lest any one should sus-pect him. He was a-faid, too, lest there should be no sweets,—as was to be ex-pect-ed, he hav-ing eat-en them all,—and lest the fair-y should in-quire who had tak-en them. But, be-hold! she pulled out just as ma-ny as ev-er, which as-ton-ished Tom, and fright-ened him still more.

And when the fair-y looked him full in the face, he shook from head to foot; however, she gave him his share like the rest, and he thought with-in him-self that she could not have found him out.

But when he put the sweets into his mouth, he hat-ed the taste of them; and they made him so sick that he had to get a-way as fast as he could; and ver-y sick he was, and cross and un-hap-py all the week af-ter.

Then, when next week came, he had his share a-gain; and a-gain the fair-y looked him full in the face, but more sad-ly than she had ev-er looked. And he could not bear the sweets, but took them a-gain in spite of him-self.

And when Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by came, he wanted to be cud-dled like the rest; but she said ver-y grave-ly:—

"I should like to cud-dle you, but I can not, you are so horn-y and prick-ly."
And Tom looked at him-self; and he was all o-ver pric-kles, just like a sea-egg.

Which was quite nat-u-ral; for you must know and be-lieve that peo-ple’s souls make their bod-ies just as a snail makes its shell (I am not jok-ing, my lit-tle lit-tle man; I am in sol-emn earn-est). And there-fore, when Tom’s soul grew all prick-ly with naught-y tempers, his bod-y could not help grow-ing prick-ly too, so that no-body would cud-dle him, or play with him, or e-ven like to look at him.

What could Tom do now but go a-way and hide in a cor-ner and cry? For no-body would play with him, and he knew full well why.

And he was so mis-er-a-ble all that week that when the ug-ly fair-y came and looked at him once more full in the face, more se-ri-ous-ly and sad-ly than ever, he could stand it no long-er, and thrust the sweet-meats a-way, say-ing, “No, I don’t want any; I can’t bear them now;” and then burst out cry-ing, poor lit-tle man, and told Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did every word as it hap-pened.

He was much fright-en-ed when he had done so; for he ex-pect-ed her to pun-ish him se-verely. But in-stead, she only took him up and kissed him, which was not quite pleas-ant, for her chin was very bris-tly too; but he was so down-heart-ed, that he thought that rough kiss-ing was bet-ter than none.

“I will for-give you, lit-tle man,” she said. “I al-ways for-give ev-ver-y one the mo-ment they tell me the truth of their own will.”

“Then you will take a-way all these nas-ty pric-kles?”

“That is a ver-y dif-fer-ent mat-ter. You put them there your-self, and on-ly you can take them a-way.”

“But how can I do that?” asked Tom, cry-ing a-fresh.

“Well, I think it is time for you to go to school; so I shall
fetch you a school-mistress, who will teach you how to get rid of your pric-kles.” And so she went a-way.

Tom was fright-en-ed at the no-tion of a school-mistress; for he thought she would cer-tain-ly come with a birch-rod or a cane; but he com-fort-ed him-self, at last, that she might be some-thing like the old wom-an in Ven-dale— which she was not in the least; for, when the fair-y brought her, she was the most beau-ti-ful lit-tle girl that ever was seen, with long curls float-ing be-hind her like a gold-en cloud, and long robes float-ing all round her like a sil-ver one.

"There he is," said the fair-y; "and you must teach him to be good, wheth-er you like or not."

"I know," said the lit-tle girl; but she did not seem quite to like, for she put her fin-ger in her mouth, and looked at
Tom under her brows; and Tom put his finger in his mouth, and looked at her under his brows, for he was ashamed of himself.

The little girl seemed hardly to know how to begin; and perhaps she would never have begun at all if poor Tom had not burst out crying, and begged her to teach him to be good and help him to cure his prickles; and at that she grew so tender-hearted that she began teaching him as pretty as ever child was taught in the world.

And what did the little girl teach Tom? She taught him, first, what you have been taught ever since you said your first prayers at your mother's knees; but she taught him much more simply. For the lessons in that world, my child, have no such hard words in them as the lessons in this, and therefore the water-babies like them better than you like your lessons, and long to learn them more and more; and grown men cannot puzzle nor quarrel over their meaning, as they do here on land.

So she taught Tom every day in the week; only on Sundays she always went away home, and the kind fairy took her place. And before she had taught Tom many Sundays, his prickles had vanished quite away, and his skin was smooth and clean again.

"Dear me!" said the little girl; "why, I know you now. You are the very same little chimney-sweep who came into my bed-room."

"Dear me!" cried Tom. "And I know you too, now. You are the very little white lady whom I saw in bed." And he jumped at her, and longed to hug and kiss her; but did not, remembering that she was a lady born; so he only jumped round and round her till he was quite tired.

And then they began telling each other all their story—
how he had got into the water, and she had fallen over the rock; and how he had swam down to the sea; and how she had flown out of the window; and how this, that, and the other, till it was all talked out; and then they both began over again, and I can't say which of the two talked fastest.

And then they set to work at their lessons again, and both liked them so well that they went on, well, till seven full years were past and gone.

You may fancy that Tom was quite content and happy all those seven years; but the truth is, he was not. He had always one thing on his mind, and that was,—where little Ellie went, when she went home on Sundays.

To a very beautiful place, she said. But what was the beautiful place like, and where was it?

Ah! that is just what she could not say.

"You must ask the fairies that."

So when the fairy, Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did came, Tom asked her.

"Come here," she now said soothingly, "and see what happens to people who do only what is pleasant."

And she took out of one of the cup-boards (she had all sorts of strange cup-boards in the cracks of the rocks) the most wonderful water-proof book, full of such photographs as never were seen. And on the title-page was written, "The History of the great and famous nation of the Do-as-you-likes, who came away from the country of Hard-work, because they wanted to play on the jews' harp all day long."

In the first picture they saw these Do-as-you-likes living in the land of Read-y-made, at the foot of the Hap-py-go-luck-y Moun-tains, where flap-doo-dle grows wild; and if you want to know what that is you must read "Peter Simple."

Peter Simple: a story by Cap-tain Mar-ry-at, an Eng-lish na-val of-fi-cer and nov-el-ist.
They lived very much such a life as those jolly old Greeks in Sic-i-ly, whom you may see paint-ed on the an-cient vas-es; and real-ly there seemed to be great ex-cus-es for them, for they had no need to work.

In-stead of hous-es they lived in beau-ti-ful caves, and bathed in the warm springs three times a day; and as for clothes, it was so warm there that the gen-tle-men walked a-bout in lit-tle be-side a cocked hat and a pair of straps, or some light sum-mer tac-kle of that kind; and the ladies all gath-ered gos-sa-mer in au-tumn (when they were not too la-zy) to make their win-ter dress-es.

They were very fond of mu-sic, but it was too much trou-ble to learn the pi-a-no or the vi-o-lin; and as for dance-ing, that would have been too great an ex-er-tion. So they sat on ant-hills all day long, and played on the jews’-harp; and if the ants bit them, why, they just got up and went to the next ant-hill, till they were bit-ten there too.

And they sat under the flap-doo-dle-trees, and let the flap-doo-dle drop into their mouths; and un-der the vines, and squeezed the grape-juice down their throats; and, if any lit-tle pigs ran about read-y roast-ed, cry-ing, “Come and eat me,” as was their fash-ion in that coun-try, they wait-ed till the pigs ran a-gainst their mouths, and then took a bite, and were con-tent, as so many oys-ters would have been.

They need-ed no weap-ons, for no en-e-mies ev-er came near their land; and no tools, for ev-er-y-thing was read-y made to their hand; and the stern old fair-y Ne-ces-si-ty nev-er came near them to hunt them up, and make them use their wits, or die.

And so on, and so on, till there were nev-er such com-fort-a-ble, eas-y-go-ing, hap-py-go-luck-y peo-ple in the world.

“ Well, that is a jol-ly life,” said Tom,
"You think so?" said the fairy. "Do you see that great peaked moun-tain there be-hind," said the fairy, "with smoke com-ing out of its top?"

"Yes."

"And do you see all those ash-es and slag and cin-ders ly-ing a-bout?"

"Yes."

"Then turn over the next five hun-dred years, and you will see what hap-pens next."

And be-hold the moun-tain had blown up like a bar-rel of gun-pow-der, and then boiled over like a ket-tle; where-by one-third of the Do-as-you-likes were blown into the air, and an-oth-er third were smoth-ered in ash-es, so that there was only one-third left.

"You see," said the fairy, "what comes of liv-ing on a burn-ing moun-tain."

"Oh, why did you not warn them?" said lit-tle Ellie.

"I did warn them all that I could. I let the smoke come out of the moun-tain; and wher-ev-er there is smoke there is fire. And I laid the ashes and cin-ders all a-bout; and wher-ev-er there are cin-ders, cin-ders may be a-gain. But they did not like to face facts, my dears, as ver-y few peo-ple do; and so they in-vent-ed a cock-and-bull sto-ry, which, I am sure, I nev-er told them, that the smoke was the breath of a gi-ant, whom some gods or oth-er had bur-ied un-der the moun-tain; and that the cin-ders were what the dwarfs roast-ed the lit-tle pigs whole with, and oth-er non-sense of that kind. And, when folks are in that hu-mor, I can-not teach them, save by the good old birch rod."

And then she turned over the next five hun-dred years; and there were the rem-nant of the Do-as-you-likes, do-ing as they liked, as be-fore. They were too la-zy to move a-way from
the moun-tain; so they said, “If it has blown up once, that is all the more rea-son that it should not blow up a-gain.” And they were few in num-ber; but they on-ly said, “The more the mer-ri-er, but the few-er the bet-ter fare.” How-ev-er, that was not quite true; for all the flap-doo-dle-trees were killed by the vol-ca-no, and they had eat-en all the roast pigs, who, of course, could not be ex-pect-ed to have lit-tle ones. So they had to live ver-y hard, on nuts and roots which they scratched out of the ground with sticks. Some of them talked of sow-ing corn, as their an-ces-tors used to do be-fore they came in-to the land of Read-y-made; but they had for-got-ten how to make plows (they had for-got-ten even how to make jews’-harps by this time), and had eat-en all the seed-corn which they brought out of the land of Hard-work years since; and, of course, it was too much trou-ble to go a-way and find more. So they lived mis-er-a-bly on roots and nuts, and all the weak-ly lit-tle chil-dren died.

“Why,” said Tom, “they are grow-ing no bet-ter than sav-ages.”

“And look how ug-ly they are all get-ting,” said El-lie.

“Yes; when peo-ple live on poor veg-et-a-bles in-stead of roast beef and plum-pud-ding, that is what hap-pens.”

And she turned over the next five hun-dred years. And there they were all liv-ing up in trees, and mak-ing nests to keep off the rain. And un-der-neath the trees li-ons were prowl-ing a-bout.

“Why,” said El-lie, “the li-ons seem to have eat-en a good ma-ny of them, for there are very few left now.”

“Yes,” said the fair-y; “you see it was on-ly the strong-est and most ac-tive ones who could climb the trees, and so es-cape.”
“But what great, hulk-ing, broad-shoul-dered chaps they are,” said Tom; “they are a rough lot as ever I saw.”

“Yes, they are get-ting very strong now; for the la-dies will not mar-ry any but the very strong-est and fierc-est gen-tle-men, who can help them up the trees out of the li-ons’ way.”

And she turned over the next five hun-dred years. And in that they were few-er still, and strong-er and fierc-er; but their feet had changed shape very odd-ly, for they laid hold of the branches with their great toes, as if they had been thumbs, just as a Hin-du tai-lor uses his toes to thread his nee-dle.

The chil-dren were much sur-prised, and asked the fair- y wheth-er that was her do-ing.

“Yes, and no,” she said, smil-ing. “It was on-ly those who could use their feet as well as their hands who could get a good liv-ing, or, in-deed, get mar-ried; so that they got the best of ev-er-y-thing, and starved out all the rest; and those who are left keep up a reg-u-lar breed of toe-thumb-men, as a breed of short-horns, or Skye-ter-ri-ers, or fan-cy pi-geons is kept up.”

“But there is a hair-y one a-mong them,” said El-lie.

“Ah!” said the fair-y, “that will be a great man in his time, and chief of all the tribe.”

And, when she turned over the next five hun-dred years, it was true.

For this hair-y chief had had hair-y chil-dren, and they hair-i-er chil-dren still; and ev-er-y one wished to mar-ry hair-y hus-bands, and have hair-y chil-dren too; for the cli-mate was grow-ing so damp that none but the hair-y ones could live; all the rest coughed and sneezed, and had sore
throats, and went into con-sump-tion, be-fore they could grow up to be men and wom-en.

Then the fair-y turned over the next five hun-dred years. And they were few-er still.

“Why, there is one on the ground pick-ing up roots,” said El-lie, “and he can-not walk up-right.”

No more he could; for in the same way that the shape of their feet had altered, the shape of their backs had al-tered al-so.

“Why,” cried Tom, “I de-clare they are all apes.”

“Some-thing fear-ful-ly like it, poor fool-ish crea-tures,” said the fai-ry. “They are grown so stu-pid now, that they can hard-ly think; for none of them have used their wits for many hun-dred years. They have al-most for-got-ten, too, how to talk. For each stu-pid child for-got some of the words it heard from its stu-pid par-ents, and had not wits e-nough to make fresh words for it-self. Be-sides, they are grown so fierce and sus-pi-cious and bru-tal that they keep out of each oth-er’s way, and mo-pe and sulk in the dark for-ests, nev-er hear-ing each oth-er’s voice, till they have for-got-ten al-most what speech is like. I am a-fraid they will all be apes ver-y soon, and all by doing on-ly what they liked.”

And in the next five hun-dred years they were all dead and gone, by bad food and wild beasts and hun-ters — all save one great old fel-low with jaws like a jack, who stood full sev-en feet high; and he was shot and died.

And that was the end of the great and jol-ly na-tion of the Do-as-you-likes. And when Tom and El-lie came to the end of the book, they looked very sad and sol-emn, and they had good rea-son so to do.
“But could you not have saved them from be-come-ing apes?” said lit-tle El-lye at last.

“At first, my dear; if on-ly they would have be-haved like men, and set to work to do what they did not like. But the long-er they wait-ed, and be-haved like the dumb beasts who on-ly do what they like, the stu-pid-er and clum-si-er they grew; till at last they were past all cure, for they had thrown their own wits a-way. It is such things as this that help to make me so ug-ly that I know not when I shall grow fair.”

“And where are they all now?” asked El-lye.

“Ex-act-ly where they ought to be, my dear.”

“Yes!” said the fairy sol-emn-ly, half to her-self, as she closed the won-der-ful book. “Folks say now that I can make beasts into men, by cir-cum-stance and se-lec-tion and com-pe-ti-tion, and so forth. Well, per-haps they are right; and per-haps, a-gain, they are wrong. That is one of the sev-en things which I am for-bid-den to tell. What-ev-er their ances-tors were, men they are; and I ad-vise them to be-have as such, and act as such. But let them rec-ol-lect this, that there are two sides to ev-er-y ques-tion, and a down-hill as well as an up-hill road; and if I can turn beasts into men, I can, by the same laws of cir-cum-stance and se-lec-tion and com-pe-ti-tion, turn men into beasts. You were ve-ry near being turned into a beast once or twice, little Tom. In-deed, if you had not made up your mind to go on this jour-ney, and see the world, like an Eng-lis-h-man, I am not sure but that you would have end-ed as an eft in a pond.”

“Oh, dear me!” said Tom; “soon-er than that, and be all o-ver slime, I’ll go this min-ute, if it is to the world’s end.”
CHAPTER VII.

THE OTHER END OF NO-WHERE.

"Now," said Tom, "I am ready to be off, if it's to the world's end."

"Ah!" said the fairy, "that is a brave, good boy. But you must go farther than the world's end, if you want to find Mr. Grimes; for he is at the Other-end-of-No-where. You must go to Shiny Wall, and through the white gate that never was opened; and then you will come to Peace-pool, and Mother Carey's Haven, where the good whales go when they die. And there Mother Carey will tell you the way to the Other-end-of-No-where, and there you will find Mr. Grimes."

"Oh, dear!" said Tom. "But I do not know my way to Shiny Wall, or where it is at all."

"Little boys must take the trouble to find out things for themselves or they will never grow to be men; so that you must ask all the beasts in the sea and the birds in the air, and if you have been good to them, some of them will tell you the way to Shiny Wall."

"Well," said Tom, "it will be a long journey, so I had better start at once. Good-by, Miss El-lie; you know I am getting a big boy, and I must go out and see the world."

"I know you must," said El-lie; "but you will not forget me, Tom. I shall wait here till you come."

And she shook hands with him, and bade him good-by. Tom longed very much again to kiss her; but he thought it would
not be re-spect-ful, as she was a la-dy born, so he prom-ised not
to for-get her; but his lit-tle whirl-a-bout of a head was so
full of the no-tion of go-ing out to see the world, that it for-
got her in five min-utes; how-ev-er, though his head for-got
her, I am glad to say his heart did not.

So he asked all the beasts in the sea, and all the birds in the
air, but none of them knew the way to Shiny Wall. For why?
He was still too far down south.

So he swam north-ward, day after day, till at last he met
the King of the Her-rings, with a cur-ry-comb grow-ing out of
his nose, and a sprat in his mouth for a ci-gar, and asked him
the way to Shiny Wall; so he bolt-ed his sprat head-fore-most,
and said:—

"If I were you, young gen-tle-man, I should go to the All-
alone-stone and ask the last of the Gair-fowl.⁴ She is of a
ver-y an-cient clan, ver-y near-ly as an-cient as my own; and
knows a good deal which these mod-ern up-starts don’t, as la-
dies of old houses are like-ly to do."

Tom asked his way to her, and the King of the Her-rings
told him ver-y kind-ly; for he was a cour-te-ous old gen-tle-
man of the old school, though he was aw-ful-ly ug-ly and
strange-ly be-decked too, like the old dan-dies who lounge in
the club-house win-dows.

But just as Tom had thanked him and set off, he called after
him, "Hi! I say, can you fly?"

"I nev-er tried," says Tom. "Why?"

"Because, if you can, I should ad-vice you to say noth-ing
to the old la-dy about it. There, take a hint. Good-by."

And away Tom went for sev-en days and sev-en nights due
north-west, till he came to a great cod-bank, the like of which

¹ Gairfowl: a now rare div-ing bird, whose home was in the north-ern seas.
he nev-er saw before. The great cod lay be-low in tens of thou-sands, and gob-bled shell-fish all day long; and the blue sharks roved a-bove in hun-dreds, and gob-bled them when they came up. So they ate and ate, and ate each other, as they had done since the ma-king of the world; for no man had come here yet to catch them, and find out how rich old Moth-er Ca-rey is.

And there he saw the last of the Gair-fowl, stand-ing up on the All-a-lone-stone, all a-lone. And a grand old la-dy she was, full three feet high, and bolt up-right, like some old High-land chief-tain-ess. She had on a black vel-vet gown, and a white pin-ner and a-pron, and a very high bridge to her nose (which is a sure mark of high breed-ing), and a large
pair of white spectacles on it, which made her look rather odd; but it was the ancient fashion of her house.

Tom came up to her very humbly, and made his bow; and the first thing she said was,—

"Have you wings? Can you fly?"

"Oh, dear, no, ma'am; I should not think of such a thing," said cunning little Tom.

"Then I shall have great pleasure in talking to you, my dear. It is quite refreshing now-a-days to see anything without wings. They must all have wings, now, ever-y new up-start sort of bird, and fly. What can they want with flying, and rais-ing them-selves above their pro-per sta-tion in life? In the days of my an-ces-tors no birds ever thought of hav-ing wings, and did ver-y well without; and now they all laugh at me be-cause I keep to the good old fash-ion."

And so she was run-ning on, while Tom tried to get in a word edge-ways; and at last he did, when the old la-dy got out of breath and be-gan fan-ning her-self a-gain; and then he asked if she knew the way to Shiny Wall.

"Shiny Wall? Who should know bet-ter than I? We all came from Shiny Wall thou-sands of years a-go, when it was de-cent-ly cold, and the cli-mate was fit for gen-tle-folk; but now, what with the heat, and what with these vul-gar-winged things who fly up and down and eat ev-er-y-thing, so that gen-tle-people’s hunt-ing is all spoilt, and one real-ly can-not get one’s liv-ing, or hard-ly ven-ture off the rock for fear of being flown a-gainst by some crea-ture that would not have dared to come within a mile of one a thou-sand years a-go — what was I saying?"

"Why, we have quite gone down in the world, my dear, and have noth-ing left but our hon-or. And I am the last of my fam-ily. A friend of mine and I came and set-pled on this
rock when we were young, to be out of the way of low peo-ple. Once we were a great na-tion, and spread over all the North-ern Isles. But men shot us so, and knocked us on the head, and took our eggs — why, if you will be-lieve it, they say that on the coast of Lab-ra-dor the sail-ors used to lay a plank from the rock on board the thing called their ship, and drive us along the plank by hun-dreds, till we tum-bled down into the ship’s waist in heaps; and then, I sup-pose, they ate us, the nas-ty fellows! Well — but — what was I saying?

"At last, there were none of us left, ex-cept on the old Gair-fowl-skery, just off the Ice-land coast, up which no man could climb. Even there we had no peace; for one day, when I was quite a young girl, the land rocked, and the sea boiled, and the sky grew dark, and all the air was filled with smoke and dust, and down tum-bled the old Gair-fowl-skery into the sea. The dove-kies and mar-rocks, of course, all flew a-way; but we were too proud to do that. Some of us were dashed to pieces, and some drowned; and those who were left got a-way to El-dey, and the dove-kies tell me they are all dead now, and that an-other Gair-fowl-skery has ris-en out of the sea close to the old one, but that it is such a poor, flat place that it is not safe to live on; and so here I am left a-lone."

This was the Gair-fowl’s sto-ry; and, strange as it may seem, it is ev-er-y word of it true.

"If you only had had wings," said Tom; "then you might all have flown a-way too."

"Yes, young gen-tle-man; and if people are not gen-tle-men and la-dies, and for-get that no-blesse o-blige,¹ they will find it as eas-y to get on in the world as other peo-ple who don’t care what they do. Why, if I had not rec-ol-lec-ted that no-

¹ noblesse oblige: no-bil-i-ty obliges; that is, high birth calls for high and no-bie deeds.
blesse o-blige, I should not have been all a-lone now." And
the poor old lady sighed.

"How was that, ma’am?"

"Why, my dear, a gen-tle-man came hith-er with me, and
after we had been here some time, he want-ed to mar-ry—in
fact, he pro-posed to me. Well, I can’t blame him, I was
young, and hand-some then, I don’t de-ny; but, you see, I could
not hear of such a thing, be-cause he was my de-ceased sis-
ter’s hus-band, you see?"

"Of course not, ma’am," said Tom; though, of course, he
knew noth-ing about it. "She was very much dis-eased, I
sup-pose?"

"You do not un-der-stand me, my dear. I mean, that being
a la-dy, and with right and hon-or-ab-le feel-ings, as our house
al-ways has had, I felt it my duty to snub him, and peck him,
to keep him at his prop-er dis-tance; and, to tell the truth, I
once pecked him a lit-tle too hard, poor fel-low, and he tumbled
back-wards off the rock, and—real-ly, it was most un-
for-tun-ate, but it was not my fault—a shark com-ing by saw
him flap-ping, and snap-ped him up. And since then I have
lived all a-lone—

‘With a fal-lal-la-lady.’

And soon I shall be gone, my lit-tle dear, and no-bod-y will
miss me; and then the poor stone will be left all a-lone."

"But, please, which is the way to Shiny Wall?" asked
Tom.

"Oh, you must go, my lit-tle dear—you must go. Let me
see—I am sure—that is—real-ly, my poor old brains are
get-ting quite puz-zled. Do you know, my lit-tle dear, I am
a-fraid, if you want to know, you must ask some of these vul-
gar birds a-bout, for I have quite for-got-ten."
And the poor old Gair-fowl began to cry tears of pure oil; and Tom was quite sor-ry for her; and for him-self too, for he was at his wits’ end whom to ask.

But by there came a flock of pet-rels, who are Moth-er Ca-rey’s own chick-ens, and Tom thought them much pret-ti-er than La-dy Gair-fowl, and so per-haps they were; for Moth-er Ca-rey had had a great deal of fresh ex-pe-ri-ence be-tween the time that she in-vent-ed the Gair-fowl and the time that she in-vent-ed them. They flit-ted along like a flock of black swal-lows, and hop-ped and skip-ped from wave to wave, lift-ing up their little feet be-hind them so dain-ti-ly, and whist-ling to each oth-er so ten-der-ly, that Tom fell in love with them at once, and called them to know the way to Shiny Wall.

"Shiny Wall? Do you want Shiny Wall? Then come with us, and we will show you. We are Moth-er Ca-rey’s own chick-ens, and she sends us out o-ver all the seas to show the good birds the way home."

Tom was de-light-ed, and swam off to them, after he had made his bow to the Gair-fowl. But she would not re-turn his bow, but held her-self bolt upright and wept tears of oil as she sang:

"And so the poor stone was left all a-lone,  
With a fal-lal-la-la-la-ly."

And now Tom was all a-gog to start for Shiny Wall; but the pet-rels said no. They must go first to All-fowls-nest, and wait there for the great gath-er-ing of all the sea-birds, before they start for their sum-mer breed-ing-places far away in the North-ern Isles; and there they would be sure to find some birds which were going to Shiny Wall; but where All-fowel-
nest was, he must promise never to tell, lest men should go there and shoot the birds, and stuff them, and put them into stupid museums, instead of leaving them to play and breed and work in Mother Carey's water garden, where they ought to be.

And after a while the birds began to gather at All-fowls-nest in thousands and tens of thousands, blackening all the air,—swans and brant geese, harlequins and eiders, divers and loons, gannets and petrels, with gulls and other seabirds beyond naming or numbering; and they padded and washed and splashed and combed and brushed themselves on the sand, till the shore was white with feathers; and they quacked and clucked and gabbled and chattered and screamed and whooped as they talked over matters with their friends, and settled where they were to go and breed that summer, till you might have heard them ten miles off.

Then the petrels asked this bird and that whether they would take Tom to Shiny Wall; but one set was going to Sutherland, (Scotland), and one to the Shetlands, and one to Norway, and one to Spitzberg-en, and one to Iceland, and one to Greenland, but none would go to Shiny Wall. So the good-natured petrels said that they would show him part of the way themselves; but they were only going as far as Jan May-en's Land,¹ and after that he must shift for himself.

And there they fell in with a whole flock of molly mocks who were feeding on a dead whale.

"These are the fellows to show you the way," said Mother Carey's chickens; "we cannot help you farther north. We don't like to get among the ice-pack for fear it should nip our toes; but the moll-lys dare fly any-where."

¹ Jan Mayen's Land: an uninhabited, volcanic island in the Arctic Ocean, near Greenland, first discovered in 1611.
So the pet-rels called to the mol-lys; but they were so bus-y and greed-y, gob-bling and peck-ing and splut-ter-ing and fight-ing over the blub-ber, that they did not take the least no-
tice.

"Come, come," said the pet-rels, "you laz-y, greed-y lub-
ers, this young gen-tle-man is going to Moth-er Ca-rey; and if you don’t at-tend on him, you won’t earn your dis-charge from her, you know."

"Greed-y we are," says a great fat old mol-ly, "but laz-y we ain’t; and as for lub-bers, we’re no more lub-bers than you. Let’s have a look at the lad."

And he flap-ped right into Tom’s face, and stared at him in the most im-pu-dent way (for the mol-lys are bold, sau-cy, fel-

lows as all whal-ers know), and then asked him where he hailed from, and what land he sighted last.

And when Tom told him, he seemed pleased, and said he was a good plucky one to have got so far.

"Come a-long, lads," he said to the rest, "and give this lit-
tle chap a cast over the pack for Moth-er Ca-rey’s sake. We’ve eat-en blub-ber e-nough for to-day, and we’ll e’en work out a bit of our time by help-ing the lad."

"And where is the gate?" asked Tom.

"There is no gate," said the mol-lys.

"No gate?" cried Tom, a-ghast.

"None; nev-er a crack of one, and that’s the whole of the se-cret, as bet-ter fel-lows, lad, than you have found to their cost; and if there had been, they’d have killed by now e-ver-y right whale that swims the sea."

"What am I to do, then?"

"Dive under the ice, to be sure, if you have pluck."

"I’ve not come so far to turn now," said Tom; "so here goes for a head-er."
“A lucky voyage to you, lad,” said the mol-lys; “we knew you were one of the right sort. So good-by.”

“Why don’t you come too?” asked Tom.

But the mol-lys only wailed sadly, “We can’t go yet, we can’t go yet,” and flew a-way over the pack.

So Tom dived un-der the great white gate which nev-er was o-pened yet, and went on in black dark-ness at the bot-tom of the sea, for sev-en days and sev-en nights. And yet he was not a bit fright-ened. Why should he be? He was a brave Eng-lish lad, whose bus-iness is to go out and see all the world.

Tom swam up to the near-est whale and asked the way to Moth-er Ca-rey.

“There she sits in the mid-dle,” said the whale.
And when she saw Tom she looked at him kind-ly.

“What do you want, my lit-tle man? It is long since I have seen a wa-ter ba-by here.”

Tom told her his er-rand, and asked the way to the Oth-er-end-of-No-where.

“You ought to know your-self, for you have been there al-ready.”

“Have I, ma’am? I’m sure I for-get all a-bout it.”

“Then look at me.”

And as Tom looked into her great blue eyes he rec-ol-lec- ted the way per-fect-ly.

Now, was it not strange?

“Thank you, ma’am,” said Tom. “Then I won’t trou-ble your la-dy-ship any more; I hear you are very bus-y.”

“I am nev-er more bus-y than I am now,” she said, with- out stir-ring a fin-ger.

“I heard, ma’am, that you were al-ways mak-ing new beasts out of old.”
“So peo-ple fanc-y. But I am not go-ing to trou-ble my-self to make things, my lit-tle dear. I sit here and make them make them-selves.”

“You are a clev-er fair-y, in-deed,” thought Tom. And he was quite right.

“And now, my pret-ty lit-tle man,” said Moth-er Ca-rey, “you are sure you know the way to the Oth-er-end-of-No-where?”

Tom thought; and be-hold, he had for-got-ten it quite.

“That is be-cause you took your eyes off me.”

Tom looked at her a-gain, and rec-ol-lec-ted; and then looked a-way, and for-got in an in-stant.

“But what am I to do, ma’am? for I can’t keep look-ing at you when I am some-where else.”

“You must do with-out me, as most peo-ple have to do for nine hun-dred and ninety-nine thou-sandths of their lives, and look at the dog in-stead; for he knows the way well e-nough, and will not for-get it. Be-sides, you may meet some queer-tem-pered peo-ple there, who will not let you pass with-out this pass-port of mine, which you must hang round your neck and take care of; and of course, as the dog will al-ways go be-hind you, you must go the whole way back-ward.”

Tom was much sur-prised; but he o-beyed her, for he had learnt al-ways to be-lieve what the fair-ies told him.
CHAPTER VIII.

THE WATER-BABIES UNDERSTAND.

Here begins the never-to-be-too-much-stud-ied ac-count of the nine-hundred-and-nine-ty-ninth part of the won-der-ful things which Tom saw on his jour-ney to the Oth-er-end-of-No-where, which all good lit-tle chil-dren are re-quest-ed to read, that, if ever they get to the Oth-er-end-of-No-where, as they may very like-ly do, they may not burst out laugh-ing, or try to run away, or do any other sil-ly, vul-gar thing which may of-fend Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did.

Now, as soon as Tom had left Peace-pool, he came to the white lap of the great sea-moth-er, ten thou-sand fath-oms deep; where she makes world-pap all day long, for the steam-gi-ants to knead, and the fire-gi-ants to bake, till it has ris-en and hard-en-ed into moun-tain-loaves and is-land-cakes.

And there Tom was very near being knead-ed up in the world-pap, and turned into a fos-sil water-baby.

For, as he walked a-long in the si-lence of the sea-twi-light on the soft, white ocean floor, he was aware of a hiss-ing, and a roar-ing, and a thump-ing, and a pump-ing, as of all the steam-en-gines in the world at once. And when he came near, the water grew boil-ing hot, not that that hurt him in the least; but it also grew as foul as gru-el; and every mo-ment he stom-bled over dead shells and fish and sharks and seals and whales which had been killed by the hot water.

But all of a sud-den some-bod-y shut off the steam be-low,
and the hole was left empty in an instant; and then down rushed the water into the hole, in such a whirl-pool that the bogey spun round and round as fast as a tee-to-tum. But that was all in his day's work, like a fair fall with the hounds; so all he did was to say to Tom,—

"Now is your time, youngster, to get down, if you are in earnest, which I don't believe."

"You'll soon see," said Tom, and away he went, as bold as Bar-on Mun-chau-sen, and shot down the rushing stream, like a salm-on leap-ing a cat-ar-act.

And when he got to the bot-tom, he swam till he was washed on shore safe upon the Oth-er-end-of-No-where; and he found it, to his sur-prise, as most oth-er peo-ple do, much more like This-end-of-Some-where than he had been in the hab-it of ex-pect-ing.

After many ad-ven-tures, each more won-der-ful than the last, he saw be-fore him a large build-ing.

Tom walked tow-ards this great build-ing, won-der-ing what it was, and hav-ing a strange fan-cy that he might find Mr. Grimes in-side it, till he saw run-ning tow-ard him, and shout-ing "Stop!" three or four peo-ple, who, when they came near-er, were noth-ing else than po-lice-men's bat-ons or clubs run-ning a-long without legs or arms.

Tom was not as-ton-ished. He was long past that. Neith-er was he fright-en ed; for he had been do-ing no harm.

So he stopped; and when the fore-most bat-on came up and asked his bus-iness, he showed Moth-er Ca-rey's pass; and the bat-on looked at it in the odd-est fash-ion; for he had one eye in the mid-dle of his up-per end, so that when he looked at any-thing, be-ing quite stiff, he had to slope him-self, and poke

1 Munchausen: The supposed author of a book of travel filled with the most extravagant stories of impossible adventures.
him-self, till it was a won-der why he did not tum-ble over; but, be-ing quite full of the spir-it of jus-tice (as all po-lice-men and their bat-ons ought to be), he was al-ways in a pos-i-tion of sta-ble bal-an-ce, which-ev-er way he put him-self.

"All right—pass on," said he at last. And then he add-ed, "I had bet-ter go with you, young man." And Tom had no ob-jec-tion, for such com-pan-y was both re-spect-a-ble and safe; so the bat-on coiled its thong neat-ly round its han-dle, to pre-vent trip-ping it-self up,—for the thong had got loose in run-ning,—and marched on by Tom’s side.

"Why have you no po-lice-man to car-ry you?" asked Tom after a while.

"Be-cause we are not like those clum-sy-made bat-ons in the land-world, which can-not go with-out hav-ing a whole man to car-ry them a-bout. We do our own work for our-selves; and do it very well, though I say it who should not."

"Then, why have you a thong to your han-dle?" asked Tom.

"To hang our-selves up by, of course, when we are off du-ty."

Tom had got his an-swer, and had no more to say till they came up to the great iron door of the pris-on. And there the bat-on knocked twice with its own head.

A wic-ket in the door o-pened, and out looked a tre-men-dous old brass blun-der-buss, charged up to the muz-zle with slugs, who was the por-ter; and Tom start-ed back a lit-tle at the sight of him.

"What case is this?" he asked in a deep voice, out of his broad bell mouth.

"If you please, sir, it is no case; only a young gen-tle-man from her lady-ship, who wants to see Grimes, the mas-ter-sweep."

1 blunderbuss: an old-fashioned gun.
“Grimes?” said the blunder-buss. And he pulled in his muzzle, perhaps to look over his prison-lists.

“Grimes is up chimney No. 345,” he said from inside. “So the young gentleman had better go on to the roof.”

Tom looked up at the enormous wall which seemed at least ninety miles high, and wondered how he should ever get up; but when he hinted that to the bat-on it set-plied the matter in a moment. For it whisked round, and gave him such a shove behind as sent him up to the roof in no time, with his little dog under his arm.

And there we walked along the leads, till he met another bat-on and told him his errand.

“Very good,” it said. “Come along; but it will be of no use. He is the most un-re-morse-ful, hard-heart-ed, foul-mouthed fellow I have in charge; and thinks about noth-ing but beer and pipes, which are not al-low-ed here, of course.”

So they walked a-long over the leads; and very soot-y they were, and Tom thought the chim-neys must want sweep-ing very much. But he was sur-prised to see that the soot did not stick to his feet, or dirty them in the least. Neither did the live coals, which were ly-ing about in plen-ty, burn him.

And at last they came to chimney No. 345. Out of the top of it, his head and shoul-ders just show-ing, stuck poor Mr. Grimes, so soot-y and bleared and ugly, that Tom could hard-ly bear to look at him. And in his mouth was a pipe; but it was not a-light, though he was pull-ling at it with all his might.

“At-ten-tion, Mr. Grimes,” said the bat-on; “here is a gen-tle-man come to see you.”

But Mr. Grimes only said bad words, and kept grum-bling, “My pipe won’t draw. My pipe won’t draw.”
“Keep a civ-il tongue, and at-tend!” said the bat-on; and popped up just like Punch, hitting Grimes such a crack over the head with it-self, that his brains rat-tled in-side like a dried wal-nut in its shell. He tried to get his hands out, and rub the place; but he could not, for they were stuck fast in the chim-ney. Now he was forced to at-tend.

“Hey!” he said, “why, it’s Tom! I sup-pose you have come here to laugh at me, you spite-ful lit-tle atom?”

Tom as-sured him he had not, but only want-ed to help him.

“I don’t want any-thing ex-cept beer, and that I can’t get; and a light to this both-er-ing pipe, and that I can’t get ei-ther.”

“I’ll get you one,” said Tom; and he took up a live coal (there were plen-ty ly-ing a-bout), and put it to Grimes’s pipe: but it went out in-stant-ly.

“It’s no use,” said the bat-on, lean-ing it-self up against the chim-ney and look-ing on. “I tell you, it is no use. His heart is so cold that it freezes ev-er-y-thing that comes near him. You will see that pres-ent-ly, plain e-nough.”

“Oh, of course, it’s my fault. Ev-er-y-thing’s al-ways my fault,” said Grimes. “Now, don’t go to hit me again” (for the bat-on start-ed up-right, and looked very wic-ked); “you know, if my arms were only free, you dare not hit me then.”

The bat-on leaned back against the chim-ney, and took no no-tice of the per-son-al in-sult, like a well-trained po-lice-man as it was, though he was read-y e-nough to a-venge any trans-gres-sion a-gainst mo-ral-ity or or-der.

“But can’t I help you in any oth-er way? Can’t I help you to get out of this chim-ney?” said Tom.

“No,” in-ter-posed the bat-on; “he has come to the place

{1Punch: the buffoon or clown of a circus or pantomime.}
where ev-er-y-body must help them-selves; and he will find it out, I hope, before he has done with me.”

“Oh, yes,” said Grimes, “of course it’s me. Did I ask to be brought here into the pris-on? Did I ask to be set to sweep your foul chim-neys? Did I ask to have light-ed straw put un-der me to make me go up? Did I ask to stick fast in the very first chim-ney of all, be-cause it was so shame-ful-ly clogged up with soot? Did I ask to stay here,—I don’t know how long,—a hun-dred years I do be-lieve, and nev-er get my pipe, nor my beer, nor noth-ing fit for a beast, let a-lone a man?”

“No,” an-swered a sol-emn voice be-hind. “No more did Tom, when you be-haved to him in the very same way.”

It was Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did. And when the bat-on saw her, it start-ed bolt up-right—At-ten-tion! and made such a low bow, that if it had not been full of the spir-it of jus-tice, it must have tum-bled on its end, and prob-a-bly hurt its one eye. And Tom made his bow, too.

“Oh, ma’am,” he said, “don’t think about me; that’s all past and gone, and good times and bad times and all times pass o-ver. But may not I help poor Mr. Grimes? May not I try and get some of these bricks away, that he may move his arms?”

“You may try, of course,” she said.

So Tom pulled and tugged at the bricks; but he could not move one. And then he tried to wipe Mr. Grimes’s face; but the soot would not come off.

“Oh, dear!” he said. “I have come all this way, through all these ter-ri-ble pla-ces, to help you, and now I am of no use at all.”

“You had best leave me a-lone,” said Grimes; “you are a good-na-tured, for-giv-ing lit-tle chap, and that’s truth; but
you’d best be off. The hail’s com-ing on soon, and it will beat the eyes out of your lit-tle head.”

“What hail?”

“Why, hail that falls every e-ven-ing here; and till it comes close to me, it’s like so much warm rain; but then it turns to hail over my head, and knocks me about like small shot.”

“That hail will never come any more,” said the strange la-dy. “I have told you be-fore what it was. It was your moth-er’s tears, those which she shed when she prayed for you by her bed-side; but your cold heart froze it into hail. But she is gone to heav-en now, and will weep no more for her grace-less son.”

Then Grimes was si-lent a while; and then he looked very sad.

“So my old moth-er’s gone, and I nev-er there to speak to her! Ah! a good wom-an she was, and might have been a hap-py one, in her lit-tle school there in Ven-dale, if it had not been for me and my bad ways.”

“Did she keep the school in Ven-dale?” asked Tom. And then he told Grimes all the story of his going to her house, and how she could not a-bide the sight of a chim-ney-sweep, and then how kind she was, and how he turned into a wa-ter ba-by.

“Ah!” said Grimes, “good rea-son she had to hate the sight of a chim-ney-sweep. I ran away from her and took up with the sweeps, and nev-er let her know where I was, nor sent her a pen-ny to help her, and now it’s too late—too late!” said Mr. Grimes.

And he be-gan cry-ing and blub-ber-ing like a great ba-by, till his pipe dropped out of his mouth, and broke all to bits.

“Oh, dear, if I was but a little chap in Ven-dale a-gain, to see the clear beck,¹ and the ap-ple or-chard, and the yew-hedge,

¹ beck: a small brook or stream.
how dif-fer-ent I would go on! But it’s too late now. So you go a-long, you kind little chap, and don’t stand to look at a man cry-ing that’s old e-nough to be your fath-er, and never feared the face of man, nor of worse ei-ther. But I’m beat now, and beat I must be. I’ve made my bed, and must lie on it. Foul I would be, and foul I am, as an Irish-wom-an said to me once; and lit-tle I heed-ed it. It’s all my own fault; but it’s too late.” And he cried so bit-ter-ly that Tom be-gan cry-ing too.

“Nev-er too late,” said the fair-y, in such a strange, soft, new voice that Tom looked up at her; and she was so beau-ti-ful for the mo-ment, that Tom half fan-cied she was her sis-ter.

No more was it too late. For, as poor Grimes cried and blub-ber-ed on, his own tears did what his moth-er’s could not do, and Tom’s could not do, and no-bod-y’s on earth could do for him; for they washed the soot off his face and off his clothes; and then they washed the mor-tar a-way from be-tween the bricks, and the chim-ney crum-bled down, and Grimes be-gan to get out of it.

Up jumped the bat-on, and was going to hit him on the crown a tre-men-dous thump, and drive him down again like a cork into a bot-tle. But the strange lady put it a-side.

“Will you o-bey me if I give you a chance?”

“As you please, ma’am. You’re strong-er than me—that I know too well, and wi-ser than me, I know too well also. And as for being my own mas-ter, I’ve fared ill e-nough with that as yet. So what-ev-er your la-dy-ship pleases to, or-der me; for I’m beat, and that’s the truth.”

“Be it so then—you may come out. But re-mem-ber, dis-o-bey me a-gain, and into a worse place still you go.”

“I beg par-don, ma’am, but I never dis-o-beyed you that I
know of. I nev-er had the hon-or of set-ting eyes upon you till I came to these ug-ly quar-ters.”

“Nev-er saw me? Who said to you, ‘Those that will be foul, foul they will be?’”

Grimes looked up, and Tom looked up too; for the voice was that of the Irish-wom-an who met them the day that they went out to-geth-er to Harth-o-ver. “I gave you your warn-ing then; but you gave it your-self a thou-sand times be-fore and since. Ev-er-y bad word that you said, ev-er-y cru-el and mean thing that you did, ev-er-y time that you got tip-sy, ev-er-y day that you went dir-ty, you were dis-o-bey-ing me, wheth-er you knew it or not.”

“If I’d only known, ma’am”—

“You knew well e-nough that you were dis-o-bey-ing some-thing, though you did not know it was me. But come out and take your chance. Per-haps it may be your last.”

So Grimes stepped out of the chim-ney; and real-ly, if it had not been for the scars on his face, he looked as clean and re-spect-a-ble as a mas-ter-sweep need look.

“Take him away,” said she to the bat-on, “and give him his tic-ket-of-leave.”

“And what is he to do, ma’am?”

“Get him to sweep out the cra-ter of Et-na; he will find some ver-y stead-y men work-ing out their time there, who will teach him his bus-iness; but mind, if that cra-ter gets choked a-gain, and there is an earth-quake in con-se-quence, bring them all to me, and I shall in-ves-ti-gate the case very se-vere-ly.”

So the bat-on marched off Mr. Grimes, look-ing as meek as a drowned rat.

1 ticket-of-leave: a permit allowing a prisoner his liberty after a period of good behavior.

2 Etna: a volcano in Sicily, Italy.
And for all I know, or do not know, he is sweeping the crater of Et-na to this very day.

"And now," said the fairy to Tom, "your work here is done. You may as well go back again."

"I should be glad enough to go," said Tom; "but how am I to get up that great hole again, now the steam has stopped blowing?"

"I will take you up the back-stairs; but I must bandage your eyes first, for I never allow anybody to see those back-stairs of mine."

So she tied the bandage on his eyes with one hand, and with the other she took it off.

"Now," she said, "you are safe up the stairs." Tom opened his eyes very wide, and his mouth too; for he had not, as he thought, moved a single step. But when he looked round him, there could be no doubt that he was safe up the back-stairs, what-so-ever they may be, which no man is going to tell you, for the plain reason that no man knows.

The first thing which Tom saw was the black cedars, high and sharp against the rosy dawn; and St. Bran-dan's Isle reflect-ed dou-ble in the still, broad, sil-ver sea. The wind sang soft-ly in the cedars, and the wa-ter sang a-mong the caves; the sea-birds sang as they streamed out into the o-cean, and the land-birds as they built among the boughs; and the air was so full of songs that it stirred St. Bran-dan and his hermits as they slum-bered in the shade, and they moved their good old lips, and sang their morn-ing hymn amid their dreams. But a-mong all the songs one came across the wa-ter more sweet and clear than all; for it was the song of a young girl's voice.

And what was the song which she sang? Ah, my lit-tle man, I am too old to sing that song, and you too young to un-
der-stand it. But have pa-tience, and keep your eye sin-gle, and your hands clean, and you will learn some day to sing it your-self, without need-ing any man to teach you.

As Tom neared the is-land, there sat up-on a rock, the most grace-ful crea-ture that ev-er was seen, look-ing down, with her chin upon her hand, and pad-dling with her feet in

![Illustration](image)

THERE SAT UP-ON A ROCK, THE MOST GRACE-FUL CREA-TURE THAT EV-ER WAS SEEN.

the wa-ter. And when they came to her she looked up, and be-hold it was El-lie.

"O Miss El-lie," said he, "how you are grown!"

"O Tom," said she, "how you are grown too!"

And no won-der; they were both quite grown up—he in-to a tall man, and she into a beau-ti-ful wom-an.

"Per-haps I may be grown," she said. "I have had time
e-nough; for I have been sit-ting here wait-ing for you ma-ny a hun-dred years, till I thought you were nev-er com-ing.’

“Many a hun-dred years?” thought Tom; but he had seen so much in his trav-els that he had quite giv-en up being as-ton-ished; and, in-deed, he could think of noth-ing but El-lie. So he stood and looked at El-lie, and El-lie looked at him; and they liked the em-ploy-ment so much that they stood and looked for sev-en years more, and neith-er spoke nor stir-red.

At last they heard the fair-y say, “At-ten-tion, chil-dren. Are you never go-ing to look at me a-gain?”

“We have been look-ing at you all this while,” they said. And so they thought they had been.

“Then look at me once more,” said she.

They looked—and both of them cried out at once, “Oh, who are you, af-ter all?”

“You are our dear Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by.”

“No, you are good Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did; but you are grown quite beau-ti-ful now!”

“To you,” said the fairy. “But look again.”

“You are Mo-ther Ca-rey,” said Tom, in a very low, sol-emn voice; for he had found out some-thing which made him very hap-py, and yet fright-ened him more than all that he had ev-er seen.

“But you are grown quite young a-gain.”

“To you,” said the fairy. “But look a-gain.”

“You are the Irish-wom-an who met me the day I went to Harth-o-ver!”

And when they looked she was neith-er of them, and yet all of them at once.

“My name is writ-ten in my eyes, if you have eyes to see it there.”

And they looked into her great, deep, soft eyes, and they
changed a-gain and a-gain into every hue, as the light changes in a di-a-mond.

"Now read my name," she said at last.

And her eyes flashed, for one mo-ment, clear, white, blaz-ing light; but the chil-dren could not read her name; for they were daz-zled, and hid their faces in their hands.

"Not yet, young things, not yet," said she, smil-ing; and then she turned to Ellie.

"You may take him home with you now on Sun-days, El-lie. He has won his spurs in the great bat-tle, and be-come fit to go with you and be a man; be-cause he has done the thing he did not like."

So Tom went home with El-lie on Sun-days, and some-times on week-days too; and he is now a great man of sci-ence, and can do many things. And all this from what he learnt when he was a water-baby un-der-neath the sea. And that is the end of my story.

MOR-AL.

And now, my dear lit-tle man, what should we learn from this par-a-ble?

We should learn thir-ty-seven or thir-ty-nine things, I am not ex-act-ly sure which; but one thing, at least, we may learn, and that is this—when we see efts in the pond, never to throw stones at them, or catch them with crook-ed pins, or put them into vi-va-ri-ums1 with stic-kle-backs, that the stic-kle-backs may prick them in their poor little stom-achs, and make them jump out of the glass into some-bod-y’s work-box, and so come to a bad end. For these efts are noth-ing else but the wa-ter ba-bies who are stu-pid and dir-ty, and will not learn their les-sons and keep them-selves clean; and, there-fore their skulls

1 Vivariums: aquariums, or hot-houses, where living things are reared.
grow flat, their jaws grow out, and their brains grow small, and their tails grow long, and they lose all their ribs (which I am sure you would not like to do), and their skins grow dirty and spotted, and they never get into the clear rivers, much less into the great wide sea, but hang about in dirty ponds, and live in the mud, and eat worms, as they deserve to do.

But that is no reason why you should ill-use them, but only why you should pity them, and be kind to them, and hope that some day they will wake up and be ashamed of their nasty, dirty, lazy, stupid life, and try to amend and become something better once more. For, perhaps, if they do so, then after 379,423 years, nine months, thirteen days, two hours, and twenty-one minutes (for all that appears to the contrary), if they work very hard and wash very hard all that time, their brains may grow bigger, and their jaws grow smaller, and their ribs come back, and their tails wither off, and they will turn into water-babies again, and perhaps after that into land-babies; and after that perhaps into grown men.

You know they won’t? Very well, I dare-say you know best. But you see, some folks have a great liking for those poor little efts. They never did any-body any harm, or could if they tried; and their only fault is, that they do no good—anymore than some thou-sands of their betters. But what with ducks, and what with pike, and what with stic-kle-backs, and what with water-beetles, and what with naugh-ty boys, they are “sae sair had-den doun,”¹ as the Scots-men say, that it is a wonder how they live; and some folks can’t help hop-ing, with good Bish-op But-ler, that they may have an-other chance

¹ sae sair hadden doun: so sore holden down.
to make things fair and even, some-where, some-when, some-
how.

Mean-while, do you learn your les-sons, and thank God that
you have plen-ty of cold water to wash in; and wash in it too;
like a true Eng-lish-man. And then, if my sto-ry is not true,
some-thing bet-ter is; and if I am not quite right, still you will
be, as long as you stick to hard work and cold water.

But re-mem-ber always, as I told you at first, that this is
all a fair-y tale, and only fun and pre-tence; and, there-fore,
you are not to be-lieve a word of it, even if it is true.