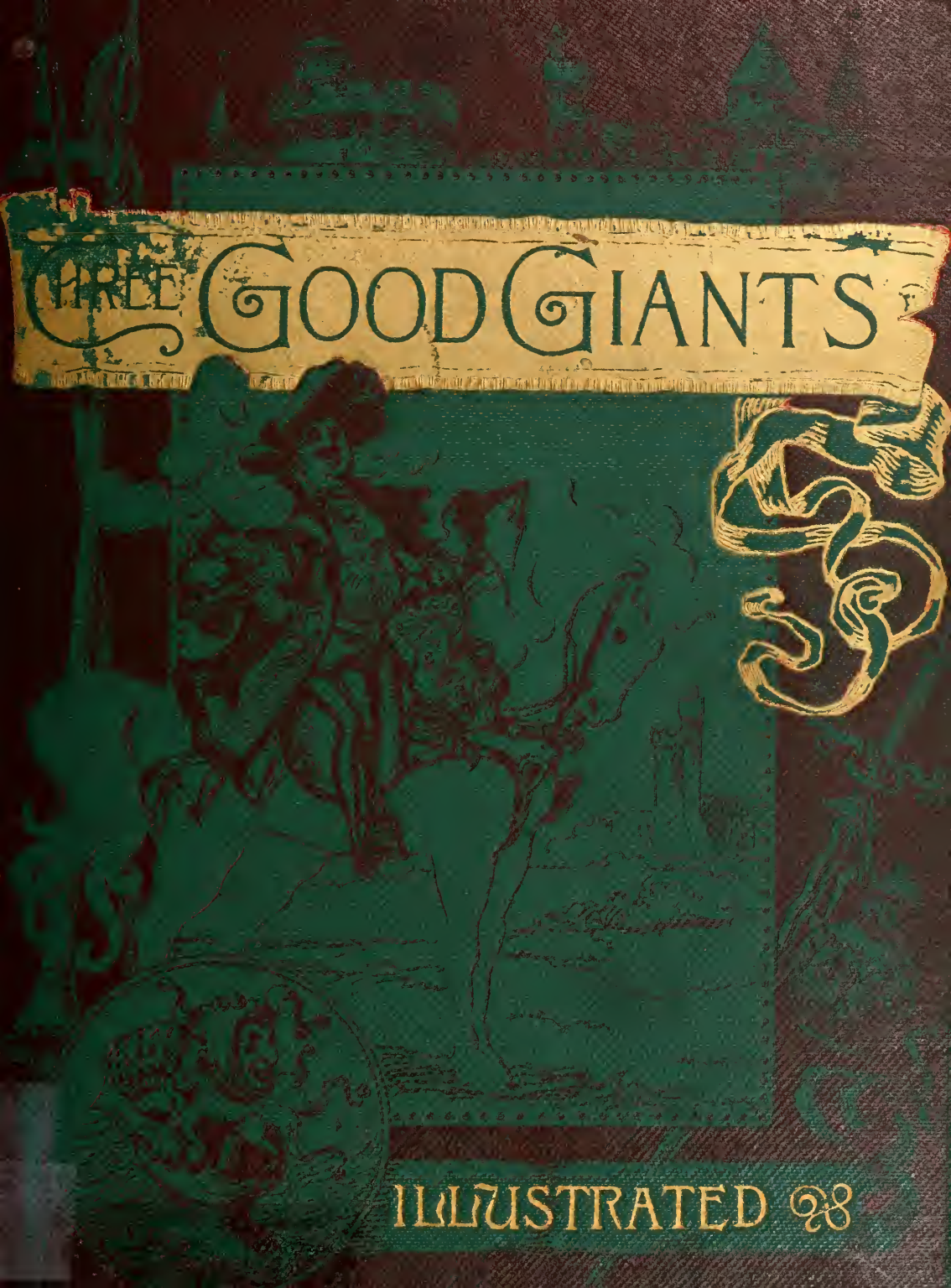
THREE GOOD GIANTS



ILLUSTRATED

Three good giants

GARGANTUA ON THE TOWER OF NÔTRE DÂME.

THREE GOOD GIANTS

WHOSE FAMOUS DEEDS ARE RECORDED IN THE ANCIENT CHRONICLES

OF

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

COMPILED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

JOHN DIMITRY, A.M.

Illustrated by Gustave Doré and A. Robida

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AN EXPLANATION BY WAY OF PREFACE.

I FREELY admit what all the world knows about FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.

Long before the day when Fielding and Smollett began to be read on the sly, and before the comic Muse of Congreve and Wycherly began to be looked at askance, that English moral sentiment, over which Macaulay was to philosophize more than a century later, had solidified in ignoring Rabelais. Nothing is to be said against the sentiment itself. This has always been fairly righteous, if just a bit undiscriminating. A great humorist, showing himself content to grovel in the dirt, is, beyond question, deserving of black looks and shut doors. But more than most old masters of a type, strong, albeit coarse, Rabelais — from the distinctly marked physical attributes of his chief personages — may claim certain good points which, drawn out and grouped together, ought to fall within the circle of those tales which interest children.

I have read Rabelais twice in my life. Each time, I have read

him in that old French, which has no master quite so great as he; and each time in Auguste Desrez's edition, which, in its careful *Table des Matières*, learned glossary, quaint notes, Gallicized Latin and Greek words, and a complete *Rabelaisiana*, shows the devotion of the rare editor, who does not distort, because he understands, the Master whom he edits. When I first peeped into his pages I was a lad, altogether too young to be tainted by profanity, while I skipped, true boy-fashion, whole pages to pick out the wondrous story of his Giants. When I came back to him, after many years, I was both older and, I hope, wiser. Being older, I had learned to gauge him better, both in his strength and in his weakness. I had come to see wherein an old prejudice was too just to be safely resisted; and, on the other hand, wherein it had got to be so deeply set that it had hardened to injustice. As I went on, it did not take me long to discover that it was quite possible for my purpose — following, indeed, the path unconsciously taken in my boyhood — to divide Rabelais sharply into incident and philosophy. That this had not been thought of before surprised, but did not daunt me. I said to myself: I shall limit the incident strictly to his three Giants; I shall hold these, from grandfather to grandson, well together; keep all that is sound in them; cut away the impurity which is not so much *of* as *around* them; chisel them out as a sculptor might, and leave his philosophy with face to the wall. This done, I turned the scouring hose, full and strong, upon the incidents themselves, clearing out both dialectics and profanity thoroughly. I did not stop until I had left the famous trio, GRANDGOUSIER, GARGANTUA, and PANTAGRUEL where I had, from the first, hoped to place them, — high and dry above the scum which had so long clogged their rare good-fellowship, and which had made men of judgment blind to the genuine worth that was in them.

In this way I believed that I saw the chance to free Rabelais' Giants, so long kept in bonds, from a captivity which has dishonored them. To do this was clearly running against that good old law which has invariably made all Giants — far back from fairy-time — thunder-voiced, great-toothed, rude-handed, hard-hearted, bloody-minded creatures and truculent captors, never, on any account, pitiful captives. But, to such, the Rabelaisian Giants are none of kin. No more are they of blood to that Giant that Jack slew, or that Giant Despair, in whose garden-court Bunyan dreamt that he saw the white bones of slaughtered pilgrims.

Public sentiment has hitherto illogically retched at the name of Rabelais, while it swallows without qualm "Tristram Shandy" and "Gulliver's Travels." Shall it always retch? The time, I think, is practically taking the answer into its own hands. Rabelais, through some cotemporaneous influence, rising subtly in his favor among men who are neither afraid nor ashamed to judge for themselves, is, in one sense, slowly becoming a naturalized citizen of our modern Literary Republic. Literature and Art are joining hands in his rehabilitation. Mr. Walter Besant, a novelist, has been so good as to write his life; to say bright words about him; and to quote clean things from him. Mrs. Oliphant, a purist, has consented to admit him into her "Foreign Classics for English Readers." Three years ago M. Emile Hébert's bronze statue of him was unveiled at that Chinon, his birthplace, which he lovingly calls "the most ancient city of the world." And, to crown all, as the latest expression of a tardy recognition, his bust by M. Truphème was, only the other day, uncovered at that Meudon of which he was, for a time, the famous, if not always orthodox, *Curé*.

Rabelais himself never, it is clear, appreciated his Giants save for the contrasted jollity which they lent to his satires.

"*Mieulx est de ris que de larmes escripre,*
Pour ce que rire est le propre de lhomme,"

was his maxim. But this maxim never rose to a creed. His Giants seem, almost against his will, to stride beyond the territory of mere burlesque. They are as easily free from theology as from science. They have never been of La Bâmette. They are as far from Montpellier. To these colossal creations, heroes fashioned in ridicule of the old fantastico-chivalric deeds of their age, as they come down more and more from the clouds, are more and more given the feelings common to this earth's creatures. All three bear, from their birth, a sturdy human sympathy not natural to their kind, as mediæval superstition classed it. Two of them, in being brought to the level of humanity, join with this a simple Christian manliness and a childlike faith under all emergencies, not set on their own massive strength, but fixed on God, whom they had been taught to know, and honor, and serve — and all this by whom? Forsooth, by the same François Rabelais, laugher, mocker, and "insensate reviler." From Grandgousier, the good-hearted guzzler, through Gargantua, with his heady youth and wise old age, to "the noble Pantagruel," the gain in purity and Christian manhood is steady. The royal race of Chalbroth follows no track beaten down by other kingly lines known to history. While their line descends from father to son, it ascends in virtue.

One charge — a legacy from the narrow times when run-mad commentators spied a plot in every folio — has followed, to this day, Rabelais and his work. Wise men have, to their own satisfaction, proved the latter to be an enigma filled with hidden meanings, dangerous to state and morals; with mad attacks directed, from every chapter, against ordered society; with satiric thrusts lurking, in every sentence,

against Pope, and King, and nobles; in brief, a Malay-muck run with a pen, instead of a knife, against the moral foundations of the world. All these, if not true, are certainly "like, very like" the Rabelais as he is painted by purists in the gallery of great authors. If true, they have wrought more subtly than all else in the forging of those heavy chains which have been bound, coil upon coil, around his hapless big men. It is not to be wondered at that even their mighty number of cubits should have been smothered under the fine, slow-settling dust of three centuries. Happily, however, fair play has been, of old, the standing boast of all English-speaking men. François Rabelais — never once deigning to ask for it at home, when living — has, in penalty therefor, been ferociously denied it abroad, when dead. To that sentiment — moved, it may be, by a concurrent testimony given, in this age, to the memory of the author himself — I appeal now in behalf of his Giants. That they have fared badly through all these centuries, mostly by reason of him, cannot be gainsaid. That of themselves, however, they have in no wise merited such ostracism, is what I have ventured to claim in this compilation. Freed alike from that prejudice which has hunted them down, and from those formidable

> "* * * points of ignorance
> Pertaining thereunto,"

which have, so far, blocked every avenue to modern sympathy, I would have them honored, among all stout lovers of fair play, as I leave them in this "Explanation by way of Preface."

J. D.

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CHAPTER I.

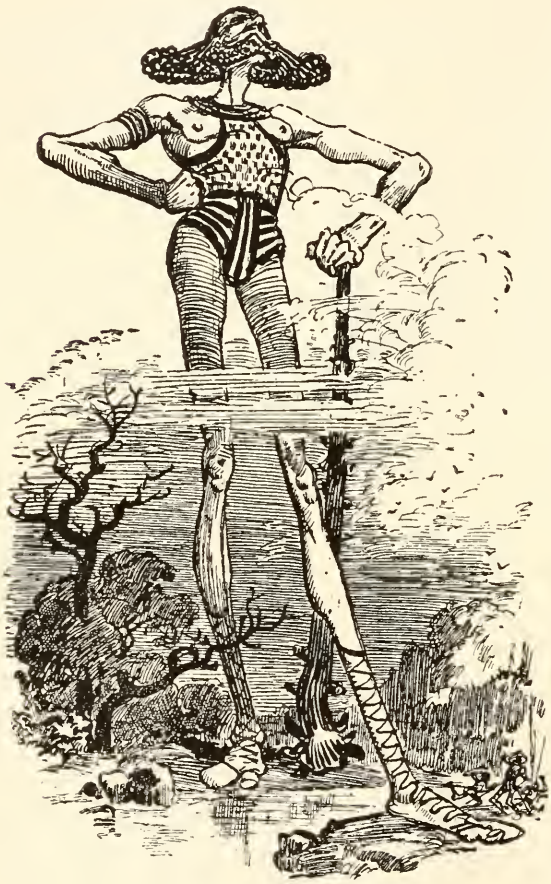
HOW THE FIRST GIANTS CAME INTO THE WORLD.

AT the beginning of the world the pure blood of Abel, shed by his wicked brother Cain, made the soil very rich. Every fruit seemed to grow that year to a dozen times its usual size. But the fruit that seemed to thrive best, and to taste most toothsome, and to be most eaten, was the medlar. So much of that fruit was eaten at that particular time that the year came to be called the "Year of Medlars."

Now, in this "Year of Medlars," the good men and women who lived then happened to eat a little too much of this fine fruit. It was

all very nice while it was being eaten; but, somehow, after a little time it was found that terrible swellings, but not all in the same place, came out on those who had shown themselves too fond of the fruit.

Some grew big and twisted in their shoulders, and became what were afterwards called Hunch-backs.



THE GIANT CHALBROTH.

Some found themselves with longer legs than others, which, being quite as thin and bony as they were long, made malicious people, who had not eaten of the fruit, shout, "Crane! Crane! Long-legged Crane!" whenever one of the poor people showed himself.

Some there were who could boast of a nose as red as it was long and knotty, which made evil-tongued men say they had been more among the grapes than among the medlars. But this was, after all, the fault of the medlars. There was no doubt of that.

Others, having a special love for picking out everybody's secrets, found their medlars running into big ears, which grew so long that they soon

hung down to their breasts. And those who once had the Big Ear lost, after that, all desire for other people's secrets, because their ears were so large they caught everything bad their neighbors were always saying about them.

Others — and now, listen — grew long in legs, but not longer in legs than they grew stout in body, and it was from these people that the Giants sprang. When those who grew so long in legs and so stout in body began to walk on the earth, the neighbors did their best to please them. You may be sure there was no talk about medlars then.

The first who became known as a giant was called CHALBROTH.

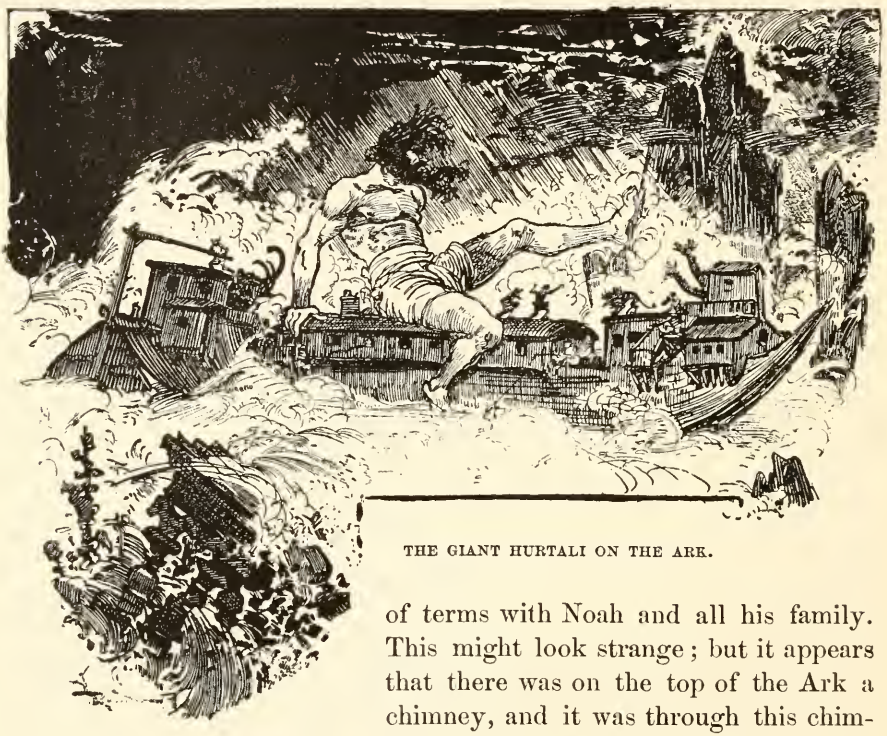
CHALBROTH was the father of all the Giants, and the great-grandfather of Hurtali, who reigned in the time of the Deluge, and who was lucky enough not to be drowned in the deep waters.

Doubtless, the eyes of some of my young readers are twinkling, and they are ready to cry out very positively: "Oh, no! There was no Giant in Noah's Ark, you know. How could there be? Only Noah and his family were in the Ark. The Bible says that!"

There was one Wise Man, however, who lived a long time after the first Giant had appeared, and after many great ones had been noticed, and who had seen some with his own eyes. This Wise Man had thought, in a quiet way, a great deal about the Big People, and, through much study, had found out why it was they were not all drowned.

This Wise Man makes himself very clear on this point. He says that Hurtali — the great-grandson of Chalbroth, the first Giant — escaped the Deluge, not by getting *into* the Ark, — it was altogether too small for that, — but by getting *outside* of it. In other words, he used it as a man strides a horse, riding on top of it, with one huge leg hanging over the right side and the other over the left. If Hurtali was very heavy, the Blessed Ark was very stout. He got so used to his seat after a while, that, being on the outside, and able to see everything around him, he made his long legs do for the Ark just what the rudder of a ship does for her. He must have saved it from many and many a rough shock against jutting mountains and sharp rocks as the waters

were rising, and as, after covering the earth, they began to sink lower and lower; but it may be relied on — since the Wise Man says so — that, during the forty days and nights, Giant Hurtali was on the best



THE GIANT HURTALI ON THE ARK.

of terms with Noah and all his family. This might look strange; but it appears that there was on the top of the Ark a chimney, and it was through this chimney that Hurtali could always, for the asking, have his share of his favorite pottage handed up to him.

It would really be of no use to tell the names of all the Giants who came between Hurtali and our merry old King Grandgousier. Some of them you already know. Long after Hurtali came Goliath, the Giant, whom young David slew with his sling and stone; Briareus, the Greek Giant of a hundred hands; King Porus, the Indian Giant, who fought with Alexander, and was defeated by him; and the famous Giant Bruyer, slain by Ogier the Dane, Peer of France. There are so

many of them that I would soon grow tired of giving, and you of hearing, even their names. All that we care about knowing is that, in a straight line from Hurtali, the Giant who rode on the Blessed Ark, the fifty-fourth was GRANDGOUSIER, who was the father of GARGANTUA, who, in his turn, was the father of PANTAGRUEL.

These are the three Giants whose story I am about to tell, two of whom will prove more wonderful heroes than are to be read of either in ancient or modern history.

CHAPTER II.

GARGANTUA IS BORN.

ING GRANDGOUSIER — the fifty-seventh in a straight line from Chalbroth, the first Giant — was a jovial King in his day. Although a Giant, he was the pink of politeness and kindly feeling. His whole life was one continual dinner. He was very fond of his own ease, this jovial King, but he also loved to make those around him happy. He kept open house, and the sun never rose on a day when there was not some high lord or some poor pilgrim at his table, eating and drinking of his best. He had a great horror of seeing people thirsty around him. "There is too much good wine flowing in my kingdom for anybody to feel thirsty. Everybody should drink before he is dry," he was fond of saying. So one of the main duties of his Chief Butler Turelupin was to make all the servants, all comers and goers, drink before they were dry. It was said to take eighteen hundred pipes of wine yearly to do this. He never was known to look at the clothes a guest wore, — oh, no, not he, that good, hearty old King Grandgousier! And it was a pretty sight to see, whenever a guest or a friend wished to say anything privately, how tenderly the old Giant would pick him up, and put him on his knee, and bend his great head and listen ever so carefully to try and find out what he had to say. His head was lifted so far above the ground that, otherwise, one would have had to shout out loud enough for all in the palace to hear.

King Grandgousier was very fond of his wine, and could drink, — being a giant, — at a single meal, more than a dozen common men could

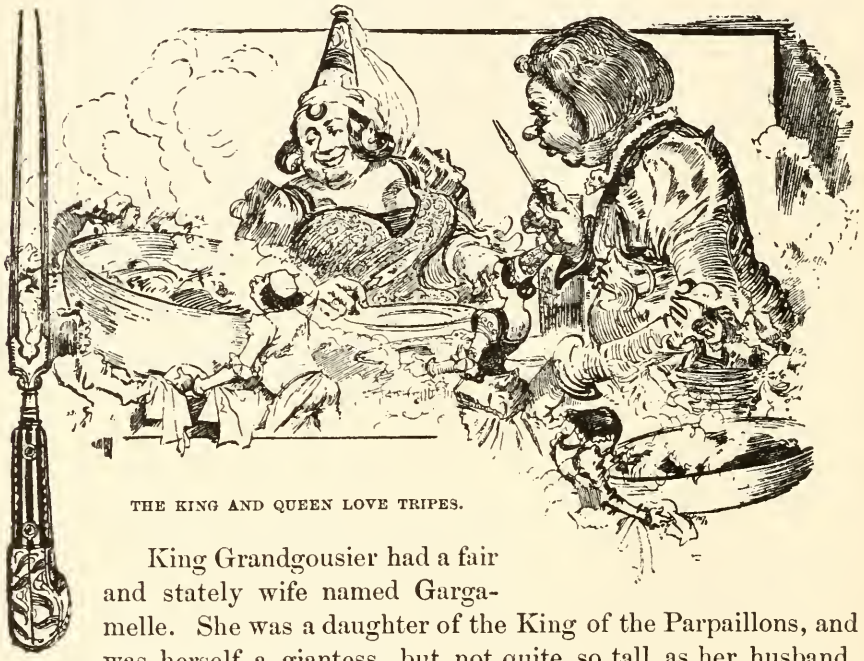
manage to swallow at a dozen meals each.[1] He was also very fond of salt meat. He never failed to have on hand a good supply of French hams, from Mayence and Bayonne, — the finest known in those days, —

KING GRANDGOUSIER KEEPS OPEN HOUSE.

superb smoked beef-tongues; an abundance of chitterlings, when in season, and salt beef, with mustard to spice the whole. All these fine things were reinforced by sausages from Bigorre, Longaulnay, and Rouargue, — the very best in all France. But there was something which King Grandgousier loved above everything in the way of eating, and that was *tripes*. So fond was he of them that he had ordered all the royal meadows to be searched, and all the fat beeves

[1] Children must remember that times have changed for the better since the wild days of these old giants. To drink so hard and long that a man, from too much wine, would fall under the table and lie there because not able to move, was looked upon as a virtue then. Now, in our happier days, we know it to be a virtue for a man to keep himself sober, and a shame for him to be seen drunk.

grazing in the royal meadows, three hundred and sixty-seven thousand and fourteen of them, to be killed, so that there might be plenty of powdered beef to flavor the royal wine for the season. Then he had the Royal Herald, with great flourish of trumpets, to name a day on which all his neighbors — brave fellows and good players at nine-pins — were to join him in a Great Feast of Tripes.



THE KING AND QUEEN LOVE TRIPES.

King Grandgousier had a fair and stately wife named Gargamelle. She was a daughter of the King of the Parpaillons, and was herself a giantess, but not quite so tall as her husband. Grandgousier and Gargamelle dearly loved one another, and all that they wanted in this world was a son to bear the father's name, and be King after him. Queen Gargamelle liked to be in the open air, and see games of ninepins and ball and leap-frog played by nimble men and women. And Grandgousier, at such games, was always found seated at her side, like a good husband, seeming to enjoy them as much as she did.

At last, one fine day, a little boy was born to them.

He must have been a wonderful baby; because just as soon as he was born, instead of crying "*Mie! mie! mie!*" as any other baby would have done, he shouted out at the top of his lungs, "Drink! drink! drink!" There never were such lungs as his, everybody said. The old Doctor himself, and the Three Wise Old Women who were there, all declared that he had the biggest throat ever known, — not even excepting his father's. Now it happened that, of all the days of the year, the very day the Royal Herald had proclaimed, with flourish of trumpets, for the famous Feast of Tripes, was the very day on which the baby Prince was born. When the great news was carried to King Grandgousier, who was drinking and making merry with his friends, that he had a son, and that the young Prince was already bawling for his drink, his joy almost choked him, and he could only find breath to say in French: —

"*Que grand tu as!*" — meaning "What a big throat thou hast!"

Everybody, including Queen Gargamelle, when she heard of it, the family Doctor, and the Three Old Wise Women, laughed at this joke of the King, and declared that it was the very best name that could be given to the royal babe. From that moment, they began, when talking to him or speaking of him, to call him little Prince *Que-grand-tu-as!* Although they ran these four words trippingly together, and nobody not in the secret would have thought it more than a very strange name, yet, somehow, it was too long; and so, little by little, they kept changing till the very oldest of the Three Old Wise Women, who had been, one hot day, half-dozing over the cradle, started up suddenly, crying: —

"I have it!"

"Well, what have you?" called the second oldest, who was wide awake, sharply.

"The name for our dear little Prince!"

"Don't be too sure of that, gossip. But why don't you say what it is?" she snapped in an awful curiosity, and just the least bit jealous.

"GARGANTUA!"

"Oh, my!" said the third oldest, who was a mild sort of old lady.

. . . . . .

Some say that it was the lords and neighbors who were feasting on the tripes, when the old King cried out, *Que grand tu as!* who had shouted back that the young Prince ought to be called "Gargantua." I am rather afraid that the oldest of the Three Wise Old Women had been listening at the door of the royal banqueting hall, when she ought to have been in Queen Gargamelle's chamber.

CHAPTER III.

GARGANTUA AS A BABY.

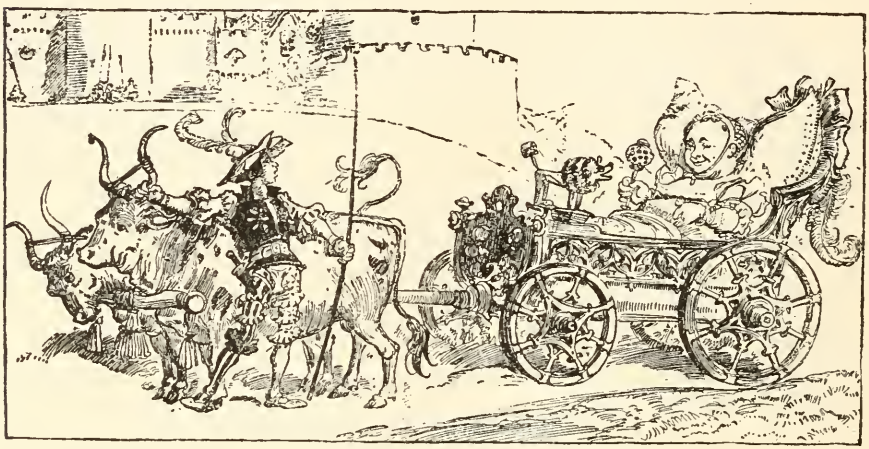
WHEN Father Grandgousier heard that the name which the very oldest of the Wise Women had found for his son had been fixed for all time, he was delighted beyond measure, and said to Queen Gargamelle, while rubbing the palms of his great hands together: —

"So the witch has fastened 'Gargantua' on my boy after all. By my crown! what we have to do now is never to let Master Great Throat be empty. Now, tell me, my dear, where are we to get milk enough for that throat?"

The Queen looked at her baby; then she looked at her husband; then she looked into herself, and, finding nothing there to say, smiled, and said nothing.

THE QUEEN LOOKED AT HER BABY.

When Father Grandgousier called into the Queen's chamber, for a secret conference, his Royal Butler, who, first asking permission of their Majesties, called the Royal Steward, who called the Royal Dairy-

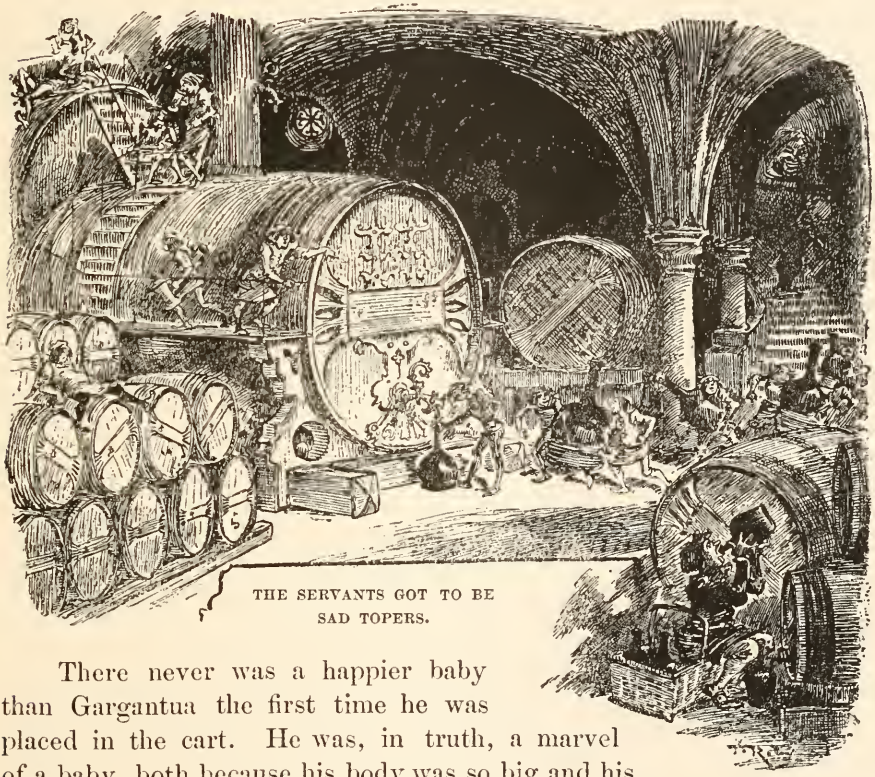


AN UNCOMMON BABY CARRIAGE.

man, who called the Chief Milkman. After a long talk behind closed doors, the whole party filed out of the royal apartments, the Chief Milkman holding in his hand a scroll, showing a large, red seal, and tied many times around with a broad, red ribbon, the Royal Butler closing the line and looking wise as a privy-councillor.

The scroll contained an order, authorizing the Chief Milkman — as there were not cows enough in the whole kingdom to give such milk as was needed for the young Prince — to furnish the remainder. So there were brought to the royal cattle-yard seventeen thousand nine hundred and thirteen cows, all famed for the richness of their milk. Master Gargantua had, luckily, with the milk of these cows, enough to keep him alive until he was a year and ten months old. Then the wise old Doctor thought that the child ought to be taken more into the fresh air. In fact, what the Doctor really wanted, and was half crazy about not finding, was a carriage suited to the young Prince. A

common baby carriage would not do at all. At last a youthful page, who dearly loved the strong oxen he had seen during the frequent visits he was fond of making to the royal stables, thought a fine large cart, not too pretty but very strong, and drawn by oxen, might do. The oxen were ready, but they could not be used until the Royal Carpenter had measured and made a cart that would hold the young giant.



THE SERVANTS GOT TO BE SAD TOPERS.

There never was a happier baby than Gargantua the first time he was placed in the cart. He was, in truth, a marvel of a baby, both because his body was so big and his face was so broad that, from much drinking of milk and good wines, he could boast of several chins, — some said nine; others swore there were ten, — which lapped each one over the other, as if they felt they were good company. Every day he would be taken out to ride. Then when he was tired he would cry, "Drink! drink! drink!"

Whenever that cry was heard, presto! the cart would come to a stand-still, the oxen would begin to munch, and everybody would make a rush to the wine-cellar. Of course, the King's son always had the best wines, and the lackey who was lucky enough to reach him first when he cried for drink always had the right to a cupful for himself. So it is quite certain that never was a baby so well waited on as was Gargantua. He cried "*Drink! drink! drink!*" so often that all the servants got to be sad topers from skipping off to the cellars whenever he called; and it turned out at last that even the tinkling of an empty glass, as a knife would strike against it, or the sight of a flagon or a bottle, would make him jump up and dance with joy, and start him afresh to bawling for "Drink! drink! drink!" and the lackeys to scampering to the wine-cellar after the wine.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROYAL TAILOR'S BILL FOR GARGANTUA'S SUIT.

WHEN Gargantua had outgrown the age for riding in his ox-cart, and was just beginning to toddle round the palace-walks, it occurred to Father Grandgousier that he was getting to be a big boy. So he ordered the Royal Tailor into his Royal Presence.

"So ho! Thou art the clothes-maker, art thou? Now, measure my son, and make a suit for him. His mother says he looks best in blue and white," was all he said.

The Royal Tailor bowed humbly, while all the time he was shivering in his fine velvets and silks, at the honor of making clothes for a Giant Prince. For the old King, who simply wanted everything loose and easy-like, it was all well enough; but how would it be when he began to fit the royal heir? was what he kept asking himself. A royal tailor believes in his heart that he is a sort of king-maker, because he makes the clothes that give to a King that grand, imperial air which compels all men to kneel before him. He never will appear the least bit ruffled at the most impossible order given him, provided the order come from a King; but bows and smiles, no matter how sick and angry he may be at heart.

To do the Royal Tailor justice, he did his best with the order given him. He made the clothes — and his bill.

That bill is still kept at Montsoreau. It is really a curiosity, and runs in this way: —

MAKING GARGANTUA'S SUIT.

His Most Gracious Majesty,

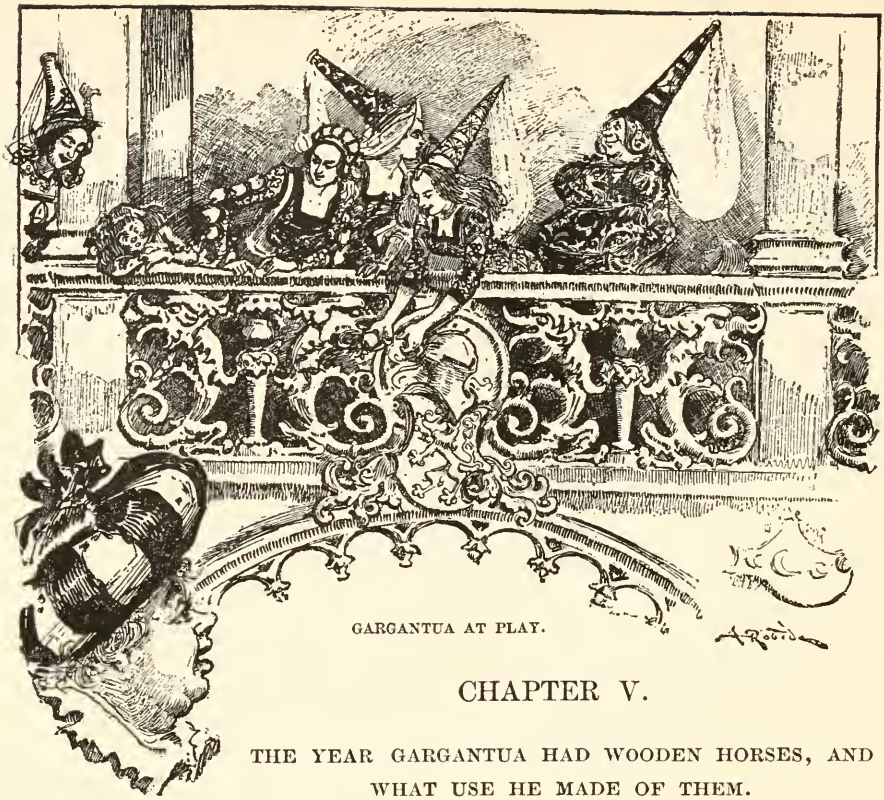
To the Royal Tailor, DR.

For His Royal Highness' shirt with gusset	1,100
Doublet of white satin	813
Breeches of white broadcloth	1,105½
Shoes of blue and crimson velvet	406
Coat of blue velvet	1,800
Girdle of silk serge	300½
Cap of velvet, half white and half blue	300½
Gown of blue velvet	9,600
Ells	15,425½

Besides all this quantity of rich cloth for Gargantua's full court-suit, there was brought from Hyrcania the Wild a bright blue feather for his plume. This plume was held in place by a handsome enameled

clasp of gold, weighing sixty-eight marks, which the Crown Jewellers, by his father's orders, with great care, made for him; also a ring for the forefinger of his left hand, with a carbuncle in it as large as an ostrich-egg; and a great chain of gold berries to wear around his neck, weighing twenty-five thousand and sixty-three marks.

MEASURING GARGANTUA FOR HIS SUIT.



GARGANTUA AT PLAY.

CHAPTER V.

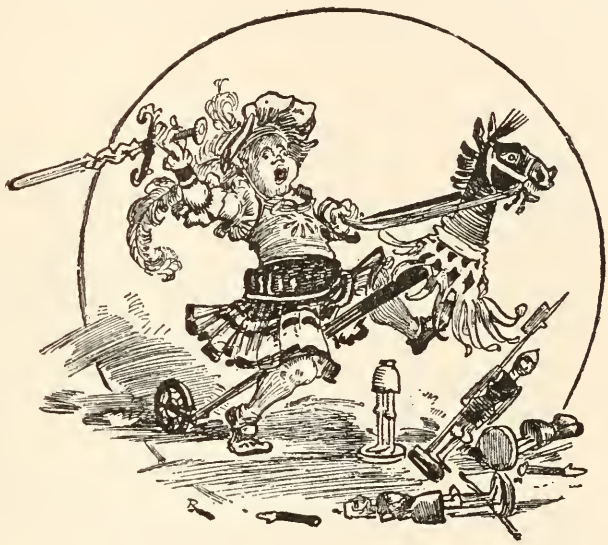
THE YEAR GARGANTUA HAD WOODEN HORSES, AND WHAT USE HE MADE OF THEM.

FROM the time he was three years old to the time he had grown to be a boy of five, Gargantua was brought up, by the strict command of his father, just like all the other children of the Kingdom. His education was very simple. It was:

Drinking, eating, and sleeping;
Eating, sleeping, and drinking;
Sleeping, drinking, and eating.

If he loved any one thing more than to play in the mud, that was to roll and wallow about in the mire. He would go home with his shoes all run down at the heels, and his face and clothes well streaked with dirt. Gargantua, therefore, was not more favored than the other little boys of the kingdom who were not so rich as

he was; but there was one advantage which he did have. From his earliest babyhood he saw so many horses in the Royal Stables that he got to know a fine horse almost as well as his father did. Whenever he saw a horse he would clap his fat hands together, and shout at the top of his lungs. It was thought that—being a Prince who was, in time, to become a King—he should be taught to ride well. So they made him, when he was a little fellow of four years, so fine, so strong, and so wonderful a wooden horse that there had never been seen its like up to that date, and there never has been found in any young prince's play-house or toy-shop since.



GARGANTUA'S HORSE.

This surprising horse must have been a piece of rare workmanship, because, whenever its young master wanted it to do anything, it was bound to do it. He could make it leap forward, jump backward, rear skyward, and waltz, all at one time. He could make it trot, gallop, rack, pace, gambol, and amble, just as the humor took him. But this was only half of what that horse could do. Gargantua, at a word, could make it change the color of its hair. One day its hide would be milk-white; the next day, bay; the next, black; the next, sorrel; the next, dapple-gray; the next, mouse-color; the next, piebald; the next, a soft brown deer-color.

But this was not all.

Gargantua learned to be so skilful that he thought that he might

just as well make a horse to suit himself as to have a horse bought for him. So he sat knitting his great eyebrows till he finally found how he could make a hunting-nag out of a big post; one for every day, out of the beam of a wine-press; one with housings for his room, out of a great oak-tree; and, out of different kinds of wood in his father's kingdom, he made ten or twelve spare horses, and had seven for the mail.

GARGANTUA'S RIDING-LESSONS.

It was a rare sight to see all these wooden horses — bigger toys than had ever been made before — lying piled up, side by side, near Gargantua's bed, and the young Giant sleeping in their midst.

One day, Gargantua had a fine chance for having some sport of his own making.

It was on the day a noble lord came on a visit to his old friend, King Grandgousier. The Royal Stables proved rather small for such a number of horses as came with the noble lord. The Chief Equerry of the Lord of Breadinbag — which was the name of the great nobleman — was bothered out of his head because he could not find stable-room for all the horses brought with them. By good luck he and the Grand Steward happened to meet Gargantua at the foot of the great staircase.

"Hello, youngster, what is thy name?"

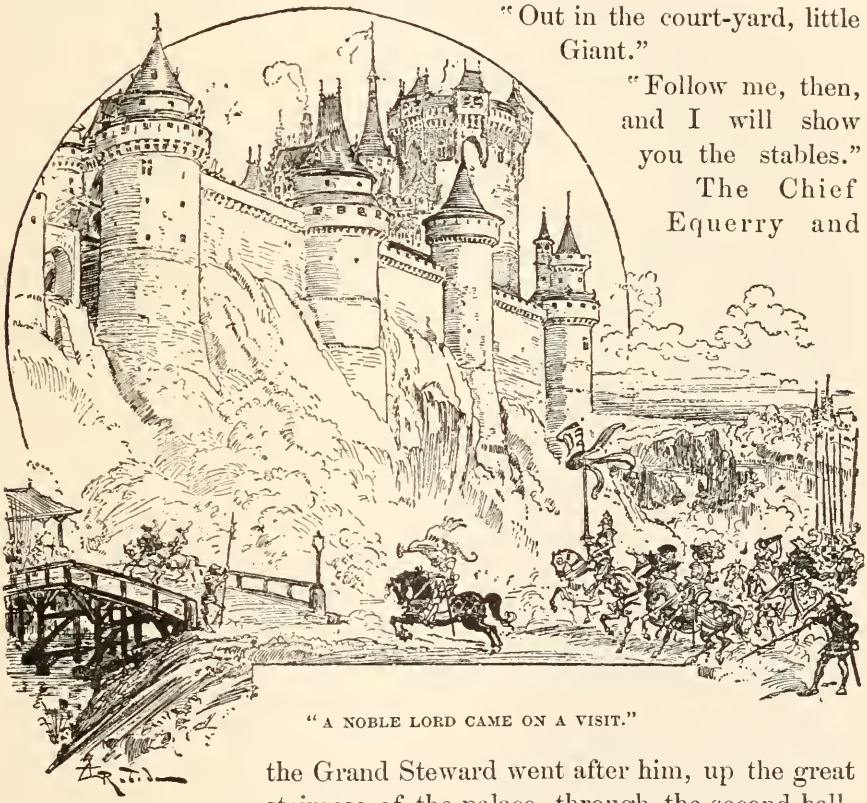
"Prince Gargantua."

"Is that so?" they cried. "Then say, little Giant, tell us where we are to put our horses. The stables of thy Royal Father are all full."

"Yes, I know they are," said Gargantua, slily; "all you have to do is to follow me, and I will show you a beautiful stable, where there are bigger horses than ever yours can grow to be. Where have you left your horses?"

"Out in the court-yard, little Giant."

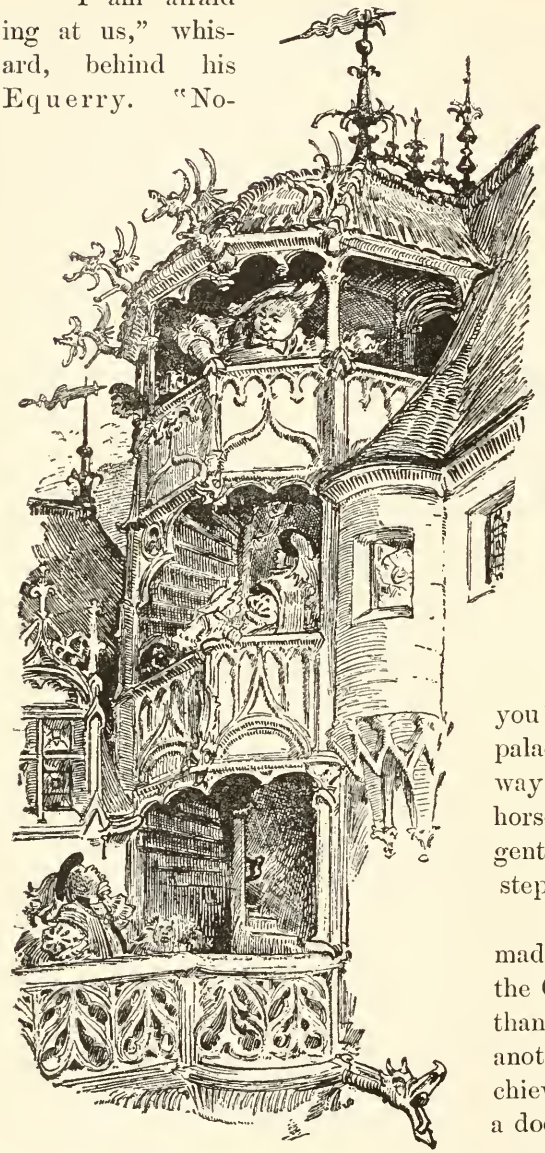
"Follow me, then, and I will show you the stables." The Chief Equerry and



"A NOBLE LORD CAME ON A VISIT."

the Grand Steward went after him, up the great staircase of the palace, through the second hall, into a great stone gallery, by which they entered into a huge stone tower, the steps to which they mounted, along with the Prince, but breathing very heavily indeed.

"I am afraid that big child is laughing at us," whispered the Grand Steward, behind his Equerry. "No-



"ONLY THREE LITTLE STEPS."

pered the Grand Stewhand, to the Chief body ever puts a stable at the top of a house."

"You are wrong there," whispered back the Chief Equerry; "because I happen to know of places, in Lyons and elsewhere, where there are stables in the attic. But, to make sure, let us ask him again."

Turning to Gargantua, he said:—

"My little Prince, art thou sure thou art taking us right?"

"Haven't I already told you? Isn't this my father's palace, and don't I know the way to the stables of my big horses? Don't gasp, so much, gentlemen. Only three little steps and we are there!"

Once up the steps, which made the Chief Equerry and the Grand Steward blow worse than ever, and passing through another great hall, the mischievous Prince, opening wide a door, — that of his own room, — cried, triumphantly:—

"Here are the finest horses, gentlemen, in the world. This one next the door is my favorite riding-horse. That one near the fireplace is my pacer,—a good one, I assure you. Now, just look at that one leaning against yonder window. I rode it rather hard yesterday, and it is tired. That's my hunting-nag. I had it at a great price from Frankfort; but I am willing to make you a present of it. Don't refuse me, I beg. Once on it, you can bag all the partridges and hares you may come across for the whole winter. Now, choose; which of you will ride my hunting-nag?"

The Chief Equerry and the Grand Steward, knowing that all these fine names of "riding-horse," and "pacer," and "hunting-nag," were for mere blocks of wood, were, for a moment, stupefied. They looked at each other slily, and half ashamed; but the joke was too good when they thought of the long stairs they had toiled up, and of their horses below waiting all this time to be stabled and fed. They couldn't help it; it was too rich; so they laughed till they were tired, and then began to laugh again till they were tired again.

"A rare bird is this young scamp," panted the Chief Equerry, as he lifted one end of the great beam which Gargantua called his hunting-nag.

"A prime joker is this young rogue, if he is a Prince," panted the Grand Steward, in echo, as he stumbled along with the other end into the hall.

There was no use in being mad at the trick young Gargantua had played on them. So they left him stroking the fastest horses in the world, while they went laughing all the way across the first hall, down the small steps, across the other halls, along the corridors, past the stone gallery, down the long stairway as far as the great arch, where they let the famous hunting-nag roll to the bottom.

When they at last reached the great dining-room, where all their friends were gathered, they made everybody laugh like a swarm of flies at the trick played on them by the little Prince with his wooden horses.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW GARGANTUA WAS TAUGHT LATIN.

OLD Father Grandgousier had a very large body of his own; and, after the fashion of all good-natured giants that have ever lived, when he was pleased he was hugely pleased. So it happened that, when his friends came around him to drink his good wine, and eat his rich dinners, and to tell him how bright his boy was, he shook all over with mighty laughter. "Ho! ho! ho! ho!" he shouted, till the big strong bottles that stood on his table jingled, and the very rafters of the dining-hall seemed to laugh with them.

"You say that my little Gargantua is quick? Ho! ho! Now, my good lords, Philip of Macedon had a son who was quick too. Yes, they said that he was as quick as that," snapping his fingers together so that they went cric-crac like a pistol shot. "You have heard of the lad, and that wild Bucephalus of his? Bah! I am sure my little brigand upstairs would never have waited to turn the head of Bucephalus to the sun before riding him, but would have mounted and ridden him before all the people, with his tail turned straight to the sun, and his shadow thrown plain before him! You have decided me, my friends. Gargantua is already five years old. He is only a baby; but he is a Giant's child with more wit than age, — that makes a difference. I have been thinking seriously lately; and it is high time that I should give my youngster to some wise man to make him wise according to his capacity."

And this Father Grandgousier began to do at once. He called,

the very next day, upon one of his subjects, worthy Master Tubal Holofernes, a man famed for wisdom the country round, to teach Gargantua his A B C's. I am sorry to say that Master Holofernes seemed, from the first hour, to be just a little afraid of his small pupil, who, although only a baby, could easily have studied his alphabet on his teacher's bald pate, and had to bend his head even to do that. But Father Grandgousier was, on the whole, well satisfied with his son. Gargantua could, after five years and three months, actually recite his alphabet from A to Z; then from Z to A; then catch it sharply up in the middle, bunching M and N together; naming the letters in fours, in eights, and in twelves, as quickly as you can think, forward and back again, and again, till all the old friends — whose noses, from good living, had become very red, and whose paunches were very big — swore, over their wine, that he was the smartest child of ten years they *ever* had seen. Of course, Father Grandgousier thought all this something wonderful. He ho-ho'ed and he ha-ha'ed! with great swelling laughter, after the fashion of Giants, until he was all out of breath, and his friends had to beg him to stop for fear of choking.

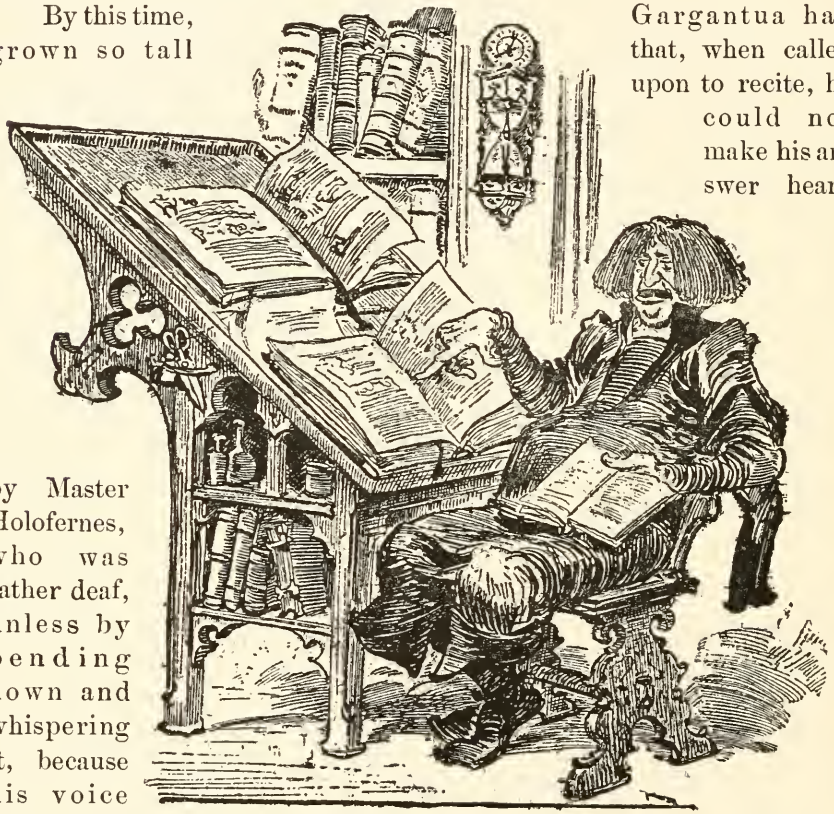
TUBAL HOLOFERNES.

But Father Grandgousier could not rest here. He declared that

Gargantua must now learn Latin. The young Giant was made, not only to study Latin, but to write, besides that, his own books of study in Gothic letters, there being no printing-presses in those days.

To learn all this took him thirteen years, six months, and two weeks.

By this time, Gargantua had grown so tall that, when called upon to recite, he could not make his answer heard by Master Holofernes, who was rather deaf, unless by bending down and whispering it, because his voice was so strong that his ordinary tone would have, at that close distance, broken the drums of the old man's ears. What he thought he needed, therefore, was a writing-desk. It was very hard to find a desk quite suited to him for writing down what he had to say. They hunted



THE FRIEND WHO KNEW LATIN.

near and far for one. At last one was found in the possession of a stunted old giant, living in a cave near by, who all his life had been hoping to grow as tall as King Grandgousier himself. This poor giant had, however, been thrown into despair because he had suddenly stopped growing, and still lacked a dozen feet or so of being as tall as he wanted to be. He gave up the desk he had used so long, with a great sob that shook the mountain in the caves of which he lived. Gargantua, although not full-grown, did not find a desk of seven hundred thousand pounds' weight at all in his way, for it was just suited to his size.

His ink-horn, weighing as much as a ton of merchandise, swung by heavy iron chains from the side of the desk. From it Gargantua, with a pen-holder as large as the great Pillar of Enay, used to write his Latin exercises. Master Holofernes kept him at all this for eighteen years and eleven months, and so thorough did he become that he could recite his Latin exercises by heart, backwards. He went on studying after this some of the harder books for sixteen years and two months, when he had the misfortune of losing his old teacher very suddenly.

One day, unexpectedly, Father Grandgousier called his friends around him, — who had, by this time, gained redder noses and bigger paunches than ever, — to see how strong his son was in Latin. He also invited a friend of his who, he was sure, did know Latin.

Then he shouted out, "Come, my little one, and show these friends of thy father what thou hast learned of Latin. See, here is a gentleman who knows it as he does his breviary. He shall examine thee, and tell us how much thou hast learned under faithful Master Holofernes, whom we all honor."

And the learned friend began on poor Gargantua, and poured on him question after question for six mortal hours. Father Grandgousier, who, by the way, had understood not one word of it all, turned to him at the end triumphantly: —

"Now, good sir, art thou not convinced that my boy knows his Latin?"

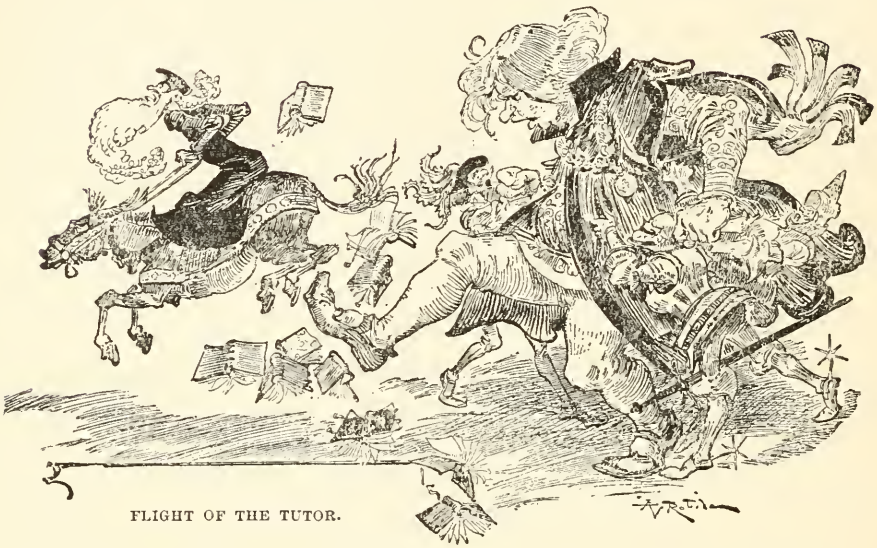
Then, that learned friend, although just a little trembling, to be sure, answered quietly enough: —

"With my Liege's permission, Prince Gargantua does not know any more Latin than Your own Gracious Majesty."

What!

WHAT !!

WHAT!!!



FLIGHT OF THE TUTOR.

roared Father Grandgousier, each time making that very short word longer and louder and fiercer, and jumping to his feet he fairly kicked learned Master Holofernes out of the palace; meanwhile, rolling his eyes around in his rage, and gnashing his teeth in so horrible a way that the noses of his old friends who had sat at his table for sixty years, and more, turned pale for once, through fright; and there were those of the household who said that, as they fled from the dining-room, in terror, even the paunches of these old friends seemed, somehow, to have grown as flat as the royal pancakes they had just been eating.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW MASTER FOUND FOR GARGANTUA.

"WHAT! not know thy Latin! After forty-eight years, seven months, and two days! Then, my little rogue, it is to Paris thou must go."

This is what Grandgousier said to Gargantua just one week after that luckless dinner. I will tell you how it all happened. The first thing the old King did the next morning was to send, post-haste, to his good friend, Don Philip of the Marshes, Viceroy of Papeligosse, who knew Latin, and who had told him, years and years before, that poor Master Holofernes was nothing but a bit of an old humbug (humbug was not quite the word used at that time, but the meaning was all the same). "Come to me, my friend," he wrote, "thou art always prating of thy Latin scholars. Now bring one of thy wonders along with thee."

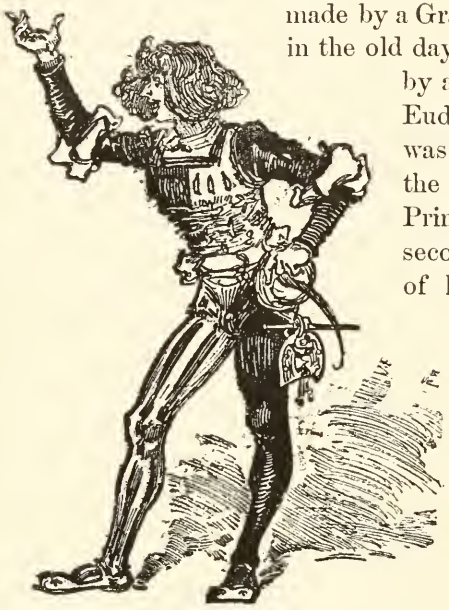
So Don Philip came in great state, as befitted a visit to his King, accompanied by the prettiest, the jauntiest, the sharpest, the politest, the sweetest-voiced little fellow ever seen. Don Philip introduced the curled darling as Master Eudemon, his page.

"Your Majesty sees this child?" he asked. "He is not yet twelve years old; yet I dare promise that he will prove to Your Majesty, if it be your pleasure, what difference there really is between the old dreamers of the past and the lads of the present."

"So be it," cried the old Giant, gaily, as he put on his glasses, to see the better.

When his eyes first fell on the young page, he swore under his

breath — which sounded for all the world like stifled thunder — that he resembled rather "a little angel than a human child." As soon as Eudemon was called to show what he knew, he rose with youthful modesty, and bowed with charming grace to the King, then to his master, and then to Gargantua, who was frowning at him, and wondering within himself what all those pretty ways meant. Then the young page opened in a Latin so good, so pure, and so musical that what he said sounded rather like a speech made by a Gracchus, or a Cicero, or an Emilius, in the old days of Roman glory, than one made by a youth of that day. After a little, Eudemon — cunning rogue that he was! — began to praise Gargantua to the skies. He spoke first of his young Prince's virtue and good manners; secondly, of his knowledge; thirdly, of his noble birth; fourthly, of his personal beauty; and fifthly, the little fellow exhorted him so movingly to revere his great father in all things that Gargantua was so ashamed at not understanding a word of what he was saying, and at not being able to Latin away as he did, forgetting that a dwarf had no business whatever to criticise a young Giant, that he began to *moo-moo* like a cow, and to hide his face in his cap without having ever a word to say for himself.



EUDEMON.

Here it was that Father Grandgousier grew really angry. He praised Eudemon and scolded Gargantua by turns, until at last he fell asleep among all the big bottles that had been emptied during the pretty tale of the learned little angel, which nobody around the table understood but Don Philip of the Marshes and the pretty little angel

himself. It is a bold thing at all times to awake a King without his own orders; but when that King is a Giant, it is a bolder thing to do than ever. No one dares, for his head, disturb him, and yet, he has to be waked, or else the next morning his sneezes will make all the houses around tumble down, as Giant's colds in the head are just about as big as their bodies. Now, Gargantua being a young Giant himself, was the only one who could venture upon the liberty of waking his Father, and I have already said what he got for his pains: —

"What! not know thy Latin! After forty-eight years, seven months, and two days, too! Then, my little rogue, it is to Paris thou shalt go."

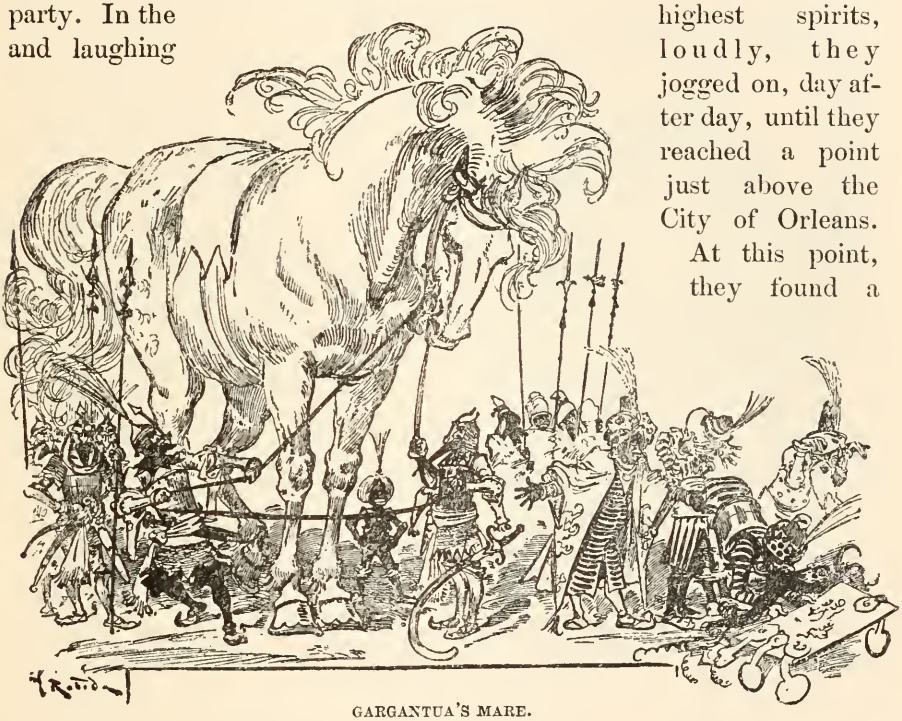
CHAPTER VIII.

GARGANTUA GOES TO PARIS, AND THE BIG MARE THAT TAKES HIM THERE.

THE trip to Paris being settled, the first thing to be agreed on was a horse large enough to carry Gargantua at his ease. There was no trouble here; for, by good luck, it happened that there had arrived, only a few days before, the most gigantic Mare that had ever eaten hay in the Royal Stables. She had come all the way from Africa, a present from Fayolles, the fourth king of Numidia. When Father Grandgousier went to look at the Mare, he found her a marvellous animal, indeed. She was as big as six elephants, with her hoofs split into toes. Her ears hung downward like the great ears of the goats of Languedoc. The mare was not alone in her split toes, because history tells us that the steed of Julius Cæsar had the self-same toes if he hadn't the ears. But she was alone in her tail! Oh, how mighty that tail was! It was as big as the Pillar of Saint-Mars near Langes, and just as square. If the boys and girls who are reading this are surprised, they will only have to think of what they have already read of the tails of those Scythian rams which weighed more than thirty pounds each; and of the sheep of Syria, the tails of which were so long and so heavy that they had to be rested on a cart to be carried in comfort. The Mare, in short, was so extraordinary a creature that, on seeing her for the first time, Father Grandgousier could only whistle beneath his breath.

"That's the very beast to carry my son to Paris! With her, all things will go well. He will be a great scholar one of these days."

The next day, after breakfast, the party started on their journey. First, there was Gargantua on his gigantic mare, and wearing boots which his father had just given him, made out of the skin of the red deer; then his new teacher, Ponocrates; then his servants, among whom was the young page, Eudemon. There never was a gayer party. In the highest spirits, and laughing loudly, they jogged on, day after day, until they reached a point just above the City of Orleans. At this point, they found a



GARGANTUA'S MARE.

great forest thirty-five leagues long and seventeen wide, or thereabout. The forest was very fertile in some ugly insects, known as gadflies and hornets. These flies were so large and so fierce, and so sharp-tongued and so poisonous besides, that they were the terror of all the poor horses and asses which had to pass through the forest. But Gargantua's Mare was equal to both flies and hornets. She resolved to avenge all her kindred, even though they were mere dwarfs, which had ever suffered from gadflies and hornets, and which, if she

did not help them, would continue to suffer from them. The moment she got well into the forest, and the gadflies began to plague her, she first shook her tail slowly and lazily to see whether or not it was in good working order. This did not in the least frighten the insects, which kept on plaguing and stinging her more than ever. Then it was that she loosed that tail of hers to the right and the left. So well did she do this, whisking it wildly here and there, far up in the air and low down on the ground, that she whipped down the biggest trees, one after the other, with a crash that made the hearts of the others tremble within their very bark, with all the ease that a mower cuts down the grass. So well did she do her work that, since she passed through that forest, there never has been seen in it a single tree or a single gadfly, or a single hornet, for the whole wood on that day became the open country, and has been open country ever since.

PONOCRATES.

When Gargantua, who hadn't noticed what his Mare had been doing, saw this, he only laughed, while he said to Ponocrates in his old-time French : —

"*Je trouve beau-ce!*"

which, translated freely into English, would mean : —

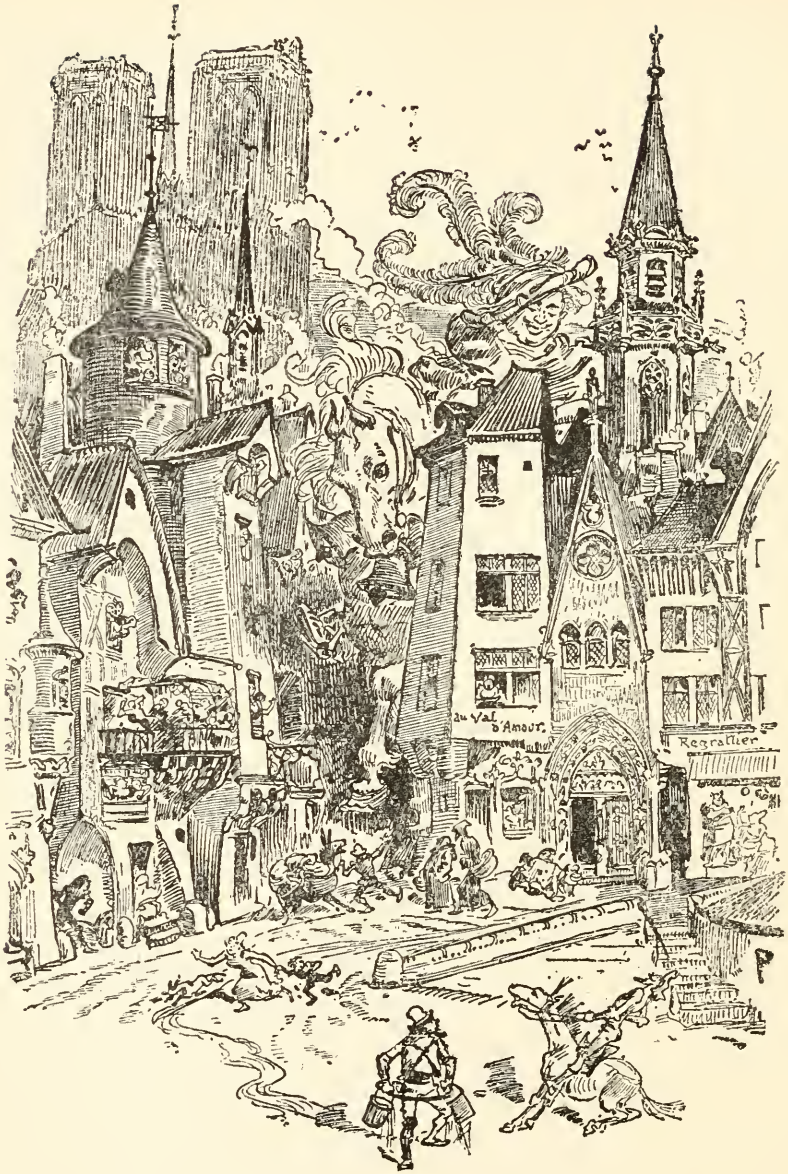
"I find this fine."

And, from that day to this, the country above the City of Orleans, in France, has been called *La Beauce.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARISIANS LAUGH AT GARGANTUA. — HE TAKES HIS REVENGE BY STEALING THE GREAT BELLS OF NÔTRE-DÂME.

THE first thing Gargantua did, on reaching Paris, was to make a resolve that he and his people should have a gay time. Some days after, when they had all rested well and had feasted until they were full of good eating and drinking, Gargantua started on a stroll through the town to find what was to be seen. The Paris Gargantua saw was not the Paris of to-day, — not nearly so mighty a city as it has since become. But its people then were every bit as fond of merry-making and of seeing shows as they are now. One who lived in those days, and who boasted that he knew the Parisians better than they did themselves, says that they were so silly and so stupid by nature that it only took a rope-dancer, dancing on his rope, or a Merry-Andrew playing at his tricks, or a bawler of old scraps, or a blind fiddler, or a hurdy-gurdy in the market-place, to appear, to draw a bigger crowd than the holiest and most eloquent preacher. Now, a Giant like Gargantua was himself such a show as the people of Paris had never before set their silly eyes on. Of course they swarmed around him with staring eyes and open mouths, pushing against him here, and knocking against him there, in their strong desire to see as much of him as they could. They troubled him almost as much as the flies and hornets of *La Beauce* had troubled his mare. Some, bolder than the rest, even ran in and out between his legs as he strode along the street. At first, Gargantua took the crowd good-naturedly enough. By and by, he began to think that all this

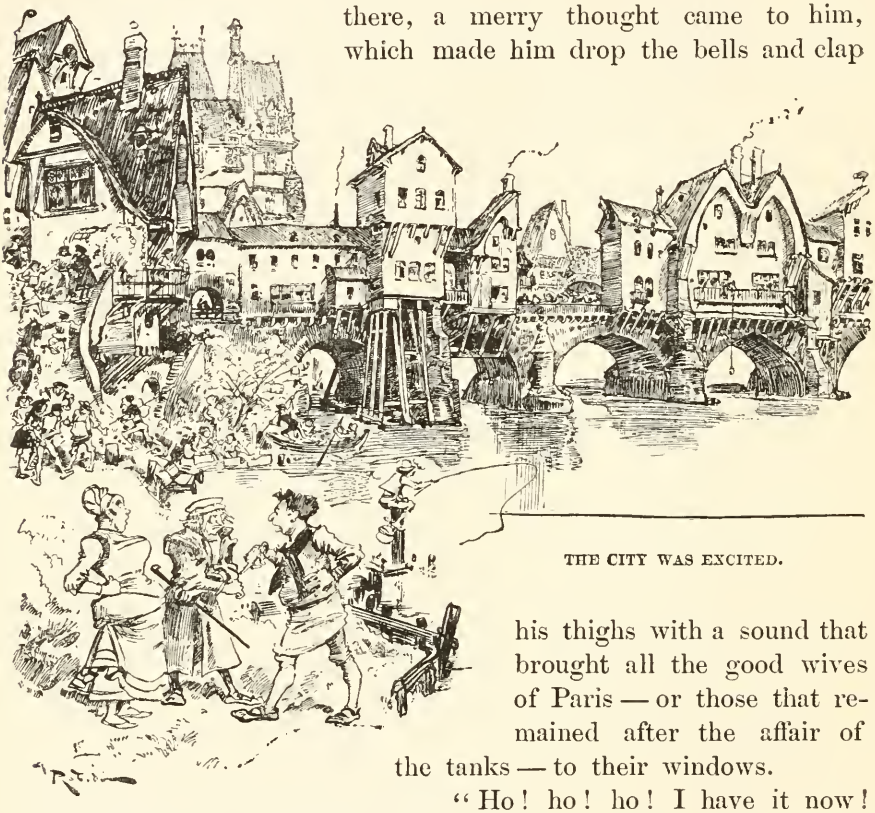


GARGANTUA ENTERS PARIS.

squeezing and tickling were getting just a little tiresome. He looked around in a helpless sort of way, until, by good luck, his eyes fell on the tall towers of *Nôtre Dâme* Cathedral, near by. "Ha! ha! that's the very place for me," he cried, and, without further ado, resting one hand on the top of the roof to steady himself, he went whizzing with a great leap past the statues of Adam and Eve, that looked wonderingly out from their stony niches. The idle crowd was afraid to follow Gargantua; but it stood packed up close together in the open space which surrounded the old church, gazing at him as he went through the air, and wondering all the time what the Giant was going to do with their famous towers. It was not long before they found out. No sooner was he on the roof than Gargantua caught sight of the great tanks filled with water which were then to be found there. Chuckling to himself, he cried: "Now for some fun! I shall pledge this good people of Paris in a glass of wine." Up he caught one of the tanks, poised it for a moment in the air, and then shouting out: "*To your health, good folks!*" tipped it just a bit. Down poured its water in a full stream. Then he threw the tank after it. Quick, before one could think or breathe, the others followed. So sudden was the down-pour of water that the people thought a tremendous water-spout, in passing over their city, had burst upon them. Two hundred and sixty thousand, four hundred and eighteen persons were drowned on that day by the water, or crushed by the tanks, or killed by being run over by those seeking to escape. Those who were lucky got away as fast as they could. In less than three minutes the square was empty, for the water, as it rolled out into the streets, washed all the dead away.

Gargantua, who was a good-hearted Giant, little knew what mischief he had done. After he had emptied all the tanks, and thrown them away, he ceased to think about the people. He had only gone on the roof to rid himself of the buzzing and nudging of the crowd; and, not hearing any more from them, he set about amusing himself. When he caught sight of the great bells of *Nôtre Dâme*, a happy idea struck him. He would set them to ringing and pealing! Ah, how he was charmed! their notes were so soft, so rich, so mellow, so tender, so golden! He wanted to have the bells about him all the time. Just then he

thought: "These Parisians deserve a lesson for their bad manners, and I am going to revenge myself." So he at once began to pick up the bells, one after the other, as if they were so many buckets. When he had gathered them all, he leaped down from the roof and strode across the city in the direction of his hotel. Once there, a merry thought came to him, which made him drop the bells and clap



THE CITY WAS EXCITED.

his thighs with a sound that brought all the good wives of Paris — or those that remained after the affair of the tanks — to their windows.

"Ho! ho! ho! I have it now! I shall keep my beautiful bells to please my father, and pay the Parisians, all at the same time. I send my mare home to-morrow. Every little donkey nowadays wears a collar with jingling bells. *My* Mare shall carry at her neck the bells of *Nôtre Dâme!*"

Gargantua went straight to the stable where his Mare had already found her fodder, and, with great care, while Gymnaste, his squire, held

the candle, placed the bells of *Nôtre Dâme*, one by one, around her neck. The city was greatly excited at the loss of the bells; and, the next day, there came a long line of grave, black-robed men who proved to him in learned speeches that the holy church of *Nôtre Dâme* had a right to her own bells. Gargantua, now that all the excitement had passed, felt that he had done a very silly thing, and could only say that the bells were not lost; but that if their worships would go to the stable, they would find them still hanging from the neck of his great Mare. After further talk, and much good drinking, the grave, black-robed men — who, if the whole truth were to be told, were not a little afraid of the Giant — picked up heart to say: "Give us back our bells, and we shall bind ourselves to give your Mare free grazing in the forest of Bière, so long as Your Highness honors us with your presence."

Gargantua was very willing to accept this offer. The bells were taken back in great state to *Nôtre Dâme*, where — God bless them! — they may be seen, and heard too, when the sun shines and when the rain falls, to this very day.

CHAPTER X.

PONOCRATES, THE NEW TEACHER, DESIRES GARGANTUA TO SHOW HIM HOW HE USED TO STUDY WITH OLD MASTER HOLOFERNES.

GARGANTUA was a good son, as we have already seen. He knew that he had been sent to Paris to learn Latin. So, after a few days of pleasure, he dutifully offered to begin a course of study with his new teacher, Ponocrates. But Ponocrates himself was just a little curious to know how old Master Holofernes had managed to teach his big pupil so as to leave him, after fifty-three years, ten months, and ten days, just as much a booby as he had found him. "Let Your Highness," Ponocrates said, "do precisely as you used to do with your old master." And Gargantua, greatly relieved, as you may imagine, began to live in Paris the very life he used to live at home. And this is the way he lived. He woke up between eight and nine o'clock every morning, whether it was light or not. The first thing he did after waking was to make a tent of the sheets of the bed, raising one of his tall legs as the centre-pole and watching how the big sheet fell on either side. After the tent was brought down, Gargantua would begin to gambol and roll around in his bed, to stand on his head, to twist his huge limbs in every sort of twirl, and to turn any number of somersaults, single, double, treble, and quadruple, in a way that would make one of our modern acrobats turn green with envy. After that he would rise and dress himself according to the season. But, in the old home days, he generally wore a large robe of rough cloth, lined with fox-skins, and so he brought

out of his trunk the very garment itself, looking rather worn and shabby. The next thing was to comb his head with a "German comb," which was the name given in those days to the easiest way of combing, since it meant a comb made by the four fingers and the thumb. For old Master Holofernes had always enjoined this habit on him, saying that it was a waste of time for him to smooth his hair in any other way, and with any better comb.

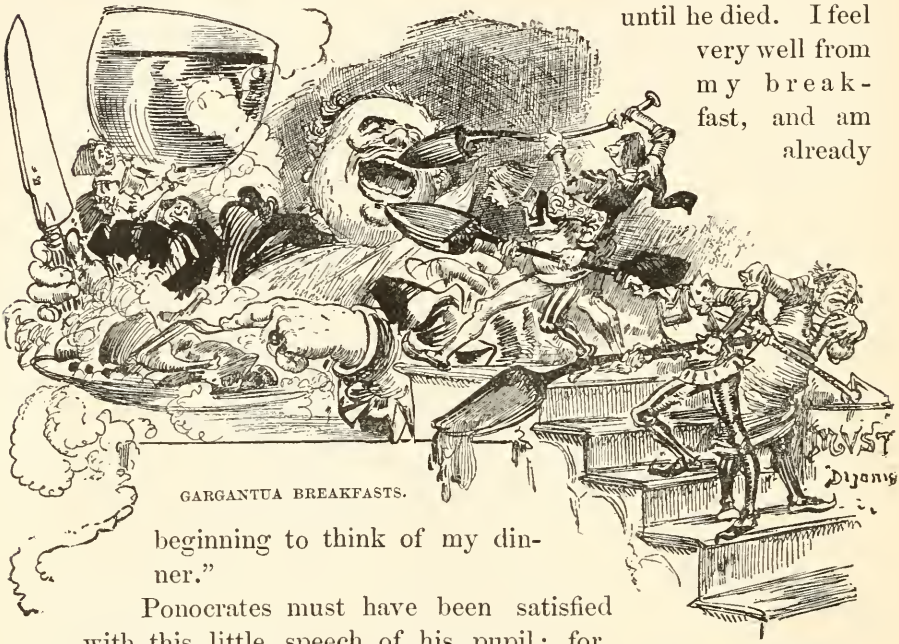
GARGANTUA GETS UP.

Being now dressed, Gargantua went through a series of performances which — considering that they came from a Giant — must have been very startling, indeed. He gaped, stretched, coughed, spit, groaned, sneezed, hiccoughed, and then, with a broad smile, declared himself ready to breakfast on fried tripe, grilled steaks, colossal hams, magnificent roast, and a noble soup. All this feast was made hot with mustard, shovelled down his throat by four of his servants.

Master Ponocrates, one day, thought it his duty, as the teacher charged with the education of his royal pupil, to suggest that it was hardly right for him to eat so heavy a breakfast without having already taken some exercise. Gargantua was ready with his answer.

"How can you say so, Master?" he asked; "have I not exercised

enough? Have I not stretched myself on the bed in all sorts of ways until my muscles are sore? Isn't that enough? Pope Alexander the V. used to do the same, by the advice of his Jewish doctor, and he lived, as you know, until he died. I feel very well from my breakfast, and am already beginning to think of my dinner."



GARGANTUA BREAKFASTS.

Ponocrates must have been satisfied with this little speech of his pupil; for, after grumbling a bit under his breath, all that he did was to stroke his long beard in deep thought, while he asked himself in wonder: "How did the Prince ever happen to hear about Pope Alexander?" and let the young Giant continue his course, while he himself continued to wonder.

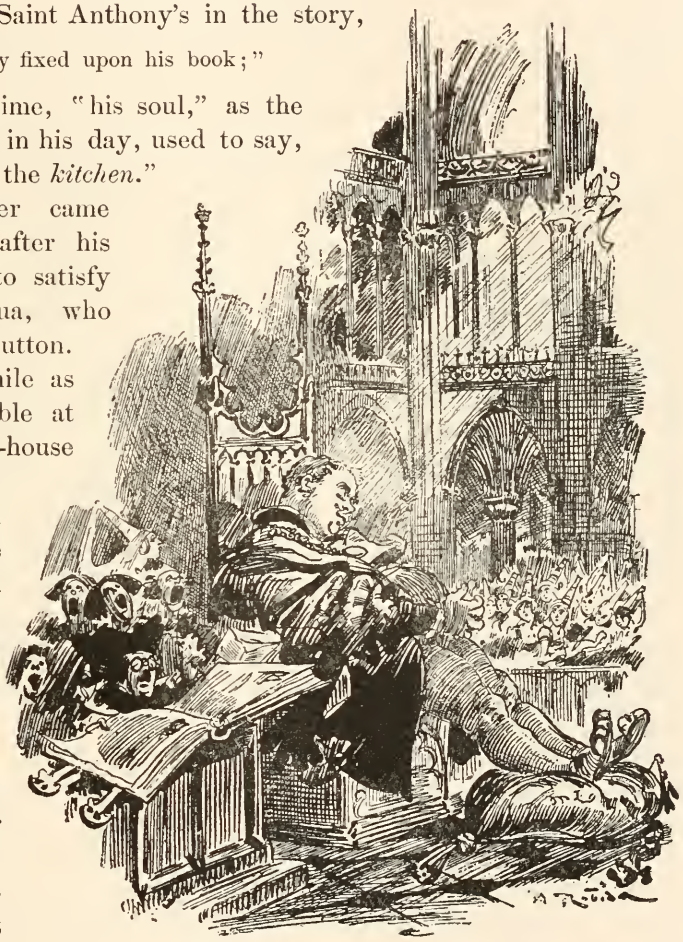
After breakfast Gargantua went to church,—you may be sure he kept away from *Nôtre Dâme!* Behind him, on his way to church, went nine of the stoutest lackeys, who bore, as if they would have liked to be doing anything rather than that, a big basket, which contained a breviary worthy of a Giant, since it was so heavy that, by actual weight, it was found to weigh just eleven hundred and six pounds. With that breviary, the devout young Prince entered the church and heard the Holy Mass from beginning to end. On leaving

the church, he always thought it the proper thing for his breviary to be carried by oxen to his hotel. Once there, Gargantua began to study during a short half hour, with his eyes like good Saint Anthony's in the story,

"Firmly fixed upon his book;"

while all the time, "his soul," as the clown of Paris, in his day, used to say, "was down in the *kitchen*."

The dinner came soon enough after his return home to satisfy even Gargantua, who was a great glutton. He used to smile as he saw the table at his new lodging-house laden with a dozen rich hams, with the best of smoked tongues, with puddings, with fine chitterlings; and his great throat took them all down one after the other. Every day, after the meals, it was his practice to wash his hands with fresh wine, and to pick his teeth with a dry pig-bone.

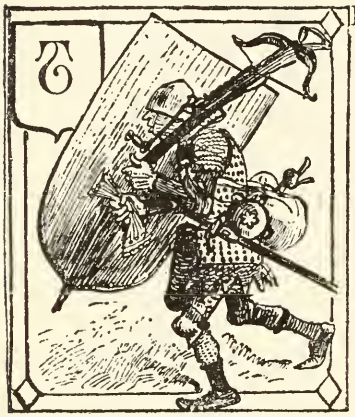


GARGANTUA GOES TO CHURCH.

After that he declared himself ready for his games.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN GAMES OF CARDS GARGANTUA KNEW HOW TO PLAY. — WHAT IT WAS HE SAID AFTER HE HAD GONE THROUGH THE LIST, AND WHAT IT WAS PONOCRATES REMARKED.



THE first thing Gargantua did, on rising from the dinner table, would be to call out in a cheery voice: —

"SPREAD THE CARPET!"

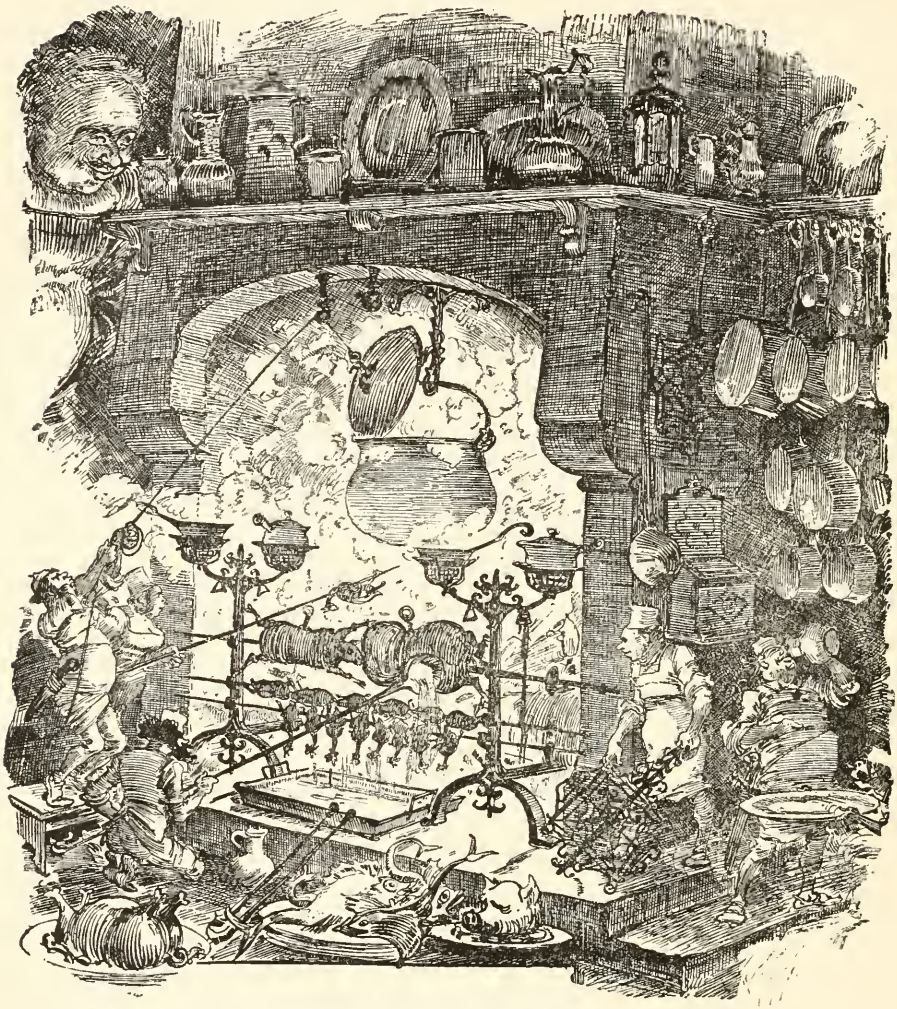
The servants understood what that meant very well. Gaily they would unroll a large carpet, stretch it free from wrinkles, and then, in a twinkling, lay a pack of cards in the very middle of it. Then the Giant and his friends would sit down on the carpet, and begin playing cards. There were just two hundred and fifteen of these games which Gargantua knew how to play. Their names would sound odd to the card-players of this day, and I give some of the oddest on the list, so that you may know what queer games were then the fashion with the Giant and his friends: —

The Bamboozler.
The Potatoes.
Scotch Hoppens.
The Cows.
The Tables.
To Steal Mustard.
Skin the Fox.
Sow the Hay.
Sell the Hay.
The Monkey.
The Combs.
The Coat-brush.
Nine Hands.
Partridges.
The Keys.
The Birch Tree.
Ninepins.
I pinch thee without laughing.
Figs of Marseilles.
Draw the Spit.

Each of these games took a whole day, lasting between dinner and the time to enjoy a nap. Gargantua always thought it necessary to prepare for his afternoon sleep by taking a little drink. His companions must have been heavy drinkers, — regular old topers of the jolly order, — because the allowance every day called for eleven pots of wine for each man. After drinking such a quantity they would naturally feel drowsy. They would then stretch themselves on the carpet, and snore away, each snorer playing a different tune through his nose, in the midst of the cards lying loosely around, and the emptied pots, — all except Gargantua, whose breathing on such occasions was always of the hurricane fashion, whether awake or asleep. He would sleep for two or three hours like a good Christian, without thinking of any evil thing, and without muttering a single bad word in his dreams. On waking, he had a trick of giving his great ears a half-dozen shakes, — why, I don't know, — and then bawling out for fresh wine, which he drank down in one great gulp. Then came the only study for the day, which was rather a mystery for all parties. Nobody could say exactly what it was, and Master Ponocrates only smiled when asked about it. It lasted for a few minutes only, after which Gargantua would mount, in high state, an old mule which had already served nine kings, and briskly ride away to see where the good people of Paris caught their rabbits.

On his return, he had a habit of running in and out of the kitchen, with his broad nostrils swollen out like balloons, to find out what particular roast was on the spit, until the cook, already in a stew, was ready to tear his hair in despair. But cooks may be ever so vexed, the meat will roast on the spit all the same, and at last get done to a turn. All things being ready, Gargantua would sit down at table. He always managed to have a large company of gentlemen present, who were only too willing, for the honor of being invited to dinner by a Prince, to serve as his attendants, should he ever need their services. Among those of high birth who usually dined with him at this time were the Lords De Fou, De Gourville, De Grignaut, and De Marigny.

After supper, Gargantua — being in the liveliest humor, and disposed to look on the world with a broad laugh, showing the largest



GARGANTUA LOOKS INTO THE KITCHEN.

and whitest of teeth — would play a little, or else pay an open-air visit to some of the many pretty young ladies living in the neighborhood, — their houses being too small for him to enter, — and, on such nights, he

would not get home until midnight. Sometimes, when he did not go out, he would take another little supper about eight o'clock, and still another before midnight. Then he would sleep without snoring until eight o'clock next morning.

It was a great day for Gargantua when he reached the end of his two hundred and fifteen games; or, rather, he intended that it should be a great day. He had said nothing to any one; but, when he woke that particular morning, he was noticed to be in a gayer mood than usual while he was dressing himself, and after he had gamboled and rolled around his bed, and stretched his limbs on it, and made his own great tent with one leg and the sheet, and given a neat turn to his long locks with his German comb, and gone through his usual gaping, coughing, spitting, groaning, sneezing, and hiccoughing. But, being in some things a very simple Giant, indeed, he had not noticed that his teacher, Ponocrates, had very keen eyes, and could use them too. Why, Ponocrates knew when the last game was to be played just as well as Gargantua himself did, and he had made up his mind to be somewhere in the room when it closed. Sure enough, listening in a corner of the big chamber, he heard some one say: "*Here we are on our last game!*" To which Gargantua shouted in reply: "Ho! ho! The *last* game! Don't be too sure of that. Gentlemen, to-morrow we shall play just as well as to-day."

"How, Prince?" asked Ponocrates, softly, coming out of his corner.

"How, good Master? Why, by beginning our games over again."

"Not so fast; not so fast, Prince. To-morrow Your Highness will begin with ME!"

CHAPTER XII.

GARGANTUA IS DOSED BY PONOCRATES, AND FORGETS ALL THAT HOLOFERNES HAD TAUGHT HIM.

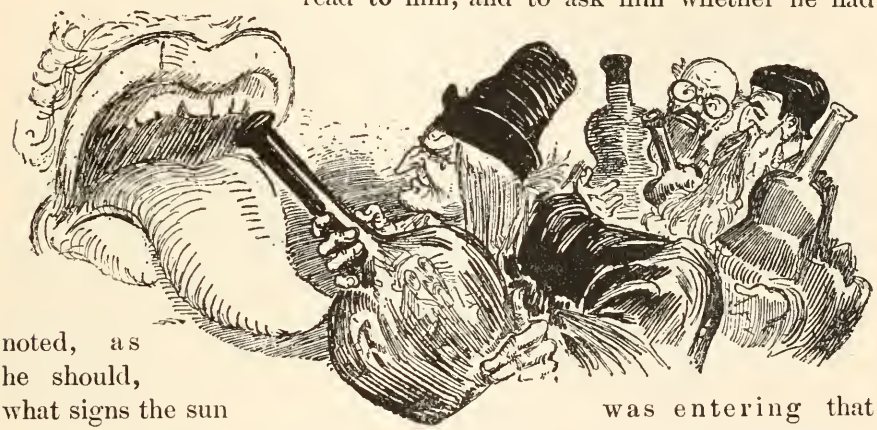
WHILE the two hundred and fifteen games, taking up just that number of days, were being played, Master Ponocrates had not been at all idle. He had already consulted with Master Theodore — a wise physician of that time — and knew just what he was going to do when he had said: —

"To-morrow Your Highness will begin with ME."

The first thing was to dose Gargantua with a mysterious herb, which made him forget all that he had ever learned under his old teacher. This was not an original idea at all with either Theodore or Ponocrates, for Thimotes, the music-master of Miletus, had long before dosed, in the same way, such disciples of his as had been unlucky enough to have first learned their notes under other musicians. Gargantua, when asked by Ponocrates to meet certain scientific gentlemen of Paris who had been specially invited to inspire the royal Giant with love of knowledge, was so weak and pale after his dose that he could only bow his head, while wondering lazily to himself what all these heavy talks about Science had to do with the Latin, which his good old Father Grandgousier had been so anxious for him to learn.

When he had been dosed enough to forget his old studies, and even to look up with a mild surprise when his dearly-loved Master Holofernes was mentioned, Gargantua was put through a course of study, in which he did not lose a single hour of the day. Only think how much he must have learned each day! First, he was roused up,

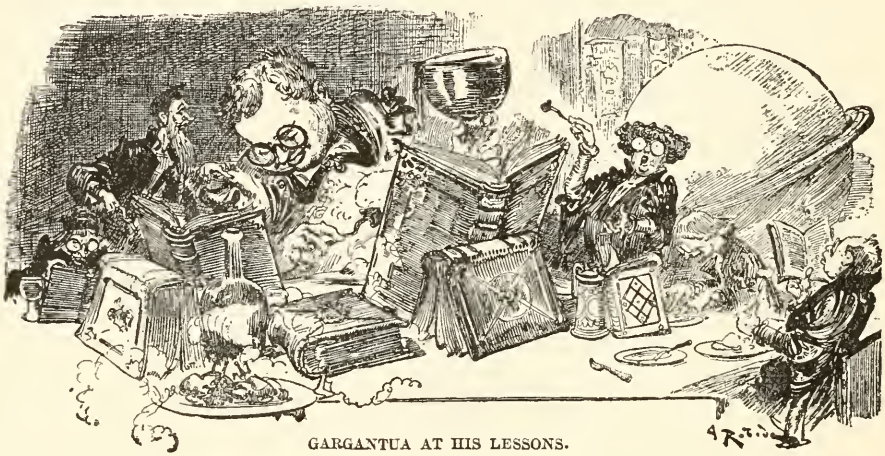
whether he wanted or not, at four o'clock every morning, when he said his prayers. While the attendants were rubbing his body down, a young page would read, in a loud voice, so as to be heard above the scrubbing, some extracts from a book of good doctrine. After this, being not more than half-dressed yet, his practice was to visit each of his companions in his room, and with a gentle "Get thee up, my boy! get thee up!" awake the lazy fellow from his slumbers. Then he returned to his room, where he found Ponocrates always ready to explain what was doubtful in the chapters that had been read to him, and to ask him whether he had noted, as he should, what signs the sun was entering that morning, and what aspect he thought the moon would have that night.



PONOCRATES DOSES GARGANTUA.

It was only after this that his attendants began to dress him, to perfume him, to curl him, and to powder him — Gargantua all the while not once venturing to use that large, well-thumbed German comb of which he had once been so proud. While all this was going on, the same page would repeat the lesson of the day. Gargantua, thoroughly dosed and brought down to a most anxious desire for study, learned after two or three days to repeat the lessons by heart. Everybody looked glad at this — none more so than good Master Ponocrates himself — especially when the debate touched on such a question as the "Human State," which was made the special lesson for two or three hours. While Gargantua was still puzzling over the reading of the

"Human State," and learning all around the best talk about it, the big clock would strike eleven; and then he would, with all his friends, walk soberly to the ground where they would play at the good old game of ball, exercising their bodies till all their muscles grew tired. From the field it was an easy way to the house, where Gargantua, being first rubbed down and after a change of shirt, would walk meekly, surrounded by his friends, towards the kitchen to ask if the dinner was ready. While waiting for the cook — now no longer in a stew, and



GARGANTUA AT HIS LESSONS.

therefore growing fatter and greasier than ever — to send up the meal, they would recite clearly and eloquently such sentences as had been retained from the morning-lecture. However, Mister Appetite is stronger than Knowledge; and when dinner was ready, they soon dropped their wise talk and began to look with eyes as big as their stomachs towards the dining-room. Once seated at table some one would begin to read a pleasant history of ancient heroism, and continue reading until the wine was served. Then, if the party seemed in a mood for it, Ponocrates would set them to chatting merrily about the nature of all that they had before them on the table, the bread, the wine, the water, the salt, the meats, the fish, the fruits, herbs, roots,

and the mode of preparing all these. Doing this every day, Gargantua soon learned all the passages relating to them to be found in old classic writers, who were as dry as they were wise. Sometimes, when the quotation did not run smooth, the old, musty, yellow parchment itself, with its nearly rubbed-out Gothic letters, would be brought in to settle the question; and the result was that, in a marvelously short time, no learned doctor was Gargantua's equal in all this — no, not by one-half.

They would once more take up in an easy talk the lessons read during the morning, and, after finishing their dinner with some well-made marmalade of quinces, would clean their teeth with a twig of the mastic tree, and wash their hands and eyes with fresh water. Which being done, cards were brought, not to play with, but to teach a thousand fresh tricks and inventions which sprang directly, not only from Architecture, but from Geometry, Astronomy, and Music. After that, with a word from the good Master, Gargantua would make himself merry in singing with his comrades some songs selected by himself, accompanied by such instruments as the lute, the spinet, the harp, the German nine-holed flute, the viol, and the sackbut, when would come three hours given to exercises in writing antique and Roman letters, and, lastly, to the main study, which would have made old Father Grandgousier's heart swell with gladness if he could only have known it.

CHAPTER XIII.

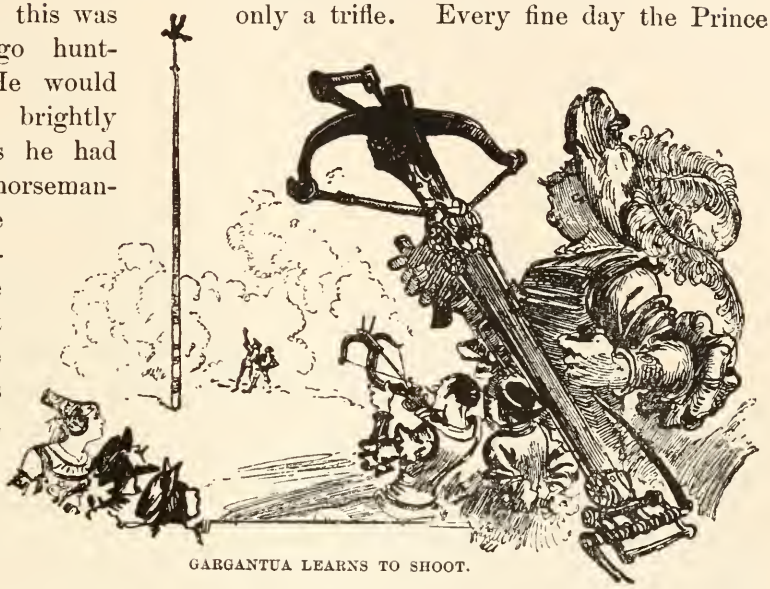
HOW GARGANTUA WAS MADE NOT TO LOSE ONE HOUR OF THE DAY.

EVERYBODY knows that Giants are very queer people and require a great deal of care, even when they are the mildest, and Gargantua was such a Giant that the measures of all the Tailors of Paris at that time couldn't have told him how tall he was, and all the weights known in his day couldn't possibly have balanced his big body.

Master Ponocrates, who had no idea of making the Prince's mind strong at the expense of his body, — being too good a teacher for that, — arranged it in such a way that, every day after the Latin lesson, Gargantua was allowed, after changing his clothes, to leave his hotel with his Squire Gymnaste, who had been chosen specially to teach him the noble art of horsemanship. Once on horseback, Gargantua would first give his steed full rein ; then make him leap high in air ; then jump a ditch ; then scale a fence ; then turn quickly in one half of a circle, and back again around the other half, before one could count thirty seconds. Then calling for a lance — the keenest, the sharpest, and the strongest that could be had — he would ride full-tilt against the heaviest door or the stoutest oak, piercing the one through and through, or uprooting the other by sheer force with as much ease as a common man would tear up a sapling. As for the flourishes on horseback, no one could compete with Gargantua. The great acrobat of Ferrara was only a monkey in comparison with him. Gargantua was taught to leap from one horse to another while both were at full gallop, without touching the ground, or, with lance at rest, mounting each horse without

stirrup or bridle, and guiding it as he pleased. As Ponocrates said, "all these things help to make a good soldier."

Yet this was only a trifle. Every fine day the Prince would go hunting. He would shine as brightly there as he had done in horsemanship. He would always be the first when the stag was brought to bay. He would be foremost in chasing the deer, the doe, the boar, the partridge, the pheasant, and the bustard.



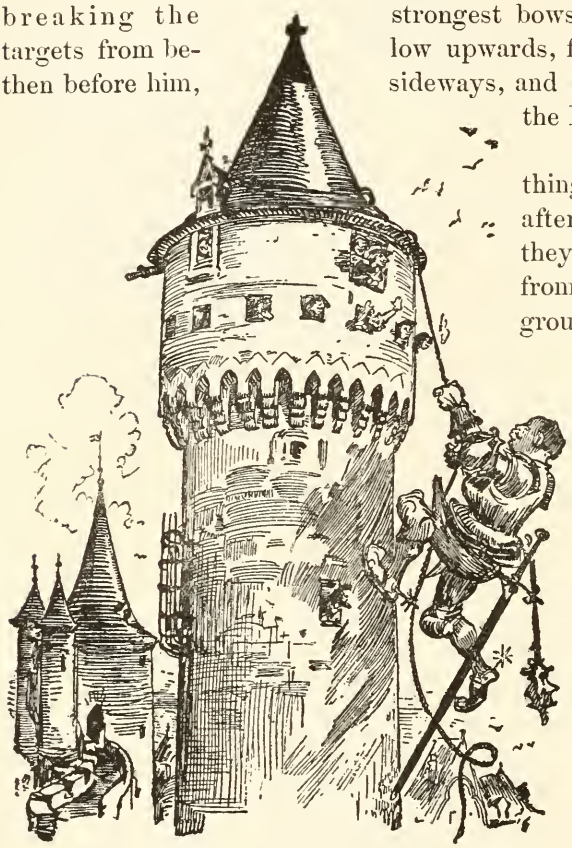
GARGANTUA LEARNS TO SHOOT.

Next to hunting came swimming. Gargantua, being so bulky, never would strike a stroke unless he was in deep waters. He would play such tricks in the water as only good swimmers know — swimming on his back, or sideways, or with all his body, or sometimes with his feet only. He laughed at the idea of crossing the Seine. It was his daily pastime, holding a book with one hand high above the water, to reach the other side without wetting a single page of it. One day, Gargantua, being praised for all this, was asked if he had any model. All he said was : —

" Perhaps, Julius Cæsar used to do something of the same kind."

On coming out of the water, he would of course feel chilled through, and then to get well warmed he would run up a hill, and then rush down, taking the trees on the way, up which he would dart like a cat,

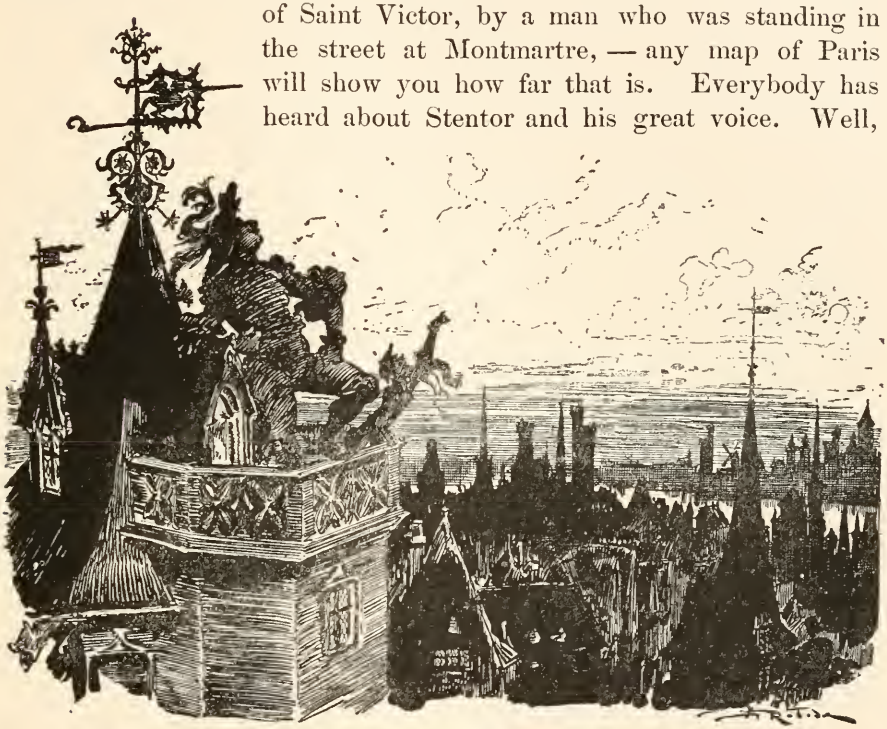
leaping from one branch to the other like a squirrel, and breaking down great limbs to the right and left like Milo of old. He would next pay his attention to the houses which, with the aid of two steel poniards, he would climb, jumping down from them without ever being the worse for it. After this he would exercise with the bow, often breaking the strongest bows in drawing, shooting at targets from below upwards, from above downwards, sideways, and at last behind him, like then before him, the Parthians.



GARGANTUA LEARNS TO CLIMB.

But there was something more. Every day after these feats were over, they would drop a big cable from some high tower to the ground. Gargantua would go hand over hand up this chain, and descend it with so sure a grip that, among the active men of Paris, there could not be found his equal. Then came what Ponocrates called strengthening his nerves. For this purpose, two great weights of lead had been specially made — each one weighing eight hundred and seventy thousand pounds — which Gargantua would take up, one in each hand, raise them above his head, and keep them there, without moving, three quarters of an hour and more. All who saw this great feat wondered, and swore that the like of it had not been seen in the world. Being still out in the

open air, he would exercise his throat and his lungs by shouting like a wild man. Why, he was one day heard calling Eudemon from the Gate of Saint Victor, by a man who was standing in the street at Montmartre, — any map of Paris will show you how far that is. Everybody has heard about Stentor and his great voice. Well,



GARGANTUA STUDIES ASTRONOMY.

Stentor never had such a voice at the siege of Troy as Gargantua had at the gate of St. Victor.

When the weather was bright, he would play a game in which he would imitate Milo, the famous strong man, by standing on his feet, and daring any number of the strongest men to make him move. This was the last of the hard work for the day. He would be allowed to rest time enough to be bathed, rubbed down, and given clean clothes. He and his companions would return very slowly home, stopping on the way by certain fields or grassy plains, where they examined the trees and plants, consulting over them with the books of old-time

greybeards who had written about them, their arms full of specimens which they would throw to the page Rhizotome, who was charged to take good care of them, together with the pickaxes, hoes, spades, scrapers, pruning-knives, and other implements which his master had used in the work.

Of course this had brought them home, where they had to wait sometimes for supper. If they happened to wait, they would repeat certain passages from what had been read or spoken of at dinner. At the supper-table, they would continue their wise talk. After supper they used to sing musically, to play on harmonious instruments, and to pass the time away in those little games which wise men know how to play with cards, dice, and goblets. His companions never found these very interesting. No more did Gargantua.

When bed-time came, Gargantua used to walk with Ponocrates as far as the lodge, looking upon the open street, whence they could better see the face of the sky. There he watched the comet — there happened to be one then — and the figure, situation and aspect, opposition and conjunction of the stars. Then, with his good teacher, he would briefly sum up in the way of the Pythagoreans all that he had read, seen, known, thought, and done in the course of the day.

Then the tired young Giant, tucking his bedclothes lazily around him, would commend himself to Heaven, and stretch his big limbs out on a bed that I am afraid was rather short for him.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THE AWFUL WAR BETWEEN THE BUNMAKERS OF LERNE AND GARGANTUA'S COUNTRY WAS BEGUN.

WHILE Gargantua, studying day after day, was finding out that the tasks he had at first thought to be so hard were so easy that they became more a pastime than anything else, and while he was growing to be a skilful soldier and a most learned gentleman, his old father, King Grandgousier, without his knowing it, had got into a terrible muss with certain Bunmakers of Lerne.

This is how it happened.

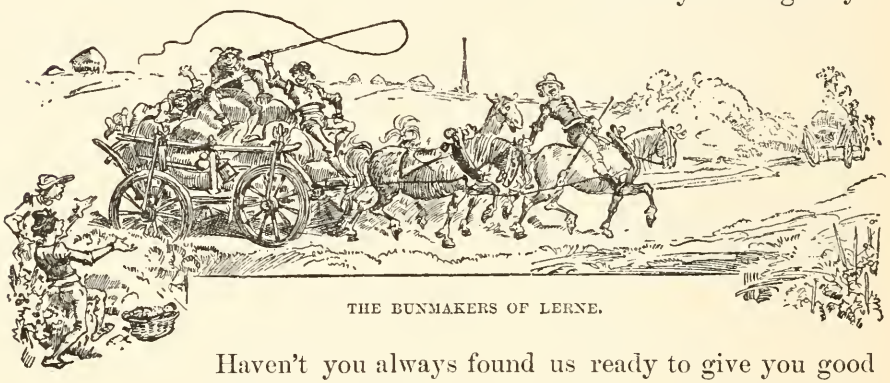
It was vintage-time, when the great purple grapes, bursting with their ripeness, were to be gathered, and when the Shepherds of Grandgousier's kingdom used to watch the vines like hawks to prevent the starlings from pecking at the juicy clusters. This vintage-time always made business for the Bunmakers of Lerne. Even when in the best of humor, however, they were always a peppery-touch-me-if-you-dare sort of fellows. They brought their buns to market along the great highway, in ten or eleven big carts, which filled the air around them with the sweetest odors. Of course, trudging along through the white dust of the road, they were sure to meet King Grandgousier's Shepherds watching their vines, who always made it a rule to step out politely to the edge of the highway, hats in hand, to beg the Bunmakers to give them some of their fine, smoking buns in exchange for their money.

I dare say the Shepherds knew what they were doing. Never were there such buns as the Bunmakers of Lerne had the fame, all

around that region, of making. Taken at breakfast with ripe grapes they were a dish fit for a King's table!

By ill luck, this year above all other years, the Bunmakers chose to show how hot and peppery they could be. Being asked by the Shepherds in the usual polite way to sell their buns, they not only refused outright, but they began to call the honest Shepherds all the bad names they could think of. There was one Shepherd named Forgier, — a good man, and a gay one besides, — who, stepping forward, said in a mild voice to the Bunmakers: —

"Friends, this is not acting like neighbors. Haven't you always come by the highway?

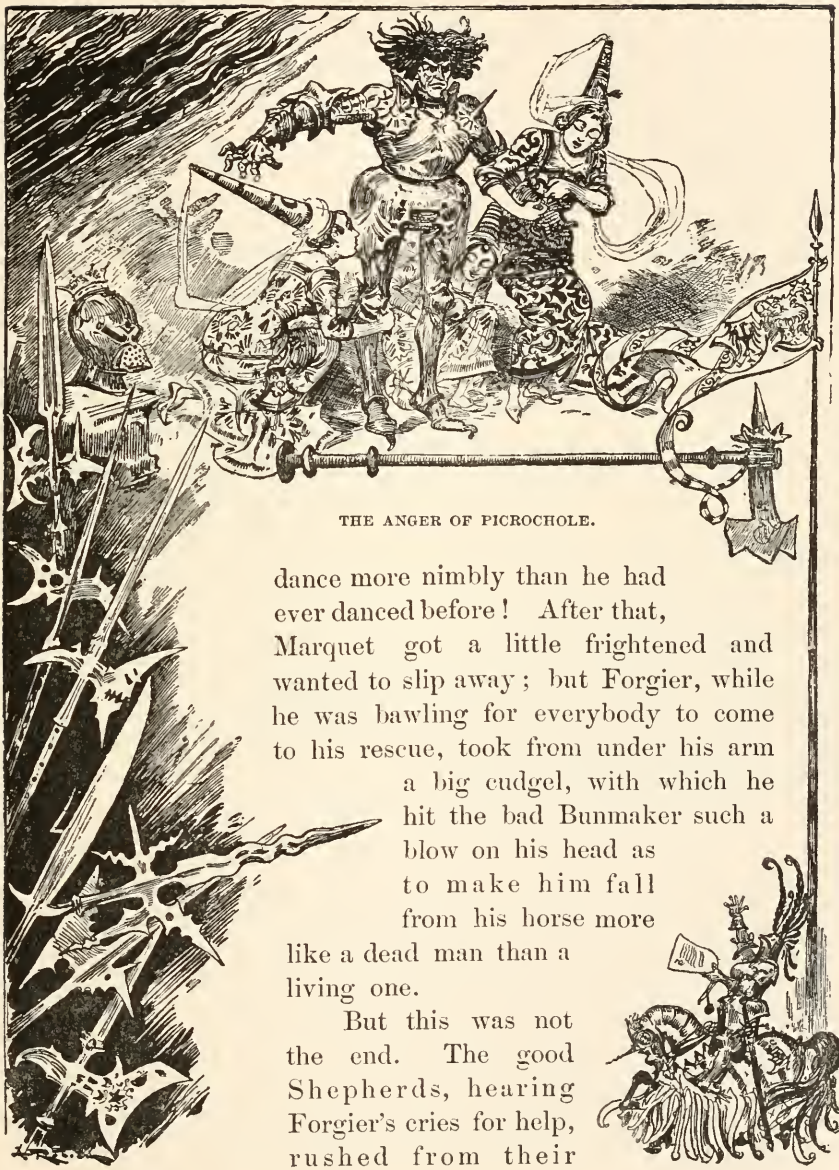


THE BUNMAKERS OF LERNE.

Haven't you always found us ready to give you good silver and copper for your buns? And haven't you always had from us in return our fine cheeses, which give their richness to your buns?"

It is an old saying that oil will make troubled waters still. But old sayings are not always true. This particular saying proved false, for, when the Bunmakers received Forgier's oil, it only set *their* water on fire. "Come here, sirrah!" shouted Marquet, the chief Bunmaker, to Forgier, "and *I* will give you your buns."

Forgier, being a very worthy, unsuspecting fellow, came near with his money in his hand, like an honest man, thinking all the time that Marquet really would let him have the buns, in spite of his rough voice and sneering tones. What did Marquet do but, with his long whip, cut the good Forgier about his body and legs so as to make him



THE ANGER OF PICROCHOLE.

dance more nimbly than he had ever danced before! After that, Marquet got a little frightened and wanted to slip away; but Forgier, while he was bawling for everybody to come to his rescue, took from under his arm a big cudgel, with which he hit the bad Bunmaker such a blow on his head as to make him fall from his horse more like a dead man than a living one.

But this was not the end. The good Shepherds, hearing Forgier's cries for help, rushed from their

grape-vines to the white, dusty road, holding their poles in their hands ready to avenge their comrade. The Bunmakers, peppery as they might be, were just then trying to get off as fast as their horses could carry their carts away; but they were not fast enough to prevent the Shepherds from taking from them four or five dozen delicious buns, for which they offered, like honest men, to pay the usual price. But the Bunmakers were in too great a hurry for that. They laughed angrily at all these offers, and bore Marquet's body, in a dead faint, away with them.

And this was how the great and bloody war between the Bunmakers of Lerne and Gargantua's country began.

The first thing the Bunmakers did, on getting safe home at Lerne, even before taking a bit of food or a sup of wine, was to hasten to the palace, where, bowing low before their King Picrochole, they spread out their broken baskets, torn robes, crushed buns, and, at last, with a grand flourish, displayed Marquet himself all covered with dry blood, and groaning dreadfully.

"Who has dared do this?" shouted King Picrochole, getting very red in the face.

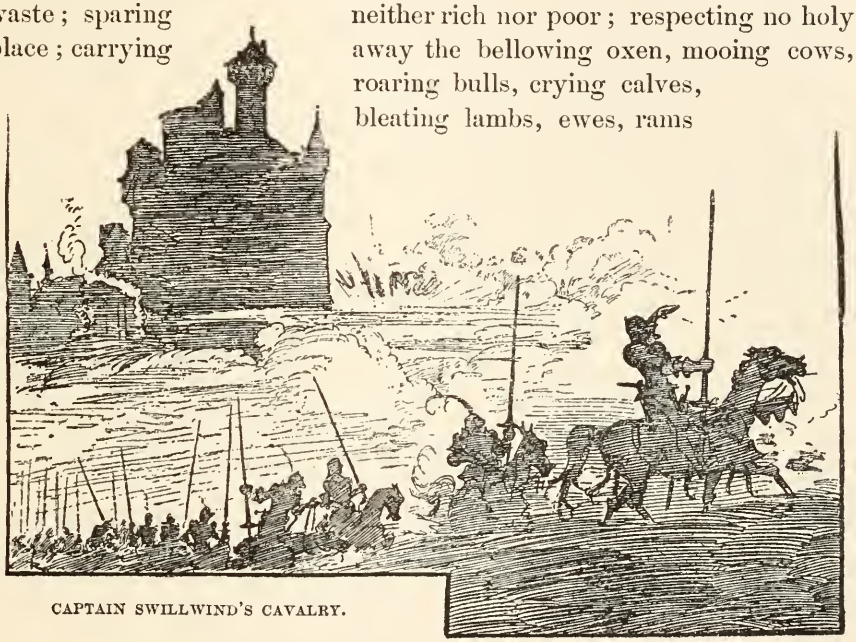
"The Shepherds and vine-watchers of that old Giant Grandgousier, may it please Your Majesty," answered the Bunmakers.

"Oh! oh! oh!" roared Picrochole furiously.

Without asking for further information or a single proof, Picrochole ordered the drum to be beat around his city, commanding everybody, under pain of the halter, to appear at broad noon in the great square. Then he went to dinner. While he was dining, he gave out his commissions to his officers in the army, which, when gathered together, was found to consist of sixteen thousand and fourteen bowmen, and thirty thousand and eleven infantry. To the great Equerry Toquedillon was given the command of the artillery, which, when mustered, numbered nine hundred and fourteen great brass cannon, culverins, catapults, and other pieces of artillery.

When the army was all got together, a troop of Light Cavalry, three hundred strong, under Captain Swillwind, was sent forward to scour the country of the enemy, and find out what ambuscades had been laid;

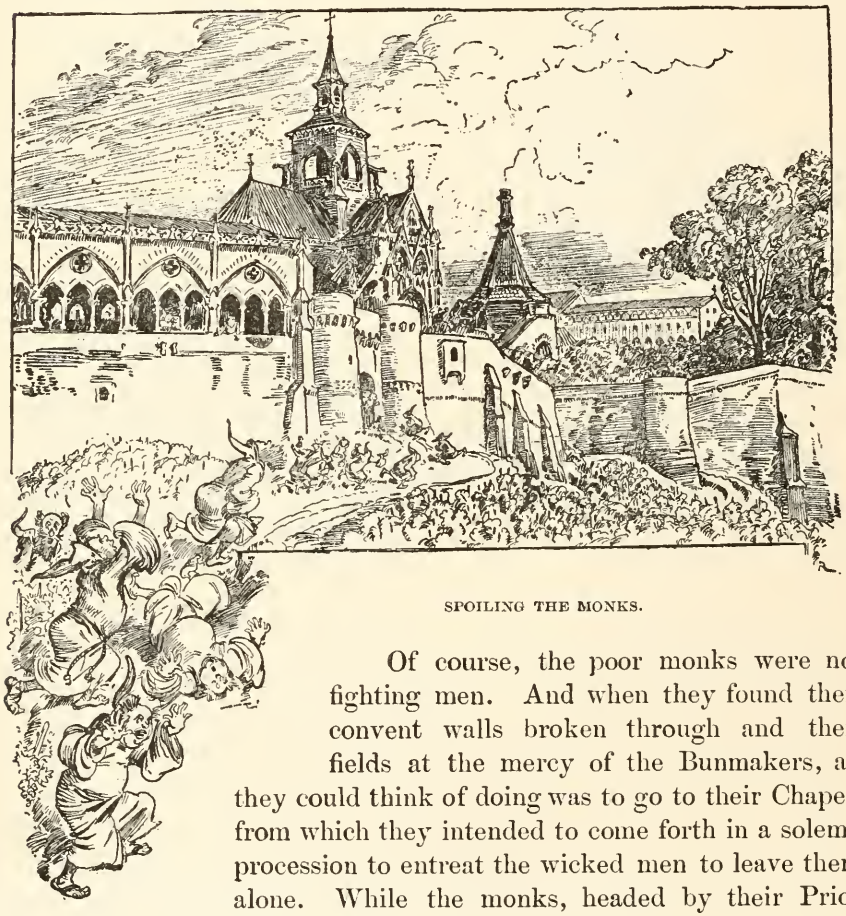
but they could find none. Grandgousier's Shepherds were still peacefully watching their grape-vines, and looking out only for the bad starlings. When the report was made that the land was clear, Picrochole, all of a sudden bold, ordered a quick advance, each company marching under its own captain. Without any order or discipline, the army swept over King Grandgousier's fields, meeting no opposition; laying them waste; sparing neither rich nor poor; respecting no holy place; carrying away the bellowing oxen, mooing cows, roaring bulls, crying calves, bleating lambs, ewes, rams



CAPTAIN SWILLWIND'S CAVALRY.

goats, cackling hens, crowing cocks, piping chicks, goslings, ganders, geese, grunting swine, and suckling pigs; beating down the ripe walnuts; tearing up the vines, and pulling all the fruit from the trees. Now and then, a frightened Shepherd would crawl from his hiding-place and beg for mercy, on the ground that he and the Bunmakers had always been the best neighbors together, and that it would be a shame to treat him like a foe. All the Bunmakers did was to laugh at so mean-spirited a fellow, while shouting that they were bound to teach him how to eat their buns. So, like a great wave of blood, they rolled on till they reached Seuilly.

Then the mighty army, after sacking the town, rushed, shouting like madmen, to the very walls of the great and venerable Abbey of Seuilly, which they found very thick, and strengthened by a huge gate made fast against them. The main body marched away towards the Ford of Vede, leaving seven bodies of infantry with their standards, and two hundred lancers, to break down the wall, which they did very soon, with fierce cries of "Let us spoil the monks!"



SPOILING THE MONKS.

Of course, the poor monks were not fighting men. And when they found their convent walls broken through and their fields at the mercy of the Bunmakers, all they could think of doing was to go to their Chapel, from which they intended to come forth in a solemn procession to entreat the wicked men to leave them alone. While the monks, headed by their Prior

FRIAR JOHN ATTACKS THE BUNMAKERS.

himself, were singing psalms and getting ready to leave the Chapel, in rushed a young monk, with flaming eyes, who had seen what was going on in the vineyard.

"That's very well sung, brethren!" he shouted; "very well sung, indeed! But why don't you sing, 'Good-by, basket, the vintage is over'? Don't you know that those fellows are breaking down our vines, and that we shall have no good wine this year?"

Now this young monk, who was called Friar John, was, I am afraid, looked upon by his pious brethren as rather a black sheep. He was tall, straight as an arrow, strong as a bull, a little quick of speech, skilful in all games, and as brave as a lion. So, when he looked in upon the singing monks, and found them ready to give up everything, off came his frock, and catching up a great staff near by, which was as long as a lance and as big around as the fist, he rushed out and fell upon the enemy, who were thinking of everything save the praying monks in the Abbey. The flag-bearers had piled their flags all along the walls to work the better, the drummers had opened one end of their drums and stuffed them with grapes, and the very trumpets were running over with juice.

Then it was that Friar John — holding his staff high in the air — swept down upon the scattered Bunmakers like a hurricane! It was "first come, first served" with Friar John. The first thwack crashed through the crown of a big-headed bun-man, and brought him down. Then the staff, with just a little blood on it now, went spinning around to the right and left — up and down, first on one, then another — in fact, everywhere. It broke the legs of this one, the arms of that one, and the neck of still another. It gouged the eyes, drove teeth down throats, smashed in ribs, and made jaws crack. If any one wanted to hide between the thick vines, Friar John was sure to spy him out and bring him to the ground with a broken back. If any one wanted to run away, the terrible staff would reach him, and he would fall, shouting: "I surrender!" When the slaughter had gone on for some time, Friar John stopped, and for good reason; for, looking around him, he could no longer see a single Bunmaker standing on his feet, and he was only giving wild blows in the air. Then he rested,

and it was found that he had, with his single arm, killed the whole army which had remained behind in the vineyards of the convent, numbering thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-two men. But Friar John had struck down some other things besides the army, and these were the purple vines loaded with the rich and juicy grapes, which made the delicious convent wine famous throughout all the land.

After all, the rascal Bunmakers *had* spoiled the vintage!

FRIAR JOHN TO THE RESCUE.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW OLD KING GRANDGOUSIER RECEIVED THE NEWS.

WHILE Friar John was cracking skulls, and breaking limbs, and flattening noses, and ramming teeth down throats, Picrochole, King of Lerne, had, with his Bunmakers and in the greatest haste, crossed the Ford of Vede and ordered the town of Roche-Clermaud to surrender, which did not make him wait long before opening its gates to him. We shall leave him there while we see how King Grandgousier had received the news of this sudden war.

One rainy evening, the fine old gentleman happened to be in a very good humor. He was, as usual after supper, seated warming his knees, which were somewhat rheumatic, before a blazing fire; and, while waiting for the chestnuts to be roasted to a turn, was passing the time by writing on the red hearth with a burnt stick and making Queen Gargamelle laugh by telling his funny stories of old times. While he was in the very midst of one of these funny old stories, and the chestnuts were smelling as if they wanted to be eaten, here comes a servant to tell King Grandgousier that one of his Shepherds was down in the court-yard begging to see him.

"What does the varlet want?" asked the old King. He didn't mean to be angry, but his surprise made his big voice sound very loud and very gruff.

"To see Your Majesty."

"And what does he want to see My Majesty for? But bring him up. I shan't know any sooner by waiting for thee to tell me."

Who should it be but one of the very Shepherds, who had been

PICROCHOLE'S ARMY.

watching the vines and the rich purple grapes when the trouble began? He was full of it, — so brimming full that he could hardly speak for his eagerness to tell all he knew. At last, he managed to let the King know what the bad Bunmakers of Lerne had done with his subjects' vineyards; how the wicked King Picrochole had been running over his lands, doing pretty much what he liked in the way of burning houses, sacking towns, and tramping down vines; and how he was, just at this time, shutting the gates of Roche-Clermaud against His Majesty.

It was sad to see how the old Giant received this bad news. He was the kindest and friendliest of neighbors to all the Kings around.

him. He had never been known to go to war with any of them, and no neighbor had ever once thought before of going to war with him. What the good old man liked was peace, so that he could, every day after supper, eat roasted chestnuts, and tell fine stories of old times, while writing with a burnt stick on the red hearth.

"*Holos! holos!*" cried Grandgousier; "what is all this, good people? Am I dreaming? Or is this really true that I hear? Can Picrochole, the dear friend of my youth, close to me in blood and alliance, mean to war against me and my people? Who leads him on? Who has induced him to do this? Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! May he believe me when I say that I have never done any harm to him or his people! On the contrary, I have helped him whenever he wanted money; and that was very often. Ho! ho! ho! my good people, my friends, and all my faithful servants, I cannot

GRANDGOUSIER WRITES TO GARGANTUA.

prevent your coming to my aid. *Las!* I am getting old. All my life I have worked for peace. Now I must have war. *Las! Las!*"

While saying all this, he roared in his despair, without knowing it, so fiercely that the chestnut-roasters ran away in their fright, leaving their chestnuts to pop and burn on the griddles. Only the Council remained, who always made it a point to be present at supper. King Grandgousier at once called the Council together for special deliberation, by inviting them to sit at the supper-table without eating, and talk about affairs. After three hours of close debate, two points were fully agreed on: —

1. To send an army to Picrochole to treat about matters.
2. To write to Prince Gargantua.

It was further resolved to send Ulrich Gallet, the very next day, with five carts full of buns, with instructions to tell Picrochole that the old King was willing to give these *five cart-loads* of buns to make good those *five dozen buns* which had been taken by his Shepherds.

Then Grandgousier wrote a letter to Gargantua, telling about the war on his hands, in which he said: "My resolve is not to provoke, rather to pacify; but, if assailed, to defend myself. Come, my Gargantua, my well-beloved, come! Thy Father wants thee!"

By this time the chestnuts were all burnt black, and there wasn't a single spark to be seen among the ashes.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW GRANDGOUSIER TRIED TO BUY PEACE WITH FIVE CART-LOADS OF BUNS.

ING Picrochole must have been a very mean man. You will begin to think so when you know how he treated Ulrich Gallet, who was sent by good old Father Grandgousier to make peace. Ulrich left the palace with five cart-loads of splendid buns, four of these carts being for the Bunmakers, and the fifth and last cart being filled to the brim with buns good enough to make any one's mouth water, being made of the purest butter, the most delicious honey, the freshest eggs, and the richest saffron and other spices ever known. As Ulrich went along the high-road, people would curl up their noses in delight, take two or three long sniffs, and then cry out: "Ah! that last cart is the best of all."

"Yes," Ulrich would answer; "the buns in that cart are sent by King Grandgousier to Marquet himself."

"Who is Marquet?"

"Why, don't you know that he is the man who struck our friend Forgier across the shins and got beaten by our Shepherds? His Majesty has given me seven hundred thousand and three gold crowns for him to pay the surgeon who nursed his wounds."

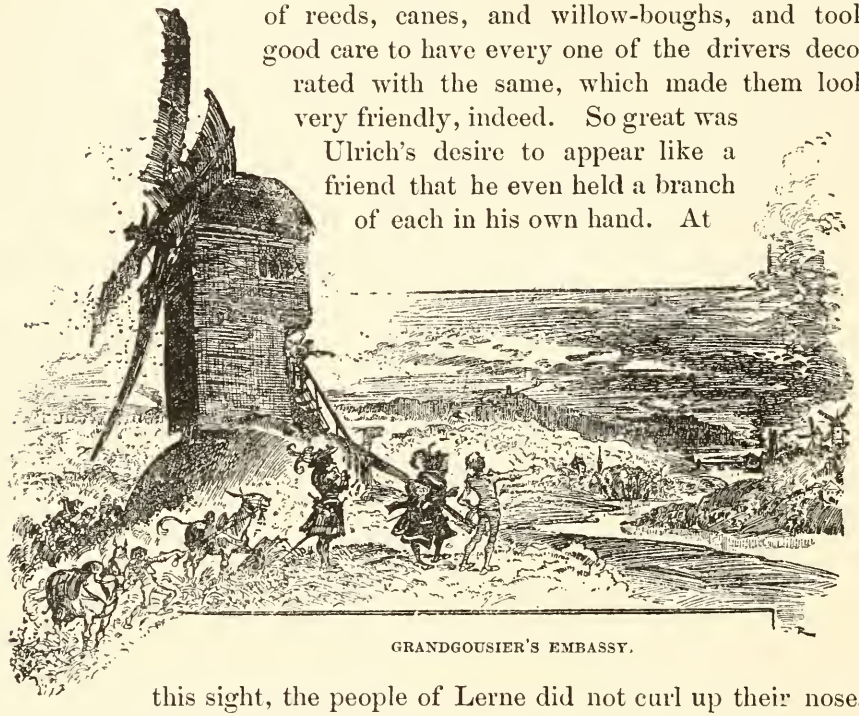
"Oh! how good a King we have!"

"Yes, and, what is more, His Majesty offers to give Marquet and his heirs an apple-orchard forever, so dearly does he love peace."

"Was there ever such a King as ours!" cried the people on the road, sending Ulrich on with another cart-load of blessings for each

mile, so that by the time he reached King Picrochole's Court there must have been quite a train of carts.

When Ulrich got near Roche-Clermaud, he began to fear that he wouldn't be allowed to get into it unless he could first show that he and his carts were the best of friends. So, just before reaching the limits, he placed all around his carts a great store of reeds, canes, and willow-boughs, and took good care to have every one of the drivers decorated with the same, which made them look very friendly, indeed. So great was Ulrich's desire to appear like a friend that he even held a branch of each in his own hand. At



GRANDGOUSIER'S EMBASSY.

this sight, the people of Lerne did not curl up their noses with quite so much delight, nor take quite so many sniffs, as the good Shepherds who had already been enjoying the fragrance of the buns. But, without minding cross words and sour looks, Master Ulrich Gallet at last reached the gates of King Picrochole's Palace.

Picrochole did not want either to let him come in, or go out to meet him, but sent word to him, instead, to tell what he had to say to Captain Touquedillon. Then the good man, clearing his throat, said : —

"My lord, to take away all cause for any further trouble, and to remove any excuse for your master and mine not becoming once more the best of friends, I have brought with me the buns about which all this trouble began. Our people took from yours five dozen buns. Good! — your people were well paid for them. We love peace so dearly that we bring you five carts full of buns for the five dozen which we took. One of these is for Marquet, and, besides that, here are seven hundred thousand and three gold crowns for him, and also a deed to him and his heirs forever of one of our best apple-orchards. Let us live in peace hereafter, and do you return to your own country and leave this city, to which you have no right, as you yourself know."

Now, this Captain Touquedillon was a snakish sort of man; and when he heard honest Ulrich talk he went straight to Picrochole, and coiled and twisted what he had heard in such a way that poor Ulrich, could he have heard it, wouldn't have known it to be his own. The snakish Captain added that they had got into a trap in Roche-Clermaud, and that those five carts had come in the very nick of time for the starving soldiers.

"You say well," cried Picrochole, "seize the buns the rascal has brought!"

"And the money?"

"Seize that too!"

Then Captain Touquedillon, without further ado, sent his men out of the gate to take the money, the buns, the oxen, and the carts.

Good Ulrich returned to Grandgousier, and told him all these things. This made the gentle old Giant very sad. He stopped telling stories of old times, and took no more pleasure in roasted chestnuts. He saw that there must be a war, and a bitter one. He ceased to talk, and was always sighing. All that he ever would say, after long hours of silence and sighs, was: —

"Ho, there! Has my boy Gargantua come yet?"

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW GARGANTUA, WITH A BIG TREE, BROKE DOWN A CASTLE AND PASSED THE FORD OF VEDE.

GARGANTUA was a good son if ever there was one. The minute he read his Father's letter begging him to come home, he ordered his great Mare to be bridled and saddled. It was less than thirty minutes after this that he was galloping on the road along with wise old Ponocrates, his faithful Squire Gymnaste, and the pretty little page Eudemon. This certainly was not a very strong escort, but Gargantua's single arm was worth an army.

The servants followed slowly with his baggage, books, and philosophical instruments.

Having got as far as Parillé, they were told how Picrochole had taken Roche-Clermaud, and how his men had been robbing and pillaging everywhere, and had been frightening everybody so much that nobody was brave enough to tell on them. Another piece of news Gargantua heard at Parillé. This was that one of Picrochole's fiercest officers, Captain Tripet, had been sent to take possession of several points near the Ford of Vede.

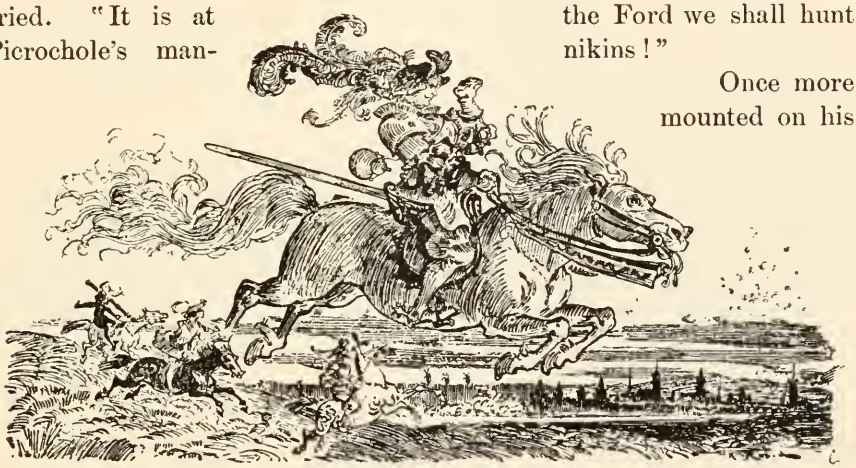
"Ho! ho! ho!" cried Gargantua. "Let us ride, then, as fast as we can to the Ford of Vede."

"No, Prince," said Ponocrates; "what I would advise you to do is to ride on a few miles farther, to the house of the Lord of Vauguyon. He is an old friend of your royal Father, and can give us better counsel than we can get in this place."

"Well, then, so be it." said Gargantua.

The whole party galloped swiftly to Vauguyon, where they were received with open gates and a steaming supper. After wine had been drunk, and the Lord of Vauguyon had settled down to talk, Gargantua was told that all that had been said was true. Picrochole's soldiers were both at Roche-Clermaud and the Ford of Vede. On hearing this, the Prince would not wait to sleep, so anxious was he to rush to the help of his good old Father. The Lord of Vauguyon tried to keep him in the Castle until after a great storm, which then threatened, was over. It was of no use, Gargantua would hear nothing.

"To your saddles, gentlemen!" he cried. "It is at the Ford we shall hunt Picrochole's mannikins!"

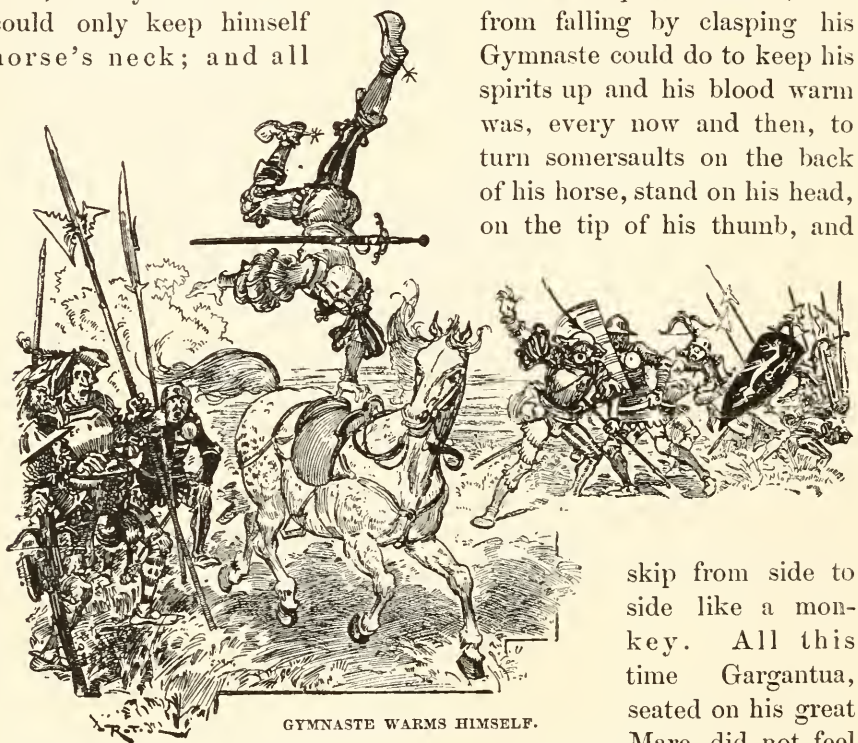


GARGANTUA HURRIES HOME.

Once more mounted on his great Mare he started for the Ford. His lips were pressed close, and his eyes glared fiercely down from a height greater than that of the tallest trees. "His Highness is very angry," Ponocrates whispered to Gymnaste. (For the first time he was afraid of his pupil.) "His Highness is awful mad," Gymnaste whispered to Eudemon. On getting near the Ford, what should Gargantua do but tear up a fine and stately tree which he found growing by the roadside, stripping its branches and leaves till he made it a bare pole of

enormous length and strength. "Just what I have been looking for!" he said to himself; "this tree will serve me both as staff and lance."

All this was being done under a fearful tempest of rain. The storm had burst, as the Lord of Vauguyon had foreseen. Ponocrates could hardly sit on his horse, for the heavy drops fell like so much lead; dainty little Eudemon was quite crushed, and could only keep himself from falling by clasping his horse's neck; and all Gymnaste could do to keep his spirits up and his blood warm was, every now and then, to turn somersaults on the back of his horse, stand on his head, on the tip of his thumb, and skip from side to side like a monkey. All this time Gargantua, seated on his great Mare, did not feel the rain any more than if it was not roaring and hissing around him, filling all the streams along the road, and making a deluge around the Ford.

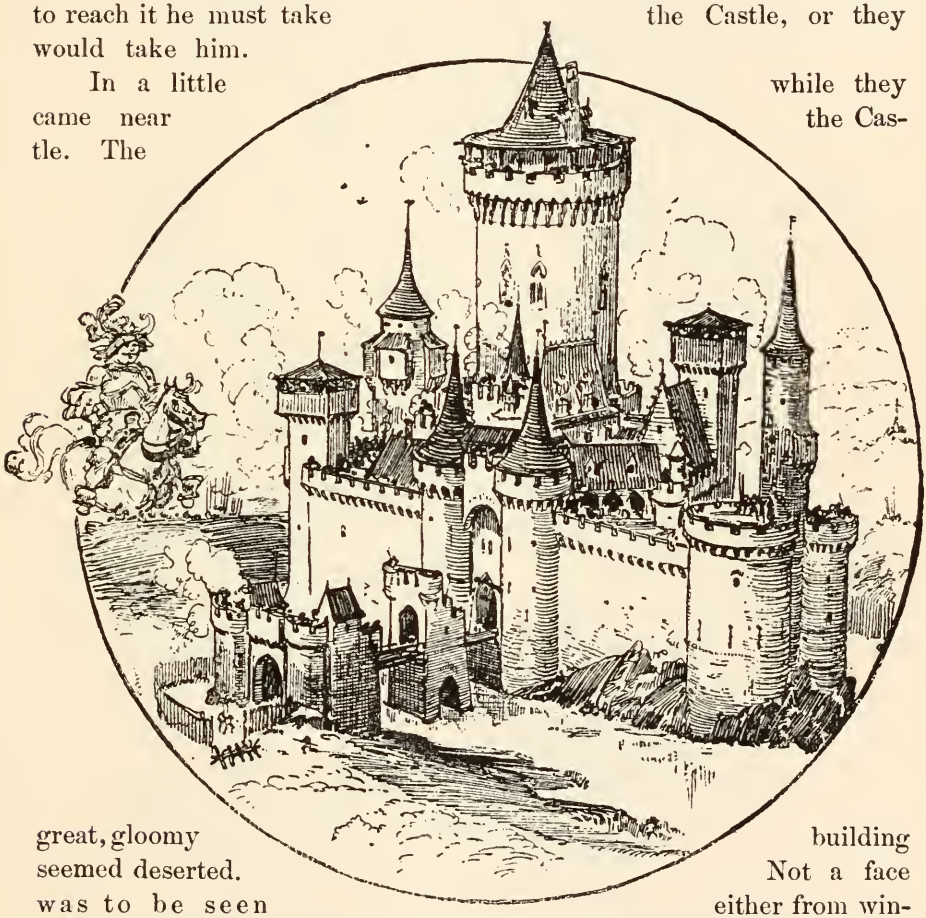


GYMNASTE WARMS HIMSELF.

He was soon to see, however, that if he himself, being a Giant, could stand this sudden flood, smaller men could not. The first thing he heard on going a little farther, from some people who were running to the high grounds for safety, was that the Ford was all swollen, and that thousands of men had been drowned in it.

He could not understand this, — of course he could not, being a Giant, — but what he did understand better was what that sly little page Eudemon, who had galloped ahead to get shelter from the rain, told him. The news Eudemon brought was that Picrochole's men were in a Castle this side of the Ford, and that before his master could hope to reach it he must take the Castle, or they would take him.

In a little while they came near the Castle. The great, gloomy building seemed deserted. Not a face was to be seen either from window or turret. Riding alone to the front of it, Gargantua shouted out at the top of his voice to those inside : —

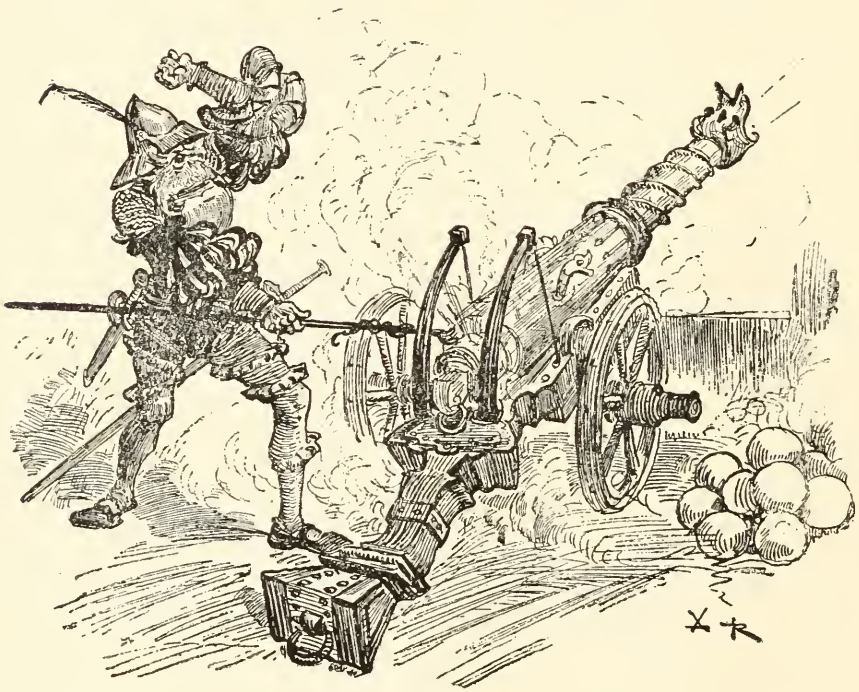


THE CASTLE OF ROCHE-CLERMAUD.

"Are you there, or are you not? If you are there, don't stay! If you are not there, I shall have all this trouble for nothing."

All the answer a bold cannoneer, who had not been seen, and who was watching behind the ramparts, gave, was, after taking aim point-blank, to fire his cannon off, the ball furiously striking Gargantua on the right temple, but for all that not hurting him in the least.

"What is that?" he shouted. "How, are those fellows throwing



CANNONADING GARGANTUA.

grape-seeds at us? If they are, the harvest will cost them dear," thinking that the balls were only grape-seeds.

On hearing his words — they could have been heard a mile off — those in the Castle rushed pell-mell to the towers and ramparts, and

GARGANTUA DESTROYS THE CASTLE.

fired more than nine thousand and twenty-five shots from their falcons and arquebuses, aiming each shot straight at Gargantua's head, which towered high above the ramparts. The guns were well pointed, and the balls hit the Giant so often that they began to bother him.

"Look here, Ponocrates, my friend," he called to Ponocrates, who had just come up; "these flies are blinding my eyes! Jump down, please, and get me the biggest branch you can find to drive them away."

All this time, he was fully convinced that the leaden balls and the big stones hurled from the artillery were so many flies.

Giants are always very hard-headed, and sometimes as simple as they are hard-headed. Ponocrates, who knew better than that, told him what it was that was falling around him. Then, for the first time, Gargantua got really mad. He raised his big tree in proper position, and, turning the head of his Mare well towards the Castle, rushed furiously against the walls, tearing down all the towers and buttresses, and laying them in ruins on the ground. Not one of all those in the Castle, who had been laughing and making Gargantua their target from the ramparts, escaped. Paying no more attention to the ruins he went on to the mill-bridge, and found all the Ford, swollen by the rain, covered over with corpses, and in such number that the dead bodies had actually caused the water of the mill to stop running. Standing on the bank the party waited a bit, not at all liking to ride over dead men. That skipping monkey, Gymnaste, was the first to cross. He loudly swore that his horse was afraid of nothing, and that at home the beast never could get his feed without first stepping over a stuffed body, always put for that purpose in his way.

This satisfied the others, who soon crossed after Gymnaste, and Gargantua and his great Mare slowly followed, last of all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

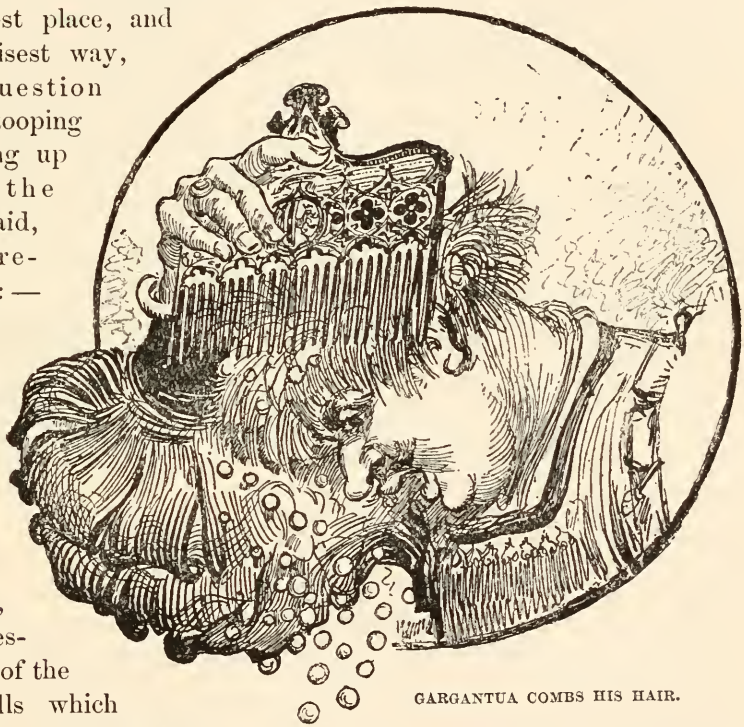
HOW GARGANTUA COMBED CANNON-BALLS OUT OF HIS HAIR, AND HOW HE ATE SIX PILGRIMS IN A SALAD BEFORE SUPPER.

GRANDGOUSIER'S Palace was not far from the Ford. In a very short time after leaving the river Gargantua galloped into the court-yard, where he was joyfully welcomed by the old King himself. You may imagine how he laughed, and then cried, and then laughed once more, loud and long, over his big son, for whom he had been so anxiously waiting. But the laughter lived after the tears. A queer thing happened after everybody had got comfortably seated. Gargantua, feeling a little warm after his ride, had already washed himself and put on some clean clothes, for he had learned to be a neat man ever since Ponocrates had given him that mysterious dose. He was now combing his thick hair, in a lazy sort of a way, with his own comb, which had been specially made in Africa for the young Prince on his tenth birthday. It was very large, —larger, in fact, than any comb that had ever before passed through a Giant's hair. Each tooth was an elephant's tusk, taken just as it had stood in the elephant's jaw. Every time Gargantua passed the comb through his locks, half a dozen of those balls which had stuck there when he was going through the wood of Vede would drop on the floor with a clattering noise.

The amazement of good Father Grandgousier, who had his glasses off and was nearly blind without them, when he heard these cannon-balls tumbling down from his son's head on the floor, was something worth seeing.

"Ho! ho! ho! my good son, hast thou brought fleas all this way from Paris? Didst thou think we had none of our own here?"

When Gargantua, on looking down, saw several balls at his feet, he did not know what to say. He had not felt them, and was even more puzzled than his father. But wise Master Ponocrates was always ready to give the best answer, in the best place, and in the wisest way, to any question asked. Stooping and picking up one of the balls, he said, bowing respectfully: —



GARGANTUA COMBS HIS HAIR.

"This, Your Majesty, is one of the cannon-balls which your son, while he was passing the wood of Vede, received through the treachery of your enemies."

"So that's it, is it?" cried Father Grandgousier. "Oh! the audacious vermin, to try and shoot my only son! Ho! ho! I hope not one of the rascals was allowed to escape."

"All of them," answered Ponocrates solemnly, "perished in the ruins."

"That is just as it should be," the old King said. "Now, my lords, to supper!"

There never was a supper so soon ready! For, when the order had been first given, the three Very Fat Cooks — Snapsauce, Hotchpotch, and Braverjuice — all came forward gravely, and with their right hands on their hearts swore they would soon have the finest supper that had ever been eaten, even in the Palace which was famed throughout the world for the perfection of its feasts.

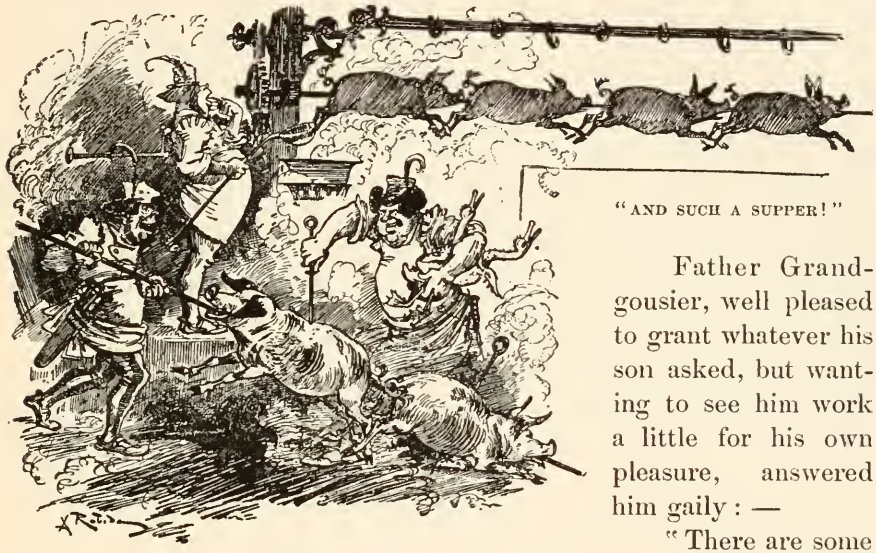
And such a supper as they did make!

When the Chief Cook Snapsauce was asked for an account of what he had sent up, here is the list he gave, all the while strutting like a turkey-cock; and he was just as red as one, too, as he read it, — so full of pride and of the kitchen-fire was he: —

Sixteen roasted beeves,
Three heifers,
Thirty-two calves,
Sixty-three kids,
Ninety-five sheep,
Two hundred and twenty partridges,
Seven hundred snipe,
Four hundred capons of Loudunois,
Six thousand pullets,
The same number of pigeons,
Six hundred young, but specially fat, pullets,
Fourteen hundred young hares,
Three hundred and three bustards.

Besides these domestic birds and beasts there were to be found at this wonderful feast, eleven wild boars, kindly sent by the good Abbé de Turpenay; eighteen red deer, the gift of the Lord of Grandmont; one hundred and forty pheasants, from the Lord of Essars; and such a number of nice things in the shape of turkeys, birds, ducks, wild geese, swans, varied by the best vegetables that could be found, the country round, as had never been known to be brought together on the same table.

I have not yet told something that took place a little while before this great supper. While all were waiting for it, Gargantua suddenly cried out: "Ho! I feel dreadfully thirsty! Somebody bring me a lettuce."



"AND SUCH A SUPPER!"

Father Grandgousier, well pleased to grant whatever his son asked, but wanting to see him work a little for his own pleasure, answered him gaily: —

"There are some very fine lettuces growing in yonder garden, my boy. If thou wantest them the best thing thou canst do is to seek them thyself. Thou canst find none so tall as they in all this country."

Sure enough, when Gargantua walked into the garden he found lettuces of all sizes; some as high as plum-trees, and others again quite as tall as walnut-trees. He cut and whacked away at his will, and picked them up in his big arms, without, for a moment, troubling himself about what might be hidden in them. Now, it happened that six pilgrims, who, in coming all the way from St. Sebastian, had decided to rest for the night, had chanced, unfortunately, to be taking a quiet little nap between the cabbages and lettuces of the Royal Garden. When they were snatched up by Gargantua along with the lettuces, the poor pilgrims, only half-awake, were so frightened that they didn't dare even cough, much less say a word.

Gargantua, being a fine, hearty fellow, was rather pleased with the idea of waiting on himself, and so, after carrying his lettuces to the fountain, he thought he might as well wash them, while his merry old father looked on, laughing at the joke. All this time the pilgrims, being half-drowned and in an awful fright, were whispering softly whenever they could get a chance to do so, one to the other: —

"Oh! what is this monster going to do with us? What is to become of us? That fountain is drowning us among all these lettuces! Shall we speak? But, if we say a word, that big fellow will kill us all as spies, sure. Oh! we are undone!"

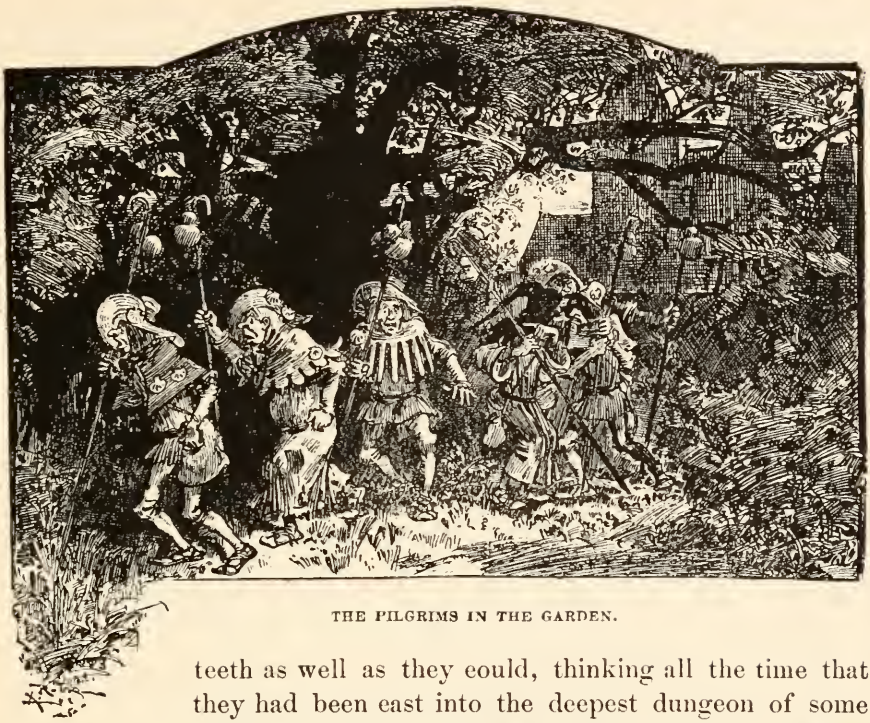
While the pilgrims were thus giving way to their fears, Gargantua would, every now and then, whirl them around in the water along with his lettuces. Then he put the mess, just as it stood, into the biggest dish in the royal household, adding oil and vinegar and salt, and mixed them all well together. He had no sooner done so than he began to eat the lettuces, and, of course, with the lettuces, to gobble up the poor pilgrims. He had already taken five of them. The sixth was still in the great dish hidden away under a lettuce and, what from the water, and what from fear, was in a cold sweat. All that appeared of him was his pilgrim's staff, which he had never stopped clutching and which peered outside of the green herbs. When Father Grandgousier saw the staff, he cried out to Gargantua: —

"I do believe that is a snail's horn under that lettuce! Don't eat it."

"Why not, father?" answered Gargantua· "thou knowest snails are good all this month."

What should he do then but draw out the staff and, with it, the unhappy pilgrim, whom, without seeing,— or, for that matter, feeling,— he swallowed with the greatest ease! Then he poured down his great throat a horrible draught of country wine, while saying: "That salad has given me a famous appetite! Is supper ready?"

We already know how the supper went off; and, of course, what we want to know now is how the pilgrims could possibly get out of a Giant's mouth, having once got into it. The first thing they did, on being gobbled up, was to draw themselves out from Gargantua's great



THE PILGRIMS IN THE GARDEN.

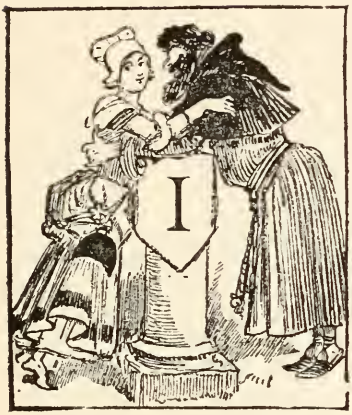
teeth as well as they could, thinking all the time that they had been cast into the deepest dungeon of some frightful prison. That was bad enough; but when Gargantua began to swallow his big drink, tossing the green lettuces past his teeth and sending it rushing down his throat like a sour deluge, they found themselves in a terrible fix and in danger of drowning. It was then that the poor fellows began to hop for their lives. Leaping nimbly, by aid of their staffs, they succeeded at last in getting out of the throat, and finding refuge outside of Gargantua's teeth. By ill luck, however, one of them, feeling here and there with his staff to know whether the country around was quite safe, gave a sudden plunge into the hollow of a bad tooth which had been troubling the Giant for some time. At this, Gargantua began to roar with the pain he felt. All he could think of in his agony was to call for his toothpick. When he got it, he began to prod viciously into the bad tooth. At last he grew tired, and putting his finger into his mouth, he hauled out one

of the pilgrims by the leg; another by the wallet; another by his purse; another by the arm; and the poor man, who had caused all the trouble, by his neck; and threw each on the ground as one might a fish-bone.

As soon as they found themselves on the ground the pilgrims, without stopping to explain how it happened that they had been found in the lettuce-field, and feeling sure that Gargantua had not seen them, scampered away as fast as their legs could carry them.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW FRIAR JOHN COMES TO THE FEAST, AND HOW KING GRANDGOUSIER HAD RECRUITED HIS ARMY.



IT was, of course, at this same supper, of which the three Very Fat Cooks were so proud, that the old King, as soon as ever the company were seated, started to give the whole story of the wicked war which Picrochole had made on him. When he came to that part of his story, in which he had to speak of the wonderful things Friar John had done in the Abbey vineyard, nothing would do but that the brave monk should be invited to the Palace to receive the thanks of the whole joyous party.

Gargantua sent post-haste for Friar John.

In a little while — for the Abbey was not very far off — here came the good Friar on King Grandgousier's own mule, with his famous staff held firmly in his right hand. When he was once fairly in the dining-room, a thousand caresses and another thousand compliments greeted him.

"Welcome, Friar John! Thou comest in good time! Welcome, brave cousin!" shouted Grandgousier.

"We have kept your seat for you, Friar John," roared both Grandgousier and Gargantua in a sort of giant concert.

And so, at last, seated on the right hand of Grandgousier, the Friar was prevailed on to tell, in his own way, the story of his great fight for the Abbey. Nothing would do them but that everybody should jump up to see and feel for himself the glorious staff, with which so many valiant deeds had been done.

Then the staff was reverently placed in a corner of the room.

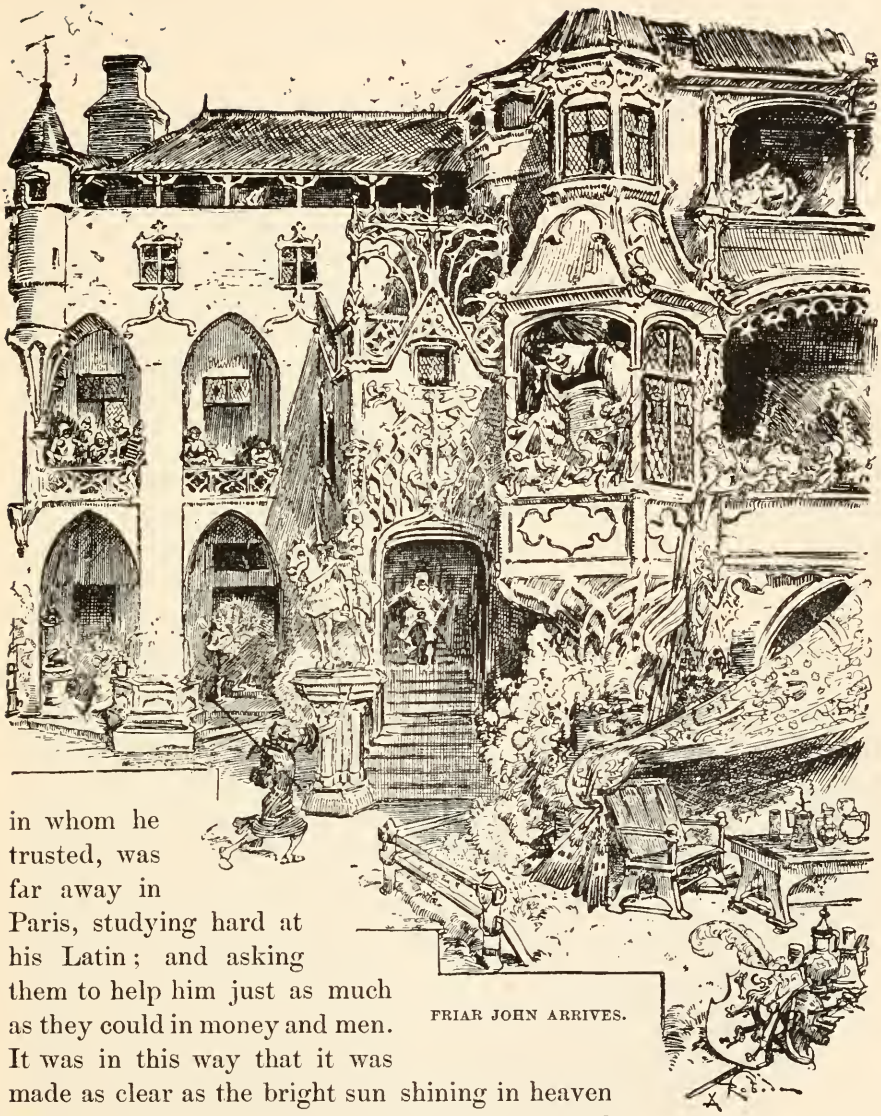
After supper, there was a long consultation about what ought to be done with Picrochole. As is always the way, one said one thing; another unsaid it; one had a plan; some one else had something better. It was finally resolved not to wait for another day, but to start the very next midnight, which — it being now two o'clock in the afternoon — was only ten hours off. While some young men were sent out as spies to bring word what Picrochole was doing, the rest began to arm themselves with breast-plate and back-plate and all the iron and steel plates they could get hold of. There was a little trouble about what Friar John was to wear. They wanted to put their iron and steel stuff on him; but the brave monk wouldn't agree to it. He rushed to the corner where his staff was, grasped it with both hands, and waved it in the air, saying, "Don't trouble yourselves about me, good friends. *This* is what I saved my Abbey with! I know *it*, and it knows *me;* it is good enough for *me!* I am heart and soul with you. All I ask for is a stout horse, and you will find me with my staff by your side whenever you want me."

"Very well, Friar," Gargantua said, laughing. "Every conqueror has the right to choose his weapons. *You* are a conqueror; keep yours."

When all the clocks were striking midnight, Gargantua left the Palace with Ponocrates, Friar John always carrying his staff, Gymnaste, Eudemon the page, and twenty-five of the most adventurous knights, all armed from head to foot, and mounted like great Saint George himself, each with a stout archer behind him.

These were to be followed, the next morning, by the whole army, which had been recruited in a fashion that would look very strange to-day. Let me tell you how it all was!

Before Gargantua had come back from Paris, and while Picrochole was still galloping with his wicked soldiers over rich fields, and trampling down fruits and vines, and cursing and cutting and slashing away, and killing just as the fancy took him, Father Grandgousier had sent messages to his friends and neighbors living a hundred miles around, telling them all about the war; how his son Gargantua,



FRIAR JOHN ARRIVES.

in whom he trusted, was far away in Paris, studying hard at his Latin; and asking them to help him just as much as they could in money and men. It was in this way that it was made as clear as the bright sun shining in heaven at noonday, how many friends the good old Giant really had. Some might say all this was because he was a

Giant; but I think it was not so much that as because he had always, through a long life, been kind and gentle to little men.

Taking what one Prince, and another, gave in money, Father Grandgousier raised among his neighbors one hundred and thirty-four million and two and a half crowns of pure gold.

When he read their lists, giving the number of soldiers each one was able to lend him, he found that he would have : —

15,000 men at arms.
32,000 cavalrymen.
89,000 arquebusiers.
140,000 volunteers.

That is to say, 276,000 stout soldiers, all well equipped and provisioned for six months and four days. To which were to be added : —

11,200 cannon.
47,000 double cannon, etc.

The good old Giant felt very grateful; but he swore, nevertheless, a round oath that there was no need for him to accept so great an army. Where was he to put two hundred and seventy-six thousand soldiers? Where could he store away fifty-eight thousand cannon? If he could only be sure that his Gargantua would come home in time, why, he wouldn't care for any army at all!

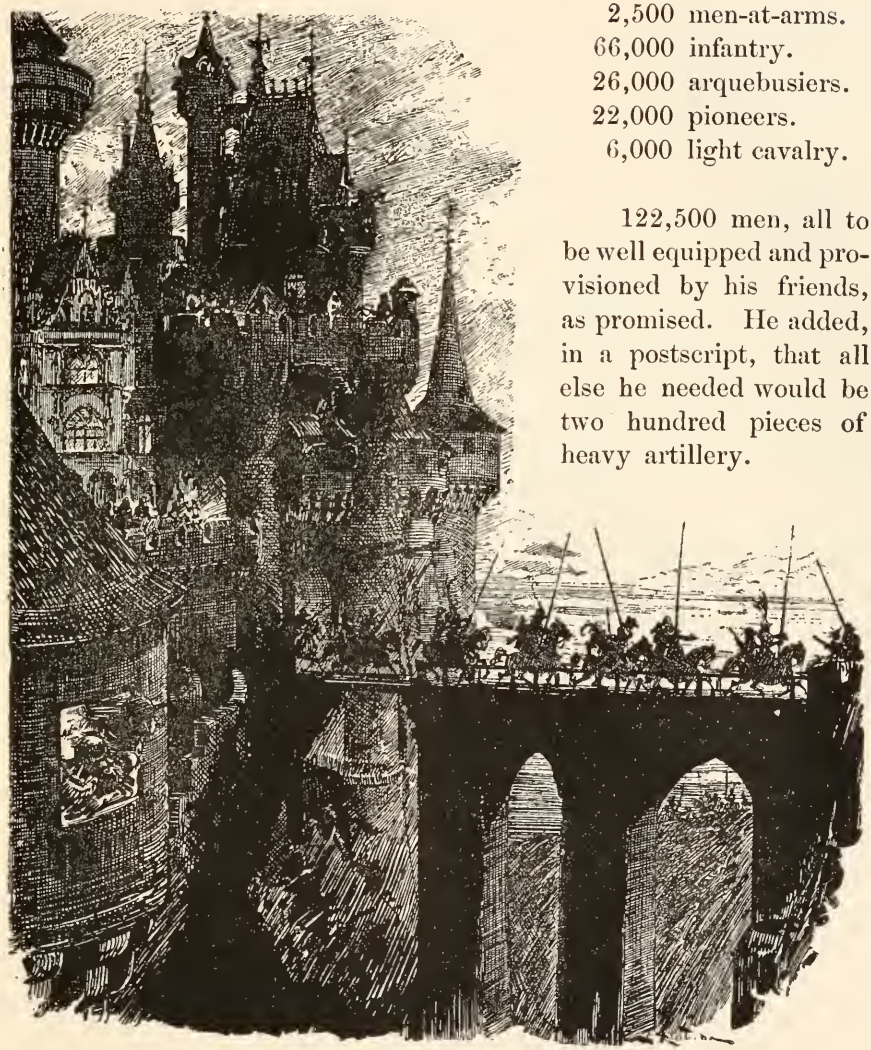
"If my boy Gargantua should once get among that Picrochole gang, he would scatter them over the border quicker than they ever crossed it," he was saying to himself all the time.

Meanwhile, that rogue Picrochole was going on at such a rate with his pastime of cursing, killing, cutting, and slashing at men, and ravaging vineyards, and burning houses, that Grandgousier found that he had really to do something that would strike terror. So he sent

another Royal Messenger to his friends the Princes, telling them that he would be satisfied, for the present, with

2,500 men-at-arms.
66,000 infantry.
26,000 arquebusiers.
22,000 pioneers.
6,000 light cavalry.

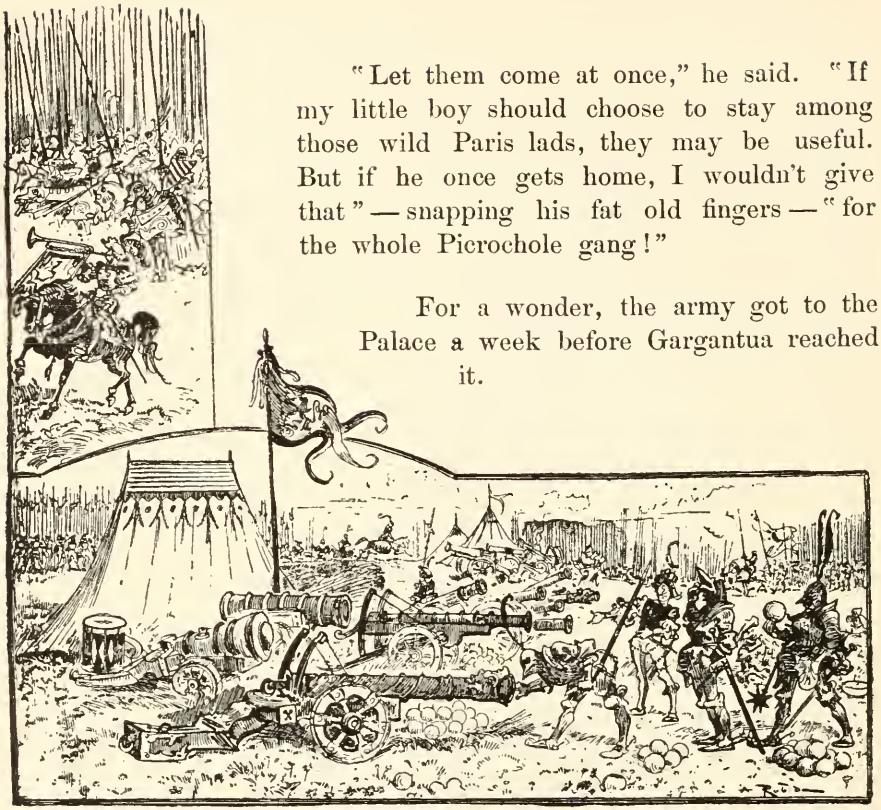
122,500 men, all to be well equipped and provisioned by his friends, as promised. He added, in a postscript, that all else he needed would be two hundred pieces of heavy artillery.



THE ADVANCE GUARD STARTS.

"Let them come at once," he said. "If my little boy should choose to stay among those wild Paris lads, they may be useful. But if he once gets home, I wouldn't give that" — snapping his fat old fingers — "for the whole Picrochole gang!"

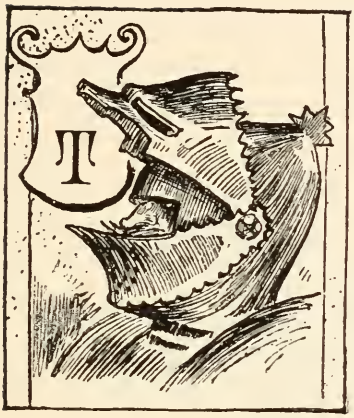
For a wonder, the army got to the Palace a week before Gargantua reached it.



GRANDGOUSIER'S ARMY.

CHAPTER XX.

GARGANTUA'S MARE SCORES A VICTORY.



THIS was the army that followed Gargantua at daybreak and came up with him at the Ford of Vede. Gargantua was commander-in-chief in place of Grandgousier, who, being old, of course stayed at home. But that was a glorious early breakfast which the old King gave to the soldiers before they left; and he made it more glorious by promising great gifts to every man who would do some wonderful act of prowess. "They will not have a chance to do anything," he whispered confidentially to his Chief Butler, whom he had raised to a level with his mouth. "*My boy will be there!*"

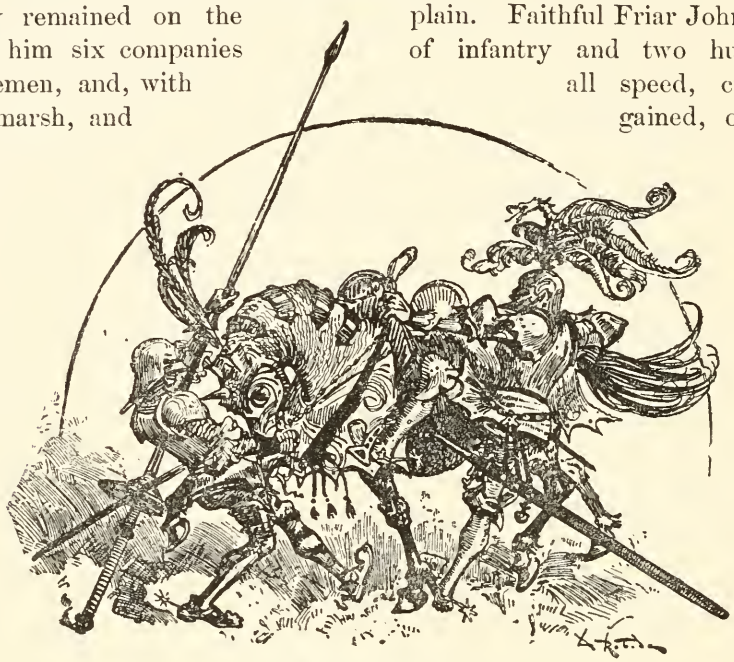
The army crossed the Ford in boats and on bridges lightly made over smaller boats, which dipped to the water's edge as the soldiers passed over. After a short march they came upon the city, which was placed upon a high hill. There they halted. Gargantua called a council, and with his friends discussed all night what was best to be done next morning. Gymnaste was the first to speak to the point.

"My lord," he said, "I am in favor of attacking at once. You will do so if you know those French fellows as well as I do. They are *terrible* foes at the first assault, when they are worse than so many devils. But if they are kept idle, and dream too long of their sweethearts and their vines, they lose heart, and become worse than so many women."

Gargantua was nodding approval all the time Gymnaste was speaking. He was quite sure, in his own mind, that, when once *he*

would show himself on his great Mare, and with his huge tree held as a lance, Picrochole would lose the field. But he had no idea of putting himself forward just then. So he said nothing more than: "So be it! We advance at daylight."

The advance-guard were stationed on the hill-side, while the main army remained on the plain. Faithful Friar John took with him six companies of infantry and two hundred horsemen, and, with all speed, crossed the marsh, and gained, on the



MOUNTING FOR THE FRAY.

highway of London, a point just above the Castle. While the assault was going on, Picrochole and his people didn't know at first which was better: whether to march out from the Castle, resolved to conquer or to die, or to stay in the city, and let the enemy outside do their worst. At last Picrochole himself grew tired. He had done nothing during the whole war but take care of his own precious body behind the walls of the city, while his officers and soldiers slashed and killed the poor subjects of Grandgousier at their will. He had not heard a whisper of how Gargantua had come all the way from Paris, and was then actu-

ally in front. He swore roundly, over his cups, that Gargantua was not there, or he would have heard of it long before. "Ha! ha! Giants are too big to hide themselves. Victory shall be ours!" he cried.

This was what made Picrochole bold enough to make an attack. Once beyond the gate, he and his army were received with such a welcome of cannon-balls that they were for a moment confused. Picrochole looked around for the Gargantuists; he couldn't see one of them, as Friar John had taken his men back with him to the hills, so as to give the artillery room to work. Encouraged by this, Picrochole defended himself so bravely under the terrible fires, and advanced so steadily all the time on the guns, that the gunners were obliged to flee for their lives, and Friar John himself found it hard to keep him from charging over his small force.

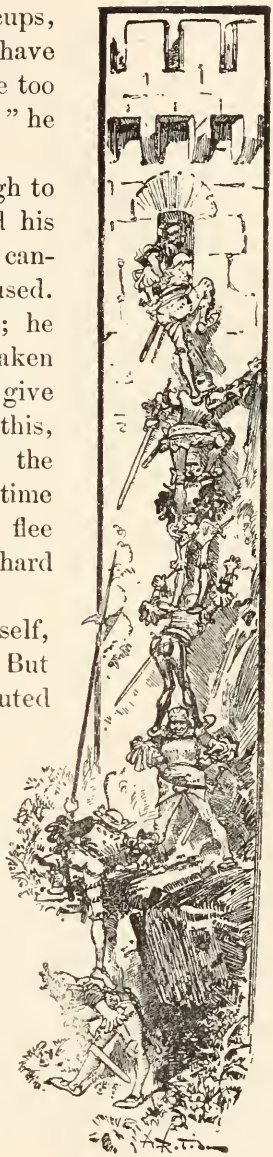
"Oh, ho! Friar John," he muttered to himself, "thou thinkest thyself a fine soldier, truly! But it is high time now to call the Giant." So he shouted with the full strength of his sturdy lungs: —

"Help! help! help! Prince Gargantua to the rescue!"

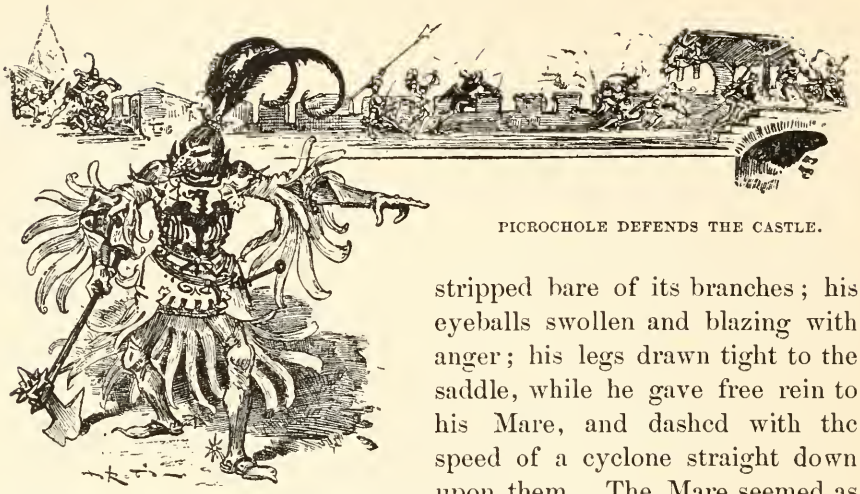
One might live to be as old as Methuselah, and never see such a change in either a general or his army as that which took place in King Picrochole and his troops when they first heard the Friar's cry. The guns dropped from their hands, and all they could do was to turn with white faces and staring eyes towards the opening in the wood.

Then appeared a fearful apparition!

It was that of the Giant, holding, poised as a lance, the trunk of an enormous tree



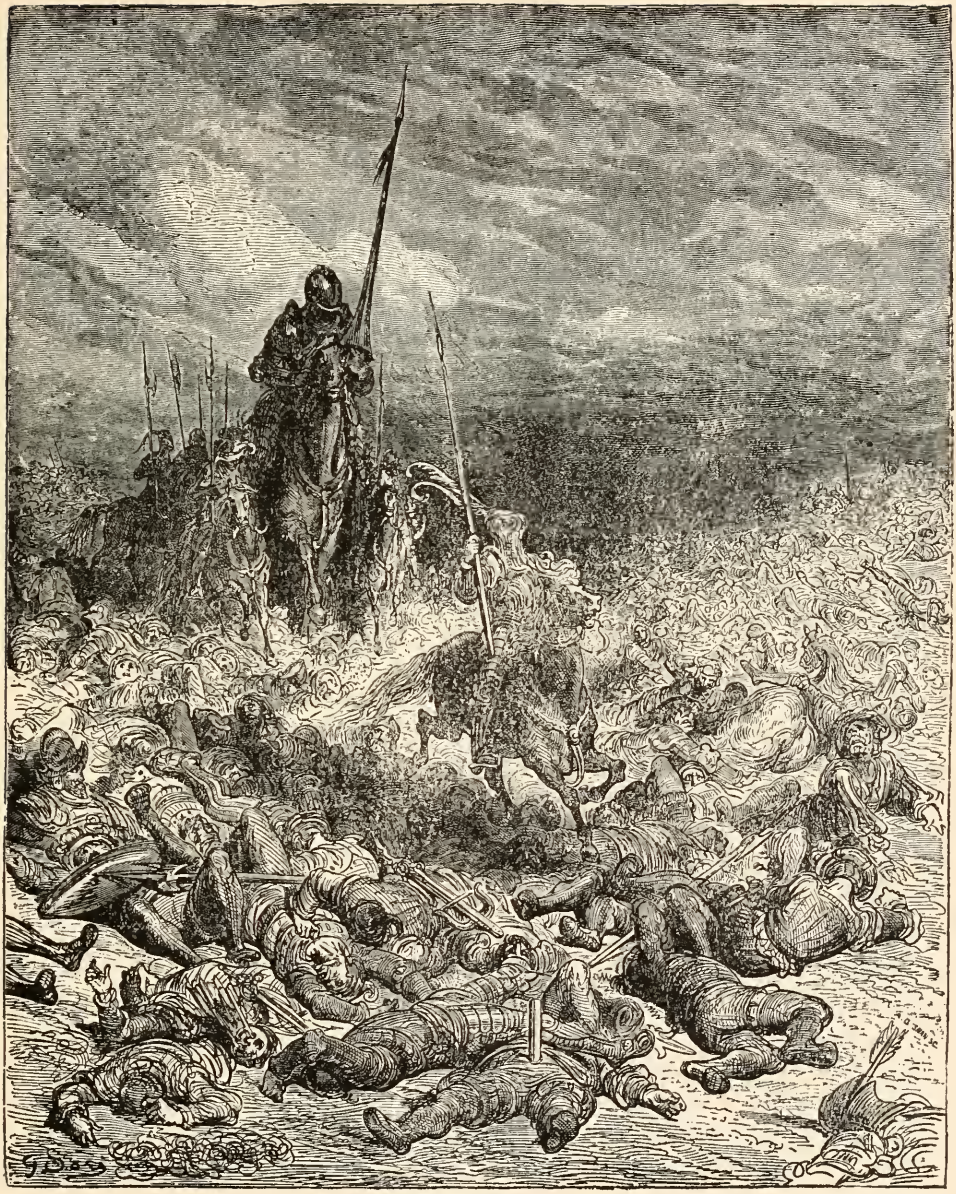
THE ASSAULT.



PICROCHOLE DEFENDS THE CASTLE.

stripped bare of its branches; his eyeballs swollen and blazing with anger; his legs drawn tight to the saddle, while he gave free rein to his Mare, and dashed with the speed of a cyclone straight down upon them. The Mare seemed as mad as the master, for smoke rolled and curled around her wide-open nostrils; she gave short and horrible neighs, as if she couldn't get to Picrochole's rogues fast enough; her mane was stiff and hard, while her broad tail, streaming like a comet behind her, whisked men right and left, high into the air, and jerked down such trees as were in the way as she swept thundering down the hill. So terrible a sight changed the whole field. For a moment or two the enemy seemed stunned. But, as the dreadful Mare came near and nearer, Picrochole's cowardice broke the fearful spell that had come upon himself and men. "It is the Giant!" he shouted; "save himself who can!" and dashed back into the open gates of the city, intending to escape, through another gate, into the country beyond. "*The Mare! the Mare! Save us from the Mare!*" was all the poor men, as they tried to follow their king, could gasp.

Some were lucky enough to gain the city-gates. But before Gargantua could rein in his powerful steed, she had bitten and trampled many to death, to say nothing of those she had swept into the air with her great tail. Gargantua had good reason to be pleased with his victory. It was a decisive one, and gained by himself alone, and the Mare. He rode all over the field, petting the good Mare



THE DEFEAT OF PICROCHOLE.

meanwhile, and never ceasing to look among the killed for Picrochole. Of every officer that returned from pursuit of those who tried to escape he asked: —

THE FLIGHT OF PICROCHOLE.

"Hast thou caught Picrochole?"

No, nobody had.

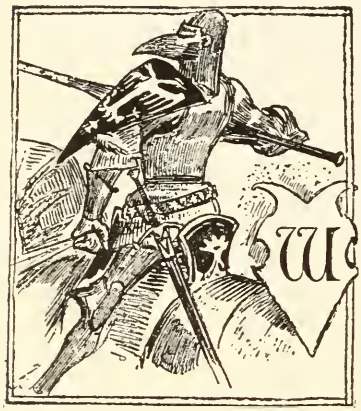
"With all my heart I am sorry," said Gargantua, "that Picrochole is not here. For I would have made this little king know that it was not for any riches or for my name that this war was made. As he is lost, let the kingdom remain with his son. But, as this child is not yet five years old, he should have governors. Let Ponocrates govern those governors."

Then, under his breath, the Giant muttered: —

"Ho! a pretty king, this Picrochole, to be lost in battle." And a giant's mutter is louder than a small man's shout.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHOWING WHAT GARGANTUA DID AFTER THE BATTLE, AND HOW GRANDGOUSIER WELCOMED HIM HOME.



HEN Gargantua, after the battle, made his triumphant entrance into the city, it was easy enough for him to find the Palace where Picrochole had stopped, but not quite so easy to get hold of the King himself. And when he reached the Palace, he heard that those wicked advisers and councillors of Picrochole, who had done their best to keep mischief alive, — Swashbuckler, Durtaille, and Smaltrash, — had all managed to escape helter-skelter from the city, just six hours *before* the battle.

Gargantua's first duty was to order a muster of his troops, by which he learned, much to his satisfaction, that they had not suffered greatly in the battle, the four soldiers who had been killed happening to belong to the band of one of his officers, Captain Tolmere. He had the pleasure of shaking his old master Ponocrates by the hand on his lucky escape in having his doublet, instead of his portly body, jagged by an archer's bolt. It was a mild shake, for a hearty one would have made a jelly of it. The Chief Treasurer was ordered to see that all his brave followers should be feasted, each with his troop, at the Prince's expense. He directed, moreover, that, after the feast, the army should assemble in the great Square before the Palace, and receive a full six months' pay on the spot.

This being joyfully done, the next order was for the assembling of all that remained of Picrochole's party. All his princes and captains being present, Gargantua made a speech, which was as full of

wisdom as it was rich in praise of his good old father, King Grandgousier. He concluded with these words, spoken in a stern voice: —

"I impose on those who have wickedly attacked us but one condition. They must deliver into my hands that knave Marquet, who was the groundwork of this most unjust war."

Marquet, who had been a great man all during the war, and who had strutted around, crowing and looking wise, and had been con-

GARGANTUA'S CAPTIVES.

sulted, and patted on the back, and stroked on the head, ever since his fight with Forgier, had been silly enough, instead of running away as fast as his legs could take him, to go to the assembly to hear what the Prince had to say. The moment Gargantua mentioned his name, quiet, well-to-do neighbors, who had all along been vexed at the airs he had put on, — being on every side of him, — pointed him out with their fingers, slily, wickedly whispering, "You want Marquet, — there he is, that man over there!" The wretch was at once seized by a dozen strong and willing hands, and hauled and hustled about, till, at

last, he stood, breathing hard, before Gargantua. The Giant, towering above him, — there was no chair in the Palace large enough for him to sit comfortably in, — looked at him for a moment with scorn.

"So it is thou who art Marquet, art thou?"

"Yes, may it please Your Most Gracious, Most Merciful Highness," gasped Marquet, stuttering horribly, and turning very pale.

"Gymnaste," said Gargantua, "I make thee responsible for this wretch, and his safe delivery to our Headsman for immediate execution."

Gymnaste, after bowing respectfully, collared Marquet and marched him off.

After the rogue had been borne away to the block, Gargantua ordered that all who had been killed should be honorably buried in the Black Soil Valley. For the wounded, he made ample provision in his Royal Hospital. To the survivors, he did no other hurt than to put them to work on the printing-presses which he had lately set up. When leaving, he graciously thanked his weather-beaten, if not war-beaten, veterans, and sent them to winter-quarters with rich gifts for each one; for, even though Picrochole had run away, there was no telling but what the Bunmakers might make another fight, and so it was thought wiser to keep the army together for a while. But to this rule he made special exception of those of his legions who had had the good luck, during the pursuit, of doing some gallant deed. There were a good many of those brave soldiers who had marched, rank upon rank, after the staff of the Giant himself, and had done some brave action upon Picrochole's men, while their master's great Mare was switching her terrible tail, and knocking men down with the right whisk and the left, and driving from the field all who were lucky enough to get out of her way.

The Giant breathed a rumbling sigh of relief at getting through so much hard work. "I start for home at daybreak," he said. "Let my staff and these brave men, worthy of laurels, follow me."

The distance between Roche-Clermaud and the Palace of his father was not so very great; so that, leaving at daybreak the next day, Gargantua, with his staff and a long line of the brave officers

REWARDING THE ARMY.

and soldiers who had done such good service, following, reached the Palace very leisurely by sundown. It was a joyful day when Father Grandgousier, who, since Gargantua had left, seated so grandly on his great Mare, had been all the time praying for his safety, was told by the sentinels at the gate that the Prince, with a large retinue, was coming near. The old man at once hastened, in high glee, as fast as his gouty feet could carry him, to the court-yard, so as to be ready to receive his son. The moment Gargantua rode in through the gateway, Grandgousier shouted out : —

"Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! So thou art there, my boy ! Come quickly

to thy Father's arms!" Even while he was saying these words he was whispering aside to Snapsauce, the Very Fattest of the three Very Fat Cooks: —

"Get up, thou rogue, within two hours, the finest supper that has ever gone down mortal throats since the days of my cousin King Ahasuerus! My boy has come back a conqueror!"

Gargantua had already leaped down from his Mare and had rushed towards his father. It was truly a meeting of Giants, which the little men around could only manage to see by craning their necks in the air. After embracing, Grandgousier and Gargantua passed up the broad stone stairs which led to the main hall. They had not long to wait upon the three Very Fat Cooks, who, by the way, had sent out messengers miles and miles along the road by which their young master was to come, and had known half a day before Father Grandgousier himself did, the very hour when the Prince would reach the Palace. Cunning Very Fat Cooks! — they had only to send up the finest supper that had ever been seen since the days of King Ahasuerus, which had been all ready to be served long before the King had even thought of ordering it.

Everybody was in good humor, none more so than the jovial old King himself. When the huge table was cleared of all its rich viands and its sparkling wines, and the guests were about leaving the hall, Grandgousier distributed to each of the deserving soldiers the ornaments on the sideboard, which, in the mass, weighed eight hundred thousand and fourteen golden besants worth in great antique vases, rich pots, basins, superb cups, goblets, candlesticks, comfit-boxes, and other such golden plate. In addition to this princely gift, Grandgousier caused to be counted out from the Royal Coffers, to each hero, twelve hundred thousand golden crowns; and, as a further mark of his special favor, he directed that to such as he named should be granted, in perpetuity for themselves and their heirs, if they should happen to have any, certain castles and neighboring lands.

To Master Ponocrates, he gave Roche-Clermaud.

To Gymnaste, Le Coudray.

To Eudemon, Montpensier.

And so on with the favorites.

"Ho! ho! my boy!" suddenly cried Father Grandgousier, tapping his big forehead with his mighty finger. "We have forgotten some one, and him our bravest, too!"

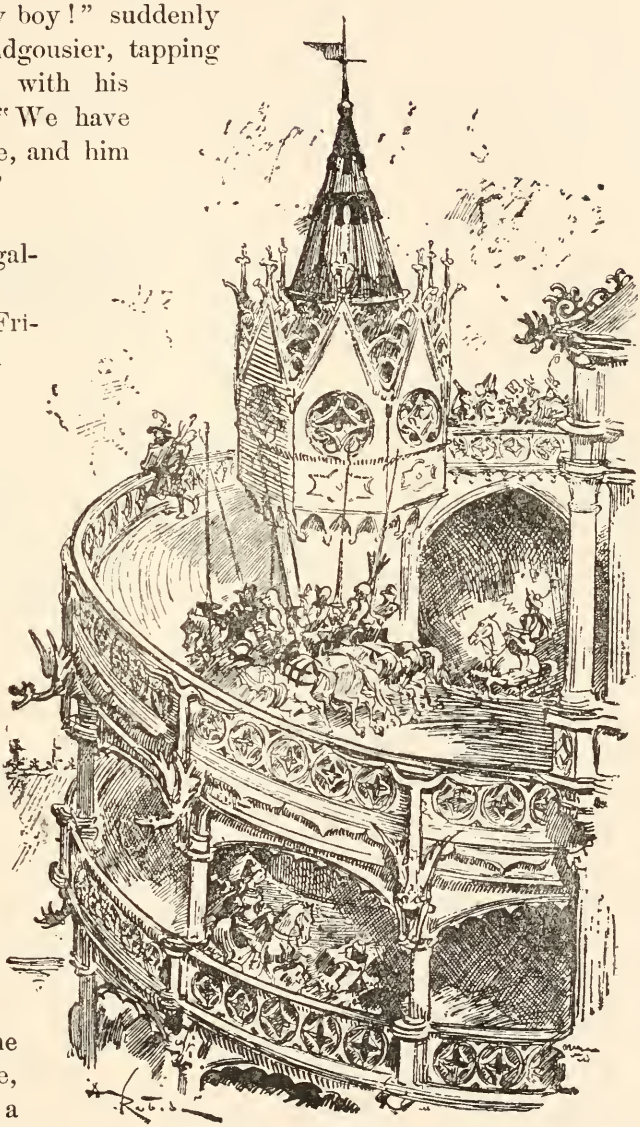
"Whom?"

"Why, our gallant Friar."

"Oh! as for Friar John, trust him to me, Father. *I* shall take care of him!"

"What wilt thou do, my boy?"

"What will I do? Why, I shall build for him a Monastery a hundred times more magnificent than those Convents at Bonnivet, Chambourg, and Chantilly, that are the boast of the world. Our Friar shall be the Abbot of Theleme, and he will make a famous Abbot, too!"



THE WONDERFUL WINDING STAIRWAY.

And so Gargantua built for his friend Friar John a Monastery greater than the Convent at Bonnivet, and the Convent at Chambourg, and the Convent at Chantilly; for his had nine thousand, three hundred and thirty-two chambers. But its greatest beauty, after all, was a wonderful winding stair-way, up which six men-at-arms might ride abreast, with their six lances at rest, to the very top of the Abbey.

CHAPTER XXII.

GRANDGOUSIER'S DEATH. — GARGANTUA'S MARRIAGE. — PANTAGRUEL IS BORN.

AFTER the war of the Bunmakers, all the kings and princes and nobles, for hundreds of miles around, came to congratulate the two mighty Giants. It was a time of royal feasting, and the Palace smelt more strongly of old, rich, dead dinners and suppers than ever before. For a whole year, its walls rang with laughter and joyous shouts, and then the kings and princes, nobles and friends, took to horse and returned to their homes, leaving Grandgousier and Gargantua in peace, with the love of all their subjects and the respect of their neighbors, for many happy years, over which there was but one cloud, the death of the kind old Queen Gargamelle, During all these years, more than I can now tell, Grandgousier was, of course, getting old, and at last grew so weak that he was forced to take to his bed.

"Gargantua, my boy, thou art already getting on in years," the old man said one day, after a fit of weakness, when he felt that he could not long live. "Why dost thou not marry, my son?"

"To tell the truth, Father, I have never once thought of marrying. Thou hast been so good to me that thou hast driven all thoughts of women away from me. Yet, if thou sayest the word, then shall I seek a wife."

"Seek, then, my boy, the Princess Badebec, the beautiful daughter of my good friend, the King of the Amaurotes, in Utopia. Make her thy

wife if thou lovest thy Father. And thy Father's blessing will be on thee forever!" The good old King had scarcely whispered the last word when he feebly placed his hand on the head of Gargantua, who was kneeling by the bed. Then he stretched out to his full giant-length, gave a deep sigh of content, and died.

Gargantua was then at an age which would, in our day, be looked upon as quite venerable. He was just five hundred and twenty-one years old on the day when he buried his Father. He mourned him two years to the very month, day, hour, and minute. At the end of the last year, he charged his Prime Minister with a solemn proposal of marriage to the charming Princess Badebec. None so lovely as the Princess Badebec had, up to that time, ever been seen outside of Utopia.

Gargantua was five hundred and twenty-three years old when his nuptials with the Princess were celebrated in great state, and he had just turned his five hundred and twenty-fifth year, when he had at once the great joy of hearing that he had a son, and the deep sorrow of losing his dear wife, the lovely Queen Badebec herself.

The babe first saw the light at a time when there was such a drought over the whole land that there had been no rain for three years, three weeks, four days, and thirteen hours. But to understand clearly the reason why the little fellow was christened PANTAGRUEL, it should be said that, during the awful drought, the sun glared down so fiercely on the baked earth that all the country around became barren. Never had there been felt such heat as then. There was not to be found a tree on which a leaf or flower could be coaxed to grow; the grass was sickly and yellow; the rivers seemed to vie the one with the other in laying bare their sandy beds; the fountains ran dry; the poor fish, with no water to keep them alive, floundered gasping in the muddy sand, until they died; the birds, little and big, some giving the shrillest of despairing shrieks, others the most plaintive of dying twitterings, all dropped dead in mid-air for very want of dew; and wolves, foxes, stags, wild boars, deer, hares, rabbits, weasels, and such other beasts as were unfortunate enough to roam about the forests, were to be found stiff in the fields, by the side of streams long dried up, and of

fountains which no longer ran, with their red and swollen throats and mouths gaping wide open.

But it was, after all, the poor men and women who were to be most pitied during all this awful time. They were to be found everywhere, with their tongues hanging out like those of hares which have run before the hounds for hours. The hot glare of the sun, and the horrible thirst, turned these poor people half-crazy. Some would throw themselves into wells, hoping to find water in their dark depths.

THE DREADFUL DROUGHT.

Others would creep under the bellies of such cows as were still living, declaring, with a sickly smile, they were going there to get into the shade. Of course everybody flocked to the churches; people always do in a time of great trouble. It was really pitiful to see the eager way the worshippers rushed to the font where the holy water was kept. But to think that in doing so they only wanted to dip their fingers reverently into the blessed water, and to cross themselves piously, would be far from the truth. What each worshipper went to the church for was only to see if he couldn't scoop all the holy water in the font into a pitcher he kept under his cloak, as a drink for himself and his family,

who had squeezed in as near after him as they could. It was a fight every day between the priests and such selfish church-goers; but the priests always got the better in the fight, as was right, since the holy water was meant for the comfort of penitent sinners, who sought the Church for humble worship, not for the use of thirsty sinners, who only came there to quarrel and steal.

It was towards the close of this awful parching time, when the people were most thirsty, and the deepest wells were empty, and the brightest fountains had run dry, and all the birds of the air and all the forest beasts were dead, and there was a general cry everywhere of "We are dying of thirst! water! water!" that Gargantua's baby PANTAGRUEL was born.

This was a very good name, for it was given on account of this dry time. Gargantua had, while in Paris, studied only a little Greek, while he had studied much Latin, under Master Ponocrates. He chose, therefore, from the Greek language one-half of the name for his son, viz.: PANTA, which is the Greek for *all*, and the other half GRUEL, which is an Arabian word, meaning *thirsty*. Therefore, baby PANTAGRUEL was only another name for baby *All-Thirsty;* and he well deserved the name, since it was soon found that nobody could come near the young Prince without feeling thirsty.

It matters not how Pantagruel got his name. He was the same kind of baby that his father had been before him, and was pronounced by all to be a marvellous young Giant, indeed. The Wise Women took charge of him upon his birth, and after washing and dressing him, while gravely wagging their old gray heads, with their skinny fingers to their noses, muttered darkly, the one to the other: —

"Our young Prince is born all hairy like a bear! He will do wonderful things, and, if he lives, he will surely reach old age!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STRANGE THINGS PANTAGRUEL DID AS A BABY.

GARGANTUA hardly knew whether he ought to cry because his beloved Queen Badebec was dead, or laugh because his son Pantagruel was alive.

"My good wife is dead, who was the most *this* and the most *that*, which ever was in the world," he would blubber at one time. "Ha! Badebec, my wife, I shall never see thee again! Thou hast left me, my pet, forever! Ah! my poor Pantagruel, thou hast lost thy good Mother, thy sweet nurse. *Holos!*"

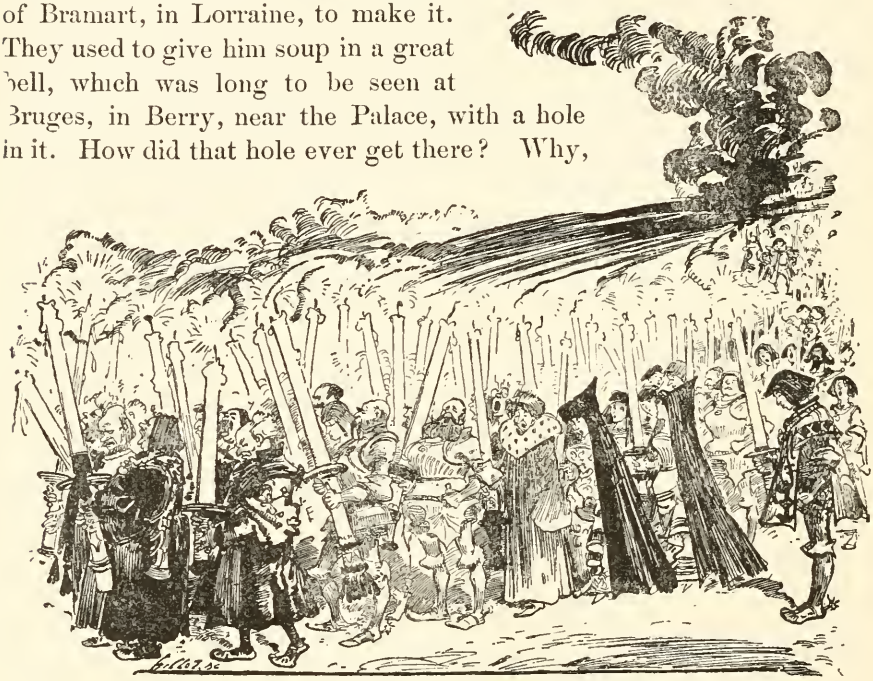
The poor Giant burst into tears, which flowed down his cheeks as large as ostrich-eggs, and he cried like a cow. Then his humor would change, and he fell to laughing like a calf.

"Ho! ho! my little son, how pretty thou art, and how grateful I should be to God that he has given me such a son. Ho! ho! ho! how glad I am! Let us drink! Throw melancholy out of the window; bring here the best wines; rinse the glasses; lay the cloth; drive away the dogs; blow up that fire; light the candles; shut the door; skim the soup; call in the beggars, and give them what they want! I ought to be happy, — I *am* happy. Ho! ho! ho!"

Poor old Giant! He was very proud, but he was very wretched all the same.

It would be a wonderful thing to tell how quickly Pantagruel grew in body and in strength. All the old-world talk about "Hercules in his cradle killing the two serpents" was nothing to boast of, because *his* snakes happened to be both small and weak. But Panta-

gruel, in his cradle, did things much more astonishing. Just think of his needing, as a baby, at every meal, the milk of four thousand six hundred cows! When it became necessary to order a kettle for him in which to boil his milk it took all the braziers of Saumure, in Anjou; of Villedieu, in Normandy; of Bramart, in Lorraine, to make it. They used to give him soup in a great bell, which was long to be seen at Bruges, in Berry, near the Palace, with a hole in it. How did that hole ever get there? Why,

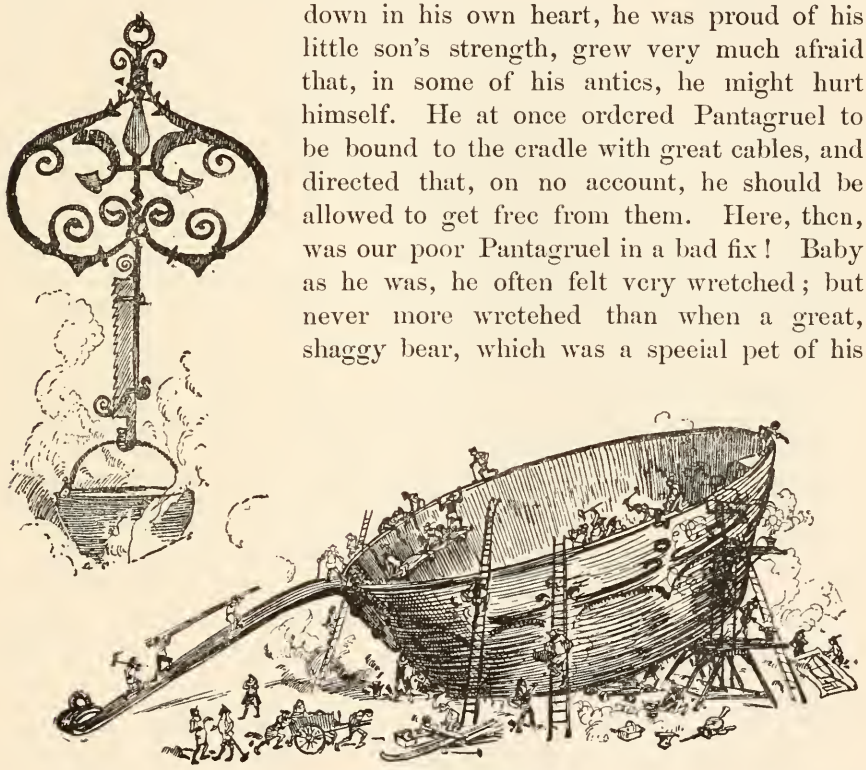


THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN BADEBEC.

in the easiest way possible! Baby Pantagruel's teeth were already so big, and sharp, and strong, that, in his eagerness to get at the broth, he made a quick snap at the metal and broke through it, as though it were as flimsy as an egg-shell.

Another morning, at daybreak, when one of the four thousand six hundred cows, which gave him his principal food, was brought in to give him his breakfast, Pantagruel burst the bands which bound his arms, and caught hold of that poor cow to eat her alive; and he

would have, without doubt, eaten her all up if she hadn't bellowed as loudly as though a pack of wolves were just at that moment striking their teeth in her legs. At the poor cow's cries, everybody ran up and released her from the Giant baby's awful teeth. Such an offence as trying to eat alive an innocent cow, which had done her best, among her four thousand five hundred and ninety-nine companions, to give him milk, could not pass unnoticed. Gargantua, although, away down in his own heart, he was proud of his little son's strength, grew very much afraid that, in some of his antics, he might hurt himself. He at once ordered Pantagruel to be bound to the cradle with great cables, and directed that, on no account, he should be allowed to get free from them. Here, then, was our poor Pantagruel in a bad fix! Baby as he was, he often felt very wretched; but never more wretched than when a great, shaggy bear, which was a special pet of his



PANTAGRUEL'S PORRINGER.

father, made it a point of politeness to drop in every day and, with his dirty tongue, to lick his face, which, on the other hand, the Wise Women made a point never to touch. That bear came once too often. Pantagruel, being in a bad humor one particular day, and feeling the

rough, furred tongue licking all over and over his face, gave one tremendous jerk, and broke his chains as easily as Samson had broken those of the Philistines. Then he stretched out his hairy hands, and caught Master Bear, and tore him into pieces with as much ease as he might have done a chicken.

This new exploit made Gargantua still prouder of his son; but it was high time that something should be done with him. So he ordered to be made four great iron chains to hold him fast. One day a feast was given by King Gargantua in honor of the princes and nobles of his Court. It is pretty clear that all the great people, not to speak of the servants, had their time so well taken with the feast, that nobody ever thought it his business to bother himself about the little Prince, away upstairs in the nursery. If Pantagruel hated any one thing above another, that one thing was to be left by himself. What made it all the worse this time was that there he was in his cradle, closely chained, and obliged to listen to the gay sounds that swelled up, every now and then, from the dining-room. The poor child felt lonely. He tried to burst the chains which bound his arms to his cradle; but that he couldn't do, because they had been forged too strong and stout by the Royal Blacksmith. Then he began such a stamping with his feet that he broke the foot-board of his cradle, which was made of a great beam seven feet square. The moment he had succeeded in getting his feet quite out of the broken end, he slid forward as far as the chains would let him, until at last his feet touched the floor. Then, with a great wrench, he raised himself on his feet, bearing his cradle triumphantly on his back, which made him look for all the world like a turtle, with his shell, trying to climb a wall.

Such was the strange sight which, on presenting itself in the Banqueting Hall, startled the gay company. Pantagruel walked straight to the table, where he at first thought he would need no assistance; but he soon found himself obliged — not being, of course, able to use his hands — to lean forward, and lick up with his tongue any tidbit that he could find near the edge of the table. When his father saw how hungry he was, he knew well enough that his baby never would have

broken through his cradle, and tramped down the stairs with it on his back, unless he had been left alone by his nurses. Turning to the princes and lords present, he asked them if it was not better that his boy should be freed from those heavy chains.

The guests, with one voice, declared that the chains were an insult to the young Prince; and even the First Physician gave it as his opinion that, if Pantagruel were to be kept any longer fastened in such a way to his cradle, he would all his life be a cripple.

PANTAGRUEL CARRIES HIS CRADLE.

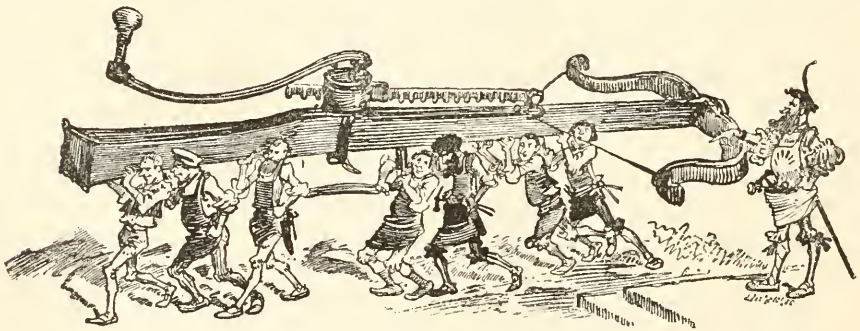
The moment he was unchained Pantagruel sat down at the table, and was made much of by every guest. Such a welcome soon made him feel quite at home, and he showed it by breaking, with one blow of his fist, that ugly cradle into more than five hundred thousand pieces, vowing to himself — he couldn't well say the words — that he would never be found in it again — never! never! never!

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER STUDYING AT SEVERAL UNIVERSITIES PANTAGRUEL GOES TO PARIS.

SO Pantagruel grew, from day to day, in health, and stature, and strength, which, of course, gave great delight to his father. Gargantua ordered to be made for his son, while he was still small, a cross-bow, with which he could make himself merry in shooting at the little birds, and which is kept to this day, and is known as the great Cross-Bow of Chantelle. It was not long after this that Pantagruel was sent off to school at Poitiers, under the charge of his tutor Epistemon, where he showed himself a diligent scholar.

Just before they left, while his son was getting into the saddle, good Father Gargantua had taken Epistemon on his arm for a few words of private talk. All he said, in a solemn whisper, was: "Teach



THE GREAT CROSS-BOW OF CHANTELLE.

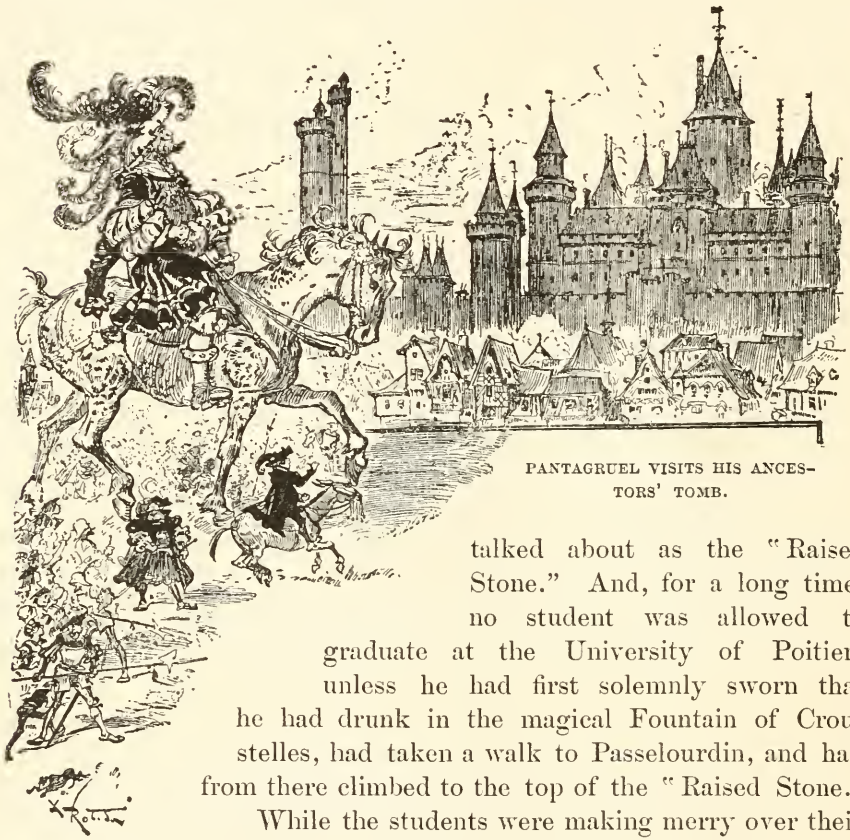
my boy, first of all, Greek; secondly, Latin. My father cared for nothing so much as Latin. If I knew Greek half so well as I know my Latin, I should be happy."

Having noticed that the students of Poitiers had often so much time on their hands that they did not know how to get rid of it, and being a good-hearted young Giant, Pantagruel thought he would take pity on them and devise some plan to help them. So, one fine day, he tore from a great ledge of rocks, which

THE GREAT RAISED STONE.

the people of the town called Passelourdin, a large stone, about twelve fathoms square, and carried it in his strong arms with the greatest ease to four pillars which then stood in the middle of a field, upon which, by sheer force, he placed the stone. None of the young students had the slightest idea why the Giant of whom they were so proud had robbed big Passelourdin, but it was not long before they began to do precisely what Pantagruel had thought they would do. Whenever they had nothing else to think about — which, by the way, happened the greater part of every day — they would fill up the time by climbing up to

the stone, bearing with them flagons of wine and hams and pies, upon which they feasted with loud shouts of laughter, each one being sure to wind up his first day's fun by cutting his name deep into the surface of the stone. By and by, it began to be

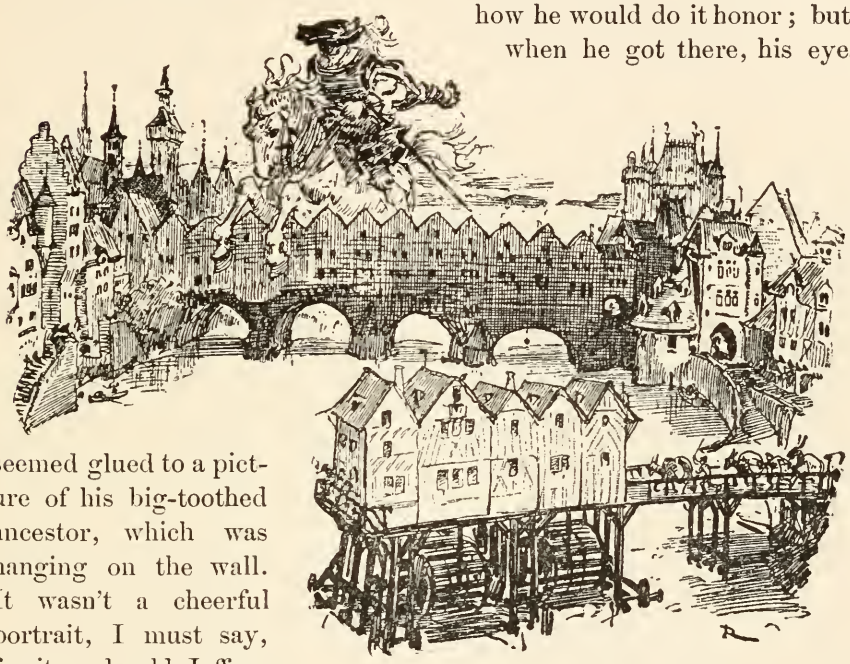


PANTAGRUEL VISITS HIS ANCESTORS' TOMB.

talked about as the "Raised Stone." And, for a long time, no student was allowed to graduate at the University of Poitiers unless he had first solemnly sworn that he had drunk in the magical Fountain of Croustelles, had taken a walk to Passelourdin, and had from there climbed to the top of the "Raised Stone."

While the students were making merry over their new game, Pantagruel was poring harder than ever over dusty old tomes in the Library of the University. One day, while he was reading the fine chronicles of his ancestors, he happened to turn over the page which told him of the famous Giant Jeffrey of Lusignan, nicknamed "Jeffrey of the Great Tooth," who was buried at Maillezais, near by. What should Pantagruel do but choose a play-

day to pay his respects to the sepulchre of the old Giant! Taking some friends along with him he soon reached Maillezais. All the way to the tomb he had been thinking of nothing but how he would do it honor; but, when he got there, his eyes seemed glued to a picture of his big-toothed ancestor, which was hanging on the wall. It wasn't a cheerful portrait, I must say, for it made old Jeffrey of the Great Tooth look like a man in an awful fury and with a horrible toothache, half-drawing his great malchus out of its scabbard. The moment Pantagruel saw this, he grew half afraid and half angry. Pointing sternly to the picture, he said: —



PANTAGRUEL SETTLES AT ORLEANS.

"He has not been painted in this way without cause. See how his eyes glare, and how his great tooth seems to come out in pain. Why should he draw his malchus? I suspect that, at his death, some wrong was done to him which he looks to his kindred to avenge. I shall look deeper into this matter, and do what I shall think to be right."

After having done a good turn for his fellow-students at Poitiers, Pantagruel resolved to visit the other Universities of France. He did

not like Bordeaux very much, so he soon went to Toulouse. Here he learned to dance and to use the two-handed sword, — a special exercise with the students of that University. But he decided he wouldn't stay any longer at Toulouse after he had occasion to see how the students had sometimes a little trick of their own of roasting their regents alive, like so many red herrings. So he strode off to Montpelier, where he met pleasant company, and began to think, one day, that he ought to study Medicine, and the next, that the Law was, after all, the only thing for him; but he soon grew tired of all this and, journeying from university to university, at last settled himself after a time at Orleans. Here he was made welcome with joyous shouts and much respect; and, as the students were none too fond of their books, Pantagruel took great pains to become a master at tennis, — the favorite game of the city. After several years passed at Orleans, he consulted with Epistemon about going to the great University of Paris. It was a glorious day for him — and I dare say the sober teacher himself, under all his wise look, was just as pleased as his pupil — when the journey was at last decided on. But, before leaving, the Giant was told that an enormous bell, belonging to the City of Orleans, had been lying under the ground at Saint Aignan for more than two hundred and fourteen years, as it was so big and heavy that no engine — much less, men — could be found strong enough to move it from its place. The fact is, the good people of Orleans, having heard that the Giant was thinking of leaving them for good, came before him, humbly praying him, before his departure, to bring that great bell to the tower which had been waiting ever so many years for it. Pantagruel, with his usual kindness, went to the spot where the bell was, and lifted it as easily as if it had been a hawk's bell. As he was quite sure of his own strength, Pantagruel thought that, before carrying the bell to the belfry, he would take a stroll about the city with it in his hands, making it ring in the streets and by-ways. Of course everybody in Orleans — man, woman, boy, girl; even the babies, who didn't know what they were smiling at, but showed their little white teeth and dimpling cheeks all the same — were all out, crowding the streets and jostling in the by-ways. But

PANTAGRUEL ENTERS PARIS.

here, while our Pantagruel was amusing himself and while the ringing was sounding through the city, there came a terrible misfortune, of which nobody had the slightest idea at the time. It was only found out at night, when the simple people wanted to drink in honor of the great event, that all the good wine of Orleans had of a sudden curdled and turned sour. It was the awful strokes of that tremendous bell in Pantagruel's hand, as he tramped up and down the streets, which had curdled the Orleans wine, and made the honest people who drank it spit as white as cotton, crying out: "We have caught the Pantagruel, and our very throats are salted."

After this exploit Pantagruel, with Epistemon, and his valet Carpalim, was very glad to start for Paris. On entering that city, all the people stretched their heads out of the windows to see him pass; peering down at his feet as he tramped through the streets, and then, with their mouths wide open, craning their necks to see how high in the clouds his head might be. They were just a little afraid, in their curiosity, that their visitor might take up their King's Palace and stalk away with it, as his father Gargantua, whom every old woman had seen and of whom every child had heard, had carried away, years and years before, the Bells of *Nôtre Dáme* to hang them around his Mare's neck.

PANTAGRUEL IN THE LIBRARY.

"Clear enough, this young Giant is the old Giant's son," the gossips whispered to each other.

While in Paris, Pantagruel — as was the fashion for young men to do — went one day to see the world-famous Victor Library. There he found books with high titles on the covers, and no sense between them. One look at the shelves of the Victor Library was enough for the Prince.

After a few months passed in Paris — studying and gaining great stores of knowledge all the time, — Pantagruel, in reply to one who asked him what he thought of the city, answered drily, that while "*Paris was a very good place to live in, it was a very bad place to die in.*"

CHAPTER XXV.

PANTAGRUEL FINDS PANURGE, WHOM HE LOVES ALL HIS LIFE.

ONE day Pantagruel was strolling outside the city-walls towards the Abbey St. Antoine. While engaged in philosophical talk with his own people, and several students besides, he happened to see, coming along the road, a young man of fine height and handsome presence, who looked so bloody and so woe-begone, and whose clothes hung around him in such tatters and rags, that he seemed to have barely escaped with his life from a pack of mad dogs. As soon as his eyes fell upon the man, Pantagruel said to his attendants: —

"Do you see that man yonder, coming from Charanton Bridge? By my faith, he is poor only in fortune. As far as I can judge by his features, Nature has given that man a rich and noble lineage."

When the stranger had come up to them, Pantagruel said to him: "My good friend, I beg you to stop a moment, and answer a few questions which I am about to ask you. You will not repent it if you do so, as I feel a strange desire to aid you in the distress in which I see you, for you excite my pity. Before all, my friend, tell me who you are? Where do you come from? What do you seek? And what is your name?"

The stranger then answered him: —

In German —

To which Pantagruel, not knowing a single word, replied: —

"My friend, I don't quite understand this gibberish. If you want us to get at your meaning, speak to us in another language."

Then the stranger spoke: —

In Arabic —

"Ha! Do you know what he is saying, Master?" cried Pantagruel to Epistemon.

Epistemon's answer was a shake of the head.

Then in Italian —

To which Master Epistemon only said: "As much of one as of the other, and nothing of either."

Then the solitary wanderer spoke: —

In English —

What he said in a very strange English was: "Lord, if you be so vertuous of intelligence, as you be naturally releaved to the body, you should have pity of me; for nature hath made us equal, but fortune hath some exalted, and others deprived; nevertheless is vertue often deprived, and the vertuous men despised; for before the last end none is good."

"Ho! still less," cried poor Pantagruel.

Then the Basque —

Caparlim, Pantagruel's valet, thought he caught something familiar here, but the stranger went on as if nothing had been said.

In a rattling unknown language —

"Do you speak a Christian tongue, my friend, or do you make your lingo as you go along?" asked Epistemon, who was beginning to get rather tired.

Then in Dutch —

"Quite as bad as the others!" muttered Pantagruel under his breath.

Then in Spanish —

"See here, my friend," retorted Pantagruel, who in his turn was getting tired, "I have not the slightest doubt that you are master of various languages. But all I ask is that you should tell us what you want to say in some tongue which we can understand."

Then in Danish —

"I think," said Eusthenes, "the old Goths must have spoken that way."

Then in a sonorous tongue —

Here Master Epistemon thought it right to say: "This time I have caught his meaning. What he has just said is in the old Hebrew, rhetorically pronounced."

Then in Greek —

"Oh! That's Greek. I know it. How long didst thou stay in Greece?" asked the valet Carpalim, who had once been in that country.

Then the Low Breton tongue —

It was now Pantagruel's turn to say: "It seems to me that I understand what you are trying to say; for it is the tongue of my own country, of Utopia, or something very like it."

PANTAGRUEL MEETS PANURGE.

But, just as he was beginning to say something more, the stranger broke out again: —

In the Latin language —

"That's all very well, my friend, but *can't you speak French?*"

"Certainly, and very well, too, an it please you, my lord," answered the man. "By good luck, the French is at once my natural and maternal language. I was born in the garden of France, — fair Toulouse."

"Then you are a Frenchman! Let us know at once what is your name. If you satisfy me in this, you need never wander from my company, and we shall be one to the other, as Æneas and Achates."

"Sir," said the stranger, "my name in baptism was Panurge. I have just come home from Turkey, where I had the misfortune of being made a prisoner in the expedition against Metelin. I have ever so many good stories to tell Your Highness, more marvellous than those of Ulysses. As you are gracious enough to promise to keep me among your friends, I protest that I shall never leave you. I beg your pardon, my lord, I want one word more. I am desperately hungry, my teeth being very sharp, and my throat very dry. A dinner just now would be just as good as a balsam for sore eyes."

Pantagruel, on hearing these words from the stranger, was delighted. He at once ordered that a full meal should be got ready. This being set before him Panurge, who hadn't eaten for two whole days, stuffed himself and went to bed with the roosters, and never woke up until dinner-time next day, when he leaped from his bed, and, without so much as washing his face, reached the dining-room in three hops and one jump.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PANTAGRUEL BEATS THE SORBONNE IN ARGUMENT, AND PANURGE PROVES THAT AN ENGLISHMAN'S FINGERS ARE NOT SO NIMBLE AS A FRENCHMAN'S.

WHILE Pantagruel was at Paris, he was receiving, every now and then, letters from his father, which were so kind, and so full of good advice to him to improve himself in the Languages, that he had not the heart to neglect them, even had he wished. One day, after laughing more than usual at one of Panurge's pranks, — and his new friend had turned out a queer fish indeed, — he thought it was right to see how much he had really learned. The very next day, therefore, at all the crossings of the city he posted, with his own hand, nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-four propositions, challenging all the wise men of Paris to argue with him, and show where, and in what, and how far, any of his propositions was wrong. At so bold a defiance, the wise men of Paris puckered their foreheads, opened wide their nostrils, breathed heavily, and ended by accepting the challenge. They thought that a Giant's strongest point was his body; but Pantagruel very soon proved to them that he was stronger than all of them, bunched together, in brains.

It was at the gates of Sorbonne itself — the great University — that Pantagruel, flushed with victory, next knocked. Sorbonne was not too proud to meet the bold Giant from Utopia in a fair combat, not of blows, but of words. For six weeks, Pantagruel maintained his theses against all the theologians, from four o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening, with the exception of two hours

allowed for refreshment. The contest made a great noise in the court, and most of the lords, masters of requests, presidents, counsellors, bankers, secretaries, lawyers, together with the doctors and professors of the great city, came to hear the learned talk day after day. Among all these there were, of course, some very headstrong and restive, who must needs take a hand in helping the theologians to puzzle Pantagruel; but, at the end, they themselves were routed, the most learned doctors of the Sorbonne along with all the rest.

From that time, everybody began to talk about Pantagruel's wonderful knowledge, — as, before that, all the talk had been about his monstrous size, — even to the wash-women, roast-meat sellers, penknife-makers, and others, who, whenever they would catch a sight of him on the street, would poke each other in the ribs and call out: "*Oh, look, there he goes!*" Pantagruel would have been blind if he had not seen these good people nudge one another, and deaf if he had not heard what they were saying. He certainly was very much pleased; but that is not at all strange, since Demosthenes, the prince of Greek orators, felt the same when once, in passing along a street in Athens, an old hag pointed her skinny fingers sharp at him, screaming: "*That's the man!*"

So great did Pantagruel's fame become in Paris that, whenever there was a law-nut harder to crack than usual, the parties would appeal to him to decide between them, and his decisions were always so just that, strange to say, both sides would go away satisfied,— which is a thing hard to be believed, since the like is not to be seen for thirteen Jubilees. His reputation also went abroad, and, in consequence, attracted the attention of a wise Englishman named Thaumastes, who came all the way from England with the sole intention of seeing Pantagruel, and testing for himself if his knowledge was so great as had been told. On reaching Paris, Thaumastes asked where Pantagruel lodged, and, on being informed, went to the St. Denis Hotel, where he found him walking in the garden with Panurge on his arm. When his eyes first fell on the Giant, he was almost out of his senses for fear, seeing him so big and so tall. At last he managed to pluck up courage enough to salute him very courteously.

"Very true it is, mighty Sir," he said, "what Plato, prince of philosophers, once declared, that, if the image of Science were corporeal enough to be brought in all her beauty before the eyes of men, she would excite in all the world great wonder. I came disposed to wonder; now, seeing, I do more — I admire. Having heard of your renown I have left country, home,

AT THE GATES OF SORBONNE.

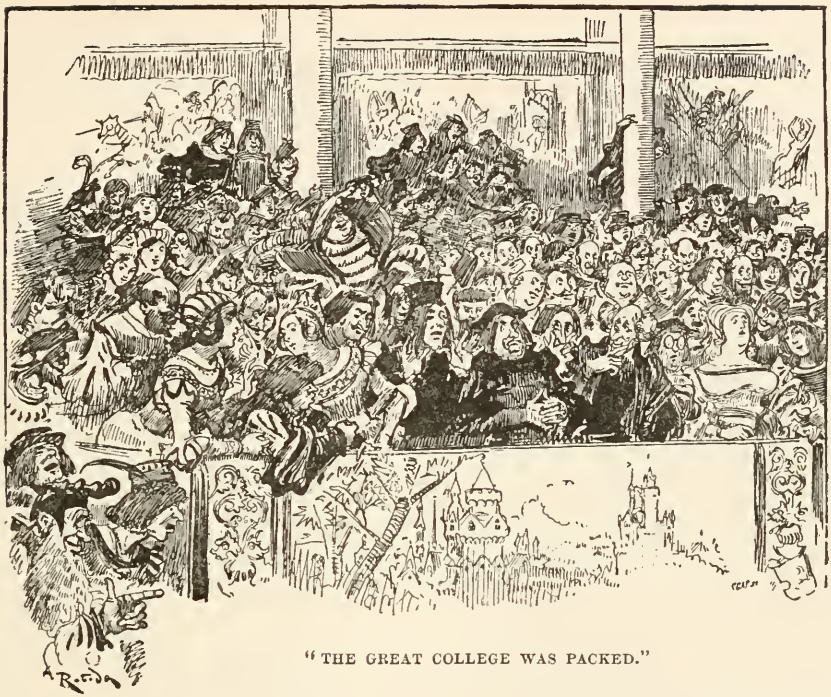
and kinsmen, and have, in spite of the long journey and the hardships of crossing the sea, presented myself here with the sole purpose of seeing you, and consulting you upon some passages of Philosophy in which I believe, and yet cannot be sure, that I am right. If you will only deign to solve my doubts, I hereby declare myself your slave. But I beg to make plain one point, and that is, that I wish to dispute through signs only, without speaking.

I shall be found, if it suits Your Magnificence, in the great hall of Navarre, at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

Pantagruel, although by no means sure that he knew how to argue with his fingers, replied with his usual grace to the courteous Englishman, paying him many compliments for his design of carrying on a

THAUMASTES VISITS PANTAGRUEL.

great disputation by signs only. After which, Thaumastes, who, by the way, had not quite got over his fear of the Giant, went straight to the Cluny Hotel, where he lodged, declaring when he reached there that he had never felt so thirsty in all his life. He swore to the landlord that he thought that terrible



"THE GREAT COLLEGE WAS PACKED."

Pantagruel was even then clutching him by his throat —so very dry and ready to choke he was.

On his side, too, Pantagruel was grievously disturbed. He did nothing in the first part of his sleep, that night, but dream about books with hard Latin titles, and visions of phantom hands hovering in the air around his head, and making passes under his very nose. All he could do was to turn and twist, and twist and turn again, in his bed, and groan, so dolefully, that Panurge, rudely wakened from his first nap, ventured to come into the room.

"My lord," he said, as he approached the bed, "don't trouble yourself about this matter. Turn on your right side like a good Christian, and go to sleep. With your permission, I shall answer Mr. Englishman to-morrow. By my faith! I never yet saw an Englishman who knew what to do with his fingers!"

Pantagruel was, of course, delighted to hear this. He knew how sharp Panurge was, and how far he could go beyond other men. But somehow he still had his misgivings; and so he turned his big body around for the last time and went to sleep, only to be haunted all night long by Latin books with hard names, and a plague of mocking fingers making signs under his nose.

The next morning, the great College of Navarre was packed with people to hear the famous dispute between the Giant and the Englishman.

As soon as Pantagruel and Panurge reached the hall, all the professors and students began, as was their custom, to clap with their hands. But Pantagruel shouted out at the top of his voice, which sounded as if a double cannon had been of a sudden shot off: "Peace, all! If you trouble me here, I shall cut off the heads of every one of you." At this terrible threat, the crowd stood amazed, and did not dare even cough. The fact is, they grew so thirsty, all of a sudden, that their tongues dropped out from their throats as if Pantagruel, instead of stepping on the platform, had gone from one to the other salting them all.

When everything was quiet, Panurge stepped forward with a pleasant smile, and addressed the Englishman in these words: —

"I am only an insignificant pupil of my royal master, Prince Pantagruel, whose reputation, here and elsewhere, is so noble and so exalted; but I swear that I shall convince thee that, in all signs made in the sacred name of Science, I am thy master, and can give thee all the lessons thou mayst need."

"Is that so?" cried Thaumastes; "then, let us begin!"

It was a battle of signs, as we know already, not of words. The Englishman made the first sign.

Some people thought at the time that Panurge, in his answer, showed rather too plainly the low opinion he had of his learned antagonist's skill in finger-moving. He suddenly raised his right hand in air, then put the thumb inside of his right nostril while keeping the four fingers stretched out, but close together in a line parallel with the tip of his nose — meanwhile closing the left eye completely, and depressing

THE DISPUTATION.

the right eye. Then he raised on high his left hand, with close pressing and extension of the four fingers and elevation of the thumb, holding his left hand in a straight line with his right, with about a cubit and a half between them.

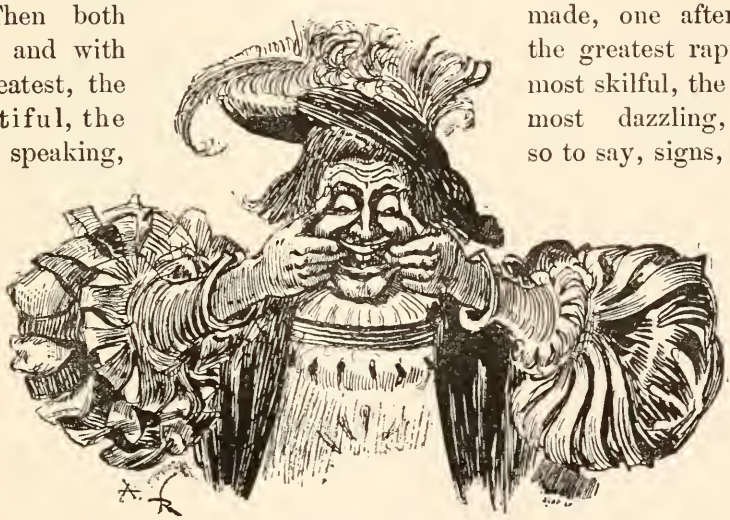
The Englishman answered, without seeming to understand this sign of Panurge.

Then Panurge replied.

Then the Englishman.

Then Panurge.

Then both made, one after the other, and with the greatest rapidity, the neatest, the most skilful, the most beautiful, the most dazzling, the most speaking, so to say, signs, all in



PANURGE REPLIES.

the name of Science, but all so much in favor of Panurge, with the little talking devil there is in French fingers, that Thaumastes became so confounded that he began to blow like a goose, and finally gave up the fight. But the Englishman, when he had been beaten, was honest enough to say so. Rising from his seat, while gallantly taking off his cap, he thanked Panurge in a low tone. Then, with a loud voice, he addressed the learned assembly: —

"My lords, at this time, I can surely say that you have an incomparable treasure in your presence. I refer to my Lord Pantagruel,

whose fame alone brought me here from the other end of England. But you can better judge how learned the master must be since I find so much skill in his pupil, for I have always heard that the scholar is never above the master."

It is said that the Englishman, after his defeat, was well and honorably treated by Pantagruel. It was also whispered that Thaumastes, on his return to England, caused to be printed in London a book which contained all the signs and the meanings of the Great Disputation, but of which, strange to say, no copy has reached this day.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT SORT OF MAN PANURGE WAS, AND THE MANY TRICKS HE KNEW.

THE new friend and attendant of Pantagruel was, as has already been seen, a man of good presence, neither too tall nor too short. His nose was a fine aquiline, so fine and sharp, indeed, that its curve was said by even his best friends to look for all the world like the blade of a razor. He was thirty-five years old, or thereabout, and was the gayest, maddest, most reckless roisterer that gay, mad, reckless, roistering Paris had ever welcomed within her walls. His purse never knew what it was to be full. For, although he had, as he was fond of boasting, as many as sixty-three different ways of getting money, he always had two hundred and fourteen different ways of spending it. The fact is, Panurge had as many cunning ways as a monkey, and could have taught the wisest and grayest old monkey in the forest tricks of which he, in his simplicity, had never once dreamed. He made it a point never to go abroad without having a flask of good wine and a fat, juicy slice of bacon hidden away under his gown, saying, "These are my body-guard. I have no other sword." But if he had one special weakness, it was the bitter hatred he bore against the sergeants and the city-watch of Paris. Of course, these little eccentricities all came out in time, and so became gradually known to Pantagruel, who often frowned on them, but could not, for the life of him, each time he heard of a new prank, help shaking the houses within a mile around, with the rumble of his hearty laughter.

It was one favorite custom of Panurge to gather three or four

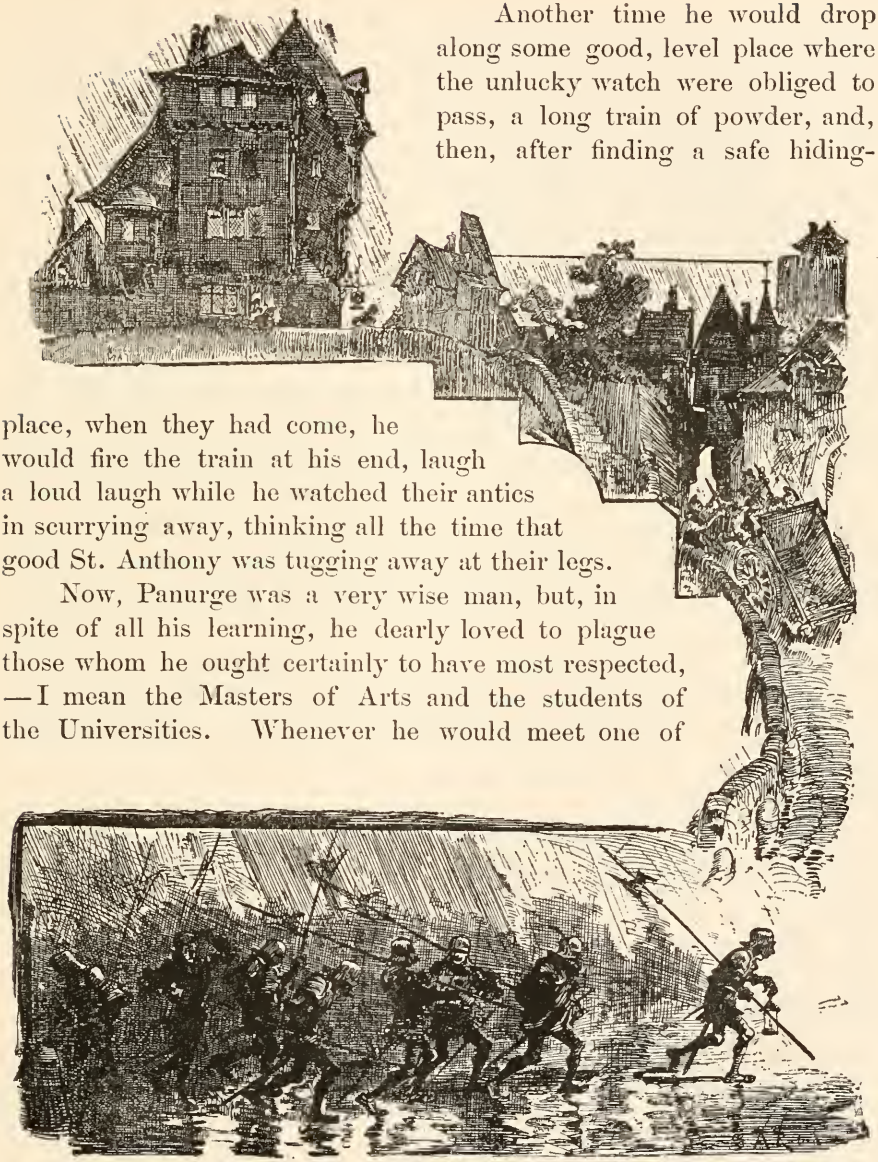
good fellows, and make them drink like Templars toward nightfall, when he would lead them to the high ground just above the church St. Geneviève, or near the college of Navarre, about the hour the city-watch were taking their rounds on the low ground below. He could always make sure of the hour of the guard by laying a sword down on the pavement, with his ear very close to it; and when he would hear the sword hum, he knew that the watch were coming. As soon

PANURGE GETS MONEY.

as he had made sure of that, he and his companion would begin to push one of the dirt-carts, always about there, with all their strength, into the hollow, where it would come tumbling down on the unhappy watch, who, by that time, had just reached the spot, setting them to rolling and knocking about in the dust like so many swine. Of course, the party would then scamper off in a hurry, as Panurge — who, besides having a mortal dread of blows, was a born coward — had, after two days, learned to know every street, crossing, lane, and alley in Paris.

Another time he would drop along some good, level place where the unlucky watch were obliged to pass, a long train of powder, and, then, after finding a safe hiding-place, when they had come, he would fire the train at his end, laugh a loud laugh while he watched their antics in scurrying away, thinking all the time that good St. Anthony was tugging away at their legs.

Now, Panurge was a very wise man, but, in spite of all his learning, he dearly loved to plague those whom he ought certainly to have most respected, —I mean the Masters of Arts and the students of the Universities. Whenever he would meet one of



PANURGE AND THE DIRT-CARTS.

these on the street, he was sure to do him some mischief, such as pinning to his back little fox-tails, hare's ears, or some such roguery.

Another great delight of Panurge was keeping a whip under his gown, with which he used to lash, until his very arm ached, such pages as he found carrying wine to their masters. He used to say it was to make them go faster, and he was sure their masters would thank him for it.

Another was to carry in his coat more than twenty-and-six little fobs and pockets, which were always full, — one of a little lead-water; another of a little blade sharpened like a glover's needle, with which, I am ashamed to say, Panurge used to cut purses; another of some bitter stuff, which he used to throw in the eyes of everybody he met; and still others of a mixture which he would throw upon the dresses and bonnets of good people, walking peaceably and soberly in the streets.

Another trick was slily to fasten people together by little hooks, which he always kept in his pocket, and to laugh till he grew black in the face, on seeing how, in trying to get loose, they only tore their clothes to rags.

Another was to provide himself with two or three looking-glasses, and, by shifting them here and there in his hand from a distance, throw the fierce light straight into the eyes of men and women, who would get half-crazy trying to find out where their sudden blindness came from.

Still another trick — and this was a very mean one — he used to play with a small vial filled with the oldest and most rancid oil he could find. Whenever he met a woman dressed as fine as a peacock, he would come up, saying: "Why, here's a fine cloth, or a fine satin, or a fine taffety," as the case might be. "Madam, may Heaven grant you whatever your noble heart might wish for! You have there a new dress. Heaven keep it long for you, fair dame!" While the rogue was saying all these fine words, he would, of course, be placing his hand on the collar or the shoulder of the lady, and smearing it all over with his vile oil, and leaving a spot which could never be scrubbed out. Then he would make his prettiest bow, and smile his

sweetest smile, saying: "My dear Madam, let me beg you to be very careful about here, because there is a large and muddy hole just before you, and you might soil your beautiful dress."

PANURGE'S FUN.

At another time he would carry a box filled with a well-powdered sneezing-gum, into which he would put a handsome broidered handkerchief that he had stolen on the way from a pretty seamstress of the Palace. He would go looking about for some fine ladies, and whenever he would meet them, with a great show of reverence, he would take out his scented handkerchief, and, on pretence of showing its beauty, flirt it quickly before their noses, at which the fine ladies would sneeze for four hours without stopping.

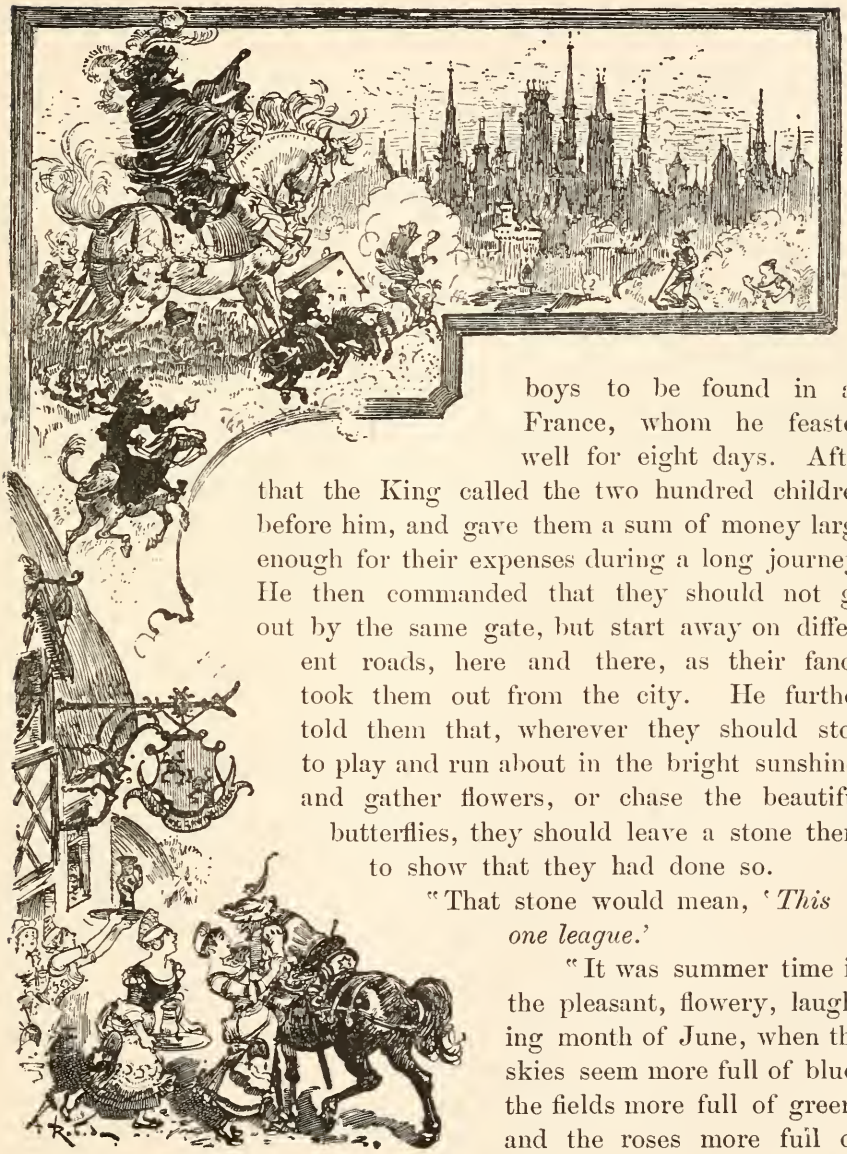
Then Panurge would make a lower and more respectful bow than ever, and go away to the nearest corner to have a quiet laugh by himself.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHOWING WHY THE LEAGUES ARE SO MUCH SHORTER IN FRANCE THAN IN GERMANY.

A SHORT time after the famous dispute, Pantagruel heard two very startling bits of news. One was that his father Gargantua had been transported to the country of the Fairies by Morgan, in the same way that she had already carried off Ogier the Dane and King Arthur. The other was that, on hearing of this, and taking advantage of it, the Dipsodes, or Thirsty people, Gargantua's neighbors, had swarmed from their fortresses and ravaged a large part of Utopia, and were even then besieging the chief city of the Amaurotes. When Pantagruel heard this bad news he boiled with rage. He left Paris without a word of good-by to anybody, for the affair called for speed. He was accompanied only by his special train, which included his master Epistemon, Panurge, Eusthenes, and Carpalim. From Paris he went to Rouen. While on the road, Pantagruel noticed that the French leagues were very short when compared with those of other countries, which he had seen in his travels. He asked Panurge how this could be. Then Panurge, who was never at fault, after turning up his long nose, told him this little story: —

"In the old days, when that fine King Pharamond reigned over France, there were no leagues, no metes, no furlongs, no recognized boundaries between different countries; nothing, in fact, to show where one country began and where another ended. That just old King resolved to make all this right. So he caused to be brought together in Paris two hundred of the brightest and prettiest girls and



PANTAGRUEL MARCHES TO ROUEN.

boys to be found in all France, whom he feasted well for eight days. After that the King called the two hundred children before him, and gave them a sum of money large enough for their expenses during a long journey. He then commanded that they should not go out by the same gate, but start away on different roads, here and there, as their fancy took them out from the city. He further told them that, wherever they should stop to play and run about in the bright sunshine, and gather flowers, or chase the beautiful butterflies, they should leave a stone there to show that they had done so.

"That stone would mean, '*This is one league.*'

"It was summer time in the pleasant, flowery, laughing month of June, when the skies seem more full of blue, the fields more full of green, and the roses more full of red, than they are at any

other time, that the gentle King Pharamond had gathered these innocent children together. The whole party, with bright cheeks and merry laughter, started from Paris by one road and another. How could the children help feeling happy when the skies were so blue, the fields so green, and the roses so red, and when the butterflies would fly so near the ground, as if only too glad to be run after and caught! And then each boy and girl knew that their generous King had given them so much money that, to their simple fancies, it seemed as if they could never spend it all, try as hard as they might.

"In those bright June days, full of light, and green, and blue, they were always crying out: 'Let us stop! Oh, let us stop to play.'

"So they used, at first, to stop at every turn of the road to skip and gambol about in the fields, to gather the pretty flowers, to chase the brilliant butterflies, to sing back to the singing-birds in the trees, and to breathe in the sweet summer air, after which, with ringing laughter and the merriest shouts, they would leave a big stone to mark the spot where they had been so happy.

"This explains, my lord," said Panurge, making a face, "why *our leagues in France are so short*."

"I see, I see," said the good Pantagruel, who had fallen into deep thought.

"But the longest summer must come to an end," Panurge went on to say. "And when children stop at every turn of the road to play in the sun, and to run in the fields, and to pluck the flowers, and chase the butterflies, and sing with the singing-birds, they are only robbing themselves of their own glad time. For Autumn, with his clouds that hide the sun, and his ugly days, and his chilly nights, must be very patient if he does not soon begin to think it high time for him to come on the scene. So it got to be quite another thing for the poor children the farther they went from Paris, because they soon found out that King Pharamond's gift, large as it was, could not last forever. The more they travelled, the worse the weather, the nearer they came to the bottom of their purse, the heavier grew the road, and the more tired their little bodies became. At last, all that the weary children prayed for was that they might reach the end of their hard journey

as fast as possible. But Autumn himself was getting very old by that time, and fieree Winter, with his ehilling breath, and his hands of ıee, and his mantle of snow, was beginning to wonder when brother Autumn was going to give him a ehanee of dropping his shining mantle over field, lane, and road. There were no longer any blue sky; no longer any green fields; no longer any red roses for the children; and the bright butterflies were all dead now, and the singing-birds were all mute.

"All that the poor little ehildren eould now do, wringing their hands, was to cry: 'Let us go on! Oh, do let us go on!'

"So, too sad to think of play, but remembering always the eommand of their good King, they walked, or rather limped, along the highway, and would rest as little as they eould until they had reaehed Germany, and gone to the very end of that eountry, to make sure that they had done their duty."

After telling this legend of King Pharamond and his two hundred little ehildren, Panurge remarked, with a very ugly grin: —

"And this, Your Highness, is why *those cursed German leagues are so long.*"

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW THE CUNNING OF PANURGE, WITH THE AID OF EUSTHENES AND CARPALIM, DISCOMFITED SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSEMEN.

STARTING from Rouen, Pantagruel, Panurge, Epistemon, Eusthenes, and Carpalim arrived at Harfleur, but remained at that city only one hour, when they took to sea, — a friendly North-North-west wind blowing at the time, — and, with all sails set, in a short time passing by Porto Sancto, and Madeira, touched at the Canaries.

Once more on blue water, keeping close to the Senegal coast of Africa, they skirted by Cape Blanco and Cape Verde, and, still steering south-east, sailed on, day after day, until, after weathering the Cape of Good Hope, they touched at the friendly kingdom of Melinda. Taking to ship again after resting a week in Melinda, they made good progress with a wind from over the mountains, and, after passing by Meden, Uti, Uden, Galasin, by the Isles of the Fairies, and skirting the kingdom of Anchoria, finally cast anchor in the port of Utopia, which is a little over three leagues from the chief city of the Amaurotes, that was then being hotly besieged by the *Dipsodes*, who, as you know, called themselves the Thirsty People.

When they had rested a bit and got their land-legs well on again, Pantagruel, who, even in sea-sickness, — and he had, in fact, been very sick, — had been thinking of the perils in which his father's kingdom had been placed, remarked: "My children, it is lucky that those rascals have not occupied this port, and it is just as strange as lucky, because the city is not more than three leagues off. But, before we march to its

relief, it would be wise to consider what is best to be done. Are you all resolved to live or die with me?"

"Yes, Your Highness, yes!" responded all. "Count on us as you might count on your fingers."

"I have somehow a trouble on my mind," Pantagruel went on to say. "I know neither in what order nor in what number are my enemies who besiege the city. If I could once know this, we should more surely be able to help my poor people."

Then all the four companions cried out together: "Leave that to

THE VOYAGE BEGINS.

us! This day shall not pass before we bring Your Highness news."

Panurge, as was to be expected, was the first to step forward.

"I undertake, my lord," he said, "to enter into their camp in spite of their guards. What is more, I shall dine with them at their own expense, — not one of them knowing who I am; visit their artillery; count the number of tents of their captains; and strut at my will through the bands without ever being once detected. For *I* am of the lineage of Zopyrus."

Then Master Epistemon came forward: —

"I know all the stratagems of the ancient captains and champions of Antiquity; and all the ruses and artifices of the camps. Your

Highness need have no fear of my being caught, as I shall make them believe of you what I please. For *I* am of the lineage of Sinon."

Then Eusthenes: —

"I shall get through their trenches under the noses of their sentinels; for I shall pass through them, and — in spite of them, even though each one were as strong as a bull — break their legs and wrench their arms for them as I pass. For *I* am of the lineage of Hercules."

Then Carpalim: —

"As for me, Your Royal Highness, I promise to slip into the camp if ever a bird can fly there, because my body is so light that I can jump their trenches and leap through their tents before their keenest eyes can see me. I am afraid of neither arrows nor bow-shots. As for their swift horses, I laugh at them. I undertake to skim over an ear of corn or the tall meadow grass, without either ever bending under me. For *I* am of the lineage of Camilla, the Amazon."

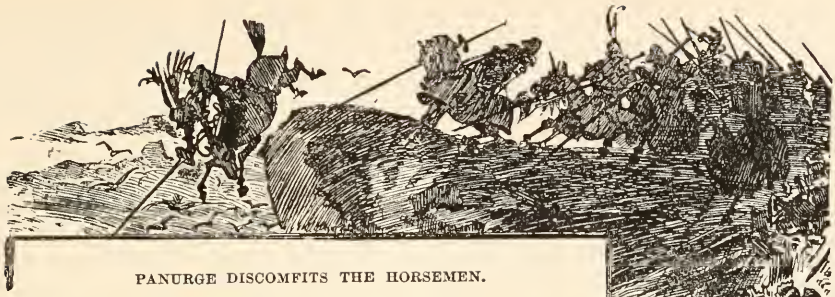
Carpalim had scarcely declared that he was of the lineage of Camilla, the Amazon, when a great shout was heard; and the whole party, turning round to find whence the noise came, saw six hundred light cavalry riding at full speed to see what ship had come into port, and to capture the crew if fast riding and loud shouting could do it.

Pantagruel's big nostrils opened and shut, and went up and down in excitement, as he roared out: —

"My lads, get you at once to the ship! You see our enemies there? I shall kill them, if they were ten times their number, just as easily as though they were so many beasts. So get in there, and you will have some sport!"

But Panurge, who, if a coward, was very sly, had been hatching a plan of his own, and answered: —

"No, my lord, there is no need of your taking so much trouble. On the contrary, you are the one to go into the ship, both you and the others, for I, myself, undertake, singly and without aid, to settle those rogues. But there is no time for delay. Seconds are worth hours now!"



PANURGE DISCOMFITS THE HORSEMEN.

The others joined in with Panurge.

"Well said, my lord. Let Your Highness retire, and we shall help Panurge in such a way that you will soon learn what we can do when we try."

Pantagruel, who saw that trick, not fight, was to win the battle, was highly amused at all this. As he started to go back into the ship, he said: —

"I am willing, but on one condition. If those rascals are too strong for you, call out for me."

The first thing Panurge did was to get

two stout ropes from the vessel. After tying these to the capstan on the deck he pulled them to the shore, where he twined them round and round into two circles, one very large, and the other a smaller circle inside of the larger one. After he had his two circles ready, he said to Epistemon: —

"Go into the ship and wait until I call out. Then you will turn the capstan as strong and as quickly as you can, drawing up, of course, both these ropes as you turn."

Panurge had also a word of warning for Eusthenes and Carpalim: —

"Wait here, my lads, until the enemy come near, then make signs that you surrender. But take care not to get your legs inside of these ropes. All you will have to do is, while appearing to yield yourselves, to get as far away from those fellows as you can."

Then Panurge, all in a hurry, rushed into the vessel once more, and caught up a bundle of straw and a small barrel of gunpowder, the contents of which he scattered along inside and outside of the two circles of ropes. Holding in his hand a bit of lighted paper, and putting on his most innocent face, he was ready for the men on horseback, who just then came thundering down. The first rank came nearly as far as the ship, but, because the sand was yielding, forty-four men and as many horses were brought tumbling to the ground. Seeing the first line fall, and believing that their comrades had met some resistance, the others were about to rush to the rescue; but just here was heard the mild voice of Panurge: —

"Gentlemen, you will pardon me, if I say it is not we who have stretched your noble companions there, but the sea-water, which makes the sand slippery. We surrender at your good pleasure."

Eusthenes, and Carpalim, and Epistemon, who was on deck, said the same thing.

But, even while he was talking, the cunning Panurge had been sliding off and, when he saw that all the horsemen were drawn well within the circles, and that his two friends had got to a safe distance, making way for the cavalry who were pressing forward to see the ship, shouted out suddenly to Epistemon: —

"Turn! turn!"

Hearing these words, Epistemon began to turn for his life, and the two ropes twisted themselves around the legs of the horses in such a fashion that, in falling, they brought their riders down with them. Those in the rear, seeing the trick, drew their swords to cut the ropes, and so escape; but Panurge was quite ready for them. It was when they did so that he fired his powder-train, which burned up every one of the company, men and horses, except one. He only escaped the flames because he was mounted on a Turkish horse of great swiftness, which bore him off with his light hoofs. But when Carpalim saw this he said to himself: "Here, now, is a chance to show that *I* am of the lineage of Camilla!" and ran after him with such speed that he caught up with the Turkish steed within less than a hundred steps, and, leaping on his croup, hugged the rider from behind and brought him a prisoner to the ship.

Pantagruel was, of course, in a most jovial mood, and praised to the skies the cunning of his friends. Nothing would do but that they should celebrate their victory in eating and drinking, and the prisoner along with them. It was a merry feast on the shore, for all but the poor captive, who was not at all sure that Pantagruel was not going to gobble him up whole, which he might have done — his throat being so large — with as much ease as he would have taken down a sugar-plum. Indeed, the prisoner would not have made any greater show in the Giant's throat than a grain of millet in an ass' mouth.

CHAPTER XXX.

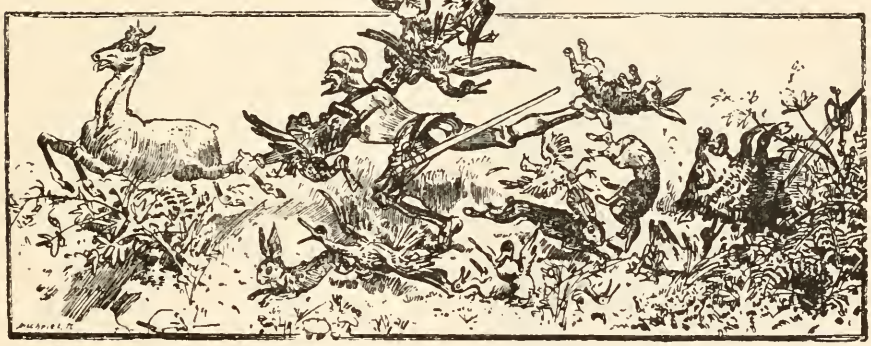
HOW CARPALIM WENT HUNTING FOR FRESH MEAT, AND HOW A TROPHY WAS SET UP.

WHILE they were thus chatting and feasting, Carpalim suddenly cried out: "Are we never to have any fresh meat? His Highness makes us thirsty enough, but this salt meat quite finishes me. Wait a moment! I am going to fetch you here the thigh of one of those horses which are burning over yonder. No fear of their not being roasted enough!"

As he was springing up to do this, his quick eye caught sight, just at the edge of the wood, of a large stag, which had come out of the forest, attracted doubtless by Panurge's big bonfire. Carpalim ran towards the stag with such fleetness that he seemed to have been shot from a cross-bow, and caught up with him in a moment. Even while he was bounding along, he was holding his hands up in the air, with all his fingers spread open, and, in that way, he caught four great bustards, seven bitterns, twenty-six gray partridges, sixteen pheasants, nine snipes, nineteen herons, thirty-two red-legged partridges; and he killed moreover with his feet, by kicking here and there, ten or twelve hares or rabbits that chanced to start up in his path and hadn't time to get away; fifteen tender young boars, and three large foxes. First killing the stag by striking him on the head with his sword, he picked him up and, while joyously returning along the road, gathered together his hares, rabbits, boars, and foxes. And from as far as could be heard, he began to cry out: —

"Panurge! Panurge! Vinegar! Vinegar!"

The good Pantagruel, having his back turned to the road, thought from this that Carpalim surely must be sick, and so ordered that vinegar should be at once brought. But Panurge, who happened to be looking out, had already noticed what Carpalim had about him, and told Pantagruel that his valet was carrying a fine stag around his neck, and around his waist a belt of hares. Wise Master Epistemon at once made nine handsome wooden spits in the old style. Eusthenes, wanting to be useful, helped him to skin the game; while Panurge placed two of the dead men's saddles in such a way that they served as andirons. The prisoner was made cook, and at the very same fire where his friends were burning, the poor cook roasted



CARPALIM CATCHES SOME FRESH MEAT.

Carpalim's venison. Of course, everybody enjoyed the fresh meat after so much salt meat, and became very gay and chatty. Panurge evidently thought his friends were getting too noisy, for, of a sudden, he cried: —

"We had better think a little about our affairs, so as to decide in what way we will conquer our enemies."

"That is well thought on!" said Pantagruel.

He at once turned to the prisoner, and, wishing to frighten him still more, said: "My friend, tell us here the truth, and do not lie to us in any one single thing, if thou dost not want to be eaten alive, for they

say I am he who eats little children. Give us, therefore, the order, the number, the strength in guns, of thy army."

"My lord," answered the prisoner humbly, "know for truth that in my army there are three hundred giants, all clad in armor, and wonderfully tall giants they are, too, — not quite so tall as Your Highness, save one who is their chief, who is called Loupgarou, and who is armed with anvils. Besides these giants, there are one hundred and sixty-three thousand foot-soldiers, all armed with the skins of hobgoblins, and all strong and valiant men; eleven thousand, four hundred men-at-arms; three thousand, six hundred double cannon, and quite too many arquebusiers to count; and ninety-four thousand pioneers."

THE TROPHY.

"That is all very well, so far as it goes," said Pantagruel, dryly; "but is thy King there?"

"Yes, sire, the King is there in person. He is known among us as Anarchus, King of the *Dipsodes*, which is the same as saying the Thirsty People, because you have never yet seen a people so thirsty by nature or with such throats for drinking. The giants guard the King's tent."

"Enough!" said Pantagruel. "Brave boys, are you willing to follow me?"

"May Heaven confound those who would leave you!" cried out Panurge.

Then the party began to joke one another about the prisoner's report, and to boast about the glorious feats each one was going to do on the giants who guarded King Anarchus' tent.

As was his habit the noble Pantagruel laughed at all the nonsense, but, in the midst of a good shaking, he suddenly thought of what was really before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you reckon without your host. I am rather afraid that, if you go on much longer in the way you are now, it will not be dark before you are in such a state that those Thirsty People can come here and maul you with pike and lance. So, then, children, let's be marching. However, before we leave this place, in remembrance of the courage you have just shown, I wish to erect here a fine trophy."

This was a happy idea, and everybody was at once busy — singing meanwhile pleasant little songs — in setting up a high post. This done, they hung up on the post a great cuirassier saddle, the front-piece of a barbed horse, bridle-bits, knee-pieces, stirrups, stirrup-leathers, spurs, a coat of mail, a battle-axe, a strong, short, sharp sword, a gauntlet, leg-harness, and a throat-piece, — all spoils from the poor horsemen whose bones were then lying half-charred on the sands.

And this was the trophy which Pantagruel raised.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STRANGE WAY IN WHICH PANTAGRUEL OBTAINED A VICTORY OVER THE THIRSTY PEOPLE.

WHEN the trophy had been raised, Pantagruel had his prisoner brought before him and sent him away with these words: —

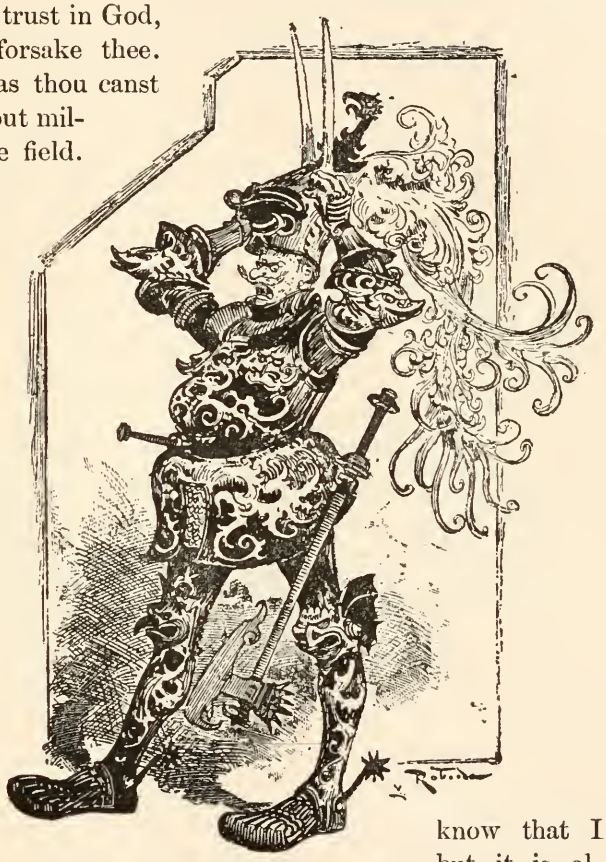
"Get thee back to thy King in his camp, and tell him what thou hast seen. Be sure you tell him to be ready to welcome me to-morrow, at noon. All I am waiting for are my galleys, which are on the sea. As soon as they come, which will be to-morrow morning, at the very latest, I shall prove to thy King, by eighteen hundred thousand men and seven thousand giants, — each of those giants taller and larger than thou see'st me here, — that he has been an idiot to attack my country."

Of course, in all this talk about having an army on the sea, Pantagruel was only trying to frighten the King of the Thirsty People.

The prisoner made haste to assure Pantagruel that he was his humble slave, and that he would be only too glad, not only if he never should see his people again, but, also, if he should be allowed to fight under the Prince against them. Pantagruel shook his great head at this. No! no! he must leave at once, and do what he had been told to do. He gave him at the same time a box full of a strange paste, made with some grains of black chameleon-thistle, steeped in brandy, ordering him to place this in the hands of his King, and say to him that, if he could eat even one ounce of the mixture without wanting to drink after it, he would be able to resist Pantagruel and his whole army without fear.

Then the prisoner began to wring his hands, begging Pantagruel in the hour of battle to have pity on him.

"After thou hast announced all to thy King," answered Pantagruel, gravely, "put all thy trust in God, and He will never forsake thee. Look at me! I am, as thou canst see, mighty. I can put millions of troops in the field. Yet I place no reliance on my strength or my skill; but all my trust is in God, my protector, who never abandons those who have their faith in Him. Go, then," he added more kindly, "and, if thou wishest no evil to happen to thee, turn thy back on bad company."



THE KING OF THE THIRSTY PEOPLE.

When the prisoner had at last got away, the good Giant turned to his friends, saying: "My children, you know that I do not tell lies; but it is always lawful in war to deceive an enemy. This is why I have made that prisoner believe we had armies on the sea, and, also, that we were not going to make an assault on their camp till to-morrow at noon. But I have sent a paste that will put them all to sleep to-night, so that they will not be prepared to receive my attack to-morrow, at noon.

My real purpose is to attack their camp in the hour of their first nap."

But the prisoner — knowing nothing of all this side-talk — walked quickly towards the city, which he soon reached, as you already know it was only three leagues from the coast. As soon as he saw the King, he began the story of how there had come a great Giant, who had routed and caused to be cruelly roasted alive, six hundred and fifty-nine horsemen; and how he, alone of all the troop, had escaped to bring the terrible news. He then went on to state that that wonderful Giant had charged him to say that he would look on His Majesty at dinner-time, and wanted him to make ready for him. Then he presented the box of paste, but, just as soon as the King had swallowed one spoonful, his throat started to burn, and, after a while, his very tongue began to peel off. What was to be done? There was only one way out of the trouble, and that was for the King to drink — drink — drink, without stopping! The result was that everybody was bringing the King wine, and pouring it down his royal throat; and if ever he stopped, the royal throat began to burn just as bad as ever. For the Thirsty People, there could be nothing finer than such a sweetmeat, that would make them drink, and drink, and drink again. Nothing would do the pashas, captains, and guardsmen but that they should try the paste to see whether it would produce such thirst in them; and the moment they did so they were in the same fix as their King, and they all drank so long that a rumor ran through the camp that the prisoner had come back, and that a great attack was to be made the next day by some terrible enemy, of whose name nobody knew. What could be better, then, than to enjoy themselves the night before? So the captains and the guards began to drink, and clink glasses, and give healths, until they got stupidly drunk, and lay, here and there, where they fell, as so many swine all about the camp.

What was Pantagruel doing in the meanwhile?

As soon as he found that he could no longer see the prisoner trudging along the road — and remember the eyesight of giants is just so much keener than that of common men, as their bodies are stronger — Pantagruel pulled out the mast from his ship, which he carried in

his hand like a pilgrim's staff, first putting in the hollow of it two hundred and thirty-seven puncheons of white wine of Anjou. The next thing he did was to tie to his waistband the bark itself, filled with salt, which he carried as readily as women going to market carry their little baskets of vegetables. When they got near the enemy's camp, Panurge said: "My lord, do you wish to do a wise thing? Get that white wine of Anjou down from that mast, and let us drink to our success."

Panurge was right in this, because, strong as Pantagruel was, such a weight of wine would have only troubled him if he had to fight. He

THE SOLDIERS TRY PANTAGRUEL'S PASTE.

was willing enough, and they drank so much of the delicious wine that, at the end, there was not a single drop of the two hundred and thirty-seven puncheons left except what was to be found in one leathern-flask, which Panurge grabbed for his own private use, and hid away in his pocket.

When the wine was gone, Pantagruel called out to Carpalim: "Get thee into the city, scrambling over the walls like a cat, as thou knowest well how to do. Tell our people in the city that now is the very time for them to attack their foes, who are weak. As soon as thou art through with them, seize a lighted torch, run through the

streets, and set fire everywhere. Don't forget to cry out with thy loudest voice: 'Fire! Fire!' and skip from the camp."

Without another word, Carpalim was on the road, leaping and bounding for the city. Everything was done as Pantagruel had commanded. All the army in the city — that part which was not drunk — rushed out of the walls to meet the foe, and found — nobody. Carpalim, meanwhile, ran through all the tents and pavilions, setting fire to each one. Of course, in doing so, he had now and then to step over the captains and other officers who had eaten of Pantagruel's paste, but he stepped so lightly, and they were so drunk, that they never knew it. The tents caught fire so quickly that poor Carpalim — if it had not been for his wonderful agility — would have been roasted alive, like the captains, pashas, and guardsmen who were snoring in their tents when he set fire to them.

When the army, that had been silly enough, when Carpalim shouted, to run outside of the walls, reached the plain and found no enemy, they wandered about in great confusion, and, being very tired, at last returned to the city and lay outside of the burning tents, and went to sleep with their mouths open. Nobody thought of taking care of the burning gates. It was long after midnight when Pantagruel entered the city, and as he marched through the streets he would take bags of salt out of the ship, which he carried around his waist, and, as he passed the sleepers, would drop the salt into their open mouths. Many died from choking; and the rest of those who were lucky enough not to be burnt, when they woke next morning, thought they had enough salt in their mouths to last them for a lifetime. All they said as they got up and humbly went about their business, wetting their tongues every now and then to get the vile, bitter taste out, was: —

"O Pantagruel, thou hast made our throats burn worse than before!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WONDERFUL WAY IN WHICH PANTAGRUEL DISPOSED OF THE GIANT LOUPGAROU AND HIS TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE GIANTS.

AS soon as the body-guard of Giants saw flames bursting from the tents, all they could think of doing was to snatch up their little King Anarchus, tie him to the neck of one of them, and get out of the burning city as fast as their long legs could take them. Panurge, as usual, was the first to see the Giants racing out of the city.

"My lord," he said, "just look at those big rogues over there! All you have to do is to charge with that mast you have in your hand. You can have no better way to prove your skill. We, on our part, are not going to fail you."

"Ho! ho!" answered Pantagruel, "I do not lack courage. But even Hercules did not dare fight against two, and here thou wouldst have me fight against three hundred!"

"What!" retorted Panurge, while his tip-tilted nose curled higher in the air than usual, "does Your Highness seriously mean to compare yourself with Hercules? God has given you stronger teeth and stouter limbs than ever Hercules had." Panurge was going to say a good deal more, but here came Loupgarou with all his Giants.

When Loupgarou saw that Pantagruel was alone, — for, after all, to the eyes of giants common-sized men, like Panurge, Epistemon, Carpalim, and Eusthenes, must have looked like so many dwarfs, — he felt sure that he would be able to make away with him. In fact, he was so sure that he turned to his Giants, laughing all the time so as to show all his big, cruel, yellow teeth. "By Mahomet! if any of you dare fight

with that great braggart over there, you shall die at these hands! I, alone, wish to fight with him! Meanwhile, you shall have rare sport in looking on."

Laughing loudly, the other Giants fell back a short distance, where the wine and victuals had been left, carrying their little King along with them. They had hardly got there when the cunning Panurge and his friends, putting on a most humble, miserable look, crawled up, saying: —

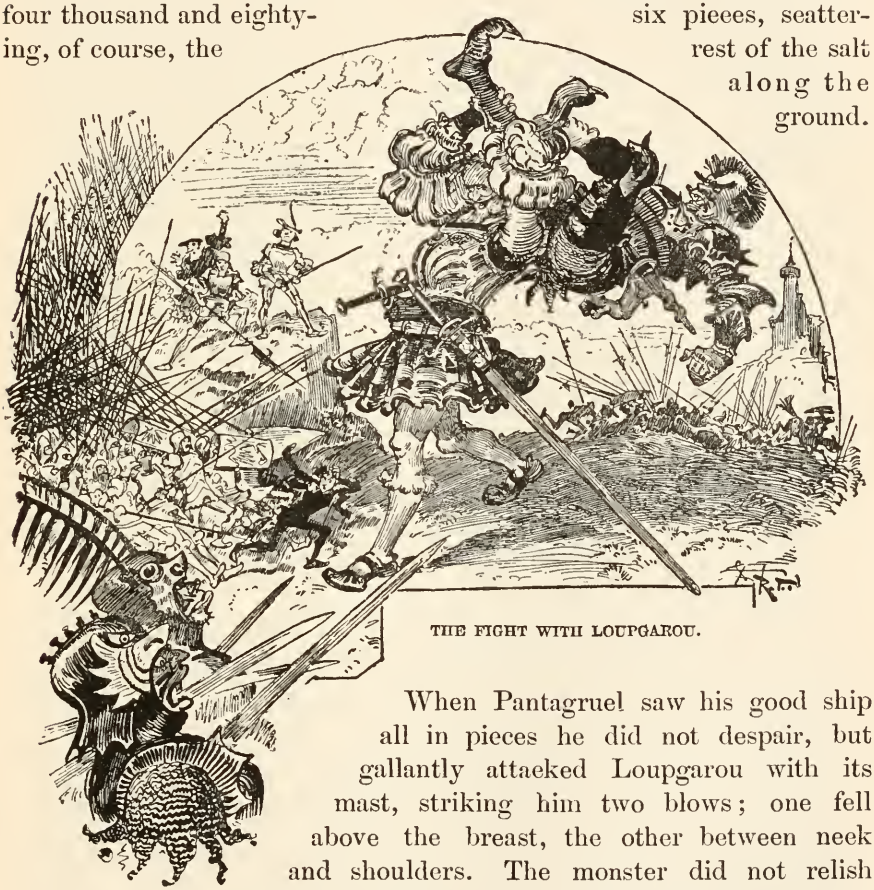
"We surrender, good comrades. We have no taste for war. All we ask is to join with you in feasting while our masters are fighting."

The poor little King was willing; the Giants were willing; and so they began to feast, Panurge and the others along with them.

Loupgarou had, by this time, advanced upon Pantagruel, with a fearful mace of steel, weighing nine hundred and seventy thousand pounds. At the end of the mace there were thirteen diamond points, the very smallest of which was as big as the largest bell of the *Nôtre Dâme*, in Paris. But what made that mace so terrible was, that it was formed of fairy steel, so that it had only to touch the strongest thing in the world to break it into pieces. But Pantagruel, as we know, put his faith in God alone. As every good Christian, when he sees a fearful enemy near him, calls upon God, so Pantagruel prayed to Him, while Loupgarou was cursing furiously, to aid him who had always loved the Church and obeyed the Ten Commandments. He had scarcely ended his prayer when he heard a voice from the sky, saying: "Have faith, and thou shall gain the victory."

By this time, Loupgarou, with his mouth wide open, was drawing near him, and Pantagruel, who had no enchanted weapon, but only his mast, thought to frighten the monster by crying out, as the old Lacedæmonians used to do, in his most awful tones: "*Thou diest, rascal! Thou diest!*" Even while he was saying this, he was digging his big hands into the ship which he carried at his waist, from which he took more than eighteen kegs and four bushels of salt, which he threw, filling Loupgarou's mouth, throat, nose, and eyes. This only made Loupgarou rage worse than ever. Roaring with pain and anger, he rushed against

Pantagruel, thinking to break his skull with his fairy maee. Pantagruel, luekily, was both quiek of foot and keen of eye. Seeing what Loupgarou was at, he stepped with his left foot baek one paee; but even then he was not so quiek as to save the ship. Loupgarou's blow fell upon its prow, whieh was enough to smash it into four thousand and eighty-six pieees, seattering, of course, the rest of the salt along the ground.



THE FIGHT WITH LOUPGAROU.

When Pantagruel saw his good ship all in pieces he did not despair, but gallantly attaeked Loupgarou with its mast, striking him two blows; one fell above the breast, the other between neek and shoulders. The monster did not relish sueh treatment. So, when Pantagruel wanted to give another blow in the same sharp style, Loupgarou raised his enehanted maee and rushed upon him, knowing that he had only to touch him with it to eleave him from head to foot. But, by God's blessing,

Pantagruel's nimbleness saved him here a second time. Stepping briskly to one side, the terrible mace swept with a hissing noise through the air, striking a great rock which stood in the way, into which it crashed more than seventy-three feet, making a fire greater in bulk than nine thousand and six tons flash from the hole it had made.

Here was another chance for Pantagruel.

Seeing that Loupgarou was tugging away at his enchanted mace to pull it from the rock, Pantagruel ran towards him with his mast well-poised, feeling sure that, this time, he would take off his head; but, by bad luck, his mast just grazed the stock of Loupgarou's mace. Of course it broke, and, what is worse, broke within three hand-breadths of his own hand. Pantagruel was so much amazed at all this, as he had never before heard that Loupgarou's mace was enchanted, that he cried out, without very well knowing what he was doing: "Ho! Panurge, where art thou?"

Panurge, whose eyes and ears had been stretched wide open ever since the beginning of the fight, shouted out to the King and the Giants: "By Heaven! if we don't get them apart, they will hurt one another."

But the Giants, on their side, were in high chuckles. When Carpalim wanted to get up to help his master, one of them said:—

"By Golfarim!"—who is the nephew of Mahomet,—"if thou stir from here, I shall tuck thee in my belt."

Meanwhile Pantagruel, having lost his staff, caught hold of the little stump that was left of the mast, striking blows, here and there, with it on the Giant's body. But the stump was so short that no harm was done. Of course, all this time, Loupgarou was puffing and blowing hard to pull his mace out from the rock. He at last succeeded. All the time he was getting ready to swing it once more, he was bawling out: "Villain! this time I shall surely kill thee! Never after this shalt thou make honest people thirsty!" In trying to get his mace in proper position to strike, he was, of course, bending a little.

Here was one more chance for Pantagruel; and Pantagruel took it.

While Loupgarou had his body half-bent, Pantagruel gave him

DEATH OF LOUPGAROU.

such a kick in the stomach that he made him fall backwards, heels over head, and as he began to drag him along the ground, Loupgarou was bleeding at the throat, and could only find breath to call out three times: "Mahomet! Mahomet!! Mahomet!!!"

The moment they heard that cry, up started all the Giants to help their leader; but now came Panurge's time to interfere.

"Gentlemen, don't you go, if you have the slightest faith in me. My master is mad, and is striking out blindly. He may hurt you in his anger."

But the Giants only ha-ha'd at all this, having seen that poor Pantagruel's only weapon, the mast, had been shivered to the handle by the fairy mace. So, like idiots, they started in a body to Loupgarou's rescue. The moment Pantagruel, who was just then breathing a little hard, saw the Giants coming up, he caught Loupgarou's body, encased in an armor of stout anvils, up by the two feet, lifting it high in the air with the same ease as he might have raised a pike; and, with the master's own body, he slashed around right and left among the Giants, knocking them down as a mason chips with his hammer little bits off a stone. Not one of the Giants could stand before Pantagruel without being struck flat to the ground. While Pantagruel was performing such wonders with Loupgarou's body and his armor of anvils, Panurge, together with Carpalim and Eusthenes, were not idle. They, who had been so humble a few moments before, were now going from one to the other of the party who lay stretched on the ground, cutting the throats of such as had not fallen quite dead. When the battle seemed to be at an end, up came a fearful Giant, whom Pantagruel did not know, but who was so much taller and stouter than his comrades that Loupgarou had made him his first officer. Pantagruel felt perfectly safe with his new weapon; but, seeing how big the Giant was, he gave an extra strong blow with the body, which sent Loupgarou's head rolling on the ground. This new Giant was the last, and that one strong blow killed him. Then Pantagruel, seeing that none of the Giants had escaped, with one great swing of the arm, threw the headless body into the city, which was not very far off.

It fell into the great Square, where it crushed with its weight one singed cat, one wet cat, one lame duck, and one bridled goose.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW PANTAGRUEL FINALLY CONQUERS THE THIRSTY PEOPLE, AND THE STRANGE BUSINESS PANURGE FINDS FOR KING ANARCHUS.

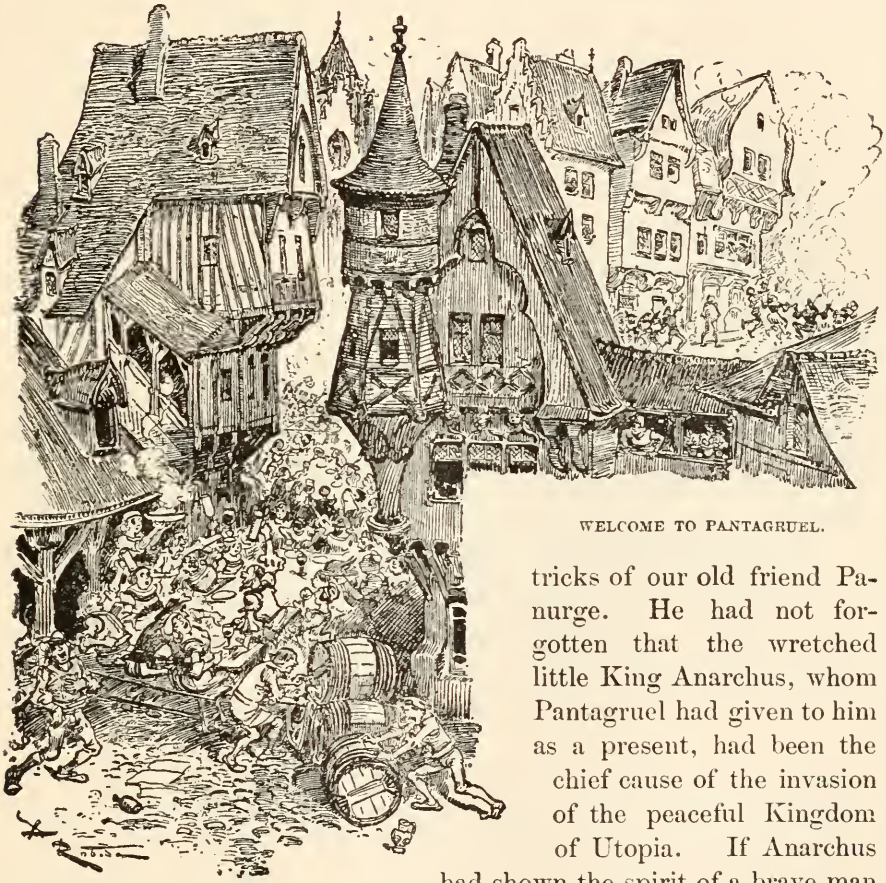
AFTER this marvellous victory, Pantagruel sent Carpalim before him into the city to let everybody know that King Anarchus had been taken prisoner, and that all his Giants had been killed. On receiving this message, the people flocked out of the walls to welcome their own Prince. Everywhere, crowds were making merry around fine, round tables, filled with good victuals, and set out in the middle of the streets. So good was the cheer, and so bright were the bonfires that blazed on every side, that the people said it looked like the Golden Age come again. Pantagruel called the wise men of the city before him. When they had gathered together, he spoke these words: —

"My masters, I am not satisfied with getting back my own city. I shall not rest until I capture all the cities, towns, and villages in the Kingdom of the Thirsty People. I noted to-day that this city of yours is so full of people that they can't turn about in the streets. I know what I shall do for them. I shall plant my ancient and tried Utopians as a colony in Dipsodie, so that they can teach the Thirsty People how to be true and loyal. By to-morrow at daylight, let men of all trades be in the Public Square. I shall be ready to march at that hour."

Of course, this was soon noised about the city. The next morning a vast multitude swarmed into the Great Square before the Palace to the number of one million eight hundred and fifty-six thousand and eleven — not counting the women and children. At break of day, this

great army was all ready to march in good order straight into the country of the Thirsty People.

But, before they all get away, I must tell you one of the cunning



WELCOME TO PANTAGRUEL.

tricks of our old friend Panurge. He had not forgotten that the wretched little King Anarchus, whom Pantagruel had given to him as a present, had been the chief cause of the invasion of the peaceful Kingdom of Utopia. If Anarchus had shown the spirit of a brave man among the stout and faithful Giants, who had fought to the death to keep his mean little body from harm, Panurge would never have dared touch him. But Anarchus had been all along such a coward that he wasn't worth anybody's pity. So, on the evening of Pantagruel's triumphant entrance into the city, Panurge, after some hard thinking, got up a new

dress for the little King. There was nothing at all royal about the dress. It was very far from being that, as it consisted of a pretty canvas doublet, all braided and pranked out; a pair of wide sailor trousers; and stockings without shoes.

"For," as Panurge said, "*shoes would only spoil his sight.*"

He then put on the head of Anarchus a little pink cap, trimmed with a great capon-feather, — maybe I am wrong, because I have been told that there were two of these feathers, — besides a fine belt of blue and green. This was the ridiculous figure which Panurge dragged before Pantagruel.

"Do you know this fellow?"

"Not I," said Pantagruel.

"Why, this is the King of the Thirsty People! I am going to make an honest man of him. He was a pitiful rogue when he wore the crown. Now that he wears this gay dress, he is an honest man. I have given him a trade. He is a crier of green sauce, at your service." "Now, little King, begin! Call out, 'Green Sauce! Green Sauce! Who wants to buy Green Sauce?'"

The poor King, from pure shame, piped out too low.

"That is not half loud enough," cried Panurge, catching him by the ear, and saying, "Sing higher, little King; sing higher in *ge*, *sol*, *re*, *ut*."

Pantagruel made himself merry at all this. I dare say the little King was the drollest man he had ever seen.

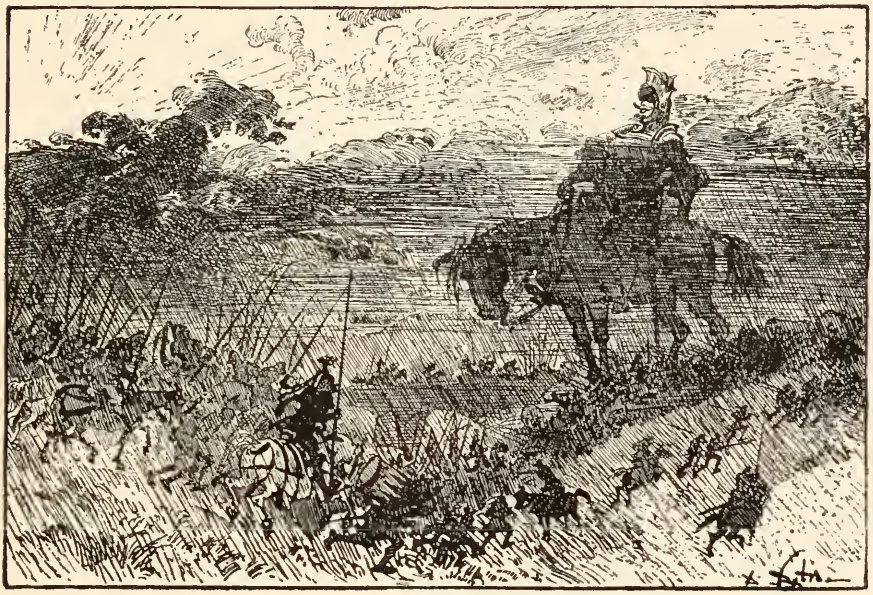
And this was how King Anarchus got to be a Crier of Green Sauce.

Two days after this, Panurge married the little King with an old lantern-jawed hag. To have everything pass off gaily, and to make sure of good dancing, he hired a blind man to give the music. For their wedding-supper, he ordered fine sheep-heads, plenty of eels served with mustard, and tripe spiced with garlic. The drink was watered wine and fine cider.

Pantagruel gave the couple a little cottage in one of the side streets, and a stone-mortar in which to pound their sauce. Here they carried on their trade, and the little King might have been happier than when

he lived in a palace and had Giants to guard him, but for his wife, who beat him in time as flat as a mummy.

When Pantagruel marched from the city, along the high road, he looked a grander and mightier Giant than ever. Every town and city surrendered to him as he drew near, and every noble of the country came to offer him homage. Only the city of the Almirodes held out;



"GRANDER AND MIGHTIER THAN EVER."

and that would have kept its gates shut to the end had it not been for a story its people happened to hear of the Giant and of an awful storm which came up one day, while he was on his way there with his army. There being no danger of *his* being drowned, — so the story ran, — Pantagruel put his big tongue half way out of his mouth and covered the whole army as snugly as a hen covers her chicks. When the people of the stubborn city heard *that*, they opened their gates wide! — wide!! — wide!!! — to let the Giant pass. "There is no use resisting such a man as that," everybody said.

And so ended the bad war which the Thirsty People had begun against the Utopians when their good King Gargantua had been carried to Fairy-land.

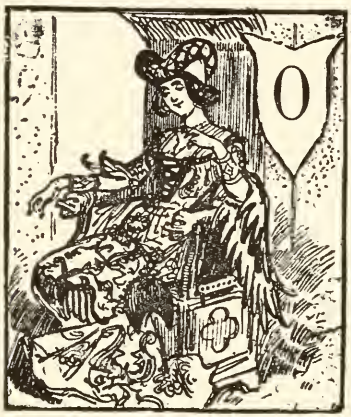
PANTAGRUEL RETURNS.

Pantagruel, having ended his tour through all the cities of his new Kingdom of Dipsodie, finally reached the Palace

where he had been born, and on leaving which, one sad day, to go on his long journey to school, he had seen for the last time his dear and honored father. All these thoughts made the tender-hearted Giant sad; but he had no time for weeping. There were many wrongs in his own Kingdom of Utopia to make right. There were many rights to make strong. There were a thousand other things to do for his faithful people, who had at once proclaimed him King when Gargantua had been taken to Fairy-land,— even when he had been leagues upon leagues away.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GARGANTUA COMES BACK FROM FAIRY-LAND. — AFTER WHICH PANTAGRUEL PREPARES FOR ANOTHER TRIP.



ONE day Gargantua came back from Fairy-land.

It was a day above all others long to be remembered by Pantagruel, when he first heard, on coming home from a visit to one of his cities, where he had gone to decide a knotty case between that city and a neighboring town, the sharp bark of a dog. "Why! I know that bark," he said. "That is the bark of little Kyne, my father's dog. My father must surely have come back!" So, joyfully, he followed Kyne, who went bounding and frisking back to the great door of the Palace. There he found his old father, with his arms stretched wide open to clasp his son. Everybody was glad to see that wonderful meeting of father and son high up in the air.

"My dear son!"

"My dear and honored father!"

That was all they could hear, as the old Giant and the young Giant, arm in arm, passed through the door, and went up the broad stairway into the great hall. We may be sure that Snapsauce and the two other Very Fat Cooks were soon doing their best to get together a good dinner, during which Pantagruel heard all about Fairy-land, its Queen, and her kind Fairies. When a fresh flagon of wine rested between them, Father Gargantua said: —

"I praise God, my beloved son, that he has given thee such wisdom and virtue. Had it not been for thee, I would still have been

in Fairy-land, for thou hast been wise while I was away. I would like to speak to thee now on a subject which much troubled me there. Thou art now old enough to take a wife, and I desire to see thee marry. Hast thou ever thought of a wife?"

"To tell the truth, most dear father, I have never yet thought of one. But, in choosing a wife, I am always thy son, and thou shalt choose for me."

"I believe thee in that, my son. But thou shalt choose for thyself when the time comes for a wife. When thou findest her, bring her home; she shall find a father waiting for her."

Pantagruel stretched out one big hand across the table. It met another big hand, only that other was more knotty and wrinkled than his own. Then the two mighty hands clasped.

"But this is not all that I wanted to say, my boy. It is time thou shouldst travel. Thou needest rest. Hast thou not been King in my place?" The old Giant laughed as he said this. "Hast thou not filled my throne, thou young rogue, for this score of years and more? Thou art not so strong as thou wast; thou hast need of a holiday."

"Hast thou also thought, father, of a plan for all this whilst thou wert in Fairy-land?"

"Well, yes. I had nothing else to do there but think. I know thou dost love to travel and see strange things. Thou shalt start at once. Don't crawl on land. Spread out thy white sails, and try the seas. Take with thee thy friend Panurge, — he looks like a keen fellow, — my old friend Friar John, my old master Ponocrates, who would be better for a trip; also Master Epistemon, and such others as thou pleasest. Put thy open hand into my treasure-box, and draw out thy closed fist with what thou wantest of my gold. Thou wilt find at my arsenal, Thalasse, all that thou needest; besides pilots, sailors, and stout soldiers. At the first fair wind, set sail. When thou art away, my boy, I shall make ready for thy wife, and for a splendid feast when thou shalt bring her safe home."

CHAPTER XXXV.

PANTAGRUEL STARTS ON HIS TRAVELS, AND LANDS AT THE ISLAND OF PICTURES.

A FEW days after this, Pantagruel said good-by to Gargantua, leaving the old Giant on his knees praying for his son. He took with him Ponocrates, Panurge, Epistemon, Gymnaste, Eusthenes, Rhizotome, and Carpalim going with him of course; fine old Friar John, who was fond of saying that he could not sleep o' nights unless he was in search of some adventure; besides a famous traveler named Xenomanes, who boasted that he knew every land and every sea that the earth, if it had a tongue, could name. When he reached the sea-coast once more, Pantagruel picked out the twelve largest vessels in Thalasse, and gathered together all the pilots, mates, boatswains, sailors, workmen, soldiers, artillery, ammunition, provisions, and clothes he needed for a long voyage.

The Flag-ship carried at its prow the strange figure of a gigantic Bottle. Half of this bottle was of polished silver, the other half of gold enamelled with crimson. From this every child in Thalasse — who was a born sailor, and could read strange legends around the prows of ships — ran about the streets in glee, shouting that the Prince's colors would be white and red in the lands to which he was going.

With James Brayer, the best pilot in the world, the fleet sailed gaily away, with all its flags flying. It had all the way, except for a few days near the Island of the Macreons, a fine, brisk wind, which each day carried it farther toward India, the mysterious land in which

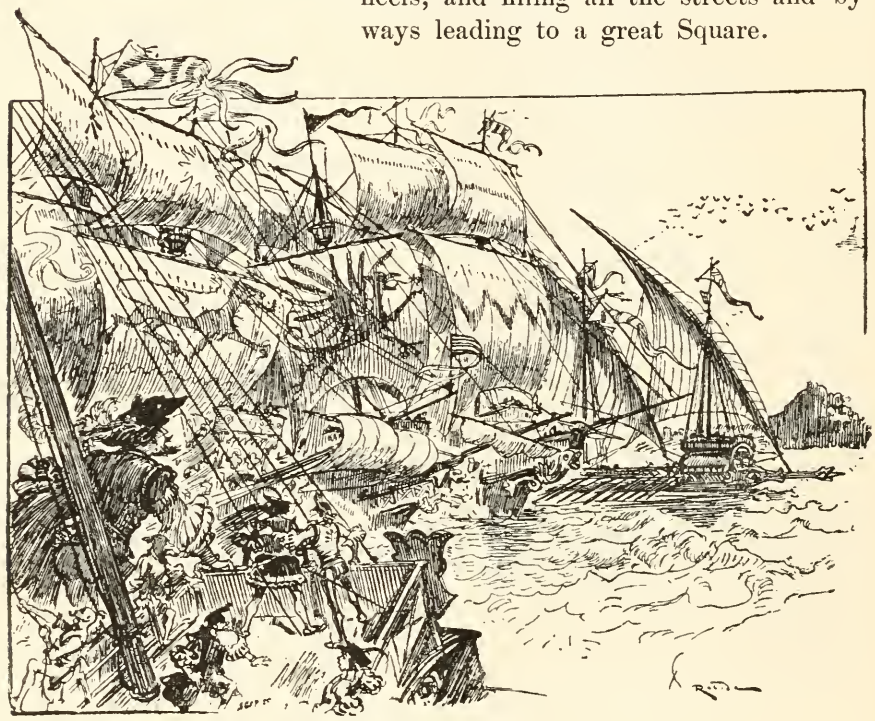
Pantagruel was going to seek a wife. On the fifth day, James Brayer caught sight of an island, fair to see on account of the high, white

PANTAGRUEL PICKS HIS SHIPS.

light-houses and towers, which rose so close together that the whole coast shone like solid silver under the sun. On steering for the nearest port, it was found that the new land was known as Medamothi, or the Island of Pictures.

"Island of Pictures!" exclaimed Pantagruel; "then we must have some of them!"

While every ship's crew was hard at work taking in fresh water, Pantagruel, with his friends, all in high good-humor at the prospect of once more stepping on dry land, went on shore. They saw a great crowd of people hurrying here and there, treading on each other's heels, and filling all the streets and by-ways leading to a great Square.

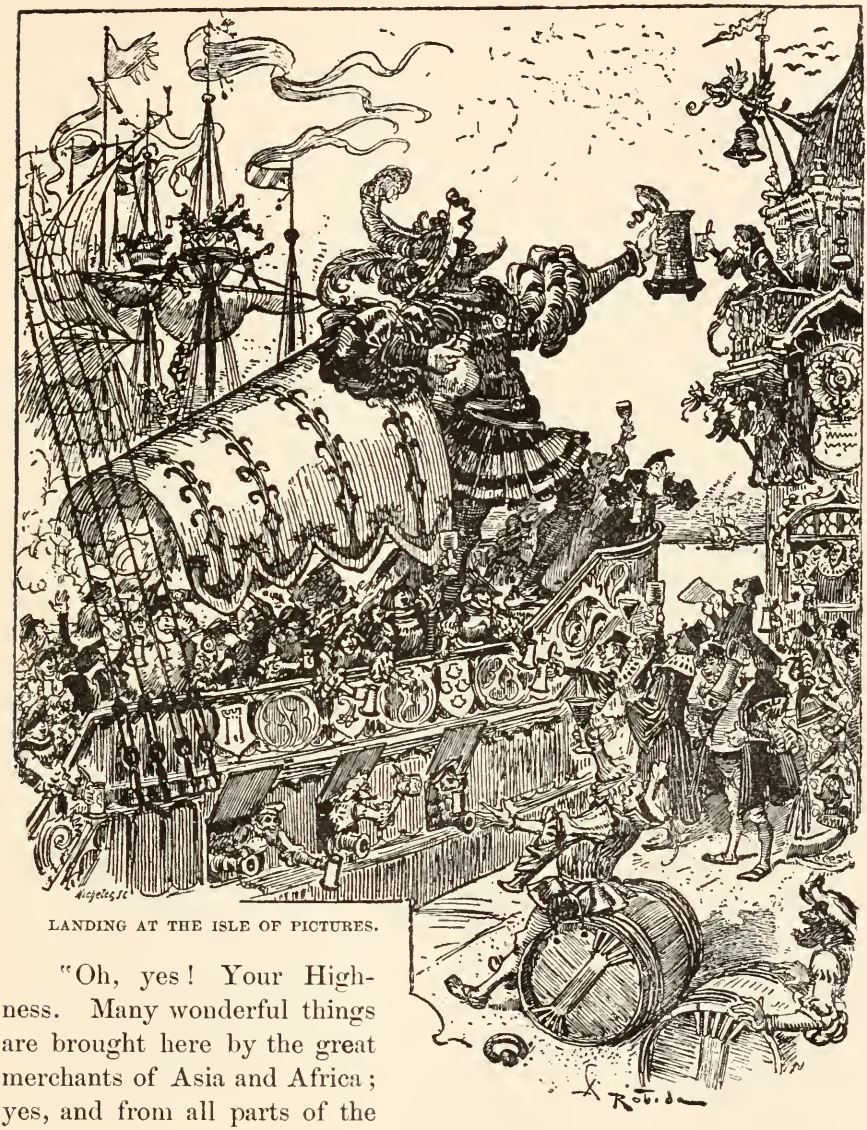


PANTAGRUEL SETS SAIL.

"What brings all you good people here?" asked Pantagruel of a cripple, who was getting along as fast as he could hobble.

"Our great Fair, mighty Giant. Our Fair is held here every year."

"Have you anything there worth the trouble of walking to see?"



LANDING AT THE ISLE OF PICTURES.

"Oh, yes! Your Highness. Many wonderful things are brought here by the great merchants of Asia and Africa; yes, and from all parts of the world, too."

"We are in time, then, to see these wonderful things," said the Giant.

Once at the Fair, Pantagruel and his friends were delighted with the number and variety of the finest tapestry pictures ever brought together. There was nothing on the earth — whether men, country, cities, palaces, farm-houses, mountains, ravines, valleys, lakes, trees, flowers, birds, rivers, beasts, fishes — that was not to be found worked in tapestry by skilful hands at that most wonderful of Fairs. Everybody bought a picture, — Friar John, Epistemon, Eusthenes, Carpalim, Panurge, — everybody, even Gymnaste, who had never before in all his days seen tapestry. And it was here, while Pantagruel was standing, deep in thought, before a bit of tapestry Epistemon had bought, that Xenomanes came up and tried in every way to catch his eye. All those around were too busy in making good bargains for themselves with the merchants to help him; so, after half a dozen efforts, he shook his white head gravely, and walked away.

It was Gymnaste who bought the largest and finest tapestry of all, representing the "Life and Feats of Achilles," in seventy-eight pieces, eight yards long and six yards wide, all made of Phrygian silk, embossed with gold and silver.

"Is that fit for a rough fellow like thee, Gymnaste?" asked Panurge, with his nose turned up in scorn.

"Thou knowest better than that, Panurge! It is a present from our noble lord to his royal father, which I have bought on his order."

"Humph!" said Panurge, while his nose turned up still higher in a bright red end, and stayed that way until dinner-time, when it turned down a bit, but got redder than ever before the meal was over.

Before leaving the Island of Pictures, Pantagruel bought three fine young unicorns, which were the tamest of all creatures, and a splendid reindeer which, with great care, had been brought all the way from frozen Scythia. There never has been a reindeer like this reindeer from Scythia! It could change its color at any time, not because it wanted, or knew it was doing so, but only because it could not help changing whenever a new color came near it. For instance, when Panurge, in his gray kersey coat, would draw near to stroke it, its hair would turn gray too. Near Pantagruel, dressed grandly out in his great scarlet mantle, the reindeer would blaze out red. When

PANTAGRUEL BUYS SOME STRANGE ANIMALS.

James Brayer, in his long, white gown, happened to come near the beast, there, in a few seconds, was the reindeer from Scythia turning white before everybody's eyes! Pantagruel was very proud to be the owner of such treasures; and,

after he had once got the tapestry for his father, the wonderful reindeer, and the three unicorns, as playful as young kittens, safely on board, he gave the order for the fleet to sail from the Island of Pictures.

Pantagruel had been so taken up with these strange animals that it was not until he was on his way to the port that he remembered that Xenomanes had tried to catch his eye. At once turning to him, he said kindly:—

"Your pardon, great traveller; what did you wish to say to me?"

"Only this, my lord, that seeing so many tapestry pictures, I was reminded of that strange Land of Satin which I once visited. I know Your Highness to be a great lover of travels, and always glad to learn new things. It was for this reason I ventured to disturb you."

"Why!" said Pantagruel, at once interested, "were there as many wonderful things in your Land of Satin as there are in this Land of Pictures?"

"What I tell you, my lord, is strange but true. In the Satin Land, the trees and herbage never lose their leaves or flowers, and are all damask and flowered velvet. As for the beasts and birds, they all looked to me like what we saw in those pictures. I saw many beasts, birds on trees, of the same color, size, and shape of those in our country. There was one difference, however, between them. Those in Satin Land ate nothing, and never sang or bit like ours."

"And the people of that land, Xenomanes, what of them?"

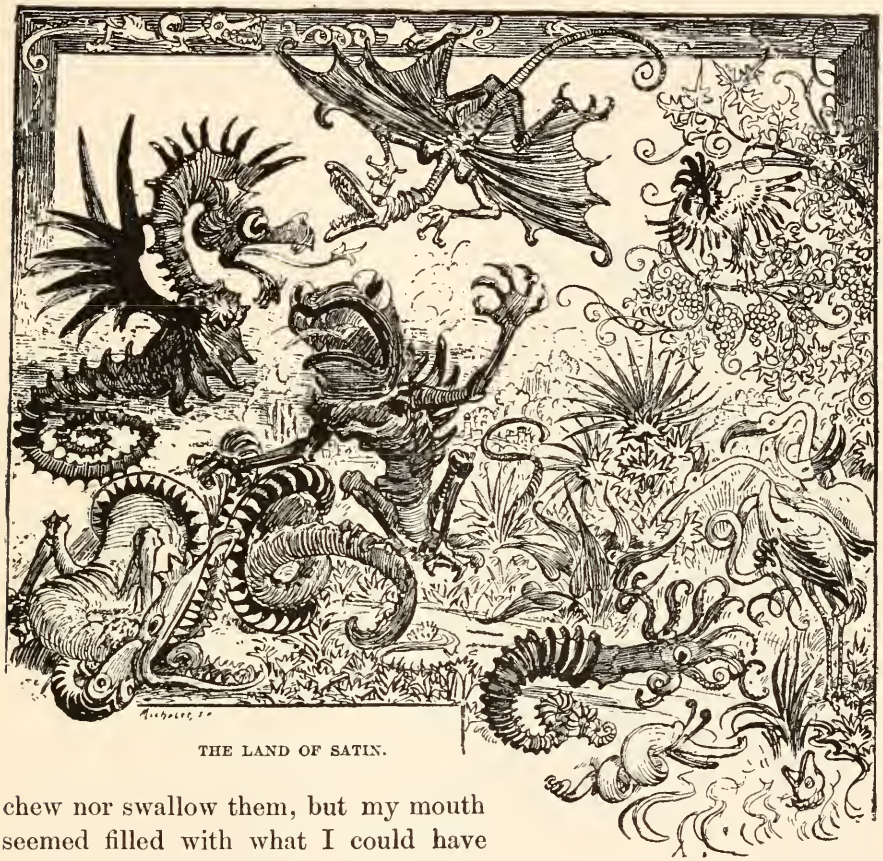
"This I cannot tell Your Highness."

"Ho! and why?"

"Never a word could I ever get from those people. There I saw many philosophers, travellers, and students, with whom I would gladly have spent half an hour in learned converse. They all seemed to be full of business, running about hither and yon, and yet had little to do."

"And what do those busy, silent people live on?"

"I don't know how they contrive to *live*, Your Highness, for once I tried a bunch of their fine ripe cherries. They had no manner of taste, and, although I was hungry enough that day, I could neither



THE LAND OF SATIN.

chew nor swallow them, but my mouth seemed filled with what I could have sworn was tufted silk."

"Strange!" said Pantagruel. "I wish I had looked closer at those pictures. The next time you want to speak to me, good Xenomanes, shout! I may hear you then."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PANURGE BARGAINS WITH DINDENO FOR A RAM, AND THROWS HIS RAM OVERBOARD.

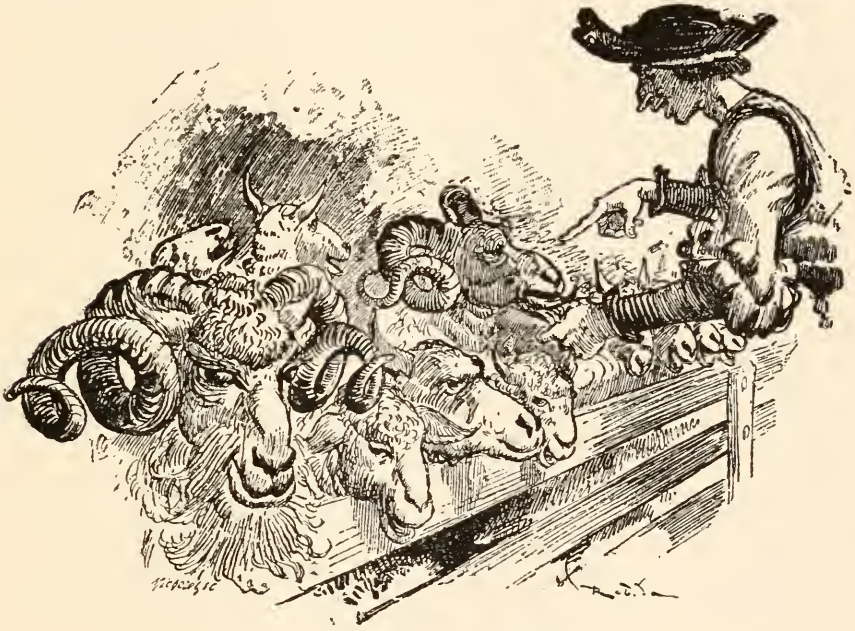
FIVE days after leaving the Land of Pictures, the flag-ship being in the lead, Pantagruel's keen eyes caught sight, away off to the windward, of a large merchant-ship making her way slowly towards them. There was great joy among all the men on all the ships. Those on the fleet were glad, because they hoped, through the sail in sight, to hear news of the sea; and those on the merchant-ship because her passengers expected to get news from the main-land. When the flag-ship met with the stranger, and when the two were side by side, Pantagruel, curious to see a merchantman, went with his friends on board the latter.

The skipper of the merchantman, cap in hand, told Pantagruel that he had come from Lanternland. As soon as this was known everybody tried to put in a question about the country, — how it had got its name, and what were the habits of the Lantern people. It was learned that, towards the end of each July, the Lanternists held their great Fair, which, if the Giant wished to see for himself how much could be made of lanterns, whether single or strung in rows, by twos; by threes; by fours, and so on; or piled in columns; or ranged in arches; or spanning streets; or hung on trees; or sparkling on country roads; or swinging along the whole coast, making it as bright as in sunshine, — why, all he would have to do was to go there, if not that year, then the next.

While all this pleasant little talk was going on between the

Giant and the skipper, Panurge had already got into a wrangle with a French sheep-seller, named Dindeno, who happened to have a large cargo of sheep on board. This sheep-seller was a very bad-tongued fellow; and, seeing Panurge passing by, with his glasses tied to his cap, and looking at his stock, he called out sneeringly to his shepherds, —

"Just look at that long-nosed dandy, with his glasses tied to his cap!"



PANURGE WANTS A SHEEP.

Panurge, whose ears were as keen as his nose was sharp, retorted, —

"What dost thou say, thou sheep-barber?

"Sheep-barber! Ha! I am no sheep-barber, I let thee know, thou long-nosed dandy."

"Thou art no sheep-barber, eh! Prithee, tell me, then, rude fellow, what are so many sheared sheep doing here? Who sheared them, if thou didst not?"

"Thou art a rogue; and I will kill thee as I would a ram!" shrieked the sheep-seller, while trying to draw his sword; but the blade stuck close to the scabbard, as often happens on sea, from the rust caused by salt-water. Panurge, who was not armed, and who, from his cradle, had been a coward, ran for safety towards Pantagruel, who was not looking at what was going on. But Friar John, always on the watch, with his strong arm caught hold of Dindeno. Then Pantagruel, turning round and seeing a man struggling with Friar John, knew for the first time that there was a quarrel. At this moment the skipper stepped up, and, with many bows and prayers that there should be no bad name given to his ship, begged his Giantship to order peace. This was done, and Panurge and Dindeno shook hands, apparently the best of friends.

A short time after, Panurge winked at Epistemon and Friar John, as much as to say, "I want to have a word with you." As soon as they came near, Panurge whispered, "Stand about here for a while, and you shall see rare sport."

Having no idea of what was coming, Friar John and Epistemon stepped to one side, and waited.

Then Panurge, turning to Dindeno, begged him to be good enough to sell him one of his sheep.

"Hello! my good friend and neighbor," cried the sheep-seller, "dost thou want to play tricks on poor people? How long since thou hast been a buyer of sheep?"

"Whatever I may have been," said Panurge, gently, "be so kind as to sell me one of thy sheep there. Now, how much wilt thou ask for one?"

"See here, friend and neighbor, these are noble creatures. These are long-woolled sheep. It was from the fathers of these very sheep that Jason took his famous Golden Fleece."

"I do not doubt thy word," said Panurge; "but fix thy price for one of those precious sheep. Here is thy money ready for thee."

"My friend and neighbor, now listen to me!"

"I am listening."

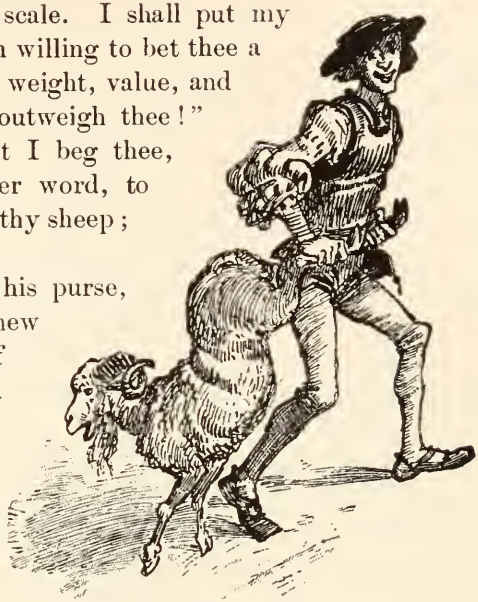
"I shall make a bargain with thee! We have a pair of scales

on board. Get thee on one scale. I shall put my prize ram on the other. I am willing to bet thee a peck of Busch oysters that, in weight, value, and general worth, my ram shall outweigh thee!"

"That may be all so; but I beg thee, good Dindeno, without further word, to be so kind as to sell me one of thy sheep; I care not which one."

With that, he pulled out his purse, and showed it bursting with new gold-pieces, with the face of good King Gargantua stamped on each piece.

Dindeno's eyes flashed at the glitter of so much gold; but he had made up his mind to insult Panurge until he made him angry.



PANURGE BUYS A RAM.

"My friend and neighbor," he said, "my sheep are meat only for kings and princes. They are too nice and dainty for such as thou."

"Be patient now, and please grant my request. Only set thy price for one, and I will pay thee like a king."

"Thou art a fine fellow, truly," sneered Dindeno; "but tell me first, hast thou ever seen such shoulders, such legs, such knuckles, such backs and breasts as thou canst see here? Such strong ribs, out of which the small people in Pigmy-land make cross-bows to shoot with cherry-stones those long-legged cranes in their country? Think of all this for a second!"

"Peace, good man, I pray thee!" Panurge was about to say more, when he was stopped all of a sudden by the skipper, who had just drawn near at the sound of loud voices, and had heard Dindeno's sharp tones. "Enough! Enough! Too much talk here!" he cried. "Dindeno, if thou wantest to sell, sell. If thou wilt not, have done with it."

"I am willing to sell, Captain, for thy sake; but for thy sake alone," said the sheep-seller. "But he must pay me three French livres for his pick and choice."

"That is a big price," said Panurge, gently. "In my own country, I can buy five, nay, six fine rams for that much money."

"But not such sheep as mine!" yelled Dindeno, who was getting very angry that he had not vexed Panurge.

"Really, sweet sir, thou art getting a little warm. Come, now, the bargain is ended. Here is thy price. Give me my ram."

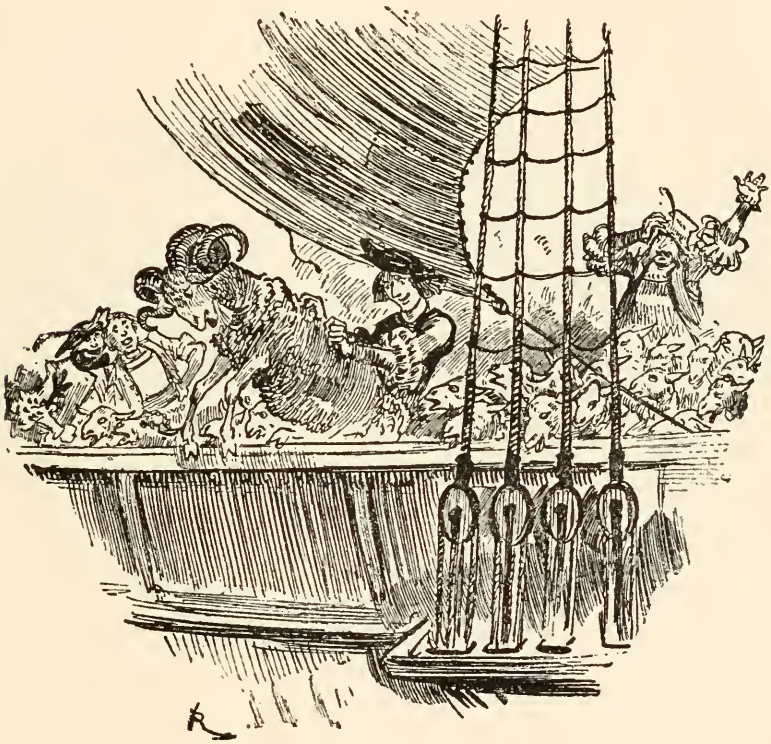
Dindeno, in clutching angrily at the money, rudely pulled it out of the hands of the patient Panurge. Holding himself as straight as he could, with an innocent smile upon his face, Panurge — having at last got what he wanted — looked around to make his choice. He soon picked out the finest ram in all the flock. The moment he caught hold of his ram, and began to haul it along, the poor beast set up a pitiful bleating. As soon as the rest of the sheep heard their leader bleating, they, too, set to crying and bleating, while staring at him with all their eyes wide open. Meanwhile, Dindeno, full of rage, was whispering to his shepherds, —

"That long-nosed fellow knows how to choose! That ram he has taken was the very one I had put aside for my best friend, the Lord of Cancale!"

As quick as lightning — before anybody knew what he was about; even before Dindeno in fact, had turned away from whispering to his shepherds — Panurge had caught up his bargain, bleating louder than ever, and thrown it overboard into the sea. At this, all the other sheep on the ship, crying and bleating just in the same sad key as their leader, began to scamper to the side and leap into the sea one after another. It was, with all of them, "Who shall be first after our leader?" it being the nature of sheep, which are the silliest creatures in the world, always to follow their leader.

When Dindeno turned round and saw his precious sheep frisking and drowning themselves before his eyes, he was at his wits' end. He tore his hair, and called out to his shepherds, "Help me save my sheep! help me!" Then he ran forward, and tried to keep, by might and

main, the sheep from jumping into the sea; but it was all in vain. One after the other frisked gaily forward, bleating sadly all the while, to the spot where they had seen Panurge throw their leader overboard. At last Dindeno, in his despair, caught hold of a big ram by the fleece,



PANURGE THROWS HIS RAM OVERBOARD.

hoping to be able to keep him back, and, in that way, to save the rest. But the ram was stronger than Dindeno, and bore him away with him into the sea, where both were drowned.

This was, of course, bad enough; but there was something worse to come. All of Dindeno's shepherds rushed forward to save the sheep, some catching them by the horns, some by the fleece, others by the legs, others still by their stumpy tails. It mattered little

which way the poor innocent shepherds caught hold of the sheep, the sheep were too much for them, and they were all carried overboard into the sea, and drowned along with their master.

All this time Panurge was standing near the galley of the ship, holding an oar in his hand. This was not, you may

THE SHEEP AND SHEPHERDS DROWN.

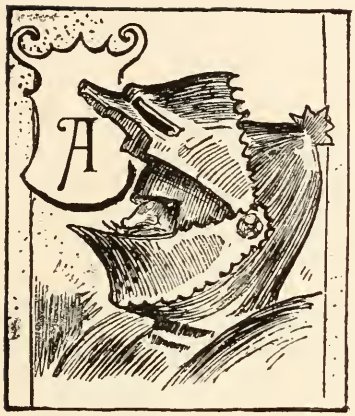
well believe, to keep the poor shepherds from drowning. No! no! Panurge was not so soft-hearted as *that!* He used his oar only to keep the sheep from swimming up to the ship, crying out all the time, —

"Drown, foolish sheep, drown! It is sweeter to drown than to live and be butchered, you foolish sheep!"

Wicked Panurge! He never once thought of Dindeno and the innocent shepherds!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ISLAND OF ALLIANCES.



FTER the slaughter of Dindeno, his shepherds, and his sheep, Pantagruel returned to his ship, and continued on his way to that land where he was hoping soon to meet the lovely Princess, whose beauty had reached his ears from far India. As to the affair on board the merchant-ship, nobody could be found who was really to blame. Panurge put on his most innocent look, and declared to Pantagruel that he had only done what he had a perfect right to do, — thrown his own ram overboard.

With a spanking breeze, the fleet made great speed. On the third day a triangular island, having something of the shape of Sicily about it, was sighted. Pantagruel and his friends, on landing, were met by one who called himself the Mayor, who came puffing, and all red in the face from the haste he had made to get to the harbor, as soon as he heard that a strange craft was in port.

"What is the name of this queer, three-cornered land, and who are its queer-nosed people?" whispered Panurge, sharply twitching the Mayor by the sleeve, as he was making his twelfth bow to Pantagruel. Nothing ever pleased the Mayor more than to be called upon for an account of the island and its people. He had written a little history for the benefit of travellers, and knew every page of it by heart. In his own mind, he at once put Panurge down as a very gifted personage, although he was willing to grant that Pantagruel was the tallest and the noblest man who had ever stepped on the island. Bowing to Panurge, therefore, very politely, and having learned that it was

Pantagruel's wish for him to go on, he gave them an account as he led them from one point of interest in the island to the other.

According to the Mayor, the island was known as the "Island of Alliances." It used to be called, in the old times, "Island of the Noseless People," from the fact that the noses of all the men and women and little children were flat, and shaped like the ace of clubs. The island was small, but it was full of people, and had been inhabited for many thousand years. As ages rolled by, it was found to be of no use to try and keep up the family names; for, as there was no difference in the faces, — since all, big and little, rich and poor, had the same kind of club-nose, dumped exactly in the middle of the face, — nobody could claim any particular name. In their trouble, through much thinking, they at last formed a plan by which they could tell one from another.

This was their plan: —

They made up their minds to forget altogether, as unworthy of them, such barbarous relationships as father, mother, sister, brother, uncle, aunt, etc., and to call each other by the name of whatever one most wanted. In this way, the people of the island became as one family. So loving did they grow under this new rule that each one seemed to have a certain right to his neighbor, and never spoke to him without putting "*my*" before his name. If a little girl, for instance, wanted butter for her bread, she would call her mother "my *Butter;*" if the mother wanted her thread, the call, "my *Thread*," would bring the little girl running to find it for her. A young man would bow to a young lady, and say, "A lovely day, my sweet *Evening Walk*," and she would smile, and reply, "Yes, my *Fairest Nosegay*." An old man would call to his son, "Hurry, my *Staff*," and the boy would answer, "At once, coming, my *Purse;*" a learned professor would call his class to recite by ringing his bell for "My *Good Lessons*," and each scholar would salute him respectfully, as he marched into his room, with "Good-morning, my *Success*." A hungry man would call the bar-maid, "Quick, my *Oysters*," and she would answer, "Yes, my *Sixpence*."

There could be no trouble under this new and wise law, for everything — even in the smallest matters — worked smoothly.

There could be no sad marriages, because each one called for in the other what he or she most needed, and did not have. Young men and maidens danced and sung half the year round, since they were always calling each other, "My gay *Holiday*" and "My rich *Feast*." The children, too, were happy, and laughed and played from eye-opening to eye-shutting time; old men and women talked around the fireside of the time when they were young, tenderly calling each other, "My dear gossip *Snuff*" and "My good neighbor *Pipe*." So close together

THE ACE OF CLUBS NOSES.

did this people get to be that, in case of need, over three hundred thousand men, whose boast was that they all belonged to the same family, could march out of the city gates. So, at least, the Mayor of Club-noses declared.

Good Pantagruel kept his eyes fixed upon the Mayor, and his ears open to all that he was saying; but, at this last boast of three hundred thousand men in one family, he slightly frowned, and came near losing his usual sweet temper. The wordy Mayor, frightened by the awful eyebrows about to meet together, began to feel a strange thirst; and,

making a very low bow, proposed a cup of good-cheer at a neighboring inn.

After some twenty or thirty bumpers each, Pantagruel's party all went on board, and sailed at once, right before the wind, from the Island of Alliances, without stopping to see any more of its queer-nosed people.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW PANTAGRUEL CAME TO THE ISLANDS OF TOHU AND BOHU. THE STRANGE DEATH OF WIDENOSTRILS, THE SWALLOWER OF WINDMILLS.

PANTAGRUEL stopped at two islands named Tohu and Bohu, which lay very close together. There had always seemed to be a somebody, or a something, very wonderful in the islands he had already passed; but there happened to be a more wonderful somebody in Tohu and Bohu than he had seen or heard of in any other place. When Pantagruel landed with his friends at the quay of the principal town, where the chief men came to see him, he called for dinner; but behold! there was no dinner to be had. Why? Why, there was nothing to cook the dinner in!

"How is that, my friend?" Pantagruel asked the chief man.

"Because," he answered, "Your Highness has not brought your frying-pan along with you."

"My frying-pan along with me! Why, what do you mean? What has my frying-pan to do with the dinner you are to serve me?"

"A great deal, Your Highness, since we have no pans of our own."

"Did you ever have any?"

"Any number, Your Highness, any number; but Widenostrils has just eaten our last one."

"Has just eaten your last one, you say? Pray who is this Widenostrils who has a fancy for gobbling frying-pans?"

"A wicked giant, almost as tall as Your Highness, who has swallowed all our windmills."

"But windmills are not frying-pans, friend?"

"No, Your Highness is quite right there; but I was just about to say that, when there were no more windmills to swallow, this wicked giant took to shovelling every skillet, kettle, frying-pan, dripping-pan, and brass and iron pot in the land down his big throat, and all for want of windmills, which were his daily food. That made him very sick. It almost killed him. We hoped it had killed him outright; but it didn't. But he is dying, now, sure enough."

"Dying of what?" asked Pantagruel; "of eating frying-pans and skillets?"

"I wish it was! Some people do say so; but others, who are fishermen, and who live on the coast, and know everything that happens, declare that our giant went, a month ago, to another island, where he has been going for years, to swallow windmills, and vex the poor people there, and that he took in, with his last batch of windmills, I don't know how many cocks and hens. Now that I remember, I did hear that his own doctor made the choking worse by making him eat a big lump of fresh butter too near a hot oven. All this is very strange, though — I can't quite make it out myself."

"Where is that great Widenostrils? I should like to see him."

"In yonder meadow. Your Highness will find him very sick."

Pantagruel and his friends crossed over to the meadow, and there found, under the blazing sun, an enormous giant stretched along the ground, breathing heavily through the most awful nostrils human eyes had ever seen; and every time he breathed through his nostrils they flapped with a loud noise, like a sail when the wind shifts. The giant looked, as he lay there, very tough and wooden-like, as though the thousands of windmills he had gulped down in his time had gradually turned his body into wood. When they came near him, Widenostrils opened his eyes for a moment, first lazily, as he saw Panurge and the other little men about him, then wildly rolling them around, in fearful efforts to see the whole of the Giant, whose legs he had first caught sight of. It was only for a moment though; for Widenostrils was dying. He half-rose on his elbows, quivering through all his big body, his nostrils all drooping and shutting close for want of air, yet

found strength enough to yell out, "Magic, magic! Protect me, brother Giant! Cocks and hens are fluttering inside of me! Cocks

GIANT WIDENOSTRILS, THE SWALLOWER OF WINDMILLS.

and hens are crowing and cackling within me! I am be——!" He was going to say *bewitched*, but he fell back with a thump, which shook the two islands to their centre, deep under the sea, and made the people in distant lands swear, ever after, that there had been a terrible earthquake on that day.

When Panurge saw Widenostrils fall back dead, — but not until

then, — he went to the body, and, scrambling on its stomach, with the aid of Gymnaste, listened carefully for a few moments. Then, jumping down, he said to Pantagruel : —

"My Lord, this Widenostrils; this fine swallower of windmills; this eater of pans, and glutton of pots, is really dead! But I can swear that there are some things much like crowing cocks and cackling hens rummaging inside of his big body. Once I heard something very much like a quick yelp followed by a sharp screech."

Pantagruel seemed not to hear Panurge, for he stood a long time looking down at the body of a giant, who, when living, must have been nearly as tall as himself. On turning away, he said : —

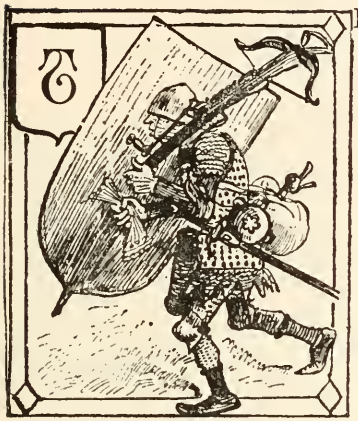
"I wonder where this wicked man, who loved windmills, and died from skillets, ever swallowed those fowls he talked about."

He did not leave the island until he had ordered the dead giant honorable burial in the meadow where he had died. But he did not wait for the funeral. If Widenostrils had been a good giant, he would have acted as chief mourner; but he had a fixed rule which he expressed by saying : —

"Giants should always be brotherly with Giants, but only with good Giants."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A GREAT STORM, IN WHICH PANURGE PLAYS THE COWARD.



THE next morning the fleet started from Tohu and Bohu, cheered by the people, who were all in the best humor, because Pantagruel had left among them a new stock of frying-pans and skillets, so shining that they could see their faces in them. The sky was bright; the wind was fair; the very sea seemed to laugh, — all the fleet was happy. But Pantagruel sat on deck, looking very sad.

Friar John was the first to notice how still Pantagruel was. On seeing his Prince so glum, the good Friar, who was always a comforting kind of man, was just about asking him the reason, when James Brayer, the pilot, after cocking one eye at the sea, and the other at the sky, and then turning both eyes up towards the flag drooping on the poop, as though it would never wave again, knew that a storm was coming on, and, therefore, bid the boatswain pipe all hands on deck, and even summon the passengers.

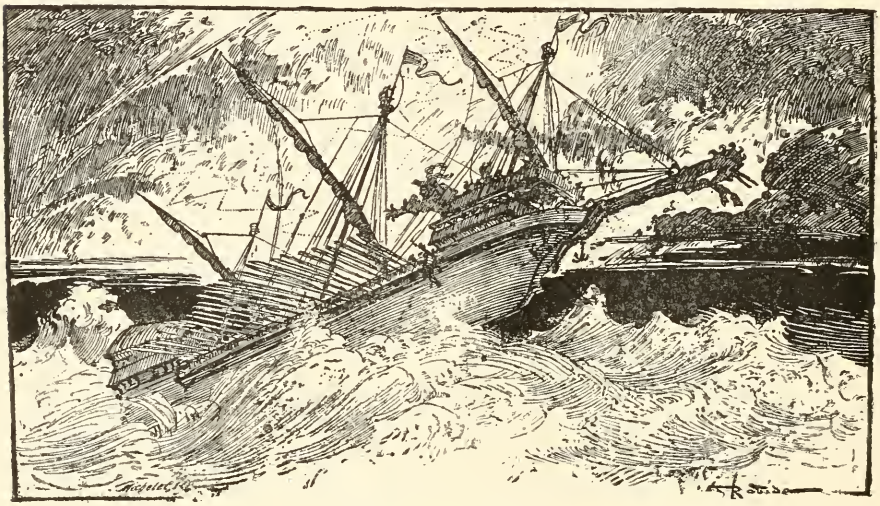
"In with your top-sails!" he shouted. "Take in your spritsail! lower your foresail! lash your guns fast!" — all of which was done as quick as hands could do it.

Of a sudden, as though a great hand from above had swept down to stir the waters and make them mad, the sea began to swell, and moan and roar, and rise up into mountains, and sink into valleys. An awful north-west wind had got caught in with a hurricane, — so James Brayer said, — and the two together whistled through the yards, and shrieked through the shrouds. The sky itself seemed to be splitting

open, and dropping down thunder, lightning, rain, and hail. In broad daylight it grew all dark, and the water rose to mountains, and sank to the depths in perfect blackness, save for the great flashes of lightning that showed the white faces of men, and the whiter foam of the sea.

It looked as though the end of the world had come, and that those on the sea had been the first to know it.

James Brayer soon had every one about him busy at the work of saving the flag-ship. Even Pantagruel was pressed into service. It



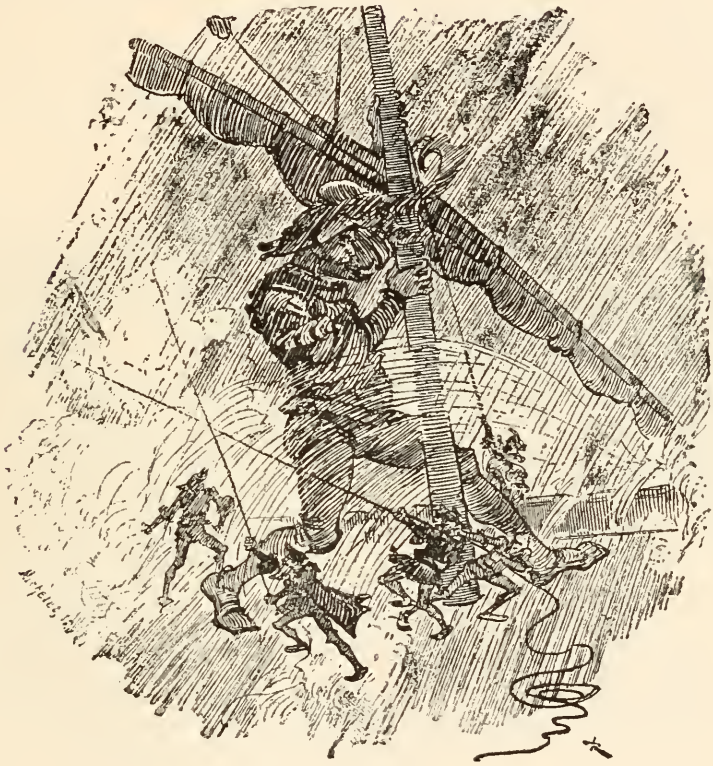
A STORM COMES ON.

was no time for ceremony; the danger was too great for that. James Brayer bawled through his trumpet: —

"My Lord, I must ask you to stand amidship. Your Highness is so heavy that, in a sea like this, whichever side of the ship you may be on is bound to keel over. The sea is mad, — I have never seen it so mad before!"

Pantagruel, in the midst of all this shouting of men, and raging of the waves, and shrieking of the winds, was kneeling perfectly quiet, but praying with all his good heart to the Almighty Deliverer to save

them. Hearing James Brayer call, he at once rose from his knees, and said cheerfully: —



PANTAGRUEL HOLDS THE MAST.

"Here I am, good pilot! But how am I to stand amidship without interfering with the handling of the ship?"

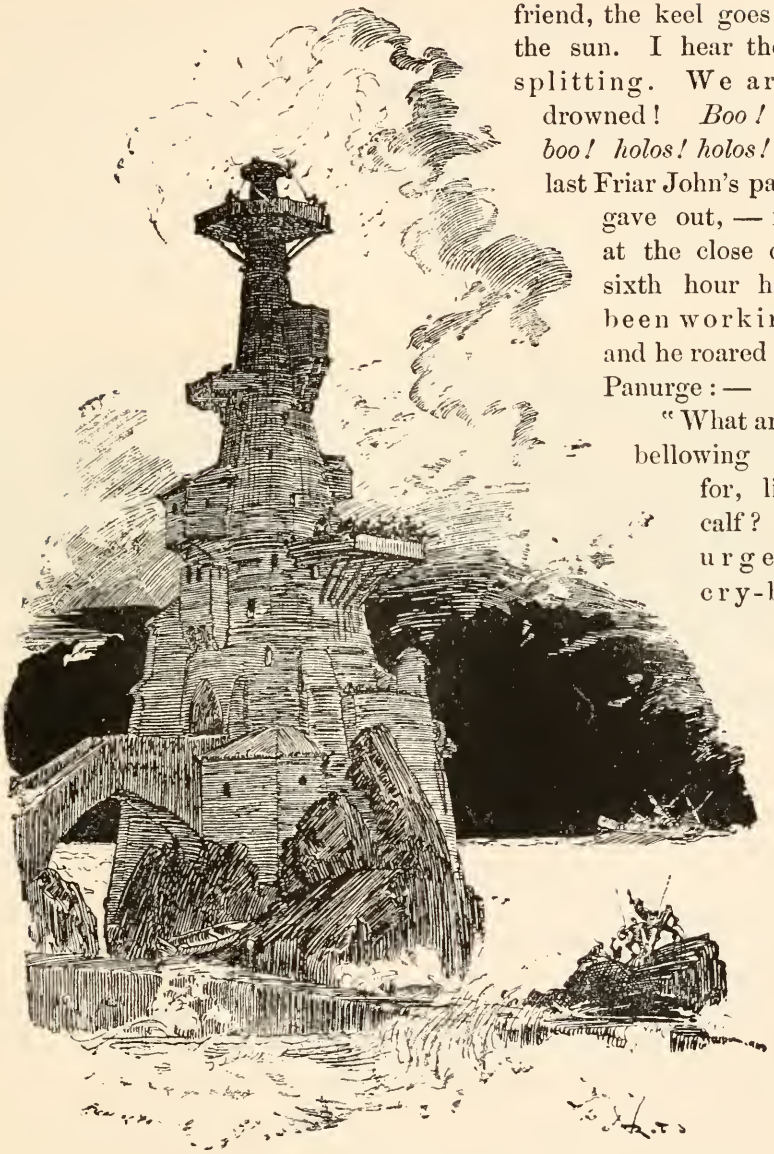
"Easily enough, Your Highness. All you have to do is to put your arms around the mainmast, and stand still,"

This Pantagruel did, holding the mast firmly with both hands, and keeping it straighter than two hundred tacklings could have done. Everybody worked hard, — everybody except cowardly Panurge, who, when the sea first began to churn, sank upon deck all in a heap, more

dead than alive. He could do nothing but whine and cry *boo! boo! boo! boo!* and call upon Heaven to save him. In the meanwhile, all the others were as busy as beavers, — Friar John, Gymnaste, Carpalim, Xenomanes, even Epistemon and old Ponocrates himself! All did wonders; but nobody worked like Friar John during all the storm; so, at least, declared James Brayer. Why, Friar John even pulled off his monk's gown, a thing he had, until then, been known to do only

A SEA BREAKS OVER PANURGE.

once, and that was when he saved the Abbey-Vineyard. "It bothers me, and I can't work in it," he said, as he pulled it off. With his waistcoat for a coat, he stood at his post with strong arm and cheery word for everybody. Every now and then he would glance at Panurge, still squatted on deck and crying, "*Boo! boo! boo! boo!* Friar John, my friend, good father, I am drowning. *Boo! boo! boo!* The water has got into my shoes. *Boo! boo! boo! boboo!* I drown! Oh, how I wish I was a gardener, and planted cabbages, for then I would be sure of always having at least *one* foot on land! Oh, my



LAND IN SIGHT.

friend, the keel goes up to the sun. I hear the hull splitting. We are all drowned! *Boo! boo! boo! holos! holos!*" At last Friar John's patience gave out, — it was at the close of the sixth hour he had been working, — and he roared out to Panurge: —

"What art thou bellowing there for, like a calf? Panurge the cry-baby,

Panurge the whiner, would it not better become thee to help thyself and friends? Come, be a man!"

Just then a huge sea broke on the deck. Panurge was too frightened even to look up. All the answer he could give to Friar John was, "*Boo! boo! boo! boboo!* The ship is capsized! I drown!"

At that moment, Pantagruel's voice was heard even above the storm, so mighty was it in prayer: "Save us, good Lord, if it be Thy will." The Giant's prayer must have been heard. The thunder still crashed; the lightning still blazed; the rain still poured; but it was

IT WAS LATE IN THE AFTERNOON.

not half so bad as before. The sea still rose; but it rose in hills, not mountains, now. Pantagruel still stood, as he had from the first, with his arms clinging to the mainmast while he braced it up, and his eyes trying to pierce through the blackness. At last, just as the day broke, he shouted: —

"Land! land! My children, I see land! We are not far from port. I can see the sky clearing up southwards. Cheer up, all!"

James Brayer was at his side as quick as lightning.

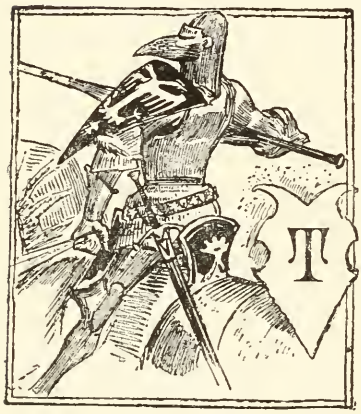
"Up, lads!" he shouted. "Our prince sees land, and the sea is smoother. We can put out a trifle of sail. Hands aloft to the maintop! Mind your steerage; clear your sheets; port, port! Helm-

a-lee! Steady, steady!" And steady it was, too. Before all eyes on the ship land was now to be seen in full sight, some twenty miles off. The sun was just beginning to shine a little. The sea was no longer mad. It was only sobbing, sobbing, sobbing, as though half-ashamed it had so troubled the good Giant who knew how to pray.

It was late in the afternoon when James Brayer brought the flag-ship into port. It was so late that it was resolved not to go on shore until next day.

CHAPTER XL.

THE ISLAND OF THE MACREONS, AND ITS FOREST IN WHICH THE HEROES WHO ARE TEMPTED BY DEMONS DIE.



THE next morning there was not a man in the whole fleet so spruce, so gay, so brave as Panurge.

"What cheer, ho! fore and aft?" he cried gaily. "Good-day to you, gentlemen, good-day to you all. Oh, ho! all's well, the storm is over. Please be so kind as to let me be the first to go on shore. Shall I help you before I go? Here, let me see, I'll coil this rope; I have plenty of courage; give it to me, honest tar, — no, no, I haven't a bit of fear, not I. How now, Friar John, you do nothing! Well, so there's nothing for me to do. Let us go on shore, then! Truly this is a fine place!"

While Panurge was blustering, and making believe that he had not been crying and blubbering all during the storm, Pantagruel and his company were paying no attention to him, but were making everything ready to go on shore. On landing they were met most kindly by the people of the island, which turned out to be a small one, known as the Island of Macreons, Macreon being a Greek word meaning an "old man." Therefore, the Island of Macreons was only another name for the "Island of Old Men." A venerable Macreon, with long white beard, reaching to his waist, who was the High Sheriff of the island, stepped forward, and gravely invited Pantagruel to go with him to the Town Hall, where he could take a rest after his fatigue, and be sure of a little luncheon afterwards. But the Giant would not leave the quay until all his men had got ashore, and with enough provisions to last

them while at work on the ships, which needed many repairs after the storm. This was done at once, and then began the carouse both in the Town Hall and among the men along the quay. There is no telling now how much was really eaten and drunk during that day; but there was enough for every one. The people of the island brought their victuals. The Pantagruelists brought theirs. It was something more than a lunch, as it turned out. It was a real picnic on a large scale;

PANURGE REVIVES.

everybody giving his share of the feast, and making the most of what the others brought.

After the meal Pantagruel took his officers aside, and told them that, as the ships had been strained by the storm, they should set to work to make them sound again. As soon as the people of the island heard of the trouble many offered to help. This they could easily do as they were all, more or less, carpenters, having a large forest behind three very small ports.

At Pantagruel's request the white-bearded Macreon, whose name was Macrobrius, showed him all that was strange or wonderful in the island. Leaving the harbor, he took the Giant into the dark

and gloomy forest, which was found at the entrance to be full of ruined temples, obelisks, pyramids, and crumbling tombs. Over most of these were inscriptions and epitaphs, some in strange letters, none could read, not even Panurge; others in Ionic characters; others

"THE DARK AND GLOOMY FOREST.

in the Arabic; others in the Icelandic. "Our heroes come," the old man explained, "from every land on the earth."

Macrobius asked Pantagruel how it was that he and his fleet could have survived the awful storm and reached port, when the Macreons could see that all the air and the earth were in wild uproar. Pantagruel answered, with that simple faith of his which gives the smallest dwarf the strength

PANTAGRUEL IN THE GRAVEYARD.

of the tallest giant, "Friend, it was God's will." After which, he asked him whether these great storms were common around their coast.

The old man then told a very sad tale.

"Pilgrim," he said, in a broken voice, "this poor island of ours was once rich, great, and full of young people. Now there are no young people in it, and it is only full of old men like myself, and of

THE DEMONS AND THE HEROES.

shadows that we can feel, but never can see; shadows that we love, but never can know; shadows that move about in yonder forest you see stretched out before you, and, when their hour comes, die in its darkest depths. No common shadow ever yet lived or ever yet died in our forest. It is the dwelling-place only of heroes and of demons."

"Of heroes and demons?" cried Pantagruel, amazed.

"Yes, of heroes, who, after being great on earth and seeming to die there, come here to live another life, and to suffer, and to show

themselves great for a final trial; and of demons who are given power to roam the forest at will, only to mock, and laugh, and lure, if they can, the heroes to sin."

"How do the demons lure the heroes to sin?"

"By trying to make them forget that to be good is the only way to be great."

"Do the heroes ever yield?"

"Yes, pilgrim, often, too often; and there is our great grief. If they once yield, they die at the moment of sinning, and there is neither storm at sea nor grief in the forest. We never can know when the bad heroes pass away. But ah! it is when the true heroes, who, though tempted, will not yield, die," and here Macrobius stretched out his hands towards the dark line of trees as though in prayer, "that we learn of it to our sorrow. Pilgrim!" he cried, while the tears, dry, like the tears old men shed, trickled down his withered cheeks into his white beard, "we were sure yesterday that we had lost another good hero."

"And what made thee sure, good Macrobius?"

"Because we noticed that a comet, which we had seen for three days before the storm, of a sudden grew dim, and that it shines no more. Then, yesterday, when the sea was at its worst, we could hear loud cries in the forest; feel tremblings in the earth under us; and in the air about us there were breathings and black clouds. Listen, now, the trees are calling some name, I know they are. I am old; my hearing is faint. Do you not hear voices?"

Pantagruel listened intently; but, even with his quick ears, could only hear a mournful sough, as though coming over the tops of the trees from a great distance.

"Not voices, but more like sobs, good old man. They may be weeping for the hero who died yesterday. Canst thou tell me his name?"

"Ah, pilgrim, there, too, is our cross! It is not given to us to learn the name of a hero who has died until a year after the forest has moaned, and the sea has wept, and the earth has trembled."

"And how dost thou show him honor?"

"WE HAD LOST ANOTHER GOOD HERO."

"We place in this part of the forest which we are allowed to enter, and on the tree he best loved when alive, a verse reciting his name, and saying that another hero has died, but not until the good God had given him the power to be greater than sin."

CHAPTER XLI.

PANTAGRUEL TOUCHES AT THE WONDERFUL ISLAND OF RUACH, WHERE GIANT WIDENOSTRILS HAD FOUND THE COCKS AND HENS WHICH KILLED HIM. — HOW THE PEOPLE LIVED BY WIND.

AS soon as the ships had been calked and repaired, and fresh food had been taken in, James Brayer gave the word to sail; and the fleet set out, with the feeble shouts of the good old men in their ears, from the Island of Macreons.

Two days after this the fleet touched at the Island of Ruach, which Pantagruel found to be the strangest, in one thing, of any he had yet seen.

That one thing was WIND.

In other words, the people of Ruach lived on *wind*. They had nothing else to live on; they ate nothing, they drank nothing, but *wind*. The very houses they built were always as near windmills as they could build them. In their gardens they never grew cabbages, peas, beans, radishes, — only three different kinds of anemones, or wind-flowers. When they felt hungry, and there happened to be no wind stirring, the common people of the island, to start a breeze, used fans of feathers, or of paper, or of linen, as their means allowed. As for the rich, they lived by the whirl of their windmills, — the finest and the strongest wind, they declared, they could ever eat. Whenever they had a feast, the Ruachians would spread their tables under one windmill, and, if the table was long enough, it was made to stretch under two. While they were eating, or rather drinking, in the wind from the great-winged mills, the guests would be discussing among themselves the excellence, beauty, and rarity of their various kinds of wind. One would

smack his lips, and whistle out, — they all whistled instead of talking: —

"Ah! how delightful this south-west breeze!"

Another: "How refreshing this south-east?"

Another: "But do taste a little of this western, I beg you! How healthful!"

Another: "How choice this east-by-north!"

THE LAND OF WIND.

Another: "Will none of you join me in this exquisite south?" and so on.

Pantagruel wondered at all this whistling; but he opened his eyes wider than ever when he caught sight of a big, bloated fellow whipping, with his slipper, a servant-man and a boy. When he asked what was the matter, he was told that the bloated fellow had accused the man and the boy of stealing from him the better half of a large leathern bag of southerly wind, which he had put by for his own private winter-use. All Panta-

gruel said to this was, "This is very strange." While he was on his way to the King's palace, on invitation, he saw several of the islanders, with large fans in their hands, taking a walk. The rich islanders were all stout. The poor islanders were all thin. It was a fight for wind; and the windmills and big fans won it.

The people of Ruach had these two proverbs always in their mouths: —

SMALL FANS MAKE SMALL WIND.
GREAT FANS MAKE GREAT WIND.

These were the only proverbs which had ever been known among them.

When he met the King of the island, Pantagruel began to pay him compliments on the cheapness of the food of the people. "You live on wind; it costs you nothing; you have only to breathe to take in your food; you and your people must be very happy."

"Not so happy as you may think, noble Giant. We have our troubles, like any other people."

"Troubles! Why, what troubles can you have?"

"I will tell you. Every year, in the spring, a wicked Giant, named Widenostrils, who lives, I believe, in the Island of Tohu, comes here for his health by the advice of his physicians. The moment he steps on shore he begins to swallow our windmills. We are not afraid of Widenostrils for ourselves, although he is so horrid a monster; but we have a mortal fear of him for our windmills. It will not be long before there will be no more windmills left! Then what are we to do? We must have wind; for without wind we must die."

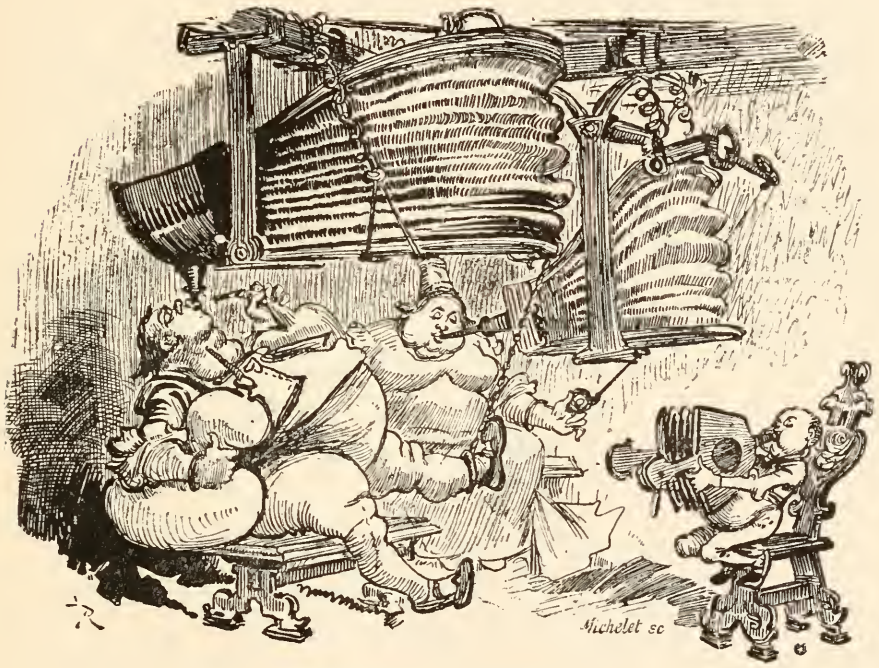
"Have you never tried to keep that wicked giant away?"

"Yes; often and often; and it was only last spring that we hit upon what we thought to be a good plan. About the time we were expecting a visit from Widenostrils, we sent to a neighboring island to get us a supply of cocks and hens. As soon as we got them, we filled our largest windmills with them. As usual, Widenostrils, when he landed, began to gobble up one windmill after another. Very soon the roosters began to crow, and the hens began to cackle, and both

began to fly about inside his stomach. Then Widenostrils got very sick, and lay down in yonder field gasping for a whole day. As he lay down the strangest thing happened."

"What was that, friend?"

"Of course, with the cocks and hens crowing and cackling and



"WITHOUT WIND WE MUST DIE."

making such a to-do in his stomach, here and there, Widenostrils kept his mouth open, hoping they would get tired and fly out. Seeing his big mouth open, what should all the foxes in the neighborhood, which are very tame, as we never hunt them, scenting the cocks and hens inside, do but scamper after them through the monster's throat? We were afraid to have the wicked Giant die among us, so we managed to rouse him, although he was very sick, and even helped him to reach

his ship, which sailed away at once. But of what use after all? Our curse will be back next spring. If the cocks and hens and foxes don't kill him, what can we do?"

"Have no more fear, friend," said Pantagruel; "Widenostrils, the giant, the swallower of your windmills, is dead. I am sure of that, for I myself saw his corpse in Tohu. One of my friends here can tell you more. What, ho! Panurge!"

"That can I, your majesty," cried Panurge, stepping briskly forward. "The Giant Widenostrils died from having too many cocks and hens and foxes in his stomach. I heard in his stomach, with my own ears, — which are pretty sharp ones, — as he lay stretched out in the meadow, cocks crowing, hens cackling, foxes yelping, and by my faith, I thought the foxes were getting the better of the cocks and the hens."

"Thank Heaven! We can build our dear windmills again, and we shall not die," cried the King, who at once sent his herald to announce the good news through the island.

CHAPTER XLII.

HOW PANTAGRUEL WITH HIS DARTS KILLS A MONSTER WHICH CANNON-BALLS COULD NOT HURT. — THE POWER OF THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

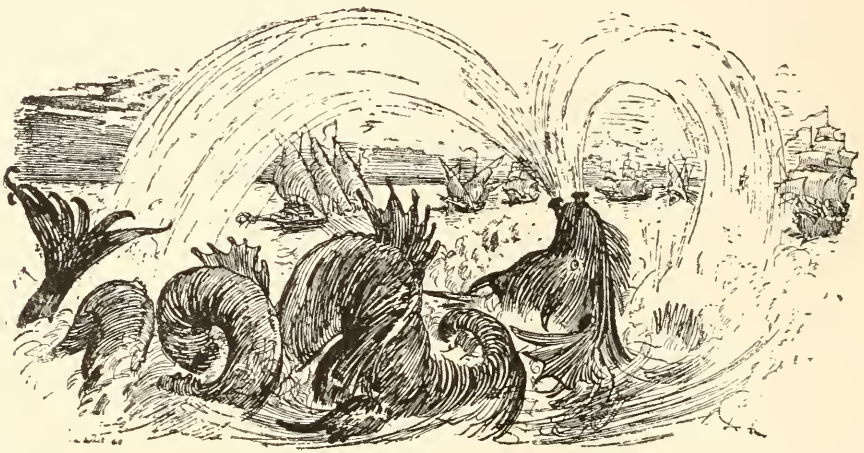
ABOUT sundown of the day when the fleet left Ruach, as they were coming near Wild Island, Pantagruel's keen eye spied, far off, a huge whale, which, raised above the waters higher than the main-top, came straight towards the fleet, blowing and spouting from its horrid nostrils so high a stream of water that it seemed to be a swollen river rushing down a mountain's side.

Pantagruel pointed out the whale to the pilot and to Xenomanes. James Brayer was the first one to give advice, and his advice was always worth listening to. What he advised was that the trumpets of the Thalmege should be sounded so as to warn all the fleet to stand close, and look to themselves. At this alarm, every ship, galleon, frigate, and brigantine (according to naval discipline) placed itself in such order as to form the Greek Y, — the flag-ship being in the centre. This proved that James Brayer, while being a good sailor, had been landsman enough sometimes to watch cranes fly in the air. For the letter Y is just the figure that the cranes in their journeys — the leader always being in front — choose in winging their long or short ways across the sky.

Of course the first one to get on the forecastle, where he could have a word with the grenadiers, was Friar John! Brave Friar John! He was the right-hand where anything strong or good was to be done. As to Panurge, he began to cry and howl at the top of his voice.

"*Boo! boo! boo!* This is a worse business than that of the other day," he blubbered, shrugging up his shoulders and shivering in his fright. "That frightful thing over there is the horrid Leviathan Job spoke of! I am sure he is coming to swallow us all up, ships, sails, men and all, like so many pills. Ah! friends, let's escape the monster. The land is near; let us go on shore!"

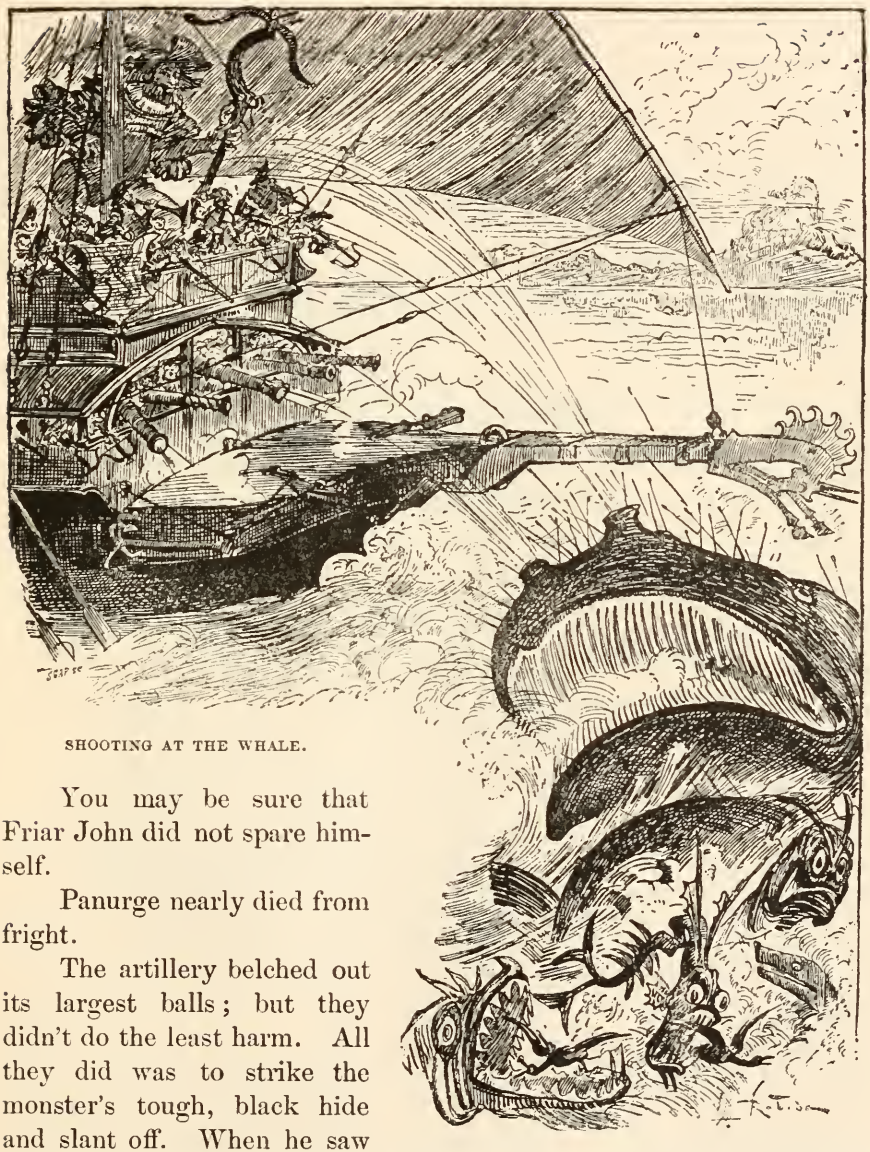
"Panurge," said Pantagruel, turning round, "all thou hast to do is to trust to me. Have no fear; I shall do its business presently."



PANTAGRUEL SPIES A MONSTER.

"Oh, Your Highness knows well enough that I am never afraid except when there is danger! *Boo! boo! boo!*"

While Panurge was whimpering, the monster had got fairly into the Greek Y made by the fleet. It was the whale which began the fight. The moment it found itself inside the angle, and saw the ships on each side of it, it wheeled around and began to spout water by whole tons upon them. Then it was that the ships took up the war. They all set to work as though they were mad, to hurl against the whale on every side arrows, spears, darts, javelins, and harpoons. Never had there been seen such a storm of deadly weapons whistling through the air at one time.



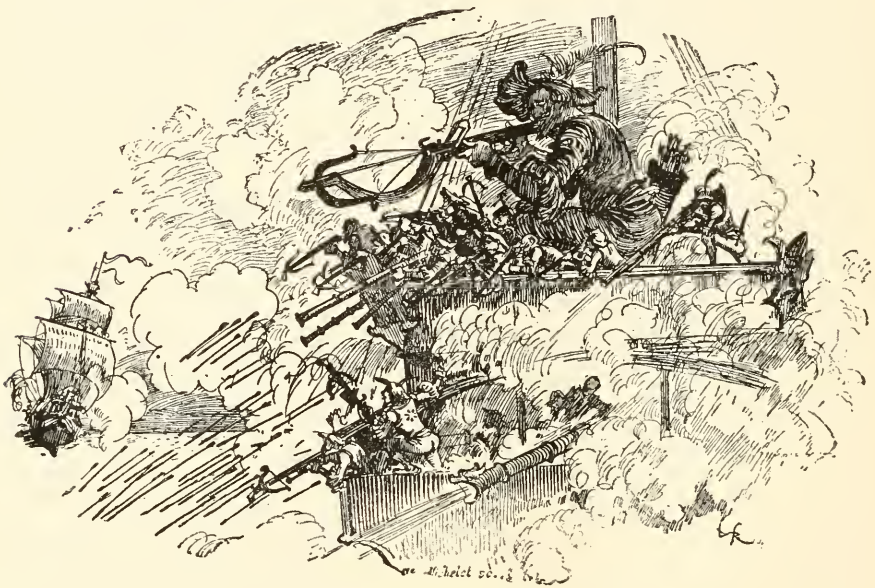
SHOOTING AT THE WHALE.

You may be sure that Friar John did not spare himself.

Panurge nearly died from fright.

The artillery belched out its largest balls; but they didn't do the least harm. All they did was to strike the monster's tough, black hide and slant off. When he saw how so much good powder was being wasted, Pantagruel thought it

was high time for him to keep his promise to Panurge. He had, when a boy, a great name for throwing darts, javelins, and such missiles. There was not a man around the Royal Palace of Utopia who had not seen, more than once, his wonderful skill in dart-throwing; for, with his immense darts, which were so large that they looked very much like the huge beams that support the bridges of Nantes and



PANTAGRUEL TRIES HIS HAND.

Saumur and Bergerac, he used, standing a mile off, to open an oyster without breaking its shell; snuff a candle without putting it out; shoot a magpie in the eye; and he had even been known to turn over leaf after leaf of Friar John's breviary, and not tear one of them. Pantagruel had already found out that there was a fine store of darts in the ship, and he ordered a good supply to be laid on the deck before him. With the first dart, hurled with a mighty force, he struck the whale so furiously in the head that he pierced both its jaws and its tongue, making one piece of the three.

This was a great victory. The monster could not spurt any more.

With the second dart he put out its right eye.

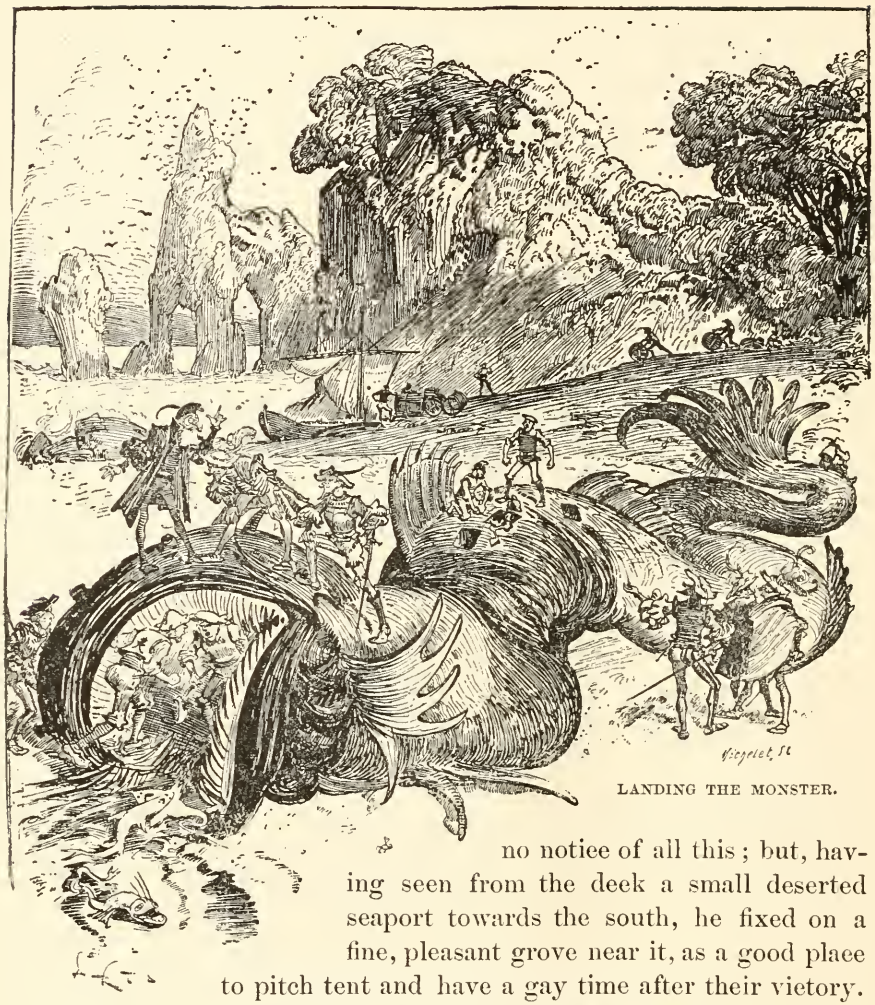
With the third he put out its left.

Then everybody began to crowd around to look in safety at the whale, which, if it had not been for the Giant's darts, might have ended in drowning the whole fleet, but which was now rolling and staggering about on the waves, stunned and blinded. The creature was still alive, and might yet do some harm; and so Pantagruel, who was watching every movement, threw out a fourth dart, which struck it under the tail. Then the giant began to hurl his darts, one after another, on each side of the black hide, not wildly, but with the same care and skill with which he had once turned the leaves of Friar John's breviary. Fifty darts struck it on one side. Fifty darts more struck it on the other side. This was too much for the monster. It turned on its greasy back, as all dead fishes do, and floated without motion, looking, with the beams and darts upside down in the water, like a gigantic centipede crawling on the sea, with the tips of its hundred feet just showing, every now and then, above the surface of the waves.

THE DEATH OF THE MONSTER.

Just as soon as the whale was seen to be floating, James Brayer shouted, "A boat's crew, to bring yonder carcass to the island!"

In a trice a boat manned by strong men, and filled with harpoons, was towing the whale towards Wild Island. The Giant himself took



LANDING THE MONSTER.

no notice of all this; but, having seen from the deck a small deserted seaport towards the south, he fixed on a fine, pleasant grove near it, as a good place to pitch tent and have a gay time after their victory. Once there, Friar John, who was near his side, at a word from the Giant, rang the bell for supper. Pantagruel took to eating cheerfully with his men. Of a sudden, fierce cries were heard from the forest, a half mile or so back from the little grove.

"What is that?" asked Pantagruel of Xenomanes.

"Only the wild creatures, sir, who have given this Wild Island its name. Some say they are demons. By raising your head you may see them over the hill in yonder thicket."

ON WILD ISLAND.

Pantagruel, without further word, rushed from the table to scour the thicket. The whole company rose and followed him. It was not long before he had, with great strides, reached the top of the ridge, whence he could see a dark line, unbroken, save here and there by

black banners, of gigantic forms half lost in the shadows of the thicket. The moment the dark shapes saw Pantagruel on the ridge, they began to utter loud cries, and more than one mighty form stepped out from the line to threaten. But when Friar John, Xenomanes, and the rest appeared on the ridge, a howl of defiance broke from the thicket. The dark masses seemed beside themselves with rage, and all at once the line was broken.

"By my faith," said Pantagruel, "they are demons, Xenophanes! Look, they have wings, and their wings are as black as their banners!"

This was true. The dark masses had only broken so as to give themselves space to raise their wings in triumph at seeing so many wretched mortals ready for destruction. Often and often had crews, thrown by shipwreck upon Wild Island, reached the shore and had never been heard of more.

"These are demons; bless us, Friar John," whispered Pantagruel. "What can sinful men do against them?"

And, even while saying this, and without knowing it, the prayerful Giant was making the Sign of the Cross.

At the sacred sign there was, of a sudden, a lifting of black banners. Then, with a flapping of heavy wings, a great stir of mighty bodies leaving the thickets and rising into the air; the dark masses came sweeping over the very ridge where Pantagruel was, on their way to the sea, casting a blacker shadow than the coming night, shrieking and wailing as they passed.

From that blessed day, shipwrecked sailors have wandered in safety through the forest, and never met a demon.

For Wild Island is wild no more.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHICH TELLS OF SEVERAL ISLANDS, AND THE WONDERFUL PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN THEM.

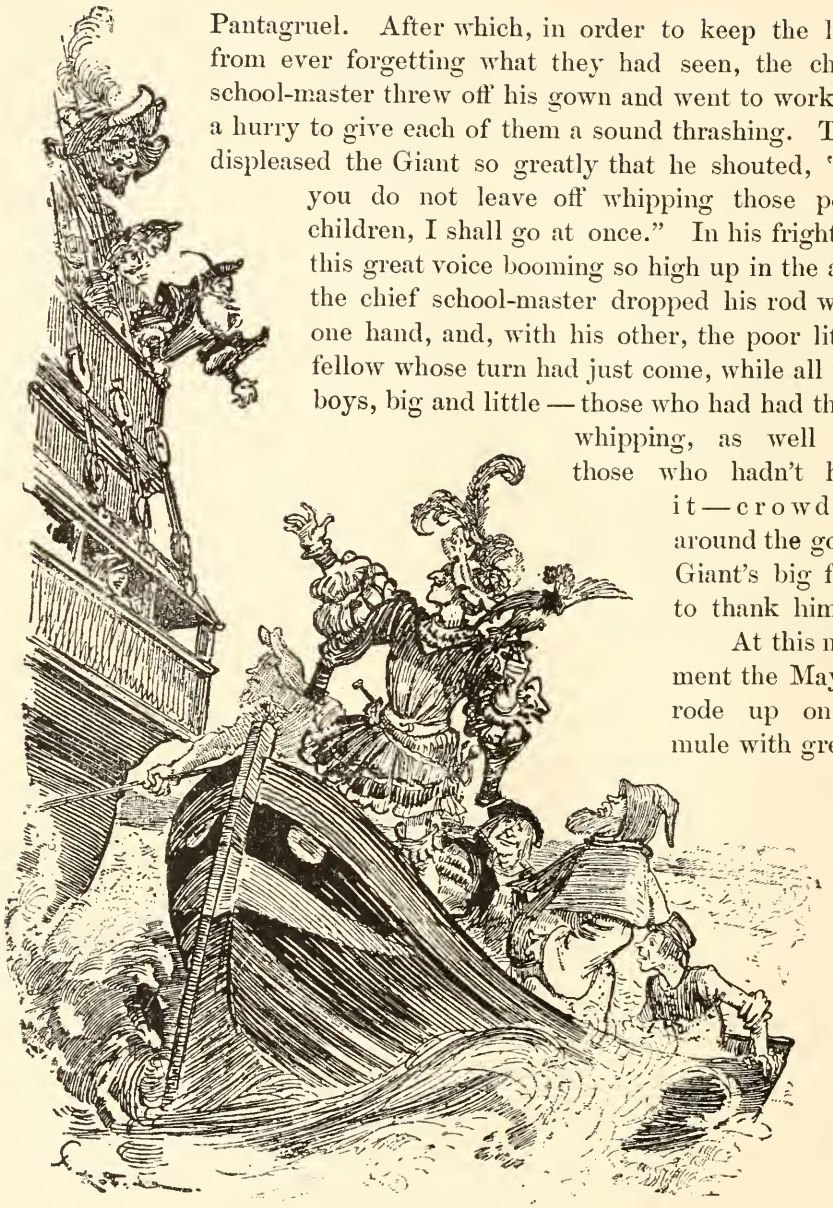
NEXT day, having been favored with a fair wind all night, they stopped at the Island of Sadness, where all the people had once been very rich, but were then very poor. Pantagruel found that nothing was to be seen on such an island except fear, want, and misery. So he did no more than step, for a few moments, into the church, near the harbor. On coming out, he ordered that eighteen thousand royal gold pieces should be given out for the relief of the poor people, and then he went on shipboard, not being willing to stay there any longer.

Leaving this desolate island, a strong breeze sprang up, that brought them, after one day, to the blessed Island of Papimany, where lived a people so hospitable that some of them went every day to the port to see if any strangers had come. As soon as anchor had been dropped, — in fact, even before the ship had been well-moored, — four chief men rowed out in a skiff to pay their respects to Pantagruel. On the strangers going ashore, men, women, and children marched to meet them in a procession that reached from one end of the island to the other, and gave a welcome of cheers that lasted above a quarter of an hour.

In the midst of all this joy, the school-master of the place, anxious that his boys should miss no chance of seeing what was for their good, came up with all his teachers, ushers, and school-boys, to show them, with their own eyes, a Giant so tall and renowned as

Pantagruel. After which, in order to keep the lads from ever forgetting what they had seen, the chief school-master threw off his gown and went to work in a hurry to give each of them a sound thrashing. This displeased the Giant so greatly that he shouted, "If you do not leave off whipping those poor children, I shall go at once." In his fright at this great voice booming so high up in the air, the chief school-master dropped his rod with one hand, and, with his other, the poor little fellow whose turn had just come, while all the boys, big and little — those who had had their whipping, as well as those who hadn't had it — crowded around the good Giant's big feet to thank him.

At this moment the Mayor rode up on a mule with green



THE HOSPITABLE FOLK OF PAPIMANY.

trappings, and carried Pantagruel and his party off to dinner. Nothing could be finer than the feasting of this good people; but Pantagruel, anxious to catch the good wind which was then springing up, only stayed for this grand dinner. Before leaving, he had his men to bring on shore nine pieces of cloth of gold, which he presented to

"THE MAYOR RODE UP."

his entertainers; filled the poor-box of the church with gold; scattered sweetmeats among the children; and ordered much money to be given to the servants who had waited on them at table.

Out at sea once more, they sailed on for several days without incident. One day, however, when they were at table eating, drinking, and telling stories, Pantagruel went on deck to look at the sea. After looking out a while, he began to turn his great ears towards the sky, and it was then he called out, "Do you hear nothing, gentlemen?

It seems to me some people are talking above us, yet I can see no one. Listen!" So the whole company got up from the table, ran on deck,

ENTERING THE FROZEN SEA.

and set to cocking up their eyes and clapping their hands to their ears; but all would not do; they could neither see nor hear anything. Pantagruel, standing with his eyes still looking up, continued to hear the voices. At last some sharp-eared fellow cried, "I think I hear *something*." Then, all at once, every man on board began to cry out that he could plainly hear voices of men and neighing of horses; but, as nothing could be seen, everybody was mightily frightened, and Panurge worse than all. Nothing would do him but to beg Friar John

to stay by him, saying that they were all undone, and that there was no fooling with the devil. "We are undone," he whimpered. "Just listen to those guns. Let's flee! There are our sails and oars; why can't we use them? I never was brave at sea; not that I am afraid! Oh, no! for I fear nothing but danger, that I don't! We are all dead men; get off! get off!"

Pantagruel, hearing all this noise, called out, without turning

A SHOWER OF FROZEN WORDS.

about, "Who talks of fleeing? Let us see, rather, who these people may be; they may be friends. I can discover nothing, though I can see, with my eyes, a hundred miles around." Just then, James Brayer

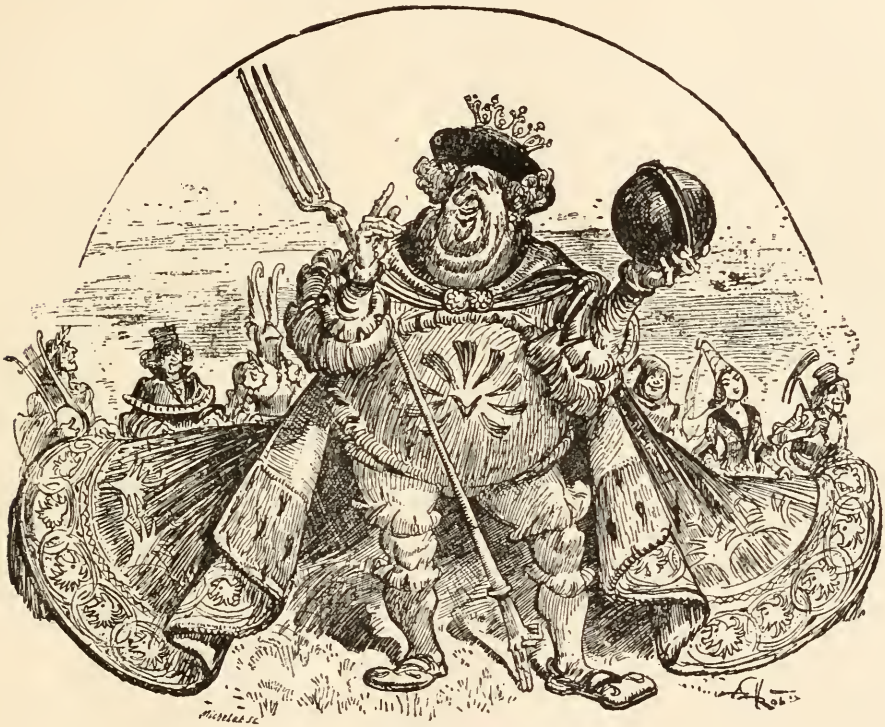
LANDING ON THE ROCKS.

came up, as if he had something important on his mind, and said, "Have no fear, my lord; I can make all this clear. We are on the confines of the Frozen Sea. At the beginning of last winter, a great and bloody battle was fought not far from here. Then the words and shouts of the men; the hacking and clashing of battle-axes; the jostling of armor; the neighing of horses, and all the noise and din of battle, froze in the air; and now, the winter being over, and the summer having come, all these sounds have melted, and we can hear them."

Pantagruel, who at first had thought it to be witchcraft, which he hated above all things, of a sudden cried out,

"Why, sure enough, here are some tumbling down that are not yet thawed!"

He then threw on deck a handful of what seemed to be rough sugar-plums, but which were, in fact, frozen words. Everybody —



MASTER GASTER.

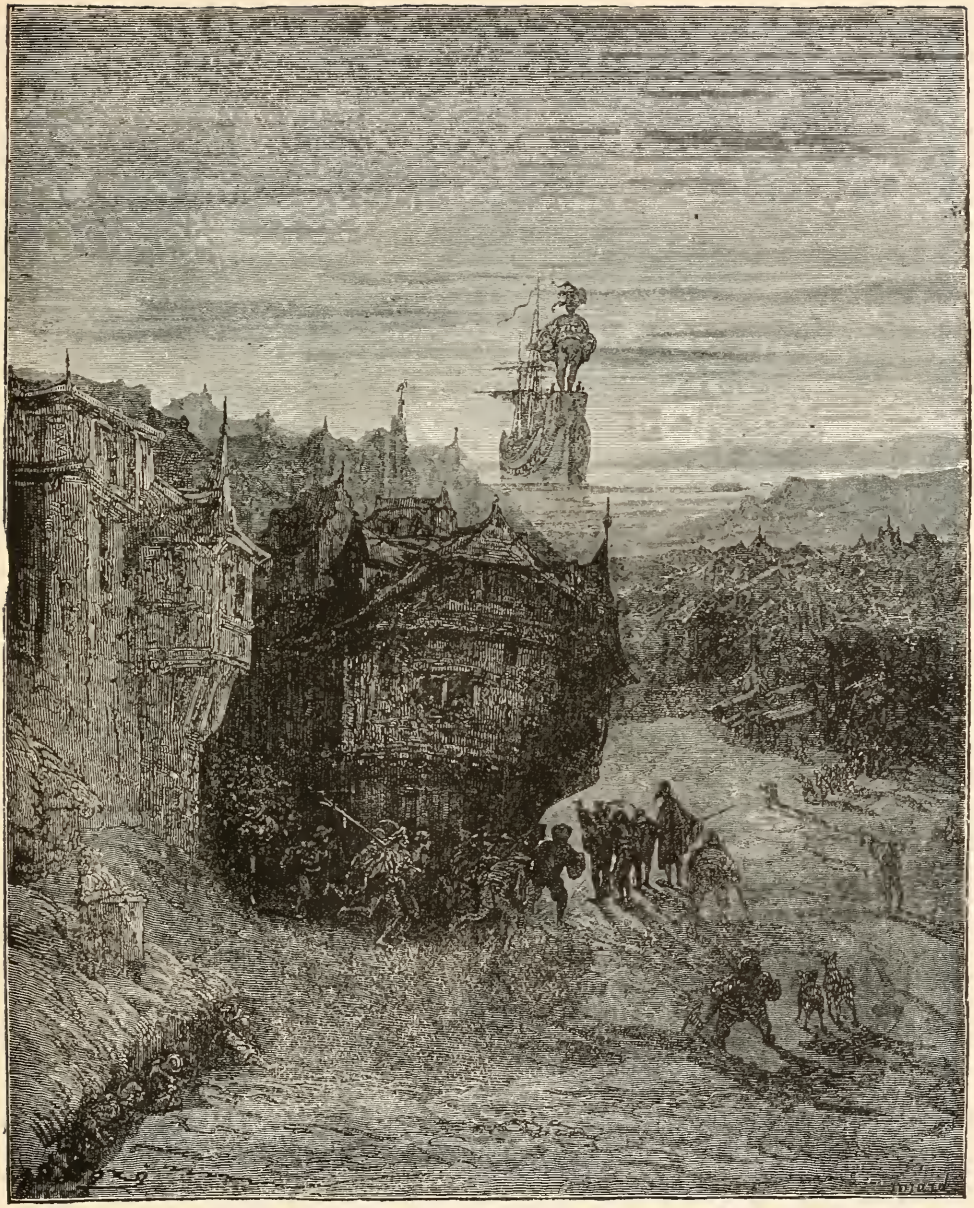
even Panurge, who, by this time had plucked up heart, on hearing what James Brayer had said — ran here and there, picking up the sugar-plums. Pantagruel was sure that he had never seen, in all his travels, anything quite so odd as these sugar-plums; for many of them melted almost before he could throw them down, leaving his hand all wet with water; while his ears were stunned from below by the awful shouts and groans of men, the whistling of bullets, the heavy boom

of cannon, and the wild, shrill neighing of war-horses, which all came out as those queer sugar-plums melted on deck.

The next day Pantagruel went ashore on a rugged, craggy, barren island, where cocks are never heard to crow, and where lived Gaster, the first Master of Arts in the world. Being himself a scholar, he wanted to make the acquaintance of the First Master of Arts. He found him a most wonderful and despotic old king, who talked with every one by signs, for he could not hear, having been born without ears. Gaster never bothered himself for anybody's comfort or convenience but his own, and Pantagruel soon noticed that no one ever tried to reason with him. At his smallest sign, all present, whether courtiers or foreigners, anxiously inquired what was his will, and hurried off, running themselves out of breath, and knocking each other over in their hurry to do what he wanted. Pantagruel watched Master Gaster very closely, in order to see if he deserved his great name for learning. He was not long in finding out that the old glutton, being a great lover of corn, had invented machines for cultivating it, and many mills for grinding it fine and white; also recipes for baking it into delicious loaves and cakes, for Master Gaster made signs that nothing put him into a greater passion than heavy bread. He also had a knowledge of many curious arts that he had studied out for the preservation of his beloved corn, — such as keeping the rain up in the air, and how to coax it down just at the time it was wanted; also a way to destroy the hail, and prevent the winds from blowing, and to crush the storms, and a thousand other wonderful things.

Master Epistemon was greatly interested in all these fine inventions, and prevailed upon Pantagruel to stay much longer than he wished, for this First Master of Arts, with all his wisdom, had very rude manners. Pantagruel, not being very skilful, as we already know, in talking by signs, got so tired after a while that he couldn't put up with it any longer; so he turned his broad back upon the greedy old man, and gave the order to go on board.

Not long after they were under way the wind fell, so that there was not a capful in all the sails of the fleet. Pantagruel's ship could



THE ISLE OF GANABIM.

hardly get along, although James Brayer kept tacking all the time. Everybody was put out of sorts by this accident, and moped about,

SHARP ISLAND.

scarcely speaking a word to each other. Pantagruel nodded over his book on the quarter-deck; Panurge idly played with a piece of rope, pulling it about with his teeth; while Friar John marched off to the pantry, to see what the cook might be doing. After two or three hours in the galley, here came Friar John, puffing and blowing, to Pantagruel, upstairs. Finding him awake, he asked: —

"Will Your Highness be so kind as to tell us how a man can kill time and raise a good wind at sea?"

Pantagruel gave a yawn, and said, half-laughing, "A good dinner will kill time quicker than anything else, as you, my good Friar John, better than most men, know. Have dinner served! Maybe the wind will come with the dinner."

Friar John needed no second hint. It was the good Friar's boast that he knew and loved the ceremonies of the kitchen much better than he did those of the court. So, at these words, he hurried downstairs, and soon marched in at the head of the stewards, cup-bearers, and carvers, who bore four stately meat-pasties. At the sight of these fine viands all the mouths began to water, and they were soon deep in feasting and drinking.

While they were thus passing their time merrily, and making up riddles for Pantagruel to guess, the dull weather also passed away; and, the breeze having freshened, with full sails set, they were soon making up for the time they had lost. Not long after, they came in sight of a high land, which Pantagruel, first discovering, pointed out to Xenomanes, and asked him: —

"What is that high rock yonder, with two tops?"

"That, Your Highness, is the Island of Ganabim. The people who live there are all thieves. Yet there is on the top of that very mountain a fountain worth seeing, since it is the finest fountain in the world. Does Your Highness wish to go on shore?"

"Ho! not I," replied Pantagruel; "but, for the honor of the finest fountain in the world, we ought to give a salute as we pass."

As the flag-ship came just in front of the rock the gunner fired. At once, the gunners of the other ships gave, every one, a gun to the island, which made so mighty a noise that it seemed as if the sky was about tumbling down in thunder.

The next day they sighted Sharp Island, an unhealthy country, with rocks shooting up in an ugly way everywhere through the barren soil. The pilot pointed out two cube-shaped rocks that were so white they might have been taken for alabaster. He said they were filled with demons and caused more wrecks, both of men and goods, than the famous Scylla and Charybdis. Of course, the flag-ship and all the fleet steered far out to sea in passing Sharp Island.

THE QUEEN OF LANTERNS.

Sailing four days, towards nightfall of the last day, they came near the fairy-like shores of Lanternland. For leagues around the sea seemed twinkling with fires, that gave a tremulous sparkle, or, darting up into bright light, hovered a while over the water, and then would be

THE SHORES OF LANTERNLAND.

lost, only to be found again shining nearer and brighter than before. James Brayer said that the whole coast was planted with light-houses. Xenomanes confirmed this, adding, that "there was no port in the world equal to those of Lanternland, and no coast where the piloting was so safe."

Here they stopped for a day, and were received with great friendship by the Queen of that country. Pantagruel was greatly vexed that he could not speak the Lantern language, so as to talk with Her Majesty; but, Panurge, who understood it just as well as he did his maternal French, acted as his interpreter. After supping with Her Majesty in the royal banquet hall, Pantagruel asked whether he had reached the island too late to be in time for their great Annual Fair. He was told that the Fair was already over; and he then acquainted the Queen with the purpose of his voyage, and prayed her to grant him a guide to the Kingdom of India. Of course the Queen was greatly interested when she heard that it was love for the bright little Princess of India which had brought a Giant so great a distance. She promised all he asked, and assured him that he should have her own particular guide — the best in all Lanternland — to go with them the next morning.

Pantagruel, after saluting Her Majesty with such majestic grace as became so stately a prince, withdrew, followed by his friends, to take some rest. The next day, having first seen that their guide was on board, they took their leave, amid the glad cheers and huzzas of the good Lanternists, who vowed that, if they had only stopped one more night, they would have made such a blaze along the coast as would have lighted them half-way to India.

Every story must have its ending.

And the ending of this story is that the good Prince Pantagruel, led by his guide from Lanternland, first passed over the Caspian mountains in search of his charming Princess; then defied the Cannibals; conquered the Island of Pearls; and, at last, after reaching India, married the lovely daughter of King Prestham of that land.

To tell the story of the supper which good King Gargantua had promised to give Pantagruel, and which was to equal that of King Ahasuerus, and of the great and valorous deeds of Pantagruel, after his marriage, would make a history much more wonderful than what you have just read. But this is a part of his life which the Wise Man — who so loved the three good Giants, GRANDGOUSIER, GARGANTUA, and PANTAGRUEL — promised to write, but never did.