

all was as quiet as mice. But he insisted that the drum could be heard quite plainly from the water, and he felt an irresistible call.

With these words he sprang up and hurried out. His wife went after him, because she was afraid that her husband might be somewhat distraught. She saw him cower down by the edge of the water, and prepare for an incantation. He drew his magic staff and struck the water, just as the Midés employ the drumstick in their ceremonies. At the same time he sang magic songs, first in a muttering voice, and then aloud.

The water began gradually moving beneath the influence of his drumming, and at last a small whirlpool was formed. He struck more rapidly, and his song grew quicker. The whirlpool became larger and more violent. The fish were at length drawn into it, and soon after them the other water animals. Frogs, toads, lizards, fish of every description, swamp and aquatic birds, with enormous swarms of swimming and flying insects, were drawn into the whirlpool, and passed snapping and quivering before the eyes of the enchanter, so that he nearly lost his senses.

At the same time the water rose till it wetted his feet and knees. At length he stood in the middle of the commotion he had created, like Goethe's apprentice to the magician. He felt a degree of horror creeping over him, but he held his ground manfully. He went on striking the angry waves, and sang his gloomy incantations, till the water rose to his chin and seemed ready to swallow him up.

But, as he would not give way yet, and more and more insisted that the king of the fishes should appear, the latter found himself at length compelled to