

Hans, "but I tell you, you will have hard work with it." The rider dismounted, took the gold, helped Hans to mount, and giving him the reins tight in his hand, said, "When you wish to go very quick you must cluck with your tongue and cry, hop! hop!"

CHAPTER II

Hans's heart was glad as he sat on the horse and rode along so lightly and smoothly, but after a little it struck him that he should go still quicker, and he began to cluck with his tongue, and to cry, hop! hop! The horse now got into a smart trot, and, before Hans knew, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch which divided the fields from the road. The horse would also have run away, had not a peasant caught it, who came along the road driving a cow before him. Hans gathered himself together and got upon his legs again, not at all pleased, and said to the peasant, "It is an ugly joke, that riding, especially when one gets such a brute as that, who stumbles and throws one off, so that one might break his neck; I will never get on again. I much like your cow, for one can walk behind her at his leisure, and have, besides, each day, his milk, butter and cheese sure. What would I not give then to have such a cow." "Well," said the peasant, "if it would be so great a favor, I am quite willing to exchange the cow for the horse." Hans joyfully consented; the peasant leaped on the horse and rode speedily away. Hans drove his cow gently before him and thought of his good bargain. If I but have now a piece of bread, (and that will not fail me, surely) then can I, as often as I please, eat butter and cheese with it; if I have thirst, then do I milk my cow and drink the milk; Soul! what can you desire more?" When he came to a tavern, he halted, dined with great joy for his dinner and supper at once, and ordered in, for his last two pennies, a half-glass of beer. He then drove on his cow towards the village of his mother. But the heart became oppressive as noon approached, and Hans found himself on a heath which extended perhaps a league farther, while he had become so hot that his tongue clove to his palate for thirst. "The thing can be remedied," thought Hans, "ow will I milk my cow, and refresh myself with the milk." He then tied her to a dead tree and put his leather cap under to hold the milk, but however much he exerted himself, not a drop of milk made its way thence. As he applied himself to it rather awkwardly, the impatient animal at last gave him such a blow on the head with one of her hind feet, that he fell to the ground, and for long could not at all recollect where he was.

CHAPTER III.

Luckily a butcher was coming along the road, who had a pig lying in a wheel-barrow. "What kind of tricks are those," cried he, helping honest Hans up. Hans related what had befallen him. The butcher reached him the flask, and said, "Take a drink and be of courage; the cow will indeed give no milk, for it is an old beast, that at the best is fit only for the yoke or for slaughter." "Aye, aye!" said Hans, smoothing the hair on his head, "who would have thought it! It is certainly a good thing when one can kill such an animal for the family, what a quantity of meat one gets! But I don't care much for beef, it is not tender enough for me. Ah! if I had a young pig, it tastes quite otherwise; and then the sausages!" "Hark! Hans," replied the butcher, "to oblige you I will exchange, and give you the sow for the cow." "God bless you for your kindness," said Hans, delivering up to him the cow, and he made him untie the pig and take it out of the barrow and give him the rope with which it was bound, into his hand.

Hans went on, cogitating how every thing still went just as he could wish, for if he met any trouble it was always immediately made right again, when there made up to him soon after, a lad with a beautiful white goose under his arm. They had each other good-day, and Hans began to tell him of his good fortune, and how he had always bartered so advantageously. The lad told him that he was carrying the goose to a christening. "Just lift it," continued he, "and feel how heavy it is; it has been fattening only eight weeks. Whoever eats this roast, must wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth." "Yes," said Hans, weighing it in one hand, "it is pretty heavy, but neither is my pig a sucking one."

At this the other fellow looked round on all sides quite suspiciously, shaking also his head. "Listen," he then began, "there may be something not quite right with your pig. In the village through which I have just come, one has just been stolen from the sty of the Mayor. I am afraid that that is it you have in your hand; it would be a bad job if they find you with it; the least is that you will be shut up in the black hole." Honest Hans became alarmed. "Mercy!" cried he, "help me in my need; you, who are acquainted with these places, take my pig there and leave me your goose." "I must indeed run some risk," answered the lad, "but yet will I not be the cause of your getting into trouble." He took the rope in his hand and drove the pig away quickly by a side road, and honest Hans went on his way homeward exempt from care with the geese under his arm. "If I consider it rightly," said he to himself, "I have profit in this bargain also; first, the delicious roast, then plenty of fat that will drop out, which will give us good food and bread for quarter of a year; and lastly, the beautiful white feathers, these will I get stuffed in my pillow, and on it, uncradled, will I fall asleep. How joyful my mother will be!"

CHAPTER IV.

As he was passing through the last village, there stood a knife-grinder with his wheel, who sang to his whirring occupation:

My wheel an' awl I scissor grind,
And set my mill for every wind.

Hans stood still and looked at him; at last he accosted him, saying, "It goes well with you since you are so merry at your grinding." "Yes, indeed," answered the scissor-grinder, "the trade has a golden recompense. A good grinder is a man who can touch money as often as he puts his hand in his pocket. But where did you buy this beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it at all, but exchanged it for my pig." "And the pig?" "That I got for a cow." "And the cow?" "That I received for a horse." "And the horse?" "For that I gave a lump of gold as big as my head." "And the gold?" "Ah! that was my wages for seven years' service." "I have always wished to assist you," said the grinder, "so that if you succeed so far you may hear the money jingling in your pocket when you rise up, and thus I will make your fortune." "How shall I set about it?" said Hans. "You must become a grinder like me; you require nothing for that but a grindstone, the rest comes of itself. I have one there which is indeed a little damaged, for which, however, you shall give me nothing more than your goose; are you willing?" "How can you doubt it," answered Hans, "I am truly one of the luckiest men on earth; when I will have money as often as I put my hand in my pocket; what need I care then?" and Hans handed over the goose. "Now," said the grinder, taking up a paving stone which lay near him, "I give there a good-sized stone into the bargain, which will be good to straighten your old nails upon. Take it and preserve it carefully."

Hans took up the stone and went on with contented heart, his eyes sparkling with joy, and saying to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky skin; whatever I wish is realized to me as if I was a Sunday child." Now however, as he had been since day-break on his legs, he began to get tired; he was also tormented with hunger, for he had consumed all his provisions at once in joy over his bartered cow. He at last could proceed only with toil, obliged to halt every moment; and the stone, besides, oppressed him miserably. Then could he not resist the thought of how good it would be, if he no longer required to carry the stone. Like a snail he crept along till he came to a brook, where he could rest, and refresh himself with a cool draught. Here he laid down his stones carefully beside him on the bank of the stream, in order not to injure them. He then turned about, and was bending down to drink, when he slipped, stumbled a little, and knocked both stones plump into the water. Hans leaped up for joy, then kneeled down and thanked God with tears in his eyes, that he had shown him that favor, and in so happy a manner rid him of the stones, which was all that was wanted to complete his happiness. "There is nobody under the sun," cried Hans, "so lucky as I." And with light heart, and free from all burden he ran on, until he came home to his mother.

ALTIQUS.

Biographical Calendar.

	a. d.	
Oct. 24	1601	Tycho Brahe, died.
	1765	Sir James Oglethorpe, born.
" 25	1420	Geoffrey Chaucer, died.
	1709	George II, died.
" 26	1751	Dr. Doddridge died.
	1764	William Hogarth died.
	1836	George Colman died.
" 27	990	Alfred the Great died.
	1553	Servetus born.
	1728	Captain Cook, born.
" 28	1467	Cicero born.
	1701	John Locke died.
	1792	John Smoot died.
" 29	1618	Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded.
	1656	Edmund Halley born.
	1666	Edmund Calamy died.
	1740	James Bevel born.
	1782	Dr. A. B. Hall died.
	1796	John Keats born.
	1843	Alban Cunningham died.
" 30	1683	George II, born.
	1823	Edmund Cartwright died.
	1785	Lord Harline born.

Captain James Cook was born of humble parents, at Morton, a village in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on the 27th October, 1728. At the age of 13 he was apprenticed to a shop-keeper, but obtaining soon his discharge, he bound himself for seven years as an apprentice in a coal vessel plying from Whitby. When his term expired he continued for some time as common sailor till he was appointed mate of a vessel in the same trade. In 1753, when war commenced with France, Cook happening to be in the Thames, many merchant seamen were pressed, and he, after hiding himself at first, at last volunteered into the navy. His merit being soon recognized, he, in 1759, obtained a master's warrant, and as such he was present at the seizure of Quetec, in the *Mercury*, one of Admiral Saunders' fleet, when Wolfe commanded the land forces. He also surveyed the river St. Lawrence below Quebec, and a chart of it was published from his drawings. On returning to England in 1762 he married. From 1764 to 1767 he was occupied in surveying the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. On the 25th May 1768 he was appointed to the *Endeavour* of 370 tons, as Lieutenant, and dispatched on his first voyage of discovery, the primary object of which was to observe the transit of Venus in 1769, which could be seen to advantage only in the Pacific Ocean. He sailed on the 26th August 1768, and on the 13th April 1769, anchored in Port Royal Bay, Otaheite. After many discoveries (including that of New Zealand) and completely circling the Globe, he arrived in the Downs on the 11th June, 1771. On August 29th, he was promoted to be commander. On the 17th July 1772 he set sail on a new expedition. and in this instance, the principal object was to settle the question whether there was a southern continent. In this voyage, although he failed in discovering a continent, he made many additions to geographical knowledge, and returning to England anchored at Spithead 30th July 1775. He was not allowed to remain long idle, however, for an expedition being projected to discover a north-west passage to India, he offered his services, and on the 12th July 1776, set sail from Plymouth for the North Pacific Ocean. After exploring the north-eastern coasts of Asia and north-western of America, but unable to make his way east, on account of ice, he prosecuted his discoveries among the islands of the Pacific. On the 30th November 1778 Owhyhee was discovered, where, in consequence of a quarrel with the natives (though received by them in a friendly manner at first) he was attacked and killed by them on Sunday, the 14th February, 1779. Part only of his remains were recovered, and the ships of the expedition continued their exploration for some time, and arrived at the Nore on the 14th October 1780.—*Altiqus.*