

She turned, and Festus Derriman was standing by her.

"There's no chance for you," she said indignantly.

"Why not?"

"Because there's another left!"

The words had slipped out quite unintentionally, and she blushed quickly. She would have given anything to be able to recall them; but he had heard, and said, "Who?"

Anne went forward to the miller to avoid replying, and Festus caught her no more.

"Has anybody been hanging about Overcombe Mill except Loveday's son, the soldier?" he asked of a comrade.

"His son the sailor," was the reply.

"Oh! his son the sailor," said Festus slowly. "Hang his son the sailor!"

(To be continued.)



MOUNT HECLA.

settlers not only from Norway, but from Scotland, Denmark, and Sweden. The Norwegians took with them their language, customs, and idolatry, which the other colonists, being fewer in number, were obliged to adopt, Christianity being first preached in Iceland in 981, by Friedrich, a Saxon bishop, for whom Thorwald, a traveler and Icelander, acted as interpreter.

The new faith took with it a new spirit of intellectual development, which attained its greatest height in the twelfth century. Classical studies were pursued with the utmost zeal, and learned Icelanders traveled to Germany and France, to extend their knowledge in the schools of Paris and Cologne.

The bards of Iceland, too, were renowned throughout all Scandinavia, nor were the historians less famous. They became the annalists of the whole Scandinavian world, and the simplicity and truth by which their works are distinguished fully justify their high reputation.

After three hundred and forty years of a turbulent but glorious independence, the island was transferred to the Norwegian crown. Since that time the political history of the Icelanders offers but little interest, for with their annexation to a European monarchy, the vigor and activity which characterized their forefathers perished, the national spirit being still further subdued by a long series of calamities—plagues, famines, and volcanic eruptions—which, following each other in rapid succession, decimated the inhabitants and devastated the land.

Many times since the colonization of Iceland has its volcanoes brought ruin upon whole districts, but the eruption of Skaptar Jökul in 1783 was the most frightful upon record. The winter and spring had been unusually mild, and the islanders looked forward to a prosperous summer, until, in the beginning of June, repeated tremblings of the earth announced that the subterranean powers, which had long been silent under the icy mantle of Skaptar, were ready to burst forth. On the 11th June, torrents of fire shot out, and lava-streams poured down the mountain, flowing in a river fifty miles in length and twelve in breadth. The eruption of sand, ashes, lava, and pumice lasted till the end of August, when it subsided. But for a whole year, a dun canopy of cinder-laden clouds hung over the unhappy island, the sulphurous vapors so

Iceland.

BY L. P. L.



NO sailors have ever been bolder navigators than the Norse Vikings, though they had to guide them neither sextant nor compass, charts nor chronometers. In 861, one of their number, being driven out of his course on the way to the Faroe Isles, discovered Iceland, and gave it the appropriate name of Snowland.

Some years later, political disturbances in Norway led to the colonization of the island, under the leadership of Ingolf, a nobleman. As he approached the southern coast, he threw the sacred pillars of his old dwelling into the water, vowing to establish his new home on the spot to which they should be wafted by the waves. But a sudden squall separated him from his penates, and forced him to locate on a neighboring promontory, which still bears the name of Ingolfsholde. There he remained three years, until one of the messengers he had sent to search for the missing pillars brought him word they had been found on the beach where Reykjavik now stands, and whither Ingolf instantly removed, supposing it to be a divine summons.

Before half a century had elapsed, all the habitable parts of the island were occupied by



THE GRAND GEYSER.

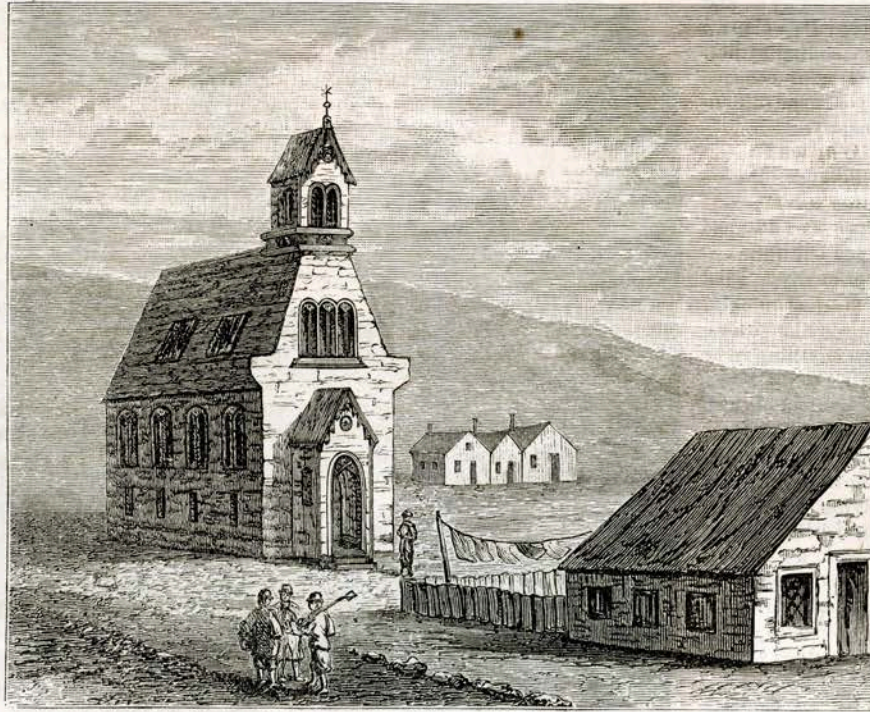
tainting the grass of the fields, and the waters of the lakes, and rivers and sea that cattle died and fish perished in their natural element. The vitiated air and want of food gave rise to a dreadful pestilence, and in many secluded valleys whole families were swept away.

The curse of monopoly too for a long period weighed down the miserable natives. The Danish kings, to whom Iceland was transferred on the amalgamation of the Swedish and Norwegian monarchies, hired out the fishing and trading to the highest bidder, until some twenty years since, when the ports were opened to merchants of all nations.

In natural scenery Iceland is a wonderful region, especially in summer, when the eye rests with delight on the green valleys and crystal lakes, the purple hills and snow-capped mountains rising in Alpine grandeur above the distant horizon. As the ice fields far surpass those of Switzerland, so too the lava streams of Vesuvius sink into insignificance when compared with the enormous masses of molten stone which have issued from the craters of Iceland.

The mud caldrons of Reykjahlid, in one of the most solitary places in the north of the island, exhibit volcanic power on a gigantic scale. There are twelve of these seething pits, filled with a disgusting, thick, slimy gray or black liquid, all bubbling away, the largest being fifteen feet in diameter.

The Great Geyser is another wonderful work of nature. A mound formed of silica, deposited by the spring, rises some thirty feet above the surface of the plain, sloping on all sides a distance of one hundred feet from the border of a large circular basin in the center. In the middle of the basin is a pipe or tube, forming a gigantic funnel, which is sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter at the opening into the basin, but which narrows considerably at



THE CATHEDRAL AT REYKJAVIK.

a little distance from the mouth. The sides of the tube are polished, and so hard that it is not possible to break off a piece with a hammer. Generally the basin is filled with sea-green water, pure as crystal, and of a temperature from 180° to 190°. Before an eruption takes place, a loud detonation is heard, the water in the basin is violently agitated, the tube boils vehemently, and suddenly a magnificent column of water, clothed in vapor of a dazzling whiteness, shoots up seventy or

eighty feet in the air and showers water and steam in every direction.

A short distance from the Great Geyser are several pools of exquisitely clear water, tinting with every shade of purest green and blue the fantastic forms of the silicious travertine which clothes their sides. The slightest motion communicated to the surface quivers to the bottom of these crystal grottoes, imparting a sympathetic tremor of the water to every delicate incrustation.

The ocean currents which wash the shores of Iceland have great influence on the climate, so that the southern and western coasts, which are exposed to the Gulf Stream, remain ice-free even in winter, and enjoy a comparatively mild climate. Icelandic summer weather is very changeable, storms of terrific violence frequently occurring. The cool, damp summer is favorable to the growth of grasses, so that on some of the better farms the pasture lands are almost equal to the finest meadows of England, though few of the indigenous plants are of use to man. *Angelica archangelica* is eaten raw with butter, and Iceland moss is eaten when boiled in milk. The latter, too, is an article of export. Bread is frequently made of the seed of the sand reed, and oarweed (*Laminaria saccharina*) is highly prized as a vegetable.

Iceland is a rich field for the ornithologist, there being eighty-two native birds, besides twenty or more species introduced from foreign countries. The eider-duck is the most important. The chief breeding places are on some small islands not far from Reykjavik. These are private property, and have been in the possession of the same families for centuries. Great care is taken of the duck, a fine of thirty dollars being imposed on any one who should kill a bird. During the breeding season, all loud talking or noise is forbidden



REYKJAVIK.

The down is easily collected, as the birds are very tame. The female having laid five or six eggs of a pale olive green in a nest thickly lined with her own down, the collector removes the bird, robs the nest, and replaces her. She then lays three or four eggs more, and relines the nest, when again it is rifled, obliging her to line it for the third time. Then she calls upon her mate, who willingly plucks the soft feathers from his breast to supply the deficiency.

Skalholt, the ancient capital, is replete with historical interest. In the eleventh century the first school was there established, and there also was the seat of the first bishop. The cathedral was celebrated for its size, and in 1100, Latin, poetry, music, and rhetoric were taught in the school, more than they were in the large European cities. But nothing remains of its past glories but the name. The school and bishopric are removed; the cathedral has disappeared; three cottages contain all the inhabitants left of the extensive city, and the large graveyard is the only memorial of its former importance.

Reykjavik, the present capital, consists of a collection of wooden houses, one story in height, built along the lava track, with a few turf huts flanking it at either end. There is a public library containing twelve thousand volumes kept in a room in the cathedral, and books are lent freely for months, or even for a year, to inhabitants of remote districts.

There is also a New Icelandic Literary Society, whose object is to publish useful works in the language of the country. It receives an annual grant of one hundred and twenty dollars from the Danish government, which is its only resource, except the annual contributions of its members, yet it has published many excellent books, despite its narrow means.

There are three newspapers published in Iceland—two published at Reykjavik, and one at Akreyri, on the Polar Ocean. Perhaps in no country in Europe is elementary education more generally diffused than in Iceland. Every mother teaches her children to read and write, and every peasant, after his day's toil, loses no opportunity of inculcating in the hearts of his little ones a sound morality, in which he is ably aided by the pastors. Indeed, a visit to an Icelander's hut on a winter's evening would furnish an example to the people of more favored lands. No idler would be found; women and girls knit or spin, men and boys mend household utensils, or cut ornaments or snuff-boxes from ivory or wood with remarkable skill, while one of the family reads aloud, or relates from memory, poems or chronicles of the deeds of ancient heroes. This general education is one of the first things which strikes the stranger with astonishment, for in traveling to the Geysers his guide will probably accost him in Latin, or, stopping at a farm-house, his host will address him in the same language.

The clergy, while generally men of learning, virtue, and even genius, are usually miserably poor, the average income being only fifty dollars a year. They are, of course, obliged to perform the hardest work of day laborers to keep their families from starving. Their huts are scarcely better than those of the meanest

fishermen, and their dress corresponds more with their squalid poverty than with the dignity of their office.

We will finish our sketch of this far-off island of the sea, by a short account of Jon Shorlakson, a poor priest who, with a fixed income of only thirty dollars a year, and therefore condemned to all sorts of drudgery, made a translation of Pope's Essay on Man, and afterward, when nearly seventy, of Milton's Paradise Lost. A literary society in London, hearing of this, sent him a present of one hundred and fifty dollars, a small sum to them, but a mine of wealth in the estimation of the poor Islandic pastor. He wrote a letter in elegant Latin, expressing his thanks, and accompanied it with a manuscript copy of his translation. Unfortunately, this was not printed till some years after his death, which occurred in 1821.

Robin Red-breast and the Cherries.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

WHAT makes thy radiant bosom red,
Sweet robin red-breast, tell me true?
In some quaint legend it is said,
A sharp thorn pierced thy bosom through,
And then it bled,
And stained thy plumes of crimson hue.

IS it the red-ripe cherries' stain
I see upon thy red-breast sweet,
Not washed out through the summer rain,
Its cleansing showers on thee repeat?
The answering strain
Came from a bill yellow as wheat.

SOMETIMES 'tis love that lights the flame,
That burns upon my glowing breast.
Sometimes it is the blush of shame
For those who rob my sacred nest,
And those who aim
Their missiles at my peace and rest.

IAM a solo singer free.
The grass and buds and blossoms rare
Are notes that nature writes for me.
My mission is to banish care
With melody;
And cherries are my dainty fare."

OH, robin blithe, I like the notes
That come from thy green organ-loft;
Joy follows where thy music floats,
And hope is borne from croft to croft,
When happy throats
Join in the chorus sweet and soft.

HERE, where the ripest cherries grow,
Come peck and pluck the best, and eat
Long as they last, and fear no foe;
Thine is the song and mine the treat.
Thy breast aglow
Shall be the lamp to light thy feet.



1. SCHAFER. 2. FAUST. 3. GUTTENBERG.

Romance of the Art Preservative.

BY H. F. R.

IT is a somewhat remarkable fact, and one not generally noted, that the art by means of which the record of all the discoveries and achievements of every other science is preserved, has utterly failed to indicate with any degree of certainty the name of its own inventor. Books, pamphlets, treatises, and discussions without number, all devoted to this question, have succeeded in casting but very little light on the subject; and at this late day, in deciding as to whom belongs the palm of honor, we are met by a mass of conflicting and contradictory testimony that is enough to bewilder one. In fact, it is only with a not inconsiderable reservation that we can say that a certain personage was the actual first inventor.

To begin with, the fact stares us in the face that many hundred years before the Christian era block printing was successfully practiced by the Chinese. Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler, who flourished 1252-1324, whose travels took him into the heart of the Chinese empire, and some say even to Japan, brought back glowing accounts of the manners, customs, and arts of those then almost unknown people, and among these accounts may have been a description, or even specimens of block printing. But be that as it may, it seems pretty clear that by the commencement of the fifteenth century any knowledge, if it ever existed, of the art, had been buried in the dust of those Dark Ages out of which Europe was just emerging.

There are four or five cities in Europe which claim that printing was first practiced within their walls, and each of these claims is put forward in behalf of a different personage. But the result of the best and most painstaking research confines these conflicting assumptions to the city of Harlem, and to a resident of that city named LAURENZES JOHN KOSTER, and proves that the invention must have occurred about the year 1429, or, as some writers stipulate, not earlier than 1422 nor later than 1436.

The other places which have established a just but later claim are Mentz and Strasburg in Germany, but though the art was undoubtedly practiced at these towns at a very early