

a glare upon the farmyard that it was almost unbearable, and there was not a vestige of grass or any green thing to relieve the eye or cast a little shade. but the fowls in the back yard were not disturbed by the heat the least bit in the world, for they had plenty of time in which to doze, and they were fond of taking a siesta in the hottest place that could be found. certainly the hottest place that afternoon, by far, was the yard in which they reposed. there were five of them a cock and four hens. two of the hens were renowned throughout the whole village, for they wore tufts of feathers on their heads instead of the usual red combs; and the cock was very proud of having such distinguished looking wives. besides which, he was naturally a very stately bird himself in appearance, and had a splendid blackish green tail and a golden speckled hackle, which shone and glistened in the sun. he had also won many sharp battles with certain young cocks in the neighbourhood, whom curiosity about the tufted foreigners had attracted to the yard. the consequence of these triumphs was that he held undisputed dominion as far as the second fence from the farmyard, and whenever he shut his eyes and sounded his war clarion, the whole of his rivals made off as fast as wings and legs could carry them. so the five sat or stood by themselves in the yard, dozing in the sunshine, and they felt bored. during the middle of the day they had managed to get some ninks of sleep, but now the farmers men began to thresh in a barn close by, making noise enough to wake the dead, so there was small chance of well organized fowls being able to sleep through the din. i wish some one would tell a story, said one of the common hens, as she ruffled all her feathers up on end, and then shook them straight again, for coolness. i am monstrous assailers of italy and of the common rights of mankind, the emperors of austria and russia; jaques from shakspeare, by mr. middiman, reynolds infant hercules by mr. ward, the bard, by j. bromley, jun. possessing the energy of the original by the late president mr. west, and the poacher detected, by mr. lupton, from mr. kidds beautiful picture. of the plates, and the company dispersed in various parts of the rooms, were the first objects of attention, and the whole appearance was truly pleasing. at one end was to be seen an old connoisseur examining a most beautiful engraving from an excellent drawing by clennell another contemplating the brilliance of goodall in his beautiful print of the fountains of neptune in the gardens of versailles. dash all, who generally took care to see all before him, animate and inanimate, was occasionally luke clennell this unfortunate artist, a native of morpeth, in northumberland, and known to the world as an eminent engraver on wood, as well as a painter of no ordinary talent, has furnished one of those cases of human distress and misery which calls for the sympathy and aid of every friend to forlorn genius. in the midst of a prosperous career, with fortune both hands full, smiling on every side, munificently treated by the british institution, employed on an important work by the earl of bridgewater a picture of the fête given by the city of london to the allied sovereigns, and with no prospect but that delightful one of fame and independence, earned by his own exertions, the most dreadful affliction of life befel him, and insanity rooted where taste and judgment so conspicuously shone. the wretched artist was of necessity separated from his family; his young wife, the mother of his three infants, descended to the grave a broken hearted victim, that he is not on the kings ground, but his own. this same episode is found in juan the fool, no. q. v.. the stealing of the sleeping king by the banished wife, who has permission to take with her from the palace what she loves best, is found only in a. this episode, however, is very common elsewhere, and forms the conclusion of more than seventy occidental stories of this cycle. see bolte poliska,: the division of the hen, found in b and also at the end of juan the fool no., is fully discussed by bolte and poliska: see also r. köhlers notes to gonzenbach,: the combination of this motif with the chastity wager motif found in rodolfo b, is also met with in a mentonais story, la femme arisée romania,: for wearing of shoes only when crossing rivers, and raising umbrella only when sleeping under a tree, see again juan the fool. a rather close parallel to this incident, as well as to the seemingly foolish questions rodolfo asks estelas father, and the daughters wise interpretation of them, may be found in the kashmir story, why the fish laughed knowles,= jacob, no. xxiv. see also a tibetan story in rabston ::