Dranched

DAMAGE BOOK

A CENTURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

A COMPANION TO ELTON'S SURVEYS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE 1780-1830 and 1830-1880

EDITED BY

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IN FOUR BOOKS

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NOTE

A 'survey' of a literary period is at best a book about books, and is meant to draw readers to the originals, in the hope that the compass may have been set reasonably right for their guidance. Such a work can only contain brief unsatisfying extracts from the classics themselves. And a decent surveyor, above all if he chance to have been also a teacher, feels dejected at the idea of his book being, possibly, used by younger students, as something to be 'got up,' for scholastic purposes, on its own account. But not every school library, or private one, is likely to contain all the originals that are wanted ; and the obscurer writers, in particular, may easily go to the wall. In any case, a substantial anthology, both of prose and verse, of authors arranged in due perspective, can be only to the good.

For these reasons I welcome the present *Companion* to my volumes, not only because it will make them more useful, but, much more, for its intrinsic value. The publisher is wholly responsible for the enterprise ; and the editors, for the selection of passages and for the execution of the book. This being clear, I may be allowed to say that the choice of extracts, and the general proportioning of the work, strike me as happy.

The collection ought to give an excellent 'view from the air' of the main lines of our literature between the French Revolution and the First Jubilee.

OLIVER ELTON.

EDITORS' PREFACE

This Companion to Professor Oliver Elton's four volumes entitled *A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830,* and *A Purvey of English Literature, 1830-1880,* has been prepared for such readers thereof as feel the need of a series of extracts illustrating that work. To that end the Editors have compiled four books which together form a continuous illustration of the themes and authors studied in the *Surveys.* Books I and 111 deal with the poetry of 1780-1830 and 1830-1880 respectively, while Books II and IV similarly illustrate the prose of the two half-centuries. In most cases a short quotation from the *Surveys* is prefixed to the selected passages, but these are chiefly meant to provide an immediate reference to Professor Elton's work itself, the critical *apercus* in which can only be fully appreciated if illustrative extracts are at hand. To whet the appetite for more from each author and to help to understand but not to provide a substitute for the *Surveys* has been our aim. It will be evident that in Books I and II the references are to the first *Surrey,* and in Books III and IV to the second.

In thus making acquaintance, through these selections, with the poetry and prose of the century 1780-1880, the student will embark upon a voyage which is essentially one of discovery. The ' Anticipations' in the *Survey* form a first chart in embarking upon that voyage. How far the Romantic revolt, the Renascence of wonder and the Return to Nature waxed or waned in the century the read ;r must determine for himself, guided by the *Survey,* by the authors themselves, represented in this *Companion,* and by his own reading of history from 1780-1880. Much daring experiment in form and thought will be, we think, apparent, but there

is nevertheless a goodly heritage retained from the past and transmitted to the future. A century adorned by Blake and Crabbe, by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley, by Tennyson, Browning and Matthew Arnold, and by such masters of prose as Gibbon, Scott, Lamb, de Quincey and Hazlitt, and Carlvle, Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Meredith, affords the reader not one but a thousand delights and joys.

The Editors desire to record their grateful thanks to Professor Elton for the kindly interest he has taken in their work, and for the very generous assistance he has given them with the proofs.

Except where otherwise stated, the dates given are those of publication.

A. A. C.

M. J. S.

SOUTHAMPTON,
September, 1927.

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HISTORIANS

THOMAS CARLYLE

The truth *ia* that as we look back on the English prose of the nineteenth century, this old man, if anybody, predominates in it. With all his tricks, with certain real and too manifest vices of language, he has not only a millionaire's stock and fund of speech, but a certain fundamental and nail-hitting Tightness in the use of it. The vices are those of a man ; the bad pages are those of a man raging, at any rate, and not mere musical wind, like so much of Ruskin, or sheer sterility, like so much of Newman.—*(Survey,* i. 32-33.)

Honour

(From *Sartor Resartus) (1831)*

' Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee ! Hardly-entreated Brother ! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed : thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour : and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on,

toil on : *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

' A second man I honour, and still more highly : Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low ? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one : when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us ! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour : all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

' Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united ; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.'

The March of the Maenads

(From *The French Revolution)* *(1837)*

In one of the Guardhouses of the Quartier Saint-Eustache, ' a young woman ' seizes a drum—for how shall National Guards give fire on women, on a young woman ? The young woman seizes the drum ; sets forth, beating it, ' uttering cries relative to the dearth of grains.' Descend, O mothers ; descend, ye Judiths, to food and revenge !—all women gather and go ; crowds storm all stairs, force cut all women: the female In-

surrectionary Force, according to Camille, resembles the English naval one ; there is a universal ' Press of women.' Robust Dames of the Halle, slim Mantua-makers, assiduous, risen with the dawn ; ancient Virginity tripping to matins ; the Housemaid, with early broom ; all must go. Rouse ye, 0 women ; the laggard men will not act; they say, we ourselves may act!

And so, like snowbreak from the mountains, for every staircase is a melted brook, it storms ; tumultuous, wild-shrilling, towards the Hotcl-dc-Ville. Tumultuous: with or without drum-music : for the Faubourg Saint-Antoine also has tucked up its gown ; and, with besom-staves, fire-irons, and even rusty pistols (void of ammunition), is flowing on. Sound of it flies, with a velocity of sound, to the utmost Barriers. By seven o'clock, on this raw October morning, fifth of the month, the Town-hall will see wonders. Nay, as chance would have it, a male party are already there ; clustering tumultuously round some National Patrol, and a Baker who has been seized with short weights. They are there ; and have even lowered the rope of the Lanterne. So that the official persons have to smuggle forth the short-weighing Baker by back doors, and even send ' to all the Districts ' for more force.

Grand it was, says Camille, to see so many Judiths, from eight to ten thousand of them in all, rushing out to search into the root of the matter 1 Not unfrightful it must have been ; ludicro-terrific, and most unmanageable. At such hour the overwatched Three Hundred are not yet stirring : none but some Clerks, a company of National Guards; and M. de Gouvion, the Major-general. Gouvion has fought in America for the cause of civil Liberty ; a man of no inconsiderable heart, but deficient in head. He is, for the moment, in his back apartment; assuaging Usher Maillard, the Bastille-serjeant, who has come, as too many do, with ' representations.' The assuagement is still incomplete when our Judiths arrive.

The National Guards form on the outer stairs, with levelled bayonets ; the ten thousand Judiths press up, resistless ; with obtestations, with outspread hands,—merely to speak to the Mayor. The rear forces them ; nay, from male hands in the rear, stones already fly ; the National Guards must do one of two things ; sweep the Place de Greve with cannon, or else open to right and left. They open ; the living deluge rushes in. Through all rooms and cabinets, upwards to the topmost belfry : ravenous ; seeking arms, seeking Mayors, seeking justice ;—while, again, the better-dressed speak kindly to the Clerks ; point out the misery of these poor women ; also their ailments, some even of an interesting sort.

Shakespeare

(From *Heroes, Hero-Worship and the Heroic in History)* *(1840)*

If I say, therefore, that Shakspeare is the greatest of Intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakspeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of. Novalis beautifully remarks of him, that those Dramas of his are Products of Nature too, deep as Nature herself. I find a great truth in this saying. Shakespeare's Art is not Artifice ; the noblest worth of it is not there by plan or precontrivance. It grows-up from the deeps of Nature, through this noble sincere soul, who is a voice of Nature. The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakespeare, new elucidations of their own human being ; 'new harmonies with the infinite structure of the Universe; concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man.' This well deserves meditating. It is Nature's highest reward to a true simple great soul, that he gets thus to be *a part of herself.* Such a man's works, whatsoever he with utmost conscious exertion and fore-

thought shall accomplish, grow up withal unconsciously, from the unknown deeps in him ;—as the oak-tree grows from the Earth's bosom, as the mountains and waters shape themselves ; with a symmetry grounded on Nature's own laws, conformable to all Truth whatsoever. How much in Shakspeare lies hid; his sorrows, his silent struggles known to himself ; much that was not known at all, not speakable at all: like *roots,* like sap and forces working underground ! Speech is great ; but Silence is greater.

Withal the joyful tranquillity of this man is notable. I will not blame Dante for his misery : it is as battle without victory ; but true battle,—the first, indispensable thing. Yet I call Shakspeare greater than Dante, in that he fought truly, and did conquer. Doubt it not, he had his own sorrows : those *Sonnets* of his will even testify expressly in what deep waters he had waded, and swurn struggling for his life ;—as what man like him ever failed to have to do ? It seems to me a heedless notion, our common one, that he sat like a bird on the bough ; and sang forth, free and offhand, never knowing the troubles of other men. Not so ; with no man is it so. How could a man travel forward from rustic deer-poaching to such tragedy-writing, and not fall-in with sorrows by the way ? Or, still better, how could a man delineate a Hamlet, a Coriolanus, a Macbeth, so many suffering heroic hearts, if his own heroic heart had never suffered ?—And now, in contrast with all this, observe his inirthfulness, his genuine overflowing love of laughter ! You would say, in no point does he *exaggerate* but only in laughter. Fiery objurgations, words that pierce and burn, are to be found in Shakspeare ; yet he is always in measure here ; never what Johnson would remark as a specially ' good hater.' But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods ; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt he is bantering, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horse-play; you would say, roars and laughs. And

then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not at mere weakness, at misery or poverty ; never. No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character only *desiring* to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy ; good laughter is not ' the crackling of thorns under the pot.' Even at stupidity and pretension this Shakspeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts ; and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter : but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing ; and hope they will get on well there, and continue Presidents of the City-"watch.—Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

We might think of Macaulay as a humanist, or interpreter of classical thought and art, diverted by circumstances into politics. . . . The classics are alive to Macaulay in a measure that is rare amongst those who give their entire lives to the study of them. . . . His own manner, wo may think, OUCH something to these studies. They gave him models of freedom and largeness, of lucidity and order. . . . His actual diction is so pure and sound that it can almost be appealed to as authoritative. Herein he ranks with Addison, Hume, and Goldsmith. . . . Macaulay, once more, *stands* as a writer ; he will always be there ; he will not go down until Gibbon arid Swift go down ; and although he may not be their equal, he is only less thnn their equal.—*(Survey,* i. 112, 113, 130, 131.)

The Coffee Houses of London

(From *History of England)* *(1848-1861)*

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast.

Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm.

Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities ; that the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own head-quarters. There were houses near St. James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris ; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres.[1]

The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the

[1] Thb chief peculiarity o" this dialect was that, in a largo class of words, the O was pronounced like A. Thus stork was pronounced stark. See Vanbrugh's *Relapse*. Lord Sunderland was a great master of this court tune, as Roger North calls it; and Titus Gates affected it in the hope of passing for a fine gentleman. *Examen*, 77, 254.

waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like a guardroom ; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved* ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen, Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sate. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire ; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast.

There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Gangway's, and was to be found, surrounded bv surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee houses where no oath was heard, and where lankhaired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses ; Jew coffee houses where dark eyed money changers from

Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other ; and Popish coffee houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.[1]

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age. He was, indeed, a different being from the rustic Englishman. There was not then the intercourse which now exists between the two classes. Only very great men were in the habit of dividing the year between town and country. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. Nor was it yet the practice of all citizens in easy circumstances to breathe the fresh air of the fields and woods during some weeks of every summer. A cockney, in a rural village, was stared at as much as if he had intruded into a Kraal of Hottentots. On the other hand, when the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the water-spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendour of the Lord Mayor's show. Money droppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most

[1] *Lettres sur les Anglois ; Tom Broum's Tour ;* Ward's *London Spy ; The Character of a Coffee House,* 1673 ; *Rules and Orders of the Coffee House,* 1674; *Coffee Houses vindicated,* 1675; *A Satyr against Coffee ;* North's *Examen,* 138. , *Life of Guildford,* 152. ; *Life of Sir Dudley North,* 149. ; *Life of Dr. Radcliffe,* published by Curll in 1715. The liveliest description of Will's is in the *City and Country Mouse.* There is a remarkable passage about the influence of the coffee house orators in Halstead's *Succinct Genealogies,* printed in 168o.

honest friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honour. If he asked his way to Saint James's, his informants sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of secondhand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he once more felt himself a great man ; and he saw nothing above him except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the Judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the Lord Lieutenant.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

Froude was an open-air man, a sportsman, a yachtsman, devoted to the sea. The unquiet spark in his composition disappears when he is alone with nature. . . . There are few good writers from whom the meaning of a whole page can be gathered in a quicker flash. This, it may be said, is but the gift of the superlative journalist; and Froude is often no more than that. He has the defects of the type. . . . Yet a certain fineness and delicacy of speech seldom quit him. His rhythm and music too are his own, and of no little variety. He passes the difficult test, that it is impossible to imitate or parody him, any more than Goldsmith or Thackeray.—*(Survey, i.* 137, 144.)

The Fight of ' The Revenge '

(From *Short Studies on Grea' Subjects : England's Forgotten Worthies) (1852)*

In August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English line-of-battle ships, six victuallers, and two or three pinnaces, were lying at anchor under the Island

of Florez. Light in ballast and short of water, with half their men disabled by sickness, they were unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on which they had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews were on shore : the ships themselves [c] all pestered and rommaging,' with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of 53 men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the Admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors and escape as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow ; of her crew of 190, 90 being sick on shore, and, from the position of the ship, there was some delay and difficulty in getting them on board.

The *Revenge* was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors ; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot or Cceur de Lion, the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. ' He was of great revenues,' they said, [4] of his own inheritance, but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars,' and from his uncontrollable propensities for blood-eating, he had volunteered his services to the Queen ; [c] of so hard a complexion was he, that I (John Huighen von Linschoten, who is our authority here, and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers credible persons who stood and beheld him, that he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down.'

Such he was to the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and was remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board and stowed away on the ballast, and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight

and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's beautiful narrative and follow it in his words) [c] to cut his main-sail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship.'

[4] But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in spite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way, which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the manners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the leo of tho *Revenge.* But the other course had boon the better ; and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing : notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not bo persuaded.'

The wind was light ; the *San Philip,* ' a huge high-carged ship ' of 1500 tons, came up to windward of him, and, taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.

'After the *Revenge* was entangled with the San *Philip,* four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip,* having received the lower tier of the Revenge, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly mishking her first entertainment. Tho Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides tho manners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but tho servants of the commander and somo few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volhos of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter tho *Revenge,* and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers ; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble,* of Londca, having received some shot through her by the *Armadas,* fell under the lee of tho *Revenge,* and asked Sir Richard what he would command him ; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save hinv self and leave him to his fortune.'

A little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English heart who commanded the *George Noble* ; but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam,* on which time has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphur clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge,* ' so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her,' washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several armadas had assailed her, and all in vain ; some had been sunk at her side ; and the rest, ' so ill approving of their entertainment, that at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries.' ' But as the day increased so our men decreased, and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim,* commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge* was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped/

All the powder in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes were broken, 40 out of her 100 men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head ; and his surgeon was killed while attending on him. The masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea ; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony.

Sir Richard seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and ' having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him,' ' commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards ; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal ; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else ; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.'

The gunner and a few others consented. But such superhuman courage was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared do all which did become men, and they were not more than men, at least than men were then. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1500 men were killed, and the Spanish Admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to Iboard the *Revenge* again, ' doubtless lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them knowing his dangerous disposition.' Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain, finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition as they could be to offer it, gained over the majority of the surviving crew ; and the remainder then drawing back from the master gunner, they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honourable terms. If unèqual to the English in action, the Spaniards were at least as courteous ir victory. It is due to them to say, that the conditions were faithfully observed. And ' the ship being marvellous unsavourie,' Alonzo de Bacon, the Spanish Admiral, sent his boat to bring Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied,

that ' he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not ; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him.'

The Admiral used him with all humanity, ' commending his valour and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved/ The officers of the rest of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded round to look at him, and a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans and the ' Portugals,' each claiming the honour of having boarded the *Revenge.*

THOMAS ARNOLD

The regular stylo of the *History* is, in its own kind, hard to excel. ... It is well fitted for describing hard facts. ... It is good for character-drawing, and for dramatic incident ; its terseness suits the high, sententious passages.—*(Survey, i.* 154.)

The Battle of Lake Regillus

(From *History of Rome)* *(1838)*

Then the Romans and the Latins joined battle by the lake Regillus. There might you see king Tarquinius, though far advanced in years, yet mounted on his horse, and bearing his lance in his hand, as bravely as though he were still young.

* * * * *

. . . Then the Romans feared yet more, and the Tarquinii charged yet more vehemently, till Aulus, the leader of the Romans, rode up with his chosen band; and he bade them level their lances, and slay all whose faces were toward them, whether they were friends or foes. So the Romans turned from their flight, and Aulus and his chosen band fell upon the Tarquinii; and Aulus prayed, and vowed that he would raise a temple to Castor and to Pollux, the twin heroes, if they would aid him to win the battle ; and he promised to his

soldiers that the two who should be the first to break into the camp of the enemy should receive a rich reward. When behold there rode two horsemen at the head of his chosen band, and they were taller and fairer than after the stature and beauty of men, and they were in the first bloom of youth, and their horses were white as snow. Then there was a fierce battle when Octavius, the leader of the Latins, came up with aid to rescue the Tarquimi ; for Titus Herminius rode against him, and ran his spear through his body, and slew him at one blow, but as he was spoiling him of his arms, he himself was struck by a javelin, and he was borne out of the fight and died. And the two horsemen on white horses rode before the Romans ; and the enemy lied before them, and the Tarquinii were beaten down and slain, and Titus Tarquinius was slain among them ; and the Latins fled, and the Romans followed them to their camp, and the two horsemen on white horses were the first who broke into the camp. But when the camp was taken, and the battle was fully won, Aulus sought for the two horsemen to give them the rewards which he had promised ; and they were not found either amongst the living or amongst the dead, only there was seen imprinted on the hard black rock the mark of a horse's hoof, which no earthly horse had ever made ; and the mark was there to be seen in after ages. And the battle was ended, and the sun went down.

Now they knew at Rome that the armies had joined battle, and as the day wore away all men longed for tidings. And the sun went down, and suddenly there were seen in the forum two horsemen, taller and fairer than the tallest and fairest of men, and they rode on white horses, and they were as men just come from the battle, and their horses were all bathed in foam. They alighted by the temple of Vesta where a spring of water bubbles up from the ground and fills a small deep pool. There they washed away the stains of the battle, and when men crowded lound them, and asked for tidings,

they told them how the battle had been fought, and how it was won. And they mounted their horses, and rode from the forum, and were seen no more ; and men sought for them in every place, but they were not found.

Then Aulus and all the Romans knew how Castor and Pollux, the twin heroes, had heard his prayer, and had fought for the Romans, and vanquished their enemies, and had been the first to break into the enemies' camp, and had themselves, with more than mortal speed, borne the tidings of their victory to Rome. So Aulus built a temple according to his vow to Castor and Pollux, and gave rich offerings, for he said, ' These are the rewards which I promised to the two who should first break into the enemies' camp ; and the twin heroes have won them, and they and no mortal men have won the battle for Rome this day.'

HENRY HART MILMAN

Milman is a considerable historian, a writer of manysided competence. Ho can tell an intricate story, or a simple one, very well. . . . Above all, ho excels in panoramic views.—*(Survey,* i. 156, 157.)

Peter the Hermit

(From *History of Latin Christianity) (1854-1855)*

The Hermit traversed Italy, crossed the Alps with indefatigable restlessness, went from province to province, from city to city. His appearance commanded attention, his austerity respect, his language instantaneous and vehement sympathy. He rode on a mule, with a crucifix in his hand, his head and feet bare ; his dress was a long robe girt with a cord, and a hermit's cloak of tht coarsest stuff. He preached in the pulpits, in the roads, in the market-places. His eloquence was that which stirs the heart of the people, for it came from his own, brief, figurative, full of bold apostrophes ; it was mingled with his own tears, with

his own groans ; he beat his breast; the contagion spread throughout his audience. His preaching appealed to every passion : to valour and shame, to indignation and pity, to the pride of the warrior, the compassion of the man, the religion of the Christian, to the love of the Brethren, to the hatred of the Unbeliever, aggravated by his insulting tyranny, to reverence for the Redeemer and the Saints, to the desire of expiating sin, to the hope of eternal life. Sometimes he found persons who, like himself, had visited the Holy Land ; he brought them forth before the people, and made them bear witness to what they had seen or what they had suffered. He appealed to them as having beheld Christian blood poured out wantonly as water, the foulest indignities perpetrated on the sacred places in Jerusalem. He invoked the Holy Angels, the Saints in Heaven, the Mother of God, the Lord himself, to bear witness to his truth. He called on the holy places—on Sion, on Calvary, on the Holy Sepulchre, to lift up their voices and implore their deliverance from sacrilegious profanation : he held up the Crucifix, as if Christ himself were imploring their succour.

His influence was extraordinary, even beyond the immediate object of his mission. Old enemies came to be reconciled ; the worldliest to forswear the world ; prelates to entreat the hermit's intercession. Gifts showered upon him ; he gave them all to the poor, or as dowries for loose women, whom he provided with husbands. His wonders were repeated from mouth to mouth ; all ages, both sexes, crowded to touch his garments ; the very hairs which dropped from his mule were caught and treasured as relics.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

The Fhort History of the Enyhsh People appeared in 1874 and was thirstily received and road. The book was the greatest popular triumph since Macaulay's, and it also holds its place among serious histories. ... It is in his handling of thought and letters, and in the kind of emphasis that he gives to them, that Green differs from Maeaulay. They now become part of the story in their own right ; they are not merely tolling illustrations of 'history,' brought in from some region outside it; they *are* history.—*(Survey,* i. 162, 163.)

Spenser's ' Faerie Queen '

(From *A Short History of the English People) (1874)*

The appearance of the ' Faerie Queen ' is the one critical event in the annals of English poetry ; it settled, in fact, the question whether there was to be such a thing as English poetry or no. The older national verse which had blossomed and died in Caedmon sprang suddenly into a grander life in Chaucer, but it closed again in a yet more complete death. Across the Border, indeed, the Scotch poets of the fifteenth century preserved something of their master's vivacity and colour, and in England itself the Italian poetry of the Renascence had of late found echoes in Surrey and Sidney. The new English drama too, as we shall presently see, was beginning to display its wonderful powers, and the work of Marlowe had already prepared the way for the work of Shakspere. But bright as was the promise of coming song, no great imaginative poem had broken the silence of English literature for nearly two hundred years when Spenser landed at Bristol with the ' Faerie Queen.' From that moment the stream of English poetry has flowed on without a break. There have been times, as in the years which immediately followed, when England has ' become a nest of singing birds ; ' there have been times when song was scant and poor; but there never has been a time when England was

wholly without a singer. The new English verse has been true to the source from which it sprang, and Spenser has always been 'the poet's poet.' But in his own day he was the poet of England at large. The 'Faerie Queen' was received with a burst of general welcome. It became 'the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every soldier.' The poem expressed, indeed, the very life of the time. It was with a true poetic instinct that Spenser fell back for the framework of his story on the faery world of Celtic romance, whose wonder and mystery had in fact become the truest picture of the wonder and mystery of the world around him. In the age of Cortez and of Raleigh dreamland had ceased to be dreamland, and no marvel or adventure that befell lady or knight was stranger than the tales which weather-beaten mariners from the Southern Seas were telling every day to grave merchants upon 'Change. The very incongruities of the story of Arthur and his knighthood, strangely as it had been built up out of the rival efforts of bard and jongleur and priest, made it the fittest vehicle for the expression of the world of incongruous feeling which we call the Renascence. To modern eyes perhaps there is something grotesque in the strange medley of figures which crowd the canvas of the 'Faerie Queen,' in its fauns dancing on the sward where knights have hurtled together, in its alternation of the salvage-men from the New World with the satyrs of classic mythology, in the giants, dwarfs, and monsters of popular fancy, who jostle with the nymphs of Greek legend and the damosels of mediaeval romance. But, strange as the medley is, it reflects truly enough the stranger medley of warring ideals and irreconcileable impulses which made up the life of Spenser's cuntemporaries. It was not in the 'Faerie Queen' only, but in the world which it pourtrayed, that the religious mysticism of the Middle Ages stood face to face with the intellectual freedom of the Revival of Letters, that

asceticism and self-denial cast their spell on imaginations glowing with the sense of varied and inexhaustible existence, that the dreamy and poetic refinement of feeling whicli expressed itself in the fanciful unrealities of chivalry co-existed with the rough practical energy that sprang from an awakening sense of human power, or the lawless extravagance of an idealized friendship and love with the moral sternness and elevation which England was drawing from the Reformation and the Bible. But strangely contrasted as are the elements of the poem, they are harmonized by the calmness and serenity which is the note of the ' Faerie Queen.' The world of the Renascence is around us, but it is ordered, refined, and calmed by the poet's touch. The warmest scenes which he borrows from the Italian verse of his day are idealized into purity ; the very struggle of the men around him is lifted out of its pettier accidents, and raised into a spiritual oneness with the struggle in the soul itself. There are allusions in plenty to contemporary events, but the contest between Elizabeth and Mary takes ideal form in that of Una and the false Duessa, and the clash of arms between Spain and the Huguenots comes to us faint and hushed through the serener air. The verse, like the story, rolls on as by its own natural power, without haste or effort or delay. The gorgeous colouring, the profuse and often complex imagery which Spenser's imagination lavishes, leave no sense of confusion in the reader's mind. Every figure, strange as it may be, is seen clearly and distinctly as it passes by. It is in this calmness, this serenity, this spiritual elevation of the ' Faerie Queen,' that we feel the new life of the coming age moulding into ordered and harmonious form the life of the Renascence. Both In its conception, and in the way in which this conception is realized in the portion of his work which Spenser completed, his poem strikes the note of the coming Puritanism.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER

He hardly paints, and has no flashes of genius, but ho analyses down to the last fibre, without cynicism and without false sentiment. The comparison may be strange, but Gardiner is a kind of Browning in prose, so sharply does he realize opposing points of view, and the tragic deadlock that results.—*(Survey,* i. 165.)

Analysis of Charles I

(From *History of England,* 1603-1642) *(1863-1882)*

Charles's own patience, and the gentleness with which he met harshness and insult, together with his own personal dignity, won hearts which might otherwise have been steeled against his pretensions. The often-quoted lines of Andrew Marvell set forth the impression which Charles's bearing on the scaffold produced on even hostile spectators :

' He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bod.'

Marvell's verses embodied his own recollections of the external dignity of the man. A little book which, under the title of *Eikon Basilike,* was issued with calculated timeliness to the world on February 9, the day after the King's funeral, purported to be the product of Charles's own pen, and aimed at being a spiritual revelation of the inmost thoughts of the justest of sovereigns and the most self-denying of martyrs. Its real author, Dr. John Gauden, a nominally Presbyterian divine, caught with great felicity the higher motives which were never abseiiu from Charles's mind, and gave to the narratives and meditations of which the book consisted enough of dramatic veracity to convince all who were prepared to believe it that they had before them the real thoughts of the

man who had died because he refused to sacrifice law and religion to an intriguing Parliament and a ruffianly army. The demand for the book was well-nigh unlimited. Edition after edition was exhausted almost as soon as it left the press. The greedily-devoured volumes served to create an ideal image of Charles which went far to make the permanent overthrow of the monarchy impossible.

The ideal thus created had the stronger hold on men's minds because it faithfully reproduced at least one side of Charles's character. The other side—his persistent determination to ignore all opinions divergent from his own, and to treat all by whom they were entertained as knaves or fools—had been abundantly illustrated in the course of the various negotiations which had been carried on from time to time in the course of the Civil War. It finally led to a struggle for the possession of that Negative Voice which, if only the king could succeed in retaining it, would enable him to frustrate all new legislation even when supported by a determined national resolve. On the one side was undoubtedly both law and tradition ; on the other side the necessity of shaping legislation by the wishes of the nation, and not by the wishes of a single man or of a single class.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY

Lecky seems happiest and most at home when he is moving among impersonal forces, and tracing the growth and decline of ideas as they have coloured human feeling and action. But he is also alive to the influence of persons, and presents them with much skill.—*(Survey,* i. 97.)

Gardening in the Eighteenth Century

(From *England in the Eighteenth Century)* *(1878)*

It was said that the Revolution brought four tastes into England, two of which were chiefly due to Mary, and two to her husband. To Mary was due a passion for coloured East Indian calicoes, which speedily spread through all classes of the community, and also a passion

for rare and eccentric porcelain, which continued for some generations to be a favourite topic with the satirists. William, on his side, set the fashion of picture-collecting, and gave a great impetus to gardening. This latter taste, which forms one of the healthiest elements in English country life, attained its height in the first half of the eighteenth century, and it took a form which was entirely new. In the reign of Charles II the parks of Greenwich and St. James had been laid out by the great French gardener, Le Notre, and the taste which he made general in Europe reigned in its most exaggerated form in England. It appeared to be a main object to compel nature to recede as far as possible, to repress every irregularity, to make the human hand apparent in every shrub, and to convert gardening into an anomalous form of sculpture. The trees were habitually carved into cones, or pyramids, or globes, into smooth, even walls, or into fantastic groups of men and animals. The flower-beds were laid out .symmetrically in architectural figures. Long, straight, and formal alleys, a perfect uniformity of design, and a constant recurrence of similar forms, were essential to a well-arranged garden. The passion for gardening, however, at this time took some root in England, and the writings of Evelyn did much to extend it. William introduced the fashion of masses of clipped yews forming the avenue or shading the approaches of the house, and of imposing iron gates. Sir William Temple, in his essay [1] On the Garden of Epicurus,' accurately reflected the prevailing taste. But early in the eighteenth century two great gardeners—Bridgeman, who died in 1737, and Kent, who died in 1748—originated a new form of landscape-gardening, which speedily acquired an almost universal popularity. They utterly discarded all vegetable sculpture and all symmetry of design, gave free scope to the wild, luxuriant, and irregular beauties of nature, and made it their aim to reproduce, as far as possible, in a small compass its variety and its freedom.

CRITICS AND ESSAYISTS

JOHN RUSKIN

His position as a master of words is impregnable ; his position as a critic and thinker, though a high one, is much more equivocal. ... It is his ethical passion, if anything, which binds all his activities together ; to this in the end they are all subordinate. . . . Ho gave eyes, to all who could use them, for cloud and sunlight and the shapes of shadows, for flower and leafage, for ice and flame, for stone and crystal, for serpent and bird—in fact for *opera omnia* ; and he was ever ready with his fervent *Bcncdicite.* ... In prose he is, accurately speaking, the central figure of his time : central, because the prose of Carlyle, though greater in itself, and of stronger fibre, is well away from the centre, from the type and long tradition, from the English prose of the past, the present, and the future ; while Ruskm's in its pure and classical quality, and in the distinctive character of its beauty, is in the full stream of that tradition.—*Survey,* i. 218, 210, 221, 232-3.)

Autumn Sunshine in the Campagna

(From *Modem Painters)* *(1843)*

The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riceia, and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life ; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for roam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the grey walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the

'den floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the f age broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning o ens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound ; and over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals, between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

You Queens !

(From *Sesame and Lilies)* *(1865)*

Have you ever considered what a deep under-meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy ? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet ?—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough grounds will be made smooth for them by depths of roses ? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns ; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended that they should believe ; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers ; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. ' Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy/ You think that only a lover's fancy ;- -false and vain ! Hov, if it could be rue ? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet's fancy—

> ' Even the light harebell raised its head
> Elastic from her airy tread.'

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am rushing into wild hyperbole ! Pardon me, not a whit—I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said—(and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one)—that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true ; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them : nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard ;—if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare—if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind in frost—' Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out.' This you would think a great thing ? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this, (and how much more than this !) you *can* do, for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them ; flowers that have thoughts like yours ; and which, once saved, you save for ever ? Is this only a little power ? Far among the moorlands and the rocks,—far in the darkness of the terrible streets,—these feeble florets are laying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken : will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their trembling, from the fierce wind ? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them ; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Deauh ; but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine, and rose ; nor call to you, through your casement—call (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Matilda, who, on the edge of

happy Lethe, stood, wreathing flowers with flowers), saying :

> ' Come into the garden, Maud,
> For the black bat, night, has flown
> And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
> And the musk of the roses blown ' ?

Will you not go down among them ?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep colour of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire ; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise ;—and still they turn to you, and for you, ' The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear ! And the Lily whispers—I wait.'

Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza ; and think that I had forgotten them ? Hear them now :

> ' Come into the garden, Maud,
> For the black bat, night, has flo\\n;
> Come into the garden, Maud,
> I am hero at the gate, alone.'

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden alone, waiting for you ? Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener ? Have you not sought Him often ;—sought Him in vain, all through the night;—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set ? He is never there ; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished and the pomegranate budded. Ihere you shall see vith Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding—there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed;—more : you shall see the troops of the angel

keepers that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, ' Take us the foxes, the lil/tle foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes/ Oh—you queens—you queens ! among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shail the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; and in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head ?

MATTHEW ARNOLD

. . . the forces which made him, if they can be named in the order of their importance, I take to be, first of all, the Bible and Wordsworth ; and, next to these, the Greeks and Goethe. Many other things told upon him powerfully ; amongst them the poetry of Milton, and certain masters of French prose, notably Sainto-Beuvo ; but these, after all, were secondary in importance. And all the time, receptive as he is, by nature and also on principle, Matthew Arnold is still himself, with a mind and a tune of his own—*em eigenste Gesang.* . . . And all the time, all his days, there hovered before him the true artist's ideal of what ho himself calls ' the law of pure and flawless workmanship '; and that is Matthew Arnold's real praise.—*(Survey,* i. 254-5, 278.)

Oxford

(From *Essays in Criticism)* *(1865)*

No, we are all seekers still! seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene !

' There are our young barbarians, all at play! '

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the goal of all of us, to the

ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side ?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tubingen ? Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic ! who has giv^n thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines ! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties ! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did SchiDer deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him ;—the bondage of ' was uns alle bilndigt, DAS GEMEINE ! ' She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at unworthy son ; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone ?

The Power of Poetry

(From *Maurice de Gucrin)* *(1865)*

The grand power of poetry is its interpretative power ; by which I mean, not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them. When this sense is awakened in us, as to objects without us, we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects, to be no longer bewildered and oppressed b> them, but to have their secret, and to be in harmony with them ; and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can. Poetry, indeed, interprets in another way besides this ; but one way of its two ways of inter-

prcting, of exercising its highest power, is by awakening this sense in us. I will not now inquire whether this sense is illusive, whether it can be proved not to be illusive, whether it does absolutely make us possess the real nature of things ; all I say is, that poetry can awaken it in us, and that to awaken it is one of the highest powers of poetry. The interpretations of science do not give us this intimate sense of objects as the interpretations of poetry give it; they appeal to a limited faculty, and not to the whole man. It is not Linnaeus, or Cavendish, or Cuvier who gives us the true sense of animals, or water, or plants, who seizes their secret for us, who makes us participate in their life ; it is Shakespeare with his

> * daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty ; '

it is Wordsworth, with his

> [4] voice . . . heard
> In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides ; '

it is Keats, with his

> * moving waters at their priosthke task
> Of cold [1] ablution round Earth's human shores ;'

it is Chateaubriand, with his ' cime indeterminee des forets ; ' it is Senancour, with his mountain birch-tree : ' Cette ecorce blanche, lisse et crevassee ; cette tige agreste ; ces branches qui s'inclinent vers la terre ; la mobilite des feuilles, et tout cet abandon, simplicite de la nature, attitude des deserts.'

[1] Keats in his last Sonnet writes ' *pure* ablution,' which carries out the idea of the priestlike task.—*Editors.*

WALTER PATER

He is our greatest critic since Coleridge. . . . He belongs to the cell-building tribe of authors, whom wo know uotter amongst the poets ; Gray and Tennyson belong to it. That is, he seeks for exact and perfect Tightness, beginning with the single word, and working outwards. . . . He wishes not to do much, but to do what he does perfectly ; to determine on a clear, noble, not necessarily a large, design, and to pack it close with beauty and meaning, economically.—*(Survey,* i. 279, 290, 292.)

Portrait of La Gioconda

(From *The Renaissance)* *(1873)*

The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Here is the head upon which all ' the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed ! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Borne, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits ; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave ; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her ; and trafficked with strange webs with Eastern merchants : and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary ; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with

which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one ; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

On the Way

(From *Marins the Epicurean)* *(1885)*

The road, next day, passed below a town not less primitive, it might seem, than its rocky perch—white rocks, that had long been glistening before him in the distance. Down the dewy paths the people were descending from it, to keep a holiday, high and low alike in rough, white linen smocks. A homely old play was just begun in an open-air theatre, with seats hollowed out of the turf-grown slope. Marius caught the terrified expression of a child in its mother's arms, as it turned from the yawning mouth of a great mask, for refuge in her bosom. The way mounted, and descended again, down the steep street of another place, all resounding with the noise of metal under the hammer ; for every house had its brazier's workshop, the bright objects of brass and copper gleaming, like lights in a cave, out of their dark roofs and corners. Around the anvils the children were watching the work, or ran to fetch water to the hissing, red-hot metal; and Marius too watched, as he took his hasty mid-day refreshment, a mess of chestnut-meal and cheese, while the swelling surface of a great copper water-vessel grew flowered all over with tiny petals under the skilful strokes. Towards dusk, a frantic woman at the roadside, stood and cried out the words of some philter, or malison, in verse, with weird motion of her hands, as the travellers passed, like a wild picture drawn from Virgil.

WALTER BAGEHOT

He emerges, beyond a doubt, as one of the freshest and alertest of the neglected Victorian writers. His beat is entirely his own, his eyesight is his own, and his English, though sometimes careless, is most excellent and overflows with life. . . . Above all, at his best, lie is a *satisfactory* writer, a wise converser who keeps you awake.—*(Survey,* i. 104.)

The London of 1700

(From *Literary Studies: Lady Mary Worthy Montagu)* *(1862)*

The London of 1700 was an aristocratic world, which lived to itself, which displayed the virtues and developed the vices of an aristocracy which was under little fear of external control or check; which had emancipated itself from the control of the crown ; which had not fallen under the control of the *bourgeoisie*; which saw its own life, and saw that, according to its own maxims, it was good. Public opinion now rules, and it is an opinion which constrains the conduct, and narrows the experience, and dwarfs the violence, and *minimises* the frankness of the highest classes, while it diminishes their vices, supports their conscience, and precludes their grossness. There was nothing like this in the last century, especially in the early part of it. The aristocracy came to town from their remote estates,—where they were uncontrolled by any opinion or by any equal society, and where the eccentricities and personalities of each character were fostered and exaggerated,—to a London which was like a large county town, in which everybody of rank knew everybody of rank, where the eccentricities of each rural potentate came into picturesque collision with the eccentricities of other rural potentates, where the most minute allusions to th^ peculiarities and the career of the principal persons were instantly understood, where squibs were on every table, and whe^e satire was in the air. No finer field of social observation could be found for an

intelligent and witty woman. Lady Mary understood it at once.

* * * * *

A hundreJ. and fifty years ago, as far as our rather ample materials inform us, people in London talked politics just as they now talk politics in Worcestershire ; and being on the spot, and cooped up with politicians in a small social world, their talk was commonly better. They knew the people of whom they spoke, even if they did not know the subjects with which they were concerned.

No element is better fitted to counteract the characteristic evil of an aristocratic society. The defect of such societies in all times has been frivolity. All talk has tended to become gossip ; it has ceased to deal with important subjects, and has devoted itself entirely to unimportant incidents. Whether the Due de——has more or less prevailed with the Marquise de——is a sort of common form into which any details may be fitted, and any names inserted. The frivolities of gallantry—never very important save to some woman who has long been dead—fill the records of all aristocracies who lived under a despotism, who had no political authority, no daily political cares. The aristocracy of England in the last century were, at any rate, exempt from this reproach. There is in the records of it not only an intellectuality, which would prove little, for every clever describer, by the subtleties of his language and the arrangement of his composition, gives a sort of intellectuality even to matters which have no pretension to it themselves, but likewise a pervading medium of political discussion. The very language in which they are written is the language of political business. Horace 'Valpole was certainly by nature no politician and no orator ; yet no discerning critic can read a page of his voluminous remains without feeling that the writer has through life lived with politicians and talked with politicians. A keen observant mind, not naturally

political, but capable of comprehending and viewing any subject which was brought before it, has chanced to have this particular subject—politics—presented to it for a lifetime ; and all its delineations, all its efforts, all its thoughts, reflect it, and are coloured by it. In all the records of the eighteenth century the tonic of business is seen to combat the relaxing effect of habitual luxury.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Most of his prose is criticism ; ho was a critic as well as a poet all his days ; ami much of his criticism is good, and inspired, and indispensable.—*(Purvey,* 11. 50.)

William Blake

(From *Essay on William Blah)* *(1867)*

To attest by word or work the identity of things which never can become identical, was no part of Blake's object in life. What work it fell to his lot to do, that, having faith in the fates, he believed the bent possible, and performed to admiration. It is in consequence of this belief that, apart from all conjectural or problematic theory, the work he did is absolutely good. Intolerant he was by nature to a degree noticeable even among freethinkers and prophets ; but the strange forms assumed by this intolerance are best explicable by the singular facts of his training—his perfect ignorance of well-known ordinary things and imperfect quaint knowledge of much that lay well out of the usual way. He retained always an excellent arrogance and a wholly laudable self-reliance ; being incapable of weak-eyed doubts or any shuffling modesty. His great tenderness had a lining of contempt—his fiery self-assertion a kernel of loyalty. No one, it is evident, had ever a more intense and noble enjoyment of good or great works in other men—took sharper or deeper delight in the sense of a loyal admiration : being of his nature noble, fearless, and fond of all things good ; a man made for believing. This royal temper of mind goes properly with a keen

relish of what excellence or greatness a man may have in himself. Those must be readiest to feel and to express unalloyed and lofty pleasure in the great powers and deeds of a neighbour, who, while standing clear alike of reptile modesty and pretentious presumption, perceive and know in themselves such qualities as give them a right to admire and a right to applaud. If a man thinks meanly of himself, he can hardly in reason think much of his judgment ; if he depreciates the value of his own work, he depreciates also the value of his praise. Those are loyallest who have most of a just self-esteem ; and their applause is best worth having.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Rossetti did not write much criticism, but what he does write is never insipid, and is, unlike most critieism, diilicult to forget.—*(Surrey,* ii. -21.)

William Blake

(From *Gilchrist's ' Life of Blake.' Chapter by D. O. Rosectti.)* *(1863}*

He [Blake] held that nature should be learned by heart, and remembered by the painter, as the poet remembers language. ' To learn the language of art, copy for ever, is my rule,' said he. But he never painted his pictures from models. ' Models are difficult—enslave one—efface from one's mind a conception or reminiscence which was better.' This last axiom is open to much more discussion than can be given it here. . . . The truth on this point is, that no imaginative artist can fully express his own tone of mind without sometimes in his life working untrammelled by present reference to nature; and, indeed, that the first conception of every serious work must be wrought into something like complete form as a preparatory design without such aid, before having recourse to it in the carrying out of the work. But it is equally or still more imperative that immediate study of nature should

pervade the whole completed work. Tenderness, the constant unison of wonder and familiarity so mysteriously allied in nature, the sense of fulness and abundance such as we feel in a field, not because we pry into it all but because it is all there : these are the inestimable prizes to be secured only by such study in the painter's every picture.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

… Sir Leslie Stephen, whoso essays, one may safely predict, are bound to wear well, and to outwear much fine writing, what with their acumen and sound judgement, and what with their excellent Queen Anne English, so finished and quietly ironical. —*(Survey,* i. 295.)

Charlotte Bronte

(From *Hours in a Library)* *(1892)*

The amazing vividness of her portrait-painting is the quality which more than any other makes her work unique amongst modern fiction. Her realism is something peculiar to herself; and only the crudest of critics could depreciate its merits on the ground of its fidelity to facts. The hardest of all feats is to see what is before our eyes. What is called the creative power of genius is much more the power of insight into commonplace things and characters. The realism of the Defoe variety produces an illusion, by describing the most obvious aspects of everyday life, and introducing the irrelevant and accidental. A finer kind of realism is that which, like Miss Austen's, combines exquisite powers of minute perception with a skill which can light up the most delicate miniatures with an unfailing play of humour. A more impressive kind is that of Balzac, where the most detailed reproduction of realities is used to give additional force to the social tragedies which are being enacted at our doors. The specific peculiarity of Miss Bronte seems to be the power of revealing to us the potentiality of intense passions

lurking behind the scenery of everyday life. Except in the most melodramatic—which is also the weakest—part of *Jane Eyre,* we have lives almost as uneventful as those of Miss Austen, and yet charged to the utmost with latent power. A parson at the head of a school-feast somehow shows himself as a ' Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood;' a professor lecturing a governess on composition is revealed as a potential Napoleon; a mischievous schoolboy is obviously capable of developing into a Columbus or a Nelson ; even the most commonplace natural objects, such as a row of beds in a dormitory, are associated, and naturally associated, with the most intense emotions. Miss Austen makes you feel that a tea-party in a country parsonage may be as amusing as the most brilliant meeting of cosmopolitan celebrities ; and Miss Bronte that it may display characters capable of shaking empires and discovering new worlds. The whole machinery is in a state of the highest electric tension, though there is no display of thunder and lightning to amaze us.

MARK PATTISON

What Pattison says of Macaulay is true of himself : * his command of literature was imperial.' . . . His *Milton* (1879) is still the best short book on the subject in existence. Here, and in his edition of Milton's sonnets, Pattison responds to the grace as well as to the grandeur of the poet.—*(Survey,* i. 215, 216.)

Milton

(From *Milton) (1879)*

The ruling idea of Milton's life, and the key to his mental history, is his resolve to produce a great poem. Not that the aspiration in itself is singular, for it is probably shared by every young poet in his turn. As every clever schoolboy is destined by himself or his friends to become Lord Chancellor, and every private in the French army carries in his haversack the baton of a marshal, so it is a necessary ingredient of the dream on

Parnassus that it should embody itself in a form of surprising brilliance. What distinguishes Milton from the crowd of young ambition, ' audax juventa,' is the constancy of resolve, He not only nourished through manhood the dream of youth, keeping under the importunate instincts which carry off most ambitions in middle life into the pursuit of place, profit, honour—the thorns which spring up and smother the wheat—but carried out his dream in its integrity in old age. He formed himself for this achievement, and for no other. Study at home, travel abroad, the arena of political controversy, the public service, the practice of the domestic virtues, were so many parts of the schooling which was to make a poet.

The reader who has traced with me thus far the course of Milton's mental development will perhaps be ready to believe, that this idea had taken entire possession of his mind from a very early age. The earliest written record of it is of date 1632, in Sonnet 11. This was \\ritten as early as the poet's twenty-third year ; and in these lines the resolve is uttered, not as then just conceived, but as one long brooded upon, and its non-fulfilment matter of self-reproach.

If this sonnet stood alone, its relevance to a poetical or even a literary performance might be doubted. But at the time of its composition it is enclosed in a letter to an unnamed friend, who seems to have been expressing his surprise that the Cambridge B.A. was not settling himself, now that his education was complete, to a profession. Milton's apologetic letter is extant, and was printed by Birch in 1738. It intimates that Milton did not consider his education, or the purposes he had in view, as anything like complete. It is not ' the endless delight of speculation,' but ' a religious advioement how best to undergo ; not taking thought of being late, so it give advantage to be more fit.' He repudiates the love of learning for its own sake ; knowledge is not an end, it is only equipment for performance.

There is here no specific engagement as to the nature of the performance. But what it is to be is suggested by the enclosure of the ' Petrarchian stanza' (i.e. the sonnet). This notion tnat his life was like Samuel's, a dedicated life, dedicated to a service which required a long probation, recurs again more than once in his writings.

BENJAMIN JOWETT

His lasting performance is a translation of all the dialogues of Plato, accompanied by introductions.—*(Survey, i,* p. 213.)

The Death of Socrates

(From the *Phacdo)* *(First translated 1871)*

When he had done speaking, Crito said : And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you ?

Nothing particular, Crito, he replied : only, as I have always told you, take care of yourselves ; that is a service which you may be ever rendering to me and mine and to all of us, whether you promise to do so or not. But if you have no thought for yourselves, and care not to walk according to the rule which I have prescribed for you, not now for the first time, however much you may profess or promise at the moment, it will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito : And in what way shall we bury you ?

In any way you like ; but you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not run away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile :—I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he burv me ? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavour to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I am comforting you and myself, have

had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me to him now, as at the trial he was surety to the judges for me : but let the promise be of another sort; for he was surety for me to the judges that I would remain, and you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him ; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that whatever is usual, and what you think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into a chamber to bathe ; Crito followed him, and told us to wait. So we remained behind, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow ; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him—(he had two young sons and an elder one) ; and the women of the family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito ; then he dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying :—To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me ; for others, as you

are aware, and not I, are to blame. And so tare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be—you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out

Socrates looked at him, and said : I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is ; since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, he was as good to me as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito ; and therefore let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared : if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved ; do not hurry—there is time enough.

Socrates said : Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in so acting, for they think that they will be gainers by the delay ; but I am not right in following their example, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later ; I should only be ridiculous in my *own* eyes for sparing and saving a life which is already forfeit. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by ; and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said : You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered : You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, anc the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said : What do

you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world—even so—and so be it according to my prayer. Then raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerful he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of *my* own calamity in having to part from such a friend. Nor was I the first; for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up, and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not misbehave in this way, for I have been told that a man must die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard his words we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that ho was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said; When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. **He** was beginning to grow cold about the groin, wher he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said—they were his last words—he cried: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito; is there,

anything else ? There was no answer to this question ; but in a moment or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him ; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend ; concerning whom I may truly say that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and justest and best.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Newman's English can bo the pure, central English of Goldsmith, or even of Swift. He cannot be imitated : he is the least mannered writer of his time. . . . When Newman is speaking, as though to himself aloud, on the nature of music, or the consciousness of the animals, or the presence of the angels on the earth, or on the fragility of life and hope, or the fall of the year, or on Virgil; then indeed the new capacities that he discovered for English prose are undeniable.—(Survey, i. 199, 200.)

The Ideal of a Gentleman

(From *On University Education)* *(1852)*

Hence it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him ; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature : like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at tome. He has his eyes

on all his company ; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd ; he can recollect to whom he is speaking ; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate ; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles ; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, though less educated minds ; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust ; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall ve find greater candour, consideration, indulgence : he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion ; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and he is contented to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A Night among the Pines

(From *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes) (1879)*

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof ; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely ; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles ; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the out-door world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows ; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns ; and. houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life ? Do the stars rain down an influence, or

do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies ? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place ; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, ' that we may the better and more sensibly relish it.' We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighbourhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught ; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat np to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and je\\el-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether ; 1 could hear her steadily munching at the sward ; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette ; and at each whiff the inside ol my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

[The student should compare with this ' The Dawn Wind,' by Kipling.—*Editors.*]

ALEXANDER SMITH

Dreamthorp well sustains the accomplished style of easy, confidential imaginative talk, in the period between Hazlitt and Jeffries. . . . *Books and Gardens* is a pleasant, quiet, Addisoruan paper.—*(Survey, i*i. 92.)

Trees

(From *Dreamthorp : Books and Gardens) (1863)*

I like flowering plants, but I like trees more, for the reason, I suppose, that they are slower in coining to maturity, are longer-lived, that you can become better acquainted with them, and that in the course of years memories and associations hang as thickly on their boughs as do leaves in summer or fruits in autumn. I do not wonder that great earls value their trees, and never, save in direct extremity, lift upon them the axe. Ancient descent and glory are made audible in the proud murmur of immemorial woods. There are forests in England whose leafy noises may be shaped into Agincourt and the names of the battle-fields of the Roses ; oaks that dropped their acorns in the year that Henry VIII held his Field of the Cloth of Gold, and beeches that gave shelter to the deer when Shakespeare was a boy. There they stand, in sun and shower, the broad-armed witnesses of perished centuries ; and sore must his need be who commands a woodland massacre. A great English tree, the rings of a century in its boll, is one of the noblest of natural objects ; and it touches the imagination no less than the eye, for it grows out of tradition and a past order of things, and is pathetic with the suggestions of past generations. Trees waving a colony of rooks in the wind to-day, are older than Historic lines. Trees are your best antiques. There are cedars on Lebanon which the axes of Solomon spared, they say, when he was busy with his Temple ; there are olives on Olivet that might have rustled in the ears of the Master and the Twelve ; there are oaks in Sher-

wood, which have tingled to the horn of Robin-hood, and have listened to Maid Marion's laugh. Think of an existing Syrian cedar which is nearly as old as history, which was middle-aged before the wolf suckled Romulus; think of an existing English elm in whose branches the heron was reared which the hawks of Saxon Harold killed ! If you are a notable, and wish to be remembered, better plant a tree than build a city or strike a medal—it will outlast both.

TRAVELLERS

SIR RICHARD BURTON

A great linguist, anthropologist, and observer, he left on many volumes the imprint of his fierce and flawed and splendid personality. . . . Burton passed as a Musulman ; he got not only into the dress, but into the mental skin of the Oriental ; he was the first Englishman to reach Mecca ; and his chronicle, as usual, is a contribution to knowledge, as well as an outpouring of biting description and vivid prejudice.—*(Survey,* i. 315.)

The Sermon

(From *Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah) (1855)*

After entering Meccah we bathed, and when the noon drew nigh we repaired to the Harim for the purpose of hearing the sermon. Descending to the cloisters below the Babal Ziyadah, I stood wonder-struck by the scene before me. The vast quadrangle was crowded with worshippers sitting in long rows, and everywhere facing the central black tower : the showy colours of their dresses were not to be surpassed by a garden of the most brilliant flowers, and such diversity of detail would probably not be seen massed together in any other building upon earth. The women, a dull and sombre-looking group, sat apart in their peculiar place. The Pasha stood on the roof of Zemzem, surrounded by guards in Nizam uniform. Where the principal Olema

stationed themselves, the crowd was thicker ; and in the more auspicious spots nought was to be seen but a pavement of heads and shoulders. Nothing seemed to move but a few Darwayshes, who, censer in hand, sidled through the rows and received the unsolicited alms of th^ Faithful. Apparently in the midst, and raised above the crowd by the tall, pointed pulpit, whose gilt spire flamed in the sun, sat the preacher, an old man with snowy beard. The style of head-dress called *Taylasan* [1] covered his turband, which was white as his robes, and a short staff supported his left hand. Presently he arose, took the staff in his right hand, pronounced a few inaudible words,[2] and sat down again on one of the lower steps, whilst a Mu'ezzin, at the foot of the pulpit, recited the call to sermon. Then the old man stood up and began to preach. As the majestic figure began to exert itself there was a deep silence. Presently a general " Amin " was intoned by the crowd at the conclusion of some long sentence. And at last, towards the end of the sermon, every third or fourth word was followed by the simultaneous rise and fall of thousands of voices.

I have seen the religious ceremonies of many lands, but never—nowhere—aught so solemn, so impressive as this.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

The Desert

(From *Eothen)* *(1844)*

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the south

[1] A scarf thrown over the head, with one end brought round under the chin and passed over the left shoulder, composes the Taylasan.

[2] The words were Peace be upon ye and the Mercy of Allah arid His Blessings.

—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side : on its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake, that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had gathered together in a vast hollow between the sand-hills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore-line. The minute crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun, were made to seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, pnd as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments, I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells —the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent

forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills ! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened ; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing ' for church.' After a while the sound died away slowly. It happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

During my travels I kept a journal—a journal sadly meagre and intermittent, but one which enabled me to find out the day of the month and the week according to the European calendar ; referring to this, I found that the day was Sunday, and, roughly allowing for the difference of longitude, I concluded that at the moment of my hearing that strange peal, the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer. The coincidence amused mo faintly, but I could not allow myself a hope that the effect I had experienced was anything other than an illusion—an illusion liable to be explained (as every illusion is in these days) by some of the philosophers who guess at Nature's riddles. It

would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some pious enchantment, had asked and found this spell to rouse me from my scandalous forgetfulness of God's holy day,—but my fancy was too weak to carry a faith like that. Indeed the vale through which the bells of Marlen send their sonpj is a highly respectable vale, and its people (save one, two, or three) are wholly unaddicted to the practice of magical arts.

After the fifth day of my journey, I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce ; there was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon ; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same —the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun ; ' he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race ; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof.' From pole to pole, and from the east to the west, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all heaven and earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bid me bow down and worship him ; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, ' Thou shalt have none other gods but me.' I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face ; the mighty sun for one—and lor the other, this poor, pale, solitary self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians,

there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There then before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am !)—1 had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the Desert, and my tent was pitched as usual, but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the west without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned : he had toiled on a graceful service ; he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in a bed of deep waters.

ELIOT WARBURTON

Constantinople

(From *The Crescent and the Cross) (1844)*

After some hours' sailing, I came in sight of the European shore, and gazed eagerly for some object that might assure me of its identity: when, lo ! slowly emerging from the bright horizon, minaret after minaret starts into view ; mosque domes and masses of dark foliage follow: with every wave we bound over, some new feature is developed, and at length Constantinople staiiua revealed in all its unrivalled magnificence and beauty. The Bosphorus shines before us like a lake : its purple waves dance into the sunlight, that turns their crests to gold, and reflect along their margin the mingled foliage and fortresses that shadow their deep

waters. Over these rises a richly mingled mass of palaces, and gardens, and stately towers ; and dark groves, with many minarets, and cypress trees, and purple domes and gleaming crescents. Beyond that gorgeously crowded hill the peninsula is girded round with the majestic walls and towers that so long defied the Moslem invaders.

* * * * *

So much has been said and written of Constantinople, I shall only add that it seems to me impossible to exaggerate its beauty and commanding appearance. There is something so strange in those fairy-like towers and minarets among their rich groves and gardens, contrasted with the imposing situation of the city, and the proud array of castles and fortresses that line the shore ; added to the beauty of the bright blue sea in which the city stands reflected, and the clear atmosphere that gives brilliance to the whole ; it is impossible to describe the effect produced by such varied and yet harmonious features.

HON. ROBERT CURZON

Curzon's style is light and rapid, marked by a cheerful but not offensive impertinence arid *sangfroid,* and his dialogue is full of point.—*(Surrey, i.* 318)

He fell among Thieves

(From *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant) (1849)*

We rode along, getting nearer and nearer to the mountains ; and at length we began to climb a steep rocky path on the side of a lofty hill covered with box-trees. This path continued for some distance until we came to a place where there was a ledge so narrow that two horses could not go abreast. Here, as I was riding quietly along, I heard an exclamation in front of ' Robbers ! robbers ! ' and sure enough, out of one of the thickets of box-trees, there advanced three or four bright gun-barrels, which were speedily followed by

some gentlemen in dirty white jackets and fustanellas ; who, in a short and abrupt style of eloquence, commanded us to stand. This of course we were obliged to do ; and as I was getting out my pistol, one of the individuals in white presented his gun at me, and upon my looking round to see whether my tall Albanian servant was preparing to support me, I saw him quietly half-cock his gun and sling it back over his shoulder, at the same time shaking his head as much as to say, 'It is no use resisting ; we are caught ; there are too many of them/ So I bolted the locks of the four barrels of my pistol carefully, hoping that the bolts would form an impediment to my being shot with my own weapon after I had been robbed of it. The place was so narrow that there were no hopes of running away, and there we sat on horseback, looking silly enough, I dare say. There was a good deal of talking and chattering among the robbers, and they asked the Albanian various questions to which I paid no attention, all my faculties being engrossed in watching the proceedings of the party in front, who were examining the effects in the panniers of the baggage mule. First they pulled out my bag of clothes, and threw it upon the ground ; then out came the sugar and the coffee, and whatever else there was. Some of the men had hold of the poor muleteer, and a loud argument was going on between him and his captors. I did not like all this, but my rage was excited to a violent pitch when I saw one man appropriating to his own use the half of a certain fat tender cold fowl, whereof I had eaten the other half with much appetite and satisfaction. ' Let that fowl alone, you scoundrel! ' said I in good English ; ' put it down, will you ? if you don't, I'll——! ' The man, surprised at this address in an unknown tongue, put down the fowl, and looked up with wonder at the explosion of ire which his actions had called forth. ' That is right,' said I, ' my good fellow, it is too good for such a dirty brute as you.' ' Let us see,' said I to

the Albanian, ' if there is nothing to be done ; say I am the King of England's uncle, or grandson, or particular friend, and that if we are hurt or robbed he will send all manner of ships and armies, and hang everybody, and cut off the heads of all the rest. Talk big, 0 man ! and don't spare great words ; they cost nothing, and let us see what that will do/

Upon this the Albanian took up his parable and a long parleying ensued, for the robbers were taken aback with the good English in which I had addressed them, and stood still with open mouths to hear what it all meant. In the middle of the row I thought of the paper which had been given me at Mezzovo. ' Here,' said I, ' here is a letter ; read it, see what it says.' They took the paper and turned it round and round, for they could not read it: first one looked at it and then another ; then they looked at the back, but they could make nothing of it. Nevertheless, it produced a great effect upon them, for here, as in all other countries of the East, any writing is looked upon by the uneducated people as a mystery, and is held in high respect ; and at last they said they would take us to a place where we should find a person capable of reading it.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

The nice observing faculty, as well as tho charity and pioty, of the dauntless David Livingstone shine unconsciously through the pages of his *Missionary Travels in South Africa.—(tiurvcy,* i. 317.)

Discovery of the Victoria Falls

(From *Missionary Travels in South Africa) (1857)*

Sekeletu intended [4]o accompany me, but, one canoe only having come instead of the two he had ordered, he resigned it to me. After twenty minutes sail from Kalai, we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour, appropriately called ' smoke,' rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when

large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees ; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Trees have each their own physiognomy. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, beside groups of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always mean ' far from home,' for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture or a landscape. The silvery mohonono, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark colour of the motsouri, whose cypress-form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts ; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes ; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt is that of mountains in the background. The walls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down this far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the

river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither, there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island ; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only 80 feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and thon became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills.

SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY

The discoveries of Sir Homy Morton Stanley were of lasting scientific and political importance, and his books wore numerous ; their matter keeps thorn from being merely ephemeral, and their manner, strongly tinged by that of American journalism, has the virtues appropriate to such a schooling.—*(Survey,* i. 317.)

Stanley finds Livingstone

(From *How 1 found Livingstone)* *(1872)*

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, ' Good morning, sir ! ' Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man

dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask :

' Who the mischief are you ? '

' I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

' What! Is Dr. Livingstone here ? '

' Yes, sir.'

' In this village ? '

' Yes, sir.'

' Are you sure ? '

' Sure, sure, sir. Why I leave him just now.'

' Good morning, sir,' said another voice.

' Hallo,' said I, ' is this another one ? '

' Yes, sir.'

' Well, what is your name ? '

'My name is Chumah, sir.'

' What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani ? '

'Yes, sir.'

' And is the Doctor well ? '

' Not very well, sir.'

' Where has he been so long ? '

' In Manyuema.'

' Now, you Susi, run, and tell the Doctor I ain coming.'

' Yes, sir,' and off he darted like a madman.

But by this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for, according to their account, we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, ' How did you come from Unyanyembe? '

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name ; he had told the Doctor that I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him, and, when the Doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming ; whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen ; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the Doctor's house, and the Doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the Expedition had halted, and the Kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me, ' I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man ! He has got a white beard.' And I—\\hat would 1 not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man, appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive ; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said :

' Dr. Livingstone, I presume ? '

' Yes,' said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud :

'I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'

He answered, ' I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.'

JOHN HANNING SPEKE

Ho impresses us with his minute watchfulness, scientific temper, and irresistible patience ; ho is one of Carlyle's ' wearied un\\eariuble men ' triumphing over infinite small rebuffs and miseries, and over endless black human obstacles.—*(Survey,* i. 317.)

The Source of the Nile

(From *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nik) (1863)*

I marched up the left bank of the Nile at a considerable distance from the water, to the Isamba Rapids, passing through rich jungle and plantain-gardens. Nango, an old friend, and district officer of the place, first refreshed us with a dish of plantain-squash and dried fish, with pombe. He told us he is often threatened by elephants, but lie sedulously keeps them off with charms ; for if they ever tasted a plantain they would never leave the garden until they had cleared it out. He then took us to see the nearest falls of the Nile—extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli ; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped auove the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen, like that of Devonshire ; there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we

looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and, by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than —I must confess that my thoughts took that shape— anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side-slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wanguana seemed spellbound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings.

Start again, and after drinking pombe with Nango, when we heard that three Wakungu had been seized at Kari, in consequence of the murder, the march was commenced, but soon after stopped by the mischievous machinations of our guide, who pretended it was too late in the day to cross the jungles on ahead, either by the road to the source or the palace, and therefore would not move till the morning ; then, leaving us, on the pretext of business, he vanished, and was never seen again. A small black fly, with thick shoulders and bullet-head, infests the place, and torments the naked arms and legs of the people with its sharp stings to an extent that must render life miserable to them.

After a long struggling march, plodding through huge grasses and jungle, we reached a district which I cannot otherwise describe than by calling it a ' Church Estate.' It is dedicated in some mysterious manner to Lubari (Almighty), and although the king appeared to have authority over some of the inhabitants of it, yet others had apparently a sacred character, exempting them from the civil power, and he had no right to dispose of the land itself. In this territory there are small villages only at every fifth mile, for there is no road, and the lands run high again, whilst, from want of a guide, we often lost the track. It now transpired that Budja,

when he told at the palace that there was no road down the banks of the Nile, did so in consequence of his fear that if he sent my whole party here they would rob these churcn lands, and so bring him into a scrape with the wizards or ecclesiastical authorities. Had my party not been under control, we could not have put up here ; but on my being answerable that no thefts should take place, the people kindly consented to provide us with board and lodgings, and we found them very obliging. One elderly man, half-witted—they said the king had driven his senses from him by seizing his house and family —came at once on hearing of our arrival, laughing and singing in a loose jaunty maniacal manner, carrying odd sticks, shells, and a bundle of rnbugu rags, which he deposited before me, dancing and singing again, then retreating and bringing some more, with a few plantains from a garden, when I was to eat, as kings lived upon flesh, and ' poor Tom ' wanted some, for he lived with lions and elephants in a hovel beyond the gardens, and his belly was empty. He was precisely a black specimen of the English parish idiot.

At last, with a good push for it, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, as well as extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants—they had eaten all that was eatable, and what would not serve for food they had destroyed with their trunks, not one plantain or one hut being left entire—we arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the farthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as king Mtesa's palace, and just forty miles east of it.

We were well rewarded; for the 'stones,' as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them so once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and even my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about 12 feet deep, and

400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might; the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake,—made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief.

LORD DUFFERIN

His modesty cannot hide his nerve and coolness ; ho has an eye for the strangeness of those heavens, and for the ' pale lilac ' of the peaks, and for the hues of the ice, of which he feels the obsession.—*(Survey*, i. 318.)

The World of Ice

(From *Letters from High Altitudes)* *(1857)*

In another hour the sun came out, the fog cleared away, and about noon up again, above the horizon, grow the pale lilac peaks, warming into a rosier tint as we approach. Ice still stretches toward the land on the starboard side ; but we don't care for it now—the schooner's head is pointing E. and by S. At one o'clock we sight Amsterdam Island, about thirty miles on Wo port bow; then came the ' seven ice-hills '—as seven enormous glaciers are called—that roll into the sea between lofty ridges of gneiss and mica slate, a little to the northward of Prince Charles's Foreland. Clearer

and more defined grows the outline of the mountains, some coming forward while others recede ; their rosy tints appear less even, fading here and there into pale yellows and greys ; veins of shadow score the steep sides of the hills ; the articulations of the rocks become visible ; and now, at last, we glide under the limestone peaks of Mitre Cape, past the marble arches of King's Bay on the one side and the pinnacle of the Vogel Hook on the other, into the quiet channel that separates the Foreland from the main.

It was at one o'clock in the morning of the 6th of August, 1856, that, after having been eleven days at sea, we came to an anchor in the silent haven of English Bay, *Spitzbergen.*

And now, how shall I give you an idea of the wonderful panorama in the midst of which we found ourselves ? I think, perhaps, its most striking feature was the stillness —and deadness—and impassibility of this new world : ice, and rock, and water surrounded us ; not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence ; the sea did not break upon the shore ; no bird or any living thing was visible ; the midnight sun—by this time muffled in a transparent mist—shed an awful, mysterious lustre on glacier and mountain ; no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's vitality ; a universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude. I suppose in scarcely any other part of the world is this appearance of deadness so strikingly exhibited. On the stillest summer day in England there is always perceptible an undertone of life thrilling through the atmosphere ; and though no breeze should stir a single leaf, yet—in default of motion—there is always a sense of growth ; but here not so much as a blade of grass was to be seen on the sides Or the bald excoriated hills. Primeval rocks—and eternal ice—constitute the landscape.

MEN OF SCIENCE

The advances and annexations of science aie the boldest feature of all in the intellectual map of the last century. After 1830, and yet more after 1860, the spirit of science increasingly permeates philosophy, and also invades literature.—*(Survey,* i. 65.)

ROBERT CHARLES DARWIN

Letters have a share in his glory, and cannot sacrifice his name. He is a writer ; his intellectual power and candour find the style that they deserve ; and it reveals to us, in a transparent way, the majestic figure of the man himself, standing back and watching, ever so modestly and with some surprise, the eftoct of his work—the huge displacement caused by the tidal wave of his great idea, as it flooded the mind of the world, and so penetrated, by many a winding channel, into literature too.—*(Survey,* i. 67.)

The Spider

(From *Voyage of the Beagle) (Corrected ed. 1845)*

On several occasions, when the *Beagle* had been within the mouth of the Plata, the rigging has been coated with the web of the Gossamer Spider. One day (November 1st, 1832) I paid particular attention to this subject. The weather had been fine and clear, and in the morning the air was full of patches of the flocculent web, as on an autumnal day in England. The ship was sixty miles distant from the land, in the direction of a steady though light breeze. Vast numbers of a small spider, about one-tenth of an inch in length, and of a dusky red colour, were attached to the webs. There must have been, I should suppose, some thousands on the ship. The little spider, when first coming in contact with the rigging, was always seated on a single thread, and not on the flocculent mass, This latter seems merely to be produced by the entanglement of the single threads. The spiders were all of one species, but of both sexes, together with young ones. These latter were distinguished by

their smaller size and more dusky colour. I will not give the description of this spider, but merely state that it does not appear to me to be included in any of Latreille's genera. The little aeronaut as soon as it arrived on board was very active, running about, sometimes letting itself fall, and then reascending the same thread ; sometimes employing itself in making a small and very irregular mesh in the corners between the ropes. It could run with facility on the surface of water. When disturbed it lifted up its front legs, in the attitude of attention. On its first arrival it appeared very thirsty, and with exserted maxillæ drank eagerly of drops of water; this same circumstance has been observed by Strack : may it not be in consequence of the little insect having passed through a dry and rarefied atmosphere ? Its stock of web seemed inexhaustible. While watching some that were suspended by a single thread, I several times observed that the slightest breath of air bore them away out of sight, in a horizontal line. On another occasion (25th) under similar circumstances, I repeatedly observed the same kind of small spider, either when placed or having crawled on some little eminence, elevate its abdomen, send forth a thread, and then sail away horizontally, but with a rapidity which was quite unaccountable. I thought I could perceive that the spider, before performing the above preparatory steps, connected its legs together with the most delicate threads, but I am not sure whether this observation was correct.

One day, at St. Fe, I had a better opportunity of observing some similar facts. A spider which was about three-tenths of an inch in length, and which in its general appearance resembled a Citigrade (therefore qu^:, different from the gossamer), while standing on the summit of a post, darted forth four or five threads from its spinners. These, glittering in the sunshine, might be compared to diverging rays of light; they were not, however, straight, but in undulations like films

of silk blown by the wind. They were more than a yard in length, and diverged in an ascending direction from the orifices. The spider then suddenly let go its hold of the post, and was quickly borne out of sight. The day was hot and apparently quite calm ; yet under such circumstances, the atmosphere can never be so tranquil as not to affect a vane so delicate as the thread of a spider's web. If during a warm day we look either at the shadow of any object cast on a bank, or over a level plain at a distant landmark, the effect of an ascending current of heated air is almost always evident: such upward currents, it has been remarked, are also shown by the ascent of soap-bubbles, which will not rise in an in-doors room. Hence I think there is not much difficulty in understanding the ascent of the fine lines projected from a spider's spinners, and afterwards of the spider itself ; the divergence of the lines has been attempted to be explained, I believe by Mr. Murray, by their similar electrical condition. The circumstance of spiders of the same species, but of different sexes and ages, being found on several occasions at the distance of many leagues from the land, attached in vast numbers to the lines, renders it probable that the habit of sailing through the air is as characteristic of this tribe, as that of diving is of the Argyroneta. We may then reject Latreille's supposition, that the gossamer owes its origin indifferently to the young of several genera of spiders : although, as we have seen, the young of other spiders do possess the power of performing aerial voyages.[1]

[1] Mr. Blackwall, in his Researches in Zoology, has many excellent observations on the habits of spiders.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

Ho is, indeed, one of the best prose writers of his time, with his pure, rapid, and athletic English, his controversial skill and honesty, his ironic \vit, and his note of life and experience. . . . His gallant good spirits, resting on and surviving the conviction that the universe is a grirn affair, come out to the end, especially when there is fighting to bo done. Huxley, certainly, is an artist in his many-sided business of explaining, refuting, and deriding ; but amongst our scientific writers ho stands out, above all, for humanity and imagination.—(*Survey,* i. 75, 82.)

On a Piece of Chalk

(From *Lectures and Lay Sermons)* *(1870)*

Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land, until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game the spoils of which have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said ; but [1] the whirligig of time brought its revenges ' in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants, hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reinueer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of your own county, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater

antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself.

The Book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris.

But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk, or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been formed, but, after its formation, the time required for the deposit of these later rocks, and for their upheaval into dry land, must have elapsed, before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of ' the great river, the river of Babylon/ began to flow.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

His *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro* (1853) and *Malay Archipelago* (1809) also have the note of the open-air, gypsy, all-enduring naturalist.—*(Survey,* i. 67.)

The Forest

(From *Travels on the Amazon)* *(1853)*

The next morning early we proceeded on our journey, and soon passed the last house, and entered upon the wild, unbroken, and uninhabited virgin forest. The stream was very narrow, and very winding, running with great rapidity round the bends, and often much obstructed by bushes and fallen trees. The branches

almost met overhead, and it was as dark and gloomy and silent as can be imagined. In these sombre shades a flower was scarcely ever to be found. A few of the large blue butterflies *(Morphos)* were occasionally seen flitting over the water or seated upon a leaf on the banks, and numerous green-backed kingfishers darted along before us. Early in the afternoon we found a little cleared place where hunters were accustomed to stay, and here we hung up our hammocks, lit our fire, and prepared to pass the night. After an excellent supper and some coflee I lay down in my hammock, gazing up through the leafy canopy overhead, to the skies spangled with brightly shining stars, from which the fire-flies flitting among the foliage, could often hardly be distinguished. They were a species of *Pyrophorus,* larger than any I had seen in Para ! They seemed attracted by the lire, to which they came in numbers ; by moving one over the lines of a newspaper I was enabled easily to read it. The Indians amused themselves by recounting their hunting adventures, their escapes from jaguars and serpents, or of their being lost in the forest. One told how he had been lost for ten days, and all that time had eaten nothing, for he had no farinha, and though he could have killed game he would not eat it alone, and seemed quite surprised that I should think him capable of such an action, though I should certainly have imagined a week's fast would have overcome any scruples of that sort.

The next day the Indians went hunting, proposing to return early in the afternoon to proceed on, and I searched the woods after insects ; but in these gloomy forests, and without any paths along which I could walk with confidence, I met with little success. In the afternoon some of them returned with two trumpeters *(Psophia viridis)* and a monkey, which I skinned ; but as one Indian did not arrive till late, we could not continue our voyage till the next dav. This night we were not so fortunate as the last, for just about dusk it began

to rain, and our canoes were so small and so loaded with articles that must be kept dry, that we had little chance of making ourselves comfortable in them. I managed to crowd in somehow, terribly cramped, hoping the shower would soon pass over ; but as it did not, and we had turned in without our suppers, I began to feel very hungry. It was pitch-dark, but I groped my way out, fumbled about for some wood, and with an Indian's assistance made up the fire, by which I sat with some palm-leaves over my head, and made a hearty meal of jacu (a species of Penelope), which had been stewed in the afternoon. When I had finished, I was pretty well soaked ; but to find or put on dry clothes was out of the question, so I again rolled myself up uncomfortably into a ball, and slept pretty well till daybreak, when it had just ceased raining, and a cup of hot coffee set me all right.

WRITERS OF BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

JOHN FORSTER

Forster was a most capable and independent journalist, editor, and writer ; not elegant, not inspired, but energetic, careful, and outspoken. . . . The *Life of Dickens* cannot bo superseded. —*(Survey,* i. 314.)

Two Portraits of Charles Dickens

(From *Life of Dickens)* *(1872-1874)*

Earliest Years.

He was a very little and a very sickly boy. He was subject to attacks of violent spasm which disabled him for any active exertion. He was never a good little cricket-player; he was never a first-rate hand at marbles, or peg-top, or prisoner's base ; but he had great pleasure in watching the other boys, officers' eons for the most part, at these games, reading while they played ;

and he had always the belief that this early sickness had brought to himself one inestimable advantage, in the circumstance of his weak health having strongly inclined him to reading. It will not appear, as my narrative moves on, that he owed much to his parents, or was other than in his first letter to Washington Irving he described Iiimself to have been, a ' very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy; ' but he has frequently been heard to say that his first desire for knowledge, and his earliest passion for reading, were awakened by his mother, from whom he learnt the rudiments not only of English, but also, a little later, of Latin. She taught him regularly every day for a long time, and taught him, he was convinced, thoroughly well. I once put to him a question in connection with this to which he replied in almost exactly the words he placed five years later in the mouth of David Copperfield, ; I faintly remember her teaching me the alphabet; and when I look upon the fat black letters in the primer, the puzzling novelty of their shapes, and the easy good nature of 0 and S, always seem to present themselves before me as they used to do.'

Dickens in 1837.

A look of youthfulness first attracted you, and then a candour and openness of expression which made you sure of the qualities within. The features were very good. He had a capital forehead, a firm nose with full wide nostril, eyes wonderfully beaming with intellect and running over with humour and cheerfulness, and a rather prominent mouth strongly marked with sensibility. The head was altogether well-formed and symmetrical, and the air and carriage of it were extremely spirited. The hair BO scant and grizzled in later days was then of a rich brown and most luxuriant abundance, and the bearded face of his last two decades had hardly a vestige of hair or whisker ; but there was that in the face as I first recollect it which no time could change,

and which remained implanted on it unalterably to the last. This was the quickness, keenness, and practical power, the eager, restless, energetic outlook on each several feature, that seemed to tell so little of a student or writer of books and so much of a man of action and business in the world. Light and motion flashed from every part of it. *It was as if made of steel,* was said of it, four or five years after the time to which I am referring, by a most original and delicate observer, the late Mrs. Carlyle. ' What a face is his to meet in a drawing-room !' wrote Leigh Hunt to me, the morning after I had made them known to each other. ' It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings.' In such sayings are expressed not alone the restless and resistless vivacity and force of which I have spoken, but that also which lay beneath them of steadiness and hard endurance.

HARRIET MARTINEAU

Miss Martinoau left at least one work, her *Autobiography,* which is still full of interest, instruction, and oddity. . . . She knew her London well in the Thirties, and has left her comments on Carlyle and Coleridge, on Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, and Bulwer and Monekton Mimes, and on scores of others.—*(Survey,* i. 313.)

Friendship with Carlyle

(From the *Autobiography)* *(1877)*

I have seen Carlyle's face under all aspects, from the deepest gloom to the most reckless or most genial mirth ; and it seemed to me that each mood would make a totally different portrait. The sympathetic is by far the finest, in my eyes. His excess of sympathy has been, I believe, the master-pain of his life. He does not know what to do with it, and with its bitterness, seeing that human life is full of pain to those who look out for it: and the savageness which has come to be a main characteristic of this singular man is, in my opinion, a mere expression of his intolerable sympathy

with the suffering. He cannot express his love and pity in natural acts, like other people ; and it shows itself too often in unnatural speech. But to those who understand his eyes, his shy manner, his changing colour, his sigh, and the constitutional *pudeur* which renders him silent about everything that he feels the most deeply, his wild speech and abrupt manner are perfectly intelligible. I have felt to the depths of my heart what his sympathy was in my days of success and prosperity and apparent happiness without drawback ; and again in sickness, pain, and hopelessness of ever being at ease again ; I have observed the same strength of feeling towards all manner of sufferers ; and I am confident that Carlyle's affections are too much for him, and the real cause of the ' ferocity ' with which he charges himself, and astonishes others. It must be such a strong love and honour as his friends feel for him that can compensate for the pain of witnessing his suffering life. When I knew him familiarly, he rarely slept, was wofully dyspeptic, and as variable as possible in mood. When my friend and I entered the little parlour at Cheyne Bow, our host was usually miserable. Till he got his coffee, he asked a list of questions, without waiting for answers, and looked as if he was on the rack. After tea, he brightened and softened, and sent us home full of admiration and friendship, and sometimes with a hope that he would some day be happy.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

Ho was a born watcher, a man of trained and intensified senses and of patiently accurate habit; he had besides a strong poetic sense, and a vein of mystical rumination which is never suffered to falsify his report.—*(Survey,* i. 306.)

Thoughts by the Tumulus

(From *The Story of My Heart)* *(1883)*

How many words it has taken to describe so briefly the feelings and the thoughts that came to me by the

tumulus ; thoughts that swept past and were gone, and were succeeded by others while yet the shadow of the mound had not moved from one thyme-flower to another, not the breadth of a grass-blade. Softly breathed the sweet south wind, gently the yellow corn waved beneath ; the ancient, ancient sun shone on the fresh grass and the flower, my heart opened wide as the broad, broad earth. I spread my arms out, laying them on the sward, seizing the grass, to take the fulness of the days. Could I have my own way after death I would be burned on a pyre of pine-wood, open to the air, and placed on the summit of the hills. Then let my ashes be scattered abroad—not collected in an urn—freely sown wide and broadcast. That is the natural interment of man—of man whose Thought at least has been among the immortals ; interment in the elements. Burial is not enough, it does not give sufficient solution into the elements speedily ; a furnace is confined. The high open air of the topmost hill, there let the tawny flame lick up the fragment called the body ; there cast the ashes into the space it longed for while living. Such a luxury of interment is only for the wealthy ; I fear 1 shall not be able to afford it. Else the smoke of my resolution into the elements should certainly arise in time on the hill-top.

The silky grass sighs as the wind comes carrying the blue butterfly more rapidly than his wings. A large humble-bee burrs round the green dome against which I rest; my hands are scented with thyme. The sweetness of the day, the fulness of the earth, the bounteous earth, how shall I say it ?

MAJOR NOVELISTS

CHARLES DICKENS

His high charitable temper, and his courageous spirit—burnished so Bright—and his fundamental good sense, pass into the best of his art, even as the hysterical element in him and his incapacity for self-criticism toll upon the cheaper side of it. He is so genuine, there is so much of him, that he will always bear reviewing again. He is the last writer to be finally ' placed ' : only much greater, or much smaller, artists than he can bo finally ' placed.' The problems, the reserves and abatements, the emphasis of praise, must alter with each generation that reads Dickens.—*(Survey, i*i. 194-195.)

David meets Dora

(From ***David*** *Copperfield)* *(1850)*

There was a lovely garden to Mr. Spenlow's house ; and though that was not the best time of the year for seeing a garden, it was so beautifully kept, that I was quite enchanted. There was a charming lawn, there were clusters of trees, and there were perspective walks that I could just distinguish in the dark, arched over with trellis-work, on which shrubs and flowers grew in the growing season. ' Here Miss Spenlow walks by herself,' I thought. ' Dear me ! '

We went into the house, which was cheerfully lighted up, and into a hall where there were all sorts of hats, caps, great-coats, plaids, gloves, whips, and walking-sticks. ' Where is Miss Dora ? ' said Mr. Spenlow to the servant. ' Dora ! ' I thought. ' What a beautiful name ! '

We turned into a room near at hand (I think it was the identical breakfast-room, made memorable by the brown East India Sherry) and I heard a voice say, ' Mr. Copperfield, my daughter Dora, and my daughter Dora's confidential friend ! ' It was, no doubt, Mr. Spenlow's voice, but I didn't know it, and I didn't care whose it was. All was over in a moment. I had fulfilled my

destiny. I was a captive and a slave. I loved Dora Spenlow to distraction !

She was more than human to me. She was a Fairy, a Sylph, I don't know what she was—anything that no one ever saw, and everything that everybody ever wanted. I was swallowed up in an abyss of love in an instant. There was no pausing on the brink ; no looking down, or looking back ; I was gone, headlong, before I had sense * to say * a word * to her. * *

All I know of the rest of the evening is, that I heard the empress of my heart sing enchanted ballads in the French language, generally to the effect that, whatever was the matter, we ought always to dance, Ta ra la, Ta ra la ! accompanying herself on a glorified instrument, resembling a guitar. That I was lost in blissful delirium. That I refused refreshment. That my soul recoiled from punch particularly. That when Miss Murdstone took her into custody and led her away, she smiled and gave me her delicious hand. That I caught a view of myself in a mirror, looking perfectly imbecile and idiotic. That I retired to bed in a most maudlin state of mind, and got up in a crisis of feeble infatuation.

It was a fine morning, and early, and I thought I would go and take a stroll down one of those wire-arched walks, and indulge my passion by dwelling on her image. On my way through the hall, I encountered her little dog, who was called Jip—short for Gipsy. I approached him tenderly, for I loved even him ; but he showed his whole set of teeth, got under a chair expressly to snarl, and wouldn't hear of the least familiarity.

The garden was cool and solitary. I walked about, wondering what my feelings of happiness would be, if I could ever become engaged to this dear wonder. As to marriage, and fortune, and all that, I believe I was almost as innocently undesigning then, as when I loved little Em'ly. To be allowed to call her ' Dora,' to write to her, to dote upon and worship her, to have reason to

think that when she was with other people she was yet mindful of me, seemed to me the summit of human ambition—I am sure it was the summit of mine. There is no doubt whatever that I was a lackadaisical young spooney ; but there was a purity of heart in all this still, that prevents my having quite a contemptuous recollection of it, let me laugh as I may.

I had not been walking long, when I turned a corner, and met her. I tingle again from head to foot as my recollection turns that corner, and my pen shakes in my hand,

' You—are—out early, Miss Spenlow,' said I.

' It's so stupid at home,' she replied, 'and Miss Murdstone is so absurd ! She talks such nonsense about its being necessary for the day to be aired, before I come out. Aired ! ' (She laughed here, in the most melodious manner.) ' On a Sunday morning, when I don't practise, I must do something. So I told papa last night I *must* come out. Besides, it's the brightest time of the whole day. Don't you think so ? '

I hazarded a bold flight, and said (not without stammering) that it was very bright to me then, though it had been very dark to me a minute before.

' Do you mean a compliment ? ' said Dora, [c] or that the weather has really changed ? '

I stammered worse than before, in replying that I meant no compliment, but the plain truth ; though I was not aware of any change having taken place in the weather. It was in the state of my own feelings I added bashfully : to clench the explanation. I never saw such curls—how could I, for there never were such curls !—as those she shook out to hide her blushes. As to the straw hat and blue ribbons which was on the top of the curls, if I could only have hung it up in *my* room in Buckingham Street, what a priceless possession it would have been !

' You have just come home from Paris,' said I.

' Yes,' said she. ' Have you ever been there ? '

'No.'

' Oh ! I hope you'll go soon ! You would like it BO much ! '

Traces of deep-seated anguish appeared in my countenance. That she should hope I wouk[7] go, that she should think it possible I *could* go, was insupportable. I depreciated Paris ; I depreciated France. I said I wouldn't leave England, under existing circumstances, for any earthly consideration. Nothing should induce me. In short, she was shaking the curls again, when the little dog came running along the walk to our relief.

He was mortally jealous of me, and persisted in barking at me. She took him up in her arms—oh my goodness !—and caressed him, but he insisted upon barking still. He wouldn't let me touch him, when I tried ; and then she beat him. It increased my sufferings greatly to see the pats she gave him for punishment on the bridge of his blunt nose, while he winked his eyes, and licked her hand, and still growled within himself like a little double-bass. At length he was quiet—well he might be with her dimpled chin upon his head !—and we walked away to look at a greenhouse.

' You are not very intimate with Miss Murdstone, are you ? ' said Dora.—' My pet.'

(The two last words were to the dog. Oh if they had only been to me !)

' No,' I replied. ' Not at all so.'

' She is a tiresome creature,' said Dora pouting. ' I can't think what papa can have been about, when he chose such a vexatious thing to be my companion. Who wants a protector ? I am sure / don't want a protector. Jip can protect me a great deal better than Miss Murdstone—can't you, Jip, dear ? '

He only winked lazily, when she kissed his ball of a head.

' Papa calk her my confidential friend, but I am sure she is no such thing—is she, Jip ? We are not going to confide in such cross people, Jip and I. We mean to bestow our confidence where we like, and to find out

our own friends, instead of having them found out for us—don't we, Jip ? '

Jip made a comfortable noise, in answer, a little like a tea-kettle when it sings. As for me, every word was a new heap of fetters, rivetted above the last.

' It is very hard, because we have not a kind Mama, that we are to have, instead, a sulky, gloomy old thing like Miss Murdstone, always following us about—isn't it, Jip ? Never mind, Jip. We won't be confidential, and we'll make ourselves as happy as we can in spite of her, and we'll tease her, and not please her—won't we, Jip ? '

If it had lasted any longer, I think I must have gone down on my knees on the gravel, with the probability before me of grazing them, and of being presently ejected from the premises besides. But, by good fortune the greenhouse was not far off, and these words brought us to it.

It contained quite a show of beautiful geraniums. We loitered along in front of them, and Dora often stopped to admire this one or that one, and I stopped to admire the same one, and Dora, laughing, held the dog up childishly, to smell the flowers ; and if we were not all three in Fairyland, certainly *I* was. The scent of a geranium leaf, at this day, strikes me with a half-comical half-serious wonder as to what change has come over me in a moment; and then I see a straw hat and blue ribbons, and a quantity of curls, and a little black dog being held up, in two slender arms, against a bank of blossoms and bright leaves.

Pip's Childhood

(From *Great Expectations)* *(1860-1861)*

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe

Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stoul,, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, ' *Also Georgiana Wife of the Above,'* I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard ; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried ; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried ; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes ; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river ; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea ; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

' Hold your noise ! ' cried a terrible voice, as a man

started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. ' Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat! '

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars ; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled ; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

' O ! Don't cut my throat, sir,' I pleaded in terror. ' Pray don't do it, sir.'

' Tell us your name ! ' said the man. ' Quick ' '

' Pip, sir.'

' Once more,' said the man, staring at me. ' Give it mouth ! '

' Pip. Pip, sir.'

' Show us where you live,' said the man. [4] Pint out the place ! '

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

' You young dog,' said the man, licking his lips, ' what fat cheeks you ha' got.'

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized, for my years, and not strong.

' Darn Me if I couldn't eat em,' said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, ' and if I han't half a mind to't! '

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me ; partly, to keep myself upon it ; mrtly, to keep myself from crying.

' Now lookee here ! ' said the man. ' Where's your mother ? '

' There, sir ! ' said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

' There, sir ! ' I timidly explained. ' Also Georgiana. That's my mother.'

' Oh ! ' said he, coming back. ' And is that your father alonger your mother ? '

' Yes, sir,' said I ; ' him too ; late of this parish.'

' Ha ! ' he muttered then, considering. ' Who d'ye live with—supposin' you're kindly let to live, which 1 han't made up my mind about ? '

' My sister, sir-—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.'

' Blacksmith, eh ? ' said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me ; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

' Now lookee here,' he said, ' the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is ? "

' Yes, sir.'

' And you know what wittles is ? '

' Yes, sir.'

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

' You get me a file.' He tilted me again. ' And you get me wittles.' He tilted me again. ' You bring 'em both to me.' He tilted me again. ' Or I'll have your heart and liver out/ He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, ' If you would kindly please to let me keep,upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.'

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

He is of those who seek to present men, women, children, and events as they really are, in clear daylight and without chromatic fringes. This passion for seeing things truly, and the transparent style that goes along with it, and this observant humanity and breadth of scale, we find alike in Thackeray and Tolstoy.—*(Survey,* u. 254.)

The Eve of Waterloo

(From *Vanity Fair)* *(1845-1847)*

Dobbin went up and whispered something to him, on which George, giving a start and a wild hurray, tossed off his glass, clapped it on the table, and walked away speedily on his friend's arm. ' The enemy has passed the Sambre,' William said, ' and our left is already engaged. Come away. We are to march in three hours.'

Away went George, his nerves quivering with excitement at the news so long looked for, so sudden when it came. What are love and intrigue now ? He thought about a thousand things but these in his rapid walk to his quarters—his past life and future chances—the fate which might be before him—the wife, the child perhaps, from whom unseen he might be about to part. Oh, how he wished that night's work undone ! and that with a clear conscience at least he might say farewell to the tender and guileless being by whose love he had set such little store !

He thought over his brief married life. In those few weeks he had frightfully dissipated his little capital. How wild and reckless he had been ! Should any mischance befall him : what was then left for her ? How unworthy he was of her. Why had he married her ?

He was not fit for marriage. Why had he disobeyed his father, who had been always so generous to him ? Hope, remorse, ambition, tenderness, and selfish regret filled his heart. He sat down and wrote to nis father, remembering what he had said once before, when he was engaged to fight a duel. Dawn faintly streaked the sky as he closed this farewell letter. He sealed it, and kissed the superscription. He thought how he had deserted that generous father, and of the thousand kindnesses which the stern old man had done him.

He had looked into Amelia's bedroom when he entered : she lay quiet and her eyes seemed closed, and he was glad that she was asleep. On arriving at his quarters from the ball, he had found his regimental servant already making preparations for his departure : the man had understood his signal to be still, and these arrangements were very quickly and silently made. Should he go in and wake Amelia, he thought, or leave a note for her brother to break the news of departure to her ? He went in to look at her once again.

She had been awake when he first entered her room, but had kept her eyes closed, so that even her wakefulness should not see, to reproach him. But when he had returned, so soon after herself, too, this timid little heart had felt more at ease, and turning towards him as he stepped softly out of the room, she had fallen into a light sleep. George came in and looked at her again, entering still more softly. By the pale night-lamp he could see her sweet pale face—the purple eyelids were fringed and closed, and one round arm, smooth and white, lay outside the coverlet. Good God ! how pure she was ; how gentle, how tender, and how friendless ! and he, how selfish, brutal, and black with crime ! Heart-stained, and shame-stricken, he stood at the bed's foot, and looked at the sleeping girl. How dared he—who was he, to pray for one so spotless ! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bedside, and

looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep; and he bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle, pale face.

Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. [c] I am awake, George/ the poor child said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely by his own. She was awake, poor soul, and to what ? At that moment a bugle from the Place of Arms began sounding clearly, and was taken up through the town ; and amidst the drums of the infantry, and the shrill pipes of the Scotch, the whole city awoke.

Mother and Daughter

(From *Henry Esmond)* *(1852)*

I.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand ; there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was passed. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison ; nor in the camp ; nor on shore before the enemy ; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight; nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn : not even at the table, where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theatre yonder, where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear—no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister, mother, goddess to him during his youth—goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses ; and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she ; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it ? Where lies it ?—the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all ? Whoever can unriddle that mystery ? Here she was,

her son by her side, his dear boy. Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers ; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

2.

As they came up to the house at Walcote, the windows from within were lighted up with friendiy welcome ; the supper-table was spread in the oak-parlour ; it seemed as if forgiveness and love were awaiting the returning prodigal. Two or three familiar faces of domestics were on the look-out at the porch—the old housekeeper was there, and young Lockwood from Castlewood in my lord's livery of tawny and blue. His dear mistress pressed his arm as they passed into the hall. Her eyes beamed out on him with affection indescribable. ' Welcome! ' was all she said, as she looked up, putting back her fair curls and black hood. A sweet rosy smile blushed on her face ; Harry thought he had never seen her look so charming. Her face was lighted with a joy that was brighter than beauty—she took a hand of her son who was in the hall waiting his mother—she did not quit Esmond's arm.

[1] Welcome, Harry ! ' my young lord echoed after her. [4] Here, we are all come to say so. Here's old Pincot; hasn't she grown handsome ? ' and Pincot, who was older and no handsomer than usual, made a curtsey to the Captain, as she called Esmond, and told my lord to [c] Have done, now ! '

[4] And, here's Jack Lockwood. He'll make a famous grenadier, Jack ; and so shall I; we'll both list under you, cousin. As soon as I am seventeen, I go to the army—every gentleman goes to the army. Look ! who comes here—ho, ho ! ' he burst into a laugh. ' 'Tis Mistress Trix, with a new ribbon ; I knew she would put one on as soon as she heard a captain was coming to supper.'

This laughing colloquy took place in the hall of Walcote House; in the midst of which is a staircase

that leads from an open gallery, where are the doors of the sleeping chambers ; and from one of these, a wax candle in her hand, and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix—the light falling indeed upon the scarlet ribbon which she wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world.

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height; and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty, that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting, that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible : and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty : that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark : her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders ; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine ; except her cheeks which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen —now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So she came holding her dress with ore fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

' She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white

shoes,' says my lord, still laughing. * Oh, my fine mistress ! is this the way you set your cap at the Captain ? ' She approached, shining smiles upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but Lor eyes. She advanced holding forward her head, as if she would have him kiss her as he used to do when she was a child.

' Stop,' she said, ' I am growing too big ! Welcome, cousin Harry! ' and she made him an arch curtsey, sweeping down to the ground almost, with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton.

Clive Newcome sees Ethel again

(From *The Newcomes)* *(1853-1855)*

Clive Newcome was not looking at Barnes. His eyes were fixed upon the lady seated not far from the lecturer —upon Ethel, with her arm round her little niece's shoulder, and her thick black ringlets drooping down over a face paler than Clive's own.

Of course she knew that Clive was present. She was aware of him as she entered the hall; saw[r] him at the very first moment; saw nothing but him, I dare say, though her eyes were shut and her head was turned now towards her mother, and now bent down on her little niece's golden curls. And the past and its dear histories, and youth and its hopes and passions, and tones and looks for ever echoing in the heart, and present in the memory—these, no doubt, poor Clive saw and heard as he looked across che great gulf of time, and parting and grief, and beheld the woman he had loved for many years. There she sits ; the same, but changed ; as gone from him as if she were dead; departed indeed into another sphere, and entered into a kind of death. If there is no love more in yonder heart, it is but a corpse

unburied. Strew round it the flowers of youth. Wash it with tears of passion. Wrap it and envelop it with fond devotion. Break heart, and fling yourself on the bier, and kiss her cold lips and press her hand ! It falls back dead on the cold breast again. The beautiful lips have never a blush or a smile. Cover them and lay them in the ground, and so take thy hatband off, good friend, and go to thy business. Do you suppose you are the only man who has had to attend such a funeral ? You will find some men smiling and at work the day after. Some come to the grave now and again out of the world, and say a brief prayer, and a ' God bless her ! ' With some men, she gone, and her viduous mansion your heart to let, her successor the new occupant poking in all the drawers, and corners, and cupboards of the tenement, finds her miniature, and some of her dusty old letters hidden away somewhere, and says—Was this the face he admired so ? Why, allowing even for the painter's flattery, it is quite ordinary, and the eyes certainly do not look straight. Are these the letters you thought so charming ? Well, upon my word, I never read anything more commonplace in my life. See, here's a line half blotted out. Oh, I suppose she was crying then—some of her tears, idle tears. . . . Hark, there is Barnes Newcome's eloquence still plapping on like water from a cistern—and our thoughts, where have they wandered ? far away from the lecture—as far away as dive's almost. And now the fountain ceases to trickle ; the mouth from which issued that cool and limpid flux ceases to smile ; the figure is seen to bow and retire ; a buzz, a hum, a whisper, a scuffle, a meeting of bonnets and wagging of feathers and rustling of silks ensue. ' Thank you ! delightful, I am sure!' 'I really was quite overcome.' 'Excellent.' ' *So* much obliged,' are rapid phrases heard amongst the polite on the platform. While down below, ' Yaw ! quite enough of *that.'* ' Mary Jane, cover your throat up. and don't kitch cold, and don t push *me,* please, sir.'

' 'Arry! coom along and 'av a pint a' ale,' &c., are the remarks heard, or perhaps not heard, by Clive Newcome as he watches at the private entrance of the Athenaeum, where Sir Barnes's carriage is waiting with its flaming lamps, and domestics in state liveries. One of them comes out of the building bearing the little girl in his arms and lays her in the carriage. Then Sir Barnes, and Lady Ann, and the Mayor. Then Ethel issues forth, and as she passes under the lamps, beholds dive's face as pale and sad as her own.

GEORGE ELIOT (MARY ANN EVANS)

George Eliot's equipment, when she began to write fiction, was threefold. Foremost, there was her stored observation of the men and women, of the landscape and customs, of the notions and humours, of her native Warwickshire ; and this, though enlarged by her life in London, remained her real fund of capital. Secondly, and hardly separable, there was her private experience, human and intellectual. ... A third resource of George Eliot's, namely, her great stock of actual information, reading, and culture, was not wholly good for her art ; but did not, except in the case of *Itomola,* greatly deaden it.—*(Survey,* 11. 201.)

Mrs. Poyser

(From *Adam Bede)* *(1859)*

' The fact is, Poyser,' said the Squire, ignoring Mrs. Poyser's theory of worldly prosperity, ' there is too much dairy land, and too little plough land, on the Chase Farm, to suit Thurle's purpose—indeed, he will only take the farm on condition of some change in it: his wife, it appears, is not a clever dairywoman, like yours. Now, the plan I'm thinking of is to effect a little exchange. If you were to have the Hollow Pastures, you might increase your dairy, which must be so profitable under your wife's management; and I should request you, Mrs. Poyser, to supply my house with milk, cream, and butter at the market prices. On the other hand, Poyser, you might let Thurle have the Lower and Upper Ridges, which really, with our wet

seasons, would be a good riddance for you. There is much less risk in dairy land than corn land.'

Mr. Poyser was leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, hia head on one side, and his mouth screwed up—apparently absorbed in making the tips of his fingers meet so as to represent with perfect accuracy the ribs of a ship. He was much too acute a man not to see through the whole business, and to foresee perfectly what would be his wife's view of the subject; but he disliked giving unpleasant answers: unless it was on a point of farming practice, he would rather give up than have a quarrel, any day ; and, after all, it mattered more to his wife than to him. So, after a few moments' silence, he looked up at her and said mildly, ' What dost say ? '

Mrs. Poyser had had her eyes fixed on her husband with cold severity during his silence, but now she turned away her head with a toss, looked icily at the opposite roof of the cow-shed, and spearing her knitting together with the loose pin, held it firmly between her clasped hands.

' Say ? Why, I say you may do as you like about giving up any o' your corn land afore your lease is up, which it won't be for a year come next Michaelmas, but I'll not consent to take more dairy work into my hands, either for love or money ; and there's nayther love nor money here, as I can see, on'y other folks's love o' theirselves, and the money as is to go into other folks's pockets. I know there's them as is born t' own the land, and them as is born to sweat on't'—here Mrs. Poyser paused to gasp a little—' and I know it's christened folks's duty to submit to their betters as fur as flesh and blood 'ull bear it; but I'll not make a martyr o' myself, and wear myself to skin and bone, and worret myself as if I was a churn wi' butter a-coming in't, for no landlord in England, not if he was King George himself.'

' No, no, my dear Mrs. Poyser, certainly not,' said the

Squire, still confident in his own powers of persuasion, * you must not overwork yourself ; but don't you think your work will rather be lessened than increased in this way ? There is so much milk required at the Abbey, that you will have little increase of cheese and butter making from the addition to your dairy ; and I believe selling the milk is the most profitable way uf disposing of dairy produce, is it not ? '

' Ay, that's true,' said Mr. Poyser, unable to repress an opinion on a question of farming profits, and forgetting that it was not in this case a purely abstract question.

' I daresay,' said Mrs. Poyser bitterly, turning her head half-way towards her husband, and looking at the vacant arm-chair—' I daresay it's true for men as sit i' th' chimney-corner and make believe as everything's cut wi' ins an' outs to fit int' everything else. If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner. How do I know whether the milk 'ull be wanted constant ? What's to make me sure as the house won't be put o' board wage afore we're many months older, and then I may have to lie awake o' nights wi' twenty gallons o' milk on my mind—and Dingall 'ull take no more butter, let alone paying for it; and we must fat pigs till we're obliged to beg the butcher on our knees to buy 'em, and lose half of 'em wi' the measles. And there's the fetching and carrying, as 'ud be welly half a day's work for a man an' hoss—*that's* to be took out o' the profits, I reckon ? But there's folks 'ud hold a sieve under the pump and expect to carry away the water.'

' That difficulty—about the fetching and carrying—you will not have, Mrs. Poyser,' said the Squire, who thought that this entrance into particulars indicated a distant inclination to compromise on Mrs. Poyser's part —' Bethell will do that regularly with the cart and pony.'

' Oh, sir, begging your pardon, I've never been used t' having gentlefolks's servants coming about my

back places, a-making love to both the gells at once, and keeping 'em with their hands on their hips listening to all manner o' gossip when they should be down on their knees a-scouring. If we're to go to ruin, it shanna be wi' having our back kitchen turned into a public.'

' Well, Poyser,' said the Squire, shifting his tactics, and looking as if he thought Mrs. Poyser had suddenly withdrawn from the proceedings and left the room, ' you can turn the Hollows into feeding-land. I can easily make another arrangement about supplying my house. And I shall not forget your readiness to accommodate your landlord as well as a neighbour. I know you will be glad to have your lease renewed for three years when the present one expires ; otherwise, I daresay Thurle, who is a man of some capital, would be glad to take both the farms, as they could be worked so well together. But I don't want to part with an old tenant like you.'

To be thrust out of the discussion in this way would have been enough to complete Mrs. Poyser's exasperation, even without the final threat. Her husband, really alarmed at the possibility of their leaving the old place where he had been bred and born—for he believed the old Squire had small spite enough for anything—was beginning a mild remonstrance explanatory of the inconvenience he should find in having to buy and sell more stock, with—

' Well, sir, I think as it's rether hard ' . . . when Mrs. Poyser burst in with the desperate determination to have her say out this once, though it were to rain notices to quit, and the only shelter were the workhouse.

' Then, sir, if I may speak—as, for all I'm a woman, and there's folks as thinks a woman's fool enough to stan' by an' look on while the men sign her soul away, I've a right to speak, for I make one quarter o' the rent, and save another quarter—I say, if Mr. Thurle's so ready to take farms under you, it's a pity but what he should take this, and see if he likes to live in a house wi' all the

plagues o' Egypt in't—wi' the cellar full o' water, and frogs and toads hoppin' up the steps by dozens—and the floors rotten, and the rats and mice gnawing every bit o[5] cheese, and runnin' over our neads a» we lie i' bed till we expect 'em to eat us up alive—as it's a mercy they hanna eat the children long ago. I should like to see if there's another tenant besides Poysei as 'ud put up wi' never having a bit o' repairs done till a place tumbles down—and not then, on'y wi' begging and praying, and having to pay half—and being strung up wi' the rent as it's much if he gets enough out o' the land to pay, for all he's put his own money into the ground beforehand. See if you'll get a stranger to lead such a life here as that: a maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon. You may run away from my words, sir,' continued Mrs. Poyser, following the old Squire beyond the door—for after the first moments of stunned surprise he had got up, and, waving his hand towards her with a smile, had walked out towards his pony. But it was impossible for him to get away immediately, for John was walking the pony up and down the yard, and was some distance from the causeway when his master beckoned.

' You may run away from my words, sir, and you may go spinnin' underhand ways o' doing us a mischief, for you've got Old Harry to your friend, though nobody else is, but I tell you for once as we're not dumb creatures to be abused and made money on by them as ha' got the lash i' their hands, for want o' knowing how t' undo the tackle. An' if I'm the only one as speaks my mind, there's plenty o' the same way o' thinking i' this parish and the next to 't, for your name's no better than a brimstone match in everybody's nose—if it isna two-three old folks as you think o' saving your soul by giving 'em a bit o' flannel and a drop o' porridge. An' you may be right i' thinking it'll take but little to save your soul, for it'll be the smallest savin' y' iver made, wi' all your scrapin'.'

There are occasions on which two servant-girls and a waggoner may be a formidable audience, and as the Squire rode away on his black pony, even the gift of short-sightedness did not prevent him from being aware that Molly and Nancy and Tim were grinning not far from him. Perhaps he suspected that sour old John was grinning behind him—which was also the fact. Meanwhile the bull-dog, the black-and-tan terrier, Alick's sheep-dog, and the gander hissing at a safe distance from the pony's heels, carried out the idea of Mrs. Poyser's solo in an impressive quartett.

Mrs. Poyser, however, had no sooner seen the pony move off than she turned round, gave the two hilarious damsels a look which drove them into the back kitchen, and, unspearing her knitting, began to knit again with her usual rapidity, as she re-entered the house.

' Thee'st done it now,' said Mr. Poyser, a little alarmed and uneasy, but not without some triumphant amusement at his wife's outbreak.

' Yes, I know I've done it,' said Mrs. Poyser ; ' but I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my life. There's no pleasure i' living, if you're to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I shan't repent saying what I think, if I live to be as old as th' old Squire ; and there's little likelihoods—for it seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' th' other world.'

' But thee wutna like moving from th' old place this Michaelmas twelvemonth,' said Mr. Poyser, ' and going into a strange parish, where thee know'st nobody. It'll be hard upon us both, and upo' father too.'

' Eh, it's no use worreting; there's plenty o' things may happen between this and Michaelmas twelvemonth. The Captain may be master afore then, for what we know,' said Mrs. Poyser, inclined to take an unusually hopeful view of an embarrassment which had been brought about by her own merit, and not by other people's fault.

' I'm none for worreting,' said Mr. Poyser, rising from his three-cornered chair, and walking slowly towards the door ; ' but I should be loath to leave the old place, and the parish where I was bred and born, and father afore me. We should leave our roots behind us, I doubt, and niver thrive again.'

The Flood

(From *The Mill an the Floss)* *(1860)*

In the first moments Maggie felt nothing, thought of nothing, but that she had suddenly passed away from that life which she had been dreading ; it was the transition of death, without its agony—and she was alone in the darkness with God.

The whole thing had been so rapid—so dreamlike—• that the threads of ordinary association were broken : she sank down on the seat clutching the oar mechanically, and for a long while had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller consciousness was the cessation of the rain, and a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest light, which parted the overhanging gloom from the immeasurable watery level below. She was driven out upon the flood :—that awful visitation of God which her father used to talk of—which had made the nightmare of her childish dreams. And with that thought there rushed in the vision of the old home—and Tom—and her mother—they had all listened together.

' 0 God, where am I ? Which is the way home ? ' she cried out, in the dim loneliness.

What was happening to them at the Mill ? The flood had once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger —in distress : her motaer and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help ! Her whole soul was strained now on that thought: and she saw the long-loved faces looking for help into the darkness, and finding none.

She was floating in smooth water now—perhaps far

on the overflooded fields. There was no sense of present danger to check the outgoing of her mind to the old home ; and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom that she might seize the first sight of her whereabout—that she might catch some faint suggestion of the spot towards which all her anxieties tended.

Oh how welcome, the widening of that dismal watery level—the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament—the slowly defining blackness of objects above the glassy dark ! Yes—she must be out on the fields—those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie ? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees ; looking before her, there were none : then, the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle the boat forward with the energy of wakening hope : the dawning seemed to advance more swiftly, now she was in action ; and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she paddled and rowed by turns in the growing twilight: her wet clothes clung round her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind, but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensations—except a sensation of strength, inspired by mighty emotion. Along with the sense of danger and possible rescue for those long-remembered beings at the old home, there was an undefined sense of reconcilement with her brother : what quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs ? Vaguely, Maggie felt this ;—in the strong resurgent love towards her brother that swept away all the later impressions of hard, cruel offence and misunderstanding, and left only the deep, underlying, unshakable memories of early union.

But now there was a large dark mass in the distance, and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the

river. The dark mass must be—yes, it was—St. Ogg's. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees—the grey willows, the now yellowing chestnuts—and above them the old roof ! But there was no colour, no shape yet: all was faint and dim. More and more strongly the energies seemed to come and put themselves forth, as if he- life were a etored-up force that was being spent in this hour, unneeded for any future.

She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house : this was the thought that occurred to her, as she imagined with more and more vividness the state of things round the old home. But then she might be carried very far down, and be unable to guide her boat out of the current again. For the first time distinct ideas of danger began to press upon her ; but there was no choice of courses, no room for hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort; more and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs ; nay, she was not far off a rushing muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple.

Great God ! there were floating masses in it, that might dash against her boat as she passed, and cause her to perish too soon. What were those masses ?

For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless—dimly conscious that she was being floated along—more intensely conscious of the anticipated clash. But the horror was transient: it passed away before the oncoming warehouses of St. Ogg's : she had passed the mouth of the Ripple, then • now, she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat and get it if possible out of the current. She could see now that the bridge was broken down ; she could see the masts of a stranded vessel far

out over the watery field. But no boats were to be seen moving on the river—such as had been laid hands on were employed in the flooded streets.

With new resolution, Maggie seized her oar, and stood up again to paddle ; but the now ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. It was not till she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the boat clear of the current. Then with one yearning look towards her uncle Dcane's house that lay farther down the river, she took to both her oars and rowed with all her might across the watery fields back towards the Mill. Colour was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields, she could discern the tints of the trees —could see the old Scotch firs far to the right, and the home chestnuts—oh, how deep they lay in the water ! deeper than the trees on this side the hill. And the roof of the Mill—where was it ? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple—what had they meant ? But it was not the house—the house stood firm : drowned up to the first storey, but still firm—or was it broken in at the end towards the Mill'?

With panting joy that she was there at last—joy that overcame all distress—Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound : she saw no objects moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs window. She called out in a loud piercing voice—

[1] Tom, where are you ? Mother, where are you ? Here is Maggie ! '

Soon, from the window of the attic in the central gable she heard Tom's voice :

' Who is it ? Have you brought a boat ? '

' It is I, Tom—Maggie. Where is mother ? '

' She is not here : she went to Garum, the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window.'

' Alone, Maggie ? ' said Tom, in a voice of deep

astonishment, as he opened the middle window on a level with the boat.

' Yes, Tom : God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one, else ? '

' No,' said Tom, stepping into the boat, ' I fear the man is drowned : he was carried down the Ripple, I think, when part of the Mill fell with the crash of trees and stones against it: I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie.'

GEORGE MEREDITH

All Meredith's stories describe an ordeal, and in his eyes life itself is mostly an ordeal, a test to show whether or no a man shall become the 'master of the event.' . . . Much of Meredith's wilting is an analytic description of the unspoken feelings of his characters. Here, perhaps, it is at its surest and finest; here, above all, ho adds a new territory to the language.—*(Survey,* 11. 339, 358.)

Clara Middleton

(From *The Egoist)* *(1879)*

She had the mouth that smiles in repose. The lips met full on the centre of the bow and thinned along to a lifting dimple ; the eyelids also lifted slightly at the outer corners and seemed, like the lip into the limpid cheek, quickening up the temples, as with a run of light, or the ascension indicated off a shoot of colour. Her features were playfellows of one another, none of them pretending to rigid correctness, nor the nose to the ordinary dignity of governess among merry girls, despite which the nose was of a fair design, not actually interrogative or inviting to gambols. Aspens imaged in water, waiting for the breeze, would offer a susceptible lover some suggestion of her face : a pure smooth-white face, tenderly flushed in the cheeks, where the gentle dints were faintly intermelting even during quietness. Her eyes were brown, set well between mild lids, often shadowed, not unwakeful. Her hair of lighter brown,

swelling above her temples on the sweep to the knot, imposed the triangle of the fabulous wild woodland visage from brow to mouth and chin, evidently in agreement with her taste ; and the triangle suited her ; but her face was not significant of a tameless wildness or of weakness ; her equable shut mouth threw its long curve to guard the small round chin from that effect; her eyes wavered only in humour, they were steady when thoughtfulncss was awakened; and at such seasons the build of her winter-beechwood hair lost the touch of nymph-like and whimsical, and strangely, by mere outline, added to her appearance of studious concentration. Observe the hawk on stretched wings over the prey he spies, for an idea of this change in the look of a young lady whom Vernon Whitford could liken to the Mountain Echo, and Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson pronounced to be ' a dainty rogue in porcelain/

A Drive in Sunlight

(From *Diana of the Crossways) (1884-1885)*

They drove out immediately after breakfast, on one of those high mornings of the bared bosom of June when distances are given to our eyes, and a soft air fondles leaf and grassblade, and beauty and peace are overhead, reflected, if we will. Rain had fallen in the night. Here and there hung a milkwhite cloud with folded sail. The South-west left it in its bay of blue, and breathed below. At moments the fresh scent of herb and mould swung richly in warmth. The young beech-leaves glittered, pools of rain-water made the roadways laugh, the grass-banks under hedges rolled their interwoven weeds in cascades of many-shaded green to right and left of the pair of dappled ponies, and a squirrel crossed ahead, a lark went up a little way to ease his heart, closing his wings when the burst was over, startied blackbirds, darting with a clamour like a broken cock-crow, looped the wayside woods from hazel to oak-scrub ; short flights, quick spirts everywhere, steady sunshine above.

Diana held the reins. The whip was an ornament, as the plume of feathers to the general officer. Lady Dunstane's ponies were a present from Redworth, who always chose the pick of the land for his gifts. They joyed in their trot, and were the very love-birds of the breed for their pleasure of going together, so like that Diana called them the Dromios. Through an old gravel-cutting a gateway led to the turf of the down, springy turf bordered on a long line, clear as a racecourse, by golden gorse covers, and leftward over the gorse the dark ridge of the fir and heath country ran companionably to the South-west, the valley between, with undulations of wood and meadow sunned or shaded, clumps, mounds, promontories, away to broad spaces of tillage banked by wooded hills, and dimmer beyond and farther, the faintest shadowiness of heights, as a veil to the illimitable. Yews, junipers, radiant beeches, and gleams of the service-tree or the white-beam spotted the semicircle of swelling green Down black and silver. The sun in the valley sharpened his beams on squares of buttercups, and made a pond a diamond.

OTHER NOVELISTS

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

He invented it [the political novel], and no one else has made much of it, though Trollope and many others have practised it. ... He was the first to provide fiction with the background, the swarming shouting scene, of our public life, reported faithfully ; he was the first to give a true picture of the ruling caste, engrossed in th* great game which it takes even more seriously than it takes its other sport.—*(Survey,* ii. 187.)

Montem

(From *Coningsby)* *(1844)*

About a fortnight after this nearly fatal adventure on the river, it was Montem. One need hardly remind

the reader that this celebrated ceremony, of which the origin is lost in obscurity, and which now occurs triennially, is the tenure by which Eton College holds some of its domains ; the waving of a flag by one of the scholars on a mount near the village of Salt Hill, and to which without doubt it gives the name, since on this day every visitor to Eton, and every traveller in its vicinity, from the monarch to the peasant, are stopped on the road by youthful brigands in picturesque costume, and summoned to contribute ' salt' in the shape of coin of the realm, to the purse collecting for the captain of Eton, senior scholar on the Foundation, who is about to repair to King's College, Cambridge.

On this day the captain of Eton appears in a dress as martial as his title : indeed, each sixth form boy represents in his uniform, though not perhaps according to the exact rules of the Horse Guards, an officer of the army. One is a marshal, another an ensign. There is a lieutenant, too ; and the remainder are sergeants. Each of those who are intrusted with these ephemeral commissions, has one or more attendants : the number of these varying according to his rank. These servitors are selected, according to the wishes of the several members of the sixth form, out of the ranks of the lower boys, that is, those boys who are below the fifth form ; and all these attendants are arrayed in a variety of fancy dresses. The captain of the Oppidans and the senior colleger, next to the captain of the school, figure also in fancy costume and are called ' Saltbearers.' It is their business, together with the twelve senior collegers of the fifth form, who are called ' Runners/ and whose costume is also determined by the taste of the wearers, to levy the contributions. And ail the Oppidans of the fifth form, among whom ranked Coningsby, class as ' Corporals ; ' and are severally followed by one or more lower boys, who are denominated ' Polemen,' but who appear in their ordinary dress.

It was a fine bright morning ; the bells of Eton and

Windsor rang merrily ; everybody was astir, and every moment some gay equipage drove into the town. Gaily clustering in the thronged precincts of the college might be observed many a glistening form ; airy Greek, or sumptuous Ottoman, heroes of the Holy Sepulchre, Spanish hidalgos who had fought at Pavia, Highland chiefs who had charged at Culloden, gay in the tartan of Prince Charlie. The Long Walk was full of busy groups m scarlet coats, or fanciful uniforms ; some in earnest conversation, some criticizing the arriving guests ; others encircling some magnificent hero, who astounded them with his slashed doublet or flowing plume.

A knot of boys, sitting on the Long Walk wall with their feet swinging in the air, watched the arriving guests of the provost.

'I say, Townshend,' said one, ' there's Grobbleton ; he was a bully. I wonder if that's his wife. Who's this ? The Duke of Agincourt. He wasn't an Eton fellow ? Yes, he was. He was called Poictiers then. Oh ! ah ! his name is in the upper school, very large, under Charles Fox. I say, Townshend, did you see Saville's turban ? What was it made of ? He says his mother brought it from Grand Cairo. Didn't he just look like the Saracen's Head ! Here are some Dons. That's Hallam ! We'll give him a cheer. I say, Townshend, look at this fellow. He does not think small beer of himself. I wonder who he is ! The Duke of Wellington's valet come to say his master is engaged. Oh ! by Jove he heard you. I wonder if the duke will come. Won't we give him a cheer ! '

' By Jove, who is this ! ' exclaimed Townshend, and he jumped from the wall, and followed by his companions rushed towards the road.

Two britskas, each drawn by four grey horses of mettle, and each accompanied by outriders as well mounted, were advancing at a rapid pace along the road that leads from Slough to the college. But they were

destined to an irresistible check. About fifty yards before they had reached the gate that leads into Weston's yard, a ruthless but splendid Albanian, in crimson and gold embroidered jacket, and snowy camese, started forward, and holding out his silver-sheathed yataghan commanded the postillions to stop. A Peruvian Inca on the other side of the road gave a simultaneous command, and would infallibly have transfixed the outriders with an arrow from his unerring bow, had they for an instant hesitated. The Albanian chief then advanced to the door of the carriage, which he opened, and in a tone of great courtesy, announced that he was under the necessity of troubling its inmates for ' salt.' There was no delay. The lord of the equipage, with the amiable condescension of a ' grand monarque,' expressed his hope that the collection would be an ample one, and as an old Etonian, placed in the hands of the Albanian his contribution, a magnificent purse furnished for the occasion and heavy with gold.

' Don't be alarmed, ladies/ said a very handsome young officer laughing, and taking off his cocked hat.

' Ah ! ' exclaimed one of the ladies, turning at the voice, and starting a little. ' Ah! it is Mr. Coningsby.'

Lord Eskdale paid the salt for the next carriage. ' Do they come down pretty stiff ? ' he inquired, and then pulling forth a roll of bank-notes from the pocket of his pea-jacket, he wished them good morning.

The courtly provost, then the benignant Goodall, a man who though his experience of life was confined to the colleges in which he had passed his days, was naturally gifted with that rarest of all endowments, the talent of reception ; and whose happy bearing and gracious manner—a smile ever in his eye, and a lively word ever on his lip—must be recalled by all with pleasant recollections, welcomed Lord Monmouth and his friends to an assemblage of the noble, the beautiful,

and the celebrated, gathered together in rooms not unworthy of them, as you looked upon their interesting walls breathing with the portraits of the heroes of whom Eton boasts—from Wotton to Wellesley. Music sounded in the quadrangle of the college in which the boys were already quickly assembling. The Duke of Wellington had arrived, and the boys were cheering a hero who was also an Eton field-marshal. From an oriel window in one of the provost's rooms, Lord Monmouth, surrounded by every circumstance that could make life delightful, watched with some intentness the scene in the quadrangle beneath.

' I would give his fame,' said Lord Monmouth, ' if I had it, and my wealth—to be sixteen.'

Five hundred of the youth of England sparkling with health, high spirits, and fancy dresses, were now assembled in the quadrangle. They formed into rank, and headed by a band of the guards, thrice they marched round the court. Then quitting the college, they commenced their progress ad montem. It was a brilliant spectacle to see them defiling through the playing fields; those bowery meads ; the river sparkling in the sun ; the castled heights of Windsor, their glorious landscape ; behind them, the pinnacles of their college.

The road from Eton to Salt Hill was clogged with carriages ; the broad fields as far as eye could range were covered with human beings. Amid the burst of martial music and the shouts of the multitude, the band of heroes, as if they were marching from Athens or Thebes or Sparta to some heroic deed, encircled the mount; the ensign reaches its summit, and then amid a deafening cry of ' Floreat Etona,' he unfurls, and thrice waves the consecrated standard!

WILKIE COLLINS

Collins . . . became a master-mason in story-craft. . . . Fineness or magic of sty.a do not come into the question ; still he is a definitely good and resourceful writer, a kind of minor Macaulay among novelists in his clearness, his marshalling power, his use of plain words.—*(Survey,* ii. 221-223.)

Count Fosco

(From *The Woman in White)* *(1860)*

All the smallest characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and perplexingly contradictory in them. Fat as he is and old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a room as any of us women, and more than that, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as nervously sensitive as the weakest of us. He starts at chance noises as inveterately as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday, when Sir Percival beat one of the spaniels, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility by comparison with the Count.

The relation of this last incident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned—his extraordinary fondness for pet animals.

Some of these he has left on the Continent, but he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canary-birds, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to all the necessities of these strange favourites himself, and he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him and familiar with him. The cockatoo, a most vicious and treacherous bird towards every one else, absolutely seems to love him. When he lets it out of its cage, it hops on to his knee, and claws its way up his great big body, and rubs its top-knot against his sallow double chin in the most caressing manner imaginable. He has only to set the doors of the canaries' cages open, and to call them, and the pretty little cleverly trained creatures perch fearlessly on his hand, mount his fat

outstretched fingers one by one, when he tells them to ' go upstairs,' and sing together as if they would burst their throats with delight when they get to the top finger. His white mice live in a little pagoda of gaily-painted wirework, designed and made by himself. They are almost as tame as the canaries, and they are perpetually let out like the canaries. They crawl all over him, popping in and out of his waistcoat, and sitting in couples, white as snow, on his capacious shoulders. He seems to be even fonder of his mice than of his other pets, smiles at them, and kisses them, and calls them by all sorts of endearing names. If it be possible to suppose an Englishman with any taste for such childish interests and amusements as these, that Englishman would certainly feel rather ashamed of them, and would be anxious to apologize for them, in the company of grown-up people. But the Count apparently sees nothing ridiculous in the amazing contrast between his colossal self and his frail little pets. He would blandly kiss his white mice and twitter to his canary-birds amid an assembly of English fox-hunters, and would only pity them as barbarians when they were all laughing their loudest at him,

It seems hardly credible while I am writing it down, but it is certainly true, that this same man, who has all the fondness of an old maid for his cockatoo, and all the small dexterities of an organ-boy in managing his white mice, can talk, when anything happens to rouse him, with a daring independence of thought, a knowledge of books in every language, and an experience of society in half the capitals of Europe, which would make him the prominent personage of any assembly in the civilized world. This trainer of canary-birds, this architect of a pagoda for white mice, is (as Sir Percival himself has told me) one of the first experimental chemists living, and has discovered, among other wonderful inventions, a means of petrifying the body after death, BO as to preserve it, as hard as marble, to

the end of time. This fat, indolent, elderly man, whose nerves are so finely strung that he starts at chance noises, and winces when he sees a house-spaniel get a whipping,? went into the stable-yard on the morning after his arrival, and put his hand on the head of a chained bloodhound —a beast so savage that the very groom who feeds him keeps out of Ms reach. His wife and I were present, and I shall not forget the scene that followed, short as it was.

'Mind that dog, sir,' said the groom ; [c] he flies at everybody ! ' 'He does that, my friend,' replied the Count quietly, ' because everybody is afraid of him. Let us see if he flies at me.' And he laid his plump, yellow-white fingers, on which the canary-birds had been perching ten minutes before, upon the formidable brute's head, and looked him straight in the eyes. ' You big dogs are all cowards,' he said, addressing the animal contemptuously, with his face and the dog's within an inch of each other. ' You would kill a poor cat, you infernal coward. You would fly at a starving beggar, you infernal coward. Anything that you can surprise unawares—anything that is afraid of your big body, and your wicked white teeth, and your slobbering, bloodthirsty mouth, is the thing you like to fly at. You could throttle me at this moment, you mean, miserable bully, and you daren't so much as look me in the face, because I'm not afraid of you. Will you think better of it, and try your teeth in my fat neck ? Bah ! not you !' He turned away, laughing at the astonishment of the men in the yard, and the dog crept back meekly to his kennel. ' Ah ! my nice waistcoat! ' he said pathetically. ' I am sorry I came here. Some of that brute's slobber has got on my pretty clean waistcoat.' Those words express another of his incomprehensible oddities. He is as fond of fine clothes as the veriest fool in existence, and has appeared in four magnificent waistcoats already—all of light garish colours, and all immensely large even for him—in the two days of his residence at Blackwater Park.

His tact and cleverness in small things are quite as noticeable as the singular inconsistencies in his character, and the childish triviality of his ordinary tastes and pursuits.

I can see already that he means to live on excellent terms with all of us during the period of his sojourn in this place. He has evidently discovered that Laura secretly dislikes him (she confessed as much to me when I pressed her on the subject)—but he has also found out that she is extravagantly fond of flowers. Whenever she wants a nosegay he has got one to give her, gathered and arranged by himself, and greatly to my amusement, he is always cunningly provided with a duplicate, composed of exactly the same flowers, grouped in exactly the same way, to appease his icily jealous wife before she can so much as think herself aggrieved. His management of the Countess (in public) is a sight to see. He bows to her, he habitually addresses her as 'my angel,' he carries his canaries to pay her little visits on his fingers and to sing to her, he kisses her hand when she gives him his cigarettes; he presents her with sugar-plums in return, which he puts into her mouth playfully, from a box in his pocket. The rod of iron with which he rules her never appears in company—it is a private rod, and is always kept upstairs.

CHARLES READE

In wealth of life and colour, and in variety of generous invention, *The Cloister and the Hearth* is a treasure-house.—*(Survey,* ii. 229.)

Gerard's Prize

(From *The Clois'er and the Hearth)* *(1861)*

It was near four o'clock in the afternoon. Eli was in the shop. His eldest and youngest sons were abroad. Catherine and her little crippled daughter had long been anxious about Gerard, and now they were gone a little

way down the road, to Bee if by good luck he might be visible in the distance ; and Giles was alone in the sitting-room, which I will sketch, furniture and dwarf included.

The Hollanders were always an original and leading people. They claim to have invented printing (wooden-type), oil-painting, liberty, banking, gardening, etc. Above all, years before my tale, they invented cleanliness. So, while the English gentry, in velvet jerkins and chicken-toed shoes, trod floors of stale rushes, foul receptacle of bones, decomposing morsels, spittle, dogs, eggs and all abominations, this hosier's sitting-room at Tergou was floored with Dutch tiles, so highly glazed and constantly washed that you could eat off them. There was one large window ; the cross stone-work in the centre of it was very massive, and stood in relief, looking like an actual cross to the inmates, and was eyed as such in their devotions. The panes were very small and lozenge-shaped, and soldered to one another with strips of lead : the like you may see to this day in our rural cottages. The chairs were rude and primitive, all but the arm-chair, whose back, at right angles with its seat, was so high that the sitter's head stopped two feet short of the top. This chair was of oak, and carved at the summit. There was a copper pail, that went in at the waist, holding holy water, and a little hand-besom to sprinkle it far and wide ; and a long, narrow, but massive oak table, and a dwarf sticking to its rim by his teeth, his eyes glaring, and his claws in the air like a pouncing vampire. Nature, it would seem, did not make Giles a dwarf out of malice prepense; she constructed a head and torso with her usual care ; but just then her attention was distracted, and she left the rest to chance ; the result was a human wedge, an inverted cone. He might justly have taken her to task in the terms of Horace :

' Amphora coepit
Institui: currente rota cur urceus exit ? '

His centre was anything but his centre of gravity. Bisected, upper Giles would have outweighed three lower Giles. But this very disproportion enabled him to do feats that would have baffled Mile His brawny arms had no weight to draw after them ; so he could go up a vertical pole like a squirrel, and hang for hours from a bough by one hand like a cherry by its stalk. If he could have made a vacuum with his hands, as the lizard is said to do with its feet, he would have gone along a ceiling. Now, this pocket-athlete was insanely fond of griping the dinner-table with both hands, and so swinging ; and then—climax of delight! he would seize it with his teeth, and, taking off his hands, hold on like grim death by his huge ivories.

But all our joys, however elevating, suffer interruption. Little Kate caught Sampsonet in this posture, and stood aghast. She was her mother's daughter, and her heart was with the furniture, not with the 12mo gymnast.

' Oh, Giles! how can you ? Mother is at hand. It dents the table.'

' Go and tell her, little tale-bearer/ snarled Giles. ' You are the one for making mischief.'

' Am I ? ' inquired Kate calmly ; ' that is news to me.'

' The biggest in Tergou,' growled Giles, fastening on again.

' Oh, indeed ! ' said Kate dryly.

This piece of unwonted satire launched, and Giles not visibly blasted, she sat down quietly and cried.

Her mother came in almost at that moment, and Giles hurled himself under the table, and there glared.

' What is to do now ? ' said the Dame sharply. Then turning her experienced eyes from Kate to Giles, and observing the position he had taken up, and a sheepish expression, she hinted at cuffing of ears.

' Nay, mother,' said the girl; ' it was but a foolish word Giles spoke. I had not noticed it at another time ; but I was tired and in care for Gerard, you know.'

' Let no one be in care for me,' said a faint voice at the door, and in tottered Gerard, pale, dusty, and worn-out ; and amidst uplifted hands and cries of delight, curiosity, and anxiety mingled, dropped exhausted into the nearest chair.

Beating Rotterdam, like a covert, for Margaret, and the long journey afterwards, had fairly knocked Gerard up. But elastic youth soon revived, and behold him the centre of an eager circle. First of all they must hear about the prizes. Then Gerard told them he had been admitted to see the competitors' works, all laid out in an enormous hall before the judges pronounced. ' Oh, mother ! oh, Kate ! when I saw the goldsmiths' work, I had like to have fallen on the floor. I thought not all the goldsmiths on earth had so much gold, silver, jewels, and craft of design and facture. But, in sooth, all the arts are divine.'

Then, to please the females, he described to them the reliquaries, feretories, calices, crosiers, crosses, pyxes, monstrances, and other wonders ecclesiastical, and the goblets, hanaps, watches, clocks, chains, brooches, etc., so that their mouths watered.

' But, Kate, when I came to the illuminated work from Ghent and Bruges, my heart sank. Mine was dirt by the side of it. For the first minute I could almost have cried ; but I prayed for a better spirit and presently I was able to enjoy them, and thank God for those lovely works, and for those skilful, patient craftsmen, whom I own my masters. Well, the coloured work was so beautiful I forgot all about the black and white. But next day, when all the other prizes had been given, they came to the writing, and whose name think you was called first ? '

' Yours,' said Kate.

The others laughed her to scorn.

' You may well laugh,' said Gerard, ' but for all that, Gerard Elliassoen of Tergou was the name the herald shouted. I stood stupid , they thrust me forward. Everything swam before my eyes. I found myself kneeling on a cushion at the feet of the Duke. He said something to me, but I was wo fluttered I could not answer him. So then he put his hand to his side, and did not draw a glaive to cut off my dull head, but gave me a gold medal, and there it is.' There was a yell and almost a scramble. ' And then he gave me fifteen great bright golden angels. I had seen one before, but I never handled one. Here they are.'

' Oh, Gerard ! oh, Gerard ! '

' There is one for you, our eldest; and one for you, Sybrandt, and for you, Little Mischief; and two for thee, Little Lily, because God hath afflicted thee ; and one for myself, to buy colours and vellum ; and nine for her that nursed us all, and risked the two crowns upon poor Gerard's hand.'

The gold drew out their character. Cornells and Sybrandt clutched each his coin with one glare of greediness and another glare of envy at Kate, who had got two pieces. Giles seized his and rolled it along the floor and gambolled after it. Kate put down her crutches and sat down, and held out her little arms to Gerard with a heavenly gesture of love and tenderness ; and the mother, fairly benumbed at first by the shower of gold that fell on her apron, now cried out, ' Leave kissing him, Elate; he is my son, not yours. Ah, Gerard ! my boy ! I have not loved you as you deserved.'

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

His patch of Victorian England has not wholly vanished from old hamlets or townlots remote from the railway, in the hunting shires. ... 'I like a book,' says another of these [i.e. Trollope's] heroines, ' to be as clear as running water, so that the whole meaning may be clear at once.' Such is Trollope's aim, and such his gift; and he is also a master of slow, plainly evolving pathos, the simpler the better.—*(Survey,* ii. 281, 282.)

Mr. Harding

(From *The Last Chronicle of Barset)* *(1867)*

Mr. Harding was at this time living all alone in the deanery. For some few years the deanery had been his home, and as his youngest daughter was the dean's wife, there could be no more comfortable resting-place for the evening of his life. During the last month or two the days had gone tediously with him ; for he had had the large house all to himself, and he was a man who did not love solitude. It is hard to conceive that the old, whose thoughts have been all thought out, should ever love to live alone. Solitude is surely for the young, who have time before them for the execution of schemes, and who can, therefore, take delight in thinking. In these days the poor old man would wander about the rooms, shambling from one chamber to another, and would feel ashamed when the servants met him ever on the move. He would make little apologies for his uneasiness, which they would accept graciously, understanding, after a fashion, why it was that he was uneasy. ' He ain't got nothing to do,' said the housemaid to the cook, ' and as for reading, they say that some of the young ones can read all day sometimes, and all night too ; but, bless you, when you're nigh eighty, reading don't go for much.' The housemaid was right as to Mr. Harding's reading. He was not one who had read so much in his earlier days as to enable him to make reading go far with him now

that he was near eighty. So he wandered about the room, and sat here for a few minutes, and there for a xew minutes, and though he did not sleep much he made the hours of the night as many as was possible. Every morning he shambled across from the deanery to the cathedral and attended the morning service, sitting in the stall which he had occupied for fifty years. The distance was very short, not exceeding, indeed, a hundred yards from a side-door in the deanery to another side-door into the cathedral ; but short as it was there had come to be a question whether he should be allowed to go alone. It had been feared that he might fall on his passage and hurt himself ; for there was a step here, and a step there, and the light was not very good in the purlieus of the old cathedral. A word or two had been said once, and the offer of an arm to help him had been made ; but he had rejected the proffered assistance,—softly, indeed, but still firmly,—and every day he tottered off by himself, hardly lifting his feet as he went, and aiding himself on his journey by a hand upon the wall when he thought that nobody was looking at him. But many did see him, and they who knew him,—ladies generally of the city,—would offer him a hand. Nobody was milder in his dislikings than Mr. Harding ; but there were ladies in BarChester upon whose arm he would always decline to lean, bowing courteously as he did so, and saying a word or two of constrained civility. There were others whom he would allow to accompany him home to the door of the deanery, with whom he delighted to linger and chat if the morning was warm, and to whom he would tell little stories of his own doings in the cathedral services in the old clays, when Bishop Grantly had ruled in the diocese. Never a word did he say against Bishop Proudie, or against Bishop Proudie's wife ; but the many words which he did say in praise of Bishop Grantly, —who, by his showing, was surely one of the best of churchmen who ever walked through this vale of sorrow,

—were as eloquent in dispraise of the existing prelate as could have been any more clearly-pointed phrases. This daily visit to the cathedral, where he would say his prayers as he had said them for so many years, and listen to the organ, of which he knew all the power and every blemish as though he himself had made the stops and fixed the pipes, was the chief occupation of his life. It was a pity that it could not have been made to cover a larger portion of the day.

It was sometimes sad enough to watch him as he sat alone. He would have a book near him, and for a while would keep it in his hands. It would generally be some volume of good old standard theology with which he had been, or supposed himself to have been, conversant from his youth. But the book would soon be laid aside, and gradually he would move himself away from it, and he would stand about in the room, looking now out of a window from which he would fancy that he could not be seen, or gazing up at some print which he had known for years ; and then he would sit down for a while in one chair, and for a while in another, while his mind was wandering back into old days, thinking of old troubles and remembering his old joys. And he had a habit, when he was sure that he was not watched, of creeping up to a great black wooden case, which always stood in one corner of the sitting-room which he occupied in the deanery. Mr. Harding, when he was younger, had been a performer on the violoncello, and in this case there was still the instrument from which he had been wont to extract the sound which he had so dearly loved. Now in these latter days he never made any attempt to play. Soon after he had come to the deanery there had fallen upon him an illness, and after that he had never again asked for his bow. They who were around him,—his daughter chiefly and her husband,—had given the matter much thought, arguing with themselves whether or not it would be better to invite him to resume the task he had

BO loved ; for of all the works of his life this playing on the violoncello had been the sweetest to him ; but even before that illness his hand had greatly failed him, and the dean and Mrs. Arabin had agreed that it would be better to let the matter pass without a word. He had never asked to be allowed to play. He had expressed no regrets. When he himself would propose that his daughter should 'give them a little music,'—and he would make such a proposition on every evening that was suitable,—he would never say a word of those former performances at which he himself had taken a part. But it had become known to Mrs. Arabin, through the servants, that he had once dragged the instrument forth from its case when he had thought the house to be nearly deserted ; and a wail of sounds had been heard, very low, very short-lived, recurring now and again at fitful intervals. He had at those times attempted to play, as though with a muffled bow—so that none should know of his vanity and folly. Then there had been further consultations at the deanery, and it had been again agreed that it would be best to say nothing to him of his music.

In these latter days of which I am now speaking he would never draw the instrument out of its case. Indeed he was aware that it was too heavy for him to handle without assistance. But he would open the prison door, and gaze upon the thing that he loved, and he would pass his fingers among the broad strings, and ever and anon he would produce from one of them a low, melancholy, almost unearthly sound. And then he would pause, never daring to produce two such notes in succession,—one close upon the other. And these last sad moans of the old fiddle were now known through the household. They were the ghosts of the melody of days long past. He imagined that his visits to the box were unsuspected,—that none knew of the folly of his old fingers which could not keep themselves from touching the wires ; but the voice of the violoncello had

been recognized by the servants and by his daughter, and when that low wail was heard through the house,—like the last dying note of a dirge,—they would all know that Mr. Harding was visiting his ancient friend.

THE BRONTE SISTERS

. . . The two greater of the sisters stand above all contemporary women writers of prose by virtue of their fund of original power and passion, and also of their good English. . . . The two sisters did more to assert the spiritual rights and equalities of their sex than all the pamphleteers from Mary Wollstonecraft to John Stuart Mill, and than all the novels of George Sand. . . . The two sisters were the first Englishwomen to exhibit this truth by creative methods ; and that, perhaps, is their significance in the historical aspect.—*(Survey,* ii. 283, 297.)

CHARLOTTE BRONTfi

The whole of *Jane Eyre,* good and bad parts alike, is written with a rapid concentration, and with a force and freshness of soul, that are hardly found in its successors.—*(Survey,* ii. 288.)

The Walk to Hay

(From *Jane Eyre) (1847)*

The ground was hard, the air was still, my road was lonely ; I walked fast till I got warm, and then I walked slowly to enjoy and analyse the species of pleasure brooding for me in the hour and situation. It was three o'clock ; the church bell tolled as I passed under the belfry : the charm of the hour lay in its approaching dimness, in the low-gliding and pale-beaming sun. I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws, but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here, for there was not a holly, not an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white, worn stones

which causewayed the middle of the pauh. Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields, where no cattle now browsed ; and the little brown birds, which stirred occasionally in the hed^e, looVed like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.

This lane inclined up-hill all the way to Hay : having reached the middle, I sat down on a st^le which led thence into a field. Gathering my mantle about me, and sheltering my hand in my muff, I did not feel the cold, though it froze keenly ; as was attested by a sheet of ice covering the causeway, where a little brooklet, now congealed, had overflowed after a rapid thaw some days since. From my seat I could look down on Thornfield : the grey and battlemented hall was the principal object in the vale below me ; its woods and dark rookery rose against the west. I lingered till the sun went down amongst the trees and sank crimson and clear behind them. I then turned eastward.

On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon ; pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momentarily: she looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys ; it was yet a mile distant, but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear too felt the flow of currents ; in what dales and depths I could not tell: but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many becks threading their passes. That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams, the sough of the most remote.

A rude noise broke on these fine ripplings and whisperings, at once so far away and so clear : a positive tramp, tramp ; a metallic clatter, which effaced the soft wave-wanderings ; as, in a picture, the solid mass of a crag, or the rough boles of a great oak, drawn in dark and strong on the foreground, efface the aerial distance of azure hill, sunny horizon, and blended clouds, where tint melts into tint.

The din was on the causeway : a horse was coming ;

the windings of the lane yet hid it, but it approached. I was just leaving the stile ; yet, as the path was narrow, I sat still to let it go by. In those days I was youn^, and all sorts of farcies bright and dark tenanted my mind : the memories of nursery stories were there amongst other rubbish; and when they recurred, maturing youth added to them a vigour and vividness beyond what childhood could give. As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales, wherein figured a North-of-England spirit, called a ' Gytrash ' ; which, in the form of horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came upon belated travellers, as this horse was now coming upon me.

EMILY BRONTE

Wuthering Heights now juts out amid tho fiction of the time like an outcrop of black volcanic scaur in a land of parks or orchards or in a suburb.—*(Survey,* ii. 295.)

An October Walk

(From *Wuthering Heights) (1848)*

Summer drew to an end, and early autumn : it was past Michaelmas, but the harvest was late that year, and a few of our fields were still uncleared. Mr. Linton and his daughter would frequently walk out among the reapers, at the carrying of the last sheaves, they stayed till dusk, and the evening happening to be chill and damp, my master caught a bad cold, that settled obstinately on his lungs, and confined him indoors throughout the whole of the winter, nearly without intermission.

Poor Cathy, frightened from Ler little romance, had been considerably sadder and duller since its abandonment ; and her father insisted on her reading less, and taking more exercise. She had his companionship no longer; I esteemed it a duty to supply its lack, as

much as possible, with mine : an inefficient substitute ; for I could only spare two or three hours, from my rnmerous diurnal occupations, to follow her footsteps, and then my society was obviously hss desirable than his.

On an afternoon in October, or the beginning of November—a fresh watery afternoon, when the turf and paths were rustling with moist, withered leaves, and the cold, blue sky was half hidden by clouds—dark grey streamers, rapidly mounting from the west, and boding abundant rain—I requested my young lady to forego her ramble, because I was certain of showers. She refused ; and I unwillingly donned a cloak, and took my umbrella to accompany her on a stroll to the bottom of the park : a formal walk which she generally affected if low-spirited—and that she invariably was when Mr. Edgar had been worse than ordinary, a thing never known from his confession, but guessed both by her and me, from his increased silence and the melancholy of his countenance. She went sadly on : there was no running or bounding now, though the chill wind might well have tempted her to race. And often, from the side of my eye, I could detect her raising her hand, and brushing something off her cheek. I gazed round for a means of diverting her thoughts. On one side of the road rose a high, rough bank, where hazels and stunted oaks, with their roots half exposed, held uncertain tenure : the soil was too loose for the latter ; and strong winds had blown some nearly horizontal. In summer, Miss Catherine delighted to climb along these trunks, and sit in the branches, swinging twenty feet above the ground ; and I, pleased with her agility and her light, childish heart, still considered it proper to scold every time I caught her at such an elevation, but so that she knew there was no necessity for descending. From dinner to tea she would lie in her breeze-rocked cradle, doing nothing except singing old songs —my nursery lore—to herself, or watching the birds, joint tenants, feed and entice their young ones to fly:

or nestling with closed lids, half thinking, half dreaming, happier than words can express.

' Look, Miss ! ' I exclaimed, pointing to a nook unde^ the roots of oue twisted tree. [c] Winter is not here yet. There's a little flower up yonder, the last bud from the multitude of blue-bells that clouded those turf steps in July with a lilac mist. Will you clamber up, and pluck it to show to papa ? '

Cathy stared a long time at the lonely blossom trembling in its earthy shelter, and replied, at length—

' No, I'll not touch it: but it looks melancholy, does it not, Ellen ? '

' Yes,' I observed,' about as starved and sackless as you: your cheeks are bloodless; let us take hold of hands and run. You're so low, I dare say I shall keep up with you.'

' No,' she repeated, and continued sauntering on, pausing, at intervals, to muse over a bit of moss, or a tuft of blanched grass, or a fungus spreading its bright orange among the heaps of brown foliage ; and, ever and anon, her hand was lifted to her averted face.

ANNE **BRONTE**

... It is misleading to call Anno the ' gentlest ' of the sisters ; gentle is a relative term. The orgy in *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* . . . was not written by a domestic novelist.—*(Survey,* ii. 296.)

The Mother's Despair

(From *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall) (1848)*

My greatest source of uneasiness, in this time of trial, was my son, whom his father and his father's friends delighted to encourage in all the embryo vices a little child can show, and to instruct in all the evil habits he could acquire—in a word, to ' make a man of him ' was one of their staple amusements ; and I need say no more to justify my alarm on his account, and my determination to deliver him at any hazard from the

hands of such instructors. I first attempted to keep him always with me or in the nursery, and gave Rachel •particular injunctions never to let him come down to dessert as long as these * gentle nen ' stayed; but it was no use ; these orders were immediately countermanded and overruled by his father ; he was not going to have the little fellow moped to death between an old nurse and a cursed fool of a mother. So the little fellow came down every evening in spite of his cross mamma, and learned to tipple wine like papa, to swear like Mr. Hattersley, and to have his own way like a man, and sent mamma to the devil when she tried to prevent him. To see such things done with the roguish naivete of that pretty little child, and hear such things spoken by that small infantile voice, was as peculiarly piquant and irresistibly droll to them as it was inexpressibly distressing and painful to me ; and when he had set the table in a roar he would look round delightedly upon them all, and add his shrill laugh to theirs. But if that beaming blue eye rested on me, its light would vanish for a moment, and he would say, in some concern—' Mamma, why don't you laugh ? Make her laugh, papa—she never will.'

Hence was I obliged to stay among these human brutes, watching an opportunity to get my child away from them, instead of leaving them immediately after the removal of the cloth, as I should always otherwise have done. He was never willing to go, and I frequently had to carry him away by force, for which he thought me very cruel and unjust; and sometimes his father would insist upon my letting him remain ; and then I would leave him to his kind friends, and retire to indulge my bitterness and despair alone, or to rack my brains for a remedy to this great evil.

But here again I must do Mr. Hargrave the justice to acknowledge that I never saw him laugh at the child's misdemeanours, nor heard him utter a word of encouragement to his aspirations after manly accom-

plishments. But when anything very extraordinary was said or done by the infant profligate, I noticed, at times, a peculiar expression in his face that I coulc[1] neither interpret nor define—a slight twitching about the muscles of the mouth—a sudden flash in the eye, as he darted a sudden glance at the child and then at me : and then I could fancy there arose a gleam of hard, keen, sombre satisfaction in his countenance at the look of impotent wrath and anguish he was too certain to behold in mine. But on one occasion, when Arthur had been behaving particularly ill, and Mr. Huntingdon and his guests had been particularly provoking and insulting to me in their encouragement of him, and I particularly anxious to get him out of the room, and on the very point of demeaning myself by a burst of uncontrollable passion—Mr. Hargrave suddenly rose from his seat with an aspect of stein determination, lifted the child from his father's knee where he was sitting half tipsy, cocking his head and laughing at me, and execrating me with words he little knew the meaning of—handed him out of the room, and, setting him down in the hall, held the door open for me, gravely bowed as I withdrew, and closed it after me. I heard high words exchanged between him and his already half-inebriated host as I departed, leading away my bewildered and disconcerted boy.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

Mrs. Gaskell is a charitable humorist, never savage, and in that field is a minute worker and sure observer ; seldom daring, not strongly intellectual, and best in the idyllic or domestic style. . . .—*(Survey,* ii. 297.)

Elegant Economy

(From *Cranford)* *(1851-1853)*

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends

meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke nf money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly esprit de corps which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to jonceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her babyhouse of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray up-stairs if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered ' vulgar' (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson gave ; and she was

sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such ' elegant economy.'

' Elegant economy ! ' How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always 'elegant,' and money-spending always ' vulgar and ostentatious ' ; a sort of sour-grapism which made us *very* peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice ! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay Captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighbouring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town ; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

Snow-wreaths when 'tis Thaw

(From *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest)* *(1866)*

Ermentrude had by no means recovered the ground she had lost, before the winter set in ; and blinding snow came drifting down day and night, rendering the whole view, above and below, one expanse of white, only broken by the peaks of rock which were too steep to sustain the snow. The waterfall lengthened its icicles daily, and the whole court was heaped with snow, up even to the top of the high steps to the hall; and thus, Christina was told, would it continue all the winter. What had previously seemed to her a strangely door-like window above the porch now became the only mode of egress, when the barons went out bear or wolf-hunting, or the younger took his crossbow and hound to provide the wild-fowl, which under Christina's skilful hands, would tempt the feeble appetite of Ermentrude when she was utterly unable to touch the salted meats and sausages of the household.

In spite of all endeavours to guard the windows and keep up the fire, the cold withered the poor child like a fading leaf, and she needed more and more of tenderness and amusement to distract her attention from her ailments. Christina's resources were unfailing. Out of the softer pine and birch woods provided for the fire, she carved a set of draughtsmen, and made a board by ruling squares on the end of a settle, and painting the alternate ones with a compound of oil and charcoal. Even the old baron was delighted with this contrivance, and the pleasure it gave his daughter. He remembered playing at draughts in that portion of his youth which had been a shade more polished, and he felt as if the game were making Ermentrude more like a lady. Christina was encouraged to proceed with a set of chessmen, and the shaping of their characteristic heads

under her dexterous fingers was watched by Ermentrude like scmething magical. Indeed, the young lady entertained the belief that there was no limit to he., attendant's knowledge or capacity.

Truly there was a greater brightness and clearness beginning to dawn even upon poor little Ermentrude's own dull mind. She took more interest in everything : songs were not solely lullabies, but she cared to talk them over; tales to which she would once have been incapable of paying attention were eagerly sought after ; and, above all, the spiritual vacancy that her mind had hitherto presented was beginning to be filled up. Christina had brought her own books—a library of extraordinary extent for a maiden of the fifteenth century, but which she owed to her uncle's connexion with the arts of wood-cutting and printing. A Vulgate from Dr. Faustus's own press, a mass book and breviary, Thomas a Kempis's *Imitation,* and the *Nuremburg Chronicle* all in Latin, and the poetry of the gentle Minnesinger and bird lover, Walther von Vogelweide, in the vernacular : these were her stock, which Hausfrau Johanna had viewed as a foolish encumbrance, and Hugh Sorel would never have transported to the castle unless they had been so well concealed in Christina's kirtles that he had taken them for parts of her wardrobe.

Most precious were they now, when, out of the reach of all teaching save her own, she had to infuse into the sinking girl's mind the great mysteries of life and death, that so she might not leave the world without more hope or faith than her heathen forefathers. For that Ermentrude would live Christina had never hoped, since that fleeting improvement had been cut short by the fever of the wine-cup ; the look, voice, and tone had become so completely the same as those of Kegina Grundt's little sister who had pined and died. She knew she could not cure, but she could, she felt she could, comfort, cheer, and soften, and she no longer repined at her enforced sojourn at Adlerstein. She

heartily loved her charge, and could not bear to think how desolate Ermentrude would be without her. And now the poor girl had become responsive to her care. She was infinitely softened in manner, and treated her parents with forms of respect new to them; she had learnt even to thank old Ursel, dropped her imperious tone, and struggled with her petulance ; and, towards her brother, the domineering uncouth adherence was becoming real tender affection ; while the dependent, reverent love she bestowed upon Christina was touching and endearing in the extreme.

MARGARET OLIPHANT

Mrs. Oliphant, when she finds time to concentrate, can produce a living and faithful picture of remote provincial manners. She has also a real, though somewhat uncertain, command of pathos, especially in her representation of girls and women. And she has further a true vein of mystical-supernatural fancy ; not Dickens-like, or Lyttonish, or sham-German, or anything but her own.—*(Survey,* ii. 307.)

A Tea-party at Salem Chapel

(From *Salem Chapel)* *(1863)*

The evening came, and there was not a ticket to be had anywhere in Carlingford : the schoolroom, with its blazing gas, its festoons, and its mottoes, its tables groaning with dark-complexioned plum-cake and heavy buns, was crowded quite beyond its accommodation ; and the edifying sight might be seen of Tozer and his brother deacons, and indeed all who were sufficiently interested in the success of Salem to sacrifice themselves on its behalf, making an erratic but not unsubstantial tea in corners, to make room for the crowd. And in the highest good-humour was the crowd which surrounded all the narrow tables. The urns were well filled, the cake abundant, the company in its best attire. The ladies had bonnets, it is true, but these bonnets

were worthy the occasion. At the table on the platform sat Mr. Raffles, in the chair, beaming upon the assembled party, with cheerful little Mrs. Tufton and Mrs. Brown at one side of him, and Phoebe looking very pink and pretty, shaded from the too enthusiastic admiration of the crowd below by the tea-urn at which she officiated. Next to her, the minister cast abstracted looks upon the assembly. He was, oh, so interesting in his silence and pallor!—he spoke little ; and when any one addressed him he had to come back as if from a distance to hear. If anybody could imagine that Mr. Raffles contrasted dangerously with Mr. Vincent in that reserve and quietness, it would be a mistake unworthy a philosophic observer. On the contrary, the Salem people were all doubly proud of their pastor. It was not to be expected that such a man as he should unbend as the reverend chairman did. They preferred that he should continue on his stilts. It would have been a personal humiliation to the real partisans of the chapel, had he really woke up and come down from that elevation. The more commonplace the ordinary ' connection ' was, the more proud they felt of their student and scholar. So Mr. Vincent leaned his head upon his hands and gazed unmolested over the lively company, taking in all the particulars of the scene, the busy groups engaged in mere tea-making and tea-consuming —the flutter of enjoyment among humble girls and womankind who knew no pleasure more exciting—the whispers which pointed out himself to strangers among the party—the triumphant face of Tozer at the end of the room, jammed against the wall, drinking tea out of an empty sugar-basin. If the scene woke any movement of human sympathy in the rosom of the young Nonconformist, he was half ashamed of himself for it. What had the high mission of an evangelist—the lofty ambition of a man trained to enlighten his country—the warm assurance of talent which felt itself entitled to the highest sphere,—what had these great things to

do in a Salem Chapel tea meeting ? So the lofty spirit held apart, gazing down from a mental eLvation much higher than the platform ; and all the people who had heard his lectures pointed him out to each other, and congratulated themselves on that studious and separated aspect which was so unlike other men. In fact, the fine superiority of Mr. Vincent was at the present moment the very thing that was wanted to rivet their chains. Even Mrs. Pigeon looked on with silent admiration. He was ' high '—never before had Salem known a minister who did not condescend to be gracious at a tea-meeting—and the leader of the opposition honoured him in her heart.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

The many-coloured writings of Charles Kingsley include not only the fiction in which he did his best and amplest work, but fantasies, notes of travel, essays, lectures, pamphlets, sermons, and a handful of verses.—*(Survey,* ii. 309.)

Bitterness leaves Amyas Leigh

(From *Westward Ho /*) *(1855)*

It was a glorious sight, upon a glorious day. To the northward the glens rushed down toward the cliff, crowned with gray crags, and carpeted with purple heather and green fern ; and from their feet stretched away to the westward the sapphire rollers of the vast Atlantic, crowned with a thousand crests of flying foam. On their left hand, some ten miles to the south, stood out against the sky the purple wall of Hartland Cliffs, sinking lower and lower as they trended away to the southward along tin lonely iron-bound shores of Cornwall, until they faded, dim and blue, into the blue horizon forty miles away.

The sky was flecked with clouds, which rushed toward them fast upon the roaring south-west wind; and the warm ocean breeze swept up the cliffs, and

whistled though the heather-bells, and howled in cranny and in crag,

> ' Till the pillars and clefts of the granite
> Rang like a God-swept lyre ' ;

while Amyas, a proud smile upon his lips, stood breasting that geniel stream of airy wine with swelling nostrils and fast-heaving chest, and seemed to drink in life from every gust. All three were silent for a while ; and Jack and Gary, gazing downward with delight upon the glory and the grandeur of the sight, forgot for a while that their companion saw it not. Yet when they started sadly, and looked into his face, did he not HOC it ? So wide and eager were his eyes, so bright and calm his face, that they fancied for an instant that he was once more even as they.

A deep sigh undeceived them. ' I know it is all here—the dear old sea, where I would live and die. And my eyes feel for it; feel for it—and cannot find it; never, never will find it again for ever !—God's will be done ! '

' Do you say that ? ' asked Brimblecombe eagerly.

[4] Why should I not ? Why have I been raving in hell-fire for I know not how many days, but to find out that, John Brimblecombe, thou better man than I ? '

' Not that last; but Amen ! Amen ! and the Lord has indeed had mercy upon thee ! ' said Jack through his honest tears.

* Amen ! ' said Amyas. * Now set me where I can rest among the rocks without fear of falling—for life is sweet still, even without eyes, friends—and leave me to myself a while.'

It was no easy matter to find a pafe place ; for from the foot of the crag the heathery turf slopes down all but upright, on one side to a cliff which overhangs a shoreless cove of deep dark sea, and on the other to an abyss even more hideous, where the solid rock has sunk away and opened inland in ohe hillside a smooth-

walled pit, some sixty x'eet square and some hundred and fifty in depth, aptly known then, as now, as the Devil's Limekiln ; the mouth of which, as old wives say, was once closed by the Shutter Rock itself, till the fiend in malice hurled it into the sea, to be a pest to mariners. A narrow and untrodden cavern at the bottom connects it with the outer sea ; they could even then hear the mysterious thunder and gurgle of the surge in the subterranean adit, as it rolled huge boulders to and fro in darkness, and forced before it gusts of pent-up air. It was a spot to curdle weak blood, and to make weak heads reel; but all the fitter on that account for Amyas and his fancy.

'You can sit here as in an arm-chair,' said Gary, helping him down to one of those square natural seats so common in the granite tors.

' Good ; now turn my face to the Shutter. Be sure and exact. So. Do I face it full ? '

' Full,' said Gary.

' Then I need no eyes wherewith to see what is before me,' said he, with a sad smile. ' I know every stone and every headland, and every wave too, I may say, far beyond aught that eye can reach. Now go, and leave me alone with God and with the dead ! '

They retired a little space and watched him. He never stirred for many minutes; then leaned his elbows on his knees, and his head upon his hands, and so was etill again. He remained so long thus, that the pair became anxious, and went towards him. He was asleep, and breathing quick and heavily.

'He will take a fever,' said Brimblecombe, 'if he sleeps much longer with his head down in the sunshine.'

' We must wake Lim gently, if we wake him at all.' And Gary moved forward to him.

As he did so, Amyas lifted his head, and turning it to right and left, felt round him with his sightless eyes.

' You have been asleep, Amyas.'

' Have I ? I have not slept back my eyes, then. Take up this great useless carcass of mine, and lead me home. I sLall buy me a dog when I get to Burrough, I think, and make him tow me in a string, eh ? So ! Give me your hand. Now march ! '

His guides heard with surprise this new cheerfulness.

' Thank God, sir, that your heart is so light already,' said good Jack. * It makes me feel quite upraised myself, like.'

' I have reason to be cheerful, Sir John ; I have left a heavy load behind me. I have been wilful, and proud, and a blasphemer, and swollen with cruelty and pride ; and God has brought me low for it, and cut me off from my evil delight. No more Spaniard-hunting for me now, my masters. God will send no such fools as I upon His errands.'

' You do not repent of fighting the Spaniards ? '

' Not I; but of hating even the worst of them. Listen to me, Will and Jack. If that man wronged me, I wronged him likewise. I have been a fiend when I thought myself the grandest of men—yea, a very avenging angel out of heaven. But God has shown me my sin, and we have made up our quarrel for ever.'

' Made it up ? '

' Made it up, thank God. But I am weary. Set me down awhile, and I will tell you how it befell.'

Wondering, they set him down upon the heather, while the bees hummed round them in the sun ; and Amyas felt for a hand of each, and clasped it in his own hand, and began :—

' When you left me there upon the rock, lads, I looked away and out to sea, to get one last snuff of the merry sea-breeze, which will never sail me again. And as I looked, I tell you truth, I could jee the water and the sky as plain as ever I saw them, till I thought my sight was come again. But soon I knew it was not so ; for I saw more than man could—right over the ocean, as I live, and away to the Spanish Main. And I saw

Barbados, and Grenada, and all the isles that we ever sailed by ; and La Guayra in Caraccas, and the Silla, and the house beneath it where she lived. And I saw him walking with her, on the barbecue and he loved her then. I saw what I saw ; and he loved her ; and I say he loves her still.

' Then I saw the cliffs beneath me, and the Gull Rock, and the Shutter, and the Ledge ; I saw them, William Gary, and the weeds beneath the merry blue sea. And I saw the grand old galleon, Will; she has righted with the sweeping of the tide. She lies in fifteen fathoms, at the edge of the rocks, upon the sand ; and her men are all lying around her, asleep until the judgment day/

Gary and Jack looked at him, and then at each other. His eyes were clear, and bright, and full of meaning ; and yet they knew that he was blind. His voice was shaping itself into a song. Was he inspired ? Insane ? What was it ? And they listened with awestruck faces, as the giant pointed down into the blue depths far below, and went on :—

' And I saw him sitting in his cabin, like a valiant gentleman of Spain ; and his officers were sitting round him, with their swords upon the table, at the wine. And the prawns and the crayfish and the rockling, they swam in and out above their heads ; but Don Guzman he never heeded, but sat still, and drank his wine. Then he took a locket from his bosom, and I heard him speak, Will, and he said: " Here's the picture of my fair and true lady ; drink to her, senors all." Then he spoke to me, Will, and called me, right up through the oar-weed and the sea : " We have had a fair quarrel, sefior; it is time to be friends once more. My wife and your brother have forgiven me, so your honour takes no stain." And I answered : " We are friends, Don Guzman * God has judged our quarrel, and not we." Then he said, " I sinned, and I am punished." And I said, " And, sefior, so am I." Then he held out his hand to me, Gary, and I stooped to take it, and awoke.*

HENRY KINGSLEY

As a novelist he reminds us less of his brother than of Charltd Reade. He cannot write either so well or so ill as Reade, and he has no reformer's axe to grind. But he has the same interest in mankind reduced to its simplest terms; that is, in a ' state of war,' or in peril of its life, and up against the wall, and there acting suitably.—*(Survey,* ii. 316.)

Charles Ravenshoe out of Luck

(From *Ravenshoe)* *(1862)*

Charles's luck seemed certainly to have deserted him at last. And that is rather a serious matter, you see ; for, as he had never trusted to anything but luck, it now follows that he had nothing left to trust to, except eighteen shillings and ninepence, and his little friend the cornet, who had come home invalided and was living with his mother in Hyde Park Gardens. Let us hope, reader, that you and I may never be reduced to the patronage of a cornet of Hussars, and eighteen shillings in cash.

It was a fine frosty night, and the streets were gay and merry. It was a sad Christmas for many thousands ; but the general crowd seemed determined not to think too deeply of these sad accounts which were coming from the Crimea just now. They seemed inclined to make Christmas Christmas, in spite of everything ; and perhaps they were right. It is good for a busy nation like the English to have two great festivals, and two only, the object of which every man who is a Christian can understand, and on these occasions to put in practice, to the best of one's power, the lesson of goodwill towards men which our Lord taught us. We English cannot stand too many saints' days. We decline to stop business for St. Blaise or St. Swithin ; but we can understand Christmas and Easter. The foreign Catholics fiddle away so much time on saints' days that they are obliged to work like the Israelites in bondage on Sunday

to get on at all. I ha\e as good a right to prophesy as any other freeborn Englishman who pays rates and taxes ; and I prophesy that, in this wor derful resurxection of Ireland, the attendance of the male population at church on week-days will get small by degrees and beautifully less.

One man, Charles Ravenshoe, has got to spend his Christmas with eighteen shillings and a crippled left arm. There is half a million of money or so, and a sweet little wife, waiting for him if he would only behave like a rational being ; but he will not, and must take the consequences.

He went westward, through a kind of instinct, and he came to Belgrave Square, where a certain duke lived. There were lights in the windows. The duke was in office, and had been called up to town. Charles was glad of this ; not that he had any business to transact with the duke, but a letter to deliver to the duke's coachman.

This simple circumstance saved him from being much nearer actual destitution that I should have liked to see him. The coachman's son had been wounded at Balaclava, and was still at Scutari, and Charles brought a letter from him. He got an English welcome, I promise you. And, next morning, going to Hyde Park Gardens, he found that his friend the cornet was out of town and would not be back for a week. At this time the coachman became very useful. He offered him money, house-room, employment, everything he could possibly get for him ; and Charles heartily and thankfully accepted house-room and board for a week.

At the end of a week he went back to Hyde Park Gardens. The cornet was come back. He had to sit in the kitchen while his message was taken upstairs. He merely sent up his name, said he was discharged, and asked for an interview.

The servants found out that he had been at the war with their young master's regiment, and they crowded

round him,- full of sympathy and kindness. He was telling them how he had last seen the cornet in the thick of it on thv terrible 25th, when they parted right and left, and in dashed the cornet himself, who caught him by both hands.

' By gad, I'm so glad to see you. How you are altered without your moustache ! Look you here, you fellows and girls, this is the man that charged up to my assistance when I was dismounted among the guns, and kept by me while I caught another horse. What a cropper I went down, didn't I ? What a terrible brush it was, eh ? And poor Hornby, too ! It is the talk of Europe, you know. You remember old Devna, and the galloping lizard, eh ?[5]

And so on, till they got upstairs ; and then he turned on him, and said, ' Now, what are you going to do ? '

'I have got eighteen shillings.'

' Will your family do nothing for you ? '

' Did Hornby tell you anything about me, my dear sir ? ' said Charles eagerly.

' Not a word. I never knew that Hornby and you were acquainted till I saw you together when he was dying.'

' Did you hear what we said to one another ?[5]

' Not a word. The reason I spoke about your family is, that no one, who had seen so much of you as I, could doubt that you were a gentleman. That is all. I am very much afraid I shall offend you——'

' That would not be easy, sir/

' Well, then, here goes. If you are utterly hard up, take service with me. There.'

' I will do so with the deepest gratitude,' said Charles. ' But I cannot ride, I fear. My left arm is gone.'

' Pish ! ride with your right. It's a bargain. Come up and see my mother. I must show you to her, you know, because you will have to live here. She is deaf. Now you know the reason why the major used to talk so loud.'

Charles smiled for an instant; he did remember that circumstance about the cornet's respected and gallant father. He followed the cornet upstairs, and was shown into the drawing-room, where sat a very handsome lady, about fifty years of age, knitting.

She was not only stone deaf, but had a trick of talking aloud, like the old lady in *Pickwick*, under the impression that she was only thinking, which was a very disconcerting habit indeed. When Charles and the cornet entered the room, she said aloud, with amazing distinctness, looking hard at Charles, 'God bless me! Who has he got now? What a fine gentlemanly-looking fellow. I wonder why he is dressed so shabbily/ After which she arranged her trumpet, and prepared to go into action.

'This, mother,' bawled the cornet, 'is the man who saved me in the charge of Balaclava.'

'Do you mean that that is trooper Simpson?' said she.

'Yes, mother.'

'Then may the blessing of God Almighty rest upon your head!' she said to Charles. 'The time will come, trooper Simpson, when you will know the value of a mother's gratitude. And when that time comes think of me. But for you, trooper Simpson, I might have been tearing my grey hair this day. What are we to do for him, James? He looks ill and worn. Words are not worth much. What shall we do?'

The cornet put his mouth to his mother's trumpet, and in an apologetic bellow, such as one gets from the skipper of a fruit brig, in the Bay of Biscay, 0! when he bears up to know if you will be so kind as to oblige him with the longitude; roared out:

'He wants to take service with me. Have you Miy objection?'

'Of course not, you foolish boy,' said she. 'I wish we could do more for him than that.' And then she continued, in a tone slightly lowered, but perfectly

audible, evidently under the impression that she was thinking to herself : ' He is ugly, but he has a sweet face. I feel certain he is a gentleman who has had a difference witii his lamily. I wish I could hear his voice. God bless him ! he looks like a valiant soldier. I hope he won't get drunk, or make love to the maids.'

Charles had heard every word of this before he had time to bow himself out.

THOMAS HUGHES

Hughes wrote a good deal, but is remembered in literature for his *Tom Brown's School Days,* which appeared in 1857. . . . This novel, it has been justly said, * did a groat deal to fix the English concept of what a public school should be.'—*(Survey,* ii. 315-316.)

Rugby Chapel

(From *Tom Brown's School Days)* *(1857)*

But at afternoon chapel it was quite another thing. He had spent the time after dinner in writing home to his mother, and so was in a better frame of mind ; and his first curiosity was over, and he could attend more to the service. As the hymn after the prayers was being sung, and the chapel was getting a little dark, he was beginning to feel that he had been really worshipping. And then came that great event in his, as in every Rugby boy's life of that day—the first sermon from the Doctor.

More worthy pens than mine have described that scene. The oak pulpit standing out by itself above the School seats. The tall gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke. The long lines of younp faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little

boy's who had just left his mother to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world rejoicing in his strength. It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the prapostors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

But what was it after all which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes, on Sunday afternoons ? True, there always were boys scattered up and down the School, who in heart and head were worthy to hear and able to carry away the deepest and wisest words there spoken. But these were a minority always, generally a very small one, often so small a one as to be countable on the fingers of your hand. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless childish boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth ; who thought more of our sets in the School than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby and the public opinion of boys in our daily life above the laws of God ? We couldn't enter into half that we heard ; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another ; and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (aye, and men too for the matter of that), to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warding from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to

the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life : that ii was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain, too, for a boy's army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage \vhich more than anything else won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master.

It was this quality above all others which moved such boys as our hero, who had nothing whatever remarkable about him except excess of boyishness; by which I mean animal life in its fullest measure, good nature and honest impulses, hatred of injustice and meanness, and thoughtlessness enough to sink a three-decker. And so, during the next two years, in which it was more than doubtful whether he would get good or evil from the School, and before any steady purpose or principle grew up in him, whatever his week's sins and shortcomings might have been, he hardly ever left the chapel on Sunday evenings without a serious resolve to stand by and follow the Doctor, and a feeling that it was only cowardice (the incarnation of all other sins in such a boy's mind) which hindered him from doing so with all his heart.

JOHN HENRY SHORTHOU3E

Amongst, or rather aloof from, the historical and religious novels of the time, is the *John Inglesant* of Jonn Henry Shorthouse. It was the book of the year 1880.—*(Survey,* 11. 317.)

Sunday at Little Gidding

(From *John Inglesant)* *(1880)*

Early on the Sunday morning the family were astir and said prayers in the oratory. After breakfast many people from the country around and more than a hundred children came in. These children were called the Psalm children, and were regularly trained to repeat the Psalter, and the best voices among them to assist in the service on Sundays. They came in every Sunday, and according to the proficiency of each were presented with a small piece of money, and the whole number entertained with a dinner after Church. The Church was crowded at the morning service before the Sacrament. The service was beautifully sung, the whole family taking the greatest delight in Church mubic, and many of the gentlemen from Cambridge being amateurs. The Sacrament was administered with the greatest devotion and solemnity. Impressed as he had been with the occupation of the preceding day and night, and his mind excited with watching and want of sleep and with the exquisite strains of the music, the effect upon Inglesant's imaginative nature was excessive. Above the altar, which was profusely bedecked with flowers, the antique glass of the east window, which had been carefully repaired, contained a figure of the Saviour of an early and severe type. The form was gracious and yet commanding, having a brilliant halo round the head, and being clothed in a long and apparently seamless coat; the two forefingers of the right hand were held up to bless. Kneeling upon the half-pace, as he received the sacred bread and tasted the holy wine, this gracious figure entered into Inglesant's soul, and

stillness and peace unspeakable, and life, and light, and sweetness, fTled his mind. He was lost in a sense of rapture, and earth and all that surrounded him faded away. When T>e retimed a little to himself, kneeling in his seat in the Church, he thought that at no period of his life, however extended, should he ever forget that morning ">r lose the sense and feeling of that touching scene, of that gracious figure over the altar, of the bowed and kneeling figures, of the misty autumn sunlight and the sweeping autumn wind. Heaven itself seemed to have opened to him, and one fairer than the fairest of the angelic hosts to have come down to earth.

After the service, the family and all the visitors returned to the mansion house in the order in which they had come, and the Psalm children were entertained with a dinner in the great hall; all the family and visitors came in to see them served, and Mrs. Collet, as her mother had always done, placed the first dish on the table herself to give an example of humility. Grace having been said, the bell rang for the dinner of the family, who, together with the visitors, repaired to the great dining-room, and stood in order round the table. While the dinner was being served they sang a hymn accompanied by the organ at the upper end of the room. Then grace was said by the Priest who had celebrated the communion, and they sat down. All the servants who had received the Sacrament that day sat at table with the rest. During dinner one of the young people whose turn it was, read a chapter from the Bible, and when that was finished conversation was allowed; Mr. Ferrar and some of the other gentlemen endeavouring to make it of a character suitable to the day, and to the service they had just taken pprt in. After dinner they went to Church again for evening prayer ; between which service and supper Inglesant had some talk with Mr. Ferrar concerning the Papists and Mr. Crashaw's opinion of them.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE

Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor, a story with a romantic-historical setting (which servos to introduce Judge Jeffreys and Monmouth) is ever fresh, and pleases each new generation, despite a certain looseness and high-pitched effusiveness in its style. But for idyll, scenery, adventure, and fighting, all taken together, the story of Ridd, Faggus, and the Doones, as a feat in sheer romantic adventure, is hard to equal.—*(Survey,* 11. 318-319.)

John Ridd before Judge Jeffreys

(From *Lorna Doone)* *(1869)*

The clerk smiled cheerfully at this, being proud of his children's ability ; and then having paid my account, he whispered,—

' He is all alone this morning, John, and in rare good humour. He hath been promised the handling of poor Master Algernon Sidney, and he says he will soon make republic of him ; for his state shall shortly be headless. He is chuckling over his joke, like a pig with a nut; and that always makes him pleasant. John Ridd, my lord.' With that he swung up the curtain bravely ; and according to special orders, I stood, face to face, and alone with Judge Jeffreys.

His lordship was busy with some letters, and did not look up for a minute or two, although he knew that I was there. Meanwhile I stood waiting to make my bow ; afraid to begin upon him, and wondering at his great bull-head. Then he closed his letters, well-pleased with their import, and fixed his bold broad stare on me, as if I were an oyster opened, and he would know how fresh I was.

* May it please your worship/ I said, ' here I am according to order, awaiting your good pleasure/

[1] Thou art made to weight, John, more than order. How much^ dost thou tip the scales to ? '

' Only twelvescore pounds, my lord, when I be in

wrestling trim. And sure I must have lost weight here, fretting so bng in London.'

' Ha, ha ! Much fret is there in thee ! Hath His Majesty seen thee ? '

' Yes, my lord, twice or even thrice ; and he made some jest concerning me.'

' A very bad one, I doubt not. His humour is not so dainty as mine, but apt to be coarse and unmannerly. Now John, or Jack, by the look of thee, thou art more used to be called.'

' Yes, your worship, when I am with old Molly, and Betty Muxworthy.'

' Peace, thou forward varlet! There is a deal too much of thee. We shall have to try short commons with thee, and thou art a very long common. Ha, ha ! where is that rogue Spank ? Spank must hear that by-and-by. It is beyond thy great thick head, Jack.'

[1] Not so, my lord ; I have been to school, and had very bad jokes made upon me.'

' Ha, ha! It hath hit thee hard. And faith, it would be hard to miss thee, even with harpoon. And thou lookest like to blubber, now. Capital, in faith ! I have thee on every side, Jack, and thy sides are manifold ; many-folded at any rate. Thou shalt have double expenses, Jack, for the wit thou hast provoked in me.'

' Heavy goods lack heavy payment, is a proverb down our way, my lord,'

' Ah, I hurt thee, I hurt thee, Jack. The harpoon hath no tickle for thee. Now, Jack Whale, having hauled thee hard, we will proceed to examine thee.' Here all his manner was changed, and he looked with his heavy brows bent upon me, as if he had never laughed in his life, and would allow none else to do so.

'I am ready to answer my lord,' I replied, ' if he asks me nought beyond my knowledge, or beyond my honour.'

' Hadst better answer me everything, lump. What

hast thou to do with honour ? Now is *here in thy neighbourhood a certain nest of robbers, miscreants, and outlaws, whom all men fear to handle ? '

' Yes, my lord. At least I believe some of them be robbers ; and all of them are outlaws.'

' And what is your high sheriff about, that he doth not hang them all ? Or send them up for me to hang, without more to-do about them ? '

' I reckon that he is afraid, my lord ; it is not safe to meddle with them. They are of good birth, and reckless ; and their place is very strong.'

' Good birth! What was Lord Russell of, Lord Essex, and this Sidney ? 'Tis the surest heirship to the block, to be the chip of an old one. What is the name of this pestilent race, and how many of them are there ? '

' They are the Doones of Bagworthy forest, may it please your "worship. And we reckon there be about forty of them, beside the women and children.'

' Forty Doones, all forty thieves ; and women and children ! Thunder of God! How long have they been there then ? '

' They may have been there thirty years, my lord ; and indeed they may have been forty. Before the great war broke out they came, longer back than I can remember.'

' Ay, long before thou wast bom, John. Good, thou speakest plainly. Woe betide a liar, whenso I get hold of him. Ye want me on the Western Circuit; by God, and ye shall have me, when London traitors are spun and swung. There is a family called De Whichehalse living very nigh thee, John ? '

This he said in a sudden manner, as if to take me oft my guard, and fixed his great thick eyes on me. And in truth I was much astonished.

' Yes, my lord, there is. At least, not so very far from us. Baron de Whichehalse, of Ley Manor.'

' Baron, ha ! of the Exchequer—eh, lad ? And taketh dues instead of His Majesty. Somewhat which

halts there ought to come a little further, I trow. It shall be seen to, as well as the witch which makes it so to halt. Riotous knaves in West England, drunken outlaws, you rhall dance, if ever I play pipe for you. John Ridd, I will come to Oare Parish, and rout out the Oare of Babylon.'

'Although your worship is so learned,' I answered, seeing that now he was beginning to make things uneasy; ' your worship, though being Chief Justice, does little justice to us. We are downright good and loyal folk ; and I have not seen, since here I came to this great town of London, any who may better us, or even come anigh us, in honesty, and goodness, and duty to our neighbours. For we are very quiet folk, not prating our own virtues '——

' Enough, good John, enough ! Knowest thou not that modesty is the maidenhood of virtue, lost even by her own approval ? Now hast thou ever heard or thought, that De Whichehalse is in league with the Doones of Bagworthy ? '

Saying these words rather slowly, he skewered his great eyes into mine, so that I could not think at all, neither look at him, nor yet away. The idea was so new to me, that it set my wits all wandering ; and looking into me, he saw that I was groping for the truth.

' John Ridd, thine eyes are enough for me. I see thou hast never dreamed of it. Now hast thou ever seen a man, whose name is Thomas Faggus ? '

' Yes, sir, many and many a time. He is my own worthy cousin ; and I fear that he hath intentions ' ——here I stopped, having no right there to speak about our Annie.

' Tom Faggus is a good man,' he said ; and his great square face had a smile which showed me he had met my cousin ; ' Master Faggus hath made mistakes as to the title to property, as lawyers oftentimes may do ; but take him all for all, he is a thoroughly straightforward man ; presents his bill, and has it paid, and

makes no charge for drawing it. Nevertheless, we must tax his costs, as of any other solicitor.'

' To be sure, to be sure, my lord ! ' was all that I could say, not understanding whet all this meant.

'I fear he will come to the gallows,' said the Lord Chief Justice, sinking his voice below the echoes ; ' tell him this from me, Jack. He shall never \e condemned before me ; but I cannot be everywhere ; and some of our Justices may keep short memory of his dinners. Tell him to change his name, turn parson, or do something else, to make it wrong to hang him. Parson is the best thing; he hath such command of features, and he might take his tithes on horseback. Now a few more things, John Ridd; and for the present I have done with thee.'

All my heart leaped up at this, to get away from London so : and yet I could hardly trust to it.

' Is there any sound round your way of disaffection to His Majesty, His most gracious Majesty ? '

[c] No, my lord : no sign whatever. We pray for him in church perhaps ; and we talk about him afteiwards, hoping it may do him good, as it is intended. But after that we have nought to say, not knowing much about him—at least till I get home again.'

GEORGE HENRY BORROW

There is no expressive name for the kind of book of which George Henry Borrow was the inventor, and which died with him. ... To describe his style at its best we might use metaphors drawn from the ' noble art' ho admired ; it is muscular, middle-weight English, in the best training and without an ounce of needless flesh.—*(Survey, i.* 319, 327.)

The Wind on the Heath

(From *Lavengro)* *(1851)*

I now wandered along the heath, till I came to a place where, beside a thick furze, sat a man, his eyes fixed intently on the red ball of the setting sun.

' That's not you, Jasper ? '
' Indeed, 3rother ! '
' I've not ^een you for years.'
' How should you, brother ? '
' What brings you here ? '
' The fight, brother.'
' Where are the tents ? '
' On the old spot, brother.'
' Any news since we parted ? '
' Two deaths, brother.'
' Who are dead, Jasper ? '
' Father and mother, brother.'
' Where did they die ? '
' Where they were sent, brother.'
' And Mrs. Herne ? '
' She's alive, brother.'
' Where is she now ? '
' In Yorkshire, brother.'

' What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro ?' said I, as I sat down beside him.

' My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing—

> ' Cana marel o manus chivios ande puv,
> Ta rovel pa leste o chavo ta romi.'

When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose ; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter.'

' And do you think that is the end of man ? '
' There's an end of him, brother;, more's the pity.'
' Why do you say so ? '
' Life is sweet, brother.'
' Do you think so ? '

' Think so !—There's night and day, brother, both sweet things ; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet

things ; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother ; who would wish to die ? '

' I would wish to die——'

' You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Bommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed !—A Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever ! '

' In sickness, Jasper ? '

' There's the sun and stars, brother.'

' In blindness, Jasper ? '

' There's the wind on the heath, brother ; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves ; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother ! '

DR. JOHN BROWN

Dr. John Brown's *Rob and his Friends* is a flawless example of pathos in a brief compass.—*(Survey,* i. 305.)

Ailie

(From *Rab and his Friends)* *(1859)*

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said, ' When ? ' ' To-morrow/ said the kind surgeon, a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known black board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words, ' An operation to-day, J. B. *Ckrk.'*

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: *in*

they crowded, full of interest and talk. ' What's the case ? ' ' which side is it ? '

Don't think them heartless ; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity—as an *emotion,* ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive,* is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theatre is crowded ; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie : one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them ; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste ; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity shortgown, her black bombazeen petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous ; for ever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her ; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun ; it was necessarily slow ; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him ; he saw that something strange was going on,—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering ; his ragged ear was up, and importunate ; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp ; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But

James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick;—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over : she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James ; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies,—and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children ; the surgeon happed her up carefully,—and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following.

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES

An honourable mention is due to Robert Smith Surteos, whoso limiting Cockney grocer, Mr. Jorrocks with his misadventures, and whose general management of humours, gave some hint to Dickens for the Pickwickians.—*(Survey,* ii. 165.)

Mr. Jorrocks at Newmarket

(From *Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities) (1838)*

Most of the inmates of the house were up with the lark to the early exercise, and the Yorkshireman was as early as any of them. Having found Mr. Jorrocks's door, he commenced a loud battery against it. Without awaking the grocer ; he then tried to open it, but only succeeded in getting it an inch or two from the post, and after several holloas of ' Jorrocks my man ! Mr. Jorrocks ! Jorrocks old boy! holloa, Jorrocks ! ' he succeeded in extracting the word ' Wot ? ' from the worthy gentleman as he rolled over in his bed. ' Jorrocks ! ' repeated the Yorkshireman, ' it's time to be up.' ' Wot ? ' again was the answer. ' Time to get up. The morning's breaking.' ' *Let it break,'* replied he, adding in a mutter, as he turned over again, ' *it owes me nothing.'*

Entreaties being useless, and a large party being on the point of setting off, the Yorkshireman joined them, and spent a couple of hours on the dew-bespangled heath, during which time they not only criticized the

figure and action of every horse that was out, but got up tremendous appetites for breakfast. In the meantime Mr Jorlocks had risen, and having attired himself with his usual care, in a smart blue coat with metal buttons, buff waistcoat, blue stocking-netted tights, and Hessian boots, he turned into the main street of Newmarket, where he was lost in astonishment at the insignificance of the place. But wiser men than Mr. Jorrocks have been similarly disappointed, for it enters into the philosophy of few to conceive the fame and grandeur of Newmarket compressed into the limits of the petty, outlandish, Icelandish place that bears the name. ' Dash my vig,' said Mr. Jorrocks as he brought himself to bear upon Rogers's shop-window, ' this is the werry meanest town I ever did see. Pray, sir,' addressing himself to a groomish-looking man in a brown cut-away coat, drab shorts and continuations, who had just emerged from the shop with a race list in his hand, ' Pray, sir, be this your principal street ? ' The man eyed him with a mixed look of incredulity and contempt. At length, putting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, he replied, ' I bet a crown you know as well as I do.' ' Done,' said Mr. Jorrocks, holding out his hand. 'No—I won't do that,' replied the man, 'but I'll tell you what I'll do with you,—I'll lay you two to one, in fives or fifties if you like, that you knew before you axed, and that Thunderbolt don't win the Riddlesworth.' ' Really,' said Mr. Jorrocks, ' I'm not a betting man.' ' Then, wot the 'ell business have you at Newmarket ? ' was all the answer he got. Disgusted with such inhospitable impertinence, Mr. Jorrocks turned on his heel and walked away. Before the White Hart Inn was a smartish pony phaeton, in charge of a stunted stable lad. ' I say, young chap,' inquired Jorrocks, ' whose is that ? ' ' How did you know that I was a young chap ? ' inquired the abortion, turning round. ' Guessed it,' replied Jorrocks, chuckling at his own wit. ' Then *guess* whose it is.'

MICHAEL SCOTT

Michael Scott produced sprightly, faithful sketcnes of the sea. —*(Survey,* ii. 167.)

Sunset at St. Jago

(From *Tom Cringle's Log)* *(1829-1830)*

It was now the evening, near nightfall, and we had been so intent on beating our awkward-looking opponent, that we had none of us time to look at the splendid scene that burst upon our view, on rounding a precipitous rock, from the crevices of which some magnificent trees shot up—their gnarled trunks and twisted branches overhanging the canal where we were pulling, and anticipating the fast-falling darkness that was creeping over the fair face of nature ; and there we floated, in the deep shadow of the cliff and trees—Dragonflies and Watersprites—motionless and silent, the boats floating so lightly that they scarcely seemed to touch the water, the men resting on their oars, and all of us rapt with the magnificence of the scenery around us, beneath rs, and above us.

The left or western bank of the narrow entrance to the harbour from which we were now debouching, ran out in all its precipitousness and beauty (with its dark evergreen bushes overshadowing the deep blue waters, and its gigantic trees shooting forth high intq the glowing western sky, their topmost branches gold-tipped in the flood of radiance shed by the rapidly sinking sun, while all below where we lay was grey cold shade,) until it joined the northern shore, when it sloped away gradually towards the east; the higher parts of the town sparkled in the evening sun, or this dun ridge, like golden turrets on the back of an elephant, while the houses that were in the shade covered the declivity with their dark masses, until it sank down to the water's edge. On the right hand the haven opened boldly out into a basin about four miles broad by seven long, in which the

placid waters spread out beyond the shadow of the western bank into one vast sheet of molten gold, with the canoe touring along the shining surface, her side glancing in the sun, and her paddles flashing back his rays, and leaving a long train of living fire sparkling in her wake.

It was now about six o'clock in the evening ; the sun had set to us, as we pulled along under the frowning brow of the cliff, where the birds were fast settling on their nightly perches, with small happy twitterings, and the lizards and numberless other chirping things began to send forth their evening hymn to the great Being who made them and us, and a solitary white-sailing owl would every now and then flit spectrelike from one green tuft, across the bald face of the cliff, to another, and the small divers around us were breaking up the black surface of the waters into little sparkling circles as they fished for their suppers. All was becoming brown and indistinct near us ; but the level beams of the setting sun still lingered with a golden radiance upon the lovely city and the shipping at anchor before it, making their sails, where loosed to dry, glance like leaves of gold, and their spars, and masts, and rigging like wires of gold, and gilding their flags, which were waving majestically and slow from the peaks in the evening breeze ; and the Moorish-looking steeples of the churches were yet sparkling in the glorious blaze, which was gradually deepening into gorgeous crimson, while the large pillars of the cathedral, then building on the highest part of the ridge, stood like brazen monuments, softening even as we looked into a Stonehenge of amethysts. One half of every object, shipping, houses, trees, and hills, was gloriously illuminated ; but even as we looked, the lower part of the town gradually sank into darkness, and faded from our sight—the deepening gloom cast by the high bank above us, like the dark shadow of a bad spirit, gradually crept or and on, and extended farther and farther ; the sailing water-fowl in

regular lines no longer made the water flash up like flame ; the russet mantle of eve was fast expending over the entire hemisphere ; the glancing minuets, and the tallest trees, and the topgallant-yards and masts of the shipping, alone flashed back the dying effulgence of the glorious orb, which every moment grew fainter and fainter, and redder and redder, until it shaded into purple, and the loud deep bell of the convent of La Merced swung over the still waters, announcing the arrival of even-song and the departure of day.

IRISH WRITERS

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT

Ho carries on this line of excellent sea-stories, but in the older and tougher tradition inaugurated by Smollett. . . . It [his English] is much looser and more slapdash than Smollett's English, which is remarkably classical and pure. But it is plain, good, enviable English all the same, and well fitted to Marryat's scene and speakers.—*(Survey,* ii. 167, 168.)

Peter Simple starts in Life

(From *Peter Simple)* *(1834)*

As well as I can recollect and analyse my early propensities, I think that, had I been permitted to select my own profession, I should in all probability have bound myself apprentice to a tailor ; for I always envied the comfortable seat which they appeared to enjoy upon the shipboard, and their elevated position, which enabled them to look down upon the constant succession of the idle or the busy, who passed in review before them in the main street of the coiuitry town, near to which I passed the first fourteen years of my existence.

But my father, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, and the youngest brother of a noble family, had a lucrative living, and a ' soul above buttons/ if his son had not. It has been from time immemorial the

heathenish custom to sacrifice the greatest fool of the family to the prosperity and naval superiority of the country, and, at the age of fourteen, I was selected as the victim. If the custom be judicious, I had no reason to complain. There was not one dissentient voice, when it was proposed before all the varieties of my aunts and cousins, invited to partake of our new-year's festival. I was selected by general acclamation. Flattered by such an unanimous acknowledgment of my qualification, and a stroke of my father's hand down my head which accompanied it, I felt as proud, and, alas ! as unconscious as the calf with gilded horns, who plays and mumbles with the flowers of the garland, which designates his fate to every one but himself. I even felt, or thought I felt, a slight degree of military ardour, and a sort of vision of future grandeur passed before me, in the distant vista of which I perceived a coach with four horses and a service of plate. It was, however, driven away before I could decipher it, by positive bodily pain, occasioned by my elder brother Tom, who, having been directed by my father to snuff the candles, took the opportunity of my abstraction to insert a piece of the still ignited cotton into my left ear. But as my story is not a very short one, I must not dwell too long on its commencement. I shall therefore inform the reader, that my father, who lived in the north of England, did not think it right to fit me out at the country town, near to which we resided ; but about a fortnight after the decision which I have referred to, he forwarded me to London, on the outside of the coach, with my best suit of bottle-green and six shirts. To prevent mistakes, I was booked in the way-bill ' to be delivered to Mr. Thomas Handy cock, No. 14, Saint Clement's Lane—carriage paid.' My parting with the family was very affecting ; my mother cried bitterly, for, like all mothers, she liked the greatest fool which she had presented to my father, better than all the rest; my sisters cried because my mother cried ; Tom roared

for a short time more loadly than all the rest, having been chastised by my father for breaking his fourth window in that week ;—during all which my father walked up and down the room with impatience, because he was kept from his dinner, and, like all orthodox divines, he was tenacious of the only sensual enjoyment permitted to his cloth.

At last I tore myself away. I had blubbered till my eyes were so red and swollen, that the pupils were scarcely to be distinguished, and tears and dirt had veined my cheeks like the marble of the chimney-piece. My handkerchief was soaked through with wiping my eyes and blowing my nose, before the scene was over. My brother Tom, with a kindness which did honour to his heart, exchanged his for mine, saying, with fraternal regard, ' Here, Peter, take mine, it's as dry as a bone.' But my father would not wait for a second handkerchief to perform its duty. He led me away through the hall, when, having shaken hands with all the men and kissed all the maids, who stood in a row with their aprons to their eyes, I quitted my paternal roof.

The coachman accompanied me to the place from whence the stage was to start. Having seen me securely wedged between two fat old women, and having put my parcel inside, he took his leave, and in a few minutes I was on my road to London.

SAMUEL LOVER

Lover is a careless and artless writer, but his tinkers, and cottagers, and informers, and soldiery, are distinct enough. His *Handy Andy*, on the other hand, is farce : . . . the book is still reprinted and has life in it.—*(Survey*, ii. 170.)

The Talk at the Inn

(From *Handy-Andy)* *(1842)*

The message to the gentlemen was delivered, and Murphy was immediately requested to join their party ;

this was all he wanted, and he played off his powers of diversion on the innocent citizens so successfully, that before supper was half over they thought themselves in. luck to have fallen in with such a chance acquaintance. Murphy fired away jokes, repartees, anecdotes, and country gossip, to their delight; and when the eatables were disposed of, he started them on the punch-drinking tack afterwards so cleverly, that he hoped to see three parts of them tipsy before they retired to rest.

' *Do* you feel your knee better now, sir ? ' asked one of the party, of Murphy.

' Considerably, thank you; whisky punch, sir, is about the best cure for bruises or dislocations a man can take.'

' I doubt that, sir,' said a little matter-of-fact man, who had now interposed his reasonable doubts for the twentieth time during Murphy's various extravagant declarations, and the interruption only made Murphy romance the more.

' *YOL,* speak of your fiery *Dublin* stuff, sir—but our country whisky is as mild as milk, and far more wholesome ; then, sir, our fine air alone would cure half the complaints without a grain of physic.'

' Idoubt that, sir,' said the little man.

' I assure you, sir, a friend of my own from town came down here last spring on crutches, and from merely following a light whisky diet, and sleeping with his window open, he was able to dance at the race ball in a fortnight; as for this knee of mine, it's a trifle, though it was a bad upset too.'

' How did it happen, sir ? Was it your horse—or your harness—or your gig—or—'

' None o' them, sir—it was a *Banshee.'*

' A Banshee ? ' said the little man, ' what's that ? '

' A peculiar sort of supernatural creatures, that are common here, sir ; she was squatted down on one side of the road, and my mare shied at her, and being a

spirited little thing, she attempted to jump the ditch, and missed it in the dark.'

' Jump a ditch, with a gig after her, sir ? ' said the little man.

' Oh, common enough to do that here, sir—she'd have done it easy in the daylight, but she could not measure her distance in the dark, and bang she went into the ditch : but it's a trifle, after all. I am generally run over four or five times a year.'

' And you alive to tell it! ' said the little man, incredulously.

' It's hard to kill us here, sir ; we are used to accidents.'

' Well, the worst accident I ever heard of,' said one of the citizens, ' happened to a friend of mine, who went to visit a friend of his on a Sunday, and all the family happened to be at church ; so on driving into the yard there was no one to take his horse, therefore he undertook the office of ostler himself ; but being unused to the duty, he most incautiously took off the horse's bridle before unyoking him from his gig, and the animal, making a furious plunge forward—my friend being before him at the time—the shaft of the gig was driven through his body, and into the coach-house gate behind him, and stuck so fast that the horse could not drag it out after ; and in this dreadful situation they remained until the family returned from church, and saw the awful occurrence. A servant was despatched for a doctor, and the shaft was disengaged, and drawn out of the man's body, —just at the pit of his stomach ; he was laid on a bed, and every one thought of course he must die at once ; but he didn't,—and the doctor came next day, and he wasn't dead—did \vhat he could for him—and, to make a long story short, sir, the man recovered.'

' Pooh ! pooh ! ' said the diminutive doubter.

' It's true,' said the narrator.

' I make no doubt of it, sir,' said Murphy ; ' I know a more extraordinary case of recovery myself.'

' I beg your pardon, sir,' said the cit; ' I have not finished my story yet, for the most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told : my friend, sir, was a very sickly man before the accident happened—a *very* sickly man, and after that accident he became a hale healthy man—what do you think of that, sir ? '

' It does no[x] surprise me in the least, sir,' said Murphy —' I can account for it readily.[1]

' Well, sir, I never heard it accounted for, though I know it to be true ; I should like to hear how you account for it.'

' Very simply, sir,' said Murphy ; ' don't you perceive the man discovered a *mine* of health by a *shaft* being sunk in the *pit* of his stomach.'

CHARLES JAMES LEVER

Lover and Levor . . . depict for the most part the lighter, harum-scarum aspect of the scene and have to answer not a little for the popular English notion of Paddy, Rory and Mickey. They describe what they saw, faithfully enough, but it is the surface. Lever, certainly, had the better and more sustained gift of the two. . . . On Lever's war-pieces, even more than on his comedy, his credit as a novelist rests.—*(Survey,* ii. 169, 170.)

The Duchess of Richmond's Ball *(1841)*

(From *Charles O'Malley)*

The ball was now at its height. The waltzers whirled past in the wild excitement of the dance. The inspiriting strains of the music, the sounds of laughter, the din, the tumult, all made up that strange medley which, reacting upon the minds of those who cause it, increases the feeling of pleasurable abandonment; making the old feel young, and the young intoxicated with delight.

As the Senhora leaned upon me, fatigued with waltzing, I was endeavouring to sustain a conversation with her ; while my thoughts were wandering with my eyes to where I had last seen Lucy L)ashwood.

' It must be something of importance : I'm sure it is,' said she, at the conclusion of a speech of which I had not heard one word. ' Look at General Picton's face.'

' Very pretty, indeed,' said I; ' but the hair is unbecoming,' replying to some previous observation she had made, and still lost in a reverie. A hearty burst of laughter was her answer, as she gently shook my arm, saying, ' You really are too bad. You never listened to one word I've been telling you, but keep continually staring with your eyes here and there, turning this way and looking that; and the dull and vacant unmeaning smile ; answering at random, in the most provoking manner. There now, pray pay attention, and tell me what that means.' As she said this, she pointed with her fan to where a dragoon officer in splashed and splattered uniform was standing, talking to some three or four general officers. ' But here comes the Duke : it can't be anything of consequence.'

At the same instant the Duke of Wellington passed with the Duchess of Richmond on his arm.

' No, Duchess ; nothing to alarm you. Did you say ice ?'

' There, you heard that, I hope ? ' said Inez ; ' there is nothing to alarm us.'

' Go to General Picton at once ; but don't let it be remarked,' said an officer, in a whisper, as he passed close by me.

' Inez, I have the greatest curiosity to learn what that new arrival has to say for himself ; and, if you will permit me, I'll leave you with Lady Gordon for one moment——'

' Delighted, of all things. You are, without exception, the most tiresome———Good-bye.'

' *Sans adieu,'* said I, as I hurried through the crowd, towards an open window, on the balcony outside of which Sir Thomas Picton was standing.

' Ah, Mr. O'Malley; have you a pencil ? There,

that'll do. Ride down to Etterbeek with this order for Godwin. You have heard the news, I suppose, that the French are in advance ? The 79th will muster in the Grande Place. The 92nd and the 28th along the Park and the Boulevard. Napoleon left Fresnes this morning. The Prussians have fallen back. Ziethen has been beaten. We march at once.'

' To-morrow, sir ?'

' No, sir ; to-night. There ! don't delay. But, above all, let everything be done quietly and noiselessly. The Duke will remain here for an hour longer, to prevent suspicion. When you've executed your orders, come back here.'

I mounted the first horse I could find at the door, and galloped with top speed over the heavy causeway to Etterbeek. In two minutes the drum beat to arms ; and the men were mustering as I left. Thence I hastened to the barracks of the Highland brigade, and the 28th Regiment; and, before half-an-hour, was back in the ball-room, where, from the din and tumult, I guessed the scene of pleasure and dissipation continued unabated. As I hurried up the staircase, a throng of persons were coming down, and I was obliged to step aside to let them pass.

'Ah! come here, pray,' said Picton, who, with a lady, cloaked and hooded, leaning upon his arm, was struggling to make way through the crowd. ' The very man ! '

' Will you excuse me, if I commit you to the care of my aide-de-camp, who will see you to your carriage ? The Duke has just desired to see me.' This he said in a hurried and excited tone ; and the same moment beckoned to me to take the lady's arm.

WRITERS OF DREAMS AND FANTASIES

WILLIAM MORRIS

In prose as in verse, Morris draws on the native English and simpler romance vocabulary, and uses short words rather than long. . . . Chaucer and Malory, and the French and English romances, seem to have given him this bent. . . . In *The Dream of John Ball,* and in the exalted parts of the lectures, the strain is at its purest.—*(Survey,* ii. 53, 54.)

Will Green's House

(From *Dream of John Ball)* *(1886-1887)*
(First printed in ' The Commonweal.')

The room we came into was indeed the house, for there was nothing but it on the ground floor, but a stair in the corner went up to the chamber or loft above. It was much like the room at the Rose, but bigger ; the cupboard better wrought, and with more vessels on it, and handsomer. Also the walls, instead of being panelled, were hung with a coarse loosely-woven stuff of green worsted with birds and trees woven into it. There were flowers in plenty stuck about the room, mostly of the yellow blossoming flag or flower-de-luce, of which I had seen plenty in all the ditches, but in the window near the door was a pot full of those same white poppies I had seen when I first woke up ; and a table was all set forth with meat and drink, a big salt-cellar of pewter in the middle, covered with a white cloth.

We sat down, the priest blessed the meat in the name of the Trinity, and we crossed ourselves and fell to. The victual was plentiful of broth and flesh-meat, and bread and cherries, so we ate and drank, and talked lightly together when we were full.

Yet was not the feast so gay as might have been. Will Green had me to sit next to him, and on the other side sat John Ball; but the priest had grown somewhat

distraught, and sat as one thinking of somewhat that was like to escape his thought. Will Green looked at his daughter from time to time, and whiles his eyes glanced round the fair chamber as one who loved it, and his kind face grew sad, yet never sullen. When the herdsmen came into the hall they fell straightway to asking questions concerning those of the Fellowship who had been slain in the fray, and of their wives and children; so that for a while thereafter no man cared to jest, for they were a neighbourly and kind folk, and were sorry both for the dead, and also for the living that should suffer from that day's work.

So then we sat silent awhile. The unseen moon was bright over the roof of the house, so that outside all was gleaming bright save the black shadows, though the moon came not into the room, and the white wall of the tower was the whitest and the brightest thing we could see.

Wide open were the windows, and the scents of the fragrant night floated in upon us, and the sounds of the men at their meat or making merry about the township ; and whiles we heard the gibber of an owl from the trees westward of the church, and the sharp cry of a blackbird made fearful by the prowling stoat, or the far-off lowing of a cow from the upland pastures ; or the hoofs of a horse trotting on the pilgrimage road (and one of our watchers would that be).

LEWIS CARROLL (CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON)

The Mock Turtle's Story

(From *Alice in Wonderland)* *(1865)*

' Once,' said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, * I was a real Turtle.'

These words were followed by a very long silence,

broken only by an occasional exclamation of ' Hjckrrh !' from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and Buying ' Thank you, sir, for your interesting story/ but she could not help thinking there *must* bo more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

' When we were little,' the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, ' we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise——'

' Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one ? ' Alice asked.

' We called him Tortoise because he taught us,' said the Mock Turtle angrily : ' really you arc very dull ! '

' You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question,' added the Gryphon ; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, ' Drive on, old fellow ! Don't be all day about it! ' and he went on in these words :

' Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it——'

' I never said I didn't! ' interrupted Alice.

'You did.' said the Mock Turtle.

' Hold your tongue !' added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on :—

' We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day——'

' *I've* been to a day-school, too,' said Alice ; ' you needn't be so proud as all that.'

' With extras ? ' asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

' Yes,' said Alice, ' we learned French and music.'

' And washing ? ' said the Mock Turtle.

' Certainly not! ' said Alice indignantly.

'Ah ! then yours wasn't a really good school,' said the Mock Turtle in a. tone of great relief. ' Now at

ours they had at the end of the bill, " French, music, *and washing*—extra." '

' You couldn't have wanted it much,' said Alice ; ' living at the bottom of the sea.'

'I couldn't afford to learn it,' said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. ' I only took the regular course.'

' What was that ? ' inquired Alice.

' Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,' the Mock Turtle replied ; ' and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.'

' I never heard of " Uglification," ' Alice ventured to say. ' What is it ? '

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. ' What! Never heard of uglifying ! ' it exclaimed. ' You know what to beautify is, I suppose ? '

' Yes,' said Alice doubtfully : 'it means—to—make —anything—prettier.'

' Well, then,' the Gryphon went on, 'if you don't know what to uglify is, you *must* be a simpleton.'

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said ' What else had you to learn ? *

' Well, there was Mystery,' the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, ' —Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography : then Drawling —the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week : *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.'

' What was *that* like ? ' said Alice.

' Well, I can't show it you myself,' the Mock Turtle said : ' I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.'

' Hadn't time,' said the Gryphon : ' I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was.'

' I never went to him,' the Mock Turtle said with a sigh : ' he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.'

' So he did, so he did ' said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn ; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

' And how many hours a day did you do lessons ? ' said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

' Ten hours the first day,' said the Mock Turtle : 'nine the next, and so on.'

' What a curious plan ! ' exclaimed Alice.

' That's the reason they're called lessons,' the Gryphon remarked : ' because they lessen from day to day.'

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. ' Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday ? '

' Of course it was,' said the Mock Turtle.

' And how did you manage on the twelfth ? ' Alice went on eagerly.

' That's enough about lessons,' the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone : ' tell her something about the games now.'

SAMUEL BUTLER

Butler starts from a revolt against every sort of stuffy convention (as he judges it to be) in science, religion, and conduct. His method is paradox ; but he ends, after all, in a creed of hard common sense, illumined by a few scientific ideas.—*(Survey, i.* 309.)

In Prison

(From *Erewhon)* *(1872)*

My food was plain, but always varied and wholesome, and the good red wine was admirable. I had found a sort of wort in the garden, which I sweated in heaps and then dried, obtaining thus a substitute for tobacco ; so that what with Yram, the language, visitors, fives in the garden, smoking, and bed, my time slipped by more rapidly and pleasantly than might have been expected. I also made myself a small flute ; and

being a tolerable player, amused myself at times with playing snatches from operas, and airs such as ' Oh where and oh where,' and ' Home, sweet home.' This was of great advantage to me, for the people of tho country were ignorant of the diatonic scale and could hardly believe their ears on hearing some of our most common melodies. Often, too, they would make me sing; and I could at any time make Yram's eyes swim with tears by singing ' Wilkins and his Dinah,' ' Billy Taylor,' 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter,' or as much of them as I could remember.

I had one or two discussions with them because I never would sing on Sunday (of which I kept count in my pocket-book), except chants and hymn tunes ; of these I regret to say that I had forgotten the words, so that I could only sing the tune. They appeared to have little or no religious feeling, and to have never so much as heard of the divine institution of the Sabbath, so they ascribed my observance of it to a fit of sulkiness, which they remarked as coming over me upon every seventh day. But they were very tolerant, and one of them said to me quite kindly that she knew how impossible it was to help being sulky at times, only she thought I ought to see some one if it became more serious—a piece of advice which I then failed to understand, though I pretended to take it quite as a matter of course.

Once only did Yram treat me in a way that was unkind and unreasonable,—at least so I thought it at the time. It happened thus. I had been playing fives in the garden and got much heated. Although the day was cold, for autumn was now advancing, and Cold Harbor (as the name of the town in which my prison was should be translated) stood fully 3,000 feet above the sea, I had played without my coat and waistcoat, and took a sharp chill on resting myself too long in the open air without protection. The next day I had a severe cold and felt really poorly, Being little

used even to the lightest ailments, and thinking that it would be rather nice to be petted and cossetted by Yram, I certainly did not make myself out to be any Letter than I was ; in fact, I remember that I made the worst of things, and took it into my Lead to consider myself upon the sick list. When Yram brought me my breakfast I complained somewhat dolefully of my indisposition, expecting the sympathy and humouring which I should have received from my mother and sisters at home. Not a bit of it. She fired up in an instant, and asked me what I meant by it, and how I dared to presume to mention such a thing, especially when I considered in what place I was. She had the best mind to tell her father, only that she was afraid the consequences would be so very serious for me. Her manner was so injured and decided, and her anger so evidently unfeigned, that I forgot my cold upon the spot, begging her by all means to tell her father if she wished to do so, and telling her that I had no idea of being shielded by her from anything whatever ; presently mollifying, after having said as many biting things as I could, I asked her what it was that I had done amiss, and promised amendment as soon as ever I became aware of it. She saw that I was really ignorant, and had had no intention of being rude to her ; whereon it came out that illness of any sort was considered in Erewhon to be highly criminal and immoral; and that I was liable, even for catching cold, to be had up before the magistrates and imprisoned for a considerable period—an announcement which struck me dumb with astonishment.

* * * * *

My teacher also told me that one of the leading merchants had sent me an invitation to repair to his house and to consider myself his guest for as long a time as I chose. ' He is a delightful man,' continued the interpreter, ' but he has suffered terribly from ' (here there came a long word which I could not quite catch,

only- it was much longer than kleptomania), ' and has but lately recovered from embezzling a large sum of money under singularly distressing circumstances ; but he has quite got over it, and the straighteners say that he has made a really wonderful recovery ; you are sure to like him.'

GEORGE MACDONALD

. . . Phantasies, a curiously late example of the charm onc6 exercised by the German romancers whom Carlyle had introduced to the English public.—*(Survey,* ii. 110.)

In Fairyland

(From *Phantasies)* *(1858)*

The heat of the sun soon became too intense even for passive support. I therefore rose, and sought the shelter of one of the arcades. Wandering along from one to another of these, wherever my heedless steps led me, and wondering everywhere at the simple magnificence of the building, I arrived at another hall, the roof of which was of a pale blue, spangled with constellations of silver stars, and supported by porphyry pillars of a paler red than ordinary.—In this house (I may remark in passing), silver seemed everywhere preferred to gold ; and such was the purity of the air, that it showed nowhere signs of tarnishing.—The whole of the floor of this hall, except a narrow path behind the pillars, paved with black, was hollowed into a huge basin, many feet deep, and filled with the purest, most liquid and radiant water. The sides of the basin were white marble, and the bottom was paved with all kinds of refulgent stones, of every shape and hue. In their arrangement, you would have supposed, at first sight, that there was no design, for they seemed to lie as if cast there from careless and playful hands ; but it was a most harmonious confusion ; and as I looked at the play of their colours, especially when the waters were

in motion, I came at last to feel as if not one little pebble could be displaced, without injuring the effect of the whole. Beneath this floor of the Crater, lay the reflection of the blue inverted roof, fretted with its silver stars, like a second deeper sea, clasping and upholding the first. The fairy bath was probably fed from the fountain in the court. Led *by* an irresistible desire, I undressed, and plunged into the water. It clothed me as with a new sense and its object both in one. The waters lay so close to me, they seemed to enter and revive my heart. I rose to the surface, shook the water from my hair, and swam as in a rainbow, amid the coruscations of the gems below seen through the agitation caused by my motion. Then, with open eyes, I dived, and swam beneath the surface. And here was a new wonder. For the basin, thus beheld, appeared to extend on all sides like a sea, with here and there groups as of ocean rocks, hollowed by ceaseless billows into wondrous caves and grotesque pinnacles. Around the caves grew sea-weeds of all hues, and the corals glowed between ; while far off, I saw the gUmmer of what seemed to be creatures of human form at home in the waters. I thought I had been enchanted ; and that when I rose to the surface, I should find myself miles from land, swimming alone upon a heaving sea ; but when my eyes emerged from the waters, I saw above me the blue spangled vault, and the red pillars around. I dived again, and found myself once more in the heart of a great sea. I then arose, and swam to the edge, where I got out easily, for the water reached the very brim, and, as I drew near, washed in tiny waves over the black marble border. I dressed, and went out, deeply refreshed.

And now I began to discern faint, gracious forms, here and there throughout the building. Some walked together in earnest conversation. Others strayed alone. Some stood in groups, as if looking at and talking about a picture or a statue. None of them

heeded me. Nor were they plainly visible to my eyes. Sometimes a group, or single individual, would fade entirely out *cl* the realm of my vision as I gazed. When evening came, and the moon arose, clear as a round of a horizon-sea wnen the sun hangs over it in the west, I began to see them all more plainly ; especially when they came between me and the moon ; and yet more especially, when I myself was in the shade. But, even then, I sometimes saw only the passing wave of a white robe ; or a lovely arm or neck gleamed by in the moonshine ; or white feet went walking alone over the moony sward. Nor, I grieve to say, did I ever come much nearer to these glorious beings, or ever look upon the Queen of the Fairies herself. My destiny ordered otherwise.

In this palace of marble and silver, and fountains and moonshine, I spent many days ; waited upon constantly in my room with everything desirable, and bathing daily in the fairy bath. All this time I was little troubled with my demon shadow. I had a vague feeling that he was somewhere about the palace ; but it seemed as if the hope that I should in this place be finally freed from his hated presence, had sufficed to banish him for a time.