UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY
OU_174209
UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

A CENTURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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

EDITED BY

ALBERT A. COCK

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION AND PHILOSOPHY IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

AND

MARGARET J. STEEL

LECTURER IN EDUCATION IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

IN FOUR BOOKS

BOOK II—PROSE, 1780–1830

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.

[*All rights reserved*]

A CENTURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

In 4 Volumes, Crown 8vo.

Book I. Poetry, 1780–1830
Book II. Prose, 1780–1830
Book III. Poetry, 1830–1880
Book IV. Prose, 1830–1880

WORKS BY PROFESSOR ELTON

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
1780-1830

2 Volumes, Demy 8vo.

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
1830-1880

2 Volumes, Demy 8vo.

LITERARY MONOGRAPHS

Chapters from the Author's 'Survey of English Literature,' revised and partly re-written, with chronological tables and short notes.

Crown 8vo, paper or cloth.

Sir Walter Scott — **Tennyson and Matthew Arnold**
Wordsworth — **The Brownings**
Shelley — **Dickens and Thackeray**

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.

Made and Printed in Great Britain by
Butler & Tanner Ltd., Frome and London

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 Survey 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 III 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 *aperçus* 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 *Survey*, 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 reader 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 Carlyle, 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.

CONTENTS

PAGE

NOTE. By Professor OLIVER ELTON 3

EDITORS' PREFACE 5

FORERUNNERS OF THE ROMANTIC AGE

EDMUND BURKE (1729–1797)
PERORATION OF SPEECH ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA (1775) 13
MARIE ANTOINETTE (*Reflections on the Revolution in France*, 1790) 16

EDWARD GIBBON (1737–1794)
THE TWO ANTONINES (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 1776) 17
STATE AND CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE OF ROME, A.D. 408 (*Ibid.*) 19
ON HIS LIFE WORK (*Memoirs of My Life and Writings*) 23

JAMES BOSWELL (1740–1795)
THE FIRST MEETING OF BOSWELL WITH JOHNSON, 1763 (*Life of Samuel Johnson*, 1791) 24

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709–1784)
THE NATURE OF EPIC POETRY (*Lives of the Poets: Milton*, 1781) 27

GILBERT WHITE (1720–1793)
THE MOTION OF BIRDS (*Natural History of Selborne*, 1789) 29

THE NOVEL OF MANNERS

THOMAS HOLCROFT (1745–1809)
HUGH TREVOR ASSISTS AT A PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION (*The Adventures of Hugh Trevor*, 1794) . 31

FANNY BURNEY (1752–1840)
THE ADVENTURE WITH THE MONKEY (*Evelina*, 1778) 34
A MAN OF FAMILY (*Cecilia*, 1782) 37

JANE AUSTEN (1775–1817)
THE FIRST VISIT OF MR. COLLINS TO THE BENNET FAMILY (*Pride and Prejudice*, 1796) 40

THE NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

PAGE

HORACE WALPOLE (1717–1797)
The Apparition in the Great Chamber (*The Castle of Otranto*, 1764) 45

MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE (1764–1822)
Adeline's First Night in Fontinelle Abbey (*The Romance of the Forest*, 1791) 49

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN (1782–1824)
The Escape of Monçada from the Monastery (*Melmoth the Wanderer*, 1820) 53

PARODY OF THE NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

JANE AUSTEN (1775–1817)
Catherine's First Night in Northanger Abbey (*Northanger Abbey*, 1803) 59

FABULOUS ADVENTURE

RUDOLF ERIC RASPE (1737–1794)
Travels in Russia (*Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvellous Adventures and Campaigns in Russia*, 1785) 65

THE ORIENTAL TALE

THOMAS HOPE (1770–1831)
Anastasius becomes a Baker (*Anastasius*, 1819) . 67

JAMES MORIER (1780–1849)
Hajjî Baba becomes a Merchant (*Adventures of Hajjî Baba of Ispahan*, 1824) 69

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832)
Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Argyle (*The Heart of Midlothian*, 1818) 73
Rebecca describes the Siege of Torquilstone (*Ivanhoe*, 1819) 81
The Escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle (*The Abbot*, 1820) 91
The Journey to the Palace of Liège (*Quentin Durward*, 1823) 96

MINOR SCOTTISH NOVELISTS

PAGE

JOHN GALT (1779–1839)
WALTER WALKINSHAW, SUSPECTED OF INSANITY, IS EXAMINED BY THE COURT (*The Entail*, 1823) . 100

DAVID MACBETH MOIR (1798–1851)
MANSIE WAUCH BECOMES A VOLUNTEER (*Mansie Wauch*, 1828) 103

SUSAN EDMONSTONE FERRIER (1782–1854)
LORD ROSSVILLE POINTS OUT THE VIEW (*The Inheritance*, 1824) 105

IRISH WRITERS

MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767–1849)
SIR CONDY RACKRENT IS ELECTED MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT (*Castle Rackrent*, 1800) 110

MICHAEL (1796–1874) AND JOHN (1798–1842) BANIM
THE RAID (*The Croppy* from *Tales by the O'Hara Family*, 1825) 113

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER (1798–1854)
THE LITTLE SHOE (*Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, 1825) 118

ENGLISH WRITERS

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (1787–1855)
MRS. MOSSE (*Our Village*, 1819–1832) 120
OUR MAYING (*Ibid.*) 121

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785–1866)
MAID MARIAN TILTS WITH KING RICHARD (*Maid Marian*, 1822) 123

'FANTASIAS'

SARA COLERIDGE (1802–1852)
AN ENCHANTED VOYAGE (*Phantasmion*, 1837) . 126

CHARLES LAMB (1775–1834)
DREAM CHILDREN (*Essays of Elia*, 182?) . . 128

MARY LAMB (1764–1847)
ELINOR FOSTER (*Mrs. Leicester's School*, 1809) . 133

PAGE

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775–1864)
RHODOPÈ'S ENSLAVEMENT (*Imaginary Conversations*, 1824–1829) 137

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785–1859)
EASTER SUNDAY MORNING—A DREAM (*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, 1821–1856) . . . 140

LETTERS, DIARIES AND JOURNALS

WILLIAM BECKFORD (1760–1844)
EXCURSION TO THE GRAND CHARTREUSE, 1778 (*Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents*, 1783) . 143

FANNY BURNEY (1752–1840)
FANNY BURNEY MEETS MR. HERSCHEL (*Diary*, 1842–6) 144

SARA COLERIDGE (1802–1852)
LETTER TO MRS. H. M. JONES CONCERNING LAMB, 1835 147

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800)
RECOLLECTIONS OF MARGATE (*Letter to the Rev. Wm. Unwin*, 1779) 148
VISIT FROM THE PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE (*Letter to the Rev. John Newton*, 1784) 149

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON (1777–1867)
COLERIDGE'S TALK (*Diary*) 151

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH (1771–1855)
A WALK AT GRASMERE (*Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal*) 152
THE DAFFODILS (*Ibid.*) 154

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827)
CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS (*Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures*, 1809) 155

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834)
THE BEAUTIES OF WORDSWORTH'S POETRY (*Biographia Literaria*, 1817) 157

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778–1830)
THE GENIUS OF WORDSWORTH (*Spirit of the Age*, 1825) 159

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859)
PORTRAIT OF CHARLES LAMB (*Autobiography*, 1850) . 161

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796–1849)
STATE ENDOWMENT OF THE ARTS (*Lives of the Northern Worthies*, 1833) 163

NATURE SKETCHES

PAGE

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY (1778–1829)
How to Fish in Sunshine (*Salmonia*, 1828) . . 167

CHARLES WATERTON (1782–1865)
The Sloth (*Wanderings in South America*, 1825) . 169

ALEXANDER WILSON (1766–1813)
Song of the Wood Thrush (*American Ornithology*, 1808–1814) 170

TRAVELS

SIR JOHN BARROW (1764–1848)
The Emperor's Birthday (*Travels in China*, 1804) 171

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL (1788–1844)
The Capital of Johanna (*Voyages of Captain Basil Hall*, 1831–1833) 173

SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1769–1833)
A Visit to the Persian Court (*Sketches of Persia*, 1827) 175

JAMES BRUCE (1730–1794)
Discovery of the Source of the Nile (*Travels in Abyssinia*, 1790) 177

MUNGO PARK (1771–1806)
He is Robbed by Brigands (*Travels in the Interior of Africa*, 1799) 178

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794–1854)
Devotion of Scott's Household (*Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 1837–1838) 182

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774–1843)
The Battle of Copenhagen (*Life of Nelson*, 1813) 184

SHARON TURNER (1768–1847)
Character of Alfred (*History of the Anglo-Saxons*, 1799–1805) 188

HENRY HALLAM (1777–1859)
Diversions of the Middle Ages (*View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, 1818) . . . 189

FORERUNNERS OF THE ROMANTIC AGE

EDMUND BURKE

He embodies, more powerfully than any one, the mental tendencies and changes that are seen gathering force through the eighteenth century. A volume of positive knowledge, critically sifted and ascertained ; a constructive vision of the past and its institutions ; the imagination, under this guidance, everywhere at play : all these elements unite in Burke.

In the American orations and letters the mind and art of Burke are seen at their highest. . . . Reading him, we can better believe that the long orations of antiquity can really have been delivered. In the art of unfolding and amplifying, Burke is the rival of those ancients. . . .

Burke is a great master of sound, though his harmonies are what he calls 'sublime' rather than beautiful. His rhythm is emphatic, and far less uniform than Gibbon's. The surface undulation is churned up and broken by the passion of the orator . . . His skill in the orchestration of language is not rivalled until we reach Landor and De Quincey.—(*Survey*, i. 234–256.)

Peroration of Speech on Conciliation with America

(22nd March, *1775*)

For all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire, my trust is in her [*i.e.* America's] interest in the British Constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government ; they will cling and grapple to you ; and

no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it once be understood, that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond, which originally made, and must still preserve the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits, and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of the mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds,

unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land tax which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *Sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying,

but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

Marie Antoinette

(From *Reflections on the Revolution in France*) (*1790*)

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.—But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, œconomists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain

like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

EDWARD GIBBON

Gibbon places criticism at the service of learning, in the interest of a great reconstruction of the past. The imagination is seen at work in a large and patient way. Gibbon's power of marshalling and ordering, his panoramic skill, and his studied variety of scene and topic, are admittedly unexcelled. . . . If Gibbon lingers more on the outward and processional than on the inward and vital part of history, at least he sees it in an epic vision, which is heightened by his power of assembling great masses of detail in due subordination.—(*Survey*, ii. 382.)

The Two Antonines

(From *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*) (*1776* [1])

The two Antonines (for it is of them that we are now speaking) governed the Roman world forty-two years with the same invariable spirit of wisdom and virtue. Although Pius had two sons, he preferred the welfare of Rome to the interest of his family, gave his daughter Faustina in marriage to young Marcus, obtained from the senate the tribunitian and proconsular powers, and, with a noble disdain, or rather ignorance, of jealousy, associated him to all the labours of government. Marcus, on the other hand, revered the character of his benefactor, loved him as a parent, obeyed him as his sovereign and, after he was no more, regulated his own administration by the example and maxims of his predecessor. Their united reigns are possibly the only period of history in which the happiness of a great people was the sole object of government.

Titus Antoninus Pius had been justly denominated

[1] The various volumes of the *Decline and Fall* appeared between 1776 and 1787.

a second Numa. The same love of religion, justice, and peace, was the distinguishing characteristic of both princes. But the situation of the latter opened a much larger field for the exercise of those virtues. Numa could only prevent a few neighbouring villages from plundering each other's harvests; Antoninus diffused order and tranquillity over the greatest part of the earth. His reign is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history; which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. In private life he was an amiable, as well as a good man. The native simplicity of his virtue was a stranger to vanity or affectation. He enjoyed with moderation the conveniences of his fortune, and the innocent pleasures of society; and the benevolence of his soul displayed itself in a cheerful serenity of temper.

The virtue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was of a severer and more laborious kind. It was the well-earned harvest of many a learned conference, of many a midnight lucubration. At the age of twelve years he embraced the rigid system of the Stoics, which taught him to submit his body to his mind, his passions to his reason; to consider virtue as the only good, vice as the only evil, all things external as things indifferent. His meditations, composed in the tumult of a camp, are still extant; and he even condescended to give lessons in philosophy, in a more public manner than was perhaps consistent with the modesty of a sage or the dignity of an emperor. But his life was the noblest commentary on the precepts of Zeno. He was severe to himself, indulgent to the imperfections of others, just and beneficent to all mankind. He regretted that Avidius Cassius, who excited a rebellion in Syria, had disappointed him, by a voluntary death, of the pleasure of converting an enemy into a friend; and he justified the sincerity of that sentiment by moderating the zeal of the senate against the adherents of the

traitor. War he detested, as the disgrace and calamity of human nature; but when the necessity of a just defence called upon him to take up arms, he readily exposed his person to eight winter campaigns on the frozen banks of the Danube, the severity of which was at last fatal to the weakness of his constitution. His memory was revered by a grateful posterity, and above a century after his death many persons preserved the image of Marcus Antoninus among those of their household gods.

State and Character of the People of Rome, A.D. 408

(From *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*)

In populous cities, which are the seat of commerce and manufactures, the middle ranks of inhabitants, who derive their subsistence from the dexterity or labour of their hands, are commonly the most prolific, the most useful, and in that sense, the most respectable part of the community. But the Plebeians of Rome, who disdained such sedentary and servile arts, had been oppressed from the earliest times by the weight of debt and usury, and the husbandman, during the term of his military service, was obliged to abandon the cultivation of his farm. The lands of Italy, which had been originally divided among the families of free and indigent proprietors, were insensibly purchased or usurped by the avarice of the nobles; and in the age which preceded the fall of the Republic, it was computed that only two thousand citizens were possessed of any independent substance. Yet as long as the people bestowed by their suffrages the honours of the State, the command of the legions, and the administration of wealthy provinces, their conscious pride alleviated in some measure the hardships of poverty; and their wants were seasonably supplied by the ambitious liberality of the candidates, who aspired to secure a venal majority in the thirty-five tribes, or the hundred

and ninety-three centuries, of Rome. But when the prodigal commons had imprudently alienated not only the *use*, but the *inheritance*, of power, they sunk, under the reign of the Cæsars, into a vile and wretched populace which must, in a few generations, have been totally extinguished, if it had not been continually recruited by the manumission of slaves and the influx of strangers. As early as the time of Hadrian it was the just complaint of the ingenuous natives that the capital had attracted the vices of the universe and the manners of the most opposite nations. The intemperance of the Gauls, the cunning and levity of the Greeks, the savage obstinacy of the Egyptians and Jews, the servile temper of the Asiatics, were mingled in the various multitude, which, under the proud and false denomination of Romans, presumed to despise their fellow-subjects, and even their sovereigns, who dwelt beyond the precincts of the ETERNAL CITY.

Yet the name of that city was still pronounced with respect: the frequent and capricious tumults of the inhabitants were indulged with impunity; and the successors of Constantine, instead of crushing the last remains of the democracy by the strong arm of military power, embraced the mild policy of Augustus, and studied to relieve the poverty and to amuse the idleness of an innumerable people.

I. For the convenience of the lazy Plebeians, the monthly distributions of corn were converted into a daily allowance of bread; a great number of ovens were constructed and maintained at the public expense; and at the appointed hour, each citizen, who was furnished with a ticket, ascended the flight of steps which had been assigned to his peculiar quarter or division, and received, either as a gift or at a very low price, a loaf of bread of the weight of three pounds for the use of his family.

II. The forests of Lucania, whose acorns fattened large droves of wild hogs, afforded, as a species of

tribute, a plentiful supply of cheap and wholesome meat. During five months of the year a regular allowance of bacon was distributed to the poorer citizens; and the annual consumption of the capital, at a time when it was much declined from its former lustre was ascertained, by an edict of Valentinian the Third, at three millions, six hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds.

III. In the manners of antiquity the use of oil was indispensable for the lamp as well as for the bath, and the annual tax which was imposed on Africa for the benefit of Rome amounted to the weight of three million of pounds; to the measure, perhaps, of three hundred thousand English gallons.

IV. The anxiety of Augustus to provide the metropolis with sufficient plenty of corn was not extended beyond that necessary article of human subsistence; and when the popular clamour accused the dearness and scarcity of wine, a proclamation was issued by the grave reformer to remind his subjects that no man could reasonably complain of thirst, since the aqueducts of Agrippa had introduced into the city so many copious streams of pure and salubrious water. This rigid sobriety was insensibly relaxed; and, although the generous design of Aurelian does not appear to have been executed in its full extent, the use of wine was allowed on very easy and liberal terms. The administration of the public cellars was delegated to a magistrate of honourable rank; and a considerable part of the vintage of Campania was reserved for the fortunate inhabitants of Rome.

The stupendous aqueducts, so justly celebrated by the praises of Augustus himself, replenished the *Thermae* or baths, which had been constructed in every part of the city, with Imperial magnificence. The baths of Antoninus Caracalla, which were open, at stated hours, for the indiscriminate service of the senators and the people, contained above sixteen hundred seats of

marble; and more than three thousand were reckoned in the baths of Diocletian. The walls of the lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics, that imitated the art of the pencil in the elegance of design and the variety of colours. The Egyptian granite was beautifully encrusted with the precious green marble of Numidia; the perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase, with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the Kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued a swarm of dirty and ragged Plebeians, without shoes and without a mantle; who loitered away whole days in the street or Forum to hear news and to hold disputes, and dissipated in extravagant gaming the miserable pittance of their wives and children.

But the most lively and splendid amusement of the idle multitude depended on the frequent exhibition of public games and spectacles. The piety of Christian princes had suppressed the inhuman combats of gladiators; but the Roman people still considered the Circus as their home, their temple, and the seat of the Republic. The impatient crowd rushed at the dawn of day to secure their places, and there were many who passed a sleepless and anxious night in the adjacent porticos. From the morning to the evening, careless of the sun or of the rain, the spectators, who sometimes amounted to the number of four hundred thousand, remained in eager attention; their eyes fixed on the horses and charioteers, their minds agitated with hope and fear for the success of the *colours* which they espoused; and the happiness of Rome appeared to hang on the event of a race. The same immoderate ardour inspired their clamours and their applause as often as they were entertained with the hunting of wild beasts and the various modes of theatrical representation. These

representations in modern capitals may deserve to be considered as a pure and elegant school of taste, and perhaps of virtue. But the Tragic and Comic Muse of the Romans, who seldom aspired beyond the imitation of Attic genius, had been almost totally silent since the fall of the Republic ; and their place was unworthily occupied by licentious farce, effeminate music, and splendid pageantry. The pantomimes, who maintained their reputation from the age of Augustus to the sixth century, expressed, without the use of words, the various fables of the gods and heroes of antiquity ; and the perfection of their art, which sometimes disarmed the gravity of the philosopher, always excited the applause and wonder of the people. The vast and magnificent theatres of Rome were filled by three thousand female dancers, and by three thousand singers, with the masters of the respective choruses. Such was the popular favour which they enjoyed, that, at a time of scarcity, when all strangers were banished from the city, the merit of contributing to the public pleasures exempted *them* from a law which was strictly executed against the professors of the liberal arts.

On his Life Work

(From *Memoirs of My Life and Writings*)

I

It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city rather than of the Empire ; and, though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened. before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work.

II

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception. I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

JAMES BOSWELL

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is notable, if taken as a picture of the mind of the time, for the illusion that it creates by the very honesty and perfection of its workmanship. . . . All is measured by Johnson and his ideas, and the occasional deferential demurrers of Boswell only enhance this impression. No one in the book has any notion of what literature was soon to be—of what it had begun to be—and the self-absorption and self-complacency of an age, a circle, a whole society, have never been so fully mirrored. Boswell's *Johnson*, therefore, if read in this light, is the best possible preparation for the study of the Romantic period, and thus to read it only heightens our opinion of its excellences.—(*Survey*, ii. 397–398.)

The First Meeting of Boswell with Johnson, 1763

(From *The Life of Samuel Johnson*) (*1791*)

Mr Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell-street, Covent-gar-

den,[1] told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who had been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; [2] and Mr. Davies having perceived

[1] No. 8.—The very place where I was fortunate enough to be introduced to the illustrious subject of this work, deserves to be particularly marked. I never pass by it without feeling reverence and regret.

[2] Mr. Murphy in his 'Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson,' has given an account of this meeting considerably different from mine, I am persuaded without any consciousness of errour. His memory, at the end of near thirty years, has undoubtedly deceived him, and he supposes himself to have been present at a scene, which he has probably heard inaccurately described by others. In my note *taken on the very day*, in which I am confident I marked every thing material that passed, no mention is made of this gentleman; and I am sure, that I should not have omitted one so well known in the literary

him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approa h to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my Lord, it comes.' I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.'—'From Scotland,' cried Davies, roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expence of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next.

world. It may easily be imagined that this my first interview with Dr. Johnson, with all its circumstances, made a strong impression on my mind, and would be registered with peculiar attention.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

The *Lives of the Poets* were finished in 1781, and are the ripe and final judgments passed by the Classical Age upon itself. They are, indeed, not idolatrous judgments; for Johnson's independence and mother-wit suggest many reserves; and the poets who come within his pale are nicely balanced, according to his canons, against one another. . . .

He remains, 'raying out curious observations to the last,' greater than his superstitions, far greater than his books or even than his talk, not to be packed into any formula.—(*Survey*, i 63–64.)

The Nature of Epic Poetry

(From *Lives of the Poets : Milton*) (*1781*)

I am now to examine Paradise Lost; a poem, which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance the second, among the productions of the human mind.

By the general consent of criticks, the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epick poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epick poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, must animate by dramatick energy, and diversity by retrospection and anticipation; morality must teach him the exact bounds, and different shades, of vice and virtue; from policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined; and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till

he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical moderation.

Bossu is of opinion that the poet's first work is to find a *moral*, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton; the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsick. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous; *to vindicate the ways of God to man*; to show the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the Divine Law.

To convey this moral, there must be a *fable*, a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity, and surprise expectation. In this part of his work, Milton must be confessed to have equalled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded, and those that were to follow it; he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety, that every part appears to be necessary; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epick poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace.

GILBERT WHITE

Gilbert White both watches and listens; one of the most poetic things in *The Natural History of Selborne* is the notation of the songs and calls of birds and of other natural sounds. White leaves a store of observations that are, as it were, just ready for Keats or Tennyson to take up. . . . His imaginative touches are exceptional; but they grow, without any break, out of his peaceful, minute, and precise work as the naturalist of his own village.—(*Survey*, i. 12–13.)

The Motion of Birds

(From *The Natural History of Selborne*) (*1789*)

Selborne, Aug. 7, 1778.

A good ornithologist should be able to distinguish birds by their air as well as by their colours and shape; on the ground as well as on the wing, and in the bush as well as in the hand. For, though it must not be said that every species of birds has a manner peculiar to itself, yet there is somewhat in most genera at least, that at first sight discriminates them, and enables a judicious observer to pronounce upon them with some certainty. Put a bird in motion,

. . 'Et vera *incessu* patuit' . .

Thus kites and buzzards sail round in circles with wings expanded and motionless; and it is from their gliding manner that the former are still called in the north of England gleads, from the Saxon verb *glidan*, to glide. The kestrel, or wind-hover, has a peculiar mode of hanging in the air in one place, his wings all the while being briskly agitated. Hen-harriers fly low over heaths or fields of corn, and beat the ground regularly like a pointer or setting-dog. Owls move in a buoyant manner, as if lighter than the air; they seem to want ballast. There is a peculiarity belonging to ravens that must draw the attention even of the most incurious—they spend all their leisure time in striking and cuffing each other on the wing in a kind of playful

skirmish; and, when they move from one place to another, frequently turn on their backs with a loud croak, and seem to be falling to the ground. When this odd gesture betides them, they are scratching themselves with one foot, and thus lose the centre of gravity. Rooks sometimes dive and tumble in a frolicsome manner; crows and daws swagger in their walk; woodpeckers fly *volatu undoso*, opening and closing their wings at every stroke, and so are always rising or falling in curves. All of this genus use their tails, which incline downward, as a support while they run up trees. Parrots, like all other hook-clawed birds, walk awkwardly, and make use of their bill as a third foot, climbing and ascending with ridiculous caution. All the *gallinæ* parade and walk gracefully, and run nimbly; but fly with difficulty, with an impetuous whirring, and in a straight line. Magpies and jays flutter with powerless wings, and make no dispatch; herons seem incumbered with too much sail for their light bodies; but these vast hollow wings are necessary in carrying burdens, such as large fishes, and the like; pigeons, and particularly the sort called smiters, have a way of clashing their wings the one against the other over their backs with a loud snap; another variety called tumblers turn themselves over in the air. Some birds have movements peculiar to the season of love: thus ring-doves, though strong and rapid at other times, yet in the spring hang about on the wing in a toying and playful manner; thus the cock-snipe, while breeding, forgetting his former flight, fans the air like the wind-hover; and the green-finch in particular exhibits such languishing and faltering gestures as to appear like a wounded and dying bird; the king-fisher darts along like an arrow; fern-owls, or goat-suckers, glance in the dusk over the tops of trees like a meteor; starlings as it were swim along, while missel-thrushes use a wild and desultory flight; swallows sweep over the surface of the ground and water, and distinguish themselves by

rapid turns and quick evolutions; swifts dash round in circles; and the bank-martin moves with frequent vacillations like a butterfly. Most of the small birds fly by jerks, rising and falling as they advance. Most small birds hop; but wagtails and larks walk, moving their legs alternately. Skylarks rise and fall perpendicularly as they sing; woodlarks hang poised in the air; and titlarks rise and fall in large curves, singing in their descent. The white-throat uses odd jerks and gesticulations over the tops of hedges and bushes. All the duck-kind waddle; divers and auks walk as if fettered, and stand erect on their tails: these are the *compedes* of Linnæus. Geese and cranes, and most wild-fowls, move in figured flights, often changing their position. The secondary remiges of *tringæ*, wild-ducks, and some others, are very long, and give their wings, when in motion, an hooked appearance. Dab-chicks, moorhens, and coots, fly erect, with their legs hanging down, and hardly make any dispatch; the reason is plain, their wings are placed too forward out of the true centre of gravity; as the legs of auks and divers are situated too backward.

THE NOVEL OF MANNERS

THOMAS HOLCROFT

He has an ingrained weakness for theorizing, but his stories give a lively picture of manners and opinions, and often of his own career.—(*Survey*, i. 183.)

Hugh Trevor assists at a Parliamentary Election

(From *The Adventures of Hugh Trevor*) (*1794*)

Passion dispels passion, and care combats care. Sir Barnard was gone, diligence was the more necessary, and preparations for the approaching day would not admit of neglect. It may well be said that circum-

stances and situation make the man. Hector, who had no habitual capacity for business or intellect for order, was inspired by the occasion with a degree of talent of which at other times he was incapable. The fatigue he underwent was excessive ; and, impossible as it was that he should create any strong sympathy, I still felt some interest in his behalf ; and some alarm at the fixed hoarseness by which his lungs were threatened, and the alteration which incessant drinking and unusual efforts had produced in his appearance.

The night was passed with more than ordinary tumult. It was late before the riotous guests departed ; and our rest was short. The day of beginning the contest soon broke upon us, the word of command was given to muster, and all was in action. The friends of the opposing party collected, each round their respective leaders ; favours for the hat and bosom were lavishly distributed ; the flags were flying ; and a band of music preceded each of the processions and, when the parties approached the hustings, each band continued to play its own favourite air with increasing violence ; as if war were to be declared by the most jarring discord, and harmony driven from the haunts of men.

The grating sounds were increased by ballad-singers, marrow-bones and cleavers, and the vociferous throats of men who seemed to imagine that, if they were but sufficiently noisy they could not fail of being victorious.

The scaffolding was mounted, the candidates appeared, and mouths, eyes and ears were open ; for the reception of all the wisdom and patriotism, with all the comicality and fun, which the orators were expected to bestow. A mob delights in being harangued ; and is thrown into raptures by every kind of mountebank.

Jealous perhaps of his own honour, the god of eloquence decreed that neither the wit nor the wisdom of Hector should that day be heard. He was too hoarse for any effort to make him audible ; but as stirring and ambitious spirits on such occasions are always abroad,

tongues were not wanting to trumpet forth his high deserts.

The candidates for oratorical fame were several. I was of the number: and, as the gloss of my newly acquired dignity dazzled other eyes as well as my own, I was permitted to take the lead. It was my first essay, and I felt a momentary alarm; but, full of youthful spirits and high in blood, I dashed forward; and uttered what first occurred.

My voice was powerful, my nonsense was applauded, my fears vanished, and I became more collected. The real grievances of mankind, under the best government that ever yet existed, have at all times been so numerous that an orator, who makes them his theme, is never in want of facts or arguments.

* * *

However, the party of Hector was strong. The struggle was violent. Every scandalous art of election was resorted to, by both sides. A spirit of rancour daily and hourly increased. The opponents came to frequent blows. Beastly drunkenness, bloated insolence, and profligacy of principle, met the eye on every side; and I almost hated myself, not only for being present at and participating in it, but, to find that I belonged to a race of animals capable of such foul and detestable vice.

From this distress I was relieved by an event which in itself was far from satisfactory. The poll had proceeded for some days with tolerable equality, and Hector had rather the advantage; though the votes in the interest of Sir Barnard had not given him their assistance; to which they had frequently been urged. At length, they appeared. And how great was the surprise and indignation of our whole party, to see them marshalled on the opposite side, with the favours of the Idford candidate in their hats, and uniformly come up to poll against us!

On the same day twelve of the votes which had been

promised to me were likewise bought over to the opposite interest; and ten more of them refused to poll for either party.

FANNY BURNEY

Miss Burney's strength hardly lies in plot, though she gets over its necessities gracefully enough. But her sense of type, her gaiety and economy of stroke, and her intuition of manners, especially of bad manners, had no exact precedent in English fiction.—(*Survey*, i. 177.)

The Adventure with the Monkey

(From *Evelina*) (*1778*)

I believe we were all sorry when the Captain returned, yet his inward satisfaction, from however different a cause, did not seem inferior to what ours had been. He chucked Maria under the chin, rubbed his hands, and was scarcely able to contain the fullness of his glee. We all attended him to the drawing-room where, having composed his countenance, without any previous attention to Mrs. Beaumont, he marched up to Mr. Lovel, and abruptly said, 'Pray have you e'er a brother in these here parts?'

'Me, Sir?—no, thank heaven, I'm free from all incumbrances of that sort.'

'Well,' cried the Captain, 'I met a person just now, so like you, I could have sworn he had been your twin-brother.'

'It would have been a most singular pleasure to me,' said Mr. Lovel, 'if I also could have seen him; for, really, I have not the least notion what sort of a person I am, and I have a prodigious curiosity to know.'

Just then, the Captain's servant opening the door, said, 'A little gentleman below desires to see one Mr. Lovel.'

'Beg him to walk up stairs,' said Mrs. Beaumont. 'But pray what is the reason William is out of the way?'

The man shut the door without any answer.

'I can't imagine who it is,' said Mr. Lovel; 'I recollect no little gentleman of my acquaintance now at Bristol,—except, indeed, the Marquis of Charlton,—but I don't much fancy it can be him. Let me see, who else is there so very little ?'—

A confused noise among the servants now drew all eyes towards the door;—the impatient Captain hastened to open it, and then clapping his hands, call'd out, 'Fore George, 'tis the same person I took for your relation !'

And then, to the utter astonishment of every body but himself, he hauled into the room a monkey ! full-dressed, and extravagantly *à-la-mode* !

The dismay of the company was almost general. Poor Mr. Lovel seemed thunderstruck with indignation and surprise ; Lady Louisa began a scream, which for some time was incessant ; Miss Mirvan and I jumped involuntarily upon the seats of our chairs ; Mrs. Beaumont herself followed our example ; Lord Orville placed himself before me as a guard ; and Mrs. Selwyn, Lord Merton, and Mr. Coverley, burst into a loud, immoderate, ungovernable fit of laughter, in which they were joined by the Captain, till, unable to support himself, he rolled on the floor.

The first voice which made its way through this general noise was that of Lady Louisa, which her fright and screaming rendered extremely shrill. 'Take it away !' cried she, 'take the monster away,—I shall faint, I shall faint if you don't.'

Mr. Lovel, irritated beyond endurance, angrily demanded of the Captain what he meant.

'Mean ?' cried the Captain, as soon as he was able to speak, 'why only to shew you in your proper colours.' Then, rising, and pointing to the monkey, 'Why now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I'll be judged by you all !—Did you ever see any thing more like ? Odds my life, if it wasn't for this here tail, you wouldn't know one from t'other.'

'Sir,' cried Mr. Lovel, stamping, 'I shall take a time to make you feel my wrath.'

'Come, now,' continued the regardless Captain, 'just for the fun's sake, [doff] your coat and waistcoat, and swop with Monsieur *Grinagain* here, and I'll warrant you'll not know yourself which is which.'

'Not know myself from a monkey!—I assure you, Sir, I'm not to be used in this manner, and I won't bear it,—curse me if I will!'

'Why heyday!' cried the Captain, 'what, is Master in a passion?—well, don't be angry,—come, he sha'n't hurt you;—here, shake a paw with him,—why he'll do you no harm, man!—come, kiss and be friends!—'

'Who I?' cried Mr. Lovel, almost mad with vexation, 'as I'm a living creature, I would not touch him for a thousand worlds!'

'Send him a challenge,' cried Mr. Coverley, 'and I'll be your second.'

'Ay, do,' said the Captain, 'and I'll be second to my friend Monsieur Clapperclaw, here. Come, to it at once!—tooth and nail!'

'God forbid!' cried Mr. Lovel, retreating, 'I would sooner trust my person with a mad bull!'

'I don't like the looks of him myself,' said Lord Merton, 'for he grins most horribly.'

'Oh I'm frightened out of my senses!' cried Lady Louisa, 'take him away, or I shall die!'

'Captain,' said Lord Orville, 'the ladies are alarmed, and I must beg you would send the monkey away.'

'Why, where can be the mighty harm of one monkey more than another?' answered the Captain: 'howsomever, if it's agreeable to the ladies, suppose we turn them out together?'

'What do you mean by that, Sir?' cried Mr. Lovel, lifting up his cane.

'What do *you* mean?' cried the Captain, fiercely: 'be so good as to down with your cane.'

Poor Mr. Lovel, too much intimidated to stand his

ground, yet too much engaged to submit, turned hastily round, and, forgetful of consequences, vented his passion by giving a furious blow to the monkey.

The creature darting forwards, sprung instantly upon him, and clinging round his neck, fastened his teeth to one of his ears.

I was really sorry for the poor man, who, though an egregious fop, had committed no offence that merited such chastisement.

It was impossible, now, to distinguish whose screams were loudest, those of Mr. Lovel, or of the terrified Lady Louisa, who, I believe, thought her own turn was approaching: but the unrelenting Captain roared with joy.

Not so Lord Orville: ever humane, generous, and benevolent, he quitted his charge, who he saw was wholly out of danger, and seizing the monkey by the collar, made him loosen the ear, and then, with a sudden swing, flung him out of the room, and shut the door.

A Man of Family

(From *Cecilia*) (*1782*)

The house of Mr. Delvile was grand and spacious, fitted up not with modern taste, but with the magnificence of former times; the servants were all veterans, gorgeous in their liveries, and profoundly respectful in their manners: everything had an air of state, but of a state so gloomy, that while it inspired awe, it repressed pleasure.

Cecilia sent in her name, and was admitted without difficulty, and was then ushered with great pomp through sundry apartments, and rows of servants, before she came into the presence of Mr. Delvile.

He received her with an air of haughty affability, which, to a spirit open and liberal as that of Cecilia, could not fail being extremely offensive, but too much occupied with the care of his own importance to penetrate into the feelings of another, he attributed the

uneasiness which his reception occasioned, to the over-awing predominance of superior rank and consequence.

He ordered a servant to bring her a chair, while he only half rose from his own upon her entering the room; then. waving his hand and bowing, with a motion that desired her to be seated, he said, 'I am very happy, Miss Beverley, that you have found me alone; you would rarely have had the same good fortune. At this time of day I am generally in a crowd. People of large connections have not much leisure in London, especially if they see a little after their own affairs, and if their estates, like mine, are dispersed in various parts of the kingdom. However, I am glad it happened so. And I am glad too, that you have done me the favour of calling without waiting till I sent, which I really would have done as soon as I heard of your arrival, but that the multiplicity of my engagements allowed me no respite.'

A display of importance so ostentatious made Cecilia already half repent her visit, satisfied that the hope in which she had planned it would be fruitless.

Mr. Delvile, still imputing to embarrassment, an inquietude of countenance that proceeded merely from disappointment, imagined her veneration was every moment increasing; and therefore, pitying a timidity which both gratified and softened him, and equally pleased with himself, for inspiring, and with her for feeling it, he abated more and more of his greatness, till he became, at length, so infinitely condescending, with intention to give her courage, that he totally depressed her with mortification and chagrin.

After some general enquiries concerning her way of life, he told her that he hoped she was contented with her situation at the Harrels, adding 'If you have any-thing to complain of, remember to whom you may appeal.' He then asked if she had seen Mr. Briggs?

'Yes, Sir, I am this moment come from his house.'

'I am sorry for it; his house cannot be a proper one for the reception of a young lady. When the Dean

made application that I would be one of your guardians, I instantly sent him a refusal, as is my custom, upon all such occasions, which indeed occur to me with a frequency extremely unfortunate ; but the Dean was a man for whom I had really a regard, and therefore, when I found my refusal had affected him, I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to indulge him, contrary not only to my general rule, but to my inclination.'

Here he stopt, as if to receive some compliment ; but Cecilia, very little disposed to pay him any, went no further than an inclination of the head.

'I knew not, however,' he continued, 'at the time I was induced to give my consent, with whom I was to be associated ; nor could I have imagined the Dean so little conversant with the distinctions of the world as to disgrace me with inferior coadjutors ; but the moment I learned the state of the affair, I insisted upon withdrawing both my name and countenance.'

Here again he paused ; not in expectation of an answer from Cecilia, but merely to give her time to marvel in what manner he had at last melted.

'The Dean,' he resumed, 'was then very ill ; my displeasure, I believe, hurt him. I was sorry for it ; he was a worthy man and had not meant to offend me ; in the end I accepted his apology, and was even persuaded to accept the office. You have a right, therefore, to consider yourself as *personally* my ward ; and though I do not think proper to mix much with your other guardians, I shall always be ready to serve and advise you, and much pleased to see you.'

'You do me honour, sir,' said Cecilia, extremely wearied of such graciousness, and rising to be gone.

'Pray, sit still,' said he with a smile ; 'I have not many engagements for this morning. You must give me some account how you pass your time. Are you much out ? The Harrels, I am told, live at a great expence. What is their establishment ? '

'I don't exactly know, sir.'

'They are decent sort of people, I believe, are they not?'

'I hope so, sir.'

'And they have a tolerable acquaintance, I believe; I am told so; for I know nothing of them.'

'They have, at least, a very numerous one, sir.'

'Well, my dear,' said he, taking her hand, 'now you have once ventured to come, don't be apprehensive of repeating your visits. I must introduce you to Mrs. Delvile; I am sure she will be happy to show you any kindness. Come, therefore, when you please, and without scruple. I would call upon you myself but am fearful of being embarrassed by the people with whom you live.'

He then rang his bell, and with the same ceremonies which had attended her admittance, she was conducted back to her carriage.

JANE AUSTEN

The novel of manners had waited long for its mistress. Narrative and portraiture, talk and style, had yet to reach perfection and to interpenetrate, in the pure service of art. . . . The missing harmony of gifts is found in Jane Austen. . . . To have given birth to Jane Austen is one of the best things done for England by the society she describes.—(*Survey*, i. 191–192.)

[The reader is referred to Kipling's poem, 'Jane's Marriage' in *Debits and Credits*.—*Editors*.]

The First Visit of Mr. Collins to the Bennet Family

(From *Pride and Prejudice*) (*1796*)

'I hope, my dear,' said Mr. Bennet to his wife, as they were at breakfast the next morning, 'that you have ordered a good dinner to-day, because I have reason to expect an addition to our family party.'

'Who do you mean, my dear? I know of nobody that is coming, I am sure, unless Charlotte Lucas should happen to call in—and I hope *my* dinners are good enough for her. I do not believe she often sees such at home.'

'The person of whom I speak is a gentleman, and a stranger.'

Mrs. Bennet's eyes sparkled.—'A gentleman and a stranger! It is Mr. Bingley, I am sure. Why, Jane—you never dropt a word of this; you sly thing! Well, I am sure I shall be extremely glad to see Mr. Bingley.—But—good Lord! how unlucky! there is not a bit of fish to be got to-day. Lydia, my love, ring the bell—I must speak to Hill this moment.'

'It is *not* Mr. Bingley,' said her husband; 'it is a person whom I never saw in the whole course of my life.'

This roused a general astonishment; and he had the pleasure of being eagerly questioned by his wife and five daughters at once.

After amusing himself some time with their curiosity, he thus explained—

'About a month ago I received this letter; and about a fortnight ago I answered it, for I thought it a case of some delicacy, and requiring early attention. It is from my cousin, Mr. Collins, who, when I am dead, may turn you all out of this house as soon as he pleases.'

'Oh! my dear,' cried his wife, 'I cannot bear to hear that mentioned. Pray do not talk of that odious man. I do think it is the hardest thing in the world, that your estate should be entailed away from your own children; and I am sure, if I had been you, I should have tried long ago to do something or other about it.'

Jane and Elizabeth attempted to explain to her the nature of an entail. They had often attempted it before, but it was a subject on which Mrs. Bennet was beyond the reach of reason, and she continued to rail bitterly against the cruelty of settling an estate away from a family of five daughters, in favour of a man whom nobody cared anything about.

'It certainly is a most iniquitous affair,' said Mr. Bennet, 'and nothing can clear Mr. Collins from the guilt of inheriting Longbourn. But if you will listen to

his letter, you may perhaps be a little softened by his manner of expressing himself.'

'No, that I am sure I shall not; and I think it was very impertinent of him to write to you at all, and very hypocritical. I hate such false friends. Why could not he keep on quarrelling with you, as his father did before him?'

'Why, indeed; he does seem to have had some filial scruples on that head, as you will hear.'

'Hunsford, near Westerham, Kent,
'15th October.

'Dear Sir,

'The disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late honoured father always gave me much uneasiness, and since I have had the misfortune to lose him, I have frequently wished to heal the breach; but for some time I was kept back by my own doubts, fearing lest it might seem disrespectful to his memory for me to be on good terms with any one with whom it had always pleased him to be at variance.—"There, Mrs. Bennet."—My mind, however, is now made up on the subject, for having received ordination at Easter, I have been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh, widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the valuable rectory of this parish, where it shall be my earnest endeavour to demean myself with grateful respect towards her Ladyship, and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England. As a clergyman, moreover, I feel it my duty to promote and establish the blessing of peace in all families within the reach of my influence; and on these grounds I flatter myself that my present overtures of good-will are highly commendable, and that the circumstance of my being next in the entail of Longbourn estate will be kindly overlooked on your side, and not lead you to reject the offered olive-branch. I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters, and beg leave to

apologise for it, as well as to assure you of my readiness to make them every possible amends,—but of this hereafter. If you should have no objection to receive me into your house, I propose myself the satisfaction of waiting on you and your family, Monday, November 18th, by four o'clock, and shall probably trespass on your hospitality till the Saturday se'nnight following, which I can do without any inconvenience, as Lady Catherine is far from objecting to my occasional absence on a Sunday, provided that some other clergyman is engaged to do the duty of the day.—I remain, dear sir, with respectful compliments to your lady and daughters, your well-wisher and friend,

'William Collins.'

'At four o'clock, therefore, we may expect this peacemaking gentleman,' said Mr. Bennet, as he folded up the letter. 'He seems to be a most conscientious and polite young man, upon my word, and I doubt not will prove a valuable acquaintance, especially if Lady Catherine should be so indulgent as to let him come to us again.'

'There is some sense in what he says about the girls, however, and if he is disposed to make them any amends, I shall not be the person to discourage him.'

'Though it is difficult,' said Jane, 'to guess in what way he can mean to make us the atonement he thinks our due, the wish is certainly to his credit.'

Elizabeth was chiefly struck with his extraordinary deference for Lady Catherine, and his kind intention of christening, marrying, and burying his parishioners whenever it were required.

'He must be an oddity, I think,' said she. 'I cannot make him out.—There is something very pompous in his style.—And what can he mean by apologising for being next in the entail?—We cannot suppose he would help it if he could.—Can he be a sensible man, sir?'

'No, my dear; I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter, which promises well. I am impatient to see him.'

'In point of composition,' said Mary, 'his letter does not seem defective. The idea of the olive-branch perhaps is not wholly new, yet I think it is well expressed.'

To Catherine and Lydia, neither the letter nor its writer were in any degree interesting. It was next to impossible that their cousin should come in a scarlet coat, and it was now some weeks since they had received pleasure from the society of a man in any other colour. As for their mother, Mr. Collins' letter had done away much of her ill-will, and she was preparing to see him with a degree of composure which astonished her husband and daughters.

Mr. Collins was punctual to his time, and was received with great politeness by the whole family. Mr. Bennet indeed said little; but the ladies were ready enough to talk, and Mr. Collins seemed neither in need of encouragement, nor inclined to be silent himself. He was a tall, heavy-looking young man of five-and-twenty. His air was grave and stately, and his manners were very formal. He had not been long seated before he complimented Mrs. Bennet on having so fine a family of daughters; said he had heard much of their beauty, but that in this instance fame had fallen short of the truth; and added, that he did not doubt her seeing them all in due time well disposed of in marriage. This gallantry was not much to the taste of some of his hearers; but Mrs. Bennet, who quarrelled with no compliments, answered most readily.

'You are very kind, I am sure; and I wish with all my heart it may prove so, for else they will be destitute enough. Things are settled so oddly.'

'You allude, perhaps, to the entail of this estate.'

'Ah! sir, I do indeed. It is a grievous affair to my poor girls, you must confess. Not that I mean to find fault with *you*, for such things I know are all chance in this world. There is no knowing how estates will go when once they come to be entailed.'

'I am very sensible, madam, of the hardship to my

fair cousins, and could say much on the subject, but that I am cautious of appearing forward and precipitate. But I can assure the young ladies that I come prepared to admire them. At present I will not say more ; but, perhaps, when we are better acquainted——'

He was interrupted by a summons to dinner ; and the girls smiled on each other. They were not the only objects of Mr. Collins's admiration. The hall, the dining-room, and all its furniture, were examined and praised ; and his commendation of everything would have touched Mrs. Bennet's heart, but for the mortifying supposition of his viewing it all as his own future property. The dinner too in its turn was highly admired ; and he begged to know to which of his fair cousins the excellency of its cooking was owing. But here he was set right by Mrs. Bennet, who assured him with some asperity that they were very well able to keep a good cook, and that her daughters had nothing to do in the kitchen. He begged pardon for having displeased her. In a softened tone she declared herself not at all offended; but he continued to apologise for about a quarter of an hour.

THE NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

HORACE WALPOLE

The Castle of Otranto, with its bleeding statues and helmets suddenly cascading from the void, is remembered as something which was once laughed at, and which is still said in histories to have set the pattern of the 'Gothic' story. And so much it really did—in the sense that some faint and straggling lines of the pattern are to be traced in it.—(*Survey*, i. 203.)

The Apparition in the Great Chamber

(From *The Castle of Otranto*) (*1764*)

While the prince was in this suspense, a confused noise of voices echoed through the distant vaults. As

the sound approached, he distinguished the clamours of some of his domestics, whom he had dispersed through the castle in search of Isabella, calling out, 'Where is my lord? Where is the prince?'

'Here I am,' said Manfred, as they came nearer; 'have you found the princess?'

The first that arrived, replied, 'Oh! my lord! I am glad we have found you!'

'Found me!' said Manfred, 'have you found the princess?'

'We thought we had, my lord,' said the fellow, looking terrified, 'but——'

'But what?' cried the prince; 'has she escaped?'

'Jaquez and I, my lord'—'Yes, I and Diego,' interrupted the second, who came up in still greater consternation.

'Speak one of you at a time!' said Manfred; 'I ask you where is the princess?'

'We do not know,' said they, both together, 'but we are frightened out of our wits!'

'So I think, blockheads,' said Manfred; 'what is it has scared you thus?'

'Oh! my lord,' said Jaquez, 'Diego has seen such a sight! your highness would not believe your eyes.'

'What new absurdity is this?' cried Manfred; 'give me a direct answer, or by heaven——'

'Why, my lord, if it please your highness to hear me,' said the poor fellow, 'Diego and I'—'Yes, I and Jaquez,' cried his comrade.

'Did not I forbid you to speak both at a time?' said the prince; 'You, Jaquez, answer; for the other fool seems more distracted than thou art. What is the matter?'

'My gracious lord,' said Jaquez, 'if it please your highness to hear me. Diego and I, according to your highness's orders, went to search for the young lady; but being apprehensive that we might meet the ghost of my young lord, your highness's son. God rest his soul, as he has not received Christian burial.'

'Sot!' cried Manfred in a rage, 'is it only a ghost, then, that thou hast seen?'

'Oh! worse! worse! my lord,' cried Diego; 'I had rather have seen ten whole ghosts.'

'Grant me patience!' said Manfred, 'those blockheads distract me. Out of my sight, Diego! And thou, Jaquez, tell me, in one word, art thou sober? art thou raving? thou wast wont to have some sense; has the other sot frightened himself and thee too? Speak,—what is it he fancies he has seen?'

'Why, my lord,' replied Jaquez, trembling, 'I was going to tell your highness, that since the calamitous misfortune of my young lord, God rest his precious soul! not one of us, your highness's faithful servants—indeed we are, my lord, though poor men—I say, not one of us has dared to set a foot about the castle; but two together; so, Diego and I, thinking that my young lady might be in the great gallery, went up there to look for her, and tell her your highness wanted something to impart to her.'

'O blundering fools!' cried Manfred, 'and, in the meantime she has made her escape, because you were afraid of goblins! Why, thou knave! she left me in the gallery; I came from thence myself.'

'For all that, she may be there still, for ought I know,' said Jaquez, 'but the devil shall have me before I seek her there again—poor Diego! I do not believe he will ever recover it!'

'Recover what?' said Manfred; 'am I never to learn what it is has terrified these rascals? But I lose my time; follow me, slave; I will see if she is in the gallery.'

'For heaven's sake, my dear good lord,' cried Jaquez, 'do not go to the gallery! Satan himself, I believe, is in the chamber next to the gallery.'

Manfred, who hitherto had treated the terror of his servants as an idle panic, was struck at this new circumstance. He recollected the apparition of the portrait, and the sudden closing of the door at the end of

the gallery—his voice faltered, and he asked with disorder, 'What is in the great chamber ? '

'My lord,' said Jaquez, 'when Diego and I came into the gallery—he went first, for he said he had more courage than I—So, when we came into the gallery, we found nobody. We looked under every bench and stool ; and still we found nobody.'

'Were all the pictures in their places ? ' said Manfred.

'Yes, my lord,' answered Jaquez, 'but we did not think of looking behind them.'

'Well, well,' said Manfred, 'proceed.'

'When we came to the door of the great chamber,' continued Jaquez, 'we found it shut.'

'And could you not open it ? ' said Manfred.

'Oh, yes, my lord ; would to heaven we had not,' replied he. 'Nay, it was not I neither, it was Diego ! he was grown fool-hardy, and would go on, though I advised him not—if ever I open a door that is shut again—— ! '

'Trifle not,' said Manfred, shuddering, 'but tell me what you saw in the great chamber, on opening the door.'

'I, my lord ! ' said Jaquez, 'I saw nothing ; I was behind Diego ; but I heard the noise.'

'Jaquez,' said Manfred, in a solemn tone of voice, 'tell me, I adjure thee by the souls of my ancestors, what was it thou sawest ? What was it thou heardest ? '

'It was Diego saw it, my lord, it was not I,' replied Jaquez, 'I only heard the noise. Diego had no sooner opened the door than he cried out, and ran back—I ran back too, and said : "Is it the ghost ? " "The ghost ! No, no," said Diego, and his hair stood on end. —"It is a giant, I believe ; he is all clad in armour, for I saw his foot and part of his leg, and they are as large as the helmet, below in the court ! " As he said these words, my lord, we heard a violent motion, and the rattling of armour, as if the giant was rising ; for Diego has told me since, that he believes the giant was lying down ; for the foot and leg were stretched at length

on the floor. Before we could get to the end of the gallery, we heard the door of the great chamber clap behind us, but we did not dare turn back to see if the giant was following us—yet, now I think on it, we must have heard him if he had pursued us. But for heaven's sake, good my lord, send for the Chaplain, and have the castle exorcised! for, for certain, it is enchanted.'

'Aye, pray do, my lord,' cried all the servants at once, 'or we must leave your highness's service.'

'Peace, dotards!' said Manfred, 'and follow me; I will know what all this means.'

'We, my lord!' cried they, with one voice, 'we would not go up to the gallery for your highness's revenue.'

The young peasant, who had stood silent, now spoke. 'Will your highness,' said he, 'permit me to try this adventure? My life is of consequence to nobody: I fear no bad angel, and have offended no good one.'

'Your behaviour is above your seeming,' said Manfred, viewing him with surprise and admiration, 'hereafter I will reward your bravery—but now,' continued he, with a sigh, 'I am so circumstanced that I dare trust no eyes but my own—however, I give you leave to accompany me.'

MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE

They [i.e. the passages from Mrs. Ann Radcliffe's private journal of her travels] show her eye for sad colour, and for the formidable face of nature; for large, 'romantic' masses of architecture, confused under the starlight with a single window shining; the whole being a *mise en scène* for those spectral effects, which appealed to the thirst of her own day.

. . . The novels of sensation written a hundred years later are much more tedious.—(*Survey*, i. 213, 215.)

Adeline's First Night in Fontinelle Abbey

(From *The Romance of the Forest*) (*1791*)

The wind was high, and as it whistled through the desolate apartment, and shook the feeble doors, she

often started, and sometimes even thought she heard sighs in the pauses of the gust ; but she checked these illusions, which the hour of the night, and her own melancholy imagination conspired to raise. As she sat musing, her eyes fixed on the opposite wall, she perceived the arras, with which the room was hung, wave backwards and forwards ; she continued to observe it for some minutes, and then rose to examine it further. It was moved by the wind, and she blushed at the momentary fear it had excited ; but she observed that the tapestry was more strongly agitated in one particular place than elsewhere, and a noise that seemed something more than that of the wind issued thence. The old bedstead which La Mothe had found in this apartment had been removed to accommodate Adeline, and it was behind the place where this had stood that the wind seemed to rush with particular force. Curiosity prompted her to examine still further : she felt about the tapestry, and perceiving the wall behind shake under her hand, she lifted the arras, and discovered a small door, whose loosened hinges admitted the wind, and occasioned the noise she had heard.

The door was held only by a bolt, having undrawn which, and brought the light, she descended by a few steps into another chamber. She instantly remembered her dreams. The chamber was not much like that in which she had seen the dying chevalier, and afterwards the bier ; but it gave her a confused remembrance of one through which she had passed. Holding up the light to examine it more fully she was convinced by its structure that it was part of the ancient foundation. A shattered casement, placed high from the floor, seemed to be the only opening to admit light. She observed a door on the opposite side of the apartment ; and after some moments of hesitation, gained courage, and determined to pursue the inquiry. 'A mystery seems to hang over these chambers,' said she, 'which is perhaps my lot to develop ; I will, at least, see to what that door leads.'

She stepped forward, and having unclosed it, proceeded with faltering steps along a suite of apartments, resembling the first in style and condition, and terminating in one exactly like that where her dream had represented the dying person. The remembrance struck so forcibly upon her imagination that she was in danger of fainting; and looking round the room, almost expected to see the phantom of her dream.

Unable to quit the place, she sat down on some old lumber to recover herself, while her spirits were nearly overcome by a superstitious dread, such as she had never felt before. She wondered to what part of the abbey these chambers belonged, and that they had so long escaped detection. The casements were all too high to afford any information from without. When she was sufficiently composed to consider the direction of the rooms, and the situation of the abbey, there appeared not a doubt that they formed an interior part of the original building.

As these reflections passed over her mind a sudden gleam of moonlight fell upon some object without the casement. Being now sufficiently composed to wish to pursue the inquiry, and believing this object might afford her some means of learning the situation of these rooms, she combated her remaining terrors, and in order to distinguish it more clearly, removed the light to an outer chamber; but before she could return, a heavy cloud was driven over the face of the moon, and all without was perfectly dark: she stood for some moments waiting a returning gleam, but the obscurity continued. As she went softly back for the light, her foot stumbled over something on the floor, and while she stooped to examine it, the moon again shone, so that she could distinguish, through the casement, the eastern towers of the abbey. This discovery confirmed her former conjectures concerning the interior situation of these apartments. The obscurity of the place prevented her discovering what it was that had impeded her steps, but

having brought the light forward she perceived on the floor an old dagger ; with a trembling hand she took it up, and upon a closer view perceived that it was spotted and stained with rust.

Shocked and surprised, she looked round the room for some object that might confirm or destroy the dreadful suspicion which now rushed upon her mind ; but she saw only a great chair, with broken arms, that stood in one corner of the room, and a table in a condition equally shattered, except that in another part lay a confused heap of things, which appeared to be old lumber. She went up to it, and perceived a broken bedstead, with some decayed remnants of furniture, covered with dust and cobwebs, and which seemed, indeed, as if they had not been moved for many years. Desirous, however, of examining further, she attempted to raise what appeared to have been part of the bedstead, but it slipped from her hand, and, rolling to the floor, brought with it some of the remaining lumber. Adeline started aside and saved herself, and when the noise it made had ceased, she heard a small rustling sound, and as she was about to leave the chamber saw something falling gently among the lumber.

It was a small roll of paper, tied with a string and covered with dust. Adeline took it up, and on opening it perceived a handwriting. She attempted to read it, but the part of the manuscript she looked at was so much obliterated that she found this difficult, though what few words were legible impressed her with curiosity and terror, and induced her to return with it immediately to her chamber.

Having reached her own room, she fastened the private door and let the arras fall over it as before. It was now midnight. The stillness of the hour, interrupted only at intervals by the hollow sighings of the blast, heightened the solemnity of Adeline's feelings. She wished she was not alone, and before she proceeded to look into the manuscript, listened whether Madame la

Mothe was yet in her chamber; not the least sound was heard, and she gently opened the door. The profound silence within almost convinced her that no person was there; but willing to be further satisfied, she brought the light and found the room empty. The lateness of the hour made her wonder that Madame la Mothe was not in her chamber, and she proceeded to the top of the tower stairs to hearken if any person was stirring.

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN

Melmoth the Wanderer, Maturin's masterpiece and the greatest of all the 'novels of terror,' consists of several stories, nested or interlaced to the point of confusion. . . .

Without balance or constructive gift or measure, he can write. It is true that he writes, as he feels, in italics, and that he is too lengthy. But he and Beckford, alone of their school, have a style.—(*Survey*, i. 219, 221.)

The Escape of Monçada from the Monastery

(From *Melmoth the Wanderer*) (*1820*)

'Our wanderings in the passage seemed to be endless. My companion turned to right, to left,—advanced, retreated, paused—(the pause was dreadful!)—Then advanced again, tried another direction, where the passage was so low that I was obliged to crawl on my hands and knees to follow him, and even in this posture my head struck against the ragged roof. When we had proceeded for a considerable time (at least so it appeared to me, for minutes are hours in the *noctuary* of terror,—terror has no *diary*), this passage became so narrow and so low that I could proceed no farther, and wondered how my companion could have advanced beyond me. I called to him, but received no answer, and, in the darkness of the passage, or rather hole, it was impossible to see ten inches before me. I had the lamp, too, to watch, which I had held with a careful, trembling hand, but which began to burn dim in the condensed

and narrow atmosphere. A gush of terror rose in my throat. Surrounded as I was by damps and dews, my whole body felt in a fever. I called again, but no voice answered. In situations of peril, the imagination is unhappily fertile, and I could not help recollecting and *applying* a story I had once read of some travellers who attempted to explore the vaults of the Egyptian pyramids. One of them, who was advancing, as I was, on his hands and knees, stuck in the passage, and, whether from terror, or from the natural consequences of his situation, swelled so that it was impossible for him to retreat, advance, or allow a passage for his companions. The party were on their return, and finding their passage stopped by this irremoveable obstruction, their lights trembling on the verge of extinction, and their guide terrified beyond the power of direction or advice, proposed, in the selfishness to which the feeling of vital danger reduces all, to cut off the limbs of the wretched being who obstructed their passage. He heard this proposal, and, contracting himself, with agony at the sound, was reduced, by that strong muscular spasm, to his usual dimensions, dragged out, and afforded room for the party to advance. He was suffocated, however, in the effort, and left behind a corpse. All this detail, that takes many words to tell, rushed on my soul in a moment;—on my soul?—no, on my body. I was all physical feeling,—all intense corporeal agony, and God only knows, and man only can feel, how that agony can absorb and annihilate all other feeling within us,—how we could, in such a moment, feed on a parent, to gnaw out our passage into life and liberty, as sufferers in a wreck have been known to gnaw their own flesh, for the support of that existence which the unnatural morsel was diminishing at every agonizing bite.

'I tried to crawl backwards,—I succeeded. I believe the story I recollected had an effect on me. I felt a contraction of muscles corresponding to what I had

read of. I felt myself almost liberated by the sensation, and the next moment I was actually so;—I had got out of the passage I knew not how. I must have made one of those extraordinary exertions, whose energy is perhaps not only increased by, but dependent on, our unconsciousness of them. However it was, I was extracted, and stood breathless and exhausted, with the dying lamp in my hand, staring around me, and seeing nothing but the black and dripping walls, and the low arches of the vault, that seemed to lower over me like the frown of an eternal hostility,—a frown that forbids hope or escape. The lamp was rapidly extinguishing in my hand,—I gazed on it with a fixed eye. I knew that my life, and, what was dearer than my life, my liberation, depended on my watching its last glimpse, yet I gazed on it with the eye of an idiot, a stupefied stare. The lamp glimmered more faintly,—its dying gleams awoke me to recollection. I roused myself,—I looked around. A strong flash discovered an object near me. I shuddered,—I uttered cries, though I was unconscious of doing so, for a voice said to me, "Hush, be silent; I left you only to reconnoitre the passages, I have made out the way to the trap-door,—be silent, and all is well." I advanced trembling, my companion appeared trembling too. He whispered, "Is the lamp so nearly extinguished?"—"You see"—"Try to keep it in for a few moments"—"I will; but, if I cannot, what then?" —"Then we must perish," he added, with an execration that I thought would have brought down the vaults over our heads. It is certain, Sir, however, that desperate sentiments are best suited to desperate emergencies, and this wretch's blasphemies gave me a kind of horrible confidence in his courage. On he went, muttering curses before me; and I followed, watching the last light of the lamp with agony increased by my fear of further provoking my horrible guide. I have before mentioned how our feelings, even in the most fearful exigencies, divide into petty and wretched details.

With all my care, however, the lamp declined,—quivered, —flashed a pale light like the smile of despair on me, and was extinguished. I shall never forget the look my guide threw on me by its sinking light. I had watched it like the last beatings of an expiring heart, like the shiverings of a spirit about to part for eternity. I saw it extinguished, and believed myself already among those for "whom the blackness of darkness is reserved for ever."

'It was at this moment that a faint sound reached our frozen ears,—it was the chant of matins, performed by candlelight at this season of the year, which was begun in chapel now far above us. This voice of heaven thrilled us,—we seemed the pioneers of darkness, on the very frontiers of hell. This superb insult of celestial triumph, that amid the strains of hope spoke despair to us, announced a God to those who were stopping their ears against the sound of his name, had an effect indescribably awful. I fell to the ground, whether from stumbling from the darkness, or shrinking from emotion, I know not. I was roused by the rough arm, and rougher voice of my companion. Amid execrations that froze my blood, he told me this was no time for failing or for fear. I asked him, trembling, what I was to do? He answered, "Follow me, and feel your way in darkness." Dreadful sounds!—Those who tell us *the whole* of our calamity always appear malignant, for our hearts, or our imaginations, always flatter us that it is not so great as reality proves it to be. Truth is told us by any mouth sooner than our own.

'In darkness, total darkness, and on my hands and knees, for I could no longer stand, I followed him. This motion soon affected my head; I grew giddy first, then stupefied. I paused. He growled a curse, and I instinctively quickened my movements, like a dog who hears the voice of a chiding master. My habit was now in rags from my struggles, my knees and hands

stript of skin. I had received several and severe bruises on my head, from striking against the jagged and unhewn stones which formed the irregular sides and roof of this eternal passage. And, above all, the unnatural atmosphere, combined with the intensity of my emotion, had produced a thirst, the agony of which I can compare to nothing but that of a burning coal dropt into my throat, which I seemed to suck for moisture, but which left only drops of fire on my tongue. Such was my state, when I called out to my companion that I could proceed no farther. "Stay there, and rot, then," was the answer; and perhaps the most soothing words of encouragement could not have produced so strong an effect on me. This confidence of despair, this bravado against danger, that menaced the power in his very citadel, gave me a temporary courage,—but what is courage amid darkness and doubt? From the faltering steps, the suffocated breath, the muttered curses, I guessed what was going on. I was right. The final —hopeless stop followed instantly, announced by the last wild sob, the cranching of despairing teeth, the clasping, or rather clap, of the locked hands, in the terrible extacy of utter agony. I was kneeling behind him at that moment, and I echoed every cry and gesture with a violence that startled my guide. He silenced me with curses. Then he attempted to pray; but his prayers sounded so like curses, and his curses were so like prayers to the Evil One, that, choking with horror, I implored him to cease. He did cease, and for nearly half an hour neither of us uttered a word. We lay beside each other like two panting dogs that I have read of, who lay down to die close to the animal they pursued, whose fur they fanned with their dying breath, while unable to mouth her.

'Such appeared emancipation to us,—so near, and yet so hopeless. We lay thus, not daring to speak to each other, for who could speak but of despair, and which of us dared to aggravate the despair of the other?

This kind of fear which we know already felt by others, and which we dread to aggravate by uttering, *even to those who knou it*, is perhaps the most horrible sensation ever experienced. The very thirst of my body seemed to var'sh in this fiery thirst of the soul for communication, where all communication was unutterable, impossible, hopeless. Perhaps the condemned spirits will feel thus at their final sentence, when they know all that is to be suffered, and dare not disclose to each other that horrible truth which is no longer a secret, but which the profound silence of their despair would seem to make one. The secret of silence is the only secret. Words are a blasphemy against that taciturn and invisible God, whose presence enshrouds us in our last extremity. These moments that appeared to me endless, were s^on to cease. My companion sprung up,—he uttered a cry of joy. I imagined him deranged,—he was not. He exclaimed, "Light, light,—the light of heaven; we are near the trap-door, I see the light tnrough it." Amid all the horrors of our situation he had kept his eye constantly turned upwards, for he knew that, if we were near it, the smallest glimmering of light would be visible in the intense darkness that enveloped us. He was right. I started up,— I saw it too. With locked hands, with dropt and wordless lips, with dilated and thirsting eyes, we gazed upwards. A thin line of grey light appeared above our heads. It broadened,—it grew brighter,—it was the light of heaven, and its breezes too came fluttering to us through the chinks of the trap-door that opened into the garden.'

PARODY OF THE NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

JANE AUSTEN

Northanger Abbey was composed during the full tide of Mrs. Radcliffe's popularity . . . but was not published till 1818. Even then, the protest of cool mocking sense against the extravagances of the school was by no means superfluous, as the half-jesting allusions in *Waverley* to 'romance' are enough to show.—(*Survey*, i. 225.)

Catherine's First Night in Northanger Abbey

(From *Northanger Abbey*) (*Composed 1803*)

The night was stormy ; the wind had been rising at intervals the whole afternoon ; and by the time the party broke up, it blew and rained violently. Catherine, as she crossed the hall, listened to the tempest with sensations of awe ; and when she heard it rage round a corner of the ancient building, and close with sudden fury a distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an abbey. Yes, these were characteristic sounds : they brought to her recollection a countless variety of dreadful situations and horrid scenes, which such buildings had witnessed, and such storms ushered in ; and most heartily did she rejoice in the happier circumstances attending her entrance within walls so solemn ! *She* had nothing to dread from midnight assassins or drunken gallants. Henry had certainly been only in jest in what he had told her that morning. In a house so furnished, and so guarded, she could have nothing to explore or to suffer, and might go to her bedroom as securely as if it had been her own chamber at Fullerton. Thus wisely fortifying her mind, as she proceeded upstairs, she was enabled, especially on perceiving that Miss Tilney slept only two doors from her, to enter her room with a tolerably stout heart ; and her spirits were immediately assisted by the cheerful blaze

of a wood fire. 'How much better is this,' said she, as she walked to the fender; 'how much better to find a fire ready lit, than to have to wait shivering in the cold, till all the family are in bed, as so many poor girls have been obliged to do, and then to have a faithful old servant frightening one by coming in with a faggot! How glad I am that Northanger is what it is! If it had been like some other places, I do not know that, in such a night as this, I could have answered for my courage; but now, to be sure, there is nothing to alarm one.'

She looked round the room. The window curtains seemed in motion. It could be nothing but the violence of the wind penetrating through the divisions of the shutters; and she stept boldly forward, carelessly humming a tune, to assure herself of its being so, peeped courageously behind each curtain, saw nothing on either low window-seat to scare her, and on placing a hand against the shutter, felt the strongest conviction of the wind's force. A glance at the old chest, as she turned away from this examination, was not without its use; she scorned the causeless fears of an idle fancy, and began with a most happy indifference to prepare herself for bed. 'She should take her time; she should not hurry herself; she did not care if she were the last person up in the house. But she would not make up her fire: *that* would seem cowardly, as if she wished for the protection of light after she were in bed.' The fire, therefore, died away; and Catherine, having spent the best part of an hour in her arrangements, was beginning to think of stepping into bed, when, on giving a parting glance round the room, she was struck by the appearance of a high old-fashioned black cabinet, which, though in a situation conspicuous enough, had never caught her notice before. Henry's words, the description of the ebony cabinet which was to escape her observation at first, immediately rushed across her; and though there could be nothing really in it, there was something whimsical, it was certainly a very remarkable coinci-

dence! She took her candle and looked closely at the cabinet. It was not absolutely ebony and gold; but it was Japan, black and yellow Japan of the handsomest kind; and as she held her candle, the yellow had very much the effect of gold.

The key was in the door, and she had a strange fancy to look into it; not, however, with the smallest expectation of finding anything, but it was so very odd, after what Henry had said. In short, she could not sleep till she had examined it. So, placing the candle with great caution on a chair, she seized the key with a very tremulous hand, and tried to turn it; but it resisted her utmost strength. Alarmed, but not discouraged, she tried it another way; a bolt flew, and she believed herself successful; but how strangely mysterious! the door was still immoveable. She paused a moment in breathless wonder. The wind roared down the chimney, the rain beat in torrents against the windows, and everything seemed to speak the awfulness of her situation. To retire to bed, however, unsatisfied on such a point, would be vain, since sleep must be impossible with the consciousness of a cabinet so mysteriously closed in her immediate vicinity. Again, therefore, she applied herself to the key, and after moving it in every possible way, for some instants, with the determined celerity of hope's last effort, the door suddenly yielded to her hand: her heart leaped with exultation at such a victory, and having thrown open each folding door, the second being secured only by bolts of less wonderful construction than the lock, though in that her eye could not discern anything unusual, a double range of small drawers appeared in view, with some larger drawers above and below them, and in the centre, a small door, closed also with lock and key, secured in all probability a cavity of importance.

Catherine's heart beat quick, but her courage did not fail her. With a cheek flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, her fingers grasped the handle

of a drawer and drew it forth. It was entirely empty. With less alarm and greater eagerness she seized a second, a third, a fourth—each was equally empty. Not one was left unsearched, and in not one was anything found. Well read in the art of concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape her, and she felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The place in the middle alone remained now unexplored ; and though she had 'never from the first had the smallest idea of finding anything in any part of the cabinet, and was not in the least disappointed at her ill success thus far, it would be foolish not to examine it thoroughly while she was about it.' It was some time, however, before she could unfasten the door, the same difficulty occurring in the management of this inner lock as of the outer ; but at length it did open ; and not vain, as hitherto, was her search ; her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed back into the further part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and her cheeks grew pale. She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written characters ; and while she acknowledged with awful sensations this striking exemplification of what Henry had foretold, resolved instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

The dimness of the light her candle emitted made her turn to it with alarm ; but there was no danger of its sudden extinction, it had yet some hours to burn ; and that she might not have any greater difficulty in distinguishing the writing than what its ancient date might occasion, she hastily snuffed it. Alas ! it was snuffed and extinguished in one. A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect. Catherine, for a few moments, was motionless with horror. It was done completely ; not a remnant of light in the wick could

give hope to the rekindling breath. Darkness impenetrable and immoveable filled the room. A violent gust of wind, rising with sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. Catherine trembled from head to foot. In the pause which succeeded, a sound like receding footsteps and the closing of a distant door struck on her affrighted ear. Human nature could support no more. A cold sweat stood on her forehead, the manuscript fell from her hand, and groping her way to the bed, she jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by creeping far underneath the clothes. To close her eyes in sleep that night she felt must be entirely out of the question. With a curiosity so justly awakened, and feelings in every way so agitated, repose must be absolutely impossible. The storm, too, abroad, so dreadful! She had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now every blast seemed fraught with awful intelligence. The manuscript so wonderfully found, so wonderfully accomplishing the morning's prediction, how was it to be accounted for? What could it contain? to whom could it relate? by what means could it have been so long concealed? and how singularly strange that it should fall to her lot to discover it! Till she had made herself mistress of its contents, however, she could have neither repose nor comfort; and with the sun's first rays she was determined to peruse it. But many were the tedious hours which must yet intervene. She shuddered, tossed about in her bed, and envied every quiet sleeper. The storm still raged, and various were the noises, more terrific even than the wind, which struck at intervals on her startled ear. The very curtains of her bed seemed at one moment in motion, and at another the lock of her door was agitated, as if by the attempt of somebody to enter. Hollow murmurs seemed to creep along the gallery, and more than once her blood was chilled by the sound of distant moans. Hour after hour passed away, and the wearied Catherine had heard three proclaimed by all the clocks in the

house, before the tempest subsided, or she unknowingly fell fast asleep.

* * *

The housemaid's folding back her window-shutters at eight o'clock the next day was the sound which first roused Catherine ; and she opened her eyes, wondering that they could ever have been closed, on objects of cheerfulness ; her fire was already burning, and a bright morning had succeeded the tempest of the night. Instantaneously with the consciousness of existence, returned her recollection of the manuscript ; and springing from the bed in the very moment of the maid's going away, she eagerly collected every scattered sheet which had burst from the roll on its falling to the ground, and flew back to enjoy the luxury of their perusal on her pillow. She now plainly saw that she must not expect a manuscript of equal length with the generality of what she had shuddered over in books ; for the roll, seeming to consist entirely of small disjointed sheets, was altogether but of trifling size, and much less than she had supposed it to be at first.

Her greedy eye glanced rapidly over a page. She started at its import. Could it be possible, or did not her senses play her false ? An inventory of linen, in coarse and modern characters, seemed all that was before her ! If the evidence of sight might be trusted, she held a washing-bill in her hand. She seized another sheet, and saw the same articles with little variation ; a third, a fourth, and a fifth, presented nothing new. Shirts, stockings, cravats, and waistcoats, faced her in each. Two others, penned by the same hand, marked an expenditure scarcely more interesting, in letters, hair-powders, shoe-string, and breeches-ball ; and the larger sheet, which had enclosed the rest, seemed by its first cramp line, 'To poultice chestnut mare,' a farrier's bill ! Such was the collection of papers (left, perhaps, as she could then suppose, by the negligence of a servant, in the place whence she had taken them) which had

filled her with expectation and alarm, and robbed her of half her night's rest! She felt humbled to the dust. Could not the adventure of the chest have taught her wisdom? A corner of it catching her eye as she lay, seemed to rise up in judgment against her. Nothing could now be clearer than the absurdity of her recent fancies. To suppose that a manuscript of many generations back could have remained undiscovered in a room such as that, so modern, so habitable! or that she should be the first to possess the skill of unlocking a cabinet, the key of which was open to all.

FABULOUS ADVENTURE

RUDOLF ERIC RASPE

One jest, imagined by a German but produced in English, was translated into almost every Western language. *Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvellous Adventures and Campaigns in Russia* is a little classic in its own venerable species, namely the tale of fabulous adventure.—(*Survey*, i. 226.)

Travels in Russia

(From *Baron Munchausen's Narrative*) (*1785*)

I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia; in the midst of the winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveller had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of travelling; I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced north-east. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I

saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul; though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying 'You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time.'

I went on; night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm and laid down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upward I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple.

Matters were now very plain to me; the village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey.

THE ORIENTAL TALE

THOMAS HOPE

Hope, a rich man and connoisseur of art, travelled at leisure through the East in his youth, and knows and describes it from within with a veracity that piqued Byron.—(*Survey*, i. 375.)

Anastasius becomes a Baker

(From *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek*) (*1819*)

As I had always promised the Holy Virgin faithfully to divide with her whatever I might earn, I made no doubt that she would direct me well in my search for a livelihood. I cannot think she did, though it might be for my good. She made me engage on board a Hydriote laden with corn for the Black Sea. A single family formed the crew, from the captain down to the lowest cabin-boy. But to that family, poor Anagnosti belonged not ; and when all the rest of the sailors used in a calm to dance on the deck, I alone was left out to listen to their mirth in the hold. Alas ! I have since had dancing enough ! At the time, however, I thought the hardship so great, that on my knees I begged the captain to let me, too, have my share of dancing, and to flog me afterwards as much as he pleased. Had he granted my petition, I might not have had leisure to discover, as I did, how ill a sailor's task suited my abilities, or agreed with my duty to the Panagia. I therefore resolved to abandon my amphibious life. The moment we touched at Constantinople I took to my heels, not doubting to find an easy subsistence in a place where, as I had heard, the streets were paved with silver, and the houses roofed with gold. For two long days I waded knee-deep in mire—sleeping at night among the cinders of the public baths, and waking in the morning without a morsel of bread to break my fast. So great became my hunger, that, at a sudden turn which brought me opposite a cookshop near the Tophana, the sight of a plate

of Kiebabs hot from the oven almost bereft me of my senses. Not daring to approach, I involuntarily fell on my knees, and half worshipped the dear hissing cutlets at a respectful distance. An ill-looking fellow saw the action, and guessing the motive, told me, 'if I was hungry, to come along with him !—I should not want bread, as he was a baker.' He wanted a shop-boy ; and hard as it might seem for the son of a Proësto of Stavro to sell rolls at Constantinople, my stomach audibly groaned the words, 'necessity had no law.'

My apprenticeship was short. The very second day of my ministry, after a flying visit from a Turk, my master came up to me, and said, 'he liked me so well, that he had determined immediately to give me a share in the business; and I had nothing to do—whoever might call—but to say that the concern was my own.' On this my principal ran out, leaving me in astonishment at my speedy promotion.

A person did call, and I did say that the concern was my own ; but as that person was the Stamboul Effendee, who had set apart that day for weighing the weights and for measuring the measures of the different tradesmen, the deficiency he found in ours made him—though very condescending and familiar at first—end by ordering that I should be dealt by as I dealt by my loaves ; namely, baked in my own oven. In this consisted the chief advantage I was to derive from the partnership.

My cries of 'Aman'[1] at this intemperate sentence brought out the whole neighbourhood. It well knew my master's character, vouched for mine without knowing it, and through dint of strenuous intercession moved the Effendee to such excess of lenity, as, in regard for my innocence, only to order me three dozen strokes on the soles of my feet.

The change, undoubtedly, was to my advantage ; yet did I feel so angry that I swore rather to go without bread all the days of my life than ever again to trust a baker.

[1] Cry for mercy or pardon.

JAMES MORIER

The Adventures of Hajjî Baba of Ispahan, by the traveller and diplomatist, James Justinian Morier, has, unlike *Anastasius*, met its deserts, and is as fresh as if written yesterday. It contains no melodrama to antiquate it, and though long is rapid, never prolix.—(*Survey*, i. 376.)

[Morier's book is now obtainable in the Everyman Library.—*Editors.*]

Hajjî Baba becomes a Merchant, leaves Bagdad, and accompanies a Caravan to Constantinople

(From *The Adventures of Hajjî Baba of Ispahan*) (*1824*)

It was a fine spring morning when the caravan took its departure from the Constantinople gate of the city. Mounted on the top of one of my loads, with my bag tied on the pad by way of a soft seat, and my bags surrounding me, I contemplated the scene with pleasure, listened to the bells of the mules as I would to music, and surveyed myself as a merchant of no small consequence.

My more immediate companions were Osman Aga, and his associate in lambskins (he of whom I have already made honourable mention at the entertainment), and one or two other Bagdad merchants ; but besides, there were many of my own countrymen, natives of different cities of Persia, all bound upon purposes of trade to Constantinople, and with whom I was more or less acquainted. My adventure with the chief priest of Tehran had in great measure blown over ; and, indeed, the dress I had adopted, with the scar on my cheek, made me look so entirely like a native of Bagdad, that I retained little in my appearance to remind the world that I was in fact a Persian.

I will not tire the reader with a recital of our adventures through Turkey, which consisted of the usual fear of robbers, squabbles with muleteers, and frays at caravanserais. It will be sufficient to say, that we reached our

destination in safety; but I cannot omit the expression of my first emotions upon seeing Constantinople.

I, a Persian, and an Ispahani, had ever been accustomed to hold my native city as the first in the world; never had it crossed my mind that any other could, in the smallest degree, enter into competition with it, and when the capital of Roum was described to me as finer, I always laughed the describer to scorn. But what was my astonishment, and I may add mortification, on beholding, for the first time, this magnificent city! I had always looked upon the royal mosque, in the great square at Ispahan, as the most superb building in the world; but here were a hundred finer, each surpassing the other in beauty and in splendour. Nothing did I ever conceive could equal the extent of my native place; but here my eyes became tired with wandering over the numerous hills and creeks thickly covered with buildings, which seemed to bid defiance to calculation. If Ispahan was half the world, this indeed was the whole. And then this gem of cities possesses this great advantage over Ispahan, that it is situated on the borders of a beautiful succession of waters, instead of being surrounded by arid and craggy mountains; and, in addition to its own extent and beauty, enjoys the advantage of being reflected in one never-failing mirror, ever at hand to multiply them. But where should I stop, if I attempted to describe the numerous moving objects which attracted my attention? Thousands of boats, of all forms and sizes, skimmed along in every direction, whilst the larger vessels, whose masts looked like forests, more numerous than those of Mazanderan, lined the shores of the intricate and widely-extended harbour.

'Oh! this is a paradise,' said I to those around me; 'and may I never leave it!' But when I recollected in whose hands it was, possessed by a race of the most accursed of heretics, whose beards were not fit to be brooms to our dust-holes, then I thought myself too condescending in allowing them to possess me amongst

them. One consolation, however, I did not fail to derive from reflection, which was, that if they were allowed the possession of as choice a spot for their use in this world, they would doubly feel the horror of that which was doubtless preparing for them in the next.

After undergoing the necessary forms and examinations at the custom-house, I and my companions took boat at Scutari, crossed over to Constantinople, and established ourselves and merchandise in a large caravanserai, the resort of Persian traders, situated in a very central part of the city, near the principal bazaars. I felt myself a slender personage, indeed, when I considered that I was only one among the crowd of the immense population that was continually floating through the great thoroughfares. And when I saw the riches displayed in the shops, the magnificence of dress of almost every inhabitant, and the constant succession of great lords and agas, riding about on the finest and most richly caparisoned horses, I could not help exclaiming, in a secret whisper to myself:

'Where is Constantinople and her splendours? and where is Persia and her poverty?'

I, in conjunction with old Osman, hired a room in the caravanserai, in which we deposited our merchandise. During the daytime I displayed my pipe-sticks in goodly rows on a platform; and, as my assortments were good, I began my sales with great vigour, and reaped considerable profit. In proportion as I found money returning to my purse, so did I launch out into luxuries which I little heeded before. I increased the beauty and convenience of my dress; I bought a handsome amber-headed chibouk; I girded my waist with a lively-coloured shawl; my tobacco-pouch was made of silk, covered with spangles; my slippers were of bright yellow, and I treated myself to a glittering dagger.

Temptations to expense surrounded me everywhere, and I began to think that there was something worth

living for in this world. So numerous were the places in which I might exhibit my person in public, that I could not refrain from visiting the most frequented coffee-houses, where, mounted on a high bench, with soft cushions to recline upon, I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee like one of the highest degree.

Implicated as I had been in disagreeable adventures in Persia, I was mistrustful of my own countrymen, and rather shunned them, whilst I sought the acquaintance of the Turks. But they, my countrymen, who are always so inquisitive, and who feel themselves slighted upon the least inattention—they discovered who and what I was, and eyed me with no great feelings of approbation. However, I endeavoured to live upon good terms with them; and as long as we did not enter into competition in matters of trade, they left me unmolested.

In places of public resort I gave myself out for a rich Bagdad merchant; and now my scar, which I had before esteemed a great misfortune, was conveniently conspicuous to attest the truth of my assertions. Nothing, I found, was so easy as to deceive the Turks by outward appearance. Their taciturnity, the dignity and composure of their manner and deportment, their slow walk, their set phrases, were all so easy to acquire, that in the course of a very short time I managed to imitate them so well, that I could at pleasure make myself one of the dullest and most solemn of their species. So perfect a hearer had I become, so well did I sigh out, every now and then, in soft accents, my sacred ejaculations of 'Allah! and there is but one Allah!' and so steady was I in counting my beads, that I was received at the coffee-house, which I frequented, with distinguished attention. The owner of it himself made my coffee, and as he poured it out with a high flourish of his arm, he never failed to welcome me by the friendly epithets of 'My aga, my sultan.'

Such influence had the respectability of my appear-

ance secured for me, that in every trifling dispute which might take place in the coffee-room, either upon the subjects of horses, dogs, arms, or tobacco (the principal topics of conversation), that I was ever referred to, and any low growl from my lips, of either belli (yes) or yok (no) was sure to set the matter at rest.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Scott's real legacy was the enlargement of the horizon of the novel, through one great and fertile idea. This was, simply, the revelation of the past, and of the whole scenery and play of national character, as material not merely for the poetic drama or the quasi-epic narrative in verse, or for the historian, or for the painter, but for inventive prose.

. . . Scott's true power is seen in his quickening of talents unlike his own, and of creative work that was outside his own range.—(*Survey*, i. 360.)

Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Argyle

(From *The Heart of Midlothian*) (*1818*)

The Duke was alone in his study, when one of his gentlemen acquainted him, that a country-girl, from Scotland, was desirous of speaking with his Grace.

'A country-girl, and from Scotland!' said the Duke; 'what can have brought the silly fool to London?—Some lover pressed and sent to sea, or some stock sunk in the South-Sea funds, or some such hopeful concern, I suppose, and then nobody to manage the matter but MacCallummore.—Well, this same popularity has its inconveniences.—However, show our countrywoman up, Archibald,—it is ill manners to keep her in attendance.'

A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest, and pleasing

in expression, though sunburnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features, was ushered into the splendid library. She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head, and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humoured face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and her sense of the Duke's rank and importance, gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeanie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class; but arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness, which we often find united with that purity of mind, of which it is a natural emblem.

She stopped near the entrance of the room, made her deepest reverence, and crossed her hands upon her bosom, without uttering a syllable. The Duke of Argyle advanced towards her; and, if she admired his graceful deportment and rich dress, decorated with the orders which had been deservedly bestowed on him, his courteous manner, and quick and intelligent cast of countenance, he, on his part, was not less, or less deservedly, struck with the quiet simplicity and modesty expressed in the dress, manners, and countenance of his humble countrywoman.

'Did you wish to speak with me, my bonny lass?' said the Duke, using the encouraging epithet which at once acknowledged the connection betwixt them as country-folk; 'or did you wish to see the Duchess?'

'My business is with your honour, my Lord—I mean your Lordship's Grace.'

'And what is it, my good girl?' said the Duke, in the same mild and encouraging tone of voice. Jeanie looked at the attendant. 'Leave us, Archibald,' said the Duke, 'and wait in the anteroom.' The domestic retired. 'And now sit down, my good lass,' said the Duke; 'take your breath—take your time, and tell me

what you have got to say. I guess by your dress, you are just come up from poor old Scotland—Did you come through the streets in your tartan plaid ? '

'No, sir,' said Jeanie ; 'a friend brought me in ane o' their street coaches—a very decent woman,' she added, her courage increasing as she became familiar with the sound of her own voice in such a presence ; 'Your Lordship's Grace kens her—it's Mrs. Glass, at the sign o' the Thistle.'

'Oh, my worthy snuff-merchant—I have always a chat with Mrs. Glass when I purchase my Scotch high-dried.—Well, but your business, my bonny woman—time and tide, you know, wait for no one.'

'Your honour—I beg your Lordship's pardon—I mean your Grace,'—for it must be noticed, that this matter of addressing the Duke by his appropriate title had been anxiously inculcated upon Jeanie by her friend Mrs. Glass, in whose eyes it was a matter of such importance, that her last words, as Jeanie left the coach, were 'Mind to say your Grace ;' and Jeanie, who had scarce ever in her life spoke to a person of higher quality than the Laird of Dumbiedikes, found great difficulty in arranging her language according to the rules of ceremony.

The Duke, who saw her embarrassment, said, with his usual affability, 'Never mind my grace, lassie ; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scotch tongue in your head.'

'Sir, I am muckle obliged—Sir, I am the sister of that poor unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution at Edinburgh.'

'Ah ! ' said the Duke, 'I have heard of that unhappy story, I think—a case of child-murder, under a special act of parliament—Duncan Forbes mentioned it at dinner the other day.'

'And I was come up frae the north, sir, to see what could be done for her in the way of getting a reprieve or pardon, sir, or the like of that.'

'Alas! my poor girl,' said the Duke, 'you have made a long and a sad journey to very little purpose—Your sister is ordered for execution.'

'But I am given to understand that there is law for reprieving her, if it is in the king's pleasure,' said Jeanie.

'Certainly there is,' said the Duke; 'but that is purely in the king's breast. The crime has been but too common—the Scotch crown-lawyers think it is right there should be an example. Then the late disorders in Edinburgh have excited a prejudice in government against the nation at large, which they think can be managed by measures of intimidation and severity. What argument have you, my poor girl, except the warmth of your sisterly affection, to offer against all this?—What is your interest?—What friends have you at court?'

'None, excepting God and your Grace,' said Jeanie, still keeping her ground resolutely, however.

'Alas!' said the Duke, 'I could almost say with old Ormond, that there could not be any, whose influence was smaller with kings and ministers. It is a cruel part of our situation, young woman—I mean of the situation of men in my circumstances, that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance which we have no means of rendering. But candour and plain dealing is in the power of every one, and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence, which do not exist, to make your distress the heavier—I have no means of averting your sister's fate—She must die.'

'We must a' die, sir,' said Jeanie; 'it is our common doom for our father's transgression; but we shouldna hasten ilk other out o' the world, that's what your honour kens better than me.'

'My good young woman,' said the Duke mildly, 'we are all apt to blame the law under which we immediately suffer; but you seem to have been well educated in

your line of life, and you must know that it is alike the law of God and man, that the murderer shall surely die.'

'But, sir, Effie—that is, my poor sister, sir—canna be proved to be a murderer; and if she be not, and the law take her life notwithstanding, wha is it that is the murderer then?'

'I am no lawyer,' said the Duke; 'and I own I think the statute a very severe one.'

'You are a law-maker, sir, with your leave; and, therefore, ye have power over the law,' answered Jeanie.

'Not in my individual capacity,' said the Duke; 'though, as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. But that cannot serve you—nor have I at present, I care not who knows it, so much personal influence with the sovereign, as would entitle me to ask from him the most insignificant favour. What could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me?'

'It was yoursell, sir.'

'Myself?' he replied—'I am sure you have never seen me before.'

'No, sir; but a' the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is his country's friend; and that ye fight for the right, and speak for the right, and that there's nane like yours in our present Israel, and so they that think themselves wranged draw to refuge under your shadow; and if ye wunna stir to save the blood of an innocent countrywoman of your ain, what should we expect frae southrons and strangers? And maybe I had another reason for troubling your honour.'

'And what is that?' asked the Duke.

'I hae understood from my father, that your honour's house, and especially your gudesire and his father, laid down their lives on the scaffold in the persecuting time. And my father was honoured to gie his testimony baith in the cage and in the pillory, as is specially mentioned in the books of Peter Walker the packman, that your honour, I dare say, kens, for he uses maist partly the

westland of Scotland. And, sir, there's ane that takes concern in me, that wished me to gang to your Grace's presence, for his gudesire had done your gracious gudesire some good turn, as ye will see frae these papers.'

With these words, she delivered to the Duke the little parcel which she had received from Butler. He opened it, and, in the envelope, read with some surprise, 'Muster-roll of the men serving in the troop of that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel Bangtext.—Obadiah Muggleton, Sin-Despise Double-knock, Stand-fast-in-faith Gipps, Turn-to-the-right Thwack-away—What the deuce is this? A list of Praise-God Barebone's Parliament, I think, or of old Noll's evangelical army—that last fellow should understand his wheelings to judge by his name. —But what does all this mean, my girl?'

'It was the other paper, sir,' said Jeanie, somewhat abashed at the mistake.

'Oh, this is my unfortunate grandfather's hand sure enough—"To all who may have friendship for the house of Argyle, these are to certify, that Benjamin Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, having been, under God, the means of saving my life from four English troopers who were about to slay me, I, having no other present means of recompense in my power, do give him this acknowledgment, hoping that it may be useful to him or his during these troublesome times; and do conjure my friends, tenants, kinsmen, and whoever will do aught for me, either in the Highlands or Lowlands, to protect and assist the said Benjamin Butler, and his friends or family, on their lawful occasions, giving them such countenance, maintenance, and supply, as may correspond with the benefit he hath bestowed on me; witness my hand—

"LORNE."'

'This is a strong injunction—This Benjamin Butler was your grandfather, I suppose?—You seem too young to have been his daughter.'

'He was nae akin to me, sir—he was grandfather to

ane—to a neighbour's son—to a sincere weel-wisher of mine, sir,' dropping her little courtesy as she spoke.

'Oh, I understand,' said the Duke—'a true-love affair. He was the grandsire of one you are engaged to?'

'One I *was* engaged to, sir,' said Jeanie, sighing; 'but this unhappy business of my poor sister——'

'What!' said the Duke hastily,—'he has not deserted you on that account, has he?'

'No, sir; he wad be the last to leave a friend in difficulties,' said Jeanie; 'but I maun think for him, as weel as for mysell. He is a clergyman, sir, and it would not beseem him to marry the like of me, wi' this disgrace on my kindred.'

'You are a singular young woman,' said the Duke. 'You seem to me to think of every one before yourself. And have you really come up from Edinburgh on foot, to attempt this hopeless solicitation for your sister's life?'

'It was not a'thegither on foot sir,' answered Jeanie; 'for I sometimes got a cast in a waggon, and I had a horse from Ferrybridge, and then the coach——'

'Well, never mind all that,' interrupted the Duke.—'What reason have you for thinking your sister innocent?'

'Because she has not been proved guilty, as will appear from looking at these papers.'

She put into his hand a note of the evidence, and copies of her sister's declaration. These papers Butler had procured after her departure, and Saddletree had them forwarded to London, to Mrs. Glass's care; so that Jeanie found the documents, so necessary for supporting her suit, lying in readiness at her arrival.

'Sit down in that chair, my good girl,' said the Duke, 'until I glance over the papers.'

She obeyed, and watched with the utmost anxiety each change in his countenance as he cast his eye through the papers briefly, yet with attention, and making memoranda as he went along. After reading them

hastily over, he looked up, and seemed about to speak, yet changed his purpose, as if afraid of committing himself by giving too hasty an opinion, and read over again several passages which he had marked as being most important. All this he did in shorter time than can be supposed by men of ordinary talents; for his mind was of that acute and penetrating character which discovers, with the glance of intuition, what facts bear on the particular point that chances to be subjected to consideration. At length he rose, after a few minutes' deep reflection.—'Young woman,' said he, 'your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one.'

'God bless you, sir, for that very word!' said Jeanie.

'It seems contrary to the genius of British law,' continued the Duke, 'to take that for granted which is not proved, or to punish with death for a crime, which, for aught the prosecutor has been able to show, may not have been committed at all.'

'God bless you, sir!' again said Jeanie, who had risen from her seat, and, with clasped hands, eyes glittering through tears, and features which trembled with anxiety, drank in every word which the Duke uttered.

'But, alas! my poor girl,' he continued, 'what good will my opinion do you, unless I could impress it upon those in whose hands your sister's life is placed by the law? Besides, I am no lawyer; and I must speak with some of our Scottish gentlemen of the gown about the matter.'

'Oh, but sir, what seems reasonable to your honour, will certainly be the same to them,' answered Jeanie.

'I do not know that,' replied the Duke; 'ilka man buckles his belt his ain gate—you know our old Scotch proverb?—But you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain. Leave these papers with me, and you shall hear from me to-morrow or next day. Take care to be at home at Mrs. Glass's, and ready to come to me at a moment's warning. It will be unneces-

sary for you to give Mrs. Glass the trouble to attend you ;—and, by-the-bye, you will please to be dressed just as you are at present.'

'I wad hae putten on a cap, sir,' said Jeanie, 'but your honour kens it isna the fashion of my country for single women ; and I judged that being sae mony hundred miles frae hame, your Grace's heart wad warm to the tartan,' looking at the corner of her plaid.

'You judged quite right,' said the Duke. 'I know the full value of the snood ; and MacCallummore's heart will be as cold as death can make it, when it does *not* warm to the tartan. Now, go away, and don't be out of the way when I send.'

Jeanie replied,—'There is little fear of that, sir, for I have little heart to go to see sights amang this wilderness of black houses. But if I might say to your gracious honour, that if ye ever condescend to speak to ony ane that is of greater degree than yoursell, though maybe it is nae civil in me to say sae, just if you would tihnk there can be nae sic odds between you and them, as between poor Jeanie Deans from Saint Leonard's and the Duke of Argyle ; and so dinna be chappit back or cast down wi' the first rough answer.'

'I am not apt,' said the Duke, laughing. 'to mind rough answers much—Do not you hope too much from what I have promised. I will do my best, but God has the hearts of kings in His own hand.'

Jeanie courtesied reverently and withdrew, attended by the Duke's gentleman, to her hackney-coach, with a respect which her appearance did not demand, but which was perhaps paid to the length of the interview with which his master had honoured her.

Rebecca describes the Siege of Torquilstone to the wounded Knight

(From *Ivanhoe*) (*1819*)

A moment of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off

our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those, which, at more tranquil periods, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and enquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, 'Is it you, gentle maiden?' which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well, and better than he could have expected—'Thanks,' he said, 'dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill.'

'He calls me *dear* Rebecca,' said the maiden to herself, 'but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!'

'My mind, gentle maiden,' continued Ivanhoe, 'is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now dispatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf—If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?'

'He names not the Jew or Jewess,' said Rebecca, internally; 'Yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!' She hastened after this brief self-

accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

'A Christian priest!' said the knight, joyfully; 'fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel—say what thou wilt, but bring him—something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?'

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made that attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded knight's chamber which was defeated as we have already seen by the interference of Urfried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the result of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard animating their followers or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks;

and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—'The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!'

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. 'If I could but drag myself,' he said, 'to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!'

'Fret not thyself, noble knight,' answered Rebecca, 'that sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle.'

'Thou knowest nought of it,' said Wilfred, impatiently; 'this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the instant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!'

'Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight,' replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, 'I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without.'

'You must not—you shall not!' exclaimed Ivanhoe; 'each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft'——

'It shall be welcome!' murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

'Rebecca, dear Rebecca!' exclaimed Ivanhoe, 'this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder

ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be.'

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, 'The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow.'

'Under what banner?' asked Ivanhoe.

'Under no ensign of war which I can observe,' answered Rebecca.

'A singular novelty,' muttered the knight, 'to advance

to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?'

'A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous,' said the Jewess; 'he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him.'

'What device does he bear on his shield?' replied Ivanhoe.

'Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield.'[1]

'A fetterlock and a shacklebolt azure,' said Ivanhoe. 'I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?'

'Scarce the device itself at this distance,' replied Rebecca; 'but when the sun glances fair upon the shield, it shows as I tell you.'

'Seem there no other leaders?' exclaimed the anxious enquirer.

'None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station,' said Rebecca; 'but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion, protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!'

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the

[1] The author has been here upbraided with false heraldry, as having charged metal upon metal. It should be remembered, however, that heraldry had only its first rude origin during the Crusades, and that all the minutiæ of its fantastic science were the work of time, and introduced at a much later period. Those who think otherwise must suppose that the Goddess of *Armoiries*, like the Goddess of Arms, sprung into the world completely equipped in all the gaudy trappings of the department she presides over

signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, 'Saint George for merry England!' and the Normans answering them with loud cries of '*En avant De Bracy!—Beauseant! Beauseant!—Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!*' according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so 'wholly together,' that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post or might be suspected to be stationed,—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which

arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

'And I must lie here like a bedridden monk,' exclaimed Ivanhoe, 'while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.'

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

'What dost thou see, Rebecca?' again demanded the wounded knight.

'Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.'

'That cannot endure,' said Ivanhoe; 'if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.'

'I see him not,' said Rebecca.

'Foul craven!' exclaimed Ivanhoe; 'does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?'

'He blenches not! he blenches not!' said Rebecca, 'I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.[1]—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the

[1] Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer-walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which were often the scene of severe skirmishes, as these must necessarily be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chivalrous pages of Froissart took place at the barriers of besieged places.

throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!'

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

'Look forth again, Rebecca,' said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; 'the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger.'

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, 'Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!' She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, 'He is down!—he is down!'

'Who is down?' cried Ivanhoe; 'for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?'

'The Black Knight,' answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—'But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!'

'Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'Front-de-Bœuf!' answered the Jewess, 'his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.'

'The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?' said Ivanhoe.

'They have—they have—!' exclaimed Rebecca—'and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!'

'Think not of that,' said Ivanhoe; 'this is no time for such thought—Who yield?—who push their way?'

'The ladders are thrown down,' replied Rebecca, shuddering; 'the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—The besieged have the better.'

'Saint George strike for us!' exclaimed the knight; 'do the false yeomen give way?'

'No!' exclaimed Rebecca, 'they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!'

'By Saint John of Acre,' said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, 'methought there were but one man in England that might do such a deed!'

'The postern gate shakes,' continued Rebecca, 'it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh, God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!'

'The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'No,' replied Rebecca, 'the Templar has destroyed

the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas!—I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.'

The Escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle

(From *The Abbot*) (*1820*)

The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been presented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the Queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross, with the church, which stands at some distance from the town, and nearer to the lake, then connected with the town by straggling cottages. With her back to the casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven, more provokingly intent than usual—so at least it seemed to her prisoners—upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the implements of their restraint. Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the Queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the page, who stood beside her, and had handed her the dishes in succession, looked sidewise to the churchyard, and exclaimed he saw corpse-candles in the vault. The Lady of Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; the fate of her sons made her alive to omens, and a corpse-light, as it was called, in the family burial-place, boded death. She turned her head towards the casement—saw a distant glimmering—forgot her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his cloak, and with great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch. 'Who touches the keys?' said the Lady; and while the page

answered that the sleeve of his cloak had stirred them, she looked round, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze at the supposed corpse-candles.

'I hold these gleams,' she said, after a moment's consideration, 'to come, not from the churchyard, but from the hut of the old gardener Blinkhoolie. I wonder what thrift that churl drives, that of late he hath ever had light in his house till the night grew deep. I thought him an industrious, peaceful man—If he turns resetter of idle companions and night-walkers, the place must be rid of him.'

'He may work his baskets perchance,' said the page, desirous to stop the train of her suspicion.

'Or nets, may he not ?' answered the Lady.

'Ay, madam,' said Roland, 'for trout and salmon.'

'Or for fools and knaves,' replied the Lady ; 'but this shall be looked after to-morrow.—I wish your Grace and your company a good evening.—Randal, attend us.' And Randal, who waited in the antechamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to his mistress as usual, while, leaving the Queen's apartments, she retired to her own.

'To-morrow ?' said the page, rubbing his hands with glee as he repeated the Lady's last words, 'fools look to to-morrow, and wise folk use to-night.—May I pray you, my gracious Liege, to retire for one half hour, until all the castle is composed to rest ? I must go and rub with oil these blessed implements of our freedom. Courage and constancy, and all will go well, provided our friends on the shore fail not to send the boat you spoke of.'

'Fear them not,' said Catherine, 'they are true as steel—if our dear mistress do but maintain her noble and royal courage.'

'Doubt not me, Catherine,' replied the Queen ; 'a while since I was overborne, but I have recalled the spirit of my earlier and more sprightly days, when I

used to accompany my armed nobles, and wish to be myself a man, to know what life it was to be in the fields with sword and buckler, jack and knapscap!'

'O, the lark lives not a gayer life, nor sings a lighter and gayer song, than the merry soldier,' answered Catherine. 'Your Grace shall be in the midst of them soon, and the look of such a liege Sovereign will make each of your host worth three in the hour of need:—but I must to my task.'

'We have but brief time,' said Queen Mary; 'one of the two lights in the cottage is extinguished—that shows the boat is put off.'

'They will row very slow,' said the page, 'or kent where depth permits, to avoid noise.—To our several tasks—I will communicate with the good Father.'

At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of the staircase that descended from the Queen's apartment. 'Now, turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt,' said he, 'if ever oil softened rust!' and his precautions had been so effectual, that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but exchanging a word with the disguised Abbot, asked if the boat were ready?

'This half hour,' said the sentinel. 'She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by the warder, but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again.'

'The darkness,' said the page, 'and our profound silence, may take her off unobserved, as she came in. Hildebrand has the watch on the tower—a heavy-headed knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best head-piece upon a night-watch. He sleeps for a wager.'

'Then bring the Queen,' said the Abbot, 'and I will call Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat.'

On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath,

trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair under the guidance of Roland Græme, and were received at the wicket-gate by Henry Seyton and the churchman. The former seemed instantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprise. 'My Lord Abbot,' he said, 'give my sister your arm—I will conduct the Queen—and that youth will have the honour to guide Lady Fleming.'

This was no time to dispute the arrangement, although it was not that which Roland Græme would have chosen. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the garden path, tripped on before like a sylph, rather leading the Abbot than receiving assistance—the Queen, her native spirit prevailing over female fear, and a thousand painful reflections, moved steadily forward, by the assistance of Henry Seyton—while the Lady Fleming encumbered with her fears and her helplessness Roland Græme, who followed in the rear, and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessaries belonging to the Queen. The door of the garden, which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several,—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation. Henry Seyton placed the Queen in the stern; the Abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the Queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Græme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boat-side, when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming, 'Forgotten, forgotten! wait for me but one half minute,' he replaced on the shore the helpless lady of the bed-chamber, threw the Queen's packet into the boat, and sped back through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

'By Heaven, he is false at last!' said Seyton; 'I ever feared it!'

'He is as true,' said Catherine, 'as Heaven itself, and that I will maintain.'

'Be silent, minion,' said her brother, 'for shame, if not for fear—Fellows, put off, and row for your lives!'

'Help me, help me on board!' said the deserted Lady Fleming, and that louder than prudence warranted.

'Put off—put off!' cried Henry Seyton; 'leave all behind, so the Queen is safe.'

'Will you permit this, madam?' said Catherine, imploringly; 'you leave your deliverer to death.'

'I will not,' said the Queen.—'Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk.'

'Pardon me, madam, if I disobey,' said the intractable young man; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Græme, arriving, bounded from the beach, and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he lighted. The youth swore a deep but suppressed oath, and stopping Græme as he stepped towards the stern, said, 'Your place is not with high-born dames—keep at the head and trim the vessel—Now give way—give way—Row, for God and the Queen!'

The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously.

'Why did you not muffle the oars?' said Roland Græme; 'the dash must awaken the sentinel—Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge, this whispering must have waked him.'

'It was all thine own delay,' said Seyton; 'thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters.'

But Roland's apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering

had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. 'A boat—a boat!—bring to, or I shoot!' And, as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, 'Treason! treason!' rung the bell of the castle, and discharged his harquebuss at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild-fowl at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered.

'Pull!' again exclaimed Seyton; 'stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger—they will launch a boat immediately.'

'That is cared for,' said Roland; 'I locked gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone-walls.—And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's keeping.'

As the heavy keys plunged in the lake, the Abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, 'Now, bless thee, my son! for thy ready prudence puts shame on us all.'

The Journey to the Palace of Liège

(From *Quentin Durward*) (*1823*)

In the meantime, whether the good Lady Hameline of Croye understood and admired masculine beauty as much as when she was fifteen years younger (for the good Countess was at least thirty-five, if the records of that noble house speak the truth), or whether she thought she had done their young protector less justice than she ought, in the first view she had taken of his services, it is certain that he began to find favour in her eyes.

'My niece,' she said, 'has bestowed on you a kerchief for the binding of your wound ; I will give you one to grace your gallantry, and to encourage you in your farther progress in chivalry.'

So saying, she gave him a richly embroidered kerchief of blue and silver, and pointing to the housing of her palfrey, and the plumes in her riding-cap, desired him to observe that the colours were the same.

The fashion of the time prescribed one absolute mode of receiving such a favour, which Quentin followed accordingly, by tying the napkin round his arm ; yet his manner of acknowledgment had more of awkwardness and less of gallantry in it, than perhaps it might have had at another time, and in another presence ; for though the wearing of a lady's favour, given in such a manner, was merely matter of general compliment, he would much rather have preferred the right of displaying on his arm that which bound the wound inflicted by the sword of Dunois.

Meantime they continued their pilgrimage, Quentin now riding abreast of the ladies, into whose society he seemed to be tacitly adopted. He did not speak much, however, being filled by the silent consciousness of happiness which is afraid of giving too strong vent to its feelings. The Countess Isabelle spoke still less, so that the conversation was chiefly carried on by the Lady Hameline, who showed no inclination to let it drop ; for, to initiate the young Archer, as she said, into the principles and practice of chivalry, she detailed to him, at full length, the Passage of Arms at Haflinghem, where she had distributed the prizes among the victors.

Not much interested, I am sorry to say, in the description of this splendid scene, or in the heraldic bearings of the different Flemish and German knights, which the lady blazoned with pitiless accuracy, Quentin began to entertain some alarm lest he should have passed the place where his guide was to join him—a

most serious disaster, and from which, should it really have taken place, the very worst consequences were to be apprehended.

While he hesitated whether it would be better to send back one of his followers, to see whether this might not be the case, he heard the blast of a horn, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, beheld a horseman riding very fast towards them. The low size, and wild, shaggy, untrained state of the animal, reminded Quentin of the mountain breed of horses in his own country; but this was much more finely limbed, and, with the same appearance of hardiness, was more rapid in its movements. The head particularly, which, in the Scottish pony, is often lumpish and heavy, was small and well placed in the neck of this animal, with thin jaws, full sparkling eyes, and expanded nostrils.

The rider was even more singular in his appearance than the horse which he rode, though that was extremely unlike the horses of France. Although he managed his palfrey with great dexterity, he sat with his feet in broad stirrups, something resembling shovels, so short in the leathers, that his knees were well-nigh as high as the pommel of his saddle. His dress was a red turban of small size, in which he wore a sullied plume, secured by a clasp of silver; his tunic, which was shaped like those of the Estradiots (a sort of troops whom the Venetians at that time levied in the provinces, on the eastern side of their gulf), was green in colour, and tawdrily laced with gold; he wore very wide drawers or trousers of white, though none of the cleanest, which gathered beneath the knee, and his swarthy legs were quite bare, unless for the complicated laces which bound a pair of sandals on his feet; he had no spurs, the edge of his large stirrups being so sharp as to serve to goad the horse in a very severe manner. In a crimson sash this singular horseman wore a dagger on the right side, and on the left a short crooked Moorish sword; and by a tarnished baldric over the shoulder hung the horn which announced

his approach. He had a swarthy and sunburnt visage, with a thin beard, and piercing dark eyes, a well-formed mouth and nose, and other features which might have been pronounced handsome, but for the black elf-locks which hung around his face, and the air of wildness and emaciation, which rather seemed to indicate a savage than a civilized man.

'He also is a Bohemian!' said the ladies to each other; 'Holy Mary, will the King again place confidence in these outcasts?'

'I will question the man, if it be your pleasure,' said Quentin, 'and assure myself of his fidelity as I best may.'

Durward, as well as the ladies of Croye, had recognized in this man's dress and appearance, the habit and the manners of those vagrants with whom he had nearly been confounded by the hasty proceedings of Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, and he, too, entertained very natural apprehension concerning the risk of reposing trust in one of that vagrant race.

'Art thou come hither to seek us?' was his first question.

The stranger nodded.

'And for what purpose?'

'To guide you to the palace of him of Liège.'

'Of the Bishop?'

The Bohemian again nodded.

'What token canst thou give me, that we should yield credence to thee?'

'Even the old rhyme, and no other,' answered the Bohemian,—

> 'The page slew the boar,
> The peer had the gloire.'

'A true token,' said Quentin; 'lead on, good fellow —I will speak further with thee presently.' Then falling back to the ladies, he said, 'I am convinced this man is the guide we are to expect, for he hath brought

me a pass-word, known, I think, but to the King and me. But I will discourse with him further, and endeavour to ascertain how far he is to be trusted.'

MINOR SCOTTISH NOVELISTS

JOHN GALT

While the Waverleys were appearing, the petty Scottish novel arose and flourished by their side, exploring a social world that Scott had only brushed in his big, humorous fashion or had passed by altogether. The scene is the country town, the village, the laird's household, the manse, the cottage, or the shop. The method is minute, veracious and somewhat oppressive.—(*Survey*, i. 362.)

Walter Walkinshaw, the Laird, suspected of insanity is examined by the Court

(From *The Entail*) (*1823*)

Next day, when the Court again assembled, Walter was there, seated beside his agent, and dressed in his best. Every eye was directed towards him ; and the simple expression of wonder, mingled with anxiety, which the scene around him occasioned, gave an air of so much intelligence to his features, which were regular, and, indeed, handsome, that he excited almost universal sympathy ; even Mr. Threeper was perplexed, when he saw him, at the proper time, rise from beside his friend, and, approaching the bottom of the table, make a slow and profound bow, first to the Sheriff and then to the jury.

'You are Mr. Walkinshaw, I believe ?' said Mr. Threeper.

'I believe I am,' replied Walter timidly.

'What are you, Mr. Walkinshaw ?'

'A man, sir—My mother and brother want to mak' me a daft ane.'

'How do you suspect them of any such intention ?'

'Because ye see I'm here—I wouldna hae been here but for that.'

The countenance of honest Keelevin began to brighten, while that of George was clouded and overcast.

'Then do you not think you are a daft man ?' said the advocate.

'Nobody thinks himsel daft, I dare say ye think ye're just as wise as me.'

A roar of laughter shook the Court, and Threeper blushed and was disconcerted ; but he soon resumed, tartly,—

'Upon my word, Mr. Walkinshaw, you have a good opinion of yourself, I should like to know for what reason ?'

'That's a droll question to speer at a man,' replied Walter. 'A poll parrot thinks well o' itsel', which is but a feathered creature, and short o' the capacity of a man by twa hands.'

Mr. Keelevin trembled and grew pale; and the advocate, recovering full possession of his assurance, proceeded,—

'And so ye think, Mr. Walkinshaw, that the two hands make all the difference between a man and a parrot ?'

'No, no, sir,' replied Walter, 'I dinna think that,—for ye ken the beast has feathers.'

'And why have not men feathers ?'

'That's no a right question, sir, to put to the like o' me, a weak human creature,—ye should ask their Maker,' said Walter gravely.

The advocate was again repulsed ; Piturnnock sat doubting the intelligence of his ears, and George shivering from head to foot ; a buzz of satisfaction pervaded the whole Court.

'Well, not to meddle with such mysteries,' said Mr. Threeper, assuming a jocular tone, 'I suppose you think yourself a very clever fellow ?'

'At some things,' replied Walter modestly; 'but I dinna like to make a roos o' mysel.'

'And pray now, Mr. Walkinshaw, may I ask what do you think you do best?'

'Man! an' ye could see how I can sup curds and ream—there's no ane in a' the house can ding me.'

The sincerity and exultation with which this was expressed convulsed the Court, and threw the advocate completely on his beam-ends. However, he soon righted, and proceeded,—

'I don't doubt your ability in that way, Mr. Walkinshaw; and I dare say you can play a capital knife and fork'——

'I'm better at the spoon,' replied Walter laughing.

'Well, I must confess you are a devilish clever fellow.'

'Mair sae, I'm thinking, than ye thought, sir—But noo, since,' continued Walter, 'ye hae speer't so many questions at me, will ye answer one yoursel?'

'Oh! I can have no possible objection to do that, Mr. Walkinshaw.'

'Then,' said Walter, 'how muckle are ye to get frae my brother for this job?'

Again the Court was convulsed, and the questioner again disconcerted.

* * *

One of the jury here interposed, and asked several questions relative to the management of the estate; by the answers to which it appeared, not only that Walter had never taken any charge whatever, but that he was totally ignorant of business, and even of the most ordinary money transactions.

The jury then turned round and laid their heads together; the legal gentlemen spoke across the table, and Walter was evidently alarmed at the bustle.– In the course of two or three minutes, the foreman returned a verdict of Fatuity.

The poor Laird shuddered, and, looking at the Sheriff,

said, in an accent of simplicity that melted every heart, 'Am I found guilty ?—Oh surely, sir, ye'll no hang me, for I cou'dna help it ? '

DAVID MACBETH MOIR

None of these rural chronicles has been more popular in Scotland than *The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith, Written by Himself*. . . . The seething life, gossip and clamour of a small town are most faithfully represented by Moir.—(*Survey*, i. 362–363.)

Mansie Wauch becomes a Volunteer

(From *The Life of Mansie Wauch*) (*1828*)

Notwithstanding all that, we behaved ourselves like true-blue Scotsmen, called forth to fight the battles of our country ; and, if the French had come, as they did not come, they would have found that to their cost, as sure as my name is Mansie. However, it turned out as well, in the meantime, that it was a false alarm, and that the thief Buonaparte had not landed at Dunbar, as it was jaloused ; [1] so after standing under arms for half the night, with nineteen rounds of ball cartridge in our boxes, and the baggage carts all loaden, and ready to follow us to the field of battle, we were sent home to our beds ; and notwithstanding the awful state of alarm to which I had been put, never in the course of my life did I enjoy six hours' sounder sleep ; for we were hippet [2] the morning parade, on account of our gallant men being kept so long without natural rest. It is wise to pick a lesson even out of adversities ; and, at all events, it was at this time fully shown to us the necessity of our regiment being taught the art of firing—a tactic to the length of which it had never yet come.

Next day, out we were taken for the whilk purpose ; and we went through our motions bravely. Prime—

[1] Suspected. [2] Excused

load—handle cartridge—ram down cartridge—return bayonets—and shoulder troop—make ready—present—fire. Such was the confusion, and the flurry, and the din of the report, that I was so flustered and confused, thinking that half of us would have been shot dead, that—will ye believe it?—I never yet had mind to pull the tricker. Howsomever, I minded aye with the rest to ram down a fresh cartridge, at the word of command; and something told me I would repent not doing like the rest (for I had half a kind of notion that my piece never went off), so, when the firing was over, the sergeant of the company ordered all that had loaded pieces to come to the front. I swithered a little, not being very sure like what to do; but some five or six stept out; and our corporal, on looking at my piece, ordered me with the rest to the front. It was just by all the world like an execution; us six, in the face of the regiment, in a little line, going through our manœuvres at the word of command; and I could hardly stand upon my feet, with a queer feeling of fear and trembling, till at length, the terrible moment came, I looked straight forward—for I durst not jee [1] my head about, and turned to the hills and green trees, as if I was never to see nature more.

Our pieces were cocked; and at the word,—fire!—off they went. It was an act of desperation to draw the tricker, and I had hardly well shut my blinkers, when I got such a thump on the shoulder, as knocked me backwards head-over-heels on the grass. Before I came to my senses, I could have sworn I was in another world; but, when I opened my eyes, there were the men at ease, holding their sides, laughing like to spleet them; and my gun lying on the ground, two or three ell before me.

When I found myself not killed outright, I began to rise up. As I was rubbing my breek-knees, I saw one of the men going forward to lift up the fatal piece; and

[1] Twist.

my care for the safety of others overcame the sense of my own peril,—'Let alane,—let alane!'—cried I to him, 'and take care of yoursell, for it has to gang off five times yet.'

The laughing was now terrible; but being little of a soldier, I thought in my innocence, that we should hear as many reports as I had crammed cartridges down her muzzle. This was a sore joke against me for a length of time; but I tholed [1] it patiently, considering cannily within myself, that knowledge is only to be bought by experience, and that, if we can credit the old song, even Johnny Cope [2] himself did not learn the art of war in a single morning.

SUSAN EDMONSTONE FERRIER

There is no more lively, free-spirited, and precise draughtswoman of certain comic types than Susan Edmonstone Ferrier. She gives, as her friend and admirer Scott observed, a 'portrait of real society'; and her mob of eccentrics and humourists, unsparingly rather than unkindly drawn, actually peopled the old Scottish world that was passing away while she wrote.—(*Survey*, i. 366.)

Lord Rossville points out the View

(From *The Inheritance*) (*1824*)

Lord Rossville's mind was never in a quiescent state in any situation; there was always something to be done or to be seen—the windows were to be either let down or drawn up—the blinds to be drawn up or pulled down—there was something that ought to be seen, but could not be seen—or there was something seen that ought not to have been seen;—thus his mind was not only its own plague, but the plague of all who had the misfortune to bear him company.

In vain were creation's charms spread before his

[1] Bore.

[2] Sir John Cope defeated by the Bonny Prince Charlie at Prestonpans.

eyes. There is a mental blindness, darker than that which shrouds the visual orb ; and Nature's works were to Lord Rossville an universal blank, or rather they were a sort of account-book, in which were registered all his own petty doings. It was here he had drained, there he had embanked—here he had planted, there he had cut down—here he had built a bridge, there he had made a road—here he had levelled, there he had raised, etc., etc., etc. To all that his own head had planned he was feelingly alive ; but, for the 'dread magnificence of heaven,' he had neither eye, ear, nor soul, and must therefore be forgiven if insensible to its influence. Mrs. St. Clair was not much more highly gifted in that respect, but she could speak, if she could not feel ; and she expatiated and admired, till Lord Rossville thought her, without exception, the cleverest woman he had ever met with.

'Since you are so great an enthusiast in the beauties of nature, my dear madam,' said he, addressing his sister-in-law, 'we shall extend our drive a little farther than I had purposed, that I may have the pleasure of showing you, at a single *coup d'œil*, the whole extent of the Rossville possessions in this country, while, at the same time, you will embrace some other objects in which I am not wholly unconcerned.—'Benjamin,' (to the servant) 'to Pinnacle Hill,' and to Pinnacle Hill the horses' heads were turned. 'Pinnacle Hill,' continued the Earl, 'is a very celebrated spot : it is a purchase I made from Lord Fairacre some years ago ; and is much resorted to by strangers, as commanding, with few if any exceptions, one of the finest views in Scotland.'

Mrs. St. Clair hated fine views, and she tried to get off by pretending scruples upon encroaching so much on his lordship's time, goodness, and so forth—but all in vain ; to Pinnacle Hill they were driven ; and, after being dragged up as far as horses could go, they were (as, indeed, the name implies) obliged to alight and ascend on foot. With considerable toil they reached

the top; and scarcely were they there, when the wind, having changed to the east, its never-failing accompaniment, a raw mist, began to gather all round. But Lord Rossville was insensible even to an east wind—his bodily sensations being quite as obtuse as his mental ones; and having got to the top of the Pinnacle he faced him round, and, in the very teeth of the enemy, began to point out what was and what was *not* to be seen.

'Here you have a very commanding view, or would have had, if the atmosphere had been somewhat clearer; as it is, I can enable you distinctly to trace out the boundary line of the Rossville estate. Observe the course of the river in the direction of my cane—you see it plainly here—there it disappears amongst the Millbank woods—now it takes a turn, and you have it again to your left—you follow me?'

'Perfectly, my lord,' replied Mrs. St. Clair, although she saw nothing but a wreath of mist.

'Undoubtedly that must be the river we see,' said his lordship doubtingly; 'but at the same time, we never can rely, with perfect security, upon the watery element; it has many resemblances, which are not easily detected at a distance—a bleachfield, for instance, has not unfrequently been taken for a piece of water; and we read of a very singular deception produced upon sand in the eastern counties, and termed the *mirage*.'

'Water is, indeed, a deceitful element,' said Mrs. St. Clair, hoping, by this affirmative, to get to the leeside of the discussion.

'On the other hand, it is a most useful and invaluable element; without water where would be our navigation—our commerce—our knowledge—our arts?—in one word, water may be termed the bulwark of Britain.'

'It may indeed,' said Mrs. St. Clair, her teeth chattering as she spoke; 'to water we owe our existence as a nation,—our liberties, civil and religious,' and she retreated a few steps on the faith of having settled the matter.

'Pardon me there, my dear madam,' said the Earl, retaining his original footing; 'that is, perhaps, going a little too far. Strictly speaking, we cannot, with propriety, be said to owe our existence to water, since, had we not been an island, a highly favoured island! we should certainly have formed part of the vast continent of Europe—and with regard to our liberties, the Magna Charta, that boast of Britain, was unquestionably procured, and, I trust, will ever be maintained on *terra firma.*'

Mrs. St. Clair could almost have given up the game at this point—to stand on the very pinnacle of a pinnacle, in the face of an east wind, and be talked to about bulwarks and Magna Charta—it was too much!

'How very cold you look, mamma.' said Miss St. Clair, compassionating her mother's feelings.

'Cold!' repeated Lord Rossville, in a tone of surprise and displeasure; 'impossible—cold in the month of May! The day would be too hot, were it not for this cooling breeze.'

This was worse and worse—Mrs. St. Clair groaned internally, as she thought, 'how will it be possible to drag out existence with a man who calls a piercing east wind a cooling breeze!'

Lord Rossville raised his cane, and resumed his observations at great length upon the ravages committed by the river on his friend and neighbour Boghall's property. Mrs. St. Clair wished the Boghall acres in the bottom of the Red Sea, though even from thence Lord Rossville might, perhaps, have fished them up; as a thorough-bred tormentor, like a first-rate magician, can call spirits even from the vasty deep, to torment his victims.

'Here,' continued the Earl, taking his sister-in-law by the hand, and leading her to the utmost verge of all she hated—a bleak exposed promontory; 'here we command a no less charming prospect in a different style:—observe that range of hills.'

'Superb!' exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, with an aguish shudder.

'Why, yes—the hills themselves are very well; but do you observe nothing, my dear madam, that relieves the eye from what a friend of mine justly calls—"a boundless continuity of shade"?'

Mrs. St. Clair almost cracked her eye-balls straining in the direction pointed out; but, like sister Anne, could see nothing to the purpose.

'I suspect you are looking rather too high; nearer the base, and allow your eye to run along by the point of my cane—there, you must have got it now.'

There are, perhaps, few every-day situations more tormenting to a scrupulous mind than that of being called upon to see what you cannot see—you must either disappoint the views of the view-pointer, or you must sacrifice your conscience (as it is much to be feared too many do), and, sinking under the torture, pretend that you have at last hit the mark, whether it be a puff of smoke indicative of a town, a white cloud of the ocean, or a black speck of an island.

'Ah! I think I discover something now,' cried Mrs. St. Clair, quite at a loss to guess whether the white mote in question was a church steeple, or a ship's mast, or any other wonderful object of the same nature, which generous long-sighted people will always make a point of sharing with their less-gifted friends.

'And you think the effect good?'

'Admirable—inimitable!'

'Why, the situation was my own choice; there was a committee appointed to make choice of the most favourable site, and they fortunately fell in with my views on the subject, and, indeed, paid me the compliment of consulting my feeling on the occasion,—a public monument, I conceive, ought, undoubtedly, to be placed in a conspicuous and elevated situation; but more especially, when that situation happens to be in the very grounds of not only the original proposer and

principal heritor in the county, but likewise the personal friend of the illustrious dead to whom this tribute is decreed—for, I am proud to say, our renowned patriot, the great Lord Pensionwell, was (with the excellent Lord Dunderhead) the associate of my youthful years—the friend of my maturer age.'

'Happy the country,' said Mrs. St. Clair, now driven almost to frenzy, 'whose nobles are thus gifted with the power of reflecting kindred excellence, and perpetuating national virtue, on the broad basis of private friendship.'

Mrs. St. Clair knew she was talking nonsense ; but she knew who she was talking to, and was sure it would pass. Lord Rossville, to be sure, was a little puzzled ; but he saw it was meant as a compliment, and contained a fine-sounding sentiment, and it was therefore well received. Fortunately, the rain now began to fall ; and every object being completely shrouded in mist, his lordship was obliged to give in ; but he comforted himself, and thought he comforted his companions, by promising to return, when the weather was more propitious, to repeat and complete their enjoyment.

IRISH WRITERS

MARIA EDGEWORTH

Cheerful prudence, which teaches that good sense and good feeling always succeed while thriftlessness and selfishness are never lucky long—what is the fruit of such a doctrine when it is sown in Irish soil, with the sun and dew upon it of Irish wit and pathos ? The answer is found in the stories of Maria Edgeworth.—(*Survey*, i. 186.)

Sir Condy Rackrent is elected Member of Parliament

(From *Castle Rackrent*) (*1800*)

Every way it turned out fortunate for Sir Condy, for before the money was all gone there came a general

election, and he being so well beloved in the county, and one of the oldest families, no one had a better right to stand candidate for the vacancy; and he was called upon by all his friends, and the whole county, I may say, to declare himself against the old member, who had little thought of a contest. My master did not relish the thoughts of a troublesome canvass and all the ill-will he might bring upon himself by disturbing the peace of the county, besides the expense, which was no trifle; but all his friends called upon one another to subscribe, and they formed themselves into a committee, and wrote all his circular-letters for him, and engaged all his agents, and did all the business unknown to him; and he was well pleased that it should be so at last, and my lady herself was very sanguine about the election; and there was open house kept night and day at Castle Rackrent, and I thought I never saw my lady look so well in her life as she did at that time. There were grand dinners, and all the gentlemen drinking success to Sir Condy till they were carried off; and then dances and balls, and the ladies all finishing with a raking pot of tea in the morning. Indeed, it was well the company made it their choice to sit up all nights, for there were not half beds enough for the sights of people that were in it, though there were shake-downs in the drawing-room always made up before sunrise for those that liked it. For my part, when I saw the doings that were going on, and the loads of claret that went down the throats of them that had no right to be asking for it, and the sights of meat that went up to the table and never came down, besides what was carried off to one or t'other below stair, I couldn't but pity my poor master, who was to pay for all; but I said nothing, for fear of gaining myself ill-will. The day of election will come some time or other, says I to myself, and all will be over; and so it did, and a glorious day it was as any I ever had the happiness to see.

'Huzza! huzza! Sir Condy Rackrent for ever!'

was the first thing I hears in the morning, and the same and nothing else all day, and not a soul sober only just when polling, enough to give their votes as became 'em, and to stand the browbeating of the lawyers, who came tight enough upon us; and many of our freeholders were knocked off, having never a freehold that they could safely swear to, and Sir Condy was not willing to have any man perjure himself for his sake, as was done on the other side, God knows; but no matter for that. Some of our friends were dumbfounded by the lawyers asking them: 'Had they ever been upon the ground where their freeholds lay?' Now, Sir Condy, being tender of the consciences of them that had not been on the ground, and so could not swear to a freehold when cross-examined by them lawyers, sent out for a couple of cleavefuls [1] of the sods of his farm of Gulteeshinnagh; and as soon as the sods came into town, he set each man upon his sod, and so then, ever after, you know, they could fairly swear they had been upon the ground.[2] We gained the day by this piece of honesty. I thought I should have died in the streets for joy when I seed my poor master chaired, and he bareheaded, and it raining as hard as it could pour; but all the crowds following him up and down, and he bowing and shaking hands with the whole town.

'Is that Sir Condy Rackrent in the chair?' says a stranger man in the crowd.

'The same,' says I. 'Who else could it be? God bless him!'

'And I take it, then, you belong to him?' says he.

'Not at all,' says I; 'but I live under him, and have done so these two hundred years and upwards, me and mine.'

'It's lucky for you, then,' rejoins he, 'that he is where he is; for was he anywhere else but in the chair, this minute he'd be in a worse place; for I was sent

[1] Basketfuls.

[2] This was actually done at an election in Ireland.

down on purpose to put him up,[1] and here's my order for so doing in my pocket.'

It was a writ that villain the wine merchant had marked against my poor master for some hundreds of an old debt, which it was a shame to be talking of at such a time as this.

'Put it in your pocket again, and think no more of it, anyways for seven years to come, my honest friend,' says I; 'he's a member of Parliament now, praised be God, and such as you can't touch him; and if you'll take a fool's advice, I'd have you keep out of the way this day, or you'll run a good chance of getting your deserts amongst my master's friends, unless you choose to drink his health like everybody else.'

'I've no objection to that in life,' said he. So we went into one of the public-houses kept open for my master; and we had a great deal of talk about this thing and that.

MICHAEL AND JOHN BANIM

The Banims tried to do for Ireland what he [i.e. Sir Walter Scott] had done for Scotland. No one has ever done this; but in the first series of *Tales by the O'Hara Family* Irish fiction was born anew—a vigorous man-child.—(*Survey*, i. 370.)

[The man-child has now grown up.—*Editors*.]

The Raid on the Village

(From *The Croppy: a Tale of 1798*) (*1825*)

'Bud, what's that?' asked the smith in a quick whisper, as a thundering knock came to the door—'spake o' the duoul, and he'll appear!' snatching up the candle, and placing it under the table.

'The yeomen, Father dear, I'm a'most sure!' cried Kitty, running in alarmed; while, as the knocking grew louder and louder, her mother stood staring about her in the kitchen.

[1] To put him in gaol.

'Bridget!' cried Jack in a low voice, of which, however, the tones were so awful to the good dame's ear, that she was at his elbow in an instant—'do you keep 'un talkin', for a start, till we get out, back'ard—Kitty, give the best help you can.'

'There came no horsemen to the door, Jack,' said Peter Rooney very coolly, 'wouldn't it be good sense to wait an' see who's outside?'

'Ax 'em a question, Bridget,' ordered Shawn.

'What 'ud ye be pleased to want this hour o' the night?' demanded the poor woman in a tremulous voice.

'Mother, Mother! open the door, quick!' she was answered.

'Why, that's Tom, isn't it?' questioned Jack.

'Yes, Father, yes—open, open!'

'Stop your hand a minute,' interposed Peter Rooney, as the smith strove to undo the door,—'let one that has a well-hearin' ear talk a little to the body abroad.'

'Phoo!—stand back, Pether—hasn't a father a good right to know his boy's voice?'—and the door was quickly opened, and Jack's son, a lad of eighteen, decently attired, as his accent and manner were decent, rushed in, pale and out of breath.

'What's this for, Tom?' questioned his father, in a struggle between reprimand and affection, while he held out his hand to his darling offspring; and the rather inconvenient pressure experienced by the youth might have told him that, notwithstanding his words and tone, the rough smith was glad to see him.

'Another time, Father, I'll tell you how I heard the news,' answered the lad, in a great alarm—'but now, run, run! Whaley and his yeomen are at my heels—they spur to seize on you while I am talking!'

'Then, Tom, there's no time for talkin'. Bridget,'—clutching her arm—'clear the chest, if you can;—

Pether Rooney, run out an' warn the neighbours—quick, quick, man!' Peter obeyed. 'Connors, an' you Kavanah, help to rouse 'em out,—if a man kind is caught, he'll be flogged—hurry, hurry!' And they, too, left the house.

'Father, you've been making pikes, I hear,' said his son to him, aside.

'They're in a hidin'-hole, my boy, undher the anvil-block, that's fastened in a way no one knows but myself;—out, you, too, Tom; stand on the road, beyant the village, an' listen well to hear these murtherers comin'.'

The lad accordingly left him. The buzz of hurry and confusion was indistinctly heard in the village. The quick but not loud knock went from door to door. In a few brief and whispered words the inmates learned the approaching danger; and some rushed forth, but half attired, only attentive to personal safety; some, in their headlong haste, endeavoured, with muttered threats or entreaty, to force out their families; some snatched at whatever was most valuable in their dwellings; and some, afraid to fly, crept into hiding-places; and, in a very short space of time, nearly the whole population, except some feeble women, or bed-ridden old men, or fear-stricken children overlooked by their parents, in the bustle and the darkness, were silently and stealthily speeding out of the hamlet. Halfway to their place of refuge, the galloping of horses came on their aching ears; and at the sound the half-clothed mother tried to stifle the cry of her startled infant, which she dared not stop to soothe into quietness; or the whispering inquiry after friends not seen by friends amid the throng; and the subdued warning to 'stale asy, stale asy,' were the only accents of communication interchanged between the fugitives.

The hill that has been mentioned as rising above the village, ran some distance beyond it; and its summit, and the greater portion of the descent, were rocky and

barren, only nurturing patches of dwarf furze, and spare grass, that the furze checked as it struggled into growth. At the side turned from the village, it was clothed, however, with oak and ash trees ; which inserting their fibrous roots between rocky clefts, drew from the meagre soil a sustenance scarce to be expected. A little streamlet, fringed with green turf, flowed by the foot of this declivity ; and a lesser hill, more recently but more thickly planted, arose also from its edge ; so that here was a secluded little glen, shut out at every side from observation. And hither came the inhabitants of the village, to crouch beneath the concealing foliage, and in the panting silence of extreme fear, until their dreaded enemies should have passed away.

The frightened hare, when she has gained some distance from her pursuers, will pause, sit up, and lift her ears in the direction whence she apprehends danger ; and so, after a pause of consternation, the closely-couched people began to question each other, and to start opinions or conjectures in more audible tones. Inquiries ran through them, as to the presence of members of their separate families ; and low wailings, interrupted by sudden calls to attention, arose within the little shadowed solitude, as the mother missed her offspring, or the daughter her parent.

But the nearer and nearer noise of galloping horsemen, distinct through the mild silence of slumbering Nature, soon hushed every breath ; and, in the eager pause of fearful anticipation, every bosom became self-occupied.

Shawn-a-Gow, clutching his son by the arm, had led on the body of fugitives. Arrived at the turfy margin of the silent and almost invisible streamlet, he caused him to sit down : and then commanding him not to stir till he should return, the smith, accompanied by the intrepid little Peter Rooney, ascended the wooded hill, gained the summit which overlooked the village, descended a little on the other side, and there, lying

flat among a clump of furze, both cast down their looks to note the proceedings of the invading yeomen.

No moon hung in the heavens; yet, though it was now the noon of a summer night, darkness, such as swathes the moonless nights of winter, did not reign around or below. Objects continued vaguely visible in the hamlet, and to eyes long familiar with their shape, place and other identifying features, could not be confounded with each other.

The watchers on the hill heard the thronging tramp of the horses' feet on the road to the right, past the hamlet. With increasing clamour they heard them enter the straggling street, if so it might be called, and drive along that quarter where the poorer cabins were situated; and as they passed beneath, the swinging of the iron scabbards against the stirrups was loudly audible, and their closely-formed array, just a mass of shade deeper than that which surrounded it, became indefinibly visible.

They proceeded towards the more respectable houses. Shawn-a-Gow raised his head above its screen of furze, and, with a muttered curse, saw them draw up, in obedience to the word 'Halt!' before his own dwelling. There was a loud jingling of their arms and accoutrements as the men jumped from their saddles; then a score of voices cried 'Open!' and then he could hear the breaking in of his own door.

He judged that some entered, while the rest repaired to other houses in the village; for, crash after crash, echoed from different points, followed by imprecations and threats of future vengeance, as the enraged party ascertained the flight of the former inmates. But quickly were blended with their high and angry tones the cries of some few, who, through fear or accident, had not joined the fugitives, and who were now dragged from their hiding-places, to the upper end of the street, where stood the commander directing the proceedings.

THCMAS CROFTON CROKER

The first true collector [of Irish folk lore] was Thomas Crofton Croker. He needed no stimulus from Scotland. . . . Croker won Scott's delighted admiration, and opened a mine that will not easily give out. His notes and parallels show him to be an accomplished student and antiquary; and he has left a classic record of the religion of the people.—(*Survey*, i. 372.)

The Little Shoe

(From *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*) (*1825*)

'Now tell me, Molly,' said Mr. Coote to Molly Cogon, as he met her on the road one day, close to one of the old gateways of Kilmallock, 'did you ever hear of the Cluricaune?'

'Is it the Cluricaune? why, then, sure I did, often and often; many's the time I heard my father—rest his soul!—tell about 'em over and over again.'

'But did you ever see one, Molly—did you ever see one yourself?'

'Oh! no, I never see one in my life; but my grandfather, that's my father's father, you know, he see one, one time, and caught him too.'

'Caught him! Oh! Molly, tell me how was that?'

'Why, then I'll tell you. My grandfather, you see, was out there above in the bog, drawing home turf, and the poor old mare was tired after her day's work, and the old man went out to the stable to look after her, and to see if she was eating her hay; and when he came to the stable door, there, my dear, he heard something hammering, hammering, hammering, just for all the world like a shoemaker making a shoe, and whistling all the time the prettiest tune he ever heard in his whole life before. Well, my grandfather, he thought it was the Cluricaune, and he said to himself, says he, "I'll

catch you if I can, and then I'll have money enough always." So he opened the door very quietly, and didn't make a bit of noise in the world that ever was heard; and looked all about, but the never a bit of the little man he could see anywhere, but he heard him hammering and whistling, and so he looked and looked, till at last he see the little fellow; and where was he, do you think, but in the girth under the mare; and there he was with his little bit of an apron on him, and hammer in his hand, and a little red nightcap on his head, and he making a shoe; and he was so busy with his work, and he was hammering and whistling so loud, that he never minded my grandfather till he caught him fast in his hand. "Faith, I have you now," says he, "and I'll never let you go till I get your purse—that's what I won't; so give it here to me at once, now." "Stop, stop," says the Cluricaune, "stop, stop," says he, "till I get it for you." So my grandfather like a fool, you see, opened his hand a little, and the little fellow jumped away laughing, and he never saw him any more, and the never a bit of the purse did he get, only the Cluricaune left his little shoe that he was making; and my grandfather was mad enough angry with himself for letting him go; but he had the shoe all his life, and my own mother told me she often see it, and had it in her hand, and 'twas the prettiest little shoe she ever saw.'

'And did you see it yourself, Molly?'

'Oh, no, my dear, it was lost long afore I was born; but my mother told me about it often and often enough.'

ENGLISH WRITERS

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

In the three series of *Our Village* Miss Mitford humanized the tradition of intimate, feminine prose ; she shows a kinder spirit than the women novelists, and has the poetic sense besides. . . . Not a page of her sketches could have been written by a man, and this is her merit.—(*Survey*, i. 374–375).

Mrs. Mosse

(From *Our Village*) (*1819–32*)

My Grandmother, beside being a celebrated beauty, appears to have been one of the best and kindest women that ever gladdened a country-home. She had a large household ; for the tithes of one rich rectory were taken in kind, and the glebe cultivated, so that the cares of a farm-house were added to the hospitality of a man of good fortune, and to the sort of stateliness which in those primitive times appertained to a doctor of divinity. The superintendence of that large household seems to have been at once her duty and her delight. It was a plenty and festivity almost resembling that of Camacho's wedding, guided by a wise and liberal œconomy, and a spirit of indefatigable industry. Oh, the saltings, the picklings, the preservings, the cake-makings, the unnamed and unnameable confectionary doings over which she presided. The very titles of her territories denoted the extent of her stores. The apple-room, the pear-bin, the cheese-loft, the minced-meat closet, were household words in Missy's mouth, as familiar as the dairy or the poultry yard. And my grandmama was no hoarder for hoarding's sake, no maker of good things which were not to be eaten—as I have sometimes noted amongst your managing ladies ; the object of her cares and stores was to contribute to the comfort of all who came within her influence. The large parsonage-house was generally overflowing with guests ; and from the

Oxford professor, who, with his wife, children, servants, and horses, passed his vacations there, to the poor pew-opener, who came with her little ones at tide-times, all felt the charm of her smiling graciousness, her sweet and cheerful spirit, her open hand and open heart. 'It is difficult to imagine a happier couple than my venerable grandfather and his charming wife. He retained to the last his studious habits, his love of literature, and his strong and warm family affections; while she cast the sunshine of her innocent gaiety over his respectable age, proud of his scholarship and prouder still of his virtues.

Our Maying

(From *Our Village*)

By the time the cricket-match was over, the world began to be gay at Whittey-wood. Carts and gigs, and horses and carriages, and people of all sorts, arrived from all quarters; and, lastly, 'the blessed sun himself' made his appearance, adding a triple lustre to the scene. Fiddlers, ballad-singers, cake-baskets—Punch—Master Frost, crying cherries—a Frenchman with dancing dogs—a Bavarian woman selling brooms—half a dozen stalls with fruit and frippery—and twenty noisy games of quoits, and bowls, and ninepins—boys throwing at boxes—girls playing at ball—gave to the assemblage the bustle, clatter and gaiety of a Dutch fair, as one sees it in Teniers' pictures. Plenty of drinking and smoking on the green—plenty of eating in the booths: the gentlemen cricketers, at one end, dining off a round of beef which made the table totter—the players, at the other, supping off a gammon of bacon—Amos Stone crammed at both—and Landlord Sims bustling everywhere with an activity that seemed to confer upon him the gift of ubiquity, assisted by the little light-footed maidens, his daughters, all smiles and curtsies, and by a pretty black-eyed young woman—name unknown—whom, even in the midst of his hurry, he found time,

as it seemed to me, for a little philandering. What would the widow and Miss Lydia have said? But they remained in happy ignorance—the one drinking tea in the most decorous primness in a distant marquee, disliking to mingle with so mixed an assembly,—the other in full chase after the most unlucky of all her urchins, the boy called Sam, who had gotten into a démêlé with a showman, in consequence of mimicking the wooden gentleman Punch, and his wife Judy—thus, as the showman observed, bringing his exhibition into disrepute.

Meanwhile, the band struck up in the May-house, and the dance, after a little demur, was fairly set afloat—an honest English country dance—(there had been some danger of waltzing and quadrilling)—with ladies and gentlemen at the top, and country lads and lassies at the bottom; a happy mixture of cordial kindness on the one hand, and pleased respect on the other. It was droll though to see the beplumed and beflowered French hats, the silks and furbelows sailing and rustling amidst the straw bonnets and cotton gowns of the humbler dancers; and not less so to catch a glimpse of the little lame clerk, shabbier than ever, peeping through the canvas opening of the booth, with a grin of ineffable delight over the shoulder of our vicar's pretty wife. Really, considering that Mabel Green and Jem Tanner were standing together at that moment at the top of the set, so deeply engaged in making love that they forgot when they ought to begin, and that the little clerk must have seen them, I cannot help taking his grin for a favourite omen to those faithful lovers.

Well, the dance finished, the sun went down, and we departed. The Maying is over, the booths carried away, and the May-house demolished. Everything has fallen into its old position except the love affairs of Landlord Sims. The pretty lass with the black eyes who first made her appearance at Whittey-wood is

actually staying at the Rose Inn, on a visit to his daughters; and the village talk goes that she is to be mistress of that thriving hostelry, and the wife of its master; and both her rivals are jealous, after their several fashions—the widow in the tantrums, the maiden in the dumps. Nobody knows exactly who the black-eyed damsel may be,—but she's young, and pretty, and civil, and modest; and, without intending to depreciate the merits of either of her competitors, I cannot help thinking that our good neighbour has shewn his taste.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

The tales and imaginary conversations of Thomas Love Peacock, the friend of Shelley, are part of the comment of the 'Romantic period' upon itself; we cannot fully understand it without them. . . .

Maid Marian, which he calls a 'comic romance of the twelfth century,' is really a gay, boisterous yet delicate, self-deriding kind of idyll, full of song and hard knocks; a picture of the golden world of the Robin Hood ballads that Percy and Ritson had revealed.—(*Survey,* i. 379, 384.)

Maid Marian disguised, tilts with King Richard

(From *Maid Marian*) (*1822*)

Many moons had waxed and waned, when on the afternoon of a lovely summer day a lusty broad-boned knight was riding through the forest of Sherwood. The sun shone brightly on the full green foliage, and afforded the knight a fine opportunity of observing picturesque effects, of which it is to be feared he did not avail himself. But he had not proceeded far, before he had an opportunity of observing something much more interesting, namely, a fine young outlaw leaning, in the true Sherwood fashion, with his back against a tree. The knight was preparing to ask the stranger a question, the answer to which, if correctly given, would relieve him from a doubt that pressed heavily on his mind, as to whether he was in the right road or the wrong, when the youth

prevented the enquiry by saying: 'In God's name, sir knight, you are late to your meals. My master has tarried dinner for you these three hours.'

'I doubt,' said the knight. 'I am not he you wot of. I am nowhere bidden to-day, and I know none in this vicinage.'

'We feared,' said the youth, 'your memory would be treacherous: therefore am I stationed here to refresh it.'

'Who is your master?' said the knight; 'and where does he abide?'

'My master,' said the youth, 'is called Robin Hood, and he abides hard by.'

'And what knows he of me?' said the knight.

'He knows you,' answered the youth, 'as he does every wayfaring knight and friar, by instinct.'

'Gramercy,' said the knight; 'then I understand his bidding: but how if I say I will not come?'

'I am enjoined to bring you,' said the youth. 'If persuasion avail not, I must use other argument.'

'Say'st thou so?' said the knight: 'I doubt if thy stripling rhetoric would convince me.'

'That,' said the young forester, 'we will see.'

'We are not equally matched, boy,' said the knight. 'I should get less honour by thy conquest, than grief by thy injury.'

'Perhaps,' said the youth, 'my strength is more than my seeming, and my cunning more than my strength. Therefore let it please your knighthood to dismount.'

'It shall please my knighthood to chastise thy presumption,' said the knight, springing from his saddle.

Hereupon, which in those days was usually the result of a meeting between any two persons anywhere, they proceeded to fight.

The knight had in an uncommon degree both strength and skill: the forester had less strength, but not less skill than the knight, and showed such a mastery of his weapon as reduced the latter to great admiration.

They had not fought many minutes by the forest clock, the sun; and had as yet done each other no worse injury than that the knight had wounded the forester's jerkin, and the forester had disabled the knight's plume; when they were interrupted by a voice from a thicket, exclaiming, 'Well fought, girl: well fought. Mass, that had nigh been a shrewd hit. Thou owest him for that, lass. Marry, stand by, I'll pay him for thee.'

The knight, turning to the voice, beheld a tall friar issuing from the thicket, brandishing a ponderous cudgel.

'Who art thou?' said the knight.

'I am the church militant of Sherwood,' answered the friar. 'Why art thou in arms against our lady queen?'

'What meanest thou?' said the knight.

'Truly this,' said the friar, 'is our liege lady of the forest, against whom I do apprehend thee in overt act of treason. What sayest thou for thyself?'

'I say,' answered the knight, 'that if this be indeed a lady, man never yet held me so long.'

'Spoken,' said the friar, 'like one who hath done execution. Hast thou thy stomach full of steel? Wilt thou diversify thy repast with a taste of my oakgraff? Or wilt thou incline thy heart to our venison, which truly is cooling? Wilt thou fight? or wilt thou dine? or wilt thou fight and dine? or wilt thou dine and fight? I am for thee, choose as thou mayest.'

'I will dine,' said the knight; 'for with lady I never fought before, and with friar I never fought yet, and with neither will I ever fight knowingly: and if this be the queen of the forest, I will not, being in her own dominions, be backward to do her homage.'

So saying, he kissed the hand of Marian, who was pleased most graciously to express her approbation.

'Gramercy, sir knight,' said the friar, 'I laud thee

for thy courtesy, which I deem to be no less than thy valour. Now do thou follow me, while I follow my nose, which scents the pleasant odour of roast from the depth of the forest recesses. I will lead thy horse, and do thou lead my lady.'

The knight took Marian's hand, and followed the friar, who walked before them singing:

> When the wind blows, when the wind blows
> From where under buck the dry log glows,
>   What guide can you follow,
>   O'er brake and o'er hollow,
> So true as a ghostly, ghostly nose ?

'*FANTASIAS*' [1]

SARA COLERIDGE

The best writing of Sara Coleridge is found in her letters, though in the little fairy tale, *Phantasmion*, there is a rich and fanciful inventiveness, and a feeling for colour unreal and magical, that beseems the daughter of Coleridge.—(*Survey*, ii. 133.)

An Enchanted Voyage

(From *Phantasmion*) (*1837*)

Having reached the banks of the wide sheet of water which Phantasmion had seen from on high, the company entered a mother-of-pearl boat, which was drawn by a team of swans, a full-grown pair in front of the vessel, then three yokes of younger ones, each couple being smaller than that behind, while a single tiny

[1] Professor Elton points out that *Imaginative* rather than *Fantasia* describes the work of Mary Lamb and Landor but that the right term is hard to find.—[*Editors.*]

cygnet floated on before. Doves fastened to the stern by silken cords and studs of diamond fluttered round the gleaming skiff, and hastened its progress while they lulled the air with their downy pinions. The fire-fly constellation was reflected, together with the moon, on the calm waters, forming now a bolt across her disk, now a ring which inclosed and shone beyond it; white peacocks spread their snowy trains over the dark foliage that overhung the lake, white cormorants occupied the rocks, and alabaster images of herons cast their still reflections on the pool. A tiger emerging from the recesses of the wood came to drink the cool wave, after sleeping in his lair during the close heat of the darksome day; and he too was colourless and gleaming as a ghost. Anon a white bird of paradise rose from the trees, and flew with slow undulating motion over the lake, first crossing the moon's bright image, then sinking amid blossoms, downy and drooping as her own light plumage, like a snowflake descending into a wreath of snow. The tiger was drinking at the end of a little promontory as the skiff passed by; a reflection on the water made him look up, when beholding the youth's illumined visage, he suddenly rushed back again into the depths of the grove. The company in the vessel were all silent and thoughtful. Leucoia's fair stag lay beside her feet, Potentilla sat at the helm with Melledine's chain in her hand, while the captive crouched beneath, her ebon face bowed forward. Phantasmion leaning over the prow cast such bright gleams upon the waters, that the silver-scaled fishes leaped up, attracted by a stronger light than had ever penetrated their liquid haunts before. The pensive eyes of Leucoia were bent upon the youth's averted face: she longed not for green fields and sunshine, but would fain have dwelt with him in that gleaming vale for ever. Melledine drew nigh the stag, and would have rested her head upon his lily side; but when he shrank away she leaned against the edge of the boat, and began to murmur a soft melody.

The tone of her voice was inexpressibly sweet, and such was her power that it seemed to proceed from the woods and waters and all places except from the skiff.

CHARLES LAMB

Lamb is so often called one of the Elizabethans that we forget how much better his prose can be, how much more in compass and manageable, than most of theirs—speaking, that is, of the authors who at all correspond to him, and not of the Hookers and Bacons who fly at high speculative matters. . . . What he has gained from the long intervening discipline of prose, is best seen from the lightness and rightness of his more imaginative papers, which are 'prose poetry' in the lawful sense of the term. For sheer purity of immortal plain English, without anything to chill or let down the spirits, it would be hard to find anything of the same length in Renaissance times like *Dream Children.* It is in this sense, and this only, that we can talk of any art as 'progressing'—that is, when some craftsman arises, once in centuries, who can thus discern, and blend in use, the powers and accomplishment of different ages past.—(*Survey*, ii. 352.)

Dream Children : A Reverie

(From *Essays of Elia*) (*1823*)

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children ; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-

piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred to live in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looking as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled as much as to say 'that would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits or make

them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said, 'those innocents would do her no harm'; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holy-days, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the

water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back on the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great-house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had

died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name'—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

MARY LAMB

The note of Mary Lamb is hard to define; it is almost too nice to catch, like that of some shy bird in the hedgerow. . . . All her tales are written, and written nobly, from the heart . . . they are like the best things in *David Copperfield* without the fun.—(*Survey*, ii. 346–347.)

Elinor Foster

(From *Mrs. Leicester's School*) (*1809*)

When I was very young, I had the misfortune to lose my mother. My father very soon married again. In the morning of the day on which that event took place, my father set me on his knee, and as he often used to do after the death of my mother, he called me his dear little orphaned Elinor; and then he asked me if I loved Miss Saville. I replied 'Yes.' Then he said, this dear lady was going to be so kind as to be married to him, and that she was to live with us, and be my mother. My father told me this with such pleasure in his looks, that I thought it must be a very fine thing indeed to have a new mother; and on his saying it was time for me to be dressed against his return from church, I ran in great spirits to tell the good news in the nursery. I found my maid and the housemaid looking out of the window to see my father get into his carriage, which was newly painted; the servants had new liveries and fine white ribbons in their hats; and then I perceived my father had left off his mourning. The maids were dressed in new coloured gowns and white ribbons. On the table I saw a new muslin frock, trimmed with fine lace, ready for me to put on. I skipped about the room quite in an ecstasy.

When the carriage drove from the door the housekeeper came in to bring the maids new white gloves. I repeated to her the words I had just heard, that that dear lady, Miss Saville, was going to be married to papa, and that she was to live with us and be my mother.

The housekeeper shook her head, and said, 'Poor thing! how soon children forget everything!'

I could not imagine what she meant by my forgetting everything, for I instantly recollected poor mother used to say I had an excellent memory.

The women began to draw on their white gloves, and the seams rending in several places, Ann said, 'This is just the way our gloves served us at my mistress's funeral.' The other checked her, and said 'Hush!' I was then thinking of some instances in which my mother had praised my memory and this reference to her funeral fixed her idea in my mind.

From the time of her death no one had ever spoken to me of my mother, and I had apparently forgotten her; yet I had a habit, which perhaps had not been observed, of taking my little stool, which had been my mother's footstool, and a doll which my mother had dressed for me while she was sitting in her elbow-chair, her head supported with pillows. With these in my hands, I used to go to the door of the room in which I had seen her in her last illness; and after trying to open it, and peeping through the keyhole, from whence I could just see a glimpse of the crimson curtains, I used to sit down on the stool before the door, and play with my doll, and sometimes sing to it mother's pretty song of 'Baloo my babe'; imitating, as well as I could, the weak voice in which she used to sing it to me. My mother had a very sweet voice. I remember now the gentle tone in which she used to say my prattle did not disturb her.

When I was dressed in my new frock, I wished poor mother was alive to see how fine I was on father's wedding-day, and I ran to my favourite station at her bedroom door. There I sat thinking of my mother, and trying to remember exactly how she used to look; because I foolishly imagined that Miss Saville was to be changed into something like my own mother, whose pale and delicate appearance

in her last illness was all that I retained of her remembrance.

When my father returned home with his bride, he walked upstairs to look for me, and my new mother followed him. They found me at my mother's door, earnestly looking through the keyhole ; I was thinking so intently on my mother, that when my father said, 'Here is your new mother, my Elinor,' I turned round and began to cry, for no other reason than because she had a very high colour, and I remembered my mother was very pale ; she had bright black eyes, my mother's were mild blue eyes ; and that instead of the wrapping gown and close cap in which I remember my mother, she was dressed in all her bridal decorations. I said, 'Miss Saville shall not be my mother,' and I cried till I was sent away in disgrace.

Every time I saw her for several days, the same notion came into my head that she was not a bit more like mother than when she was Miss Saville. My father was very angry when he saw how shy I continued to look at her ; but she always said, 'Never mind! Elinor and I shall soon be better friends.'

One day, when I was very naughty indeed, for I would not speak one word to either of them, my father took his hat and walked out, quite in a passion. When he was gone I looked up at my new mother, expecting to see her very angry too ; but she was smiling, and looking very good-naturedly upon me ; and she said, 'Now we are alone together, my pretty little daughter, let us forget father is angry with us ; and tell me why you were peeping through that door when your father brought me home, and you cried so at the sight of me.'

'Because mother used to be there,' I replied.

When she heard me say this, she fell a-crying very sadly indeed ; and I was so sorry to hear her cry so, that I forgot I did not love her, and I went up to her and said, 'Don't cry, I won't be naughty any more. I won't peep through the door any more.'

Then she said I had a little kind heart, and I should not have any occasion, for she would take me into the room herself; and she rang the bell, and ordered the key of that room to be brought to her; and the housekeeper brought it, and tried to persuade her not to go. But she said 'I must have my own way in this'; and she carried me in her arms into my mother's room.

Oh, I was so pleased to be taken into mother's room! I pointed out to her all the things that I remembered to have belonged to mother, and she encouraged me to tell her all the little incidents which had dwelt on my memory concerning her. She told me that she went to school with mother when she was a little girl, and that I should come into this room with her every day when father was gone out, and she would tell me stories of mother when she was a little girl no bigger than me.

When my father came home we were walking in a garden at the back of our house and I was showing her mother's geraniums, and telling her what pretty flowers they had when mother was alive.

My father was astonished: and he said, 'Is this the sullen Elinor? What has worked this miracle?'

'Ask no questions,' she replied, 'or you will disturb our new-born friendship. Elinor has promised to love me, and she says, too, that she will call me "mother."'

'Yes, I will,—mother, mother, mother,' I replied, and hung about her with the greatest fondness.

After this she used to pass great part of the mornings with me in my mother's room, which was now made the repository of all my playthings and also my schoolroom. Here my new mother taught me to read. I was a sad little dunce, and scarcely knew my letters. My own mother had often said, when she got better she would hear me read every day, but as she never got better, it was not her fault. I now began to learn very fast, for when I said my lesson well, I was always rewarded with some pretty story of my mother's childhood; and these stories generally contained some little

hints that were instructive to me, and which I greatly stood in want of; for, between improper indulgence and neglect, I had many faulty ways.

In this kind manner my stepmother has instructed and improved me, and I love her because she was my mother's friend when they were young. She has been my only instructress, for I never went to school till I came here. She would have continued to teach me, but she has not time, for she has a little baby of her own now, and that is the reason I came to school.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Landor enlarged the dominions of our prose, not so much by inventing the imaginary conversation, in which he has had no real follower and which suited and satisfied his own genius, as by attaining in prose the goal which some of his fellow-poets were attaining in verse.—(*Survey*, ii. 44.)

Rhodopê's Enslavement

(From *Imaginary Conversations*) (*1824–9*)

Rhodopè. Never shall I forget the morning when my father, sitting in the coolest part of the house, exchanged his last measure of grain for a chlamys of scarlet cloth fringed with silver. He watched the merchant out of the door, and then looked wistfully into the corn-chest. I, who thought there was something worth seeing, looked in also, and, finding it empty, expressed my disappointment, not thinking, however, about the corn. A faint and transient smile came over his countenance at the sight of mine. He unfolded the chlamys, stretched it out with both hands before me, and then cast it over my shoulders. I looked down on the glittering fringe and screamed with joy. He then went out; and I knew not what flowers he gathered, but he gathered many; and some he placed in my bosom and some in my hair. But I told him with captious pride, first that I could arrange them better, and again that I

would only have the white. However, when he had selected all the white, I told him (rising in my slipper) he might crown me with the remainder. The splendour of my apparel gave me a sense of authority. Soon as the flowers had taken their station on my head, I expressed a dignified satisfaction at the taste displayed by my father, just as if I could have seen how they appeared! But he knew that there was at least as much pleasure as pride in it, and perhaps we divided the latter (alas! not both) pretty equally. He now took me into the market-place, where a concourse of people was waiting for the purchase of slaves. Merchants came and looked at me; some commending, others disparaging; but all agreeing that I was slender and delicate, that I could not live long, and that I should give much trouble. Many would have bought the chlamys, but there was something less saleable in the child and flowers.

Æsop. Had thy features been coarse and thy voice rustic, they would all have patted thy cheeks and found no fault in thee.

Rhodopè. As it was, every one had bought exactly such another in time past, and been a loser by it. At these speeches I perceived the flowers tremble slightly on my bosom from my father's agitation. Although he scoffed at them, knowing my healthiness, he was troubled internally, and said many short prayers, not very unlike imprecations, turning his head aside. Proud was I, prouder than ever, when at last several talents were offered for me, and by the very man who in the beginning had undervalued me most and prophesied the worst of me. My father scowled at him and refused the money. I thought he was playing a game and began to wonder what it could be, since I never had seen it played before. Then I fancied it might be some celebration because plenty had returned to the city, insomuch that my father had bartered the last of the corn he hoarded. I grew more and more delighted at

the sport. But soon there advanced an elderly man who said gravely, 'Thou hast stolen this child: her vesture alone is worth a hundred drachmas. Carry her home again to her parents, and do it directly, or Nemesis and the Eumenides will overtake thee.' Knowing the estimation in which my father had always been holden by his fellow-citizens, I laughed again, and pinched his ear. He, although naturally choleric, burst forth into no resentment at these reproaches, but said calmly, 'I think I know thee by name, O guest! Surely thou art Xanthus the Samian. Deliver this child from famine.' Again I laughed aloud and heartily, and thinking it was now my part of the game, I held out both my arms and protruded my whole body towards the stranger. He would not receive me from my father's neck, but he asked me with benignity and solicitude if I was hungry: at which I laughed again, and more than ever: for it was early in the morning, soon after the first meal, and my father had nourished me most carefully and plentifully in all the days of the famine. But Xanthus, waiting for no answer, took out of a sack, which one of his slaves carried at his side, a cake of wheaten bread and a piece of honeycomb, and gave them to me. I held the honeycomb to my father's mouth, thinking it the most of a dainty. He dashed it to the ground; but seizing the bread, he began to devour it ferociously. This also I thought was in play; and I clapped my hands at his distortions. But Xanthus looked at him like one afraid, and smote the cake from him, crying aloud, 'Name the price.' My father now placed me in his arms, naming a price much below what the other had offered, saying, 'The gods are ever with thee, O Xanthus! therefore to thee do I consign my child.' But while Xanthus was counting out the silver, my father seized the cake again, which the slave had taken up and was about to replace in the wallet. His hunger was exasperated by the taste and the delay. Suddenly there arose much tumult. Turning round in

the old woman's bosom who had received me from Xanthus, I saw my beloved father struggling on the ground, livid and speechless. The more violent my cries, the more rapidly they hurried me away; and many were soon between us. Little was I suspicious that he had suffered the pangs of famine long before: alas! and he had suffered them for me. Do I weep while I am telling you they ended? I could not have closed his eyes; I was too young: but I might have received his last breath; the only comfort of an orphan's bosom. Do you now think him blameable, O Æsop?

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

The union of self-analysis and memory, this studied rhythm, this history of the progress of his soul through the strange regions it has traversed, are found everywhere in De Quincey, and leave him a solitary amongst the visionaries of literature.—(*Survey*, ii. 325.)

Easter Sunday Morning—a Dream

(From *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*)
(*1821–1856*)

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the very door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of savannahs and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with wild roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a

child whom I had once tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said to myself, 'It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of Resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the churchyard is as verdant as the forest lawns, and the forest lawns are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead; and then I shall be unhappy no longer.' I turned as if to open my garden gate, and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony. The scene was an Oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked, and it was--Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length, 'So, then, I have found you at last.' I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last; the same, and yet, again, how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light of mighty London fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips, her eyes were streaming with tears. The tears were now no longer seen. Sometimes she seemed altered; yet again sometimes *not* altered; and hardly older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe. Suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished;

thick darkness came on, and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in London, walking again with Ann—just as we had walked, when both children, eighteen years before, along the endless terraces of Oxford Street.

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater cause was at stake, some mightier cause, then ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives—I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost,

female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me ; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells ! And, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells ! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells !

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more ! '

LETTERS, DIARIES AND JOURNALS

WILLIAM BECKFORD

The colour and cadence of Beckford's prose, which are natural, and also conscious, but not overstudied, are of course better perceived in these books of travel than in *Vathek*, where the English was only revised by him ; and they grow out of the surcharged and unclarified style of his youthful letters, which have their own charm.—(*Survey*, i. 209.)

Excursion to the Grand Chartreuse, 1778

(From *Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents : in a series of letters from various parts of Europe*) (*1783*)

The Coadjutor, perceiving that I was often looking earnestly through the windows, guessed my wishes, and calling a lay brother, ordered him to open the gates, and wait at them till my return. It was not long before I took advantage of this permission, and escaping from the courts and cloisters of the monastery, all hushed in death-like stillness, ascended a green knoll, which several ancient pines strongly marked with their shadows ; there, leaning against one of the trunks, I lifted my eyes to the awful barrier of surrounding mountains, discovered by the trembling silver light of

the moon shooting directly on the woods which fringed their acclivities.

The lawns, the vast woods, the steep descents, the precipices, the torrents, lay all extended beneath, softened by a pale bluish haze, that alleviated, in some measure, the stern prospect of the rocky promontories above, wrapped in dark shadows. The sky was of the deepest azure; innumerable stars were distinguished with unusual clearness from this elevation, many of which twinkled behind the fir-trees edging the promontories. White, grey, and darkish clouds came marching towards the moon, that shone full against a range of cliffs, which lift themselves far above the others. The hoarse murmur of the torrent, throwing itself from the distant wildernesses into the gloomy vales, was mingled with the blast that blew from the mountains. It increased. The forests began to wave, black clouds rose from the north, and, as they fleeted along, approached the moon, whose light they shortly extinguished. A moment of darkness succeeded; the gust was chill and melancholy; it swept along the desert, and then subsiding, the vapours began to pass away, and the moon returned; the grandeur of the scene was renewed, and its imposing solemnity was increased by her presence. Inspiration was in every wind.

FANNY BURNEY

Fanny Burney is, in essence, less a novelist than a reporter, or an ideal maker of memoirs.—(*Survey*, i. 177.)

Fanny Burney meets Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Herschel

(From her *Diary*) (*1842–6*)

WINDSOR. *Monday Evening, Aug.* 1786.

In the evening Mr. Herschel came to tea. I had once seen that very extraordinary man at Mrs. de Lue's but was happy to see him again, for he has not

more fame to awaken curiosity, than sense and modesty to gratify it. He is perfectly unassuming, yet openly happy; and happy in the success of those studies which would render a mind less excellently formed presumptuous and arrogant. The King has not a happier subject than this man, who owes wholly to His Majesty that he is not wretched; for such was his eagerness to quit all other pursuits to follow astronomy solely, that he was in danger of ruin, when his talents, and great and uncommon genius, attracted the King's patronage. He has now not only his pension which gives him the felicity of devoting all his time to his darling study, but he is indulged in licence from the King to make a telescope according to his new ideas and discoveries, that is to have no cost spared in its construction, and is wholly to be paid for by His Majesty.

This seems to have made him happier even than the pension, as it enables him to put in execution all his wonderful projects, from which his expectations of future discoveries are so sanguine as to make his present existence a state of almost perfect enjoyment. Mr. Locke himself would be quite charmed with him. He seems a man without a wish that has its object in the terrestrial globe.

At night, Mr. Herschel, by the King's command, came to exhibit to His Majesty and the Royal Family the new comet lately discovered by his sister Miss Herschel; and while I was playing at piquet with Mrs. Schwellenberg, the Princess Augusta came into the room, and asked her if she chose to go into the garden and look at it. She declined the offer, and the Princess then made it to me. I was glad to accept it, for all sorts of reasons.

We found him at his telescope, and I mounted some steps to look through it. The comet was very small, and had nothing grand or striking in its appearance; but it is the first lady's comet, and I was very desirous to see it. Mr. Herschel then showed me some of his

new-discovered universes, with all the good humour with which he would have taken the same trouble for a brother or sister astronomer; there is no possibility of admiring his genius more than his gentleness.

* * *

September, 1787.

On the evening they [her friends] left me, my kind Mrs. Delany carried me to Dr. Herschel's. . . . Dr. Herschel is a delightful man; so unassuming, with his great knowledge, so willing to dispense it to the ignorant, and so cheerful and easy in his general manners, that were he no genius, it would be impossible not to remark him as a pleasing and sensible man.

I was equally pleased with his sister, whom I had wished to see very much, for her great celebrity in her brother's science. She is very little, very gentle, very modest, and very ingenuous, and her manners are those of a person unhackneyed and unawed by the world, yet desirous to meet and to return its smiles. I love not the philosophy that braves it. This brother and sister seemed gratified with its favour, at the same time that their own pursuit is all-sufficient to them without it.

I inquired of Miss Herschel if she was still comet-hunting, or content now with the moon? The brother answered that he had the charge of the moon, but he left to his sister to sweep the heavens for comets.

Their manner of working together is most ingenious and curious. While he makes his observations without doors, he has a method of communicating them to his sister so immediately, that she can instantly commit them to paper, with the precise moment in which they are made. By this means he loses not a minute, when there is anything particularly worth observing, by writing it down, but can still proceed, yet still have his accounts and calculations exact. The methods he has contrived to facilitate this commerce I have not the terms to explain, though his simple manner of show-

ing them made me fully, at the time, comprehend them.

The night, unfortunately, was dark, and I could not see the moon with the famous new telescope. I mean not the great telescope through which I had taken a walk, for that is still incomplete, but another of uncommon powers. I saw Saturn, however, and his satellites, very distinctly, and their appearance was very beautiful.

SARA COLERIDGE

Letter to Mrs. H. M. Jones, Heathlands, Hampstead

HAMPSTEAD, 1835.

I agree to your criticism on Lamb, and sympathize most entirely in your preference of field, and grove, and rivulet, to square, garden, street, and gutter. I always feel so particularly *in*secure in a street. Nevertheless I can quite understand Lamb's feeling. A man is more especially alone, very often, in a crowd. Nowhere can an individual be so isolated, so independent as in London. Nowhere else can he see so much and be himself so little observed. This I think is the 'sweet security of streets' which the eccentric old bachelor delighted in. And then he had been educated at Christ's Hospital, all his boyish recreations, when life was new and *lifesome*, had passed in streets, and we all know that the circumstances of our childhood give the prevailing hue to our involuntary tastes and feelings for the rest of our lives. I cannot picture to myself a Paradise without lakes and mountains. Our poor friend was much affected by my father's death, and had a fanciful presentiment that he should not remain long behind. He must have remembered some interesting remarks connected with this subject in an old preface of my father's, the preface to a volume containing united poems of Coleridge and Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER

Of Cowper's prose the life is assured; and if he rises to higher and stranger things in his verse, his prose is more safely charmed against uncertainty of style. . . . The range of his letters and the qualities by which they attract are not hard to describe. The *lyra heroica*, and the high Wordsworthian strain, are not there; but otherwise the whole of the natural man, and the whole of Cowper's inward struggle, are represented in them. It is hard to say anything about their form, except that it is always right.—(*Survey*, i. 77–78.)

Recollections of Margate

(From *Letter to the Reverend William Unwin*)

(*July, 1779*)

When I was at Margate, it was an excursion of pleasure to go to see Ramsgate. The pier, I remember, was accounted a most excellent piece of stone-work, and such I found it. By this time, I suppose, it is finished; and surely it is no small advantage, that you have an opportunity of observing how nicely those great stones are put together, as often as you please, without either trouble or expense. But you think Margate more lively. So is a Cheshire cheese full of mites more lively than a sound one; but that very liveliness only proves its rottenness. I remember, too, that Margate, though full of company, was generally filled with such company, as people who were nice in the choice of their company, were rather fearful of keeping company with. The hoy went to London every week, loaded with mackerel and herrings, and returned loaded with company. The cheapness of the conveyance made it equally commodious for Dead fish and Lively company. So, perhaps, your solitude at Ramsgate may turn out another advantage; at least I should think it one.

There was not, at that time, much to be seen in the Isle of Thanet, besides the beauty of the country, and the fine prospects of the sea, which are nowhere surpassed except in the Isle of Wight, or upon some parts of the

coast of Hampshire. One sight, however, I remember, engaged my curiosity, and I went to see it;—a fine piece of ruins, built by the late Lord Holland, at a great expense, which, the day after I saw it, tumbled down for nothing. Perhaps, therefore, it is still a ruin; and if it is, I would advise you by all means to visit it, as it must have been much improved by this fortunate incident. It is hardly possible to put stones together with that air of wild and magnificent disorder which they are sure to acquire by falling of their own accord.

We heartily wish that Mrs. Unwin may receive the utmost benefit of bathing. At the same time we caution *you* against the use of it, however the heat of the weather may seem to recommend it. It is not safe for thin habits, hectically inclined.

I remember,—(the fourth and last thing I mean to remember upon this occasion), that Sam Cox the counsel, walking by the seaside as if absorbed in deep contemplation, was questioned about what he was musing on. He replied, 'I was wondering that such an almost infinite and unwieldy element should produce a *sprat*.' Our love attends your whole party,—Yours affectionately, W. C.

A Visit from the Parliamentary Candidate

(From *Letter to the Reverend John Newton*)

(29th March, 1784)

As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchard Side, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady

knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys halloo'd, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville.

Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour, were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his button-hole. The boys halloo'd, the dogs barked, Puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious

followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

Crabb Robinson is best known for his association with the group of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Lamb, and for his position as an interpreter of contemporary Germany to his own countrymen. . . . His great bequest is his *Diary*, written steadily from 1811 onwards till his death.—(*Survey*, ii. 399.)

Coleridge's Talk

(From Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, Dec. 23, 1810)

Coleridge exhibited his inconsistency by beginning with praising the King, George III, to whose firmness he said we were indebted for our not yielding to the French. Yet being pressed, he admitted that the King was an enemy to the Americans, and friend to the Slave Trade, and also that another system of government might have saved the country from infinite misery. So that the poor old King had at last nothing left him but his personal morals and their influence on the upper classes.

This day his chief talk was on Shakespeare. The leading ideas are those that have been published recently by Mr. Coleridge, and my notes are of less value. I shall therefore abridge them. The one thought which he this evening expressed in different ways was that Shakespeare meant in his Iago and in his Richard III to exhibit the pride of intellect and the same in Falstaff, but at the same time to show the superiority of moral sense over mere intellect. Falstaff had more intellect than the Prince and did not think it was possible for the Prince to escape from his influence, but the higher moral character of the Prince raises him above his insidious companion. Of Richard III he wrote but

little. He found it a stock play and wrote merely what expressed R.'s character—certainly not the scene with Queen Anne. In Pericles we see how Shakespeare handled a piece he had to refit for representation. He began with indifference, only now and then putting in a word, but interesting himself in his subject, the last two acts are almost altogether by him.

Hamlet he considered in a point of view which seems to agree very well with that taken in Wilhelm Meister. Hamlet, said Coleridge, is one whose internal images (ideal) are so vivid, that all actual objects are faint and dead to him; hence his soliloquies on the nature of man, his disregard of life and hence his vacillations and convulsive energies. I remarked that it seemed to me unaccountable why Shakespeare did not make Hamlet destroy himself. Coleridge said Shakespeare meant to show that even such a character was forced to be the slave of chance—a salutary moral lesson. He remained to the last inept and immovable; not even the spirit of his father could move him to action.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

The prose of these pictures [i.e. in the poetry of Coleridge] can be read in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal, the text of which must surely have been known to Coleridge as well as the things that it chronicles, so close is the verbal likeness.—(*Survey*, ii. 112.)

A Walk at Grasmere

(From Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal, written at Grasmere from 1st Jan.–8th July, 1802)

Sunday, 31st Jan. Wm. had slept very ill. He was tired. We walked round the two lakes. Grasmere was very soft, and Rydale was extremely beautiful from the western side. Nar Scar was just topped by a cloud which, cutting it off as high as it could be cut off, made the mountain look uncommonly lofty. We sate down

a long time in different places. I always love to walk that way, because it is the way I first came to Rydale and Grasmere, and because our dear Coleridge did also. When I came with Wm. 6 and ½ years ago, it was just at sunset. There was a rich yellow glow on the waters, and the islands were reflected there. To-day it was grave and soft, but not perfectly calm. William says it was much such a day as when Coleridge came with *him*. The sun shone out before we reached Grasmere. We sate by the roadside at the foot of the Lake, close to Mary's dear name, which she had cut herself upon the stone. Wm. cut at it with his knife to make it plainer. We amused ourselves for a long time in watching the breezes, some as if they came from the bottom of the lake, spread in a circle, brushing along the surface of the water, and growing more delicate as it were thinner, and of a *paler* colour till they died away. Others spread out like a peacock's tail, and some went right forward this way and that in all directions. The lake was still where these breezes were not, but they made it all alive. I found a strawberry blossom in a rock. The little slender flower had more courage than the green leaves, for *they* were but half-expanded and half-grown, but the blossom was spread full out. I uprooted it rashly, and I felt as if I had been committing an outrage, so I planted it again. It will have but a stormy life of it, but let it live if it can. We found Calvert here. I brought a handkerchief full of mosses, which I placed on the chimney-piece when Calvert was gone. He dined with us and carried away the encyclopædias. After they were gone, I spent some time in trying to reconcile myself to the change, and in rummaging out and arranging some other books in their places. One good thing is this—there is a nice elbow place for Wm. and he may sit for the picture of John Bunyan any day.

[Mrs. Meynell's Nature Essays have similar acute observations, *e.g.*, her Essay on Grass.—*Editors.*]

The Daffodils

(From Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal)

Thursday, 15th April, 1802.

It was a threatening, misty morning, bu mild. We set off after dinner from Grasmere. Mrs. Clarkson went a short way with us, but turned back. The wind was furious, and we thought we must have returned. We first rested in the large boathouse, then opposite a furze bush opposite Mr. Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath. The lake was rough. There was a boat by itself floating in the middle of the bay below Water Millock. We rested again in the Water Millock Lane. The hawthorns are black and green, the birches here and there greenish, but there is yet more of purple to be seen on the twigs. We got over into a field to avoid some cows—people working. A few primroses by the roadside—woodsorrel flower, the anemone, scentless violets, strawberries, and that starry, yellow flower which Mrs. C. calls pile-wort. When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up; but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of that one busy highway.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

WILLIAM BLAKE

The account of the Canterbury Pilgrims is the nearest in mould to the ordinary critical essay . . . and it remains Blake's shrewdest and wisest comment on the actual life of men, as distinct from the life of vision. . . . He perceives, travelling by his own path, the grand excellence of Chaucer's *Prologue*, namely, that it represents eternal types of mankind.—(*Survey*, i. 168.)

Chaucer's Pilgrims

(From *A Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures*) (*1809*)

The characters of Chaucer's Pilgrims are the characters which compose all ages and nations. As one age falls another rises, different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same ; for we see the same characters repeated again and again, in animals, vegetables, and minerals, and in men. Nothing new occurs in identical existences, accident ever varies, substance can never suffer change or decay. Of Chaucer's characters, as described in his ' Canterbury Tales,' some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves for ever remain unaltered ; and, consequently, they are the physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life, beyond which nature never steps. Names alter, things never alter.

* * *

The Knight and Squire, with the Squire's yeoman, lead the procession, as Chaucer has also placed them first in his prologue. The Knight is a true hero, a good, great, and wise man. His whole-length portrait on horse-back, as written by Chaucer, cannot be surpassed. He has spent his life in the field, has ever been a conqueror, and is that species of character which in every age stands as the guardian of man against the oppressor. His son is like him, with the germ of perhaps greater perfection still, as he blends literature and the arts with his war-like studies.

Their dress and their horses are of the first rate, without ostentation, and with all the true grandeur that unaffected simplicity when in high rank, always displays. The Squire's yeoman is also a great character, a man perfectly knowing in his profession,

> And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.

Chaucer describes here a mighty man, one who in war is the worthy attendant on noble heroes.

* * *

Every age is a Canterbury Pilgrimage ; we all pass on, each sustaining one or other of these characters ; nor can a child be born which is not one of these characters of Chaucer. The Doctor of Physic is described as the first of his profession—perfect, learned, completely Master and Doctor in his art. Thus the reader will observe that Chaucer makes every one of his characters perfect in his kind, every one is an Antique Statue, the image of a class, and not an imperfect individual. This group also would furnish substantial matter, on which volumes might be written. The Franklin is one who keeps open table, who is the genius of eating and drinking—the Bacchus ; as the Doctor of Physic is the Æsculapius, the Host is the Silenus, the Squire is the Apollo, the Miller is Hercules, etc. Chaucer's characters are a description of the eternal principles that exist in all ages. The Franklin is voluptuousness itself most nobly portrayed.

> It snowed in his house of meat and drink.

The Ploughman is simplicity itself, with wisdom and strength for its stamina. Chaucer has divided the ancient character of Hercules between his Miller and his Ploughman. Benevolence is the Ploughman's great characteristic ; he is thin with excessive labour, and not with old age as some have supposed—

> He would thresh and thereto dike and delve,
> For Christe's sake, for every poore wight,
> Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

Visions of these eternal principles or characters of human life appear to poets in all ages. The Grecian gods were the ancient Cherubims of Phœnicia ; but the Greeks, and since then the Moderns, have neglected to subdue the gods of Priam. These gods are visions of the eternal attributes, or divine names, which, when erected into gods become destructive to humanity. They ought to be the servants, and not the masters, of man or of society. They ought to be made to sacrifice to man, and not man compelled to sacrifice to them ; for, when separated from man or humanity, who is Jesus the Saviour, the Vine of Eternity ? They are thieves and rebels, they are destroyers. The Ploughman of Chaucer is Hercules in his supreme eternal state, divested of his spectrous shadow, which is the Miller, a terrible fellow, such as exists in all times and places, for the trial of men, to astonish every neighbourhood with brutal strength and courage, to get rich and powerful, to curb the pride of man.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

On the whole, there is no greater English critic, and there are few greater in the modern world ; and his historical importance, and service in this way, high as they are, are swallowed up in the positive, the present, the enduring value of what he tells us. His criticism, in fact, ranks with the best of his poetry, and remains the most solid achievement of his prose.—(*Survey*, ii. 123.)

The Beauties of Wordsworth's Poetry

(From *Biographia Literaria*) (*1817*)

[*Editors' Note.*—Coleridge, having referred to certain defects of Wordsworth's style—its inconstancy, occasional matter-of-factness, and incongruity of character with the style imputed to him—proceeds to discuss the excellences of Wordsworth's poetry as follows :—]

First, an austere purity of language . . . in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning.

. . . The second characteristic excellence of Mr. Wordsworth's work is a correspondent weight and gravity of the Thoughts and Sentiments, won, not from books, but—from the poet's own meditative observation. They are *fresh* and have the dew upon them. . . .

Third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs, the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction: this beauty, and as eminently characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry, his rudest assailants have felt themselves compelled to acknowledge and admire.

Fourth, the perfect truth of nature in his image and descriptions as taken immediately from nature and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives the physiognomic expression to all the works of nature.

Fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sympathy; a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy indeed of a contemplator rather than a fellow sufferer or co-mate (*spectator haud particeps*) but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature. The superscription and the image of the Creator still remain legible to *him* under the dark line with which guilt or calamity had cancelled or cross barred it. Here the Man and the Poet lose and find themselves in each other, the one as glorified, the latter as substantiated. In this mild and philosophic pathos, Wordsworth appears to me without a compeer. Such as he *is*: so he *writes*.

Last, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of Imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *fancy* Wordsworth, to my feelings, is not always graceful, and sometimes recondite. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

The Spirit of the Age shows a recovery of all Hazlitt's wit, zest, pertinence, and lively prejudice. As in a 'steel glass,' if never without a twist, the features of twenty-five of his eminent contemporaries are there mirrored. . . .

It is good to go to school to him for vocabulary and idiom; the great distillers of language, the Elizabethans re-incarnate, like Charles Lamb, may produce something more rare and wonderful, but they are not such good models. Hazlitt simply uses right English, and the only way to profit by him is to do the same.—(*Survey*, ii. 360, 362.)

The Genius of Wordsworth

(From *The Spirit of the Age*) (*1825*)

Mr. Wordsworth's genius is a pure emanation of the Spirit of the Age. Had he lived in any other period of the world, he would never have been heard of. As it is, he has some difficulty to contend with the hebetude of his intellect and the meanness of his subject. With him 'lowliness is young ambition's ladder,' but he finds it a toil to climb in this way the steep of Fame. His homely Muse can hardly raise her wing from the ground, nor spread her hidden glories to the sun. He has 'no figures nor no fantasies, which busy *passion* draws in the brains of men.' Neither the gorgeous machinery of mythologic lore, nor the splendid colours of poetic diction. His style is vernacular; he delivers household truths. He sees nothing loftier than human hopes, nothing deeper than the human heart. This he probes, this he tampers with, this he poises, with all its incalculable weight of thought and feeling, in his hands, and at the same time calms the throbbing pulses of his own heart by keeping his eye ever fixed on the face of nature. If he can make the life-blood flow from the wounded breast, this is the living colouring with which he paints his verse; if he can assuage the pain or close up the wound with the balm of solitary musing, or the healing power of plants and herbs and 'skyey influences,' this is the sole triumph of his art. He takes

the simplest elements of nature and of the human mind, the mere abstract conditions inseparable from our being, and tries to compound a new system of poetry from them; and [he] has perhaps succeeded as well as any-one could. 'Nihil humani a me alienum puto' is the motto of his works. He thinks nothing low or indifferent of which this can be affirmed; everything that professes to be more than this, that is not an absolute essence of truth and feeling, he holds to be vitiated, false and spurious. In a word his poetry is founded on setting up an opposition (and pushing it to the utmost length) between the natural and the artificial, between the spirit of humanity and the spirit of fashion and of the world.

* * *

Reserved, yet haughty, having no unruly or violent passions (or those passions having been early suppressed) Mr. Wordsworth has passed his life in solitary musing or in daily converse with the face of nature. He exemplifies in an eminent degree the *association*; for his poetry has no other source or character. He has dwelt among pastoral scenes, till each object has become connected with a thousand feelings, a link in the chain of thought, a fibre of his own heart. Every one is by habit and familiarity strongly attached to the place of his birth, or to objects that recall the most pleasing and eventful circumstances of his life.

But to the author of the *Lyrical Ballads* nature is a kind of home; and he may be said to take a personal interest in the universe. There is no image so insignificant that it has not in some mood or other found the way into his heart; no sound that does not awaken the memory of other years:—

> To him the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The daisy looks up to him with sparkling eye as an old acquaintance: the cuckoo haunts him with sounds of early years not to be expressed; a linnet's nest

startles him with boyish delight ; an old withered thorn is weighed down with a heap of recollections ; a grey cloak, seen on some wild moor, torn by the wind or drenched in the rain, afterwards becomes an object of imagination to him ; even the lichens on the rock have a life and being in his thoughts. He has described all these objects in a way and with an intensity of feeling that no one else had done before him, and has given a new view or aspect of nature. He is in this sense the most original poet now living, and the one whose writings could least be spared ; for they have no substitute elsewhere. The vulgar do not read them ; the learned, who see all things through books, do not understand them ; the great despise ; the fashionable may ridicule them ; but the author has created himself an interest in the heart of the retired and lonely student of nature, which can never die.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

Hunt, as an essayist, derives from *The Spectator*, and is in form, or rather in want of finish, liker to Steele than to Addison. He seems to wager with himself that he will write pleasantly about anything, and his subject chooses him, rather than he it. . . .

This [the cult of beauty] is Hunt's distinctive note, and it connects him intimately with the romantic movement. Denied true creative power, he falls back on the enjoyment of fair and pleasant things—including the practice of charity and kindliness.—(*Survey*, ii. 229, 230.)

Portrait of Charles Lamb

(From *Autobiography*) (*1850*)

Charles Lamb had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as fine a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. There was a caricature of him sold in the shops, which pretended to be a likeness. Proctor went into the shop in a passion, and asked the man what he meant by putting forth such a libel. The man apologized, and said that the artist meant no

offence. There never was a true portrait of Lamb. His features were strongly yet delicately cut; he had a fine eye as well as forehead; and no face carried in it greater marks of thought and feeling. It resembled that of Bacon, with less worldly vigour and more sensibility.

As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of everything as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrence of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humour which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would beard a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself, out of sympathy with the awful. His humour and his knowledge both, were those of Hamlet, of Molière, of Carlin, who shook a city with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracted a real pleasure out of his jokes, because good-heartedness retains that privilege when it fails in everything else. I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, 'Very well, I'll Lamb-pun him.' His puns were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names: such a man, for instance, as Nicole, the Frenchman, who was a baby to him. Lamb would have cracked a score of jokes at Nicole, with his whole book of sentences; pelted his head with pearls. Nicole would not have understood him, but Rochefoucault would, and Pascal too; and some of our old Englishmen would have

understood him still better. He would have been worthy of hearing Shakespeare read one of his scenes to him, hot from the brain. Commonplace found a great comforter in him, as long as it was good-natured; it was to the ill-natured or the dictatorial only that he was startling. Willing to see society go on as it did, because he despaired of seeing it otherwise, but not at all agreeing in his interior with the common notions of crime and punishment, he 'dumbfounded' a long tirade against vice one evening, by taking the pipe out of his mouth, and asking the speaker, 'whether he meant to say that a thief was not a good man?'

* * *

Lamb had seen strange faces of calamity; but they did not make him love those of his fellow-creatures the less. Few persons guessed what he had suffered in the course of his life, till his friend Talford wrote an account of it, and showed the hapless warping that disease had given to the fine brain of his sister.

* * *

However, if the world is to remain as it always is, give me to all eternity new talk of Coleridge, and new essays of Charles Lamb. They will reconcile it beyond all others; and that is much.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

Hartley Coleridge's gift of literary comment, though split and scattered, and never fully trained or concentrated, is most authentic, and all his prose is too much forgotten. . . . Hartley Coleridge is less oppressed than his father, or than his sister, by philosophy and reading, and is nearer to Lamb or Hazlitt in his direct plain utterance of what he feels.—(*Survey*, ii. 133.)

State Endowment of the Arts

(From the Essay on William Congreve in *Lives of the Northern Worthies*) *(1833)*

It is held by some, whose sentence is not lightly to be set aside, that were it not for the support and sus-

tenance of the state (which is and must be represented by the government for the time being), were it not for endowments, salaries, honours, privileges, determined by positive laws, and involved in the very constitution of property, all studies would cease, but those which are subservient to the needs and appetites of the body or gratify the whim, humour, passion or fashion of the moment; all poetry become a dead letter, philosophy a forgotten dream, religion a ghost untimely severed from the body, 'And unawares Morality expire.' In short, that men would love esteem or venerate nothing beyond that which they had in common with beasts, if there were not an imputed dignity, an artificial system, to uphold the Man in Man.

This is a fearful denunciation, a woful prospect—but how far is it borne out by facts? That mankind in general are too apt to forget the interests of the soul, is a sad and awful truth, but it is a tendency which no worldly power, no worldly wealth, no human bounty can counteract. It is as impossible to bribe, as to persecute men into caring for their souls. It can never be any man's worldly interest to be unworldly. But, it may be answered, if endowments and establishments cannot avert the decay of piety, they may oppose the advances of ignorance. They may make knowledge honourable, and secure leisure for study. They may, which is more than all, disengage a portion of the public heart from the passions and pursuits of the day, and procure respect for accomplishments and acquisitions whose value is to the mind. They may induce some, who would else be content to stop at the needful, to aim at the perfect. And in this there is certainly some truth. It is a work of a long time, to interest the multitude, the *great vulgar or the small*, in anything that is not of the earth, earthy; and yet how few would undergo the toil of intellectual exertion, of deep research, of patient investigation, of painful thought, if they knew not of any to appreciate their labours, to sympathize with

their perplexities of doubt, their joys of discovery? Or suppose that a few have studied solely for their own delight, without a wish to communicate, the world has been none the better for their lucubrations. In those rude and stormy periods, when war is the only occupation, and the chace or the banquet the only relaxations of the noble and the free,—while the laborious classes, brutalised by oppression, are too ignorant to desire knowledge, and the whole atmosphere of society too inclement for peaceful contemplation or tender fancy,—whatever of learning or of art may subsist, would infallibly perish, if left to make its own way in the world. To ensure mutual aid, protection, and sympathy, the learned must separate themselves from the many, and be united under common regulations; they must form for themselves a corporate constitution, an *imperium in imperio*; they will need a strong arm to preserve their 'pensive citadels' from violence; and, as their labours have acquired no saleable value, they must be dependent either upon alms, too often obtained by imposing on credulity, or on bequests and donations from the rich and great.

Here we may behold the origin and necessity of colleges, academies, and the like foundations, by means of which a learned class arose in the very heart of mediæval darkness,—instructors and counsellors were raised up, by whom a taste for knowledge was communicated to the higher gentry, the value of learning was impressed upon the minds of the charitable, who were thus incited to provide the means of gratuitous instruction for the poor. The more information was diffused, the higher and purer was the respect paid it. The scholar and the philosopher obtained reverence as such from high and low, and were no longer obliged to be priests, conjurors or astrologers.

We admit, therefore, that up to a certain point, an established order of learned men is absolutely necessary for the conservation of literature and the prevention

of barbarism ; and that this order can only be preserved by the power of the state, or by the superstitious reverence of the people,—that is while the people remain so ignorant as to be incapable of conceiving the true value of knowledge, or till knowledge is so far perfected as to demonstrate its own value by its practical results.

But, after a certain point, there needs no adventitious advantages to conciliate regard to the perfections and achievements of intellect. The danger is, that they will be too much prized, too much desired, too much sought for. Already there are many who expect from human knowledge the work of Divine Grace. Science has made man master of matter ; it has enabled him to calculate the revolutions of nature, to multiply his own powers beyond all that was dreamed of spell or talisman ; and now it is confidently prophesied that another science is to remove all the moral and political evils of the planet ; that by analysing the passions, we shall learn to govern them ; and that, when the science of education is grown of age, virtue will be taught as easily as arithmetic, and comprehended as readily as geometry—with the aid of wooden diagrams. Let us not be deceived. 'Leviathan is not so tamed.' The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.

These Utopian theories are of little consequence, any further than as they divert the mind from the true way of moral happiness. The almost universal desire for intellectual distinction is a fever that rather needs sedatives than stimulants ; but it is an evil which, if left to itself, will remedy itself ; when ordinary acquirements cease to be a distinction in any class, not more will attain to that eminence which may entitle them to look above their inherited station, than the demands of society will provide for. The rest will continue to study at leisure hours for their own improvement and delight, but without the ambitious yearnings which make homely duties irksome, the lazy conceit which calls honest industry vile drudgery, the

inordinate hopes which, whether starved or surfeited, perish miserably, and leave behind them vanity, and vexation of spirit. There is no further need, then, for any interference of the state to keep learning in countenance, or to confer respect on genius. There is one way, however, in which the public money may sometimes be wisely expended for the promotion of knowledge or of art. This is, by furnishing employment to scholars and artists in works of public utility. We take the word utility in its widest sense, and hold all truth and all beauty to be useful.

NATURE SKETCHES

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY

His little dialogue, *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing, by an Angler*, is in form, in simplicity, and in its mixture of free leisured talk and expert knowledge an avowed following of Izaak Walton.—(*Survey*, ii. 397.)

How to Fish in Sunshine

(From *Salmonia*) (*1828*)

Third Day. Scene : Denham.
Morning
Halieus, Poietes, Physicus

Hal. Well, gentlemen, what sport ?

Poiet. The fish all rising everywhere ; but though we have been throwing over them with all our skill for a quarter of an hour, yet not a single one will take, and I am afraid we shall return to breakfast without our prey.

Hal. I will try ; but I shall go to the other side, where I see a very large fish rising. There ! I have him at the very first throw. Land this fish, and put him into the well. Now I have another ; and I have

no doubt I could take half a dozen in this very place, where you have been so long fishing without success.

Phys. You must have a different fly ; or have you some unguent or charm to tempt the fish ?

Hal. No such thing. If any of you will give me your rod and fly, I will answer for it, I shall have the same success. I take your rod Physicus—And lo !— I have a fish !

Phys. What can be the reason of this ? It is perfectly inexplicable to me. Yet Poietes seems to throw as light as you do, and as well as he did yesterday.

Hal. I am surprised, that you, who are a philosopher, cannot discover the reason of this. Think a little.

All. We cannot.

Hal. As you are my scholars, I believe I must teach you. The sun is bright, and you have been, naturally enough, fishing with your backs to the sun, which, not being very high, has thrown the shadows of your rods and yourselves upon the water ; and you have alarmed the fish whenever you have thrown a fly. You see, I have fished with my face towards the sun ; and though inconvenienced by the light, have given no alarm. Follow my example and you will soon have sport, as there is a breeze playing on the water.

Phys. Your sagacity puts me in mind of an anecdote which I remember to have heard respecting the late eloquent statesman, Charles James Fox, who, walking up Bond Street from one of the clubhouses with an illustrious personage, laid him a wager that he would see more cats than the Prince in his walk, and that he might take which side of the street he liked. When they got to the top, it was found that Mr. Fox had seen thirteen cats, and the Prince not one. The royal personage asked for an explanation of this apparent miracle, and Mr. Fox said, 'Your Royal Highness took, of course, the shady side of the way, as most agreeable ; I knew that the sunny side would be left to me, and cats always prefer the sunshine.'

CHARLES WATERTON[1]

The Sloth

(From *Wanderings in South America,* 1812–1824)
(*1825*)

Let us now turn our attention to the Sloth, whose native haunts have hitherto been so little known, and probably little looked into. Those who have written on this singular animal, have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain, that he is proverbially slow in his movements, that he is a prisoner in space, and that as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he had mounted, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, and then falls to the ground. This is not the case.

If the naturalists who have written the history of the sloth had gone into the wilds, in order to examine his haunts and economy, they would not have drawn the foregoing conclusions; they would have learned, that though all other quadrupeds may be described while resting upon the ground, the sloth is an exception to this rule, and that his history must be written while he is in the tree.

This singular animal is destined by nature to be produced, to live and to die in the trees; and to do justice to him, naturalists must examine him in this his upper element. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and being good food, is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilized man. Were you to draw your own conclusions from the descriptions which have been given of the sloth, you would probably suspect that no naturalist has actually gone into the wilds with the fixed determination to find out and examine his haunts, and see whether nature has

[1] See *Survey,* ii. 396.

committed any blunder in the formation of this extraordinary creature, which appears to us so forlorn and miserable, so ill put together, and so totally unfit to enjoy the blessings which have been so bountifully given to the rest of animated nature; for, as it has formerly been remarked, he has no soles to his feet, and he is evidently ill at ease when he tries to move on the ground, and it is then that he looks up in your face with a countenance that says, 'Have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow.'

It mostly happens that Indians and Negroes are the people who catch the sloth, and bring it to the white man; hence it may be conjectured that the erroneous accounts we have hitherto had of the sloth, have not been penned down with the slightest intention to mislead the reader, or give him an exaggerated history, but that these errors have naturally arisen by examining the sloth in those places where nature never intended that he should be exhibited.

ALEXANDER WILSON

Wilson is happy when he can break into rhyme, his own, or other men's; but the poetic eye and ear serve him best in his prose, when he has to tell of the song of the wood-thrush, or of the flight of starlings, or of the eagle feeding. These wandering naturalists . . . partake, more or less unawares, in the artistic movement of the time; and herein also they are true successors of the peaceful Gilbert White, taking notes in his English village.—(*Survey*, ii. 397.)

The Song of the Wood Thrush

(From *American Ornithology*) (*1808–1814*)

At whatever time the wood thrush may arrive, he soon announces his presence in the woods. With the dawn of the succeeding morning, mounting to the top of some tall tree that rises from a low, thick-shaded part of the woods, he pipes his few but clear and musical notes, in a kind of ecstasy; the prelude or symphony to which, strongly resembles the double-tonguing of a

German flute, and sometimes the tinkling of a small bell; the whole song consists of five or six parts, the last note of each of which is in such a tone as to leave the conclusion evidently suspended; the finale is finely arranged, and with such charming effect as to soothe and tranquillize the mind, and to seem sweeter and mellower at each successive repetition. Rival songsters of the same species challenge each other from different parts of the same wood, seeming to vie for softer tones and more exquisite responses. During the burning heat of the day, they are comparatively mute; but in the evening the same melody is renewed, and continued long after sunset. Those who visit our woods, or ride out into the country at these hours, during the months of May and June, will be at no loss to recognize from the above description, this pleasing musician. Even in dark, wet, and gloomy weather, when scarce a single chirp is heard from any other bird, the clear notes of the Wood Thrush thrill through the dripping woods, from morning to night; and it may truly be said that the sadder the day the sweeter is his song.

[The reader should compare this passage with Richard Jefferies and Mrs. Meynell's '*Thrush before Dawn.*'—*Editors.*]

TRAVELS

During the half-century that is here reviewed, there is an immense increase of touring and exploration by sea and land. The result is a large library, but it is a library without a Hakluyt.—(*Survey*, ii. 394.)

SIR JOHN BARROW

The Emperor's Birthday

(From *Travels in China*) (*1804*)

On the 17th, being the Emperor's birthday, all the princes and officers about the palace assembled in their

robes of ceremony to make their obeisance to the throne in the great hall of audience. On this occasion were placed on the floor before the throne, on three small tripods, a cup of tea, of oil, and of rice, perhaps as an acknowledgement of the Emperor being the proprietary of the soil, of which these are three material products. The old eunuch told me that I might remain in the hall during the ceremony, if I would consent to perform it with them, and offered to instruct me in it. He said that all the officers of government, in every part of the empire, made their prostrations to the name of the Emperor inscribed on yellow silk on that day.

* * *

Notice was also given that, on the 30th, the Emperor would inspect the presents. This was the day fixed for his return, and it was notified to the Embassador that it was an usual compliment for all public officers to meet him on the road, at the distance of ten or twelve miles from the capital. Accordingly, about four o'clock in the morning of the 30th, we were all mounted and arrived at our ground about six. The whole road had been newly made, rolled as level as a bowling green, watered to keep down the dust and, on each side, at the distance of about fifty yards from each other, were small triangular poles erected, from which were suspended painted lanterns.

They brought us into a kind of guard-house, where tea and other refreshments were prepared, after which we took our station on a high bank on the left of the road. On each side, as far as the eye could reach, were several thousands of the great officers of state in their habits of ceremony; Tartar troops in their holiday dresses, standard-bearers without number, military music, and officers of the household, lining the two sides of the road. The approach of the Emperor was announced by a blast of the trumpet, followed by softer music, 'and at that time when all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flutes, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and

all kinds of music, then the princes, the governors, and captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, that were gathered together, fell down and worshipped,' except certain strangers, who, being obstinately resolved to do no greater homage to any sovereign than what is required by their own sovereign, bent one knee only to the ground.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL

The Capital of Johanna

(From *Voyages of Captain Basil Hall*) (*1831–1833*)

I cannot describe the capital of Johanna with any hope of conveying a just notion of its burlesque fortifications, which a jolly-boat's crew would readily escalade and take possession of, with no better arms than their stretchers. The houses are built of rude lumps of lava ; and the streets run so narrow, that three persons find it rather inconvenient to walk side by side. The dwellings, as we could easily discover by standing on tip-toe, are all flat-topped, and not a single one did we see with a window in it. The entrance is by a small door leading from the street to a square court, on one side of which is a broad rude portico conducting to the lower rooms, which are as dark and gloomy as need be. The floors are of mud, with appropriate walls of naked masonry, and here and there a bamboo sofa. Over some of these huts are rugged, light, open balconies, or galleries, which must be agreeable enough in the cooler periods of the day. These are the mansions of the upper classes, the titled aristocracy of Johanna. The democracy, that is, the slaves, arrange matters with more convenience, taste, and comfort than their masters although their huts or hovels are much smaller. These unpretending abodes are disposed in neat little squares round the stone buildings, and made chiefly of

branches of the cocoanut tree, after the following fashion. Several stakes are first driven into the ground, at the distance of five or six feet from one another, and of the height to which it is intended to carry the walls, say six or eight feet. Between each pair of these posts there are then placed two or three of the long feather-like branches of the cocoanut with their centre parts, or that from which the leaves spring, upright. These leaves, which grow at right angles from the centre of the branch to the length of four or five feet, are then wattled, or more properly speaking, plaited together into a kind of mat. As this is done with considerable care, the appearance of these walls is remarkably striking, perhaps from being so perfectly symmetrical, a circumstance almost invariably productive of a pleasing effect in architecture, whatever be the materials out of which the combination is formed. The texture of these verdant walls, of course, is not quite close, openings being purposely left sufficiently wide to admit both light and air, although, it is said, the natives can weave their materials so closely as even to exclude wet. The roofs of these simple dwelling-places are thatched with plantain-leaves intermixed with reeds, and fastened down by a very long kind of grass, growing everywhere on the island in great luxuriance. The entrance is by a space left blank in the work, generally about three feet high by two wide; and in lieu of a door, a prickly pear-bush answers the purpose not amiss. Two or three of the principal inhabitants, however, did sport a door of basket-work; but this was evidently a luxury beyond the taste or the means of the society at large. The interior of these huts is divided into two compartments: the inner one, being the chief room, contains a sofa made of bamboo, with cocoanut leaves laced tightly across it. In the outer chamber the natives cook their calavances and wild-peas.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM

A Visit to the Persian Court

(From *Sketches of Persia*) (*1827*)

Every thing being arranged, we proceeded towards the 'Threshold of the World's Glory,' on the morning of the sixteenth of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred! We were all dressed in our best attire. A crowd had assembled near the house of Hajee Ibrahim, and the streets were filled with gazers at the strangers.

The infantry part of the escort, with their drums and fifes, and all the Hindustance public servants in scarlet and gold, preceded the Elchee (governor), who rode a beautiful Arabian horse richly caparisoned, but entirely in the English style; he was followed by the gentlemen of his suite, and his escort of cavalry.

When we came within half a mile of the palace all was silence and order; it was the state of Asia with the discipline of Europe. We passed through rows of men and horses; and even the latter appeared as if afraid to shake their heads. Many persons whom we saw in the first square of the citadel, before we entered the palace, were richly dressed, and some of the horses were decked out with bridles, saddles and trappings of great value; but it was not until we passed the last gate of the palace, and came into the garden in front of the King's hall of audience, a highly ornamented and spacious building, that we could form any idea of the splendour of the Persian Court.

A canal flowed in the centre of a garden, which supplied a number of fountains; to the right and left of which were broad paved walks, and beyond these were rows of trees. Between the trees and the high wall encircling the palace files of matchlock men were drawn up; and within the avenues, from the gate to the hall of audience, all the princes, nobles, courtiers and officers

of state, were marshalled in separate lines, according to their rank, from the lowest officer of the King's guard, who occupied the place nearest the entrance, to the heir apparent, Abbas Meerzâ, who stood on the right of his brothers, and within a few paces of the throne.

There was not one person in all this array who had not a gold-hilted sword, a Cashmire shawl round his cap, and another round his waist. Many of the princes and nobles were magnificently dressed, but all was forgotten as soon as the eye rested upon the King.

He appeared to be above the middle size, his age little more than thirty, his complexion rather fair; his features were regular and fine, with an expression denoting quickness and intelligence. His beard attracted much of our attention; it was full, black and glossy, and flowed to his middle. His dress baffled all description. The ground of his robes was white; but he was so covered with jewels of an extraordinary size, and their splendour, from his being seated where the rays of the sun played upon them, was so dazzling, that it was impossible to distinguish the minute parts which combined to give such amazing brilliancy to his whole figure.

The two chief officers of ceremonies, who carried golden sticks, stopped twice, as they advanced towards the throne, to make a low obeisance, and the Elchee at the same time took off his hat. When near the entrance of the hall the procession stopped, and the lords of requests said, 'Captain John Malcolm is come, as envoy from the governor-general of India to your Majesty.' The King, looking to the Elchee, said in a pleasing and manly voice, 'Khoosh Amedee,'—(You are welcome!)

JAMES BRUCE

Discovery of the Source of the Nile

(From *Travels in Abyssinia and Nubia to Discover the Source of the Nile*) (*1790*)

I reached the source of the Nile on the 4th of November 1770.

* * *

I made no fewer than thirty-five observations, with a view to determining with the utmost precision the latitude of the fountains of the Nile, and found the mean result to be 10° 59′ 25″ north latitude. Equally careful observations proved them to be in 36° 55′ 30″ east longitude. The mercury in the barometer indicated a height above the sea of more than two miles. On the 6th of November, at a quarter-past five in the morning, Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 44° ; at noon it was 96° ; and at sunset 46°.

That night of my arrival, melancholy reflections upon my present state, the doubtfulness of my return in safety ; the consciousness of the pain that I was then occasioning to my friends, who were daily expecting information regarding my situation, which it was not in my power to give them ; and some other thoughts, perhaps, still nearer the heart, crowded upon my mind, and forbade all approach of sleep. I was at that very moment in possession of what had, for many years, been the principal object of my ambition and wishes ; indifference, which from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken the place of gratification. The marsh and the fountains, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan rise in one hill ; three rivers, as I now thought, not inferior to the Nile in beauty, preferable to it in the cultivation

of those countries through which they flow; vastly superior to it in the virtues and qualities of the inhabitants, and in the beauty of its flocks, crowding its pastures in peace, without fear of violence from man or beast. I had seen the rise of the Rhine and Rhone, and the more magnificent sources of the Saone. I began in my sorrow to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as the violent effort of a distempered fancy:

> What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
> That he should weep for her.

Relaxed, not refreshed, by unquiet and imperfect sleep, I started from my bed in the utmost agony. I went to the door of my tent; everything was still: the Nile, at whose head I stood, was not capable either to promote or to interrupt my slumbers, but the coolness and serenity for that night braced my nerves, and chased away those phantoms that, while in bed, had oppressed and tormented me.

MUNGO PARK

He is Robbed by Brigands

(From *Travels in the Interior of Africa*) (*1799*)

Aug. 25*th* 1796, I departed from Kooma, accompanied by two shepherds who were going towards Sibidooloo. The road was very steep and rocky, and as my horse had hurt his feet much in coming from Bammakoo, he travelled slowly and with great difficulty; for in many places the ascent was so sharp, and the declivities so great, that if he had made one false step, he must inevitably have been dashed to pieces. The shepherds, being anxious to proceed, gave themselves little trouble about me or my horse, and kept walking on at a considerable distance. It was about eleven o'clock, as I stopped to drink a little water at a rivulet (my companions being near a quarter of a mile before

me), that I heard some people calling to each other, and presently a loud screaming, as from a person in great distress. I immediately conjectured that a lion had taken one of the shepherds, and mounted my horse to have a better view of what had happened. The noise, however, ceased, and I rode slowly towards the place from whence I thought it had proceeded, calling out, but without receiving an answer. In a little time, however, I perceived one of the shepherds lying among the long grass near the road, and though I could see no blood upon him, I concluded he was dead. But when I came close to him, he whispered to me to stop, telling me that a party of armed men had seized upon his companion, and shot two arrows at himself as he was making his escape. I stopped to consider what course to take, and looking round, saw at a little distance a man sitting upon the stump of a tree; I distinguished also the heads of six or seven more, sitting among the grass, with muskets in their hands. I had now no hopes of escaping, and therefore determined to ride forward towards them. As I approached them, I was in hopes they were elephant-hunters, and by way of opening the conversation, inquired if they had shot anything, but, without returning an answer, one of them ordered me to dismount, and then, as if recollecting himself, waved with his hand for me to proceed. I accordingly rode past, and had with some difficulty crossed a deep runlet, when I heard somebody holloa, and looking behind, saw those I had taken for elephant-hunters running after me, and calling out to me to turn back. I stopped until they were all come up, when they informed me that the King of the Foulahs had sent them on purpose to bring me, my horse, and everything that belonged to me, to Fooladoo; and that therefore I must turn back and go along with them. Without hesitating a moment, I turned round and followed them, and we travelled together nearly a quarter of a mile without exchanging a word, when coming to a dark

place in the wood, one of them said, in the Mandingo language, 'This place will do,' and immediately snatched my hat from my head. Though I was by no means free of apprehension, yet I resolved to show as few signs of fear as possible, and therefore told them that unless my hat was returned to me I should proceed no farther. But before I had time to receive an answer, another drew his knife, and seizing upon a metal button which remained upon my waistcoat, cut it off and put it into his pocket. Their intentions were now obvious, and I thought that the easier they were permitted to rob me of everything, the less I had to fear. I therefore allowed them to search my pockets without resistance, and examine every part of my apparel, which they did with the most scrupulous exactness. But observing that I had one waistcoat under another, they insisted that I should cast them both off; and at last, to make sure work, they stripped me quite naked. Even my half-boots (though the sole of one of them was tied on to my foot with a broken bridle-rein) were minutely inspected. Whilst they were examining the plunder, I begged them, with great earnestness, to return my pocket compass; but when I pointed it out to them, as it was lying on the ground, one of the banditti, thinking I was about to take it up, cocked his musket, and swore that he would lay me dead upon the spot if I presumed to put my hand upon it. After this, some of them went away with my horse, and the remainder stood considering whether they should leave me quite naked, or allow me something to shelter me from the sun. Humanity at last prevailed; they returned me the worst of the two shirts, and a pair of trousers; and, as they went away; one of them threw back my hat, in the crown of which I kept my memorandums, and this was probably the reason they did not wish to keep it. After they were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw

myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season—naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call Himself the stranger's Friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image? Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Kooma. They were much surprised to see me; for they said they had never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Sibidooloo, the frontier town of the Kingdom of Manding.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

The *Life of Scott* owes much of its power to the harmony of opposites between the subject and the biographer. Scott was expansive, like a broad flood sparkling in the sunlight; his instinct was for utterance. . . . With Lockhart utterance is also necessary, but it is a pain, and he has left no diary. . . . Scott's freedom of self-expression may well have been a wonder to Lockhart, and he makes full use of it in his *Life*, sure that he is never betraying his master, one of the fathers of his soul, in doing so. He also had that scholarly accuracy in particulars which was hardly the strength of Scott, a careful judgment in using what he had not known at first-hand, and a sure, minute, and unwarped skill in giving his personal memories. . . .

Boswell's book is nearer to the eternal vulgar truth of things, and Scott said fewer of the words that bite deep, or carry far, than Johnson; and Boswell had less scruple in recording and prying, while Lockhart wrote under the laws that rule gentlemen, losing thereby, doubtless, many a point. . . . Boswell's tone is that of one of a lower caste; Lockhart's modesty is unvarying, but he is speaking of a great man of his own caste.—(*Survey*, i. 414–415.)

The Devotion of Scott's Household

(From *The Life of Sir Walter Scott*) (*1837–8*)

On the 8th October, Sir Walter reached Abbotsford, and forthwith resumed his 'Grandfather's Tales' which he composed throughout with the ease and heartiness reflected in this entry: 'This morning was damp, dripping and unpleasant; so I even made a work of necessity and set to the Tales like a dragon. I murdered Maclellan of Bomby at the Thrieve Castle; stabbed the Black Douglas in the town of Stirling; astonished King James before Roxburgh; and stifled the Earl of Mar in his bath in the Canongate. A wild world, my masters, this Scotland of ours must have been. No fear of want of interest; no lassitude in those days for want of work—

For treason, d'ye see,
Was to them a dish of tea,
And murder bread and butter.'

Such was his life in Autumn 1827. Before I leave the period, I must note how greatly I admired the manner in which all his dependents appeared to have met the reverse of his fortunes—a reverse which inferred very considerable alteration in the circumstances of every one of them. The butler, Dalgleish, had been told when the distress came, that a servant of his class would no longer be required—but the man burst into tears, and said, rather than go he would stay without any wages; so he remained—and instead of being the easy chief of a large establishment, was now doing half the work of the house, at probably half his former salary. Old Peter, who had been for five-and-twenty years a dignified coachman, was now ploughman in ordinary, only putting his horses to the carriage upon high and rare occasions, and so on with all the rest that remained of the ancient train. And all, to my view, seemed happier than they had ever done before. Their good conduct had given every one of them a new elevation in his own mind—and yet their demeanour had gained, in place of losing, in simple humility of observance. The great loss was that of William Laidlaw, for whom (the estate being all but a fragment in the hands of the trustees and their agent) there was now no occupation here. The cottage, which his taste had converted into a loveable retreat, had found a rent-paying tenant; and he was living a dozen miles off on the farm of a relation in the Vale of Yarrow. Every week, however, he came down to have a ramble with Sir Walter over their old haunts—to hear how the pecuniary atmosphere was darkening or brightening; and to read in every face at Abbotsford, that it could never be itself again until circumstances should permit his re-establishment at Kaeside.

All this warm and respectful solicitude must have had a salutary influence on the mind of Scott, who may be said to have lived upon love. No man cared less about popular admiration and applause; but for the least

chill on the affection of any near and dear to him he had the sensitiveness of a maiden. I cannot forget, in particular, how his eyes sparkled, when he first pointed out to me Peter Mathieson guiding the plough on the haugh: 'Egad,' said he, ''Auld Pepe' (this was the children's name for their good friend)—'Auld Pepe's whistling at his darg. The honest fellow said, a yoking in a deep field would do baith him and the blackies good. If things get round with me, easy shall be Pepe's cushion.'

In general, during that autumn, I thought Sir Walter enjoyed much his usual spirits; and often, no doubt, he did so. His Diary, however, shows (what perhaps many of his intimates doubted during his lifetime) that, in spite of the dignified equanimity which characterized all his conversation with mankind, he had his full share of the delicate sensibilities, the mysterious ups and downs, the wayward melancholy, and fantastic sunbeams of the poetical temperament. It is only with imaginative minds, in truth, that sorrows of the spirit are enduring. Those he had encountered were veiled from the eye of the world, but they lasted with his life.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Southey's prose is much more voluminous, and much better, than his verse; yet little of it has lived. It is better, because the negative excellences of his verse—such as the level, workmanlike diction, so lacking in salience—become positive virtues in his prose. Here his subject is given to him; he seldom has to create one. And where there is greatness in the subject, as in the *Life of Wesley* or the *Life of Nelson* there is, then the style is a perfect medium. We look through it as through pure, gently-flowing water, it does not distract our attention from the subject, and this is Southey's merit. It is pure eighteenth-century English, ranking high in its own order.—(*Survey*, ii. 8.)

The Battle of Copenhagen

(From *The Life of Nelson*) (*1813*)

At five minutes after ten the action began. The first half of our fleet was engaged in about half an hour;

and, by half-past eleven, the battle became general. The plan of the attack had been complete: but seldom has any plan been more disconcerted by untoward accidents. Of twelve ships of the line, one was entirely useless, and two others in a situation where they could not render half the service which was required of them. Of the squadron of gun-brigs only one could get into action; the rest were prevented, by baffling currents, from weathering the eastern end of the shoal; and only two of the bomb-vessels could reach their station on the Middle Ground, and open their mortars on the arsenal, firing over both fleets. Rion took the vacant station over against the Crown Battery, with his frigates, attempting, with that unequal force, a service in which three sail of the line had been directed to assist.

Nelson's agitation had been extreme when he saw himself, before the action begun, deprived of a fourth part of his ships of the line; but no sooner was he in battle, where his squadron was received with the fire of more than a thousand guns, than, as if that artillery, like music, had driven away all care and painful thoughts, his countenance brightened; and, as a bystander describes him, his conversation became joyous, animated, elevated, and delightful. The Commander-in-Chief meantime, near enough to the scene of action to know the unfortunate accidents which had so materially weakened Nelson, and yet too distant to know the real state of the contending parties, suffered the most dreadful anxiety. To get to his assistance was impossible; both wind and current were against him. Fear for the event, in such circumstances, would naturally preponderate in the bravest mind; and, at one o'clock perceiving that, after three hours' endurance, the enemy's fire was unslackened, he began to despair of success. 'I will make the signal of recall,' said he to his captain, 'for Nelson's sake. If he is in a condition to continue the action successfully, he will disregard it; if he is not, it will be an excuse for his retreat and no

blame can be imputed to him.' Captain Domett urged him at least to delay the signal, till he could communicate with Nelson; but, in Sir Hyde's opinion, the danger was too pressing for delay: 'The fire,' he said, 'was too hot for Nelson to oppose; a retreat he thought must be made—he was aware of the consequences to his own personal reputation, but it would be cowardly in him to leave Nelson to bear the whole shame of the failure, if shame it should be deemed.' Under a mistaken judgment therefore, but with this disinterested and generous feeling, he made the signal for retreat.

Nelson was at this time, in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter-deck. A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about, and he observed to one of his officers with a smile, 'It is warm work; and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment,'—and then stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion—'But, mark you! I would not be elsewhere for thousands.' About this time the signal lieutenant called out, that number thirty-nine (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the Commander-in-Chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. 'No,' he replied; 'acknowledge it.' Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, 'Mind you keep it so.' He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know,' said he to Mr. Ferguson, 'what is shown on board the Commander-in-Chief? Number thirty-nine!' Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant—'Why, to leave off action!' Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words—'Leave off action? Now, damn me if I do! You know, Foley,' turning to the captain, 'I have only one eye,—I have a right to be blind sometimes!'—and then, putting the glass to his blind eye,

in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, 'I really do not see the signal!' Presently he exclaimed, 'Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!'* Admiral Graves, who was so situated that he could not discern what was done on board the *Elephant*, disobeyed Sir Hyde's signal in like manner; whether by fortunate mistake, or by a like brave intention, has not been made known. The other ships of the line, looking only to Nelson, continued the action.

* * *

By half-past two the action had ceased along that part of the line which was astern of the *Elephant*, but not with the ships ahead, and the Crown Batteries. Nelson, seeing the manner in which his boats were fired upon, when they went to take possession of the prizes, became angry, and said, he must either send on shore to have this irregular proceeding stopt, or send a fire-ship and burn them. Half the shot from the *Trekroner*, and from the batteries of Amak at this time, struck the sundered ships, four of which had got close together; and the fire of the English, in return, was equally or even more destructive to these poor devoted Danes. Nelson, who was as humane as he was brave, was shocked at this massacre,—for such he called it; and, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, and never more signally displayed than now, he retired into the stern gallery, and wrote thus to the Crown Prince: 'Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark, when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English.' A wafer was given him; but he ordered a

candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. 'This,' said he, 'is no time to appear hurried and informal.'

SHARON TURNER

The long and honourable labours of Sharon Turner gave an epoch-marking impulse to the study of Old English and Old Germanic letters.—(*Survey*, ii. 383.)

Character of Alfred

(From *History of the Anglo-Saxons*) (*1799–1805*)

Alfred was an exact economist of his time, without which indeed nothing great can be achieved. He had not those heralds of the lapse of time which we can make so minute and exact; but he was sensible, that to do all he projected, he must divide his day, and appropriate every part.

The darkness of the night afforded him no natural means of measuring the progress of the revolving globe; and as clouds and rain often concealed the sun, which is the only chronometer of uncultivated man, he was compelled to frame some method of marking his day into regular intervals. Mechanics were then so little known, either in theory or practice, that Alfred had not the aid of this science, from which most of our comforts, both domestic and political, have arisen. He used a simple expedient! his chaplains, by his orders, procured wax, and he ordered seventy-two denarii of it to be made, into six equal candles, each candle to be twelve inches long, which were separately marked. These candles, successively used, lasted through the whole twenty-four hours, and of course, every inch marked the lapse of twenty minutes; but sometimes the wind rushing in through the windows and doors, the numerous chinks of the walls, or the slender covering of the tents, consumed the candles with undue celerity.

To cure this evil, which confused his calculation, he thought skilfully and wisely, says Asser; and the result of this skill and wisdom was the invention of lanthorns. He found that the white horn became pellucid like glass, and with this and wood, a case for his candle was (*mirabiliter*) admirably made. By these schemes, which our clocks and watches make us deride, he obtained what he wanted, an exact measurement of the lapse of time.

HENRY HALLAM

Hallam is a writer of mark; his style wears well, and its placidity and coldness have been exaggerated. It is a good eighteenth-century style of the massive order, neither insidiously simple like Hume's, nor yet unduly Latinized and periodic, nor over-influenced by Gibbon. Its dignity is natural; its conscious aims are plainness and succinctness; and there is also a liking, after the facts have been solidly marshalled and the story told, for a restrained peroration, often in the form of a luminous retrospect.—(*Survey*, ii. 389.)

Diversions of the Middle Ages

(From *A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*) (*1818*)

The favourite diversions of the Middle Ages, in the intervals of war, were those of hunting and hawking. The former must in all countries be a source of pleasure; but it seems to have been enjoyed in moderation by the Greeks and the Romans. With the northern invaders, however, it was rather a predominant appetite than an amusement; it was their pride and their ornament, the theme of their songs, the object of their laws, and the business of their lives. Falconry, unknown as a diversion to the ancients, became from the fourth century an equally delightful occupation. From the Salic and other barbarous codes of the fifth century to the close of the period under our review, every age would furnish

testimony to the ruling passion for these two species of chase, or, as they were sometimes called, the mysteries of woods and rivers. A Knight seldom stirred from his house without a falcon on his wrist or a greyhound that followed him. Thus are Harold and his attendants represented in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. And in the monuments of those who died anywhere but on the field of battle, it is usual to find the greyhound lying at their feet, or the bird upon their wrists. Nor are the tombs of ladies without their falcon; for this diversion, being of less danger and fatigue than the chase, was shared by the delicate sex.

It was impossible to repress the eagerness with which the clergy, especially after the barbarians were tempted by rich bishoprics to take upon them the sacred functions, rushed into these secular amusements. Prohibitions of councils, however frequently repeated, produced little effect. In some instances, a particular monastery obtained a dispensation. Thus that of St. Denis, in 774, represented to Charlemagne that the flesh of hunted animals was salutary for sick monks, and that their skins would serve to bind the books in the library. Reasons equally cogent, we may presume, could not be wanting in every other case. As the bishops and abbots were perfectly feudal lords, and often did not scruple to lead their vassals into the field, it was not to be expected that they should debar themselves of an innocent pastime. It was hardly such, indeed, when practised at the expense of others. Alexander III, by a letter to the clergy of Berkshire, dispenses with their keeping the archdeacon in dogs and hawks during his visitation. This season gave jovial ecclesiastics an opportunity of trying different countries. An archbishop of York, in 1321, seems to have carried a train of two hundred persons, who were maintained at the expense of the abbeys on his road, and to have hunted with a pack of hounds from parish to parish. The third Council of Lateran, in 1180, had

prohibited this amusement on such journeys, and restricted bishops to a train of forty or fifty horses.

Though hunting had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, it was a very convenient resource on which the wholesomeness and comfort, as well as the luxury, of the table depended. Before the natural pastures were improved, and new kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to maintain the summer stock during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose, that when no alternative was offered, but these salted meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish. There was somewhat more excuse, therefore, for the severity with which the lords of forests and manors preserved the beasts of chase, than if they had been considered as merely objects of sport. The laws relating to preservation of game were in every country uncommonly rigorous. They formed in England that odious system of forest laws which distinguished the tyranny of our Norman kings. Capital punishment for killing a stag or wild boar was frequent, and perhaps warranted by law, until the charter of John. The French code was less severe, but even Henry IV enacted the pain of death against the repeated offence of chasing deer in the royal forests. The privilege of hunting was reserved to the nobility till the reign of Louis IX, who extended it in some degree to persons of lower birth.

This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it: a strenuous idleness, which disdained all useful occupations, and an oppressive spirit towards the peasantry. The devastation committed under the pretence of destroying wild animals, which had been already protected in their depredations, is noticed in serious authors, and has also been the topic of popular ballads. What effect this must have had on agriculture, it is easy to conjecture. The levelling of forests, the

draining of morasses, and the extirpation of mischievous animals, which inhabit them, are the first objects of man's labour in reclaiming the earth to his use; and these were forbidden by a landed aristocracy, whose control over the progress of agricultural improvement was unlimited, and who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice.