

**THE BOOK WAS
DRENCHED**

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_170393

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

THE WRITING OF PROSE AND VERSE
IN SCHOOL

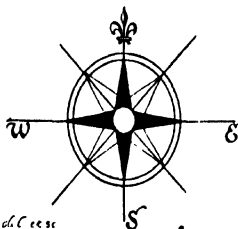


MACMILLAN AND CO, Limited
LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA • MADRAS
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
DALLAS • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO

OCEAN OF LIGHT



Emory Walker del. &c. 1881

THE WRITING OF PROSE AND VERSE IN SCHOOL

BY

C. J. BROWN, M.A.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, MELKOSF

FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, LUCKNOW UNIVERSITY

"I too will something make
And joy in the making"

ROBERT BRIDGES

MACMILLAN AND CO, LIMITED
ST MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1931

COPYRIGHT

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

To a veteran pedagogue it must sometimes seem that the younger generation have formed a strange idea of the rigidity, monotony and dreariness of all teaching before their own time. Mr. Brown, I see, in the Introduction to his very helpful book, explains that it is founded on methods "first" advocated by Mr. Caldwell Cook and Mr. Greening Lamborn. But I still have lively and grateful recollections of composition lessons, not altogether unlike these, given in the early seventies of last century. I was a small fourth-form boy at St. Peter's School, York, and my master, happily still living, was Mr George Yeld, a Newdigate Prizeman and an Alpine climber, afterwards editor of *The Alpine Journal* for many years. I encountered nothing quite so good either before or afterwards in my school days ; and my impression is that there was a good deal of mechanical and uninspired teaching in those days, and that this is not likely to have disappeared even now, simply because genius is rare and inertia and grooviness are apt to beset the ordinary mortal. What is different, I imagine, is just this. As there was no inspection of secondary schools in my

boyhood, and as there were few educational conferences or societies, the very admirable ideas and methods of the best teachers, though they bore fruit in the lives of their pupils, were often scarcely known outside the class-room walls, at least until a schoolmaster had remained long enough in one place to become an institution and an inspiring tradition. Nowadays there is more co-operation in the teaching profession. There is every encouragement, from inspectors and others, for anyone who has made a striking success of a departure from routine traditional methods to put forth his ideas in a book for the benefit of his fellow-teachers. And this is a very real gain.

Mr Brown's plan of basing his composition-teaching upon literary models is in accordance with my own precepts and practice, and I believe in it thoroughly. Its success naturally depends on the skill with which it is applied. He shows admirable resourcefulness in the variety and freshness of the exercises in prose and verse which he suggests. The average schoolmaster, it may be said without offence, has not this resourcefulness. He is apt, as term goes on and his mind loses its freshness, to repeat himself too often. And in this tendency to slip into a groove he is aided and abetted by the natural indolence of his pupils; they are only too ready to acquiesce in a sleepy routine in which all the questions can be anticipated and the mental faculties never receive a disconcerting jolt. Yet there can be no doubt that both teacher and class are much

happier when their minds are kept on the alert all the time. The specimen compositions of his own pupils which Mr. Brown gives us are a proof that he has the secret of imparting to them a living interest in their tasks and a creative joy in composition. His notes and exercises are evidence of the same thing. Especially admirable is the " Note for the Teacher " on p. 101, which should be studied by everyone who proposes to make use of his manual.

J. H. FOWLER.

CLIFTON, BRISTOL, *March*, 1931.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. BRITAIN (Geoffrey of Monmouth, Trans. Dr. Sebastian Evans) - - - - -	1
2. DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE - - -	2
3 THE GAY GOSHAWK (Anonymous) - -	7
4. SNAPSHOTS - - - - - - -	11
I. AN INTERIOR (Thomas Hardy) -	11
II. A VIEW FROM A WINDOW (Henry Kingsley) - - - - -	11
5. A LETTER (Lewis Carroll) - - - -	12
6. A SUMMER'S DAY. MORNING (Charles Cotton)	13
7. THE LAST BATTLE OF KING ARTHUR (Sir Thomas Malory) - - - - -	15
8. CAROL (The Koln Gesangbuch) - - -	21
9. HOW HEReward THE WAKE GOT HIM AN HORSE (Charles Kingsley) - - -	22
10. JULY (John Clare) - - - - -	30
11. THE LABYRINTH SPIDER (J. H. Fabre) -	33
12. CHARACTER SKETCHES - - - - -	36
I. TOM FAGGUS (R. D. Blackmore) -	36
II. MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD (Charles Dickens) - - - - -	37
III. STRIPES THE SKUNK (C. G. D. Roberts) - - - - -	38
IV. THE BITTERN (C. G. D. Roberts) -	38

	PAGE
13. MEG MERRILIES (John Keats) - - -	39
14. A NOW DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY (Leigh Hunt) - - - - -	40
15. QUEEN MAB'S CHARIOT (M. Drayton) -	45
16. EARLY RECOLLECTIONS (William Cobbett) -	46
17. THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING (Joseph Addison) - - - - -	48
18. BOY'S SONG (James Hogg) - - - -	53
19. THE SURRENDER OF VERCINGETORIX (Naomi Mitchison) - - - - -	54
20. WINTER (W. Shakespeare) - - - -	58
21. 'MOLE END' (Kenneth Grahame) - -	59
22. TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY (R. Burns) - -	68
23. THROUGH THE POLAR NIGHT TO CAPE CROZIER (Capt. Scott) - - - - -	69
24. SONG (Alfred Noyes) - - - - -	74
25. THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE (H. W. Longfellow) - - - - -	75
26. THE DESTROYING SPLENDOUR (C. G. D. Roberts) - - - - -	79
27. MY WILL (A. C. Benson) - - - -	85
28. THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN (J. L. Motley) -	87
29. THE CLOUD (P. B. Shelley) - - -	97
NOTES AND EXERCISES - - - -	101
APPENDIX. ADDITIONAL EXERCISES IN VERSE COMPOSITION - - -	131

INTRODUCTION

The method of composition in prose and verse set forth in this book is based on that first advocated by Mr. Greening Lamborn¹ and Mr. Caldwell Cook,² and is the outcome of experiments made during the past six years in the school in which the writer teaches. Accepting their conclusions in general and adopting such valuable features as schoolboy lectures, verse making, acting of ballads, chap books, we have made an attempt to develop a method of teaching which might fit without serious dislocation into the ordinary English course. While our chief concern has been to introduce into the composition lesson that freedom and delight hitherto absent if not rigorously excluded, to change it in fact from a task into an art, we have proceeded in no revolutionary spirit : the formal grammar lesson, for example, still has its appointed time. Working along these lines, adopting from our fore-runners those features which served our purpose, and introducing from time to time such new ones as were proved by experiment to have value, we have gradually built up a method. The fruits of the experience gathered in the course of its development have been embodied in this book.

¹ *The Rudiments of Criticism*, 1921, *Expression*, 1922.

² *The Play Way*, 1917, and the *Perse Play Books*

Of its great educational value the writer has no doubt. The keen interest aroused at its inception has never flagged : indeed proficiency in prose or verse is at the present time held in as high estimation as pre-eminence in games. The desire to be represented in the class chap-book or to appear in print in the School magazine ¹ has no doubt worked towards this end, yet beyond this the pleasure of craftsmanship is manifest even in pupils who have little chance of being so represented. And for the teacher the gain is immeasurable. He has exchanged living matter for dead bones, an exciting hobby for monotonous drudgery. He acquires something of the zest of the plant-hunter who knows not when he may come upon some new treasure : he may find it a wealth of bloom by the path-side or struggling upwards to the light among a patch of rank weeds.

In the course of experiments made in different types of composition two important conclusions were arrived at. The first was that a special stimulus was afforded by subjects of local interest. Here, perhaps, our school was specially favoured, being situated in the Border Country, with its wealth of historic and literary associations and, above all, the home of the ballad. But there can be few districts unconnected with legendary or historic events : even local ballads are not uncommon. These should be made use of in class work in every possible way : they form the natural background of children's work. The second conclusion was that at all stages, except perhaps the most

¹ The best productions of the year in prose and verse are printed annually in the School Magazine, which serves both as a stimulus and a useful record.

elementary, models for composition were necessary. The discovery of such models was by no means easy. They were not readily found in the ordinary class reading books. Many which at first sight appeared suitable had later to be discarded. It became necessary, in fact, to make a collection of such passages ; and the belief that this collection will be serviceable to teachers has led the writer to publish them in his book, together with a number of exercises based upon them.

The present book is intended for classes of children whose average age is 11-12 years. It presupposes at least one year's previous instruction in the elements of composition. The work in that year would consist of such simple exercises as paragraph-making, simple descriptions, simple stories, and reproduction of passages read or told, with some elementary grammar and syntax. It would also be useful for pupils before starting this book to have had some instruction in verse making, and to have read or learned one or two ballads. This, however, is not vital : an hour's lesson on the lines laid down by Mr. Greening Lamborn (*Expression*, chap. iii, p. 57) will probably be sufficient to give the necessary stimulus.¹ Either the ballad measure or octosyllabics may be taken as the pattern, and after a few experiments with single lines, couplets and stanzas, the facility of the better pupils will astonish the teacher who has had no previous experience of such exercises. But familiarity with the matter of the ballads, even if octosyllabics are chosen for the first model,¹ is indispensable ; their simple language, direct-

¹ Cf. the notes under *The Gay Goshawk*, p. 104.

ness of expression, and easy rhythm make an immediate appeal. One of the best has been included here for study, and others may be read to the class. As for the value of verse making as an exercise for children, this is now, one supposes, generally conceded. As an indication of the extent to which its practice has gained ground it may be pointed out that in the Entrance Scholarship Examination to Winchester College an English poem may be offered as an option to Latin verse.

The age 11-12 years is that at which children are probably best able to give expression to the promptings of the imagination. The concrete facts of life have not yet become so obtrusive as to shatter their dreams : at the same time they have by this age acquired a sufficient vocabulary to enable them to clothe their imaginings in adequate language. With a little encouragement their interest is soon roused, and the composition exercise instead of a task becomes an artistic pleasure. There is a feeling after language and a natural desire for a right ordering of words. A mis-spelling is regarded no longer as a mistake but as a flaw.

But the imaginative age is about to give place to the rational ; the child has to take his place in a society ordered by reason. He must be prepared to give facts their full value. The readiest means to this end is to foster the habit of observation. Prose exercises of two kinds, therefore, specially suggest themselves as suitable for children of this age—imaginative and descriptive, and the majority of those in this book belong to one or other of these classes. For some the selected passages are to be used directly

as models ; in others ideas or subjects merely suggested by the child's reading are left to him to work out in his own fashion, as the outcome either of his own observation or power of invention.

Possibly, it may be urged that so much scope given to the imagination must involve a consequent loss in accuracy of expression. This has not at least been the writer's experience. There has rather been a gain in truth and consequently in accuracy when the child is induced to express ' what is in his own rather than what is in his teacher's mind.' The use of exact language, that great consummation towards which the whole art of composition strives, must be insisted upon at every point, and the reason for such insistence given on every occasion. Better still, the child must be taught to give accurate expression to his thoughts instinctively. There can be no better object lesson or model for such a purpose than a passage like Fabre's *Labyrinth Spider*. Indeed, in selecting the model descriptive passages, accuracy of language has been the first criterion.

It may perhaps be well to say a word about a special exercise frequently employed in this book which has the same end in view. This exercise has been called a ' Snapshot.' The word is not elegant, but it is difficult to suggest another which so accurately defines its conditions and purpose. It consists in the description of a scene, real or imaginary, such as might be recorded in a single instant of time on a photographic plate, or, to shift the point of view slightly, the presentation in writing of all the details of a scene that the eye might take in at a single glance. Sounds recorded by the ear at the same moment may

be permitted at option, but successive events are precluded. This has been found to be a most valuable exercise. It forbids discursiveness, imposes selection and makes for unity in composition. Such 'snapshots' will be found plentifully scattered through the pages of most descriptive writers ; two specimens have been included in this book.

The exercises based upon the prose models are, for the most part, stories, character sketches, letters, snapshots and descriptive pieces of various kinds. In compiling these as much variety as possible has been introduced. But the teacher will find it profitable to repeat from time to time some of the simpler forms properly belonging to the previous year's course, particularly paragraph construction. Indeed, the writing of paragraphs is indispensable at all stages of instruction in composition : it is the foundation upon which all sound prose is built.

Among the exercises I have inserted a few examples of the work actually done by pupils of this school, in the hope that they may be of value to teachers. It is my experience that the work of boy-writers sometimes stimulates where the best models from literature awake no response whatsoever.

Here one may perhaps do well to add a note of caution. Although the passages chosen as models in this book, as well as the exercises, have nearly all been tested in practice and have produced good results, it by no means follows that they will do so invariably. The wind of inspiration bloweth where it listeth. There must of necessity be lean periods. In this connection the following procedure may be recommended. Once the forms are clearly understood by

the class, ring the changes on them as frequently as possible. It is also wise when a verse exercise is set to give a prose alternative. At first, and indeed at all times, the teacher must often be content to reap his harvest in sentences or single verses. One comes but rarely among children's work upon 'the one entire and perfect chrysolite.' Above all let it be remembered that the child is incapable of polishing. It is hit or miss with him. But sooner or later, probably from a quarter least expected, will come the reward, as it once came to the present writer when he wearily took up the work of a boy whose spelling was an offence and his English a moral obliquity, and read this opening sentence :

' ' Fairyland lies among flowers and dreams.'

In conclusion I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. H. S. Walker, Headmaster, St. Mary's School, Melrose, the true begetter of the method described in this book, without whose constant help and advice it could not have been written, and whose teaching has inspired the best of the schoolboy poems appearing in these pages.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

CORDIAL acknowledgments are due to the following for permission to use the copyright material included in this volume · The Trustees of the late A. C. Benson and Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd., for "My Will ;" Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd , for " The Surrender of Vercingetorix," from *The Conquered*, by Mrs. Naomi Mitchison ; Mr. Kenneth Grahame and Messrs Methuen & Co., Ltd., for " Mole End," from *The Wind in the Willows* ; the Executors of the late Thomas Hardy, for the extract from *Far from the Madding Crowd* ; Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., for " The Labyrinth Spider," from *The Life of the Spider*, by J. H. Fabre ; Mr. John Murray, for the passage from *Scott's Last Expedition* ; Mr. Alfred Noyes, for " Song," from his *Collected Poems*, published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, Ltd. ; and Mr C. G. D. Roberts, for the extracts from *Some Animal Stories* and *In the Morning of Time*, published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

BRITAIN

Britain, best of islands, lieth in the Western Ocean betwixt Gaul and Ireland, and containeth eight hundred miles in length and two hundred in breadth. Whatsoever is fitting for the use of mortal men the island doth afford in unfailing plenty For she aboundeth in metals of every kind : fields hath she, stretching far and wide, and hillsides meet for tillage of the best, whereon, by reason of the fruitfulness of the soil, the divers crops in their season do yield their harvests. Forests also hath she, filled with every manner of wild deer,¹ in the glades whereof groweth grass that the cattle may find therein meet change of pasture, and flowers of many colours that do proffer their honey unto the bees that flit ever busily about them Meadows hath she, set in pleasant places, green at the foot of misty mountains, wherein be sparkling well-springs clear and bright, flowing forth with a gentle whispering ripple in shining streams that sing lullaby unto them that lie upon their banks. Watered is she moreover, by lakes and rivers wherein is much fish, and, besides the narrow sea of the southern coast whereby men make voyage unto Gaul, by three noble rivers, Thames, to wit, Severn and Humber, the which she stretcheth forth as it were three arms whereby she taketh² in the traffic from overseas, brought hither from

¹ Wild animals.

every land in her fleets. By twice ten cities, moreover, and twice four, was she graced in days of old, whereof some with shattered walls in desolate places be now fallen into decay, whilst some, still whole, do contain churches of the saints with towers builded wondrous fair on high, wherein companies of religious, both men and women, do their service unto God after the traditions of the Christian faith. Lastly, it is inhabited of five peoples, Romans, to wit, Britons, Saxons, Picts and Scots.

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH, *Historia Regum Britanniae*.
Trans Dr. Sebastian Evans.

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

In the pleasant land of Sicily are many fair meadows. Fairest of all are the meadows of Henna. Hither, one day, when the West wind, warm with the breath of Spring, had spangled the young grass with flowers of every hue, came Persephone, dear daughter of Demeter, with her band of maidens. They too felt the gladness of Spring, as they came, baskets in their hands, to gather flowers for the adorning of their long-flowing hair. Hither and thither they ran in wonder and delight; each blossom the eye lighted upon seemed more desirable than the last. Ere long, when every basket was full to overflowing with crocus, hyacinth, anemone, iris and dainty tulip, they lapped their tunics into folds to bear the ever richer and richer plunder. Meanwhile, as her companions thus followed their several devices, Persephone had spied a wondrous bloom, a narcissus with a hundred heads springing from a single stem. Eagerly she sped to

secure so great a prize ; but as she reached forth her hand to gather it, lo ! the grassy meadow yawned and a chariot rose up drawn by four horses, black as night, and halted before her. She stood rooted to the spot in terror, gazing up at the charioteer, whose dark face clouded with melancholy was fixed upon hers. In a moment he had leapt down, seized Persephone by the waist, and leaping swiftly back again placed the frightened girl by his side. Then lightly touching his noble steeds with the whip, he urged them forward, and they, nigh blinded with the unaccustomed glare of noonday, plunged forward into the chasm. But ere the earth closed over their heads a great wail arose from Persephone ; ‘ Oh, my maidens, oh, my dear mother, they are bearing me away.’

The bitter cry went echoing over the pleasant meadows of Henna, and her maidens, some weaving their flowers into garlands, some playing, caught it faintly. The flowers dropped from their hands, their games ceased, and they stood cowering in dismay. Then they timidly approached the spot where their mistress was last seen reaching to pluck the narcissus. They called and called again, but no answer came from Persephone. Next they searched the whole plain and the neighbouring hill-sides, but all in vain ; they found no trace of the vanished girl, whom the swift horses were then bearing away to the realms of Night, weeping bitterly for her mother and her companions, but most for her lost flowers that now lay withering in the meadow. At length when evening was come they returned sadly to carry the evil tidings to the Lady Demeter.

But the bitter cry of Persephone had already reached

the ears of Demeter ; and she sat alone beside her door anxiously awaiting the return of the maidens. Then when she learned that her dear daughter was indeed lost, her sorrow knew no bounds and was terrible to behold. She cast over her shoulders a dark cloak and, bearing a lighted torch in her hand, she set forth to seek her daughter over land and sea. Whomsoever she met she accosted, saying, ' Have ye seen or heard aught of my child Persephone ? ' But none had seen or heard of her.

After ten days and nights of fruitless wandering she came to Hecate and said, ' Sister, knowest thou whither they have taken my daughter ? ' And Hecate answered ' I heard her cry out when she was rapt away, but I saw nothing with my eyes and I know not whither they have taken her.'

So Demeter went still bitterly lamenting to Helios and said to him, ' O Helios, thou seest all that passeth on the face of the earth, as thou sittest in thy bright sun chariot. Have pity upon me and give me tidings of my child.' Then Helios was moved with pity and answered, ' O Demeter, for thy great sorrow I will tell thee the truth. Aidoneus hath carried away thy daughter to be his consort, and to dwell in his shadowy realms beneath the earth.'

Then the great sorrow of Demeter was changed into anger yet more terrible, and especially she was wroth with Zeus, and would abide no longer in his palace, seeing that he had permitted this deed. So she avoided cloudy Olympus, the blessed home of the gods, and after much wandering came at length to holy Eleusis, in the evening, when the broad disk of the sun was yet resting upon the dark blue hills,

paving the wide ways of the town with gold and casting long shadows backward across the plain.

There Demeter sat down beneath a dark olive tree, beside a fountain, where the clear sparkling waters came welling out from the green turf into a marble basin. As she sat bowed with grief the daughters of Keleus, King of Eleusis, drew near with pitchers to draw water from the fountain ; and seeing Demeter, and how the hot tears ran down her cheeks, they spoke kindly to her, enquiring the cause of her sorrow, willing, if they might, to comfort her a little. Then she told them how she had been robbed of her dear daughter and was wandering in search of her. But as she ceased not to weep in the telling, one of the maidens said, ' Lady, return with us to my father's house : there all your wants shall be supplied, and my lady mother shall comfort you.'

So Demeter assented, and returned with them to the king's palace and dwelt there one year. Yet, though the daughters of Keleus entreated her kindly, she ceased not weeping and lamenting for Persephone. And the earth beholding her unhappy lot was moved with compassion ; and every living thing that the earth nourisheth in her bosom mourned for the sorrow that had fallen upon Demeter, so that the trees brought forth no fruit in their season, the corn swelled not in the blade, and every flower that exhalet fragrance for man's delight withered in the bud.

Then Zeus, looking down from his shining throne upon the Thessalian hill, saw how all things upon the earth must perish if the sorrow and anger of Demeter were not assuaged. So he sent Hermes down to the shadowy realms of King Aidoneus, and

bade him send back Persephone to the bright earth to comfort her mother. But Aidoneus was exceeding loath to let her go, and ere she departed, he gave her a pomegranate to eat, whereof if she but tasted one seed she must needs return. Then they brought forth the great chariot with its black horses, who, when they felt upon their necks the touch of Hermes' whip, sped swifter than the wind and paused not till they were come nigh to holy Eleusis. There Persephone alighted, and Hermes turning the chariot drove it back to the dread land of darkness.

The declining sun was casting long shadows across the highway as Persephone drew near to Eleusis ; and as she came up to the fountain she saw one clad in a dark cloak sitting by it ; and she knew that it was her dear mother, who still mourned for her lost child. But Demeter bowed in her sorrow was ware of the rustling of a light robe, and she knew it, and looked up suddenly, and lo ! Persephone stood before her.

Then she arose hurriedly and fell upon her neck and clasped her child to her breast ; and all her mourning was changed into exceeding joy. For a space she held her apart, and looking into her face asked her of all that had befallen her, saying, ' Since thou art indeed returned, dear child, to comfort my affliction, never shalt thou again depart to dwell in the gloomy realms of Aidoneus beneath the earth.' But Persephone answered her, ' Alas, dear mother, this may not be ; for ere I parted from my lord he gave me a pomegranate, and I have eaten of its seeds : and I know that when six months have passed, a longing will come upon me to return to Erebus. Yet I fear neither my lord nor that shadowy land wherein he bears sway, for

he holds me very dear and I am a solace to him. Grieve not, therefore, since for the love he bears me he has granted this boon, that for six months I shall abide with you here beneath the bright heaven, and six months must I pass with him in the dayless land below the earth.'

Thus Demeter was comforted because her daughter was come again; and the earth ceased to mourn for her sorrow. The trees yielded their fruit in their season, the seed ripened in the blade, and in the gardens the flowers exhaled their fragrance. But when six months were accomplished, Hermes appeared with the night-dark horses to bear Persephone away to the realms of Erebus. And as she took loving farewell of her dear mother, she bade her not weep over much, for in six months she should ascend again to the bright earth. So she left her.

Yet when in after time the hour arrived that Persephone must depart, sorrow ever fell upon Demeter, remembering how long ago on that morning of Spring her daughter went dancing forth with her maidens to gather crocuses and hyacinths and dainty tulips in the meadows of Henna.

THE GAY GOSHAWK

' O well is me, my gay goshawk,
That you can speak and flee ;
For you can carry a love-letter
To my true Love from me.' •

— ' O how can I carry a letter to her ?
Or how should I her know ?

I bear a tongue ne'er with her spake,
And eyes that ne'er her saw.'

—' O well shall ye my true Love ken
So soon as ye her see :
For of all the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

' And when she goes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin ;
And sit you there and sing our loves
As she goes out and in.'

Lord William has written a love-letter
Put it under his pinion grey ;
And he's awa' to Southern Land
As fast as wings can gae.

And first he sang a low, low note,
And then he sang a clear ;
And aye the o'erword of the sang
Was ' Your Love can no win here.'

' Feast on, feast on, my maidens all,
The wine flows you amang ;
While I gang to my shot-window
And hear yon bonnie bird's sang.'

O first he sang a merry sang,
And then he sang a grave :
And then he peck'd his feathers grey ;
To her the letter gave.

' Have there a letter from Lord William :
He says, he sent ye three ;

He cannot wait your love longer,
But for your sake he'll die.'

—' I send him the rings from my white fingers
The garlands of my hair ;
I send him the heart that's in my breast ;
What would my love have mair ?
And at Mary's Kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him wait for me there.'

She hied her to her father dear
As fast as go could she :
' An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking grant you me,
That if I die in fair England,
In Scotland bury me.

' At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the bells be rung ;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the mass be sung ;
' And when ye come to St. Mary's kirk,
Ye'll tarry there till night.'
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

The lady's gone to her chamber
As fast as she could fare ;
And she has drunk a sleepy draught
That she has mixed with care.

And pale, pale, grew her rosy cheek,
And pale and cold was she :—
She seemed to be as surely dead
As any corpse could be.

Then spake her cruel stepminnie,
 ' Take ye the burning lead,
 And drop a drop on her bosom,
 To try if she be dead.'

They dropp'd the hot lead on her cheek,¹
 They dropp'd it on her chin,
 They dropp'd it on her bosom white ;
 But she spake none again.

Then up arose her seven brethren,
 And hew'd to her a bier ;
 They hew'd it from the solid oak ;
 Laid it o'er with silver clear.

The first Scots kirk that they came to
 They gart the bells be rung ;
 The next Scots kirk that they came to
 They gart ¹ the mass be sung.

But when they came to St. Mary's kirk,
 There stood spearmen in a row ;
 And up and started Lord William,
 The chieftain among them a'.²

He rent the sheet upon her face
 A little above her chin :
 With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
 She looked and laughed to him.

— ' A morsel of your bread, my lord !
 And one glass of your wine !
 For I have fasted these three long days
 All for your sake and mine ! '

ANONYMOUS (15th Century ?).

Note.—There is a different version of this ballad in *The Oxford Book of Ballads*.

¹ gart = made

² a' = all

SNAPSHOTS

I. AN INTERIOR

The inside of the hut, as it now presented itself, was cosy and alluring, and the scarlet handful of fire in addition to the candle, reflecting its own genial colour upon whatever it could reach, flung associations of enjoyment even over utensils and tools. In the corner stood the sheep-crook, and along a shelf at one side were ranged bottles and canisters of the simple preparations pertaining to sheep surgery and physic; spirits of wine, turpentine, tar, magnesia, ginger, and castor oil being chief. On a triangular shelf across the corner stood bread, bacon, cheese, and a cup for ale or cider which was supplied from a flagon beneath. Beside the provisions lay the flute, whose notes had lately been called forth by the lonely watcher to beguile a tedious hour. The house was ventilated by two round holes like the lights of a cabin, with wood sides.

THOMAS HARDY, *Far From the Madding Crowd*.

II. A VIEW FROM A WINDOW

When the old man was left alone, he rose and looked out of the window. The bucks were feeding together close under the windows; and, farther off, under the shadow of the mighty cedars, the does and fawns were standing and lying about lazily, shaking their broad ears, and stamping their feet. Out from the great rhododendron thickets, right and left of the house, the pheasants were coming to spend the pleasant evening-tide in running to and fro, and scratching at the ant-

hills. The rabbits, too, were showing out among the grass, scuttling about busily. The peacock had lit down from the stable roof, and was elegantly picking his way and dragging his sweeping train among the pheasants and the rabbits; and on the topmost copper-red, cedar boughs, some guinea-fowl were noisily preparing for roost. One hundred yards from the window the park seemed to end, for it dipped suddenly down in a precipitous, almost perpendicular slope of turf, three hundred and fifty feet, towards the river, which you could see winding on for miles through the richly wooded valley; a broad ribbon of silver, far below. Beyond, wooded hills; on the left, endless folds of pearl-coloured downs; to the right, the town, a fantastic grey and red heap of buildings, lying along from the river, which brimmed full up to its wharves and lane ends; and, over it, a lazy cloud of smoke, from which came the gentle booming of golden-toned bells.

HENRY KINGSLEY, *Ravenshoe*.

A LETTER

CHRIST CHURCH,
OXFORD, *October 13, 1875*

MY DEAR GERTRUDE,

I never give birthday *presents*, but you see I *do* sometimes write a birthday *letter*; so, as I've just arrived here, I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday to-morrow. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind—but perhaps you object? You see, if I were to sit by you at breakfast, and to drink your tea,

you wouldn't like that, would you? You would say 'Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I haven't got any left!' So I am very much afraid next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea-wave, and crying 'Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson has drunk my health, and I haven't got any left!' And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! 'My dear Madam, I'm very sorry to say your little girl has got *no health at all!* I never saw such a thing in my life!' 'Oh! I can easily explain it!' your mother will say. 'You see she would go and make friends with a strange gentleman, and yesterday he drank her health!' 'Well, Mrs. Chataway,' he will say, 'the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday, and then for *her* to drink *his* health.'

And then we shall have changed healths. I wonder how you'll like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense! . . .

Your loving friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

S. D. COLLINGWOOD, *Life of Lewis Carroll.*

A SUMMER'S DAY. MORNING

The Cock has crow'd an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego;
Tired Nature is by sleep redress'd,
And Labour's overcome by rest.

The merry Lark now takes her wings,
And long'd for day's loud welcome sings,
Mounting her body out of sight,
As if she meant to meet the light.

Now doors and windows are unbarr'd,
Each-where are cheerful voices heard,
And round about Good-morrows fly,
As if Day taught Humanity.

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing,
And Silvio with his bugle horn
Winds an imprime¹ unto the morn.

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,
The Angler goes unto the stream,
The woodman to the purleus² hies,
And labouring bees to load their thighs.

The Traveller now leaves his inn
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And, early rising, makes good way.

The Fore-horse gingles on the road,
The Waggoner lugs on his load,
The Field with busy people snies,
The City rings with various cries.

The World is now a busy swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm ;
But let's take heed our acts be true,
For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

CHARLES COTTON.

¹ An early salute.

² Borders of the woods.

THE LAST BATTLE OF KING ARTHUR

How by misadventure of an adder the battle began, where Mordred was slain, and Arthur hurt to the death.

Then were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts and every each of them should bring fourteen persons. And they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he, I am glad that this is done. And so he went unto the field. And when Arthur should depart he warned all his host that and they see any sword drawn, Look ye come on fiercely and slay that traitor Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him. In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that And ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely and so slay all that ever before you standeth ; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty ; for I know well my father will be avenged on me. And so they met as their pointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly. And wine was fetched and they drank. Right so came an adder out of a little heath bush and it stung a knight on the foot, and when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew bemes,¹ trumpets and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said, Alas, this unhappy day, and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in like wise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land. For there was but rushing and riding,

¹ Trumpets

foining¹ and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never, and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir,² and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day and never stinted³ till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth, and ever they fought still, till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wode⁴ wroth out of measure when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware of all his host, and of all his good knights were left no more on live but two knights, that one was Sir Lucan the Butler and his brother Sir Bedivere; and they were full sore wounded. Jesu mercy, said the king, where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now, said Arthur, I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief. Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this wo hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy. And if ye pass this unhappy day, ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of His great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore for God's sake, my

¹ Thrusting² On his mettle³ Ceased⁴ Madly.

lord, leave off by this ; for blessed be God, ye have won the field ; for here we be three on live. And if ye leave off now, this wicked day of destiny is past. Tide me death, betide me life, saith the king, now I see him yonder¹ alone, he shall never escape my hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him. God speed you well, said Sir Bedivere. Then the king gat his spear in both his hands and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying Traitor, now is thy death-day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield with a foin of his spear throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death's wound, he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur¹ of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur with his sword holden in both his hands on the side of the head that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oftentimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere oftentimes heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the sea side. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he went, he saw and hearkened by the moon-light how that pillers and robbers were come into the field to pill and rob many a full noble knight of brooches and beads, of many a good ring and of many a rich jewel ; and

¹ Handle

18 THE LAST BATTLE OF KING ARTHUR

who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by my rede,¹ said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king.

How King Arthur commanded to cast his sword Excalibur into the water, and how he was delivered to ladies in a barge.

But I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned, and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift that the noble knight's heart burst. And when the king awoke he beheld Sir Lucan how he lay foaming at the mouth. Alas, said the king, this is to me a full heavy sight to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul. Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well and I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me ever more ; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and

¹ Advice.

come again and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, if I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so as soon as he might he came again unto the king and said he had been at the water and had thrown the sword into the water. What sawest thou there ? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw no thing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king. Therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again and took the sword in his hand, and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so again he hid the sword and returned again and told to the king that he had been at the water and done his commandment. What sawest thou there ? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap¹ and waves wan. Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that thou that hast been so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere

¹ Lap

departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword so far into the water as he might ; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back and so went with him to that water side ; and when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

Now put me into the barge, said the king, and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me ? Alas, this wound on your head hath taken over much cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies ? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayst, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will unto the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound.

And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked that it was a pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had

lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware between two holts hoar of a chapel and an hermitage.

SIR THOMAS MALORY, *Le Morte Darthur*.

CAROL

There came three kings from eastern land,
Star-led by God's Almighty hand,
To Christward thro' Hierusalem,
Unto the crib at Bethlehem.

Within the star, so great and sheen,
A golden-crownèd Child is seen :
His sceptre was a cross of gold,
His face like sun-light to behold.

From Morning-land, in haste the while,
They journey many a hundred mile :
O'er hill and dale, in frost and snow,
By land, by water, on they go.

Why, Herod, honour so the kings ?
Their minds are set on other things :
Forth from the stately court in speed
They to the lowly crib proceed.

No sooner come within the stall
Than down upon the knee they fall,
And offer him, in order meet,
Gold, myrrh, and incense passing sweet.

By frankincense the three proclaim
That God Almighty is His Name :

Myrrh to the Son of Man they bring,
But gold in token of the king.

Our Lady fair her guests did greet,
E'en bade them kiss her infant sweet :
Viaticum,¹ I wot full well,
To guide them home o'er frith and fell.

Trans. from "Koln Gesangbuch," 1623,
The Cowley Carol Book.

Note. The chorus to each verse has been omitted.

HOW HERWARD THE WAKE GOT HIM AN HORSE

On a bench at the door of his high-roofed wooden house sat Dirk Hammerhand, the richest man in Walcheren. From within the house sounded the pleasant noise of slave-women, grinding and chatting at the hand-quern: from without, the pleasant noise of geese and fowls without number. And as he sat and drank his ale, and watched the herd of horses in the fen, he thought himself a happy man.

As he looked at the horses, some half-mile off, he saw a strange stir among them. They began whinnying and pawing round a four-footed thing in the midst, which might be a badger, or a wolf—though both were very uncommon in that pleasant isle of Walcheren—but which plainly had no business there. Whereon he took up a mighty staff, and strode over the fen to see.

He found neither wolf nor badger; but, to his exceeding surprise, a long lean man, clothed in ragged

¹ Journey money so here = assistance.

horse-skins, whinnying and neighing exactly like a horse, and then stopping to eat grass like one. He advanced to do the first thing that came into his head, namely, to break the man's back with his staff, and ask him afterwards who he might be. But ere he could strike, the man or horse kicked up with its hind legs in his face, and then springing on to the said hind legs ran away with extraordinary swiftness some fifty yards; after which it went down on all fours and began grazing again.

'Beest thou man or devil?' cried Dirk, somewhat frightened.

The thing looked up. The face at least was human.

'Art thou a Christian man?' asked it in bad Frisian, intermixed with snorts and neighs.

'What's that to thee?' growled Dirk: and began to wish a little that he was one, having heard that the sign of the cross was of great virtue in driving away fiends.

'Thou art not a Christian? Thou believest in Thor and Odin? Then there is hope.'

'Hope of what?' Dirk was growing more and more frightened.

'Of her, my sister! Ah, my sister, can it be that I shall find thee at last, after ten thousand miles, and seven years of woeful wandering?'

'I have no man's sister here. At least, my wife's brother was killed——'

'I speak not of a sister in woman's shape. Mine, alas!—O woeful prince, O more woeful princess—eats the herb of the field somewhere in the shape of a mare, as ugly as she was once beautiful, but swifter than the swallow on the wing.'

‘I’ve none such here,’ quoth Dirk, thoroughly frightened, and glancing uneasily at mare Swallow.

‘You have not? Alas, wretched me! It was prophesied to me by the witch that I should find her in the field of one who worshipped the old gods; for had she come across a holy priest, she had been a woman again, long ago. Whither must I wander afresh?’ And the thing began weeping bitterly, and then ate more grass.

‘I—that is—thou miserable creature,’ said Dirk, half-pityingly, half wishing to turn the subject; ‘leave off making a beast of thyself awhile, and tell me who thou art.’

‘I have made no beast of myself, most noble earl of the Frisians, for so you doubtless are. I was made a beast of—a horse of, by an enchanter of a certain land, and my sister a mare.’

‘Thou dost not say so!’ quoth Dirk, who considered such an event quite possible.

‘I was a prince, as fair once as I am foul now, and only less fair than my lost sister; and by the enchantments of a cruel magician we became what we are.’

‘But thou art not a horse, at all events?’

‘Am I not? Thou knowest, then, more of me than I do of myself,’ and it ate more grass. ‘But hear the rest of my story. My hapless sister was sold away with me to a merchant; but I, breaking loose from him, fled until I bathed in a magic fountain. At once I recovered my man’s shape, and was rejoicing therein, when out of the fountain rose a fairy more beautiful than an elf, and smiled upon me with love.

‘She asked me my story, and I told it. And when it was told—‘Wretch!’ she cried, ‘and coward, who

hast deserted thy sister in her need. I would have loved thee, and made thee immortal as myself; but now thou shalt wander ugly and eating grass, clothed in the horse-hide which has just dropped from thy limbs, till thou shalt find thy sister, and bring her to bathe, like thee, in this magic well.'

'All good spirits help us! And you are really a prince?'

'As surely,' cried the thing with a voice of sudden rapture, 'as that mare is my sister'; and he rushed at mare Swallow. 'I see, I see, my mother's eyes, my father's nose——'

'He must have been a chuckle-headed king that, then,' grinned Dirk to himself. 'The mare's nose is as big as a buck-basket.¹ But how can she be a princess, man—prince, I mean?'

'Man, man, simple though honest!—Hast thou never heard of the skill of the enchanters of the East! O my sister, my sister! Dost thou not know me? Dost thou answer my caresses with kicks? Or is thy heart, as well as thy body, so enchained by that cruel necromancer, that thou preferrest to be his, and scornest thine own salvation, leaving me to eat grass till I die?'

'I say, prince—I say—what would you have a man to do? I bought the mare honestly, and I have kept her well. She can't say aught against me on that score. And whether she be princess or not, I'm loth to part with her.'

'Keep her then, and keep with her the curse of all the saints and angels. Look down ye holy saints'—and the thing poured out a long string of saints' names

¹ A laundry-basket

—‘and avenge this Catholic princess, kept in vile durance by an unbaptized heathen ! May his——’

‘Don’t, don’t !’ roared Dirk. ‘And don’t look at me like that, or I’ll brain you with my staff !’

‘Fool ! If I have lost a horse’s figure I have not lost his swiftness. Ere thou couldst strike, I should have run a mile and back, to curse thee afresh.’ And the thing ran round him, and fell on all fours again, and ate grass.

‘Mercy, mercy ! And that is more than I ever asked yet of man. But it is hard,’ growled he, ‘that a man should lose his money, because a rogue sells him a princess in disguise.’

‘Then sell her again ; sell her, as thou valuest thy life, to the first Christian man thou meetest. And yet no. What matters ? Ere a month be over, the seven years’ enchantment will have passed ; and she will return to her own shape, and vanish from thy farm, leaving thee to vain repentance ; whereby thou wilt both lose thy money and get her curse. Farewell and my malison abide with thee !’

And the thing, without another word, ran right away, neighing as it went, leaving Dirk in a state of abject terror.

The next morning, as Dirk was going about his business with a doleful face, casting stealthy glances at the fen, to see if the mysterious mare was still there, and a chance of his money still left, a man rode up to the door.

He was poorly clothed, with a long rusty sword by his side. A broad felt hat, long boots, and a haversack behind his saddle, showed him to be a traveller, seemingly a horse-dealer ; for there followed him, tied head and tail, a brace of sorry nags.

‘Heaven save all here,’ quoth he, making the sign of the cross. ‘Can any good Christian give me a drink of milk?’

‘Ale, if thou wilt,’ said Dirk. ‘But what art thou and whence?’

On any other day he would have tried to coax his guest into trying a buffet with him for his horse and clothes. But this morning his heart was heavy with the thought of the enchanted mare, and he welcomed the chance of selling her to a stranger.

‘We are not very fond of strangers about here, since these Flemings have been harrying our borders. If thou art a spy, it will be worse for thee.’

‘I am neither spy nor Fleming, but a poor servant of the Lord Bishop of Utrecht buying a garron¹ or two for his lordship’s priests. As for these Flemings, may St. John Baptist save from them both me and you. Do you know of any man who has horses to sell hereabouts?’

‘There are horses in the fen yonder,’ quoth Dirk, who knew that churchmen were likely to give a liberal price, and pay in good silver.

‘I saw them as I rode up. And a fine lot they are: but of too good a stamp for my short purse, or for my holy master’s riding—a fat priest likes a quiet nag, my master.’

‘Humph. Well, if quietness is what you need, there is a mare down there that a child might ride with a thread of wool. But as for price——’

‘Ah!’ quoth the horseman. ‘Well, your Walcheren folk make good milk, that’s certain.’ •

The less anxious the dealer seemed to buy, the more

¹ A small horse of Scottish or Irish breed.

anxious grew Dirk to sell ; but he concealed his anxiety, and let the stranger turn away thanking him for his drink.

‘ I say ! ’ he called after him. ‘ You might look at her, as you ride past the herd.’

The stranger assented ; and they went down into the fen, and looked over the precious mare, whose feats were afterwards sung by many an English fireside. The ugliest as well as the swiftest of mares she was, and it was not till the stranger had looked twice at her, that he forgot her great chuckle-head, greyhound flanks, and drooping hind-quarters, and began to see the great length of those same quarters, the thighs let down into the hocks, the compact loin, the extraordinary girth through the saddle, the sloping shoulder, the long arms, the flat knees, the large well-set hoofs and all the other points which showed her strength and speed, and justified her fame.

‘ She might carry a big man like you through the mud,’ said he carelessly ; ‘ but as for pace, one cannot expect that with such a chuckle-head. And if one rode her through a town, the boys would call after one, “ All head and no tail.” Why I can’t see her tail for her crops, it is so ill set on.’

‘ Ill set on, or none,’ said Dirk testily, ‘ don’t go to speak against her pace till you have seen it. Here, lass ! ’

Dirk was in his heart rather afraid of the princess ; but he was comforted when she came up to him like a dog.

‘ She’s as sensible as a woman,’ said he ; and then grumbled to himself, ‘ maybe she knows I mean to part with her.’

‘ Lend me your saddle,’ said he to the stranger.

The stranger did so ; and Dirk, mounting, galloped her in a ring. There was no doubt of her powers as soon as she began to move.

‘ Well, she can gallop a bit,’ said the stranger, as Dirk pulled her up and dismounted ; ‘ but an ugly brute she is, nevertheless, and such an one as I should not care to ride, for I am a gay man among the ladies. However, what is your price ? ’

Dirk named twice as much as he would have taken.

‘ Half that, you mean.’ And the usual haggie began.

“ Tell thee what,” said Dirk at last. ‘ I am a man who has his fancies ; and this shall be her price : half thy bid and a box on the ear.’

The demon of covetousness had entered Dirk’s heart. What if he got the money, brained, or at least disabled, the stranger, and so had the chance of selling the mare a second time to some fresh comer ?

‘ Thou art a strange fellow,’ quoth the horse-dealer. ‘ But so be it.’

Dirk chuckled. ‘ He does not know,’ quoth he, ‘ that he has to do with Dirk Hammerhand,’ and he clenched his fist in anticipation of his rough joke.

‘ There,’ quoth the stranger, counting out the money carefully, ‘ is thy coin. And there—is thy box on the ear.’

And with a blow which rattled over the fen, he felled Dirk Hammerhand to the ground.

He lay senseless for a moment, and then looked wildly round.

‘ Villain ! ’ groaned he. ‘ It was I who was to give the buffet, not thou ! ’

' Art mad ? ' asked the stranger, as he coolly picked up the coins, which Dirk had scattered in his fall. ' It is the seller's business to take, and the buyer's to give.'

And while Dirk roared in vain for help he leapt on Swallow, and rode off shouting :

' Aha ! Dirk Hammerhand ! So you thought to knock a hole in my skull, as you had done to many a better man than yourself ? He must be a luckier man than you who catches The Wake asleep. I shall give your love to the enchanted prince, my faithful serving-man, whom they call Martin Lightfoot.'

Dirk cursed the day he was born. Instead of the mare he had got two wretched garrons which the stranger had left, and a face, which made him so tender of his own teeth, that he never again offered to try a buffet with a stranger.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Hereward the Wake*.

JULY

July, the month of Summer's prime,
Again resumes his busy time ;
Scythes tinkle in each grassy dell,
Where solitude was wont to dwell ;
And meadows, they are mad with noise
Of laughing maids and shouting boys,
Making up the withering hay
With merry hearts as light as play.
The very insects on the ground
So nimbly bustle all around,
Among the grass or dusty soil,
They seem partakers in the toil.

The landscape ever reels with life,
While 'mid the busy stir and strife
Of industry, the shepherd still
Enjoys his summer dreams at will,
Bent o'er his work, or listless laid
Beneath the pasture's willow shade ;

.

Or watching on his mossy seat
The insect world beneath his feet,
In busy motion here and there
Like visitors to feast or fair,
Some climbing up the rush's stem,
A steeple's height or more to them,
With speed that sees no fear to stop,
Till perch'd upon its spiry top,
Where they awhile the view survey,
Then prune their wings, and flit away,—
And others journeying to and fro
Among the grassy woods below,
Musing, as if they felt and knew
The pleasant scenes they wander'd through,
Where each bent round them seems to be
Huge as a giant timber tree.
Shaping the while their dark employs
To his own visionary joys,
He pictures such a life as theirs,
As free from Summer's sultry cares,
And only wishes that his own
Could meet with joys so thickly sown :
Sport seems the all that they pursue,
And play the only work they do.
The cow-boy still cuts short the day,

By mingling mischief with his play :
Oft in the pond, with weeds o'ergrown,
Hurling quick the plashing stone
To cheat his dog, who watching lies,
And instant plunges for the prize ;
And though each effort proves in vain,
He shakes his coat, and dives again,
Till, wearied with the fruitless play,
He drops his tail, and sneaks away,
Nor longer heeds the bawling boy,
Who seeks new sports with added joy :
Now on some bank's o'erhanging brow
Beating the wasp's nest with a bough,
Till armies from the hole appear,
And threaten vengeance in his ear
With such determined hue-and-cry
As makes the bold besieger fly ;
Then, pelting with excessive glee
The squirrel on the woodland-tree,
Who nimbles round from grain to grain,
And cocks his tail, and peeps again,
Half-pleased, as if he thought the fray,
Which mischief made, was meant for play,
Till scared and startled into flight,
He instant tumbles out of sight.
Thus he his leisure hour employs,
And feeds on busy meddling joys,
While in the willow-shaded pool
His cattle stand, their hides to cool.

JOHN CLARE.

THE LABYRINTH SPIDER

In the fields around me I find nothing so often as the Labyrinth Spider (*Agelena labyrinthica*). Not a hedge but shelters a few at its foot, amidst grass, in quiet, sunny nooks. In the open country and especially in hilly places laid bare by the woodman's axe, the favourite sites are tufts of bracken, rock-rose, lavender, everlasting and rosemary cropped close by the teeth of the flocks. Several times a week, in July, I go to study my spiders on the spot, at an early hour, before the sun beats fiercely on one's neck. The children accompany me, each provided with an orange wherewith to slake the thirst that will not be slow in coming. They lend me their good eyes and supple limbs. The expedition promises to be fruitful.

We soon discover high silk buildings, betrayed at a distance by the glittering threads which the dawn has converted into dewy rosaries. The children are wonderstruck at those glorious chandeliers, so much so that they forget their oranges for a moment. Nor am I, on my part, indifferent. A splendid spectacle indeed is that of our Spider's labyrinth, heavy with the tears of the night and lit up by the first rays of the sun.

Half an hour's heat : and the magic jewels disappear with the dew. Now is the moment to inspect the webs. Here is one spreading its sheet over a large cluster of rock-roses ; it is the size of a handkerchief. A profusion of guy-ropes, attached to any chance projection, moor it to the brushwood. There is not a twig but supplies a contact-point. Entwined on every side, surrounded and surmounted, the bush disappears from view, veiled in white muslin.

The web is flat at the edges, as far as the unevenness of the support permits, and gradually hollows into a crater, not unlike the bell of a hunting-horn. The central portion is a cone-shaped gulf, a funnel whose neck, narrowing by degrees, dives perpendicularly into the leafy thicket to a depth of eight or nine inches.

At the entrance to the tube, in the gloom of that murderous alley, sits the Spider, who looks at us and betrays no great excitement at our presence. She is grey, modestly adorned on the thorax with two black ribbons and on the abdomen with two stripes in which white specks alternate with brown. At the tip of the belly, two small, mobile appendages form a sort of tail, a rather curious feature in a Spider.

The crater-shaped web is not of the same structure throughout. At the borders, it is a gossamer weft of spare threads ; nearer the centre, the texture becomes first fine muslin and then satin ; lower still, on the narrower part of the opening, it is a network of roughly lozenged meshes. Lastly, the neck of the funnel, the usual resting-place, is formed of solid silk.

Look above the web. What a forest of ropes ! It might be the rigging of a ship disabled by a storm. They run from every twig of the supporting shrubs, they are fastened to the tip of every branch. There are long ropes and short ropes, upright and slanting, straight and bent, taut and slack, all criss-cross and a-tangle, to a height of three feet or so in inextricable disorder. The whole forms a chaos of netting, a labyrinth which none can pass through, unless he be endowed with wings of exceptional power.

We have here nothing similar to the lime-threads used by the Garden Spiders. The threads are not

sticky : they act only by their confused multitude. Would you care to see the trap at work ? Throw a small Locust into the rigging. Unable to obtain a steady foot-hold on that shaky support, he flounders about ;" and the more he struggles the more he entangles his shackles. The Spider, spying on the threshold of her abyss, lets him have his way. She does not run up the shrouds of the mast-work to seize the desperate prisoner : she waits until his bonds of threads, twisted backwards and forwards, make him fall on the web.

He falls ; the other comes and flings herself upon her prostrate prey. The attack is not without danger. The locust is demoralized rather than tied up ; it is merely bits of broken thread that he is trailing from his legs. The bold assailant does not mind. Without troubling, like the *Epeirae*,¹ to bury her capture under a paralysing winding-sheet, she feels it, to make sure of its quality, and then, regardless of kicks, inserts her fangs.

The bite is usually given at the lower end of a haunch : not that this place is more vulnerable than any other thin-skinned part, but probably because it has a better flavour. The different webs which I inspect to study the food in the larder show me, among other joints, various Flies and small Butterflies, and carcasses of almost untouched Locusts, all deprived of their hind-legs, or at least of one. Locusts' legs often dangle, emptied of their succulent contents, on the edges of the web, from the meat-hooks of the butcher's shop. •In my urchin-days, days free from prejudices in regard to what one ate, I, like many others, was

¹ *Epeirae*—a family of spiders.

able to appreciate that dainty. It is the equivalent, on a very small scale, of the larger legs of the Crayfish.

The rigging-builder, therefore, to whom we have just thrown a Locust, attacks the prey at the lower end of a thigh. The bite is a lingering one : once the Spider has planted her fangs, she does not let go. She drinks, she sips, she sucks. When this first point is drained, she passes on to others, to the second haunch in particular, until the prey becomes an empty hulk without losing its outline.

We have seen that Garden Spiders feed in a similar way, bleeding their venison and drinking it instead of eating it. At last, however, in the comfortable after-dinner hours, they take up the drained morsel, chew it, re-chew it and reduce it to a shapeless ball. It is a dessert for the teeth to toy with. The Labyrinth Spider knows nothing of the diversions of the table ; she flings the drained remnants out of the web, without chewing them. Although it lasts long, the meal is eaten in perfect safety. From the first bite, the Locust becomes a lifeless thing ; the Spider's poison has settled him.

J. H. FABRE, *The Life of the Spider*.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

TOM FAGGUS

He was rather short, about John Fry's height, or may be a little taller, but very strongly built and springy, as his gait at every step showed plainly, although his legs were bowed with much riding, and

he looked as if he lived on horseback. To a boy like me he seemed very old, being over twenty, and well found in beard : but he was not more than four-and-twenty, fresh and ruddy looking, with a short nose, and keen blue eyes, and a merry waggish jerk about him, as if the world were not in earnest. Yet he had a sharp, stern way, like the crack of a pistol, if anything disliked him : and we knew (for children see such things) that it was safer to tickle than tackle him.

R. D. BLACKMORE, *Lorna Doone*.

MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD

My aunt was a tall, hard-featured lady, by no means ill-looking. There was an inflexibility in her face, in her voice, in her gait and carriage ; but her features were rather handsome than otherwise, though unbending and austere. I particularly noticed that she had a very quick, bright eye. Her hair, which was grey, was arranged in two plain divisions, under what I believe would be called a mob-cap—I mean a cap, much more common then than now, with side-pieces fastening under the chin. Her dress was of a lavender colour, and perfectly neat ; but scantily made, as if she desired to be as little encumbered as possible. I remember that I thought it in form, more like a riding-habit, with the superfluous skirt cut off, than anything else. She wore at her side a gentleman's gold watch, if I might judge from its size and make, with an appropriate chain and seals. She had some linen at her throat not unlike a shirt-collar, and things at her wrist like little shirt-wristbands.

CHARLES DICKENS, *David Copperfield*.

STRIPES THE SKUNK

On the edge of the evening, when the last of the light was gathered in the pale-green upper sky, and all the world of the quiet backwoods clearings was sunken in a soft violet dusk, a leisurely and self-possessed little animal came strolling among the ancient stumps and mossy hillocks of the open upland sheep-pasture. He was about the size of an average cat, but shorter of leg, with a long, sharp muzzled head, and he carried his broad feathery tail very high in a graceful arch, like a squirrel in good humour. Unlike most other creatures of the wild, his colouring was such as to make him conspicuous rather than to conceal him. He was black with a white stripe down his face, a white patch on the back of his neck, and a white stripe all the way along each side of his body. And, also unlike the rest of the furtive folk, he seemed quite unconcerned to hide his movements from observation. Neither was he for ever glancing this way and that, as if on the watch for enemies. Rather he had the air of being content that his enemies should do the watching—and avoid him.

C. G. D. ROBERTS, *Some Animal Stories*.

THE BITTERN

Just in the watery fringe of the reeds, as brown and erect and motionless as a mooring stake, stood the bittern.

Not far short of three feet in length, from the tip of his long and powerful dagger-pointed bill to the end of his short rounded tail, with his fierce, unblinking eyes round, bright and hard, with his snaky head and

long, muscular neck, he looked, as he was, the formidable master of the swamp. In colouring he was a streaked and freckled mixture of slaty greys and browns and ochres above, with a freckled whitish throat, and dull buff breast and belly—a mixture which would have made him conspicuous amid the cool light green of the sedges, but that it harmonised so perfectly with the earth and the roots. Indeed, moveless as he stood, to the undiscriminating eye he might easily have passed for a decaying stump by the water side. His long legs were of dull olive which melted into the shadowy tones of the water.

C. G. D. ROBERTS, *Some Animal Stories.*

MEG MERRILIES

Old Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors ;
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom ;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees ;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wore, and she would sing.
And with her fingers old and brown •
She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon,
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip-hat had she on ;
God rest her aged bones somewhere !
She died full long ago.

JOHN KEATS

A NOW DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY

Now, the moment people wake in the morning, they perceive the coldness with their faces, though they are warm with their bodies, and exclaim, ' Here's a day ! ' and pity the poor little sweep, and the boy with the water-cresses. How anybody can go to a cold ditch, and gather water-cresses, seems marvellous. Perhaps we hear great lumps of something falling in the street ; and, looking through the window, perceive the roofs of the neighbouring houses, thick with snow. The breath is visible, issuing from the mouth as we lie. Now we hate getting up, and hate shaving, and hate the empty grate in one's bedroom, and water freezes in ewers, and you may set the towel upright on its own hardness, and the window-panes are frost-

whitened, or it is foggy, and the sun sends a dull, brazen beam into one's room ; or, if it is fine, the windows outside are stuck with icicles ; or a detestable thaw has begun, and they drip ; but, at all events, it is horribly cold, and delicate shavers fidget about their chambers, looking distressed, and cherish their hard-hearted enemy, the razor, in their bosoms, to warm him a little, and coax him into a consideration of their chins. Savage is a cut, and makes them think destiny really too hard.

Now breakfast is fine ; and the fire seems to laugh at us as we enter the breakfast-room, and say, ' Ha ! ha ! here's a better room than the bed-chamber ! ' and we always poke it before we do anything else ; and people grow selfish about seats near it ; and little boys think their elders tyrannical for saying, ' Oh, *you* don't want the fire ; your blood is young.' And truly that is not the way of stating the case, albeit young blood is warmer than old. Now the butter is too hard to spread, and the rolls and toast are at their maximum ; and the former look glorious as they issue, smoking, out of the flannel in which they come from the baker's ; and people who come with single knocks at the door are pitied ; and the voices of boys are loud in the street, sliding, or throwing snowballs ; and the dustman's bell sounds cold ; and we wonder how anybody can go about selling fish, especially with that hoarse voice ; and schoolboys hate their slates, and blow their fingers, and detest infinitely the no-fire at school ; and the parish-beadle's nose is redder than ever. •

Now sounds in general are dull, and smoke out of chimneys looks warm and rich, and birds are pitied,

hopping about for crumbs, and the trees look wiry and cheerless, albeit they are still beautiful to imaginative eyes, especially the evergreens, and the birch with boughs like dishevelled hair. Now mud in roads is stiff, and the kennel¹ ices over, and boys make illegal slides on the pathways, and ashes are strewed before doors ; or you crunch the snow as you tread, or kick mud-flakes before you, or are horribly muddy in cities. But if it is a hard frost, all the world is buttoned up and greatcoated, except ostentatious elderly gentlemen, and pretended beggars with naked feet ; and the delicious sound of ' All hot ' is heard from roasted apple and potato-stalls, the vendor himself being cold, in spite of his ' hot,' and stamping up and down to warm his feet ; and the little boys are astonished to think how he can eat bread and cold meat for his dinner instead of the smoking apples.

Now skaters are on the alert ; the cutlers' shop-windows abound with their swift shoes ; and as you approach the scene of action (pond or canal) you can hear the dull grinding noise of the skates to and fro, and see tumbles, and Banbury-cake men and black-guard boys playing ' hockey,' and ladies stand shivering on the banks, admiring anybody but their brother, especially the gentleman who is cutting figures of eight, who, for his part is admiring his own figure. Beginners affect to laugh at their tumbles, but are terribly angry, and long to thump the bystanders. On thawing days idlers persist to the last in skating or sliding amidst the slush and bending ice, making the • Humane-Society man ferocious. He feels as if he could give them the deaths from which

¹ gutter

it is his business to save them. When you have done skating, you come away feeling at once warm and numb in the feet, from the tight effect of the skates ; and you carry them with an air of indifference, as if you had done wonders ; whereas you have fairly had three slips, and can barely achieve the inside edge.

Now riders look sharp, and horses seem brittle in the legs, and old gentlemen feel so ; and coachmen, cabmen, and others, stand swinging their arms across at their sides to warm themselves ; and blacksmiths' shops look pleasant, and potato shops detestable ; the fishmongers' still more so. We wonder how he can live in that plash of wet and cold fish, without even a window. Now clerks in offices envy the one next the fireplace ; and men from behind counters hardly think themselves repaid by being called out to speak to a Countess in her chariot ; and the wheezy and effeminate pastry-cook, hatless and aproned, and with his hands in his breeches-pockets, stands outside his door, chilling his household warmth with attending to the ice which is brought him, and seeing it unloaded into his cellar like coals. Comfortable look the Miss Joneses, coming this way with their muffs and furs ; and the baker pities the maidservant cleaning the steps, who, for her part, says she is not cold, which he finds it difficult to believe.

Now the muffin-bell soundeth sweetly in the streets, reminding us, not of the man, but his muffins, and of twilight, and evening, and curtains, and the fireside. Now playgoers get cold feet, and invalids stop up every crevice in their rooms, and make themselves worse ; and the streets are comparatively silent ; and the wind rises and falls in moanings ; and fires burn

blue and crackle ; and an easy chair with your feet by it on a stool, the lamp or candles a little behind you, and an interesting book just opened where you left off, is a bit of heaven upon earth. People in cottages crowd close into the chimney, and tell stories of ghosts and murders, the blue flame affording something like evidence of the facts.

The owl with all her feathers is a-cold, or you think her so. The whole country feels like a petrification of slate and stillness, cut across by the wind; and nobody in the mail-coach is warm but the horses, who steam pitifully when they stop. The 'oldest man' makes a point of never having 'seen such weather.' People have a painful doubt whether they have any chins or not ; ears ache with the wind ; and the waggoner goes puckering up his teeth, and thinking the time will never arrive when he shall get to the Five Bells.

At night, people get sleepy at the fireside, and long to go to bed, yet fear it on account of the different temperature of the bedroom ; which is furthermore apt to wake them up. Warming-pans and hot-water bottles are in request ; and naughty boys eschew their nightshirts, and go to bed in their socks.

'Yes,' quoth a little boy, to whom we read this passage, 'and make their younger brother go to bed first.'

LEIGH HUNT.

QUEEN MAB'S CHARIOT

Her chariot ready straight is made,
 Each thing therein is fitting laid,
 That she by nothing might be stayed,
 For nought must her be letting¹ :
 Four nimble gnats the horses were,
 Their harnesses of gossamer,
 Fly, Cranion, her charioteer,
 Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 Which for the colours did excel,
 The fair queen Mab becoming well—
 So lively was the limning ;²
 The seat the soft wool of the bee,
 The cover (gallantly to see)
 The wing of a pied butterfly :
 I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
 And daintily made for the nonce ;³
 For fear of rattling on the stones,
 With thistle-down they shod it :
 For all her maidens much did fear,
 If Oberon had chanced to hear
 That Mab his queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
 Nor would she stay for no advice,
 Until her maids that were so nice
 • To wait on her were fitted, •
 But ran away herself alone ;

¹ Hindering ² Painting. ³ Occasion (pronounce 'nones.').

Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear, .
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour ;
Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,
Pick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win—
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they sparèd not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow :
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

M. DRAYTON, *Nymphidia*.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

At eleven years of age my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens ; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without

saying a word to anyone, off I set, with no clothes, except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I, accordingly, went on from place to place inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two-penny worth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny that I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: 'TALE OF A TUB', Price 3d.' The title was so odd, that my curiosity was excited. I had the threepence, but, then, I could have *no supper*. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, where there stood a *hay-stack*. On the shady side of this, I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had ever read before: it was something so *new* to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description: and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book into my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens awakened me in the morning: when I started to Kew, reading my book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity

of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotsman, I remember, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present King and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress while I was sweeping the grass plot round the foot of the Pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read, but these I could not relish after my *Tale of a Tub*, which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds.

WILLIAM COBBETT, *The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine.*

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

I was last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it be in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox, 'That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of business.' Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and

insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying upon the table, 'I defy,' says he, 'any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life.'

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was abed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures :

'I was born,' said he, 'on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalised, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own

quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release : he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not : as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to a herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world ; for as I told you before we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a playbook, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templar at a twelpenny ordinary, or carry him, with three friends, to Westminster Hall.

' In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, " That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money." I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

' I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the Civil Wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king : for being of a very tempting breadth, a ser-

geant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and enlist them in the service of the parliament.

' After many adventures which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will : but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

' About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time fortunately cast his eyes upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.¹

' Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin : for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein

¹ The shillings issued under the Commonwealth had on one side two shields side by side, the effect was very like a pair of Dutchman's breeks.

current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the game placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

‘I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that final catastrophe, when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me underground, and with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to show my head, had not all my old acquaintances been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet’s pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion

to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me, *The Splendid Shilling*.¹ The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man ; but indeed this was by mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings.'

JOSEPH ADDISON.

BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,

The Splendid Shilling, by Ambrose Philips.

Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay ;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

THE SURRENDER OF VERCINGETORIX

(AUTUMN 52 B.C.).

The legions were drawn up in line ; Caesar sat, bareheaded, wearing the purple robe and cloak, on his raised seat at the front, with the Legates standing on each side and the Eagles crowded behind him. He waited, with nothing but a twitching hand to show how much it all meant to him. Quintus Velanius was whispering to Titus ; they had been in place now for nearly an hour : what could be happening ? Was this some treachery of the Gauls ? The chill south-east wind swept towards them in whirls of dust ; the clouds were tangled into brown wisps across the sky ; the torn flags flapped sharply from the dark towers of Alesia. At last there was a stir at that far gate, a single high trumpet note. The legions stood stiffly, their shields locked and solid across their chests. Meromic, the fighter, with his spear grounded at his side, was in the front rank of the auxiliaries, next to the Balearic slingers ; he stayed very still, but his teeth chattered and he did not heed when his neighbour whispered him to look.

Caesar sat back in his chair, with the faintest catch of his breath, seeing that little group of horsemen riding down towards him through the scattered dead on the hillside. They came on along the twisted paths, sometimes with sunlight flashing on their armour, sometimes dim under a cloud, but always with that one figure in front, Vercingetorix the sacrifice on his black horse, Coré. They halted for a moment at the foot of the hill with every eye upon them ; the chiefs behind, edging their horses close together, held hands and waited while their General went on. The black horse came slowly, stretching out his bony head ; the harness of gilt and painted leather, with bosses of coral, hung loosely over sharp ribs and hollow flanks ; suddenly he neighed, shaking his great mane, and reared up at his master's voice, striking out with his fore hoofs. All through the army there was a little quiver of excitement : the King of the Arvernians was coming to Caesar, not as a suppliant, not as an enemy conquered, but shining with gold and silver, with his great winged helmet and coral-hilted sword, the spiked battle-axe at his saddle bow, the Gallic lance over his shoulder ! Titus, bent on the scene, saw him bend down to speak into the ear of the horse, which gave a great plunge and started towards them at a gallop, reins loose on his stretched neck, while Vercingetorix, leaning a little forward in the saddle, held up the lance high overhead and gave one shout that shook the officers' hands to their swords, making them think of battles turned against them by the sudden coming of the Arvernian. Straight for them, nearer and nearer, a drumming of the hoofs, that headlong galloper ! The Legates pressed together,

and Caesar's fingers tightened on the arm of his chair. Then the horse swerved, almost slipping, and was away in a circle round the high seat ; three times round he went, with the Legates half turning to stare, and only Caesar still and looking straight in front of him. At the end of the third time, Vercingetorix, checking the horse a little, threw his lance into the ground with all his force : for a moment it quivered upright, then split all down the ashen shaft, and fell.

Then he leapt clear of the black horse, one arm flung back to save his balance, and stood in the dust before Caesar's feet, who still sat silent, chin propped in hand and breathing lightly. Along the legions there was a stir and straight lines wavering, as officers and men pressed slightly forward, watching the surrender. For a little time, not more than a heart beat or two, the Arvernian King stayed like a statue, like a bound victim. Then, as before an altar, he laid down first his battle-axe, shield, helmet, dagger, and sword ; loosing the buckles of his armour, he dropped that too, a heap of gold and iron ; he bowed his head to take off collars and necklaces, the visible signs of kingship ; then golden bracelets from wrists and ankles, then the gay-coloured tunic. Coré, the black horse, had come back to him and stood rubbing a soft nose against his shoulder ; he turned and took the bridle ; this, too, was part of the sacrifice.

Titus Barrus, watching, shivered a little at that grey figure of the Gallic General, not different now from any of his own soldiers, understanding how he had kept up his courage so far, acting his part, dedicating himself and everything he had as sacrifice for his people ; yet at the end all that had gone from

him, and he was left a beaten man in the power of his enemies. Vercingetorix knelt at Caesar's feet, with his hands stretched dumbly before him ; he was younger than most of the Legates, young enough to be Caesar's son ; but his eyes were like an old, worn man's and the white hair showed among the brown. What a life it had been for nine months ! He was a boy in winter, taking the burden of all those lives, the fate of his country, so lightly on his shoulders ; it might have been twenty years ago : Avaricum¹ was between that boy and this man, and afterwards Gergovia, the assembly of Bibracte, the triumph and then the defeat, Alesia, the siege, the three days' battle, sleeplessness, hunger, infinite responsibility, failure the most ageing of all.

He waited centuries, seeing the purple edge of the proconsul's robe fraying a little against the knotted wood of the platform. The world stayed silent and absorbed ; then Caesar's voice fell on him, like cold water, like a sword : he crouched down under it. ' You have been my friend : you might be my friend still, in peace and prosperity. Instead you chose to bring ruin on your country, disgrace and bondage on yourself. You have broken the sworn pact of our alliance, the gods have punished you for that, and I shall see to it that the punishment is carried through to the end ! You fool——.' But Caesar paused, thrown out of his stride, unable to make any of his points against this bowed head, this utter submission. The army was listening, everywhere would be ears

¹ Caesar stormed Avaricum only after considerable difficulty Spring 52 B.C. his legions were defeated before Gergovia, at Bibracte the Gauls elected Vercingetorix leader, the capture of Alesia brought about his submission.

58 THE SURRENDER OF VERCINGETORIX

for all he said, in Gaul, in Italy, in Rome, Pompey and then Cicero—his name in history ! He looked down at the beaten enemy, this incredible achievement of his : he knew himself at last capable of anything : he had only to choose, use all of himself, and 'it was done ! But the price ?—his hours of agony and doubt, plans that had miscarried, attacks that had failed, the crowding ghosts of the dead soldiers, his friends and comrades : well this Arvernian should pay, if all the other Gauls went free ! The guards came forward at his crooked finger : ' Take him away.' They pulled the Gallic General up on to his feet, and hammered on the chains till ankles and wrists were bruised and bleeding ; they, too, had friends to be avenged. Caesar looked on, and his grim, hard-mouthed officers ; for this was war. And Vercingetorix, seeing the faces of his conquerors, knew there would be no mercy for him, now or in the future. They led him away and gave him food and drink, since they had been bidden to keep him alive ; the arms and the black horse stayed behind : he was to see them again at Caesar's triumph, after six years of prison.

NAOMI MITCHISON, *The Conquered*.

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who ;

Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-who,

Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

‘ MOLE END ’

The Mole and the Rat moved on in silence for some little way, when suddenly the Rat was conscious, through his arm that was linked in his companion's, of a faint sort of electric thrill that was passing down that animal's body. Instantly he disengaged himself, fell back a pace, and waited, all attention.

The signals were coming through !

Mole stood a moment rigid, while his uplifted nose, quivering slightly, felt the air.

Then a short quick run forward—a fault—a check—a try back ; and then a slow, steady, confident advance.

The Rat, much excited, kept close to his heels as the Mole, with something of the air of a sleep-walker, crossed a dry ditch, scrambled through a hedge, and nosed his way over a field open and trackless and bare in the faint starlight.

Suddenly, without giving warning, he dived ; but the Rat was on the alert, and promptly followed him down the tunnel to which his unerring nose had faithfully led him.

It was close and airless, and the earthy smell was strong, and it seemed a long time to Rat ere the passage ended and he could stand erect and stretch and shake himself. The Mole struck a match, and by its light the Rat saw that they were standing in an open space, neatly swept and sanded underfoot, and directly facing them was Mole's little front door, with ' Mole End ' painted, in Gothic lettering, over the bell-pull at the side.

Mole reached down a lantern from a nail in the wall and lit it, and the Rat, looking round him, saw that they were in a sort of fore-court. A garden-seat stood on one side of the door, and on the other a roller ; for the Mole, who was a tidy animal when at home, could not stand having his ground kicked up by other animals into little runs that ended in earth-heaps. On the walls hung wire baskets with ferns in them, alternating with brackets carrying plaster statuary—Garibaldi, and the infant Samuel, and Queen Victoria, and other heroes of modern Italy. Down one side of the fore-court ran a skittle-alley, with benches along it and little wooden tables marked with rings that hinted at beer-mugs. In the middle was a small round pond containing goldfish and surrounded by a cockle-shell border. Out of the centre of the pond rose a fanciful erection clothed in more cockle-shells and topped by a large silvered glass ball that reflected everything all wrong and had a very pleasing effect.

Mole's face beamed at the sight of all these objects so dear to him, and he hurried Rat through the door, lit a lamp in the hall, and took one glance round his old home. He saw the dust lying thick on everything, saw the cheerless, deserted look of the long-neglected house, and its narrow, meagre dimensions, its worn and shabby contents—and collapsed again on a hall-chair, his nose in his paws. 'O, Ratty!' he cried dismally, 'why ever did I do it? Why did I bring you to this poor, cold little place, on a night like this, when you might have been at River Bank by this time, toasting your toes before a blazing fire, with all your own nice things about you!'

The Rat paid no heed to his doleful self-reproaches. He was running here and there, opening doors, inspecting rooms and cupboards, and lighting lamps and candles and sticking them up everywhere. 'What a capital little house this is!' he called out cheerily. 'So compact! So well planned! Everything here and everything in its place! We'll make a jolly night of it. The first thing we want is a good fire; I'll see to that—I always know where to find things. So this is the parlour? Splendid! Your own idea, those little sleeping-bunks in the wall? Capital! Now, I'll fetch the wood and the coals, and you get a duster, Mole—you'll find one in the drawer of the kitchen table—and try and smarten things up a bit. Bustle about, old chap!'

Encouraged by his inspiring companion, the Mole roused himself and dusted and polished with energy and heartiness, while the Rat, running to and fro with armfuls of fuel, soon had a cheerful blaze roaring up the chimney. He hailed the Mole to come and warm

himself; but Mole promptly had another fit of the blues, dropping down on a couch in dark despair and burying his face in his duster.

‘Rat,’ he moaned, ‘how about your supper, you poor, cold, hungry, weary animal? I’ve nothing to give you—nothing—not a crumb!’

‘What a fellow you are for giving in!’ said the Rat reproachfully. ‘Why, only just now I saw a sardine-opener on the kitchen dresser, quite distinctly; and everybody knows that means there are sardines about somewhere in the neighbourhood. Rouse yourself! pull yourself together, and come with me and forage.’

They went and foraged accordingly, hunting through every cupboard and turning out every drawer. The result was not so very depressing after all, though of course it might have been better; a tin of sardines—a box of captain’s biscuits, nearly full—and a German sausage encased in silver paper.

‘There’s a banquet for you!’ observed the Rat, as he arranged the table. ‘I know some animals who would give their ears to be sitting down to supper with us to-night.’

‘No bread!’ groaned the Mole, dolorously; ‘no butter, no——’

‘No *pâté de fois gras*, no champagne!’ continued the Rat, grinning. ‘And that reminds me—what’s that little door at the end of the passage? Your cellar, of course! Every luxury in this house! Just you wait a minute.’

He made for the cellar door, and presently reappeared, somewhat dusty, with a bottle of beer in each paw and another under each arm. ‘Self-indulgent beggar you seem to be, Mole,’ he observed. ‘Deny

yourself nothing. This is really the jolliest little place I ever was in. Now, wherever did you pick up those prints? Make the place look so home-like, they do. No wonder you're so fond of it, Mole. Tell us all about it, and how you came to make it what it is.'

Then, while the Rat busied himself fetching plates, and knives and forks, and mustard which he mixed in an egg-cup, the Mole, his bosom still heaving with the stress of his recent emotion, related—somewhat shyly at first, but with more freedom as he warmed to his subject—how this was planned, and how that was thought out, and how this was got through a windfall from an aunt, and that was a wonderful find and a bargain, and this other thing was bought out of laborious savings and a certain amount of going without. His spirits finally quite restored, he must needs go and caress his possessions, and take a lamp and show off their points to his visitor and expatiate on them, quite forgetful of the supper they both so much needed; Rat, who was desperately hungry but strove to conceal it, nodding seriously, examining with a puckered brow, and saying, 'Wonderful,' and 'Most remarkable,' at intervals, when the chance for an observation was given him.

At last the Rat succeeded in decoying him to the table, and had just got seriously to work with the sardine-opener when sounds were heard from the fore-court without—sounds like the scuffling of small feet in the gravel and a confused murmur of tiny voices, while broken sentences reached them—'Now, all in a line—hold the lantern up a bit, Tommy—clear your throats first—no coughing after I say one,

two, three. Where's young Bill?—Here, come on, do, we're all a-waiting——.'

'What's up?' inquired the Rat, pausing in his labours.

'I think it must be the field-mice,' replied the Mole, with a touch of pride in his manner. 'They go round carol-singing regularly at this time of the year. They're quite an institution in these parts. And they never pass me over—they come to Mole End last of all: and I used to give them hot drinks, and supper too sometimes, when I could afford it. It will be like old times to hear them again.'

'Let's have a look at them!' cried the Rat, jumping up and running to the door.

It was a pretty sight, and a seasonable one, that met their eyes when they flung the door open. In the fore-court, lit by the dim rays of a horn lantern, some eight or ten little field-mice stood in a semicircle, red worsted comforters round their throats, their fore-paws thrust deep into their pockets, their feet jiggling for warmth. With bright beady eyes they glanced shyly at each other, sniggering a little, sniffing and applying coat-sleeves a good deal. As the door opened, one of the elder ones that carried the lantern was just saying, 'Now then, one, two, three!' and forthwith their shrill little voices uprose on the air, singing one of the old-time carols that their forefathers composed in fields that were fallow and held by frost, or when snow-bound in chimney corners, and handed down to be sung in the miry street to lamp-lit windows

CAROL

Villagers all, this frosty tide,
Let your doors swing open wide,
Though wind may follow, and snow beside,
Y'et draw us in by your fire to bide ;
 Joy shall be yours in the morning !

Here we stand in the cold and the sleet,
Blowing fingers and stamping feet,
Come from far away you to greet—
You by the fire and we in the street—
 Bidding you joy in the morning !

For ere one-half of the night was gone,
Sudden a star has led us on,
Raining bliss and benison—
Bliss to-morrow and more anon,
 Joy for every morning !

Goodman Joseph toiled through the snow—
Saw the star o'er a stable low ;
Mary she might not further go—
Welcome thatch, and litter below !
 Joy was hers in the morning !

And then they heard the angels tell
' Who were the first to cry Nowell ?
Animals all, as it befell,
In the stable where they did dwell !
 Joy shall be theirs in the morning ! '

The voices ceased, the singers, bashful but smiling, exchanged sidelong glances, and silence succeeded—but for a moment only. Then, from up above and far away, down the tunnel they had so lately travelled was borne to their ears in a faint musical hum the sound of distant bells ringing a joyous and clangorous peal.

‘Very well sung, boys!’ cried the Rat, heartily, ‘and now come along in, all of you, and warm yourselves by the fire, and have something hot.’

‘Yes, come along, field-mice,’ cried the Mole, eagerly. ‘This is quite like old times! Shut the door after you. Pull up that settle to the fire. Now, you just wait a minute, while we——O, Ratty!’ he cried in despair, plumping down on a seat, with tears impending. ‘Whatever are we doing? We’ve nothing to give them!’

‘You leave all that to me,’ said the masterful Rat. ‘Here, you with the lantern! Come over this way. I want to talk to you. Now, tell me, are there any shops open at this hour of the night?’

‘Why, certainly, sir,’ replied the field mouse, respectfully. ‘At this time of the year our shops keep open to all sorts of hours.’

‘Then look here!’ said the Rat. ‘You go off at once, you and your lantern, and you get me——’

Here much muttered conversation ensued, and the Mole only heard bits of it, such as—‘Fresh, mind!—no, a pound of that will do—see you get Buggins’s, for I won’t have any other—no, only the best—if you can’t get it there, try somewhere else—yes, of course, home made, no tinned stuff—well then, do the best you can!’ Finally, there was a chink of coin passing from paw to paw, the field-mouse was provided with an ample basket for his purchases, and off he hurried, he and his lantern.

The Rat meanwhile was busy examining the label on one of the beer-bottles. ‘I perceive this to be Old Burton,’ he remarked approvingly. ‘Sensible Mole! The very thing! Now we shall be able to

mulled some ale ! Get the things ready, Mole, while I draw the corks.'

It did not take long to prepare the brew and thrust the tin heater well into the red heart of the fire : and soon every field-mouse was sipping and coughing and choking (for a little mulled ale goes a long way) and wiping his eyes and laughing and forgetting he had ever been cold in all his life.

' They act plays too, these fellows,' the Mole explained to the Rat. ' Make them up all by themselves, and act them afterwards. And very well they do it, too ! They gave us a capital one last year, about a field-mouse who was captured at sea by a Barbary corsair, and made to row in a galley ; and when he escaped and got home again, his lady-love had gone into a convent Here, *you* ! You were in it, I remember. Get up and recite a bit.'

The field mouse addressed got up on his legs, giggled shyly, looked round the room, and remained absolutely tongue-tied. His comrades cheered him on, Mole coaxed and encouraged him, and the Rat went so far as to take him by the shoulders and shake him : but nothing could overcome his stage-fright. They were all busily engaged on him when the latch clicked, the door opened, and the field-mouse with the lantern reappeared staggering under the weight of his basket.

There was no more talk of play-acting once the very real and solid contents of the basket had been tumbled out on the table. Under the generalship of Rat, everybody was set to do something or to fetch something. In a very few minutes supper was ready, and Mole, as he took the head of the table in a sort of

dream, saw a lately barren board set thick with
 savoury comforts ; saw his little friends' faces
 brighten and beam as they fell to without delay ; and
 then let himself loose—for he was famished indeed—
 on the provender so magically provided, thinking what
 a happy home-coming this had turned out after all.

KENNETH GRAHAME, *The Wind in the Willows*.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

Wee modest crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun ¹ crush amang the stoure ²
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Binding thee 'mang the dewy weet ³
 Wi' speckl'd breast,
 When upward springing, blythe to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's ⁴ maun shield,

¹ Must ² Dust ³ Wet ⁴ Walls.

But thou, beneath the random bield ¹
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie ² stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy sunny bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !
R. BURNS

THROUGH THE POLAR NIGHT TO CAPE
CROZIER

Night in a waste land, where no one comes
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
TENNYSON. *Morte D'Arthur.*

Wednesday, August 2.—The Crozier Party returned last night after enduring for five weeks the hardest conditions on record. They looked more weather-worn than anyone I have yet seen. Their faces were scarred and wrinkled, their eyes dull, their hands whitened and creased with the constant exposure to damp and cold, yet the scars of frostbite were very few and this evil had never seriously assailed them. The main part of their afflictions arose from sheer lack of sleep, and to-day after a night's rest our travellers are very different in appearance.

Wilson is very thin, but this morning very much his keen wiry self—Bowers is quite himself to-day.

¹ Shelter.

² Dry, barren

Cherry-Garrard is slightly puffy in the face and still looks worn. It is evident that he has suffered most severely—but Wilson tells me that his spirit never wavered for a moment. Bowers has come through best, all things considered, and I believe he is the hardest traveller that ever undertook a Polar journey, as well as one of the most undaunted ; his untiring energy and astonishing physique enable him to continue to work under conditions which are absolutely paralysing to others. Never was such a sturdy, active, undefeatable little man.

So far as one can gather, the story of this journey in brief is much as follows. The party reached the Barrier two days after leaving Cape Evans, still pulling their load of 250 lbs. per man ; the snow surface then changed completely and grew worse and worse as they advanced. For one day they struggled on as before, covering four miles, but from this onward they were forced to relay, and found the half load heavier than the whole one had been on the sea ice. Meanwhile the temperature had been falling, and now for more than a week the thermometer fell below -60° . On one night the minimum showed -71° , and on the next -77° , 109° of frost. Although in this truly fearful cold the air was comparatively still, every now and again little puffs of wind came eddying across the snow plain with blighting effect. No civilised being has ever encountered such conditions before with only a tent of thin canvas to rely on for shelter.

It took the best part of a fortnight to cross the coldest region, and then, rounding Cape Mackay, they entered the wind-swept area. Blizzard followed blizzard, the sky was constantly overcast and they staggered on in

a light which was little better than complete darkness ; sometimes they found themselves high on the slopes of Terror on the left of their track, and sometimes diving into the pressure ridges on the right amidst crevasses and confused ice disturbance. Reaching the foot hills near Cape Crozier, they ascended 800 feet, then packed their belongings over a moraine ridge and started to build a hut. It took three days to build the stone walls and complete the roof with the canvas brought for the purpose. Then at last they could attend to the object of their journey.

The scant twilight at midday was so short that they must start in the dark, and be prepared for the risk of missing their way in returning without light. On the first day in which they set forth under these conditions it took them two hours to reach the pressure ridges, and to clamber over them roped together occupied nearly the same time ; finally they reached a place above the rookery where they could hear the penguins squawking, but from which they were quite unable to find a way down. The poor light was failing and they returned to camp. Starting again on the following day, they wound their way through frightful ice disturbances under the high basalt cliffs ; in places the rock overhung, and at one spot they had to creep through a small channel hollowed in the ice. At last they reached the sea ice, but now the light was so far spent they were obliged to rush everything. Instead of the 2000 or 3000 nesting birds which had been seen here in *Discovery* days, they could now only count about a hundred ; they hastily killed and skinned three to get blubber for their stove, and collecting six eggs, three alone of which survived, they dashed for camp.

It is possible the birds are deserting this rookery, but it is also possible that this early date found only a small minority of the birds which will be collected at a later one. The eggs, which have not yet been examined, should throw light on this point. 'Wilson observed yet another proof of the strength of the nursing instinct in these birds. In searching for eggs both he and Bowers picked up rounded pieces of ice, which these ridiculous creatures had been cherishing with fond hope.

The light had failed entirely by the time the party were clear of the pressure ridges on their return, and it was only by good luck they regained their camp.

That night a blizzard commenced, increasing in fury from moment to moment. They now found that the place chosen for the hut for shelter was worse than useless. They had far better have built it in the open, for the fierce wind, instead of striking them directly, was deflected on to them in furious whirling gusts. Heavy blocks of snow and rock placed on the roof were whirled away, and the canvas ballooned up, tearing and straining at its securings—its disappearance could only be a question of time. They had erected their tent with some valuables inside close to the hut : it had been well spread and more than amply secured with snow and boulders, but one terrific gust tore it up and whirled it away. Inside the hut they waited for the roof to vanish, wondering what they could do if it went, and vainly endeavouring to make it secure. After fourteen hours it went, as they were trying to pin down one corner. The smother of snow was on them, and they could only dive for their sleeping bags with a gasp. Bowers put his head out

once and said, 'We're all right,' in as near his ordinary tones as he could compass. The others replied, 'Yes, we're all right,' and all were silent for a night and half a day, whilst the wind howled on; the snow entered every chink and crevice of the sleeping-bags, and the occupants shivered and wondered how it would all end.

This gale was the same (July 23rd) in which we registered our maximum wind force, and it seems probable that it fell on Cape Crozier even more violently than on us.

The wind fell at noon the following day; the forlorn travellers crept from their icy nests, made shift to spread their floorcloth overhead, and lit their 'primus.' They tasted their first food for forty-eight hours, and began to plan a means to build a shelter on the homeward route. They decided that they must dig a large pit and cover it, as best they could, with their floorcloth. But now fortune befriended them; a search to the north revealed the tent lying amongst boulders a quarter of a mile away, and, strange to relate, practically uninjured, a fine testimonial for the material used in its construction. On the following day they started homeward, and immediately another blizzard fell on them, holding them prisoners for two days. By this time the miserable condition of their effects was beyond description. The sleeping-bags were far too stiff to be rolled up, in fact they were so hard frozen that attempts to bend them actually split the skins; the eiderdown bags inside Wilson's and Cherry-Garrard's reindeer covers served but to stop fitfully the gaps made by such rents. All socks and mits had long been coated with ice: placed in breast

pockets or inside vests at night, they did not even show signs of thawing, much less of drying. It sometimes took Cherry-Garrard three-quarters of an hour to get into his sleeping-bag, so flat did it freeze and so difficult was it to open. It is scarcely possible to realize the horrible discomforts of the forlorn travellers, as they plodded back across the Barrier with the temperature again constantly below -60° . In this fashion they reached Hut Point and, on the following night, our home quarters.

Wilson is disappointed at seeing so little of the penguins, but to me and to everyone, who has remained here, the result of this effort is the appeal it makes to our imagination as one of the most gallant stories in Polar History. That men should wander forth in the depth of a Polar night to face the most dismal cold and the fiercest gales in darkness is something new : that they should have persisted in this effort in spite of every adversity for five full weeks is heroic. It makes a tale for our generation which I hope may not be lost in the telling.

Scott's Last Expedition.

SONG

The moon is up : the stars are bright :
The wind is fresh and free !
We're out to seek for gold to-night
Across the silver sea !
The world was growing grey and old :
Break out the sails again !
We're out to seek a Realm of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

We're sick of all the cringing knees,
The courtly smiles and lies !
God, let thy singing Channel breeze
Lighten our hearts and eyes !
Let love no more be bought and sold
For earthly loss or gain :
We're out to seek an Age of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

Beyond the light of far Cathay,
Beyond all mortal dreams,
Beyond the light of night and day
Our Eldorado gleams,
Revealing—as the skies unfold—
A star without a stain,
The Glory of the Gates of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

ALFRED NOYES.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

Othere, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was as yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery grey
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
 His cheek had the colour of oak ;
 With a kind of laugh in his speech,
 Like the sea tide on a beach,
 As unto the king he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
 Had a book upon his knees,
 And wrote down the wondrous tale
 Of him who was first to sail
 Into the Arctic Seas.

‘ So far I live to the northward,
 No man lives north of me ;
 To the east are wild mountain-chains,
 And beyond them meres and plains ;
 To the westward all is sea.

So far I live to the northward,
 From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,
 If you only sailed by day
 With a fair wind all the way,
 More than a month would you sail.

I own six hundred reindeer,
 With sheep and swine beside ;
 I have tribute from the Finns
 Whalebone and reindeer skins,
 And ropes of walrus hide.

I ploughed the land with horses,
 But my heart was ill at ease,
 For the old seafaring men
 Came to me now and then,
 With their sagas of the seas :

Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep ;—
I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale
Till after three days more.

The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape
Whose form is like a wedge.

The sea was rough and stormy
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night ;
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light.'

Here Alfred, king of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while ;
~~And~~ raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere the old sea captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the king listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

And now the land,' said Othere,
' Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore,
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea

And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal ;
Ha ! 'twas a noble game !
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

There were six of us altogether,
Norsemen of Helgoland ;
In twø days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand.'

Here Alfred, the Truth-Teller,
 Suddenly closed his book,
 And lifted his blue eyes,
 With doubt and strange surmise
 Depicted in their look.

And Otherc, the old sea-captain,
 Stared at him wild and weird,
 Then smiled till his shining teeth
 Gleamed white from underneath
 His tawny quivering beard.

And to the king of the Saxons,
 In witness of the truth,
 Raising his noble head,
 He stretched his brown hand, and said,
 ' Behold this walrus-tooth ! '

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE DESTROYING SPLENDOUR

[' To Grôm, hunting further to the south of the Tribal Fires than he had ever ranged before, came suddenly a woman running, mad with fright, a baby clutched to her bosom. Both she and the child were streaming with blood, and covered with strange cup-like wounds, as if the flesh had been gouged out of them with some irresistible circular instrument.' She implores Grôm's protection. He attempts to learn from her the cause of her dreadful condition · but, being ignorant of her language, can only discover that her assailant was some flying creature. He determines therefore to solve the mystery for himself, and sets out accordingly, accompanied by the girl A-ya, young Mô and a dwarfish kinsman, named Loob. They travel southward from the Caves for one day, and pass the night in the tree-tops.]

Before the sun was clear of the horizon the little party was again upon the march, but now going with the wariness of a sable. They no longer went Indian file, but flitting singly from tree to tree, from covert to covert, Grôm picking up the old trail of the fugitive, the rest of the party keeping him in view and peering ahead for some sign of the unknown Terror.

Suddenly he almost stumbled over a hideous object. A low whistle brought his followers closing in upon him. The skeleton of a full-grown man lay outstretched in the grass. The bones were fresh—blood-stained and bright—and a swarm of blood-sucking insects arose from them. They were picked minutely clean, except for a portion of the skull, where the long, strong, densely matted hair seemed to have served as an effective armour. The bones were not pulled about, or crushed for their marrow, as they would have been if the victim had been the prey of any of the great carnivorous beasts. And there were no tracks about it save those of a few small rat-like creatures. It was clear that the Mystery, whatever it might be, had wings.

‘A bird!’ whispered A-ya, with a gleam of triumph in her eyes, at the same time glancing up into the tree-tops apprehensively. But Grôm did not think so. There were no marks of mighty claws on the turf around the skeleton.

Grôm cast about him an eager but anxious eye. The country was not densely wooded at this point, but studded with low thickets, and set here and there with scattered trees. From a little way ahead came a gleam of calm water through the greenery. It was a scene of peace, and security, and summer loveliness.

Its very beauty seemed to Grôm an added menace, as if some peculiar treachery must lurk behind it.

In the centre of an open glade, not far from the skeleton, Grôm set his party to building a circle of fires, as likely to afford the surest kind of a refuge. A supply of fuel having been gathered, he directed A-ya and Mô to remain and tend the fires and not to leave the circle unless he should summon them. Loob, the cunning scout, he sent off to the left through the underbrush. He himself followed the trail of the fugitive—now doubled by that of the other fugitive whose skeleton lay there in the sun—down toward that gleam of water through the trees. A-ya gazed after him anxiously as he vanished, half-minded to dare his displeasure and follow him.

Grôm was presently able to make out that the water was a wide, reedy lake or the arm of a shallow river. There was no wind and the surface shone like clear glass. But once and again his eyes were dazzled by a dart of intense radiance, a great flash of rose or violet or blue-green flame, shooting over the surface of the water. A memory of what A-ya had proposed to gather from the stranger woman rushed into his mind. Perhaps the Destroying Thing was like a bird, and nevertheless, at the same time, something like fire. He felt himself confronted by a mystery which made even his tried nerves creep; and he hid himself in the densest undergrowth as he stole forward toward the water. He had forgotten, and forsaken, the trail he was following, in his haste to solve the problem of those darting splendours. •

A few moments more and he gained the edge of an open glade which led straight to the water. He

paused behind the screening leaves. Out over the water a bar of ruby light, surrounded by a globe of rose-pink mist, shot by and vanished from his narrow field of vision. He was just about to thrust out his head and crane his neck to follow the gorgeous apparition, when a peculiar dry rustling in the air above checked him. He glanced up cautiously, and saw hovering, not more than twenty or thirty yards away, a beautiful and dreadful being.

In shape it was exactly like a dragon-fly, but the length of its flaming violet body was greater than that of Grôm's longest arrow. The spread of its two pairs of transparent crystal-shining, colourless wings was even greater than the length of its body. Its enormous eyes, wells of purple fire which took up the whole of the top and sides of its monstrous head, seemed to see everywhere at once: and Grôm shivered with the feeling that they had spied him out and were peering into his very soul.

The awful eyes may have seen him, indeed; but at that moment they spied out something else which apparently concerned them more. With a pounce like a flash of violet lightning—and, indeed, almost as swift—the bright shape swooped to the grass. The four shining wings waved there for a moment, and there seemed to be a mild struggle. Then the giant fly rose again, lightly, into the air, holding in the clutch of its six slender, jointed legs the body of one of those black, rat-like animals which Grôm knew so well as infesting the grass of all meadows near the water. The captor flew to a naked branch near the water-side, alighted upon it, and proceeded to make its meal, holding up the body between the end joints

of its front pair of legs and turning it over and over deftly while its appalling jaws both crushed and mangled it. The process was amazingly swift. In the space of a couple of minutes all the blood, flesh, and soft material of the rat were squeezed out and sucked down. The remnants were rolled into a hard little ball, perfectly spherical, and scornfully tossed aside. And the monster, leaping into the air with a rustle of its glittering wings, flashed off over the water.

Almost in the same moment an amazingly loud rustle, like the sweep of a fierce gust of rain upon a rank of palmetto leaves, filled the air above the glade, and Grôm, looking up with a start, saw a great shoal of the radiant shapes storm by, as if with the rainbow entangled in their wings. He wondered upon what foray they were bent, and now for the first time he realized, with a creeping of the flesh, what it was that had overtaken the man whose skeleton he had found in the grass. The shoal swept out over the lake a little way, and then on down the shore toward the left ; and Grôm drew a deep breath as he assured himself that their course was taking them far from the fires of A-ya and Mô.

When Grôm lowered his eyes to earth again he started. On the side of the stump of a fallen tree, out in the glade not more than eight or ten yards distant, clung one of the monsters, scintillating blue-green and amethyst in the full blaze of the sun. Its wings, exquisitely netted and of crystal transparency, were tinged with an ineffable rosy iridescence. Its jointed body, slightly longer than Grôm's arm, was nearly as thick as his wrist, and ended at the tail with a formidable double claw. Its six legs, arranged in

three pairs under the thorax, were armed on the inner sides with powerful spines, needle-pointed and steel hard, with which to grip and hold its victims. The thorax, from the back of which sprouted the four great wings, was of the thickness of Grôm's forearm, while its head was as big as Grôm's two great fists put together. It was this head which held Grôm's fascinated gaze, giving him more of a sensation of cold fear than he had ever known before. More than two-thirds of the head consisted of a pair of huge, globose eyes, without pupil, ethereally transparent, yet unfathomable. From the depths of them flamed a ceaselessly changing radiance of blue-green, purple and violet. Grôm found the stare of those blank, pupilless eyes almost intolerable.

It was plainly straight at him, through the ineffectual screen of the leafage, that the dreadful insect was staring. At first it stared with the back of its head. Then, very deliberately, it turned its head completely around, without moving its body a hair's-breadth, till its mouth was in the same plane with its back. This gave Grôm a sense of disgust, and his shrinking dread began to give way to a sort of rage.

Then he took note of the monster's mouth—and understood those great cup-shaped wounds on the woman and the child. The mouth took up the remaining third of the head, and seemed to consist of globular discs working one over the other, so as either to cut cleanly or to grind. They were working, slowly, now—and Grôm felt suddenly that he must put a stop to it, that he must put out the awful light in those monstrous devil eyes. Stealthily, almost imperceptibly, he fitted an arrow to his bow, raised it,

drew it, and took a long steady aim. He must not miss. The shaft flew—and the great fly was pinned, through the thorax, to the soft, rotten wood of its perch.

To Grôm's horror that stroke, which to any beast he knew would have at once been fatal, did not kill the monstrous fly. Its struggles and the beating of its four great wings were so violent that the arrow-head was presently wrenched loose from its hold in the wood, and the raging splendour, with the shaft half-way through the thorax, bounded into the air. It darted straight at Grôm, who had prudently edged in among a tangle of stems. Its fury carried it through the screen of leafage—but then its wings impeded by the branches, and the arrow hampering it, it dashed itself to the earth. Instantly Grôm was upon it, stamping its slim body, as it lay there blazing and quivering, into the soil. The violet light in the immense, pupilless eyes still stared up at him implacable, from a head turned around squarely over the back. But in a cold fury Grôm shattered the gleaming head with his club. Then he trod the silver wings to dust.

C. G. D. ROBERTS, *In the Morning of Time.*

MY WILL

I would live, if I had my will,
In an old stone grange on a Yorkshire hill,
Ivy-encircled, lichen streaked,
Low and mullioned, gable-peaked,
With a velvet lawn, and a hedge of yew,
An apple orchard to saunter through,

Hyacinth-scented in spring's clear prime,
And rich with roses in summer time,
And a waft of heather over the hill,
Had I my will.

Over the tree-tops, grave and brown,
Slants the back of a breezy down ;
Through my fields, by the covert edge,
A swift stream splashes from ledge to ledge,
On to the hamlet, scattered, gray,
Where folk live leisurely day by day ;
The same old faces about my walks ;
Smiling welcomes and simple talks ;
Innocent stories of Jack and Jill ;
Had I my will.

How my thrushes should pipe ere noon,
Young birds learning the old birds' tune !
Casements wide, when the eve is fair,
To drink the scents of the moonlit air.
Over the valley I'd see the lights
Of the lone-hill farms, on the upland heights ;
And hear, when the night is alert with rain,
The steady pulse of the labouring train,
With the measured gush of the merry rill,
Had I my will.

Then in the winter, when gusts pipe thin,
By a clear fire would I sit within,
Warm and dry in the ingle nook,
Reading at ease in a good, grave book ;
Under the lamp, as I sideways bend,
I'd scan the face of my well-loved friend :

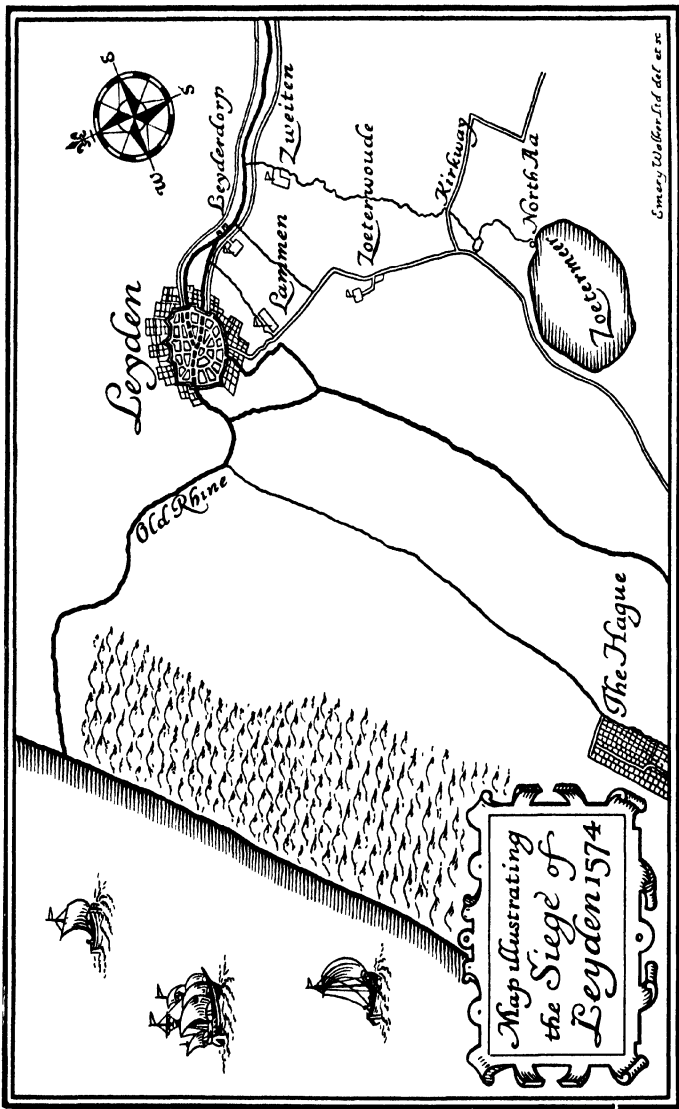
Writing my verses with careless speed,
One, at least, would be pleased to read :
Thus sweet leisure my days should fill,
Had I my will.

Then when the last guest steps to my side—
May it be summer, the windows wide—
I would smile as the parson prayed,
Smile to think I was once afraid ;
Death should beckon me, take my hand,
Smile at the door of the silent land ;
Then the slumber, how good to sleep
Under the grass where the shadows creep,
Where the headstones slant on the wind-swept hill!
I shall have my will.

A C. BENSON.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

The inhabitants in their ignorance had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgo-master as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with



its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved : ‘ What would ye, my friends ? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards ? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath ! I can die but once ; whether by your hands, the enemy’s, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved : but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not : my life is at your disposal ; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive.’

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. ‘ Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters,’ they cried, ‘ and it is true. So long then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within

the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in His wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed.' Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. 'As well,' shouted the Spaniards derisively to the citizens, 'as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief.'

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince,¹

¹ The Prince of Orange.

that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favourable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would of necessity be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent gale on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirkway, which had been broken through, according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle—a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighbouring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat, and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews

hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zweiten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla. But the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight, when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from the vessels upon the crumbling dyke, and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across

their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible—if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender—to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist. 'Yonder,' cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, 'yonder, behind the fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?' 'We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails,' was the reply, 'before the

relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us.' It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last: the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after a feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night: had the massacre already commenced: had all this labour been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The

lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrate, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death: others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed.

Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls—all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note despatched to the Prince of Orange was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot—the letter in which the Admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus, all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.

J. L. MOTLEY, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

NOTE.—The map illustrating this passage is after one by Janson, 1641: the relative distances of the forts do not correspond with those given by Motley.

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardours of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow :
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ,
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

P. B. SHELLEY.

NOTES AND EXERCISES

A Note for the Teacher.

The following exercises are for the most part composition pieces in prose and verse : but a certain number designed to give practice in sentence and paragraph building and in the choice and use of words have been added. These will be found especially useful for class-work.

The teacher is advised to read through these notes and exercises before beginning work with the class. They are, in general, of progressive difficulty, but some are interchangeable, and he may find it convenient to change their order. He may reasonably wish to anticipate such a composition as 'the Character Sketch,' which appears somewhat late in the book. Again, the exercises are intended chiefly as a guide to the *kind* of work recommended. To ensure the best results, this book should be regarded as embodying a method to be applied to the local conditions and particular needs of the class. Once the general principles are grasped, the invention of exercises likely to make a special appeal should be a matter of little difficulty.

A permanent record in the form of a class Chap-book, in which the best work is entered either by the teacher, or, better still, by the pupils themselves, will prove an excellent stimulant. Maps may be pasted in : cover, frontispiece and initial letters may be illuminated as opportunity occurs. Pupils may be encouraged also to keep their private Chap-books. In the longer prose compositions, which follow, an excellent rule is to insist upon the work being written in the form of three paragraphs at least, whether the matter naturally falls into those paragraphs or not. This aids punctuation : and in course of time the nature and purpose of a paragraph come to be realised.

It is not intended that all the variant exercises in composition accompanying each passage should be done by every pupil : they may be distributed among the class.

BRITAIN

This passage gives useful material and hints for the making of Islands. Besides the frontispiece in this book two coloured reproductions of such Islands or Ilonds, as he calls them, will be found in Mr. Caldwell Cook's book *The Play Way*¹. After the passage has been read, each member of the class should be asked to select a name for his Island, *e.g.* Cannibal Island, Isle of Dragons, Lantern Land, etc. Each member should then write a description of the Island, using the passage more or less closely as a model. The Island may then be illustrated by a map. There will be no difficulty in getting these maps drawn in leisure time, and the drawing and colouring of them may be spread over a considerable time. There is a good description of an island in More's *Utopia* which may be used in addition, or as an alternative, to this passage, should it be considered too difficult. The map and accompanying exercises may, of course, be performed without the aid of any model passage, or the whole may be taken at some later stage in the course.

FURTHER EXERCISES

1. Write a description of the origin *or* discovery of the Island.
2. Suppose yourself to be one of the inhabitants of the Island, and give an account of how you first arrived there *or* of your manner of life in the Island.
3. Write a paragraph either (*a*) explaining how the Island got its name or (*b*) describing your favourite spot in the Island.

¹ There is also a very useful map entitled 'An Anciente Mappe of Fairyland,' by Bernard Sleight, published by Sidgwick and Jackson.

4. Supposing yourself to be staying in the Island, write a letter to a friend inviting him to visit you and explaining what is best worth seeing.

5 (a) ' My house on the Island and how it was built.'

(b) ' An encounter with a strange beast ' (name of beast to be chosen by the writer).

6 Answer the following questions each in a complete sentence .

(a) In what part of the world (real or imaginary) is your Island situated ?

(b) What kind of people live on your Island ?

(c) For what is your Island chiefly famous ?

(d) Is your Island a pleasant place to live in ? If so, why ? If not, why not ?

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

This story may be most profitably used for reproduction, as a preliminary exercise.

EXERCISES

1. Reproduce this story in about 300 words.

2. Suppose yourself one of Persephone's maidens ; write in a few sentences your explanation of what happened in the field of Henna, as you would tell it to Demeter.

3. Write a short conversation in dramatic form between Demeter and Zeus, giving four speeches to each. The scene of the conversation will be Zeus's palace on Olympus, and Demeter will reproach Zeus for allowing Aidoneus to carry off her daughter

4. Supposing that you were standing near the fountain at Eleusis, describe the meeting of Demeter and Persephone.

or

Write the story of the carrying off of Persephone as she would tell it to Demeter.

5. Write a story in which a flower plays an important part, or relate one already known to you.

6. Fill in the blanks in the following passage :

Meanwhile, as her companions thus followed their several devices, Persephone had spied a ——— bloom, a narcissus with a hundred heads springing from a ——— stem. Eagerly she sped to secure so ——— a prize; but as she reached forth her hand to ——— it, lo! the grassy meadow yawned and a chariot rose up drawn by four horses, ——— as night, and halted before her. She stood ——— to the spot in terror, gazing up at the charioteer, whose dark face clouded with melancholy was ——— upon hers.

When you have filled in the blanks, turn to the original and compare it with your work.

THE GAY GOSHAWK

If the class has received no previous instruction in verse-making, either this ballad or *A Summer's Day* may be used for practice. The structure of the verse should first be explained, a stanza being written upon the blackboard, with the accents or stresses marked.

Next the stanza on the blackboard, and then several other stanzas should be read or repeated aloud by the class, the accented syllables being emphasised in some special manner, *e.g.* by tapping the desks with rulers. When the rhythm is fully understood, a beginning may be made with single lines, upon some simple given subject, such as Spring, Christmas, the Lark, etc. Then two lines may be attempted and finally stanzas.

If a start is made with octosyllabics, after some practice with single lines, a second line to rhyme with the first may be called for. The process is thus somewhat simplified. On the other hand, the language of the ballads is more familiar and more easily assimilated by children. The teacher may experiment and take his choice. Two excellent exercises at all stages of verse making are the following :

1. Take a stanza or a few lines, and write them on the blackboard continuously as prose: then get the class to arrange them in their proper verse form.

2 Take a stanza or a few lines, and write them on the blackboard, omitting words, here and there, especially the rhyme words : get the class to fill in the blanks.

Another good plan when setting single stanzas, or, later on, even poems, is to give a beginning word such as *When, Now, Among*. The two former can be repeated in three or more stanzas very effectively

If time allows, other ballads should be read to the class *The Wife of Usher's Well* and Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* are specially recommended ; but the teacher can take his choice from the *Oxford Book of Ballads*, in which all the best are included. The class should be made acquainted with any ballads of local interest

When some facility in verse making has been acquired, three four-line stanzas or twelve lines may be asked for from the average pupil.

EXERCISES

Subjects for Single Stanzas. Any bird or animal, *e.g.* 'The Mouse,' 'Tadpoles,' 'The Owl,' 'The Bee'; a flower or a tree, (an individual tree would be specially suitable); 'The Knight,' 'The Stream,' 'The Moon,' 'The Forest,' 'The Aeroplane.'

Instead of a subject a line, such as, 'The Knight is to his castle gone,' may be given, and the class asked to finish the stanza, allowing them complete latitude as to its position in the stanza

Before the stanzas are actually written, the teacher should read a stanza or two from some poet on the same or a similar subject. There will be echoes but rarely slavish imitation

Subjects for short poems in Ballad Measure. The subjects suggested for single stanzas may be enlarged upon in poems of three stanzas ; also the following :—'The Crusader,' 'The Fairies Well,' 'The Enchanted Castle,' 'The Sea King.' Other subjects may be taken from the History or Literature (especially Romance)* that the class is reading. Stories from local lore will usually produce some good results. A given line may be employed here in the same way as for single stanzas.

Here is a poem in this metre written by a boy of eleven.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE

Between the mist, the haze and dew,
In a grove of the thickest wood,
With fairies hovering all around
The enchanted castle stood.

Its lofty towers like trees do stand ;
Its garden sweetly smells ,
And from inside comes music gay,
Flutes and drums and bells.

The fairy king within doth dwell
Midst happiness and good.
Between the mist, the haze and dew
The enchanted castle stood.

DERYCK FAULKS.

SNAPSHOTS

The purpose and conditions of this exercise have been explained in the Introduction (p. xiii). Here are two examples from English literature, one of an interior, the other of a landscape

EXERCISES

1. The interior of any room or hall with which you are well acquainted The snapshot should be done from memory.
2. The view of a town or village from a church tower, a hill, or any point of observation above the scene described.
3. The platform of a railway station as the train is about to depart.
4. A lake or a churchyard (*cf.* Gray's *Elegy*) at sunset.
5. 'Without—within.' Two snapshots each consisting of a paragraph, describing the exterior and interior of the same building—*e.g.* a shepherd's cottage or a grocer's shop.

6 The carrying off of Persephone by Aidoneus—*i.e.* the scene in the meadow of Henna at the moment when Aidoneus appears in his chariot.

Other exercises will be suggested in the course of this book. The snapshot given below, the work of a boy of ten, is the outcome of a variant method of applying this exercise. A story is told up to a certain point: the class is then asked to do a snapshot of the scene, as it appears to them at that moment.

The story told on this occasion was as follows: 'A hunter had been sitting up all night, on a platform built into a tree, for a tiger; below a goat was tied up. He waited in vain, until just before dawn a wolf appeared and proceeded to kill the goat. In his disgust he was about to fire, when at that moment a tiger suddenly sprang at the wolf out of the undergrowth.' The story broke off at this point.

THE TIGER AND THE WOLF

The dawn was just breaking, and an eery light was showing things up a little. The outlines of the trees could be seen, but all below was in the gloom. The tiger's body was in mid air, and the head was tossed back, and the gleaming teeth were shown. Its mane bristled and the front legs were stretched as far forward as could be.

The goat was lying on the ground and the wolf's paws were on its chest. It was just about to tear the goat into pieces, and its gleaming white teeth could be seen easily. Its tail was up in the air, and its eyes seemed to say, 'Ha! old thing, caught at last.' Its ears were cocked up, as if it heard the tiger, for the tiger could not be seen from where the goat and the wolf were.

DENNYS FANSHAW.

A LETTER

This is not intended as a model either for style or matter. No child can be expected to possess either the humour or sympathetic insight of Lewis Carroll, much less should he attempt to imitate them. Nevertheless it illustrates admirably the essentials of a good letter. These can be ex-

plained in suitable language to the class. First and foremost, the desire to give pleasure to and to interest the reader. This involves the avoidance of excessive reference to oneself, or, if relating one's own doings, the avoidance of undue emphasis upon one's own part in them—a point to be stressed. Secondly, simplicity and lightness of touch—a difficult achievement, but the recognition of it as an ideal will do no harm. Lastly, omission of all that is dull and commonplace, *i.e.* the invariable padding, frequently in the form of questions. A letter affords a suitable opportunity for teaching children to arrange their thoughts neatly and logically.

The most satisfactory results will be obtained from supervising actual letters written to real people. Interesting topics may be suggested, such as a picnic, a school match, a school garden, a visit to some historic spot, or any other event in which the writer has participated.

There are, however, certain subjects from literary sources which may profitably be set as exercises. Some are suggested here

EXERCISES

1. Suppose yourself to be Gertrude's mother. Write a letter to Dr. Maund, explaining how Gertrude has lost her health and asking him to call.

2. Write a letter to Gertrude, saying that you have heard of her strange accident and asking how she is.

3. Write a letter to Mr. Lewis Carroll telling him you have read his two books *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice through the Looking Glass*, saying which you prefer and why.

4. Write the letter you think Gertrude would have written in reply to this one from Lewis Carroll.

5. Subjects for further letters: (1) To a bookseller, ordering a copy of *Alice in Wonderland*. (2) To Gertrude's mother, Mrs. Chataway, accepting or refusing an invitation to stay with Gertrude at the seaside. (3) To an uncle, who has sent you *Alice through the Looking Glass* as a birthday present.

6. Make a list of all the things you want to say in a letter to a friend, *e.g.* the important happenings during the past week. Then write a letter putting them all in, in a suitable order.

A SUMMER'S DAY—MORNING

This piece provides the alternative metre with which to start verse making. The procedure recommended for the ballad metre may be followed.

Subjects for Poems. Evening; The Traveller; The Hunt; Play-time, Work-time, Spring; Summer; Autumn; Winter; A Hot Day; A Cold Day (*cf. A Now Descriptive of a Cold Day*, p. 40)

With subjects like the foregoing the teacher may suggest that one, two or even all three stanzas should start with the word 'Now,' pointing out stanza 3 as an example; or working 'now' into the first line as in stanzas 2, 4, 6 and 8

THE LAST BATTLE OF KING ARTHUR

This is intended to serve both as a model and as an introduction to Malory's Epic. In a simplified form this is very popular among children, and provides numerous subjects for composition both in prose and verse. The text from which this piece is taken, *The Knights of the Round Table* edited by W. H. D. Rouse, or some similar edition, might well be given to some of the class as a book for extra reading, or portions of it might be read to the class by the teacher. Any of the knights might then form the subject of a character sketch (*cf. Exercise Character Sketches*, p. 115). There are numerous castles, camps and dramatic situations suitable for snapshots. There are countries with such attractive names as Ertaine, Elamie, Pounce, Pampoille, Cateland, which make excellent titles for picture maps or for the other exercises suggested under Britain (p. 102).

After reading the present passage, Tennyson's *Passing of Arthur* may be read to the class with advantage.

EXERCISES

1. Turn the passage ' So Sir Lucan departed for he was grievously wounded . . . Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream ' into modern English prose.

2. Tell the story of King Arthur's last battle (1) as it might have been told by Sir Bedivere in after years, *or* (2) as told by an eyewitness.

3. Subjects for Snapshots · The Camp of King Arthur, Sir Bedivere hurling the Sword into the Lake, The Barge of the Four Queens approaching the Shore, The Departure of the Barge.

4 Write a short account of the last fight of Sir Calidore (imaginary).

5 Write a description of the Vale of Avilion and illustrate it by a picture map.

6 Put the speech of Sir Lucan, ' Sir, let him be . . . day of destiny is passed,' into indirect narrative (1) as reported by Sir Lucan himself, (2) as reported by an onlooker.

CAROL

This poem with its accompanying exercise is naturally suitable for the end of a Christmas term. A second carol, lighter in character, will be found in the passage *Mole End*. Others recommended for reading aloud to the class are, *Behold, a silly tender Babe*, R Southwell [included in *English Verse—Early Lyrics to Shakespeare*; W. Peacock, World's Classics] and *As Joseph was a walking*, Traditional

EXERCISES

Write a Christmas Carol.

Three stanzas will probably be the average output. The subject matter for each should be selected by every writer before starting to compose; thus (1) the birth in the manger, (2) the shepherds, (3) the three kings from the East. The metre may be either that of the model, which is also that of *A Summer's Day*, or the ballad metre.

A chorus of one or two lines may be introduced after each stanza, as in the following stanza from a carol written by a boy of eleven. The chorus may be given or it may be, as here, the choice of the writer :

On Christmas day a child was born.
The wise men of the East
Did see in the heaven a bright star,
While all the world did feast ;
In a manger rude and bare
Jesus lay and was lulled there.

ROBIN OWEN.

The chorus was well managed throughout the poem, but most children, it must be confessed, find it somewhat difficult

HOW HERWARD THE WAKE GOT HIM AN HORSE

This extract forms a good model for a story, a favourite and often highly successful exercise with children of this age. It is useless, however, to expect them to plan out the plot beforehand. If they are in the vein and the subject takes their fancy, the story will run its, often breathless, course and be brought to a conclusion. But the percentage of failures in this type of exercise is certain at first to be somewhat high. Therefore a wide choice of subjects, or a subject allowing freedom of treatment, should be given.

Conclusions are a special difficulty. Young people are impatient and prefer to cut the Gordian knot. This fault must of course be pointed out, and the teacher should suggest better conclusions. Style too must be watched. The language of the 'thriller' is apt to creep more readily into this than into any other form of composition.

Still, story writing has great value. The child usually brings good will to the task : it induces him to enlarge his vocabulary ; it aids facility, harmless at this age if carefully watched, and valuable in that it makes for more ready expression in serious narrative.

Now the principal aim of the teacher should be to give his pupils at the outset as much help as possible with the

subject matter, leaving the treatment to them. The best means of achieving this is to employ the subject matter of the model, only giving it such a turn as may give free play to the child's invention or fancy. Thus the circumstances or conditions of the plot may be shifted a little, or a sequel may be called for : or a similar story with the environment entirely changed may be set. The method will be apparent from the exercises suggested below.

There is a large proportion of dialogue in the present extract. The use of this to break up the narrative should be pointed out, but the amount included in his own exercises should be left to the writer, provided a reasonable balance is maintained.

Passages recommended for reading along with this are, the account of John Ridd's ride on the Strawberry Mare (*Lorna Doone*, ch. x) and George Borrow's ride on the Irish Cob (*Lavengro*, ch. xiii).

EXERCISES

1. Supposing Martin Lightfoot's story of himself and his sister to have been true, tell the story of one of them under the title, 'The Enchanted Prince,' or 'The Enchanted Princess'

2. Tell the story of how Hereward got his mare, as he himself might have related it to his friends ; call it 'How I came by the mare Swallow.'

3. Tell a story similar to that of the passage, but one in which Dirk Hammerhand outwits a would-be buyer ; call it 'Dirk Hammerhand's Jest.' The story may be told either in the third or first person.

4. 'They went down into the fen, and looked over the precious mare, whose feats were afterwards sung by many an English fireside.' Imagine and relate one of those feats.

5. Tell the story of *The Gay Goshawk* in prose, using the above as a model.

6. Take the first three paragraphs of the story, 'On a bench at the door . . . and began grazing again' and read them aloud to the class twice. Then ask them to repro-

duce the matter of them in their own words. The time allowed should be from twenty minutes to half an hour.

7. Subjects for other stories : (1) The Traveller's Tale. (2) Waiting (3) Abandoned. (4) The Return (5) A story into which the following words are to be introduced, 'The knight raised his horn to his lips and blew a long blast.'

Note.—Subjects like Nos. 2, 3 and 4 may be treated in accordance with the fancy of the writer. They offer a wide field and are often very fruitful.

JULY

The metre of this poem is that of *A Summer's Day* except for the division into stanzas.

EXERCISES

1. *Subjects for Poems.* Any month; The Miller, The Shepherd, The Schoolboy; The Windmill; also any subject suggested under *A Summer's Day* and not used

2. Write a poem using either of the following as the first line :

'I have a garden of my own' (Marvell, *The Fawn*)

'Busy, curious, thirsty fly' (Oldys).

Pictures are often useful for suggesting the material of composition. A picture of a country scene by Morland, Constable or Millet, might be used here, either as the subject, or as a help towards the subject matter. It should be hung in the class room for a day or two before the poem is to be written, so that pupils have time to study it and assimilate its atmosphere.

THE LABYRINTH SPIDER

The purpose of this passage is to induce children to record the results of their own observation. Materials will be more readily available for such composition to country schools; but the subject of this piece—a spider's

web—will be familiar to all. As Nature Study is now included in the curriculum of most schools, subject matter of one kind or another should not be far to seek. Moreover, there are parks, gardens and open spaces in the most crowded cities, and these, as W. H. Hudson has shown, provide ample opportunities for the observant. For city schools a passage read aloud from one of his books would form a useful supplement to this lesson¹

Fabre is a master in the art of recorded observation. His style, it is true, is rich in metaphor and allusion—but all ornament—and this should be pointed out—is subservient to the writer's sole aim, a clear portrayal of what his eye observes. Some young writers will doubtless attempt to imitate his style—but this will do little harm. Imitative language can easily be put to the test: 'Are you trying to describe truthfully what you saw, or merely imitating what you have read?' But having made the criticism, one should not be too exacting. Clear images and accurate description are the ideal in this exercise—on the other hand, the full value of words can only be acquired by trial and experiment.

Children interested in Natural History should be encouraged to keep Nature Diaries, in which observations are recorded simply and directly. Subjects for subsequent composition may be drawn from them.

Subjects suitable for exercises will depend upon the opportunity for observation. For the first exercises the period of observation required should be short, proceeding by degrees to those demanding a longer period.

EXERCISES

1. Write a description of (a) A spider at work, (b) A spider entangling a fly, (c) Ants at work, (d) A butterfly emerging from a chrysalis, (e) A caddis worm, (f) A water spider, (g) Pigeons feeding.

2. Write single sentences describing one characteristic or habit of a cat, mouse, hedgehog, crow, starling, etc.

3. Write a paragraph describing the habits or appear-

¹ A good Hudson Anthology is entitled *Birds of Wing*. Dent.

ance of some bird, animal or plant—*e.g.* the cuckoo, blue-tit, fox, hare, snowdrop, dog-rose.

4. Subjects for Snapshots : (1) A bird feeding its young. (2) Two contrasted pictures of the same spot in Summer and Winter, or in Spring and Autumn.

5. Write a short account of · The life of a tadpole ; The growth of an acorn ; The building of a Swallow's or other bird's nest.

6. Fill in the blanks in the following passage ·

Look above the web. What a forest of ropes ! It might be the rigging of a —— disabled by a —— They run from every twig of the supporting shrubs, they are fastened to the tip of every —— . There are long ropes and short ropes, upright and ——, straight and ——, taut and ——, all criss-cross and a-tangle.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

The character sketch is a companion piece to the snapshot, but more difficult Of the four given here two are of persons and two of animals The latter will probably prove the easier, so we may begin with them.

Since wild animals do not willingly sit for their portraits, though such creatures as the fox, the hare, the heron or the kingfisher may give the naturalist his chance, we must have recourse either to domesticated ones, a cat, dog or bird in captivity, or some animal on a farm or in a zoo, or, failing these, a stuffed specimen in a museum, or even a picture, a photograph for preference. The child should be free to choose his subject, but should be instructed to describe an individual

It will be noticed that the two sketches of persons are concerned almost exclusively with the personal appearance of their subjects. This should be pointed out. Miss Betsy Trotwood will probably be found the better model, as her dress forms an important part of the sketch. A good preliminary exercise is to ask the class to describe a person, either a member of the class or someone well known to it, and then to have these descriptions read aloud, to see if

they are recognised. This exercise may be called 'Who is it?' Next a named character sketch of a real person may be set, the subject chosen either by the teacher or the writer. If the choice is left to the writer, a person distinguished by some oddity in dress or appearance will probably be chosen. This will be all to the good, but a warning must be uttered against caricature.

Lastly the class may be required to describe persons in fiction or in history, collecting the facts from their reading. Some of these may be general types

EXERCISES

1. A character sketch of the animal (an individual) you know best

2. Character sketches of Persephone, Lord William, Sir Bedivere; Balthazar, one of the three kings, Dirk Hammerhand, The Traveller, The Angler

3. Invent a set of characters, suited as far as possible to your locality, including animals

Thus. Mrs Chataway, the village gossip
Peke, her Pekinese spaniel
Colonel Pepper, a retired officer
Dr. Gregory, the village doctor
Miss Euphemia Snap, an elderly spinster.
Jemima, her tabby cat.

and write character sketches of them.

4. Using the persons in Question 3 write descriptions of :

(a) 'Colonel Pepper taking his morning walk.'

(b) 'Miss Euphemia Snap takes afternoon tea.'

A variety of compositions, snapshots, stories, etc., may be developed from such a set of characters

MEG MERRILIES

In this poem we have the 'eight and six' measure of the ballad arranged in eight line stanzas, but on a closer inspection it will be found that each quatrain is complete in itself, and the class should be instructed to keep to the

four line arrangement The poem is to be used chiefly as a model for subject matter. The double rhyme 'rushes,' 'bushes' in stanza 3 should be noted, also the concluding six line stanza, parallels to which will be found in *The Gay Goshawk*.

EXERCISES

Subjects for Poems. The Gipsy; My Island, My Aeroplane, The Old Man of the Mountains; The Pilgrim, The Beggarman.

Poems on the first three subjects might begin with some such line as 'I wish I were a gipsy,' or 'a gipsy man,' 'I wish I had an aeroplane,' 'I would like a little island.' The hint about the subject matter of each stanza given under the *Carol* should be repeated here

A NOW DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY

Exercises based upon this model have a two-fold aim, practice in the selection of significant facts or events, and strengthening of punctuation. For the weaker members of the class work may be almost mechanical. four or five sentences, simple or compound, to each paragraph, each beginning with a 'Now,' and a full stop before each 'Now.' The number of paragraphs may be varied according to the ability of the writer.

EXERCISES

1. Write 'Now descriptives' of the following: A Hot Day¹; A Day on the Ice, The First Day of Term; The First Day of the Holidays, A Windy Day; A Day at the Seaside; Going Fast

2. Make sentences of your own, using the words: alert; ferocious; illegal; coax; brittle; pucker; repay; affect; effect; achieve.

3. Write paragraphs on or character sketches of the following: the Parish Beadle; the Potato Vendor; 'the

¹ There is a companion piece to this among Leigh Hunt's Essays called 'A Now Descriptive of a Hot Day.'

Oldest Man'; the Dustman; the Muffin Man; the Pastry Cook.

4 Write a letter to some relation describing the coldest or hottest day you can remember, supposing it to have been the previous day.

5. Write a short conversation between a seller of roasted apples and 'the oldest man' or a small boy, which you suppose to have taken place on a cold day.

6. Write one or two paragraphs giving the reasons why you prefer a hot day to a cold, or *vice versa*.

QUEEN MAB'S CHARIOT

The verse structure of this poem may be explained on the blackboard, but probably few in the class will be capable of attempting it. The ballad metre may once more be employed.

EXERCISES

1. Write single stanzas on Queen Mab, Oberon, Queen Mab's Chariot, Hop, Mop, Drap, or any other of the elves in stanza 5.

2. *Subjects for Poems.* The Fairy King; The Fairy Queen; Fairyland; The Dance of the Fairies; The Fairies' Palace; The Song of the Fairies.

3 Write paragraphs in prose on Queen Mab's Chariot, or on any one of the elves in stanza 5.

4 Rewrite in a good modern prose paragraph either stanza 4 or 6.

5 Suppose yourself to have been hidden behind a tree in the greenwood; describe, either in prose or in a poem, how you saw Queen Mab enter her chariot and drive away.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

The class should by this time have had sufficient practice to understand the meaning and importance of exact description. Hitherto the material for such description

has been wholly provided by observation, or partially suggested by models. In the following exercises the conditions are more difficult, for the writer will have to rely solely upon his memory for subject matter. A large proportion of the resulting work may be devoid of interest, but the lesson will have its value, as an exercise of the memory, and as practice in giving exact and concrete expression to mental images.

The passage should be read through carefully, and then certain simple questions upon its style put to the class. What strikes you about the writer's language? How does his way of writing make you believe that the events actually happened? Attention should be called to (1) the simplicity of language, (2) careful recording of small details, (3) frequent mention of actual persons and places with time and dates, (4) personal note expressed in the constant reference to the writer's feelings. A comparison may be made with Defoe's writings, and an extract from the early chapters of the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* read. Why do these Adventures seem so real? The difference in aim of the two writers should be explained. Borrow's *Lavengro* (chap. 11) will give a further illustration if desired.

EXERCISES

1. 'My Earliest Recollections.' Write a short composition with this title.
2. 'My first book,' or 'The book that has interested me most and how I came by it.'
3. 'The best day's work I have ever done.'
4. 'My first day at school,' or 'My first visit to a big city (London),' or 'to the sea,' or 'to the country.'
5. 'How I first met Miss Euphemia Snap or Colonel Pepper.' (Real persons should be substituted for these if possible.)
6. Make sentences of your own to illustrate the use of the following words and the prepositions which follow them: different; impatient; confident; encumbered; similar; mindful.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

Here we return to imaginative composition, but the realistic manner is employed. The relation between this and the last passage should be pointed out. A few words may be then said about different kinds of novels, mentioning well-known novels written in the first and third person. Draw attention to the effective conclusion. Allusions in the passage should be explained before exercises are undertaken

EXERCISES

1. 'The adventures of a penny'
2. 'A day in the life of a fox, a cat, or any other animal.'
3. 'The river tells its story' The name of a local river should be given
4. 'The story of my life,' by a butterfly, a frog, an oak tree or a bridge.
- 5 Look up the following words in the passage : rallied ; habit ; ordinary ; credit ; confusion. (1) What words would you use instead of them in modern English ? (2) Explain the modern meaning of the above words by using them in sentences of your own.
6. Take the paragraph beginning 'After many adventures which it would be tedious to relate . . .'; read it carefully, then close the book and rewrite it in your own words, using the third person.

BOY'S SONG

The flexibility of the metre in *The Gay Goshawk* will have prepared the class for the irregular handling of the eight syllable line in this poem. There will be no need to go into metrical details, but attention may be called to the quicker rhythm of the verse, and also to the dropping of a syllable in some lines. With this caution, after the usual careful reading aloud, the class may be left to rely upon their ears, the poems called for following closely upon the lines of the model.

EXERCISES

1. Write a poem under the same title ' Boy's Song ' or ' Song,' using also for the fourth line of each stanza the line ' That's the way for Billy and me.'

Or substitute one of these lines :

' That's the thing I never could tell '

' That's the thing I want to know '

' That's the land I'd like to see '

or the writer may be permitted to invent his own fourth line.

2 Take the Witches' Song in *Macbeth* Act iv. Sc. 1, *Round about the Cauldron go* as a model, and write a similar poem called ' The Charm of Good,' altering the subject matter to suit the theme.

THE SURRENDER OF VERCINGETORIX

Before this passage is read, the teacher should give the class a brief account of the events which led up to the surrender of Vercingetorix. The story, *The Conquered*, from which the passage is taken, is an admirable book to recommend for private reading.

EXERCISES

1. Suppose yourself to have been an onlooker, either a Gaul or a Roman ; relate the events as you saw them when Vercingetorix surrendered to Caesar.

2 Subjects for Snapshots: The Approach of Vercingetorix ; Vercingetorix surrendering to Caesar ; ' Take him away ;' The Captive.

3. Subjects for character sketches : Caesar, Vercingetorix, Coré.

4 Subjects for longer compositions: (1) The Roman Legion's march at dawn, (2) Imagine and write the speech that Vercingetorix might have made to Caesar, (3) An ancient Briton or Gaul describes a visit to Caesar's camp.

5. Combine the following clauses into a single paragraph · (1) Then Vercingetorix leapt clear off the black horse, (2) He flung one arm back to save his balance, (3) He stood in the dust before Caesar's feet, (4) Caesar still sat silent, (5) His chin was propped in his hand, (6) He was breathing lightly. Then look up the passage and see how it compares with your version

6 The following passage is for reproduction, under the conditions given in Exercise 6 under *How Hereward the Wake got him an Horse*

When Alexander the Great invaded India he found a most formidable enemy in Porus. This prince, who was then an old man, fought with the greatest gallantry. Though his army was severely defeated at the battle of the Jhelum, he remained seated upon his elephant, long after most of his forces had fled, until he was himself wounded in the right shoulder. Then at last he turned and rode away. Alexander, struck with admiration at his courage, sent after him and persuaded him to return. 'How do you desire to be treated?' asked the conqueror courteously. 'Treat me like a king,' replied Porus. 'For my own sake,' said Alexander, 'I shall do that: ask a boon for yourself.' 'That,' replied Porus, 'contains everything.' And Alexander treated his captive royally.

WINTER

This poem is to be treated in the same manner as *A Boy's Song*. The last two lines of each stanza are given, and members of the class supply the first six lines: the words 'Tu-who' comprising the seventh line may be omitted. If the last two lines are taken as they stand, then line six or some variant of it should also stand. But any writer who prefers to do so might change either one or both of the last lines, provided some similar idea is expressed. Two examples of how this theme may be treated are given here.

When corn is being bound in sheaves,
And apples pickèd off the ground,

And swallows leave the lofty eaves
 To find a land where flies abound :
 And rats creep in from harvest ricks
 To rebegin their vermin tricks ;
 To whit ! says Mr. Owl, so proud,
 And warns them not to squeak too loud.

GEORGE LITTLE (Aged 13.)

Then Willie the byreman milks the cows,
 And Alec takes the milk away,
 And Andy mucks and beds the sows,
 And Margaret nests the hens with hay :
 And Gracie at her girdle stands
 With soda scones in both her hands
 To whit ! To whoo ! a merry note
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

ROBIN OWEN (Aged 13.)

The last lines of another poem were

Buzz ! Buzz ! a droning sound,
 While the blossom strews the ground.

with the previous line bringing in bees.

The metre is again octosyllabic, but the first four lines rhyme alternately.

EXERCISES

Probably it will be best to allow the class to choose its own subjects. In view of the model, one connected with country life, such as ' Harvest,' will probably prove easiest : but general subjects will suggest themselves. Any season would be suitable. A title like ' Rain ' with two concluding lines such as,

Plash ! Plash ! a dreary sound,
 While raindrops patter to the ground.

or ' Snow,' for which Bridges' *London Snow* may be read for subject matter, would suit city or country schools.

MOLE END

After reading this passage the teacher should refer to *Alice in Wonderland* and also to the animal fable.

EXERCISES

1 Subjects for composition. (1) The Rat's Home. (2) The Story of the Field-Mouse and the Barbary corsair, as told by the Field-Mouse. (3) The Waits. (4) A visit to Mole End.

2. Take the paragraph beginning ' Here much muttered conversation ensued ' and write a short scene, giving the conversation you imagine to have taken place between the Rat and the Field-Mouse *in full*

3 Explain clearly, each in a paragraph, the meaning of the following :

- (1) The signals were coming through.
- (2) They're quite an institution in these parts.
- (3) Our shops keep open to all sorts of hours.
- (4) Nothing could overcome his stage fright.

4. Suppose yourself to be Ratty, and write a letter to Mrs Ratty, explaining why you have not returned home, giving also an account of your adventures at Mole End

5 Take the account in the passage of how Ratty provided the Mole with supper, and write it in the form of a Fable, beginning ' Once upon a time a Mole invited a Rat to Supper,' and add a suitable Moral

6 Write an animal fable, either taking the incidents from this passage, or inventing them to illustrate the proverb, ' There is no place like home '

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

First explain the metre, four octosyllabic and two four-syllable lines. In doing so, the opportunity may be taken to explain the method of representing rhymes by letters. The scheme of this stanza would be a. a. a. b. a. b. This seldom presents difficulty and is useful for the study of poetry later on.

All the Scots words are explained in notes.

The poem should be read through two or three times before the class is asked to reproduce the metre. Two stanzas may be asked for

A poem written by a boy of thirteen is given here as an example :

TO A STAG SHOT IN THE HIGHLANDS

Thou bonny, lifeless, smitten stag,
 The gun has made thy withers sag,
 And thou no more by hill or crag
 Shalt take thy rest.
 Thy horns will be a human's brag,
 His meat thy breast.

O, once thou roamed'st the moors and hills,
 By heather, rocks, and wooded rills ;
 And now thy life a human kills
 In evil mirth.
 Thy wine-red blood he heedless spills
 Upon the earth

JOHN ELLIOT

EXERCISES

Subjects for Poems An address to some animal, bird, or tree . if possible some incident in the life of the animal or plant should be made the subject.

The following are some suggestions :

- (1) To a Canary killed by a Cat.
 - (2) To a Fox killed by Hounds.
 - (3) To an Oak-tree uprooted in a Storm.
 - (4) To a Beggar seen in the street on a Wintry Day.
- ‘ It will be better, however, for the writer to suggest a subject based on his own experience.

THROUGH THE POLAR NIGHT TO CAPE
CROZIER

This is an excellent piece of vivid, straightforward narrative, a record of actual events. It will be well to point out how the most awe-inspiring experiences gain in power from the simple and restrained language, in which they are expressed, *e.g.* in the paragraph ‘ That night a

blizzard commenced.' This is a useful caution to young writers, who, as they begin to find their way among words, are apt to pile up adjectives and cheapen superlatives

EXERCISES

1. Write in diary form an account of a fortnight's journey in the Polar Regions.

2. Write a short essay on 'Travelling in the Polar Regions' *or* 'A Polar Journey.'

3. Answer each of the following questions in a paragraph :

(1) For what reasons would you call the Expedition to Cape Crozier heroic ?

(2) What special discomforts do travellers in Polar Regions have to encounter ?

(3) What do you learn from this passage about the habits of penguins ?

4. Give as many different meanings of the following words as you can think of, by making sentences to illustrate them. cover, pack, wind; dash, fond, strike; shift, face.

5. Write an essay with the title, 'The most terrible storm I can remember.'

6. Fill in the following blanks :

The wind fell at noon the following day · the forlorn travellers — from their icy nests, made shift to spread their floorcloth overhead, and — their 'primus' They — their first food for forty-eight — and began to plan a means to — a shelter on the homeward route. They decided that they must — a large pit nightly, and — it as best they could with their floorcloth.

SONG and THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

These two poems may be taken together as models for poems on Adventure by Sea. The metres may be explained, but need not be followed. The Ballad metre or octo-

syllabics will serve. One or more of the following poems may also be read: *The Last Buccaneer*, Charles Kingsley; *Spanish Waters*, John Masefield, *Forty Singing Seamen*, Alfred Noyes; *Whither, O Splendid Ship*, Robert Bridges.

EXERCISES

1. *Subjects for Poems.* The Spanish Main, The Buccaneer; The Old Ship, The Galleon, The Treasure Seekers, The Viking, The Discoverer, The North-West Passage; The Old Sea-captain

2. Write a poem in three stanzas using 'Beyond the Spanish Main' or 'Across the Spanish Main' as the last line of each.

3 Write a poem in octosyllabics using 'Over the sea our galleys went' (Browning) as the first line.

4 Give a description in prose of the 'Adventures of Othere.'

THE DESTROYING SPLENDOUR

This passage, phantasy though it is, describes accurately enough the way of life and resources of primitive man. The description of the gigantic dragon-fly is, too, supposing such a monster to have existed, anatomically correct. If there are any traces of early man, camps, barrows etc. in the neighbourhood, they should be made use of in connection with the exercises on this passage.

EXERCISES

1. Relate the story of the man whose skeleton Grôm found.

2. Write a story entitled 'Lost in the Forest.'

3. Write a description of what you imagine a primitive forest to have been like, such a forest as that in which Grôm hunted.

4. 'A day in the life of a Cave-man' or 'The Invention of the Bow.'

5. 'My encounter with a Dinosaur' *or* 'The Hunting of the Dinosaur.' Any other primitive monster you have read about may be substituted.

6. Subjects for Snapshots · A Destroying Splendour at rest, or in flight; The Lake of the Destroying Splendour, The Home Camp of Grôm.

MY WILL

The normal line in this poem is the octosyllabic, but as the rhythm depends upon frequent substitution, it will be best to explain the line as one of four accented syllables. Examples of such substitution have already occurred in *The Gay Goshawk*, and these may be referred to—doubtless also members of the class have already made unconscious use of this license. It may be pointed out how the substitution of two syllables for one gives lightness, and accelerates the metre. The rhythm will become familiar after one or two readings.

EXERCISES

Write a poem on the same subject, 'My Will,' using the last line, 'Had I my will,' as a conclusion. The first line may be also used optionally. One stanza may be asked for at the outset. The matter may be left to the writer, but probably a house or an island will be found most satisfactory.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

This piece is intended for training in the writing of history. The style, though somewhat mannered, is far less so than Macaulay's and not less impressive.

One or more of the following passages are recommended for additional reading: 'The Trial of the Seven Bishops'—Macaulay's *History of England*; 'The Description of the Great Fire'—Pepys's *Diary*, 'The Death of Nelson'—Southey's *Life of Nelson*; 'The Taking of Quebec'—Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

EXERCISES

1 Imagine yourself one of the citizens of Leyden, and describe what you saw from the Tower of Hengist on the night before the relief of the city.

Or

Imagine yourself one of the crew in Admiral Boisot's fleet, and describe the expedition which ended in the relief of Leyden.

2. Subject for a character sketch: The Burgomaster.

3. Subjects for Snapshots The landing of Admiral Boisot in Leyden, A view from the walls of Leyden

4 Further subjects for composition. (1) Boisot's letter to the Prince of Orange announcing his success (in letter form) (2) The Beleaguered City (3) 'How I captured Lammen,' the story of the boy who was the first to enter it.

5 Dramatize the story of the relief of Leyden, dividing it into the following scenes: Scene I. The Starving City. Scene II. On Admiral Boisot's ship before Zoeterwoude. Scene III. The Tower of Hengist. Scene IV. The fleet before Lammen. Scene V. Leyden on the morning of the Relief. The general plan must be sketched out by the teacher and the characters decided upon. The scenes may then be distributed among the class.

6 Write historical notes, of four or five lines on Admiral Boisot, Zoeterwoude, Lammen, Valdez, taking your material from this passage.

The historical notes should take some such form as this:

William of Orange, surnamed 'the Silent,' was the Stadholder or president of the Dutch States General. Though brought up a Catholic, he joined the Reformed Church, and supported the Netherlanders in their rebellion against the tyranny of the Spanish governor, Alva. He at length succeeded in freeing Holland from the Spanish yoke, but was murdered in 1584 by a Burgundian in the pay of the Spanish king, Philip II.

Leyden is a city in Holland on the Old Rhine, formerly noted for its weaving. In 1574 occurred the most famous

event in its history, its siege by the Spaniards. For five months it was beleaguered by the Spaniards, and, only after the dikes had been cut and the surrounding country flooded, was the Dutch fleet able to bring relief to the inhabitants. In commemoration of this siege William of Orange founded a university in the city, which still flourishes.

THE CLOUD

This poem is intended purely as a source for subject matter. The metre is too difficult for children to reproduce. They may use any of the metres, in which they have learned to write, for the exercises.

EXERCISES

1. Write a poem entitled 'The Song of the Cloud' *or* 'The Song of the Wind' *or* 'The Wind'.
All these should be written in the first person.
2. Write in prose 'An Address to the Wind after a Storm.'
3. Write in prose 'The Adventures of a Cloud' *or* 'The Work of a Cloud,' taking all the facts from this poem.

APPENDIX

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES IN VERSE COMPOSITION

These are rather difficult for average children of this age, but may be attempted by the more proficient.

I. FREE VERSE

The structure of this form will have to be explained, depending as it does upon the balance of phrase. The recognition of this balance must ultimately depend upon the ear, but after the examples have been read aloud two or three times, the class will probably be able to catch the rhythm. Along with the model, which has been specially written for this exercise, David's *Song of the Bow*, 2. *Samuel* 1, may be read.

THE OLD ABBEY

The old Abbey stands, grey and forlorn,
Its broken tower yet pointing skyward.
In spring the meadows
Laugh in their new verdure :
In winter the frost
Locks fast the ground
In its cruel embrace.
But the Abbey, wrapped in silent thought,
Heeds neither cloud nor sunshine,
Warmth nor cold.

The morning of thy splendour, O ruined Abbey,
Is long ago departed.

Knights and princes no more
 Seek entertainment
 Within thy gates.
 Impious hands have divided
 The spoils of thy sanctuary.
 And now, bereft of thy broad acres,
 Thou standest alone among the dead,
 In thy narrow plot, grey and forlorn,
 Thy broken tower pointing vainly skyward.

The following is a poem written by a boy of eleven.

LAMENT FOR QUEEN ELEANOR

The queen of England has passed away :
 All Britain is lamenting.
 The pride of England is lying dead ,
 Death has carried our queen away ;
 Queen Eleanor is dead
 Beside her tomb I kneel and pray,
 While all the monks are chanting
 Twelve crosses for her have been set up ;
 But that is of no avail ;
 They will not keep all her glory.

IAN BREBNER.

Subjects for Poems. Some ancient building known to the class—an old bridge, castle, tower or cathedral
 A lament for some person in history or fiction.

II. THE QUATRAIN

This is a kind of epigram ; the subject may be a person, a place or object of local interest. Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* is a storehouse of such subjects. Here are two examples written as models

SIR GALAHAD

No perils daunt, no foes affright
 Sir Galahad, the spotless knight.
 Alone he rides by hill and dale
 In quest to find the Holy Grail.

ON A STONE COMMEMORATING THE ROMAN CAMP AT
TRIMONTIUM

Since wasteful Time hath left no stone
Of proud Trimontium, I alone,
Above Tweed's seaward-hurrying stream,
Stand to recall a Roman dream.

Subjects for quatrains. From the passages in this book the following are suggested · Dirk Hammerhand ; Othere ; Sir Bedivere , Sir Mordred ; Aidoneus ; One of the fairies mentioned in *Queen Mab's Chariot*.

III. ALLITERATIVE VERSE

The metre is that of Langland's *Piers Plowman*, a modernised selection from which is given below. The original should, however, be read to the class as well, for its rhythm and language. D. H. Crawford's translation of Beowulf will serve for further models if required¹. This though lacking the poetic quality of *Piers Plowman* is in simpler English.

THE INTRODUCTION TO PIERS PLOWMAN

In a summer season when soft was the sun,
I schop me² into a shroud, a shepherd as I were ;
In habit of a hermit, unholy of works,
Went I widely in this world, wonders to hear.
But on a May's morning, on Malvern hills
Me befell a ferly,³ a fairy methought ;
I was weary of wandering, and went me to rest
Under a broad bank, by a burn side,
And as I lay and leaned, and looked in the waters,
I slumbered in a sleeping, it sounded so merry.
Then gon I meeten, a marvellous sweven,⁴
That I was in a wilderness, wist I never where.
And as I beheld into the East, on high to the Sun,
I saw a tower on a toft⁵ trighely⁶ y-makèd ;

¹ A selection from Crawford's Beowulf will be found in *The Clarendon Readers in Literature and Science*, Book II J. C. Smith.

² Shaped myself, got myself

³ A wonder

⁴ ' Then did I dream a marvellous dream '

⁵ Small hill

⁶ Excellently.

A deep dale beneath, a dungeon therein,
 With deep ditch and dark, and dreadful of sight.
 A fair field full of folk, found I there between,
 Of all manner of men, the mean and the rich.

The division of each line into two parts should be pointed out, as well as the rhythm by accented syllables thus :

In a sùmmèr séason || when sóft was the sùn

Subjects for Poems. Some event in the life of a hero forms the best subject. 'The Approach of the Barge' at King Arthur's death would be suitable, or episodes from *Demeter and Persephone*, *The Destroying Splendour*, *How Hereward the Wake got him an horse*, or even *Mole End*.

The following are possible opening lines :

- (1) Then the bold Sir Bedivere, took the king upon his
 back,
 And went to the water-side, with his woeful burden
- (2) Merrily to the meadows, went the maiden Persephone.
- (3) While Grôm stood gazing, upon the gleaming water.

IV. THE CHARACTER SKETCH IN VERSE

Some exercises of this nature have been suggested under *July*, *The Miller*, *The Shepherd*, *The Schoolboy*—but there the matter is chiefly concerned with their doings and occupations. For the character-sketch proper rhyming decasyllabics have been found the most suitable metre, and good models are to be found in Chaucer's *Prologue to The Canterbury Tales*, and in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. Part of a well-known passage from the latter is given here.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich on forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his place ;
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Subjects for Poems. The Grocer. The Miller. The Policeman.

V. OTHER MODELS

(1) R. Bridges. *A Vignette.* 'Among the Meadows.'
 The matter here may be left to the writers but should be similar to the original

(2) R. Herrick. *Thanksgiving to God for his House.*
 'Lord Thou hast given me a cell.'

Some such theme as 'Robinson Crusoe's Thanksgiving' may be suggested.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO LTD
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW

By C. J. BROWN, M.A., & H. S. WALKER, M.A.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

AN INTERMEDIATE COURSE IN MODERN ENGLISH

*This volume consists of a number of passages from standard authors,
accompanied by some notes The passages are as follows.*

A.—EDUCATION, LANGUAGE, LITERATURE.

- I. RUSKIN—On Education and the Use of Language (Theory).
- II NEWMAN—The Character of a Gentleman (A Character Sketch).
- III WORDSWORTH—A Poet on his Poetry (A Letter)
- IV MILL—A Poet's Influence on John Stuart Mill (An Emotional and Intellectual Experience)

B.—SCIENCE.

- V. BATES—A Naturalist in the Forests of Para (A Description of Wild Nature in the Tropics).
- VI HUXLEY—The Foundations of Science (An Exposition of Scientific Principles in Lecture Form).
- VII HUXLEY—The Method of Science (An Exposition of Scientific Principles in Lecture Form).
- VIII DARWIN—The Struggle for Existence (Conclusions founded on Scientific Observation).
- IX DARWIN—Effects of Use and Disuse (Conclusions founded on Scientific Observation).
- X FABRE—The Glow Worm (Record of Minute Observation and Experiment).

D.—BIOGRAPHY, AUTOBIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND TRAVEL.

- XI. THOREAU—A Visitor (Analysis of Character).
- XII. BORROW—The Flaming Tinman (Narrative Dialogue).

- XIII. **COBBETT**—**I Become Engaged** (Autobiographical Narrative).
- XIV. **COBBETT**—**My Temptation** (Autobiographical Narrative).
- XV. **KINGLAKE**—**The Desert** (An Impression).
- XVI. **WARBURTON**—**Damascus** (An Anecdote).
- XVII. **SOUTHEY**—**Death of Nelson** (Biographical and Historical Narrative).
- XVIII. **LOCKHART**—**Death of Scott** (Biographical Narrative).
- XIX. **PARKMAN**—**The Taking of Quebec** (Historical Narrative).
- XX. **MILMAN**—**St. Francis of Assisi** (Biographical Narrative).
- XXI. **TAGORE**—**My First Outing** (Description of Indian Scenery).

E.—THE LITERARY ESSAY.

- XXII. **HAZLITT**—**Indian Jugglers** (Literary Essay).
- XXIII. **ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH**—**All About a Dog** (Essay with a Moral).

F.—HUMOUR.

- XXIV. **MARRYAT**—**Mr. Midshipman Easy** (Humorous Dialogue).

G.—ORATORY.

- XXV. **THUCYDIDES**—**The Fallen** (A Funeral Oration).
- XXVI. **BRIGHT**—**Peace** (A Political Speech).

H.—PARABLE AND ALLEGORY.

- XXVII. **RUSKIN**—**The King of the Golden River** (An Allegorical Tale).
- XXVIII. **TOLSTOY**—**Ilyas** (A Parable).
- XXIX. **DOSTOYEVSKY**—**The Duel** (A Spiritual Experience).

