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READINGS

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BOOK VI

BASIL BLACKWELL
OXFORD

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INTRODUCTION

To be able to read is to be able to explore—just as far as we can and wish—the World of Books. Even the smallest library, consisting only of books in the English language, will show how wide and rich and plenteous a world that is. No one man's life, even if he lived to the age of Methuselah, and even if he used all the time he could spare from his day's work and from the great living world of man and of nature, would be enough for its complete discovery. We begin by learning our A B C; then little words; then on to nursery rhymes, and easy tales and poems; then more difficult; and so as we grow older we come at last to the histories of the peoples of the world, of all that is in it, of the stars above and the seas beneath, of our minds and bodies, and of all that the human imagination has dreamed and made and done. The vast scenery opens up beneath our very eyes. There is no end to it.

With so much to read, then, and so little time and opportunity in which to read it, the simplest and wisest thing we can do is to choose the best books we can. But just as with food and drink, what is good and

pleasant reading for one man is not always pleasant and good for another. We don't all of us like the same book; nor can every book please everybody. So in books we have gradually to discover what really interests *us*, what helps to make us happier and wiser. What, too, may help to make us better company for ourselves when we are alone, and for others when we are not.

Indeed, all that we discover in this way in the World of Books is not only a delight in itself, but will enable us far better to see and understand and realise the life and beauty of the actual world around us, at our very doors. So, too, the more we learn and discover in our own living experience, the better we shall understand the books we read. One reflects the other—just as a looking-glass with its still charm reflects the outer world. Books worth the reading will help us also in some measure to meet our troubles and cares, and to do our small part in keeping and making the earth a happy place for those who will come after us.

This particular little reading book contains only fragments of other books. They are pieces chosen in the hope that those who read them will not only find pleasure in

them, and will share in all they have to give, but will go on to the books from which they have been taken to make their own discoveries. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to learn to express anything we think or feel so clearly and simply and vividly that others shall share what we mean. Now, all the writers represented in these pages succeeded in their own way and in their own degree in doing *this*. They had learned how to translate their thoughts and feelings into words, into English. And if once one knows what a good piece of writing is, one is far less likely to spend time and pains on what is poor and dull and shallow. Read what makes you happy, then; but remember there is not really time enough in our lives, with so much to be done, to waste our minds on what is unlikely to be of *lasting* joy and use and service to us.

The pieces chosen here are concerned more with things than with thoughts. One simply cannot pay too much attention to beautiful things and in particular to living things. And more especially when we are young. If possible, then, when you read about anything in a book, *see* it as clearly as you can in your own mind, and then do your

best to find that thing in the world around you, and compare it with what the writer has said about it.

Good books ask for good readers—readers, that is, who will do their utmost to get everything out of the words in them that the writer meant to put into them. For this reason we must be sure that we understand what those words mean. Understand them so well, in fact, that we ourselves can use them at need. Never pass over a word you do not understand; and try to make every word you read your own, so that you can use it when you need it yourself.

If we try, then, to see in our own mind what the writer saw in his, to share his thoughts and all that he hoped to express, and to hear too the very sound of the words he chose with care, we can do no better. He has found the reader he longed for, and we a friend. A good book, indeed, is the next best thing in this life to a true friend. It gives all it has to give—solely for the asking—and wants nothing in return but just a thankful blessing on the man who wrote it.

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READINGS

BOOK VI

THE BEE BOY

[This is from one of the most lastingly delightful books about birds and living creatures in our language—the “Natural History of Selborne.”]

SELBORNE,

Dec. 12, 1775.

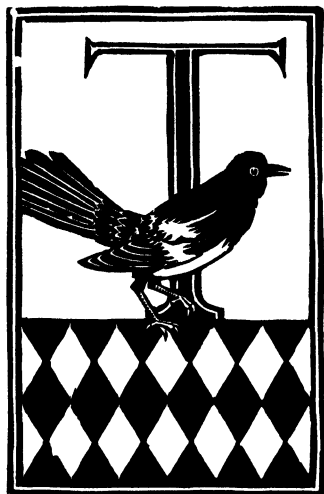
DEAR SIR,

We had in this village more than twenty years ago an idiot boy, whom I well remember, who, from a child, showed a strong propensity to bees; they were his food, his amusement, his sole object. And as people of this caste have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he dozed away his time, within his father's house, by the fireside, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields, and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey wherever he found them; he had

no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with a number of these captives, and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very *merops apiaster*, or bee-bird, and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. As he ran about he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. This lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding. . . .

GILBERT WHITE.

THE MAGPIE



THE magpie . . . is too well known to need a description. Indeed, were its other accomplishments equal to its beauty, few birds could be put in competition. Its black, its white, its green and purple, with the rich and gilded combination of the glosses on its tail, are as fine as any that adorn the most beautiful of the feathered tribe. But it has too many of the qualities of a beau, to depreciate these natural perfections: vain, restless, loud, and quarrelsome, it is an unwelcome intruder everywhere; and never misses an opportunity, when it finds one, of doing mischief.

The magpie bears a great resemblance to the butcher-bird in its bill, which has a sharp process near the end of the upper chap, as well as in the shortness of its wings, and the form of the tail, each feather shortening from the two middlemost. But it agrees still more in its food,

living not only upon worms and insects, but also upon small birds when they can be seized. A wounded lark, or a young chicken separated from the hen, are sure plunder; and the magpie will even sometimes set upon and strike a blackbird.

The same insolence prompts it to seize the largest animals when its insults can be offered with security. They often are seen perched upon the back of an ox, or a sheep, pecking up the insects to be found there, chattering and tormenting the poor animal at the same time, and stretching out their necks for combat, if the beast turns its head backward to reprehend him. They seek out also the nests of birds; and, if the parent escapes, the eggs make up for the deficiency: the thrush and the blackbird are but too frequently robbed by this assassin, and this in some measure causes their scarcity.

No food seems to come amiss to this bird; it shares with ravens in their carrion, with rooks in their grain, and with the cuckoo in birds' eggs: but it seems possessed of a providence seldom usual with gluttons; for when it is satisfied for the present, it lays up the remainder of the feast for another occasion. It will even in a tame state hide its food when it has done eating, and after a time return to the secret hoard with renewed appetite and vociferation.

In all its habits it discovers a degree of instinct unusual to other birds. Its nest is not less remarkable for the manner in which it is composed than for the place the magpie takes to build it in. The nest is usually placed, conspicuous enough, either in the middle of some hawthorn bush, or on the top of some high tree. The place, however, is always found difficult of access; for the tree pitched upon usually grows in some thick hedge-row, fenced by brambles at the root; or sometimes one of the higher bushes is fixed upon for the purpose. When the place is thus chosen, as inaccessible as possible to men, the next care is to fence the nest above, so as to defend it from all the various enemies of air. The kite, the crow, and the sparrow-hawk, are to be guarded against; as their nests have been sometimes plundered by the magpie, so it is reasonably feared that they will take the first opportunity to retaliate. To prevent this, the magpie's nest is built with surprising labour and ingenuity.

The body of the nest is composed of hawthorn branches, the thorns sticking outward, but well united together by their mutual insertions. Within it is lined with fibrous roots, wool, and long grass, and then nicely plastered all round

with mud and clay. The body of the nest being thus made firm and commodious, the next work is to make the canopy which is to defend it above. This is composed of the sharpest thorns, woven together in such a manner as to deny all entrance except at the door, which is just large enough to permit egress and regress to the owners. In this fortress the male and female hatch and bring up their brood with security, sheltered from all attacks but those of the climbing school-boy, who often finds his torn and bloody hands too dear a price for the eggs or the young ones. . . .

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LAURENCE STERNE AND THE STARLING

[This is from "A Sentimental Journey," written in 1768 by Laurence Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy," after he had made many visits to France and Italy in search of health. He had been thinking to himself, as he walked down the stairs of a Paris hotel, that loss of liberty might not be such a bad thing after all.]

I WAS interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained it could not get out. I looked up and down the passage, and seeing

LAURENCE STERNE AND STARLING 17

neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling.

"God help thee!" said I, "but I'll help thee out, cost what it will"; so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis pressed his breast against it as if impatient.

"I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty."

"No," said the starling, "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly

awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked upstairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

LAURENCE STERNE.

WILD VOICES

Sept. 18, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Following your good example, I lay before me a sheet of my largest paper. It was this moment fair and unblemished, but I have begun to blot it, and having begun, am not likely to cease till I have spoiled it. . . .

My greenhouse is never so pleasant as when we are just upon the point of being turned out of it. The gentleness of the autumnal suns, and the calmness of this latter season, make it a much more agreeable retreat than we ever find it in summer; when, the winds being generally brisk, we cannot cool it by admitting a sufficient

quantity of air, without being at the same time incommoded by it. But now I sit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees, but if I lived in a hive I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighbourhood resort to a bed of mignonette, opposite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it by a hum, which, though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear as the whistling of my linnets. All the sounds that nature utters are delightful—at least in this country. I should not perhaps find the roaring of lions in Africa, or of bears in Russia, very pleasing; but I know no beast in England whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass. The notes of all our birds and fowls please me, without one exception. I should not indeed think of keeping a goose in a cage, that I might hang him up in the parlour for the sake of his melody, but a goose upon a common, or in a farm-yard, is no bad performer; and as to insects, if the black beetle, and beetles indeed of all hues, will keep out of my way, I have no objection to any of the rest; on the contrary, in

whatever key they sing, from the gnat's fine treble to the bass of the humble bee, I admire them all. Seriously, however, it strikes me as a very observable instance of providential kindness to man, that such an exact accord has been contrived between his ear, and the sounds with which, at least in a rural situation, it is almost every moment visited. All the world is sensible of the uncomfortable effect that certain sounds have upon the nerves, and consequently upon the spirits: and if a sinful world had been filled with such as would have curdled the blood, and have made the sense of hearing a perpetual inconvenience, I do not know that we should have had a right to complain. But now the fields, the woods, the gardens have each their concert, and the ear of man is for ever regaled by creatures who seem only to please themselves. Even the ears that are deaf to the Gospel, are continually entertained, though without knowing it, by sounds for which they are solely indebted to its author. There is somewhere in infinite space a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy, and as it is reasonable, and even scriptural, to suppose that there is music in Heaven, in those dismal regions perhaps the reverse of it is found; tones

so dismal, as to make woe itself more insupportable, and to acuminate, or sharpen, even despair. But my paper admonishes me in good time to draw the reins, and to check the descent of my fancy into deeps, with which she is but too familiar.

Our best love attends you both,

WILLIAM COWPER.

A HIND IN RICHMOND PARK

OCCASIONALLY when in London I visit Richmond Park to refresh myself with its woods and waters abounding in wild life, and its wide stretches of grass and bracken. . . .

One afternoon in late summer I was walking with three ladies among the scattered oak trees near the Pen Ponds when we saw a hind, a big beautiful beast, rearing up in her efforts to reach the fully ripe acorns, and on my plucking a few and holding them out to her, she came readily to take them from my hand. She invariably took the acorn with a sudden violent jerk; not that she was alarmed or suspicious, but simply because it was the only way known to a hind to take an acorn from the branch to

which it is attached with a very tough stem. To her mind the acorn had to be wrenched from me. My friends also gave her acorns, and she greedily devoured them all, and still asked for more.

And while we were amusing ourselves in this way, two ladies accompanied by a little girl of about eight or nine came up and looked on with delight at our doings. Presently the little girl cried out, "Oh, mother, may I give it an acorn?" And the mother said "No." But I said, "Oh, yes, come along and take this one and hold it out to the deer." She took it from me gladly and held it out as directed.

Then a sudden change came over the temper of the animal; instead of taking it readily she drew back, looking startled and angry; then slowly, as if suspiciously, approached the child and took the acorn, and almost at the same instant sprang clear over the child's head, and on coming down on the other side, struck violently out with her hind feet. One hoof grazed her cheek and dealt her a sharp blow on the shoulder. Then it trotted away, leaving the child screaming and sobbing with pain and fright.

For a few minutes I was amazed at this action

of the hind, then I noticed for the first time that the child was wearing a bright red jacket. O unseeing fool that I am, exclaimed I to myself, not to have noticed that red jacket in time! I think my hurt was as great as that of the child, who recovered presently and was duly (and quite unnecessarily) warned by her mother to feed no more deer.

I have seen the effect of scarlet on various other animals, but never before on deer. It affects animals as a warning or a challenge, according to their disposition, and if they are of a fiery or savage temper, it is apt to put them in a rage.

In the other adventure with a hind there was no sensational or surprising element, but it interested me even more than the first.

Seeing a hind lying under an oak tree, chewing her cud, I drew quietly towards her and sat down at the roots of another tree about twenty yards from her. She was not disturbed at my approach, and as soon as I had settled quietly down the suspended vigorous cud-chewing was resumed, and her ears, which had risen up and then were thrown backwards, were directed forwards towards a wood about two hundred yards away. I was directly behind her, so that

with her head in a horizontal position and the large ears above the eyes, she could not see me at all. She was not concerned about me—she was wholly occupied with the wood and the sounds that came to her from it, which my less acute hearing failed to catch, although the wind blew from the wood to us.

Undoubtedly the sounds she was listening to were important or interesting to her. On putting my binocular on her so as to bring her within a yard of my vision, I could see that there was a constant succession of small movements which told their tale—a sudden suspension of the cud-chewing, a stiffening of the forward-pointing ears, or a slight change in their direction; little tremors that passed over the whole body, alternately lifting and depressing the hairs of the back—which all went to show that she was experiencing a continual succession of little thrills. And the sounds that caused them were no doubt just those which we may hear any summer day in any thick wood with an undergrowth—the snapping of a twig, the rustle of leaves, the pink-pink of a startled chaffinch, the chuckle of a blackbird, or sharp little quivering alarm-notes of robin or wren, and twenty besides.

It was evident that the deer could not see anything except just what I saw—the close wood a couple of hundred yards away from us on the other side of a grassy expanse; nor did she require to see anything; she was living in and knew the exact meaning of each and every sound. She was like the dog as we are accustomed to see it in repose, sitting or lying down, with chin on paws, seemingly dozing, but awake in a world of its own, as we may note by the perpetual twitching of the nose. He is receiving a constant succession of messages, and albeit some are cryptic, they mostly tell him something he understands and takes a keen interest in. And they all come to him by one avenue—that of smell; for when we look closely at him we see that his eyes, often half-closed and blinking, have that appearance of blindness or of not seeing consciously which is familiar to us in a man whose sight is turned inwards, who is thinking, and is so absorbed in his thoughts that the visible world becomes invisible to him. . . .

W. H. HUDSON.

OLD HARRY AND CHARLES I.



It is constantly related by all, nor could I ever find it contradicted by any, that some little time after the king's death (Charles I.), there were seven or eight gentlemen that went to the Tower to see the lions. . . . They were brought by the keeper near to their cages, that they might look in through the bars and see them; when suddenly *Old Harry* (a lion called so after Henry VIII., because he had brought him there) began to blow, to snort, and to bristle his hair, and then to roar with such a terrible and furious countenance, tearing the gratings with his paws, as if he would have devoured or torn them all in pieces; which made all to recoil back much affrighted, the keeper telling them seriously that he had never done the like before, although all sorts came daily and saw him, and therefore he was persuaded

that some one of them had done him an injury.

They all swore they had not come near the gratings of his cabin for more than a year; wherefore, seeing him still roar, bray, and become more furious, the keeper told them that they must all go away, and he would call them in one by one, to see if that way he could find the reason.

This was done, and behold, when they were all gone, he groaned a little while, and then was peaceable. Wherefore the keeper would needs try this solution: he first brought in one of them and led him to the grating, whereat the lion made no stir till one gentleman came in, whom he no sooner espied, than he began again to rage, and became more furious than before; wherefore the keeper, with an angry countenance, besought him to tell what he had done.

The gentleman, avowing his own innocence, was yet much confounded to see that terrible beast angry with none but himself and having ruminated within himself of his former life, at last he told the keeper that he knew himself guilty of nothing except that he was on the scaffold when the king was executed, and had dipped a handkerchief in his blood, which he

had yet in his pocket; and drawing it forth, gave it to the keeper, who threw it to the lion; and he no sooner got it, when, leaving his former roaring, he took it between his forepaws, and falling growling to the ground, he laid his head on it, and never rose from that posture till he died, which was the third day after.

PATRICK GORDON.

WINTER

. . . THERE had not been such a winter for years. It came on in stealthy and measured glides, like the moves of a chess-player. One morning the few lonely trees and the thorns of the hedgerows appeared as if they had put off a vegetable for an animal integument. Every twig was covered with a white nap as of fur grown from the rind during the night, giving it four times its usual dimensions; the whole bush or tree forming a staring sketch in white lines on the mournful gray of the sky and horizon. Cobwebs revealed their presence on sheds and walls where none had ever been observed till brought out into visibility by the crystallising atmosphere, hanging like loops of white worsted

from salient points of the out-houses, posts, and gates.

After this season of congealed dampness came a spell of dry frost, when strange birds from behind the North Pole began to arrive silently on the upland of Flintcomb-Ash; gaunt spectral creatures with tragical eyes—eyes which had witnessed scenes of cataclysmal horror in inaccessible polar regions of a magnitude such as no human being had ever conceived, in curdling temperatures that no man could endure; which had beheld the crash of icebergs and the slide of snow-hills by the shooting light of the Aurora; been half blinded by the whirl of colossal storms and terraqueous distortions; and retained the expression of feature that such scenes had engendered. These nameless birds came quite near to Tess and Marian, but of all they had seen which humanity would never see, they brought no account. The traveller's ambition to tell was not theirs, and with dumb impassivity, they dismissed experiences which they did not value for the immediate incidents of this homely upland—the trivial movements of the two girls in disturbing the clods with their hackers so as to uncover something or other that these visitants relished as food.

Then one day a peculiar quality invaded the air of this open country. There came a moisture which was not of rain, and a cold which was not of frost. It chilled the eyeballs of the twain, made their brows ache, penetrated to their skeletons, affecting the surface of the body less than its core. They knew that it meant snow, and in the night the snow came. Tess, who continued to live at the cottage with the warm gable that cheered the lonely pedestrian who paused beside it, awoke in the night, and heard above the thatch noises which seemed to signify that the roof had turned itself into a gymnasium of all the winds. When she lit her lamp to get up in the morning she found that the snow had blown through a chink in the casement, forming a white cone of the finest powder against the inside, and had also come down the chimney, so that it lay sole-deep upon the floor, on which her shoes left tracks when she moved about. Without, the storm drove so fast as to create a snow-mist in the kitchen; but as yet it was too dark out-of-doors to see anything.

Tess knew that it was impossible to go on with the swedes; and by the time she had finished breakfast beside the solitary little lamp, Marian

arrived to tell her that they were to join the rest of the women at reed-drawing in the barn till the weather changed. As soon, therefore, as the uniform cloak of darkness without began to turn to a disordered medley of grays, they blew out the lamp, wrapped themselves up in their thickest pinnars, tied their woollen cravats round their necks and across their chests, and started for the barn. The snow had followed the birds from the polar basin as a white pillar of cloud, and individual flakes could not be seen. The blast smelt of icebergs, arctic seas, whales, and white bears, carrying the snow so that it licked the land but did not deepen on it. They trudged onwards with slanted bodies through the flossy fields, keeping as well as they could in the shelter of hedges, which, however, acted as strainers rather than screens. The air, afflicted to pallor with the hoary multitudes that infested it, twisted and spun them eccentrically, suggesting an achromatic chaos of things. But both the young women were fairly cheerful; such weather on a dry upland is not in itself dispiriting.

“Ha-ha! the cunning northern birds knew this was coming,” said Marian. “Depend upon’t, they keep just in front o’t all the way

from the North Star. Your husband, my dear, is, I make no doubt, having scorching weather all this time. Lord, if he could only see his pretty wife now! Not that this weather hurts your beauty at all—in fact, it rather does it good.”

“ You mustn’t talk about him to me, Marian,” said Tess severely.

“ Well, but—surely you care for ’n! Do you ?”

Instead of answering, Tess, with tears in her eyes, impulsively faced in the direction in which she imagined South America to lie, and, putting up her lips, blew out a passionate kiss upon the snowy wind. . . .

THOMAS HARDY.



A SHOWERY MORNING

[*This is a mere glimpse from a book as full of light and colour and music as a morning in May—THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.*]

AND now, Scholer, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this showre, for it has done raining, and now look about you, and see how pleasantly that Meadow looks, nay and the earth smels as sweetly too. Come let me tell you what holy *Mr. Herbert* saies of such dayes and Flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the River and sit down quietly and try to catch the other brace of *Trouts*.

A SHOWERY MORNING

“ Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to night,
for thou must die.

“ Sweet Rose, whose hew angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
and thou must die.

“ Sweet Spring, ful of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My Musick shewes you have your closes,
and all must die.

“ Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives,
But when the whole world turns to cole,
then chiefly lives.”

I thank you, good Master, for your good direction for fly-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man: and I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herberts Verses, who I have heard, loved Angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to Anglers, and to those Primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

Well, my loving Scholer, and I am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my

direction and discourse; and I hope you will be pleased too, if you find a *Trout* at one of our Angles, which we left in the water to fish for it self; you shall chuse which shall be yours, and it is an even lay, one catches; And let me tell you, this kind of fishing, and laying Night-hooks, are like putting money to use, for they both work for the Owners, when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sate as quietly and free from cares under this *Sycamore*, as Virgils *Tityrus* and his *Melibæus* did under their broad *Beech* tree: No life, my honest Scholer, no life so happy, and so pleasant as the Anglers, unless it be the Beggars life in Summer; for then only they take no care but are as happy as we Anglers.

IZAACK WALTON.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

[*From that vast bundle of learning and curiosities—THE
ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.*]

. . . HAWKING comes neer to hunting, the one in the aire, as the other on the earth, a sport as much affected as the other, by some preferred.

It was never heard of amongst the Romans. . . . The Greek emperours began it, and now nothing so frequent: he is nobody, that in the season hath not a hawke on his fist: a great art, and many books written of it. It is a wonder to hear what is related of the Turkes officers in this behalf, how many thousand men are employed about it, how many hawks of all sorts, how much renewes consumed on that only disport, how much times is spent at Adrianope alone every year to that purpose. The Persian kings hawk after butterflies with sparrows, made to that use, and stares (starlings); lesser hawks for lesser games they have, and bigger for the rest, that they may produce their sport to all seasons. The Muscovian emperours reclaime eagles to fly at hundes, foxes, &c. and such a one was sent for a present to Queen Elizabeth: some reclaime ravens, castrils, pies, &c. and man them for their pleasures.

Fowling is more troublesome, but all out as delightsome to some sorts of men, be it with guns, lime, nets, glades, ginses, strings, baits, pitfalls, pipes, calls, stawking-horses, setting-dogs, coy-ducks, &c. or otherwise. Some much delight to take larks with day-nets, small birds with chaffe-nets, plovers, partridge, herons,

snipe, &c. Henry the third, king of Castile . . . was much affected *with catching of quailles* : and many gentlemen take a singular pleasure at morning and evening to go abroad with their quaille-pipes, and will take any paines to satisfie their delight in that kinde. The Italians have gardens fitted to such use, with nets, bushes, glades, sparing no cost or industry, and are very much affected with the sport. Tycho Brahe, that great astronomer, in his *Chorography*, puts down his nets, and manner of catching small birds as an ornament, and a recreation, wherein he himself was sometimes employed.

Fishing is a kinde of hunting by water, be it with nets, weeles, baits, angling or otherwise, and yeelds all out as much pleasure to some men, as dogs, or hawk, *when they draw their fish upon the bank*, saith Nic. Henselius . . . speaking of that extraordinary delight his countrymen took in fishing, and in making of pooles. James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book . . . telleth, how travelling by the highway side in Silesia, he found a nobleman *booted up to the groines*, wading himself, pulling the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all: and when some belike objected to him the base-

ness of his office, he excused himself, *that if other men might hunt hares, why should not he hunt carpes?* Many gentlemen in like sort, with us, will wade up to the arm-holes, upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that to satisfie their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo. Plutarch, in his book . . . speaks against all fishing, *as a filthy, base, illiberall imployment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labour.* But he that shall consider the variety of baits, for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, severall sleights, &c. will say, that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them; because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding, and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet: and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brook side, pleasant shade, by the sweet silver streams; he hath good aire, and sweet smels of fine fresh meadow flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds; he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, cootes, &c. and many other fowle, with their brood, which

he thinketh better than the noise of hounds or blast of hornes, and all the sport that they can make.

Many other sports and recreations there be, much in use, as ringing, bowling, shooting, which Askam commends in a just volume, and hath in former times been enjoined by statute, as a defensive exercise, and an honour to our land, as well may witness our victories in France; keelpins, tronks, coits, pitching bars, hurling, wrestling, leaping, running, fencing, mustring, swimming, wasters, foiles, foot-ball, balown, quintans, &c. and many such, which are the common recreations of the country folks; riding of great horses, running at rings, tilts and tournaments, horse-races, wildegoose chases, which are the disports of greater men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by that means, gallop quite out of their fortunes. . . .

ROBERT BURTON.

A COACH-RIDE

CHELSEA,

Sept. 5, 1836.

MY DEAR AUNT,

Now that I am fairly settled at home again, and can look back over my late travels with the coolness of a spectator, it seems to me that I must have tired out all men, women, and children that have had to do with me by the road. . . .

I got into that Mail the other night with as much repugnance and trepidation as if it had been a Phalaris' brazen bull, instead of a Christian vehicle, invented for purposes of mercy—not of cruelty. There were three besides myself when we started, but two dropped off at the end of the first stage, and the rest of the way I had, as usual, half of the coach to myself. My fellow-passenger had that highest of all terrestrial qualities, which for me a fellow-passenger can possess—he was silent. I think his name was Roscoe, and he read sundry long papers to himself, with the pondering air of a lawyer.

We breakfasted at Lichfield, at five in the

morning, on muddy coffee and scorched toast, which made me once more lyrically recognise in my heart (not without a sign of regret) the very different coffee and toast with which you helped me out of my headache. At two there was another stop of ten minutes, that might be employed in lunching or otherwise. Feeling myself more fevered than hungry, I determined on spending the time in combing my hair and washing my face and hands with vinegar. In the midst of this solacing operation, I heard what seemed to be the Mail running in rapid course, and quick as lightning it flashed on me, "There it goes! and my luggage is on the top of it, and my purse is in the pocket of it, and here am I stranded on an unknown beach, without so much as a sixpence in my pocket to pay for the vinegar I have already consumed!"

Without my bonnet, my hair hanging down my back, my face half dried, and the towel with which I was drying it, firm grasped in my hand, I dashed out—along, down, opening wrong doors, stumbling over steps, cursing the day I was born, still more the day on which I took a notion to travel, and arrived finally at the bar of the Inn, in a state of excitement border-

ing on lunacy. The barmaids looked at me with wonder and amazement. "Is the coach gone?" I gasped out.

"The coach? Yes!"

"Oh! and you have let it away without me! Oh! stop it, cannot you stop it?" and out I rushed into the street, with streaming hair and streaming towel, and almost brained myself against—the Mail! which was standing there in all stillness, without so much as a horse in it! What I had heard was a heavy coach. And now, having descended like a maniac, I ascended again like a fool, and dried the other half of my face, and put on my bonnet, and came back "a sadder and a wiser woman."

I did not find my husband at the "Swan with Two Necks"; for we were in a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. So I had my luggage put on the backs of two porters, and walked on to Cheapside, where I presently found a Chelsea omnibus. By and by, however, the omnibus stopped, and amid cries of "No room, sir," "Can't get in," Carlyle's face, beautifully set off by a broad-brimmed white hat, gazed in at the door, like the Peri, who, "at the Gate of Heaven, stood disconsolate." In hurrying along the Strand, pretty sure of being too late, amidst

all the imaginable and unimaginable phenomena which the immense thoroughfare of a street presents, his eye (Heaven bless the mark !) had lighted on my trunk perched on the top of the omnibus, and had recognised it. This seems to me one of the most indubitable proofs of genius which he ever manifested. . . .

God bless you all. Love to all, from the head of the house down to Johnny.

Your affectionate,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LITTLE JOHN RUSKIN'S HOME AT HERNE HILL IN 1823

WHEN I was about four years old my father found himself able to buy the lease of a house on Herne Hill, a rustic eminence four miles south of the "Standard in Cornhill"; of which the leafy seclusion remains, in all essential points of character, unchanged to this day; certain Gothic splendours, lately indulged in by our wealthier neighbours, being the only serious innovations; and these are so graciously concealed by the fine trees of their grounds, that the

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passing viator remains unappalled by them; and I can still walk up and down the piece of road between the Fox tavern and the Herne Hill station, imagining myself four years old. . . .

The group, of which our house was the quarter, consisted of two precisely similar partner-couples of houses, gardens and all to match; still the two highest blocks of buildings seen from Norwood on the crest of the ridge; so that the house itself, three-storied, with garrets above, commanded, in those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its garret windows, of the Norwood hills on one side, and the winter sunrise over them; and of the valley of the Thames on the other, with Windsor telescopically clear in the distance, and Harrow, conspicuous always in fine weather to open vision against the summer sunset. It had front and back garden in sufficient proportion to its size; the front, richly set with old evergreens, and well-grown lilac and laburnum; the back, seventy yards long by twenty wide, renowned over all the hill for its pears and apples, which had been chosen with extreme care by our predecessor (shame on me to forget the name of a man to whom I owe so much !)—and possessing

also a strong old mulberry tree, a tall white-heart cherry tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season (for the ground was wholly beneficent), with magical splendour of abundant fruit: fresh green, soft amber, and rough bristled crimson bending the spinous branches; clustered pearl and pendant ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine.

The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden, and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were, that, in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden; and there were no companionable beasts: in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me to pass most of my life in it. My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learnt, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and in general, even when Latin Grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master

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for at least an hour before half-past one dinner, and for the rest of the afternoon.

My mother, herself finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me, at least if I chose to stay beside *her*. I never thought of doing anything behind her back which I would not have done before her face; and her presence was therefore no restraint to me; but, also, no particular pleasure, for, from having always been left so much alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see after; and, on the whole, by the time I was seven years old, was already getting too independent, mentally, even of my father and mother; and, having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life, in the central point which it appeared to me (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals), that I occupied in the universe. . . .

JOHN RUSKIN.

NIGHT AND THE STARS

Tuesday, March 19th.—A star dogged the moon last night, and what could follow but boisterous weather? And then, too, did I not see

. . . the new moone
wi' the auld moone in hir arme,

which made doubly sure the “deadlie storme” that awakened me with a start at five o'clock this morning. But it was some compensation for being so rudely expelled from dreamland to see, when the squall had blown over, Spica shining with quite unusual lustre low in the south-west, and Arcturus, far above, glowing like an ember that was dying with the departing night.

The disappearing squall still loomed darkling around the south horizon, where I knew Antares and its Martian rival were set. So translucent was the sky that Spica seemed almost as brilliant as the Dog Star when it is shining on frosty evenings. What a world of beauty they have lost who have never seen the stars at wake of dawn!

Night falls tempestuously as I make these

notes by the open window, in the midst of disturbing little eddies of air. Hail and rain have been alternately dashed earthwards at intervals all day long by a biting wind, which, with increased force, is now driving gigantic gray, torn clouds out of the west into the eastern sky, where they hang in solemn, gloomy folds, darkening the landscape beneath.

The gleaming roofs to the west tell at this moment of a squall just passed. Over them, smoke-hued wisps of cloud—blown from the heavier masses—scud at so low an elevation as seemingly to give a flying kiss to the housetops. Suddenly the sky opens in the west, and through the aerial breach there rushes on to those gleaming roofs a momentary flood of twilight. The dusky air is illuminated with a cold, hard radiance. Soon I catch a glimpse of the crescent moon set in a golden mist. Then lights appear in neighbouring windows, and blinds are drawn upon warmth and fireside cosiness, the while the dim shapes of the hurrying clouds grow dimmer still, and the shadows so deepen as to make these lines a confused blur. . . . Night has fallen.

And lo! the Dog Star flashes out with wild gleam near the meridian. It is but a flash.

Then treble-shaded gloom and a torrent of rain.
But listen ! Yes, how like the roar of the sea
is this storm-voice heard afar off, to-night !

Truly, the bard *must* have been weather-wise
who made the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick
Spens.

J. H. ELGIE.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
“ O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o’ mine ? ”

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king’s right knee;
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”

Our king has written a braid letter
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the strand.

“ To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway ower the faem;
The king’s daughter o’ Noroway
’Tis thou maun bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his ee.

“ O wha is this has done this deed
And tauld the king o’ me,
To send us out, at this time o’ year,
To sail upon the sea ?

“ Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king’s daughter o’ Noroway
’Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi a’ the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o’ Noroway
Began aloud to say:

‘ Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s goud,
And a’ our queen’s fee.”
“ Ye lee, ye lee, ye liars loud !
Fu’ loud I hear ye lee.

“ For I have brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I hae brought a half-fou of gude red goulc
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

“ Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’ !
Our good ship sails the morn.”
“ Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

“ I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-mast lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o’er the broken ship
Till a’ her sides were torn.

“ O whare will I get a gude sailor
To tak the helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land ?”

“ O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast,
But I fear you’ll ne’er spy land.”

He hadna gaen a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam in.

“ Gae fetch a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And let nae the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o' the silken claitl,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's
side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang or a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake o' their true loves-
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair !

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet !

COATE FARM

[The Amaryllis referred to in this piece about James Jefferies is the chief character in one of the tales by his famous son, William Jefferies, the great naturalist.]

. . . JAMES JEFFERIES liked to plant. He always had good apples of his own growing at Coate; and it was he who planted the copper-beech behind the house, and the French cherry in front. "It was he who brought a water-finder with his witch-hazel to the farm, and who made the long tunnel through the fields to bring the water into the house. . . . It was he who rooted up all the rough old cider apples, and stocked the orchard with the sweet, delightful codlins and russets it now possesses; he planted the pear-trees on the walls, the Siberian crab and the yew-tree on the lawn, and the luscious and then little known egg-plums; the box-hedges, in Richard's youth just at their prime, taller than a man and a dense cover for birds. He scattered the musk-seed, so that each year the delicate, scented little plant would crop up between the paving-stones under the 'parlour' window. His garden produce was always of the best; no one else ever grew such red carrots,

yellow parsnips, juicy cucumbers ! He planted horse-chestnuts and filberts."

They say, too, that he planted the mulberry and the weeping-ash at Coate; and he used to trim the pollard-limes behind the front wall, so that they made a solid bastion of leaves against the world. When he had no trees of his own, in his old age at Bath, he became a gardener, and he got to know all the trees in the gardens. Of birds, too, he knew much, as a sportsman and something more; it seems to have been he who shot the last bittern at Coate. Sometimes he fished. He kept bees under the southern wall of the house. He built the piggery and stable himself, and the high wall—*Amaryllis's* wall—which screens the garden from the road, and the blue summer-house that used to stand at the bottom of his garden, paved with radiating lines of kidney-stones which he brought himself from Melbourne. He made a ha-ha between the garden and the field; he put a seat round a sycamore that stood by the summer-house. He was a maker of good gates, and the one which Iden and the carpenter made in *Amaryllis* was hung opposite the little church at Coate.

He was a funny tempered man, full of unexpected likes and dislikes. It is remembered

that he hated the smell of the gin that was drunk at Burderop over the timber, and he disliked tobacco-smoke. One year he would give up the garden to fruit-bushes; again it would be gorgeous with uncommon flowers; and then the flowers gave way to a fountain and gold and silver fish. He could be playfully mischievous, too, and liked to hear the splash of coping stones from the little Coate Road bridge, as he pushed them over into the brook at night. Except in winter, he wore no stockings, and he took little care of his clothes. His most noted public act was the yearly bonfire in the field opposite the farmhouse on November 5. He seems to have excited curiosity, awe, and amusement more often than affection, but there is a story told that reveals his genial side. In the tall copper under the steep thatch of the older part of the house he used to brew some very good, strong ale—*Goliath ale*—and he would let his milker, then Abner Webb, take as much as he liked of this. James Jefferies would thus come to the milking-shed sometimes, and find Abner happy but incapable on the floor. He would milk the cows himself, and pass it over, until he at last had to tell Abner one Friday that he would pay him wages no more.

“ Well,” said Abner, “ if thee doesn’t know a good servant, I knows a good maister; and if thee won’t pay I, I’ll sarve ee for nowt.” And he remained on the farm. . . .

EDWARD THOMAS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century, was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the schoolmaster, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. That spot was then, for all

practical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed, as any clearing in Upper Canada or any sheep-walk in Australasia now is. Even at this day those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birth place of the poet are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high road, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break up any jaunting-car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly built wheels cannot be dragged.

While Oliver was still a child, his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year, in the county of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quartermaster on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, and who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about the

exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuegal.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the playground, and flogged as a dunce in the schoolroom. When he had risen to eminence, those who had once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers

which produced the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*.

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court; they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the wool-sack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliation, threw away all the advantages, of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life

divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colours, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party

of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physics. He left that celebrated university, the third university at which he had resided, in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but

this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request; there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player, but his face and figure were ill suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliation of this situation so keenly that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. He then presented himself for examination at Surgeons' Hall, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel

of food and the third part of a bed was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners will remember both. Here at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley slave . . . [but not to toil in vain].

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

BERNARD BARTON

HE was equally tolerant of men, and free of acquaintance. So long as men were honest (and he was slow to suspect them to be otherwise), and reasonably agreeable (and he was easily pleased), he could find company in them. "My temperament," he writes, "is, as far as a man can judge of himself, eminently social. I am wont to live out of myself, and to cling to anything or anybody loveable within my reach."

I have before said that he was equally welcome and equally at ease, whether at the Hall or at the Farm; himself indifferent to rank,

though he gave every one his title, not wondering even at those of his own community, who, unmindful perhaps of the military implication, owned to the soft impeachment of *Esquire*. But nowhere was he more amiable than in some of those humbler meetings—about the fire in the *keeping-room* at Christmas, or under the walnut-tree in summer. He had his cheerful remembrances with the old; a playful word for the young—especially with children, whom he loved and was loved by—or, on some summer afternoon, perhaps at the little inn on the heath, or by the river-side—or when, after a pleasant picnic on the seashore, we drifted homeward up the river, while the breeze died away at sunset, and the heron, at last startled by our gliding boat, slowly rose from the ooze over which the tide was momentarily encroaching. . . .

With little critical knowledge of pictures, he was very fond of them, especially such as represented scenery familiar to him—the shady lane, the heath, the corn-field, the village, the sea-shore. And he loved after coming away from the bank to sit in his room and watch the twilight steal over his landscapes as over the real face of nature, and then lit up again by fire or candlelight. Nor could any itinerant

picture-dealer pass Mr. Barton's door without calling to tempt him to a new purchase. And then was B. B. to be seen, just come up from the bank, with broad-brim spectacles on, examining some picture set before him on a chair in the most advantageous light; the dealer recommending, and Barton wavering, until partly by money, and partly by exchange of some older favourites, with perhaps a snuff-box thrown in to turn the scale, a bargain was concluded—generally to B. B.'s great disadvantage and great content. Then friends were called in to admire; and letters written to describe; and the pictures taken up to his bedroom to be seen by candle-light on going to bed, and by the morning sun on awakening, then hung up in the best place in the best room; till in time perhaps it was itself exchanged away for some newer favourite.

He was not learned—in languages, science, or philosophy. Nor did he care for the loftiest kinds of poetry—"the heroics" as he called it. His favourite authors were those that dealt most in humour, good sense, domestic feeling, and pastoral description—Goldsmith, Cowper, Wordsworth in his lowlier moods, and Crabbe. One of his favourite prose books was Boswell's *Johnson*; of which he knew all the good things

by heart, an inexhaustible store for a country dinner-table. And many will long remember him as he used to sit at table, his snuff-box in his hand, and a glass of genial wine before him, repeating some favourite passage, and glancing his fine brown eyes about him as he recited. But perhaps his favourite prose book was Scott's novels. These he seemed never tired of reading, and hearing read. During the last four or five winters I have gone through several of the best of these with him—generally on one night in each week—Saturday night, that left him free to the prospect of Sunday's relaxation. Then was the volume taken down impatiently from the shelf almost before tea was over; and at last, when the room was clear, candles snuffed, and fire stirred, he would read out, or listen to, those fine stories, anticipating with a glance, or an impatient ejaculation of pleasure, the good things he knew were coming—which he liked all the better for knowing they were coming—relishing them afresh in the fresh enjoyment of his companion, to whom they were less familiar; until the modest supper coming in closed the book, and recalled him to his cheerful hospitality.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

JOHN KEATS WRITES A LETTER
FROM WINCHESTER*Sept. 22, 1819.*

MY DEAR REYNOLDS,

I was very glad to hear from Woodhouse that you would meet in the country. I hope you will pass some pleasant time together; which I wish to make pleasanter by a brace of letters, very highly to be estimated, as really I have had very bad luck with this sort of game this season. I "kepen in solitariness," for Brown has gone a-visiting. I am surprised myself at the pleasure I live alone in. I can give you no news of the place here, or any other idea but what I have to this effect written to George. Yesterday, I say to him, was a grand day at Winchester. They elected a mayor. It was indeed high time the place should receive some sort of excitement. There was nothing going on—all asleep—not an old maid's sedan returning from a card party; and if any old women got tipsy at christenings they did not expose it in the streets.

The side-streets here are excessively maiden-lady like; the doorsteps always fresh from the

flannel. The knockers have a staid, serious, nay, almost awful quietness about them. I never saw so quiet a collection of lions' and rams' heads. The doors for the most part black, with a little brass handle just above the key-hole, so that in Winchester a man may very quietly shut himself out of his own house.

How beautiful the season is now. How fine the air—a temperate sharpness about it. Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies, I never liked stubble-fields so much as now—aye, better than the chilly green of the Spring. Somehow, a stubble field looks warm, in the same way that some pictures look warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it.*

I hope you are better employed than in gaping after weather. I have been, at different times, so happy as not to know what weather it was.

I am writing a long letter to George, and have been employed at it all the morning. You will ask, have I heard from George? I am sorry to say, not the best news—I hope for better. This is the reason, among others, that if I write to you it must be in such a scrap-like way. I have no meridian to date interests from, or

* *What Keats "composed upon it" will be found on pp. 69-70.*

measure circumstances. To-night I am all in a mist: I scarcely know what's what. . . . You know I will not give up any argument. In my walk to-day, I stoop'd under a railing that lay across my path, and asked myself "why I did not get over"; "Because," answered I, "no one wanted to force you under." I would give a guinea to be a reasonable man—good, sound sense—a says-what-he-thinks-and-does-what-he-says man.

Ever your affectionate friend,

JOHN KEATS.

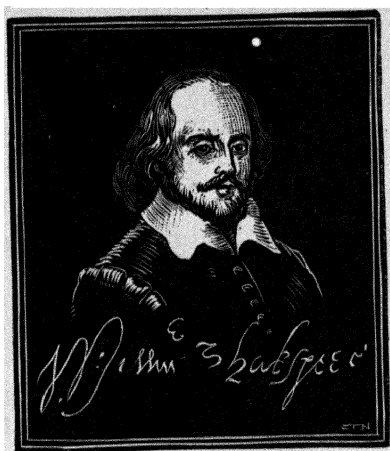
[Keats died in his twenty-sixth year; yet even then had proved himself to be one of the great English poets, and—by his letters alone—the possessor of a mind and imagination of incomparable promise. The following is the poem referred to on p. 68.]

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatcheaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells:

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.



JOHN DRYDEN ON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND GEOFFREY CHAUCER

SHAKESPEARE . . . was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too.

Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned: he needed not the spec-

tacles of books to read nature: he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike. were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid: his comic wit degenerates into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him.

Chaucer must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other: and not only in their inclinations but in their very physiognomies and persons. . . . The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity. Their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding: such as are

becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous: some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learn'd. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: The Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here is God's plenty*. We have our forefathers and great-grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days: their general characters are still remaining in mankind and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks, and Friars, and Canons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the same, and nothing is lost out of nature, though everything is altered.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES

[Socrates was condemned to death by the Thirty Tyrants of Athens. He was born in the year 469 B.C. This account of his last day on earth was written by his friend and disciple, Plato.]

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them bring this poison—indeed, I am sure you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are to blame. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what needs must be—you know my errand." Then bursting into tears he turned and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said, "How charming that man is: since I have been in prison he has

always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good to me as he could be, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito; and therefore let the cup be brought, if the poison be prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some."

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

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

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by, and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in

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these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say to making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said; "but I must and may ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world—even so—and so be it according to my prayer." Then raising the cup to his lips quite readily, and cheerfully, he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having to part from such a friend. Nor was I the first; for Crito, when he

found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed him; and at the same time, Apoliodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent the women away mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience." When we heard his words we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay back according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel it, and he said, "No," and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt." "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there

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

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

Translated by BENJAMIN JOWETT.

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. . . . Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by

cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl-Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet.

The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of

Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid.

There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the

beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not

gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised, by their talents and learning, to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag [wig] and sword.

Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham.

Nor, though surrounded by such men. did the

youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connexion was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British Nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those, who within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice

and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated and set forth the constitutions of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law.

The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display

their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied, I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck because her great guns were silent; for as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizentop, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

"I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his

presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the Battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood which he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to

allay his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy struggling in vain to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy: "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "there was no fear

of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast; it will soon be all over with me. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied, "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's enquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, so great that he wished he was dead. "Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts.

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he

had left the cockpit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually trying to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor."

His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried beside his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings, "Take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his fore-

head. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

[*These are Stage Directions from that great play, "The Dynasts," Part III., Act i. You must imagine all to be happening as it is described—the retreating army, the snow, the bitter, awful scene. . . .*]

PINES rise mournfully on each side of the nearing object; ravens in flocks advance with it

overhead, waiting to pick out the eyes of strays who fall. The snowstorm increases, descending in tufts which can hardly be shaken off. The sky seems to join itself to the land. The marching figures drop rapidly, and almost immediately become white grave-mounds.

Endowed with enlarged powers of audition as of vision, we are struck by the mournful taciturnity that prevails. Nature is mute. Save for the incessant flogging of the wind-broken and lacerated horses there are no sounds.

With growing nearness more is revealed. In the glades of the forest, parallel to the French columns, columns of Russians are seen to be moving. And when the French presently reach Krasnoye they are surrounded by packs of cloaked Cossacks, bearing lances like huge needles a dozen feet long. The fore part of the French army gets through the town; the rear is assaulted by infantry and artillery.

Napoleon himself can be discerned amid the rest, marching on foot through the snowflakes, in a fur coat and with a stout staff in his hand. Further back Ney is visible with the remains on the rear.

There is something behind the regular columns like an articulated tail, and as they draw on, it

shows itself to be a disorderly rabble of followers of both sexes. So the whole miscellany arrives at the foreground where it is checked by a large river across the track. The soldiers themselves, like the rabble, are in motley raiment, some wearing rugs for warmth, some quilts, and curtains, some even petticoats and other women's clothing. Many are delirious from hunger and cold.

But they set about doing what is a necessity for the least hope of salvation, and throw a bridge across the stream. . . .

The bridge is over the Beresina at Studzianka. On each side of the river are swampy meadows, now hard with frost, while further back are dense forests. Ice floats down the deep black stream in large cakes.

The French sappers are working up to their shoulders in the water at the building of the bridge. Those so immersed work till, stiffened with ice to immobility, they die from the chill, when others succeed them.

Cavalry meanwhile attempt to swim their horses across, and some infantry try to wade through the stream. . . .

The winter is more merciless, and snow continues to fall upon a deserted expanse of un-

enclosed land in Lithuania. Some scattered birch bushes merge in a forest in the background.

It is growing dark, though nothing distinguishes where the sun sets. There is no sound except that of a shuffling of feet in the direction of a bivouac. Here are scattered tattered men like skeletons. Their noses and ears are frost-bitten, and pus is oozing from their eyes.

These stricken shades in a limbo of gloom are among the last survivors of the French army. Few of them carry guns. One squad, ploughing through snow above their knees, and with icicles dangling from their hair that clink like glass-lustres, as they walk, go into the birch wood, and are heard chopping. They bring back boughs, with which they make a screen on the windward side, and contrive to light a fire. With their swords they cut rashers from a dead horse, and grill them in the flames, using gunpowder for salt to eat them with. Two others return from a search, with a dead rat, and some candle-ends. Their meal shared, some try to repair their gaping shoes and to tie up their feet, that are chilblained to the bone.

THOMAS HARDY.



A LETTER FROM OLIVER CROMWELL

TO MY LOVING BROTHER, COLONEL VALENTINE
WALTON: THESE:

LEAGUER BEFORE YORK,
5 *July*, 1644.

DEAR SIR,

It is our duty to sympathise in all mercies: and to praise the Lord together in chastisements or trials, that so we may sorrow together.

Truly England and the Church of God hath had a great favour from the Lord, in this great Victory given unto us, such as the like never

was since this War began. It had all the evidences of an absolute victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the Godly Party principally. We never charged but we routed the enemy. The left Wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our own horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now, but I believe, of Twenty-thousand the Prince hath not Four-thousand left. Give Glory, all the glory, to God.

Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

Sir, you know my own trials this way: but the Lord supported me with this, That the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow more. He was a gallant young man, exceeding gracious. God give you his comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it. "It was so great above his pain." This he said to us. Indeed, it was admirable. A little while after

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he said, One thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what it was? He told me that it was, That God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told he bid them, Open right and left that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the Army, of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven; wherein you ought to exceedingly rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: so prays

Your truly loving and faithful brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My love to your Daughter, and my Cousin Perceval, Sister Desborow and all friends with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

AS SHE APPEARED TO THE ENVOY OF MARY,
QUEEN OF SCOTS



. . . SHE appeared to be so affectionate to the Queen, her good sister, that she had a great desire to see her; and because their desired meeting could not be so hastily brought to pass, she delighted oft to look upon her picture, and took me into her bedchamber, and opened a little lettoun wherein were divers little pictures wrapped within paper, and written upon the paper their names with her own hand. . . . Then she took out the Queen's picture, and kissed it; and I kissed her hand, for the great love I saw she bore to the Queen. She showed me also a fair ruby, great like a racket ball. Then I desired that she would either send it as a token unto the Queen, or else my Lord of Leicester's picture. She said, if the Queen would follow her counsel, that she would get

them both with time, and all that she had; but should send her a diamond for a token with me. Now it was late after supper; she appointed me to be at her the next morning by eight hours, at which time she used to walk in her garden; and inquired sundry things at me of this country, or other countries wherein I had lately travelled; and caused me to eat with her dame of honour, my Lady Stafford. . . .

. . . She delighted to show her golden-coloured hair, wearing a kell and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was redder than yellow, curled apparently of nature. Then she entered to discern what kind of colour of hair was reputed best; and inquired whether the Queen's or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I said the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I thought fairest. I said she was the fairest Queen in England, and ours the fairest Queen in Scotland. Yet she was earnest. I said they were both the fairest ladies of their Courts, and that the Queen of England was whiter, but our Queen was very lusome. She inquired which of them was of highest stature. I said our Queen. Then she said the Queen was over high, and that herself

was neither over high nor over low. Then she asked what kind of exercises she used. I said that I was dispatched out of Scotland, that the Queen was but new come back from the Highland hunting; and when she had leisure from the affairs of her country, she read upon good books the histories of divers countries, and sometimes would play upon lute and virginals. She speered gin [asked if] she played well. I said reasonably for a Queen.

That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music, but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. But after I had hearkened a while, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was toward the door, I entered within the chamber and stood still at the door-cheek, and heard her play excellently well; but she left off so soon as she turned her about and saw me, and came forwards, seeming to strike me with her left hand, and to think shame; alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary allane, to schew [escape] melancholy; and asked how I came there. I said as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdon, as we passed

by the chamber door I heard such melody, which roused and drew me within the chamber I wist not how; excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the Court of France, and was now willing to suffer what kind of punishment would please her lay upon me for my offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knee beside her; but she gave me a cushion with her own hand to lay under my knee, which I refused, but she compelled me; and called for my Lady Stafford out of the next chamber, for she was her allane there. Then she asked whether the Queen or she played best. In that I gave *her* the praise.

SIR JAMES MELVILLE.

PARENTS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

[*This is from "The Scholemaster," written by Roger Ascham, who was the tutor of Elizabeth when she was a girl, and her secretary when she was Queen. Ascham also wrote "Toxophilus," the book on archery to which Robert Burton refers on p. 39.*]

BEFORE I went to Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the Duke

and Duchess, with all the household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were hunting in the Park.

I found her in her Chamber, reading *Phædon Platonis* in Greek, with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the Park ?

Smiling, she answered me: "Why, all their sport in the Park is but a shadow to the pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."

"And how came you, Madam," said I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what chiefly allured you to it, seeing that not many women—very few men, even, have attained thereto?"

"I will tell you," said she, "and tell you a truth which perhaps you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe Parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in the presence either of my father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world !

“Or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened — yes, indeed, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them — and so without measure distracted, that I think myself in hell till the time comes that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teaches me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that the time seems to be to me no time at all while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I weep, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and utter dislike to me. And thus my book has been so much my pleasure, and brings daily to me more and more pleasure, that in comparison to it, all other pleasures, in very deed, are but trifles and troubles to me.”

ROGER ASCHAM.

SAVAGES

... THE next day I attempted to penetrate some way into the country. Tierra del Fuego may be described as a mountainous land, partly submerged in the sea, so that deep inlets and bays occupy the place where valleys should exist. The mountain sides, except on the

exposed western coast, are covered from the water's edge upwards by one great forest. The trees reach to an elevation of between 1,000 and 1,500 feet, and are succeeded by a band of peat, with minute alpine plants; and this again is succeeded by the line of perpetual snow. . . .

Finding it nearly hopeless to push my way through the wood, I followed the course of a mountain torrent. At first, from the waterfalls and number of dead trees, I could hardly crawl along; but the bed of the stream soon became a little more open, from the floods having swept the sides. I continued slowly to advance for an hour along the broken and rocky banks, and was amply repaid by the grandeur of the scene. The gloomy depth of the ravine well accorded with the universal signs of violence. On every side were lying irregular masses of rock and torn-up trees; other trees, though still erect, were decayed to the heart and ready to fall. The entangled mass of the thriving and the fallen reminded me of the forests within the tropics—yet there was a difference: for in these still solitudes, Death, instead of Life, seemed the predominant spirit. . . . The trees all belong to one kind, the *Fagus betuloides*; for the number of the other species of *Fagus* and of the

Winter's Bark, is quite inconsiderable. This beech keeps its leaves throughout the year; but its foliage is of a peculiar brownish-green colour, with a tinge of yellow. As the whole landscape is thus coloured, it has a sombre, dull appearance; nor is it often enlivened by the rays of the sun. . . .

The inhabitants, living chiefly upon shell-fish, are obliged constantly to change their place of residence; but they return at intervals to the same spots, as is evident from the piles of old shells, which must often amount to many tons in weight. These heaps can be distinguished at a long distance by the bright green colour of certain plants, which invariably grow on them. . . .

The Fuegian wigwam resembles, in size and dimensions, a haycock. It merely consists of a few broken branches stuck in the ground, and very imperfectly thatched on one side with a few tufts of grass and rushes. The whole cannot be the work of an hour, and it is only used for a few days. . . .

While going one day on shore near Wollaston Island, we pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the east coast the natives, as we have seen, have guanaco cloaks, and on the west, they possess

sealskins. Amongst these central tribes the men generally have an otter-skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows, it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked, and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbour not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby! These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make oneself believe that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world. It is a common subject of conjecture what pleasure in life some of the lower animals can enjoy: how much more reasonably the same question may be asked with

respect to those barbarians! At night, five or six human beings, naked and scarcely protected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, winter or summer, night or day, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks; and the women either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair-line without any hook, jerk out little fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a putrid whale discovered, it is a feast; and such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi.

They often suffer from famine: I heard Mr. Low, a sealing-master intimately acquainted with the natives of this country, give a curious account of the state of a party of one hundred and fifty natives on the west coast, who were very thin and in great distress. A succession of gales prevented the women from getting shell-fish on the rocks, and they could not go out in their canoes to catch seal. A small party of these men one morning set out, and the Indians explained to him, that they were going a four days' journey for food: on their return, Low went to meet them, and he found them excessively tired, each man carrying a great square piece of

putrid whale's blubber with a hole in the middle, through which they put their heads, like the Gauchos do through their ponchos or cloaks. As soon as the blubber was brought into a wigwam, an old man cut off thin slices, and muttering over them, broiled them for a minute, and distributed them to the famished party, who during this time preserved a profound silence. Mr. Low believes that whenever a whale is cast on shore, the natives bury large pieces of it in the sand, as a resource in time of famine; and a native boy, whom he had on board, once found a stock thus buried. The different tribes when at war are cannibals. From the concurrent, but quite independent evidence of the boy taken by Mr. Low, and of Jemmy Button, it is certainly true, that when pressed in winter by hunger, they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs: the boy being asked by Mr. Low why they did this, answered, "Doggies catch otters, old women no. . . ."

CHARLES DARWIN.

THE MURDERER

HE took the footpath. The glory of the departing sun was on his face. The music of the birds was in his ears. Sweet wild flowers bloomed about him. Thatched roofs of poor men's homes were in the distance, and an old grey spire, surmounted by a cross, rose up between him and the coming night.

He had never read the lesson which these things conveyed; he had ever mocked and turned away from it, but before going down into a hollow place, he looked round once upon the evening prospect sorrowfully. Then he went down, down, down, into the dell.

It brought him to the wood—a close, thick, shadowy wood—through which the path went winding on, dwindling away into a slender sheep-track. He paused before entering, for the stillness of this spot almost daunted him.

The last rays of the sun were shining in, aslant, making a path of golden light along the stems and branches in its range, which even as he looked began to die away: yielding gently to the twilight that came creeping on. It was so very quiet that the soft and stealthy moss about

the trunks of some old trees seemed to have grown out of the silence and to be its proper offspring. Those other trees which were subdued by blasts of wind in winter-time had not quite tumbled down, but being caught by others, lay all bare and scathed across their leafy arms as if unwilling to disturb the general repose by the crash of their fall. Vistas of silence opened everywhere into the heart and innermost recesses of the wood; beginning with the likeness of an aisle, a cloister, or a ruin open to the sky; then tangling off into a deep-green rustling mystery, through which gnarled trunks, and twisted boughs, and ivy-covered stems, and trembling leaves, and bark-stripped bodies of old trees stretched out at length, were faintly seen in beautiful confusion.

As the sunlight died away and evening fell upon the wood, he entered it. Moving here and there a bramble or a drooping bough which stretched across his path, he slowly disappeared. At intervals a narrow opening showed him passing on, or the sharp cracking of some tender branch denoted where he went: then he was seen or heard no more. Never more beheld by mortal eye or heard by mortal ear: one man excepted. That man, parting the leaves and

branches on the other side near where the path emerged again, came leaping out soon afterwards.

What had he left within the wood that he sprang out of it as if it were a hell?

The body of a murdered man. In one thick, solitary spot it lay among the last year's leaves of oak and beech, just as it had fallen headlong down. Sopping and soaking in among the leaves that formed its pillow, oozing down into the boggy ground as if to cover itself from human sight; forcing its way between and through the curling leaves as if those senseless things rejected and forswore it, and were coiled up in abhorrence, went a dark, dark stain that dyed and scented the whole summer night from earth to heaven.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE WHALE HUNT

"CLEAR away the boats! Luff!" cried Ahab. And obeying his order, he dashed the helm down before the helmsman could handle the spokes.

The sudden exclamation of the crew must have alarmed the whale; and ere the boats were

down, majestically turning, he swam away to the leeward, but with such a steady tranquillity, and making so few ripples as he swam, that thinking after all he might not as yet be alarmed, Ahab gave orders that not an oar should be used, and no man must speak but in whispers. So seated like Ontario Indians on the gun-wales of the boats, we swiftly but silently paddled along; the calm not admitting of the noiseless sails being set. Presently, as we thus glided in chase, the monster perpendicularly flitted out his tail forty feet into the air, and then sank out of sight like a tower swallowed up.

“There goes flukes!” was the cry, an announcement immediately followed up by Stubb’s producing his match and igniting his pipe, for now a respite was granted. After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again, and being now in advance of the smoker’s boat, and much nearer to it than to any of the others, Stubb counted upon the honour of the capture. It was obvious, now, that the whale had at length become aware of his pursuers. All silence of cautiousness was therefore of no use. Paddles were dropped, and oars came loudly into use. And still puffing at his pipe, Stubb cheered the crew on to assault.

Yes, a mighty change had come over the fish. All alive to his jeopardy, he was going "head out"; that part obliquely projecting from the mad yeast which he brewed.

"Start her, start her, my men. Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time—but start her; start her like thunder-claps, that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke. "Start her now; give 'em the long and the strong stroke, Tashtego. Start her, Tash, my boy, start her all, but keep cool, keep cool—cucumber is the word—easy, easy, only start her like grim death and grinning devils, and raise the buried dead perpendicular out of their graves, boys—that's all. Start her!"

"Woo-hoo! Wa-hee!" screamed Gay-Header in reply, raising some old war-whoop to the skies; as every oarsman in the strained boat involuntarily bounced forward with the one tremendous leading stroke which the eager Indian gave.

But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild. "Kee-hee! Kee-hee!" yelled Daggo, straining forwards and backwards on his seat, like a pacing tiger in his cage.

"Ka-la! Koo-loo!" howled Queequeg, as if smacking his lips over a mouthful of Grena-

dier's steak. And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea. Meanwhile, Stubb, retaining his place in the van, still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth. Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained, till the welcome cry was heard—"Star'd up, Tashtego!—give it to him." The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists. It was the magical line. An instant before, Stubb had swiftly caught two additional turns with it round the loggerhead, whence, by reason of its increased rapid circlings, a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe. As the line passed round and round the loggerhead, so also, just before reaching that point, it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands, from which the hand-cloths, or squares of quilted canvas sometimes worn at these times, had accidentally dropped. It was like holding an enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade, and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch.

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (him seated near the tub)

who, snatching off his hat, dashed the sea-water into it. More turns were taken so that the line began holding its place. The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins. Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business truly in that rocking commotion.

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat, and from its now being more tight than a harpstring, you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving through the water, the other the air—as the boats churned on through both opposing elements at once. A continual cascade played at the bows; a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake; and, at the slightest motion from within, even but of a little finger, the vibrating, cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea. Thus they rushed; each man with might and main clinging to his seat, to prevent being tossed into the foam; and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his centre of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed away as they shot on their way, till at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight.

“Haul in! haul in!” cried Stubb to the bowsman, and facing round towards the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed in. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, darted dart after dart into the flying fish; at the word of command, the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale’s horrible wallow, and then ranging up for another fling.

The red tide now poured from all sides of the monster like brooks down a hill. His tormented body rolled not in brine but in blood, which bubbled and seethed for furlongs behind in their wake. The slanting sun playing upon this crimson pond in the sea, sent back its reflection into every face, so that they all glowed to each other like red men. And all the while, jet after jet of white smoke was agonisingly shot from the spiracle of the whale, and vehement puff after puff from the mouth of the excited headsman; as at every dart, hauling in upon his crooked lance (by the line attached to it), Stubb straightened it again and again, by a few rapid blows against the gunwale, then again and again sent it into the whale.

“Pull up! pull up!” he now cried to the

bowsman, as the waning whale relaxed in his wrath. "Pull up! close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank. When reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed, and which he was fearful of breaking ere he could hook it out. But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish. And now it is struck; for starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry," the monster horribly wallowed in his blood, overwrapped himself in impenetrable, mad, boiling spray, so that the imperilled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado blindly to struggle out from that phrensied twilight into the clear air of the day.

And now abating in his flurry, the whale once more rolled out into view; surging from side to side; spasmodically dilating and contracting his spout-hole, with sharp, cracking, agonised respirations. At last, gush after gush of clotted red gore, as if it had been the purple lees of red wine, shot into the frightened air; and falling back again, ran dripping down his motionless flanks into the sea. His heart had burst.

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"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said Daggo.

"Yes; both pipes smoked out!" and withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water; and, for a moment, stood thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse* he had made.

HERMANN MELVILLE.

HOW PERSEUS SLEW THE GORGON

[Here we cross the border into that strange wild country of the human mind called Mythology.]

So Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea; and his heart was high and joyful, for the winged sandals bore him each day a seven days' journey.

And he went by Cythrus, and by Ceos, and the pleasant Cyclades to Attica; and past Athens and Thebes, and the Copaic lake, and up the vale of Cephissus, and past the peaks of Æta and Pindus, and over the rich Thessalian plains, till the sunny hills of Greece were behind him, and before him were the wilds of the north. Then he passed the Thracian mountains, and many a barbarous tribe, Pæons and Dardans and Triballi, till he came to the Ister stream, and

* But see p. 164.

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the dreary Scythian plains. And he walked across the Ister dry-shod, and away through the moors and fens, day and night toward the bleak north-west, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till he came to the Unshapen Land, and the place which has no name.

And seven days he walked through it, on a path which few can tell; for those who have trodden it like least to speak of it, and those who go there again in dreams are glad enough when they awake; till he came to the edge of the everlasting night, where the air was full of feathers, and the soil was hard with ice; and there at last he found the three Gray Sisters, by the shore of the freezing sea, nodding upon a white log of drift-wood, beneath the cold white winter moon; and they chaunted a low song together, "Why the old times were better than the new."

There was no living thing around them, not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks. Neither seal nor seagull dare come near, lest the ice should clutch them in its claws. The surge broke up in foam, but it fell again in flakes of snow; and it frosted the hair of the three Gray Sisters, and the bones in the ice-cliff above their heads. They passed the eye from one to the other, but

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for all that they could not see; and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat; and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Gray Sisters; but they did not pity themselves.

So he said, "Oh, venerable mothers, wisdom is the daughter of old age. You therefore should know many things. Tell me, if you can, the path to the Gorgon."

Then one cried, "Who is this who reproaches us with old age?" And another, "This is the voice of one of the children of men."

And he, "I do not reproach, but honour your old age, and I am one of the sons of men and of the heroes. The rulers of Olympus have sent me to you to ask the way to the Gorgon."

Then one, "There are new rulers in Olympus, and all new things are bad." And another, "We hate your rulers, and the heroes, and all the children of men. We are the kindred of the Titans, and the Giants, and the Gorgons, and the ancient monsters of the deep." And another, "Who is this rash and insolent man who pushes unbidden into our world?" And the first, "There never was such a world as ours, nor will be; if we let him see it, he will spoil it all."

Then one cried, "Give me the eye, that I may see him;" and another, "Give me the tooth, that I may bite him." But Perseus, when he saw that they were foolish and proud, and did not love the children of men, left off pitying them, and said to himself, "Hungry men must needs be hasty; if I stay making many words here, I shall be starved." Then he stepped close to them, and watched till they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about between themselves, he held out his own hand gently, till one of them put the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister. Then he sprang back, and laughed, and cried—"Cruel and proud old women, I have your eye; and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the Gorgon, and swear to me that you tell me right."

Then they wept, and chattered, and scolded; but in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though, when they told it, Perseus could hardly make out the road.

"You must go," they said, "foolish boy, to the southward, into the ugly glare of the sun, till you come to Atlas the Giant, who holds the heavens and the earth apart. And you must ask his daughters, the Hesperides, who are young

and foolish like yourself. And now give us back our eye, for we have forgotten all the rest."

So Perseus gave them back their eye; but instead of using it, they nodded and fell fast asleep, and were turned into blocks of ice, till the tide came up and washed them all away. And now they float up and down like icebergs for ever, weeping whenever they meet the sunshine, and the fruitful summer, and the warm south wind, which fill young hearts with joy.

But Perseus leaped away to the southward, leaving the snow and the ice behind: past the isle of the Hyperboreans, and the tin isles, and the long Iberian shore, while the sun rose higher day by day upon a bright blue summer sea. And the terns and the sea-gulls swept laughing round his head, and called to him to stop and play, and the dolphins gambolled up as he passed, and offered to carry him on their backs. And all night long the sea-nymphs sang sweetly, and the Tritons blew upon their conches, as they played round Galatæa their queen, in her car of pearled shells. Day by day the sun rose higher, and leaped more swiftly into the sea at night, and more swiftly out of the sea at dawn; while Perseus skimmed over the billows

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like a sea-gull, and his feet were never wetted; and leapt on from wave to wave, and his limbs were never weary, till he saw far away a mighty mountain, all rose-red in the setting sun. Its feet were wrapped in forests, and its head in wreaths of cloud; and Perseus knew that it was Atlas, who holds the heavens and the earth apart.

He came to the mountain, and leapt on shore, and wandered upward, among pleasant valleys and waterfalls, and tall trees and strange ferns and flowers; but there was no smoke rising from any glen, nor house, nor sign of man.

At last he heard sweet voices singing; and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star.

They sang like nightingales among the thickets, and Perseus stopped to hear their song; but the words which they spoke he could not understand; no, nor no man after him for many a hundred years. So he stepped forward and saw them dancing, hand in hand around the charmed tree, which bent under its golden fruit; and round the tree-foot was coiled the dragon, old Ladon the sleepless snake, who lies there for ever, listening to the song of the maidens, blinking and watching with dry bright eyes.

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Then Perseus stopped, not because he feared the dragon, but because he was bashful before those fair maids; but when they saw him, they too stopped, and called to him with trembling voices—

“Who are you? Are you Heracles the mighty, who will come to rob our garden, and carry off our golden fruit?” And he answered—

“I am not Heracles the mighty, and I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me, fair Nymphs, the way which leads to the Gorgon, that I may go on my way and slay her.”

“Not yet, not yet, fair boy; come dance with us around the tree in the garden which knows no winter, the home of the south wind and the sun. Come hither and play with us awhile; we have danced alone here for a thousand years, and our hearts are weary with longing for a play-fellow. So come, come, come!”

“I cannot dance with you, fair maidens; for I must do the errand of the Immortals. So tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves.”

Then they sighed and wept; and answered—

“The Gorgon! she will freeze you into stone.”

“It is better to die like a hero than to live

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like an ox in a stall. The Immortals have lent me weapons, and they will give me wit to use them."

Then they sighed again and answered, "Fair boy, if you are bent on your own ruin, be it so. We know not the way to the Gorgon; but we will ask the giant Atlas, above upcn the mountain peak, the brother of our father, the silver Evening Star. He sits aloft and sees across the ocean, and far away into the Unshapen Land."

So they went up the mountain to Atlas their uncle, and Perseus went up with them. And they found the giant kneeling, as he held the heavens and the earth apart.

They asked him, and he answered mildly, pointing to the sea-board with his mighty hand, "I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away, but this youth can never come near them, unless he has the hat of darkness, which whosoever wears cannot be seen."

Then cried Perseus, "Where is that hat, that I may find it?"

But the giant smiled. "No living mortal can find that hat, for it lies in the depths of Hades, in the regions of the dead. But my nieces are immortal, and they shall fetch it for

you, if you will promise me one thing and keep your faith."

Then Perseus promised; and the giant said, "When you come back with the head of Medusa, you shall show me the beautiful horror, that I may lose my feeling and my breathing, and become a stone for ever; for it is weary labour for me to hold the heavens and the earth apart."

Then Perseus promised, and the eldest of the Nymphs went down, and into a dark cavern among the cliffs, out of which came smoke and thunder, for it was one of the mouths of Hell.

And Perseus and the Nymphs sat down seven days, and waited trembling, till the Nymph came up again; and her face was pale, and her eyes dazzled with the light, for she had been long in the dreary darkness; but in her hand was the magic hat.

Then all the Nymphs kissed Perseus, and wept over him a long while; but he was only impatient to be gone. And at last they put the hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

But Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, far away into the heart of the Unshapen Land, beyond the streams of Ocean,

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to the isles where no ship cruises where is neither night nor day, where nothing is in its right place, and nothing has a name; till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings and saw the glitter of their brazen talons; and then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself, and remembered Athené's words. He rose aloft into the air, and held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked up into it that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw the three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him; and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

Two of the Gorgons were foul as swine, and lay sleeping heavily, as swine sleep, with their mighty wings outspread; but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed Perseus pitied her, she looked so fair and sad. Her plumage was like the rainbow, and her face was like the face of a Nymph, only her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting care and pain; and her long neck gleamed so

white in the mirror that Perseus had not the heart to strike, and said, " Ah, that it had been either of her sisters !"

But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs, and hissed; and Medusa, as she tossed, threw back her wings and showed her brazen claws; and Perseus saw that, for all her beauty, she was as foul and venomous as the rest.

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror, and struck with Herpé stoutly once; and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goat-skin, turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she sank dead upon the rocks; and her two foul sisters woke, and saw her lying dead.

Into the air they sprang yelling, and looked for him who had done the deed. Thrice they swung round and round, like hawks who beat for a partridge; and thrice they snuffed round and round, like hounds who draw upon a deer. At last they struck upon the scent of the blood, and they checked for a moment to make sure;

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and then on they rushed with a fearful howl, while the wind rattled hoarse in their wings.

On they rushed, sweeping and flapping, like eagles after a hare; and Perseus' blood ran cold, for all his courage, as he saw them come howling on his track; and he cried, " Bear me well now, brave sandals, for the hounds of Death are at my heels !"

And well the brave sandals bore him, aloft through cloud and sunshine, across the shoreless sea; and fast followed the hounds of Death, as the roar of their wings came down the wind. But the roar came down fainter and fainter, and the howl of their voices died away; for the sandals were too swift, even for Gorgons, and by nightfall they were far behind, two black specks in the southern sky, till the sun sank and he saw them no more.

Then he came again to Atlas, and the garden of the Nymphs; and when the giant heard him coming, he groaned, and said, " Fulfil thy promise to me." Then Perseus held up to him the Gorgon's head, and he had rest from all his toil; for he became a crag of stone, which sleeps for ever far above the clouds.

Then he thanked the Nymphs, and asked them, " By what road shall I go homeward

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again, for I wandered far round in coming
hither?"

And they wept and cried "Go home no
more, but stay and play with us, the lonely
maidens, who dwell for ever far away from gods
and men."

But he refused, and they told him his road,
and said, "Take with you this magic fruit,
which, if you eat once, you will not hunger for
seven days. For you must go eastward and
eastward ever, over the doleful Libyan shore,
which Poseidon gave to Father Zeus, when he
burst open the Bosphorus and the Hellespont,
and drowned the fair Lectonian land. And
Zeus took that land in exchange, a fair bargain,
much bad ground for a little good, and to this
day it lies waste and desert, with shingle, and
rock, and sand."

Then they kissed Perseus, and wept over him,
and he leapt down the mountain, and went on,
lessening and lessening like a sea-gull, away and
out to sea.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CROSSING THE DESERT

I

THE manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not, therefore, allow a halt until the evening came. About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it !) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert, you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs;

even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by last week's storm, and the hills and valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand and sand and sand again.

The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time

labours on,—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses, the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on; comes burning with blushes yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank upon the ground till she brought her body level with the ground; then gladly enough I

alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these had failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent, and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants I could know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived price, for wherever man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me, I began to return—to return as it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread; Mysseri rattling tea-

cups; the little kettle with her odd, old-maidish looks sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards away from the fire my tent stood prim and tight, with open portals and with welcoming look—a look like “the own arm-chair” of our lyrist’s “sweet Lady Anne.”

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night breeze blew coldly; when that happened the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the Wind that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along these dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way as he ought, for an Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, oratories—all crowded into the space of a hearth-rug.

The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert, there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the

fire of the candle, till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By and by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon our camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all

else was ready for the start then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle.

II

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

The heat was fierce, and there was no valley, nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon. Hour by hour I advanced and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circling of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could baulk the fierce will of the Sun, “He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof.” From

pole to pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all Heaven and Earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times so now, and fiercely too, he bid me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me," I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face, the mighty Sun for one, and for the other—this solitary poor, pale self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line above the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe, that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am) I had lived to see and I saw them. When evening came I was still within the confines of the Desert, and my tent was pitched as usual; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the West without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a

little while he returned. He had toiled on a graceful service; he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

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

H. W. KINGLAKE.

THE ALPS

[This is a fragment from Livy's History, written about the beginning of the first century, and translated into English by Philemon Holland in 1600.]

. . . FIRST went in the vauntguard the elephants and the horsemen; Hannibal himself marched after with the flower and strength of his footmen, looking all about him with an heedful eye. . . .

The elephants, as they were driven with great leisure, because through these narrow

straits they were ready ever and anon to run on their noses: so what way soever they went, they kept the army safe and sure from the enemies; who being not used unto them, durst not once come near. The ninth day he won the very tops of Alps, through by-lanes and blind cranks: after he had wandered many times out of the way, either through the deceitfulness of their guides, or for that, when they durst not trust them, they adventured rashly themselves upon the valleys, and guessed the way at adventure, and went by aim. Two days' abode he encamped upon the tops thereof, and the soldiers wearied with travel and fight rested that time; certain also of the sumpter horses (which had slipt aside from the rocks) by following the tracks of the army as it marched, came to the camp. When they were thus over-toiled and wearied with these tedious travails, the snow that fell (for now the star Vergilie was set and gone down out of the horizon) increased their fear exceedingly. Now when as at the break of day the ensigns were set forward, and the army marched slowly through the thick and deep snow; and that there appeared in the countenance of them all slothfulness and desperation: Hannibal advanced before the stan-

dards and commanded his soldiers to stay upon a certain high hill (from whence they had a goodly prospect and might see a great way all about them), and there shewed unto them Italy, and the goodly champain fields about the Po, which lie hard under the foot of the Alpine mountains: saying, that even then they mounted the walls, not only of Italy, but also of the City of Rome; as for all besides (saith he) will be plain and easy to be travelled: and after one or two battles at the most, ye shall have at your command the very Castle and head City of all Italy. . . .

Then began the army to march forward; and as yet the enemies verily themselves adventured nothing at all but some petty robberies by stealth, as opportunity and occasion served. Howbeit they had much more difficult travelling down the hill than in the climbing and getting up; for that most of the avenues to the Alps from Italy side, as they be shorter, so they are more upright: for all the way in a manner was steep, narrow, and slippery, so as neither they could hold themselves from sliding, nor if any tripped and stumbled never so little, could they possibly (they staggered so) recover themselves and keep sure footing, but one

fell upon another, as well horse as man. After this they came to a much narrower rock, with crags and rags so steep downright, that hardly a nimble soldier without his armour and baggage (do what he could to take hold with hands upon the twigs and plants that thereabout grew forth) was able to creep down. This place being before naturally of itself steep and pendant with a downfall, now was choked and dammed up with a new fall of earth, which left a bank behind it of a wonderful and monstrous height, where the horsemen stood still as if they had been come to their way's end; and when Hannibal marvelled much what the matter might be that stayed them so as they marched not on, word was brought him that the rock was unaccessible and unpassable.

Whereupon he went himself in person to view the place, and then he saw indeed without all doubt that although he had fetched a compass about, yet he had gained nought thereby, but conducted his army to pass through wilds, and such places as before had never been beaten and trodden. And verily, that (of all other) was such, as it was impossible to pass through. For whereas there lay old snow untouched and not trodden on, and over it other snow

newly fallen, of a small depth; in this soft and tender snow, and the same not very deep, their feet as they went easily took hold; but that snow, being once with the gait of so many people and beasts upon it fretted and thawed, they were fain to go upon the bare ice underneath, and in the slabbery snow-broth, as it relented and melted about their heels. There they had foul ado and much struggling, for that they could not tread sure upon the slippery ice; and again, going as they did (down hill), their feet sooner failed them; and when they had helped themselves once in getting up, either with hands or knees, if they chanced to fall again, when those their props and stays deceived them, there were no twigs nor roots about whereon a man might take hold and rest or stay himself, either by hand or foot. And, therefore, all that the poor garrons and beasts could do was to tumble and wallow only upon the slippery and glassy ice, and the molten, slabbie snow. Otherwhiles, also, they perished as they went in the deep snow, whilst it was yet soft and tender; for when they were once slidden and fallen, with flinging out their heels, and beating with their hoofs more forcibly for to take hold, they brake the ice through so as most of them, as if they had

been caught fast and fettered, stuck still in the deep, hard-frozen, and congealed ice.

And last, when as both man and beast were wearied and overtoiled, all and to no purpose, they encamped upon the top of a hill. . . .

PHILEMON HOLLAND.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION

[As recounted in his own private Diary. The Diary was found lying beside his body after his death.]

I.

ON THE WAY TO THE POLE.

Tuesday, January 16 (1912).—Camp 68. Height 9,760. T. -23.5° . The worst has happened, or nearly the worst. We marched well in the morning and covered $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Noon sight showed us in Lat. $89^{\circ} 42'$ S., and we started off in high spirits in the afternoon, feeling that to-morrow would see us at our destination. About the second hour of the march, Bowers' sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn; he was uneasy about it, but argued that it must be a sastrugus. Half an hour later he detected a black speck ahead. Soon we knew that this could not be a natural snow

feature. We marched on, found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge bearer; near by the remains of a camp; sledge tracks and ski tracks going and coming, and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Many thoughts come, and much discussion have we had. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return. We are descending in altitude—certainly also the Norwegians found an easy way up.

Wednesday, January 17.—Camp 69. T. -22° at start. Night -21° . The Pole. Yes, but under very different circumstances from those expected. We have had a horrible day—add to our disappointment a head wind 4 to 5, with a temperature -22° , and companions labouring on with cold feet and hands.

We started at 7.30, none of us having slept much after the shock of our discovery. We followed the Norwegian sledge tracks for some way; as far as we make out there are only two men. In about three miles we passed two

small cairns. Then the weather overcast, and the tracks being increasingly drifted up and obviously going too far to the west, we decided to make straight for the Pole, according to our calculations. At 12.30 Evans had such cold hands we camped for lunch—an excellent “week-end one.” We had marched 7.4 miles. Lat. sight gave $89^{\circ} 53' 37''$. We started out and did $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles due south. To-night little Bowers is laying himself out to get sights in terrible difficult circumstances; the wind is blowing hard T. -21° , and there is that curious damp cold feeling in the air which chills one to the bone in no time. We have been descending again, I think, but there looks to be a rise ahead; otherwise there is very little that is different from the awful monotony of past days. Great God! this is an awful place and terrible enough for us to have laboured to it without the reward of priority. Well, it is something to have got here, and the wind may be our friend to-morrow. We have had a fat Polar hoosh in spite of our chagrin, and feel comfortable inside—added a small stick of chocolate and the queer taste of a cigarette brought by Wilson. Now for the run home and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it.

Thursday morning, January 18.—Decided, after summing up all observations, that we were 3·5 miles away from the Pole—1 mile beyond it and 3 to the right. More or less in this direction Bowers saw a cairn or tent.

We have just arrived at this tent, 2 miles from our camp, therefore about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Pole. In the tent we find a record of five Norwegians having been here, as follows:

ROALD AMUNDSEN.
OLAV OLAVSON BJAALAND.
HILMER HANSSEN
SVERRE H. HASSEL.
OSCAR WISTING.

16 Dec., 1911.

The tent is fine—a small compact affair supported by a single bamboo. A note from Amundsen, which I keep, asks me to forward a letter to King Haakon !

The following articles have been left in the tent: 3 half bags of reindeer containing a miscellaneous assortment of mits and sleeping socks, very various in description, a sextant, a Norwegian artificial horizon, and a hypsometer without boiling-point thermometers, a sextant and hypsometer of English make.

Left a note to say I had visited tent with companions. Bowers photographing and Wilson

sketching. Since lunch we have marched 6·2 miles S.S.E. by compass (*i.e.*, northwards). Sights at lunch gave us $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the Pole, so we call it the Pole Camp. (Temp. Lunch -21° .) We built a cairn, put up our poor slighted Union Jack, and photographed ourselves—mighty cold work all of it—less than $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile south we saw stuck up an old under-runner of a sledge. This we commandeered as a yard for a floorcloth sail. I imagine it was intended to mark the exact spot of the Pole as near as the Norwegians could fix it. (Height, 9,500.) A note attached talked of the tent as being 2 miles from the Pole. Wilson keeps the note. There is no doubt that our predecessors have made thoroughly sure of their mark and fully carried out their programme. I think the Pole is about 9,500 feet in height: this is remarkable, considering that in Lat. 88° we were about 10,500.

We carried the Union Jack about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile north with us and left it on a piece of stick as near as we could fix it. I fancy the Norwegians arrived at the pole on the 5th Dec. and left on the 17th, ahead of a date quoted by me in London as ideal—viz., Dec. 22nd. It looks as though the Norwegian party expected colder

weather on the summit than they got; it could scarcely be otherwise from Shackleton's account. Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition and must face our 800 miles of solid dragging—and good-bye to most of the day-dreams.

II.

THE LAST MARCH.

Sunday, March 11 (1912).—The sky completely overcast when we started this morning. We could see nothing, lost the tracks, and doubtless have been swaying a good deal since—3·1 miles for the forenoon—terribly heavy dragging—expected it. Know that 6 miles is about the limit of our endurance now, if we get no help from wind or surfaces. We have 7 days' food and should be about 55 miles from One Ton Camp to-night, $6 \times 7 = 42$, leaving us 13 miles short of our distance, even if things get no worse. Meanwhile the season rapidly advances.

Monday, March 12.—We did 6·9 miles yesterday, under our necessary average. Things are left much the same, Oates not pulling much, and now with hands as well as feet pretty well useless. We did 4 miles this morning in 4 hours 20 minutes—we may hope for 3 this

afternoon, $7 \times 6 = 42$. We shall be 47 miles from the depôt. I doubt if we can possibly do it. The surface remains awful, the cold intense, and our physical condition running down. God help us! Not a breath of favourable wind for more than a week, and apparently liable to head winds at any moment.

Wednesday, March 14.—No doubt about the going downhill, but everything going wrong for us. Yesterday we woke to a strong northerly wind with temp. -37° . Couldn't face it, so remained in camp (R. 54) till 2, then did $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Wanted to march later, but party feeling the cold badly as the breeze (N) never took off entirely, and as the sun sank the temp. fell. Long time getting supper in the dark (R. 55).

This morning started with southerly breeze, set sail and passed another cairn at good speed; halfway, however, the wind shifted to W. by S. or W.S.W., blew through our wind clothes and into our mits. Poor Wilson horribly cold, could not get off ski for some time. Bowers and I practically made camp, and when we got into the tent at last we were all deadly cold. Then temp. now mid day down -43° and the wind strong. We *must* go on, but now the making of every camp must be more difficult and dangerous

It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end. Poor Oates got it again in the foot. I shudder to think what it will be like to-morrow. It is only with greatest pains rest of us keep off frostbites. No idea there could be temperatures like this at this time of the year with such winds. Truly awful outside the tent. Must fight it out to the last biscuits, but can't reduce rations.

Friday, March 16, or Saturday 17.—Lost track of dates, but think the last is correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping bag. That we could not do, and we induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to

discuss outside objects. He did not—would not—give up hope till the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, “I am just going outside and may be some time.” He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, -40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and

though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think any one of us believes it in his heart.

We are cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lay up for a blizzard and to-day we move dreadfully slowly. We are at No. 14 pony camp, only two pony marches from One Ton Dépôt. We leave here our theodolite, a camera, and Oates' sleeping bags. Diaries, etc., and geological specimens carried at Wilson's special request, will be found with or on our sledge.

Sunday, March 18.—To-day, lunch, we are 21 miles from the dépôt. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday; had to stop marching; wind N.W., force 4. temp. -35° . No human being could face it, and we are worn out *nearly*.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in con-

dition, but there is not much to choose after all. The others are still confident of getting through—or pretend to be—I don't know! We have the last *half* fill of oil in our primus, and a very small quantity of spirit—this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

Monday, March 19.—Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night, and were dreadfully cold till after supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got warm and all slept well. To-day we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the depôt and ought to get there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance—the wind from N. to N.W. and -40° temp. to-day.

Wednesday, March 21.—Got with'in 11 miles of depôt Monday night, had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope. Wilson and Bowers going to depôt for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 and 23.—Blizzard bad as ever—Wilson and Bowers unable to start—to-morrow last chance—no fuel and only one or two of food left—must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the depôt with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.—R. SCOTT.

* * * *

For God's sake, look after our people.

SAILING ROUND THE WORLD



ON the 2nd day of October we made the shores of England; and at Falmouth I left the *Beagle* having lived on board the good little vessel nearly five years.

Our Voyage having come to an end, I will take a short retrospect of the advantages and disadvantages, the pains and pleasures, of our circumnavigation of the world. If a person asked my advice, before undertaking a long voyage, my answer would depend upon his possessing a decided taste for some branch of knowledge, which could by this means be advanced. No doubt it is a high satisfaction to behold various countries and the many races of mankind, but the pleasures gained at the time do not counterbalance the evils. It is necessary to look forward to a harvest, however distant that may be, when some fruit will be reaped, some good effected.

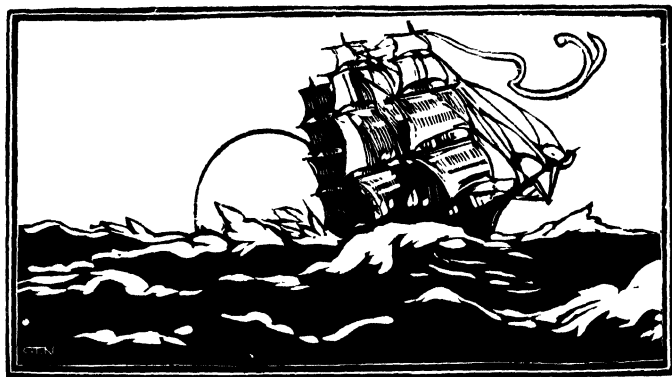
Many of the losses which must be experienced are obvious; such as that of the society of every

old friend, and of the sight of those places with which every dearest remembrance is so intimately connected. These losses, however, are at the time partly relieved by the exhaustless delight of anticipating the long wished-for day of return. If, as poets say, life is a dream, I am sure in a voyage these are the visions which best serve to pass away the long night. Other losses, although not at first felt, tell heavily after a long period: these are the want of room, of seclusion, of rest; the jading feeling of constant hurry; the privation of small luxuries, the loss of domestic society, and even of music, and the other pleasures of imagination. When such trifles are mentioned, it is evident that the real grievances, excepting from accidents, of a sea-life are at an end.

The short space of sixty years has made an astonishing difference in the facility of distant navigation. Even in the time of Cook, a man who left his fireside for such expeditions underwent severe privations. A yacht now, with every luxury of life, can circumnavigate the globe. Besides the vast improvements in ships and naval resources, the whole western shores of America are thrown open, and Australia has become the capital of a rising continent. How

different are the circumstances to a man shipwrecked at the present day in the Pacific, to what they were in the time of Cook! Since his voyage a hemisphere has been added to the civilised world.

If a person suffer much from sea-sickness, let him weigh it heavily in the balance. I speak from experience: it is no trifling evil, cured in a



week. If, on the other hand, he take pleasure in naval tactics, he will assuredly have full scope for his taste. But it must be borne in mind, how large a proportion of the time, during a long voyage, is spent on the water, as compared with the days in Harbour. And what are the boasted glories of the illimitable ocean? A tedious waste, a desert of water, as

the Arabian calls it. No doubt there are some delightful scenes. A moonlight night, with the clear heavens and the dark glittering sea, and the white sails filled by the soft air of a gently-blowing trade-wind; a dead calm, with the heaving surface polished like a mirror, and all still except the occasional flapping of the canvas. It is well once to behold a squall with its rising arch and coming fury, or the heavy gale of wind and mountainous waves. I confess, however, my imagination had painted something more grand, more terrific, in the full-grown storm. It is an incomparably finer spectacle when beheld on shore, where the waving seas, the wild flight of the birds, the dark shadows and bright lights, the rushing of the torrents, all proclaim the strife of the unloosed elements. At sea the albatross and little petrel fly as if the storm were their proper sphere, the water rises and sinks as if fulfilling its usual task, the ship alone and its inhabitants seem the objects of wrath. On a forlorn and weather-beaten coast, the scene is indeed different, but the feelings partake more of horror than of wild delight. . . .

Among the scenes which are deeply impressed on my mind, none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man ;

whether those of Brazil, where the powers of Life are predominant, or those of Tierra del Fuego, where Death and Decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of Nature: no one can stand in these solitudes unmoved, and not feel that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body. In calling up images of the past, I find that the plains of Patagonia frequently cross before my eyes; yet these plains are pronounced by all wretched and useless. They can be described only by negative characters; without habitations, without water, without trees, without mountains they support merely a few dwarf plants. Why, then, and the case is not peculiar to myself, have these arid wastes taken so firm a hold on my memory? Why have not the still more level, the greener and more fertile Pampas, which are serviceable to mankind, produced an equal impression? I can scarcely analyse these feelings: but it must be partly owing to the free scope given to the imagination. The plains of Patagonia are boundless, for they are scarcely passable, and hence unknown: they bear the stamp of having lasted, as they are now, for ages, and there appears no limit to their duration through future time. If, as the

ancients supposed, the flat earth was surrounded by an impassable breadth of water, or by deserts heated to an intolerable excess, who would not look at these last boundaries to man's knowledge with deep but ill-defined sensations?

Lastly, of natural scenery, the views from lofty mountains, though certainly in one sense not beautiful, are very memorable. When looking down from the highest crest of the Cordillera, the mind, undisturbed by minute details, was filled with the stupendous dimensions of the surrounding masses.

Of individual objects, perhaps nothing is more certain to create astonishment, than the first sight of his native haunt of a barbarian—of man in his lowest and most savage state. One's mind hurries back over past centuries and then asks, Could our progenitors have been men like these?—men, whose very signs and expressions are less intelligible to us than those of the domesticated animals; men, who do not possess the instinct of those animals; nor yet appear to boast of human reason, or at least of arts consequent on that reason. I do not believe it is possible to describe or paint the difference between savage and civilised man. It is the difference between a wild and tame

animal: and part of the interest in beholding a savage, is the same which would lead every one to desire to see the lion in his desert, the tiger tearing his prey in the jungle, or the rhinoceros wandering over the wild plains of Africa.

Among the other most remarkable spectacles which we have beheld, may be ranked the Southern Cross, the cloud of Magellan, and the other constellations of the southern hemisphere—the water-spout—the glacier leading its blue stream of ice, overhanging the sea in a bold precipice—a lagoon-island raised by the reef-building corals—an active volcano—and the overwhelming effects of a violent earthquake. These latter phenomena, perhaps, possess for me a peculiar interest, from their intimate connection with the geological structure of the world. The earthquake, however, must be to every one a most impressive event: the earth, considered from our earliest childhood as the type of solidity, has oscillated like a thin crust beneath our feet; and in seeing the laboured works of man in a moment overthrown, we feel the insignificance of his boasted power.

Africa, or North and South America, are well-sounding names, and easily pronounced; but

it is not until having sailed for weeks along small portions of their shores, that one is thoroughly convinced what vast spaces on our immense world these names imply.

CHARLES DARWIN.

2

PORT OF MANY SHIPS

“DOWN in the sea, very far down, under five miles of water, somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, there is a sea cave, all roofed with coral. There is a brightness in the cave, although it is so far below the sea. And in the light there the great sea-snake is coiled in immense blue coils, with a crown of gold upon his horned head. He sits there very patiently from year to year, making the water tremulous with the threshing of his gills. And about him at all times swim the goggle-eyed dumb creatures of the sea. He is the king of all the fishes, and he waits there until the judgement day, when the waters shall pass away for ever and the dim kingdom disappear. At times the coils of his body wreath themselves, and then the waters above him rage. One folding of his coil will cover a sea with shipwreck; and so it must be until the sea and the

ships come to an end together in that serpent's death-throe.

“ Now when that happens, when the snake is dying, there will come a lull and a hush, like when the boatswain pipes. And in that time of quiet you will hear a great beating of ships' bells, for in every ship sunken in the sea the life will go leaping to the white bones of the drowned. And every drowned sailor, with the weeds upon him, will spring alive again; and he will start singing and beating on the bells, as he did in life when starting out upon a cruise. And so great and sweet will be the music that they make that you will think little of harps from that time on, my son.

“ Now the coils of the snake will stiffen out, like a rope stretched taut for hauling. His long knobbed horns will droop. His golden crown will roll from his old, tired head. And he will lie there as dead as herring, while the sea will fall calm, like it was before the land appeared, with never a breaker in her. Then the great white whale, old Moby Dick, the king of all the whales, will rise up from his quiet in the sea, and go bellowing to his mates. And all the whales in the world—the sperm-whales, the razorback, the black-fish, the rorke, the right.

the forty-barrel Jonah, the narwhal, the hump-back, the grampus and the thrasher—will come to him, ‘fin-out,’ blowing their spray to the heavens. Then Moby Dick will call the roll of them, and from all the parts of the sea, from the north, from the south, from Callao to Rio, not one whale will be missing. Then Moby Dick will trumpet, like a man blowing a horn, and all that company of whales will ‘sound’ (that is, dive), for it is they that have the job of raising the wrecks from down below.

“Then when they come up the sun will just be setting in the sea, far away to the west, like a ball of red fire. And just as the curve of it goes below the sea, it will stop sinking and lie there like a door. And the stars and the earth and the wind will stop. And there will be nothing but the sea, and this red arch of the sun, and the whales with the wrecks, and a stream of light upon the water. Each whale will have raised a wreck from among the coral, and the sea will be thick with them—row-ships and sail-ships, and great big seventy-fours, and big White Star boats, and battleships, all of them green with the ooze, but all of them manned by singing sailors. And ahead of them will go Moby Dick, towing the ship our Lord was

in, with all the sweet apostles aboard of her. And Moby Dick will give a great bellow, like a fog-horn blowing, and stretch 'fin-out' for the sun away in the west. And all the whales will bellow out an answer. And all the drowned sailors will sing their chanties, and beat the bells into a music. And the whole fleet of them will start towing at full speed towards the sun, at the edge of the sky and water. I tell you they will make white water, these ships and fishes.

“ When they have got to where the sun is, the red ball will swing open like a door, and Moby Dick, and all the whales, and all the ships will rush through it into an anchorage in Kingdom Come. It will be a great calm piece of water, with land close aboard, where all the ships of the world will lie at anchor, tier upon tier, with the hands gathered forward, singing. They'll have no watches to stand, no ropes to coil, no mates to knock their heads in. Nothing will be to do except singing and beating on the bell. And all the poor sailors who went in patched rags, my son, they'll be all fine in white and gold. And ashore, among the palm-trees, there'll be fine inns for the seamen, where you and I, maybe, will meet again, and I spin yarns, maybe, with no cause to stop until the bell goes.”

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE OLD GREAT THAMES

THE estuaries of rivers appeal strongly to an adventurous imagination. This appeal is not always a charm, for there are estuaries of a particularly dispiriting ugliness: lowlands, mud-flats, or perhaps barren sandhills without beauty of form or amenity of aspect, covered with a shabby and scanty vegetation, conveying the impression of poverty and uselessness. Sometimes such an ugliness is merely a repulsive mask. A river whose estuary resembles a breach in a sand rampart may flow through a most fertile country. But all the estuaries of great rivers have their fascination, the attractiveness of an open portal. Water is friendly to man. The ocean, a part of Nature farthest removed in the unchangeableness and majesty of its might from the spirit of mankind, has ever been a friend to the enterprising nations of the earth. And of all the elements this is the one to which men have always been prone to trust themselves, as if its immensity held a reward as vast as itself.

From the offing the open estuary promises every possible fruition to adventurous hopes. That road open to enterprise and courage

invites the explorer of coasts to new efforts towards the fulfilment of great expectations. The commander of the first Roman galley must have looked with an intense absorption upon the estuary of the Thames as he turned the beaked prow of his ship to the westward under the brow of the North Foreland. The estuary of the Thames is not beautiful; it has no noble features; no romantic grandeur of aspect, no smiling geniality; but it is wide open, spacious, inviting, hospitable at the first glance, with a strange air of mysteriousness which lingers about it to this very day. The navigation of his craft must have engrossed all the Roman's attention in the calm of a summer's day (he would choose his weather), when the single row of long sweeps (the galley would be a light one, not a trireme) could fall in easy cadence upon a sheet of water like plate-glass, reflecting faithfully the classic form of his vessel and the contour of the lonely shores close on his left hand. I assume he followed the land and passed through what is at present known as Margate Roads, groping his careful way along the hidden sandbanks, whose every tail and spit has its beacon or buoy nowadays. He must have been anxious, though no doubt he had collected beforehand on the shores

of the Gauls a store of information from the talk of traders, adventurers, fishermen, slave-dealers, pirates—all sorts of unofficial men connected with the sea in a more or less reputable way. He would have heard of channels and sandbanks, of natural features of the land useful for sea-marks, of villages and tribes and modes of barter and precautions to take: with the instructive tales about native chiefs dyed more or less blue, whose character for greediness, ferocity, or amiability must have been expounded to him with that capacity for vivid language which seems joined naturally to the shadiness of moral character and recklessness of disposition. With that sort of spiced food provided for his anxious thought, watchful for strange men, strange beasts, strange turns of the tide, he would make the best of his way up, a military seaman with a short sword on thigh and a bronze helmet on his head, the pioneer post-captain of an imperial fleet. Was the tribe inhabiting the Isle of Thanet of a ferocious disposition, I wonder, and ready to fall, with stone-studded clubs and wooden lances hardened in the fire, upon the backs of unwary mariners?

Amongst the great commercial streams of these islands, the Thames is the only one, I think open to romantic feeling. from the fact

that the sight of human labour and the sounds of human industry do not come down its shores to the very sea, destroying the suggestion of mysterious vastness caused by the configuration of the shore. The broad inlet of the shallow North Sea passes gradually into the contracted shape of the river; but for a long time the feeling of the open water remains with the ship steering to the westward through one of the lighted and buoyed passageways of the Thames, such as Queen's Channel, Prince's Channel, Four-Fathom Channel; or else coming down the Swin from the north. The rush of the yellow flood-tide hurries her up as if into the unknown between the two fading lines of the coast. There are no features to this land, no conspicuous, far-famed landmarks for the eye: there is nothing so far down to tell you of the greatest agglomeration of mankind on earth dwelling no more than five-and-twenty miles away, where the sun sets in a blaze of colour flaming on a gold background, and the dark, low shores trend towards each other. And in the great silence the deep, faint booming of the big guns being tested at Shoeburyness hangs about the Nore—a historical spot in the keeping of one of England's appointed guardians.

JOSEPH CONRAD.



THE HOLLY-TREE

It was still dark when we left the *Peacock*. For a little while, pale, uncertain ghosts of houses and trees appeared and vanished, and then it was hard, black, frozen day. People were lighting their fires; smoke was mounting straight up high into the rarefied air; and we were rattling for Highgate Archway over the hardest ground I have ever heard the ring of iron shoes

on. As we got into the country, everything seemed to have grown old and grey. The roads, the trees, thatched roofs of cottages and homesteads, the ricks in farmers' yards. Outdoor work was abandoned, horse-troughs at roadside inns were frozen hard, no stragglers lounged about, doors were close shut, little turnpike houses had blazing fires inside, and children (even turnpike people have children, and seem to like them) rubbed the frost from the little panes of glass with their chubby arms, that their bright eyes might catch a glimpse of the solitary coach going by. I don't know when the snow began to set in; but I know that we were changing horses somewhere when I heard the guard remark, "That the old lady up in the sky was picking her geese pretty hard to-day." Then, indeed, I found the white down falling fast and thick.

The lonely day wore on, and I dozed it out, as a lonely traveller does. I was warm and valiant after eating and drinking—particularly after dinner; cold and depressed at all other times. I was always bewildered as to time and place, and always more or less out of my senses. The coach and horses seemed to execute in chorus Auld Lang Syne, without a moment's inter-

mission. They kept the time and tune with the greatest regularity, and rose into the swell at the beginning of the Refrain, with a precision that worried me to death. While we changed horses, the guard and coachman went stumping up and down the road, printing off their shoes



in the snow, and poured so much liquid consolation into themselves without being any the worse for it, that I began to confound them, as it darkened again, with two great white casks standing on end. Our horses tumbled down in solitary places, and we got them up—which

was the pleasantest variety *I* had, for it warmed me. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing. All night long we went on in this manner. Thus we came round the clock, upon the Great North Road, to the performance of Auld Lang Syne all day again. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

I forget now where we were at noon on the second day, and where we ought to have been; but I know that we were scores of miles behind-hand, and that our case was growing worse every hour. The drift was becoming prodigiously deep; landmarks were getting snowed out; the road and the fields were all one: instead of having fences and hedge-rows to guide us, we went crunching on over an unbroken surface of ghastly white that might sink beneath us at any moment and drop us down a whole hillside. Still the coachman and guard—who kept together on the box, always in council, and looking well about them—made out the track with astonishing sagacity.

When we came in sight of a town, it looked, to my fancy, like a large drawing on a slate, with abundance of slate-pencil expended on the churches and houses where the snow lay

thickest. When we came within a town, and found the church clocks all stopped, the dial-faces choked with snow, and the inn-signs blotted out, it seemed as if the whole place were overgrown with white moss. As to the coach, it was a mere snowball, similarly, the men and



boys who ran along beside us to the town's end, turning our clogged wheels and encouraging our horses, were men and boys of snow; and the bleak wild solitude to which they at last dismissed us was a snowy Sahara. One would have thought this enough: notwithstanding which, I pledge my word that it snowed and

snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

We performed Auld Lang Syne the whole day; seeing nothing, out of towns and villages, but the track of stoats, hares, and foxes, and sometimes of birds. At nine o'clock at night, on a Yorkshire moor, a cheerful burst from our horn, and a welcome sound of talking, with a glimmering and moving about of lanterns, roused me from my drowsy state. I found that we were going to change.

They helped me out, and I said to a waiter, whose bare head became as white as King Lear's in a single minute, "What Inn is this?"

"The Holly-Tree, Sir," said he.

"Upon my word, I believe," said I apologetically, to the guard and coachman, "that I must stop here! . . ."

CHARLES DICKENS.

ROAST PORK

MANKIND, as a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the

living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, No-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape, into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it) what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which

his father and he could easily build up again, with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands, over the smoking remnants of one of those intently sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted *crackling*. Again he felt and fumbled at the pig.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering

himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next to it, and was cramming it down his throat in a beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him callous to any inconvenience he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from the pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his position, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son and he cursed himself that he

had ever begot himself a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord"—with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouth he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE HUNDREDTH PARTRIDGE

I WAS once acquainted with a *famous shooter* whose name was William Ewing. He was a barrister of Philadelphia, but became far more renowned by his gun than by his law cases. We spent scores of days together a-shooting, and were extremely well matched, I, having excellent dogs and caring little about my reputation as a shot, his dogs being good for nothing, and he, caring more about his reputation as a shot than as a lawyer. The fact which I am going to relate respecting this gentleman ought to be a warning to young men, how they become enamoured of this species of vanity.

We had gone about ten miles from our home, to shoot where partridges were said to be very plentiful. We found them so. In the course of a November day, he had just before dark, shot and sent to the farmhouse, or kept in his bag, *ninety-nine* partridges. He made some few *double shots*, and he might have a miss or two, for he sometimes shot when out of my sight on account of the woods. However, he said that he killed at every shot; and as he had counted the birds when he went to dinner at the farm-

house and when he cleaned his gun, he, just before sunset, knew that he had killed *ninety-nine* partridges, every one upon the wing, and a great part of them in woods very thickly set with largish trees. It was a grand achievement; but, unfortunately, he wanted to make it a *hundred*. The sun was setting, and in that country, darkness comes almost at once; it is more like the going out of a candle than that of a fire; and I wanted to be off, as we had a very bad road to go, and as he, being under strict petticoat government, to which he most loyally and dutifully submitted, was compelled to get home that night, taking me with him, the vehicle (horse and gig) being mine. I therefore pressed him to come away, and moved on myself towards the house (that of old John Brown, in Bucks county, grandfather of that General Brown, who gave some of our whiskered heroes such a rough handling last war, which was waged for the purpose of "deposing James Madison") at which house I would have stayed all night, but from which I was compelled to go by that watchful government under which he had the good fortune to live. Therefore I was in haste to be off. No: he would kill the *hundredth* bird! In vain did I talk of the

bad road and its many dangers for want of moon. The poor partridges, which we had scattered about, were *calling* all around us; and, just at this moment, up got one under his feet, in a field in which the wheat was three or four inches high. He shot and *missed*. "That's it," said he, running as if to *pick up* the bird. "What!" said I, "you don't think you *killed*, do you? Why there is the bird now, not only alive, but *calling* in that wood," which was at about a hundred yards' distance. He, in that *form of words* usually employed in such cases, asserted that he shot the bird and saw it fall; and I, in much about the same form of words, asserted that he had missed, and that I, with my own eyes, saw the bird fly into the wood. This was too much! To *miss* once out of a hundred times! To lose such a chance of immortality! He was a good-humoured man; I liked him very much; and I could not help feeling for him when he said, "Well, Sir, I killed the bird; and if you choose to go away and take your dog away, so as to prevent me from *finding* it, you must do it; the dog is *yours* to be sure." "The *dog*," said I, in a very mild tone, "why, Ewing, there is the spot; and could we not see it, upon this smooth green surface,

if it were there?" However, he began to *look about*; and I called the dog, and affected to join him in the search. Pity for his weakness got the better of my dread of the bad road. After walking backward and forward many times upon about twenty yards square with our eyes to the ground, looking for what both of us knew was not there, I had passed him (he going one way and I the other), and I happened to be turning round just after I had passed him, when I saw him, putting his hand behind him, *take a partridge out of his bag and let it fall* upon the ground! I felt no temptation to detect him, but turned away my head, and kept looking about. Presently he, having returned to the spot where the bird was, called out to me, in a most triumphant tone: "*Here! here!* Come here!" I went up to him, and he, pointing with his finger down to the bird, and looking hard in my face at the same time, said, "There, Cobbett; I hope that will be a *warning* to you never to be obstinate again!" "Well," said I, "come along": and away we went as merry as larks. When we got to Brown's he told them the story, triumphed over me most clamorously; and, though he often repeated the story to my face, I never had the heart to let him know, that I

knew of the imposition which puerile vanity had induced so sensible and honourable a young man to be mean enough to practise.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

MR. COLLINS PROPOSES MARRIAGE

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: “ May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of this morning ?”

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered, “ Oh, dear !—Yes—certainly. I am

sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs.” And, gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out:

“ Dear ma’am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself.”

“ No, no, nonsense, Lizzy. I desire you will stay where you are.” And upon Elizabeth’s seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, “ Lizzy, I *insist* upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins.”

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction—and a moment’s consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Collins began:

“ Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes

had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you, that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. "Almost as soon as I entered the house, I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it would be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing, that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued:

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly,—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the

very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh's footstool—that she said, 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry,—choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for *my* sake and for your *own*; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me by the way to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where

I assure you, there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents., which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

“ You are too hasty, sir,” she cried. “ You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them.”

“ I am not now to learn,” replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, “ that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour, and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long.”

“ Upon my word, sir,” cried Elizabeth, “ your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so. Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she

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would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins very gravely—"but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again, I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her:

"When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you

of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is, unhappily, so small, that

it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female, intending to plague you, but as a rational creature, speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew; determined,

that if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behaviour at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

Mr. Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love; for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her towards the staircase, than she entered the breakfast-room and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then proceeded to relate the particulars of their interview, with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet—she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to

encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not believe it, and could not help saying so.

“But depend upon it, Mr. Collins,” she added, “that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will *make* her know it.”

“Pardon me for interrupting you, madam,” cried Mr. Collins: “but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state. If therefore she actually persists in rejecting my suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me, because, if liable to such defects of temper, she could not contribute much to my felicity.”

“Sir, you quite misunderstand me,” said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. “Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In everything else she is as good-natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure.”

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out as she entered the library, “Oh! Mr. Bennet,

you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have *her* ”

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern which was not in the least altered by her communication.

“ I have not the pleasure of understanding you,” said he, when she had finished her speech.

“ Of what are you talking ?”

“ Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy.”

“ And what am I to do on the occasion ?— It seems a hopeless business.”

“ Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him.”

“ Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion.”

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

“ Come here, child,” cried her father as she appeared. “ I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true ?”

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Elizabeth replied that it was.

"Very well—and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir."

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*."

JANE AUSTEN.

(From "*Pride and Prejudice*.")

THE CANARY

. . . You see that big nail to the right of the front door? I can scarcely look at it even now and yet I could not bear to take it out. I should like to think it was there always even after my time. I sometimes hear the next people saying, "There must have been a cage hanging from there." And it comforts me; I feel he is not quite forgotten.

. . . You cannot imagine how wonderfully

he sang. It was not like the singing of other canaries. And that isn't just my fancy. Often, from the window, I used to see people stop at the gate to listen, or they would lean over the fence by the mock-orange for quite a long time—carried away. I suppose it sounds absurd to you—it wouldn't if you had heard him—but it really seemed to me that he sang whole songs with a beginning and an end to them.

For instance, when I'd finished the house in the afternoon, and changed my blouse and brought my sewing on to the verandah here, he used to hop, hop, hop from one perch to another, tap against the bars as if to attract my attention, sip a little water just as a professional singer might, and then break into a song so exquisite that I had to put my needle down to listen to him. I can't describe it; I wish I could. But it was always the same, every afternoon, and I felt that I understood every note of it.

. . . I loved him. How I loved him! Perhaps it does not matter so very much what it is one loves in this world. But love something one must. Of course, there was always my little house and the garden, but for some reason they were never enough. Flowers respond wonderfully, but they don't sympathise. Then

I loved the evening star. Does that sound foolish? I used to go into the backyard, after sunset, and wait for it until it shone above the dark gum tree. I used to whisper "There you are, my darling." And just in that first moment it seemed to be shining for me alone. It seemed to understand this . . . something which is like longing, and yet it is not longing. Or regret—it is more like regret. And yet regret for what? I have much to be thankful for.

. . . But after he came into my life I forgot the evening star; I did not need it any more. But it was strange. When the Chinaman who came to the door with birds to sell, held him up in his tiny cage, and instead of fluttering, fluttering, like the poor little goldfinches, he gave a faint, small chirp, I found myself saying, just as I had said to the star over the gum tree, "There you are, my darling." From that moment he was mine.

. . . It surprises me even now to remember how he and I shared each other's lives. The moment I came down in the morning and took the cloth off his cage he greeted me with a drowsy little note. I knew it meant "Missus! Missus!" Then I hung him on the nail outside while I got my three young men their break-

fasts, and I never brought him in until we had the house to ourselves again. Then, when the washing-up was done, it was quite a little entertainment. I spread a newspaper over a corner of the table and when I put the cage on it he used to beat with his wings despairingly, as if he didn't know what was coming. "You're a regular little actor," I used to scold him.

I scraped the tray, dusted it with fresh sand, filled his seed and water tins, tucked a piece of chickweed and half a chili between the bars. And I am perfectly certain he understood and appreciated every item of this little performance. You see by nature he was exquisitely neat. There was never a speck on his perch. And you'd only to see him enjoy his bath to realise he had a real small passion for cleanliness. His bath was put in last. And the moment it was in he positively leapt into it. First he fluttered one wing, then the other, then he ducked his head and dabbled his breast feathers. Drops of water were scattered all over the kitchen, but still he would not get out. I used to say to him, "Now that's quite enough. You're only showing off."

And at last out he hopped and, standing on one leg, he began to peck himself dry. Finally,

he gave a shake, a flick, a twitter and he lifted his throat—oh, I can hardly bear to recall it. I was always cleaning the knives at the time. And it almost seemed to me the knives sang too, as I rubbed them bright on the board.

. . . Company, you see—that was what he was. Perfect company. ‘If you have lived alone you will realise how precious that is. Of course, there were my three young men who came into supper every evening, and sometimes they stayed in the dining-room afterwards reading the paper. But I could not expect them to be interested in the little things that made my day. Why should they be? I was nothing to them. In fact, I overheard them one evening talking about me on the stairs as “the Scarecrow.” No matter. It doesn’t matter. Not in the least. I quite understand. They are young. Why should I mind? But I remember feeling so especially thankful that I was not quite alone that evening. I told him, after they had gone out. I said, “Do you know what they call Missus?” And he put his head on one side and looked at me with his little bright eye until I could not help laughing. It seemed to amuse him.

. . . Have you kept birds? If you haven’t

all this must sound, perhaps, exaggerated. People have the idea that birds are heartless, cold little creatures, not like dogs or cats. My washer-woman used to say on Mondays, when she wondered why I didn't keep "a nice fox terrier, There's no comfort, Miss, in a canary." Untrue. Dreadfully untrue. I remember one night. I had had a very awful dream—dreams can be dreadfully cruel—even after I had woken up I could not get over it. So I put on my dressing-gown and went down to the kitchen for a glass of water. It was a winter night and raining hard.

I suppose I was still half asleep, but through the kitchen window, that hadn't a blind, it seemed to me the dark was staring in, spying. And suddenly I felt it was unbearable that I had no one to whom I could say "I've had such a dreadful dream," or—or "Hide me from the dark." I even covered my face for a minute. And then there came a little "Sweet! Sweet!" His cage was on the table, and the cloth had slipped so that a chink of light shone through. "Sweet! Sweet!" said the darling little fellow again, softly, as much as to say, "I'm here, Missus! I'm here!" That was so beautifully comforting that I nearly cried.

. . . And now he's gone. I shall never have another bird, another pet of any kind. How could I? When I found him, lying on his back with his eye dim and his claws wrung, when I realised that never again should I hear my darling sing, something seemed to die in me. My heart felt hollow, as if it was his cage. I shall get over it. Of course. I must. One can get over anything in time. And people always say I have a cheerful disposition. They are quite right. I thank my God I have.

. . . All the same, without being morbid, and giving way to—to memories and so on, I must confess that there does seem to me something sad in life. It is hard to say what it is. I don't mean the sorrow that we all know, like illness and poverty and death. No, it is something different. It is there, deep down, deep down, part of one, like one's breathing. However hard I work and tire myself I have only to stop to know it is there, waiting. I often wonder if everybody feels the same. One can never know. But isn't it extraordinary that under his sweet, joyful little singing it was just this—sadness?—Ah, what is it?—that I heard.

KATHARINE MANSFIELD.

WHY ?

. . . THEN I put her through the following catechism: . . .

“ Why do you love him, Miss Cathy ?”

“ Nonsense, I do—that’s sufficient.”

“ By no means; you must say why ?”

“ Well, because he is handsome, and pleasant to be with.”

“ Bad !” was my commentary.

“ And because he is young and cheerful.”

“ Bad, still.”

“ And because he loves me.”

“ Indifferent, coming there.”

“ And he will be rich, and I shall like to be the greatest woman of the neighbourhood, and I shall be proud of having such a husband.”

“ Worst of all. And now, say how you love him ?”

“ As everybody loves— You’re silly, Nelly.”

“ Not at all— Answer.”

“ I love the ground under his feet, and the air over his head, and everything he touches, and every word he says. I love all his looks, and all his actions, and him entirely and altogether. There now !”

“ And why ? ”

“ Nay; you are making a jest of it: it is exceedingly ill-natured ! It’s no jest to me ! ” said the young lady scowling, and turning her face to the fire.

“ I’m very far from jesting, Miss Catherine,” I replied. “ You love Mr. Edgar because he is handsome, and young, and cheerful, and rich, and loves you. The last, however, goes for nothing: you would love him without that, probably; and with it you wouldn’t, unless he possessed the four former attractions.”

“ No, to be sure not: I should only pity him—hate him, perhaps, if he were ugly, and a clown.”

“ But there are several other handsome, rich, young men in the world: handsomer, possibly, and richer than he is. What should hinder you from loving them ? ”

“ If there be any, they are out of my way: I’ve seen none like Edgar.”

“ You may see some; and he won’t always be handsome, and young, and may not always be rich.”

“ He is now; and I have only to do with the present. I wish you would speak rationally.”

“ Well, that settles it: if you have only to do with the present, marry Mr. Linton.”

"I don't want your permission for that—I *shall* marry him: and yet you have not told me whether I'm right."

"Perfectly right; if people be right to marry only for the present. And now, let us hear what you are unhappy about. Your brother will be pleased; the old lady and gentleman will not object, I think; you will escape from a disorderly, comfortless home into a wealthy, respectable one; and you love Edgar, and Edgar loves you. All seems smooth and easy: where is the obstacle?"

"*Here!* and *here!*" replied Catherine, striking one hand on her forehead, and the other on her breast: "in whichever place the soul lives. In my soul and in my heart, I'm convinced I'm wrong!"

"That's very strange! I cannot make it out."

"It's my secret. But if you will not mock at me, I'll explain it: I can't do it distinctly; but I'll give you a feeling of how I feel."

She seated herself by me again: her countenance grew sadder and grayer, and her clasped hands trembled.

"Nelly, do you never dream queer dreams?" she said, suddenly, after some minutes' reflection.

"Yes, now and then," I answered.

"And so do I. I've dreamt in my life dreams that have stayed with me ever after, and changed my ideas: they've gone through and through me, like wine through water, and altered the colour of my mind. And this is one: I'm going to tell it—but take care not to smile at any part of it."

"Oh! don't, Miss Catherine!" I cried. "We're dismal enough without conjuring up ghosts and visions to perplex us. Come, come, be merry and like yourself! Look at little Hareton! *he's* dreaming nothing dreary. How sweetly he smiles in his sleep!"

"Yes; and how sweetly his father curses in his solitude! You remember him, I dare say, when he was just such another as that chubby thing: nearly as young and innocent. However, Nelly, I shall oblige you to listen: it's not long; and I've no power to be merry to-night."

"I won't hear it, I won't hear it!" I repeated hastily.

I was superstitious about dreams then, and am still, and Catherine had an unusual gloom in her aspect, that made me dread something from which I might shape a prophecy, and foresee a fearful catastrophe. She was vexed, but

she did not proceed. Apparently taking up another subject, she recommenced in a short time.

“ If I were in heaven, Nelly, I should be extremely miserable.”

“ Because you are not fit to go there,” I answered. “ All sinners would be miserable in heaven.”

“ But it is not for that. I dreamt once that I was there.”

“ I tell you I won't hearken to your dreams, Miss Catherine ! I'll go to bed,” I interrupted again.

She laughed, and held me down; for I made a motion to leave my chair.

“ This is nothing,” cried she: “ I was only going to say that heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights; where I woke sobbing for joy. That will do to explain my secret, as well as the other. I've no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven; and if the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliff so low, I shouldn't have thought of it. It would degrade

me to marry Heathcliff now; so he shall never know how I love him; and that, not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire." . . .

EMILY BRONTË.

THE MILL OF DREAMS

THERE was once, dear maidens, a girl who lived in a mill on the Sidlesham marshes. But in those days the marshlands were meadowlands, with streams running in from the coast, so that their water was brackish and salt. And sometimes the girl dipped her finger in the water and sucked it and tasted the sea. And the taste made storms rise in her heart. Her name was Helen.

The mill-house was a gaunt and gloomy building of stone, as grey as sleep, weather-stained with dreams. It had fine proportions, and looked like a noble prison. And in fact, if a prison is the lock-house of secrets, it was

one. The great millstones ground day and night, and what the world sent in as corn it got back as flour. And as to the secrets of the grinding it asked no questions, because to the world results are everything. It understands death better than sorrow, marriage better than love, and birth better than creation. And the millstones of joy and pain, grinding dreams into bread, it seldom hears. But Helen heard them, and they were all the knowledge she had of life; for if the mill was a prison of dreams, it was her prison too.

Her father the miller was a harsh man and dark; he was dark within and without. Her mother was dead; she did not remember her. As she grew up she did little by little the work of the big place. She was her father's servant, and he kept her as close to her work as he kept his millstones to theirs. He was morose, and welcomed no company. Gaiety he hated. Helen knew no songs, for she had heard none. From morning till night she worked for her father. When she had done all her other work she spun flax into linen for skirts and gowns, and wool for stockings and vests. If she went outside the mill-house, it was only for a few steps for a few moments. She wasn't two miles

from the sea, but she had never seen it. But she tasted the salt water and smelt the salt wind.

Like all things that grow up away from the light she was pale. Her oval face was like ivory, and her lips, instead of being scarlet, had the tender red of apple-blossom, after the unfolding of the bright bud. Her hair was black and smooth and heavy, and lay on either side of her face like a starling's wings. Her eyes, too, were as black as midnight, and sometimes like midnight they were deep and sightless. But when she was neither working nor spinning she would steal away to the millstones, and stand there watching and listening. And then there were two stars in the midnight. She came away from those stolen times powdered with flour. Her black hair and her brows and lashes, her old blue gown, her rough hands and fair neck, and her white face—all that was dark and pale in her was merged in a mist, and seen only through the clinging dust of the millstones. She would try to wipe off all the evidences of her secret occasions, but her father generally knew. Had he known by nothing else, he need only have looked at her eyes before they lost their starlight.

One day when she was seventeen years old there was a knock at the mill-house door. Nobody ever knocked. Her father was the only man who came in and went out. The mill stood solitary in those days. The face of the country has since been changed by man and God, but at that time there were no habitations in sight. At regular times the peasants brought their grain and fetched their meal; but the miller kept his daughter away from his custom. He never said why. Doubtless at the back of his mind, was the thought of losing what was useful to him. Most parents have their ways of trying to keep their children; in some it is this way, in others that; not many learn to keep them by letting them go.

So when the knock came at the door, it was the strangest thing that had ever happened in Helen's life. She ran to the door and stood with her hand on the heavy wooden bar that fell across it into a great socket. Her heart beat fast. Before we know a thing it is a thousand things. Only one thing would be there when she lifted the bar. But as she stood with her hand upon it, a host of presences hovered on the other side. A knight in armour; a king in his gold crown; a god in the guise of a beggar;

an angel with a sword; a dragon even; a woman to be her friend; her mother . . . a child. . . .

"Would it be better not to open?" thought Helen. For then she would never know. Yes, then she could run to her millstones and fling them her thoughts in the husk, and listen, listen while they ground them into dreams. What knowledge would be better than that? What would she lose by opening the door?

But she had to open the door.

Outside on the stones stood a common lad. He might have been three years older than she. He had a cap with a hole in it in his hand, and a shabby jersey that left his brown neck bare. He was whistling when she lifted the bar, but he stopped as the door fell back, and gave Helen a quick and careless look.

"Can I have a bit of bread?" he asked

Helen stared at him without answering. She was so unused to people that her mind had to be summoned from a world of ghosts before she could hear and utter real words. The boy waited for her to speak, but, as she did not, shrugged his shoulders and turned away whistling his tune.

Then she understood that he was going, and she ran after him quickly and touched his sleeve.

He turned again, expecting her to speak: but she was still dumb.

"Thought better of it?" he said.

Helen said slowly, "Why did you ask me for bread?"

"Why?" He looked her up and down
"To mend my boots with, of course."

She looked at his boots.

"You silly thing," grinned the boy.

A faint colour came under her skin. "I'm sorry for being stupid. I suppose you're hungry."

"As a hunter. But there's no call to trouble you. I'll be where I can get bread, and meat too, in forty minutes. Good-bye, child."

"No," said Helen. "Please don't go. I'd like to give you some bread."

"Oh, all right," said the boy. "What frightened you? Did you think I was a scamp?"

"I wasn't frightened," said Helen.

"Don't tell me," mocked the boy. "You couldn't get a word out."

"I wasn't frightened."

"You thought I was a bad lot. You don't know I'm not one now."

Helen's eyes filled with tears. She turned

away quickly. "I'll get you your bread," she said.

"You are a silly, aren't you?" said the boy as she disappeared.

Before long she came back with half a loaf in one hand, and something in the other which she kept behind her back.

"Thanks," said the boy, taking the bit of loaf. "What else have you got there?"

"It's something better than bread," said Helen slowly.

"Well, let's have a look at it."

She took her hand from behind her, and offered him seven ears of wheat. They were heavy with grain, and bowed on their ripe stems.

"Is this what you call better than bread?" he asked.

"It is better."

"Oh, all right. I shan't eat it though—not all at once."

"No," said Helen, "keep it till you're hungry. The grains go quite a long way when you're hungry."

"I'll eat one a year," said the boy, "and then they'll go so far they'll outlast me my lifetime."

"Yes," said Helen, "but the bread will be

gone in forty minutes. And then you'll be where you can get meat."

"You funny thing," said the boy, puzzled because she never smiled.

"Where can you get meat?" she asked.

"In a boat, fishing for rabbits."

But she took no notice of the rabbits. She said eagerly, "A boat? are you going in a boat?"

"Yes."

"Are you a sailor?"

"You've hit it."

"You've seen the sea! you've been on the sea! sailors do that. . . ."

"Oh, dear no," said the boy, "we sail three times round the duck-pond and come home for tea."

Helen hung her head. The boy put his hand up to his mouth and watched her over it.

"Well," he said presently, "I must get along to Pagham." He stuck the little sheaf of wheat through the hole in his cap, and it bobbed like a ruddy-gold plume over his ear. Then he felt in his pocket and after some fumbling got hold of what he wanted and pulled it out. "Here you are, child," he said, "and thank you again."

He put his present into her hand and swung off whistling. He turned once to wave to her, and the corn in his cap nodded with its weight and his light gait. She stood gazing till he was out of sight, and then she looked at what he had given her. It was a shell.

She had heard of shells, of course, but she had never seen one. Yet she knew this was no English shell. It was as large as the top of a teacup, but more oval than round. Over its surface, like pearl, rippled waves of sea-green and sea-blue, under a lustre that was like golden moonlight on the ocean. She could not define or trace the waves of colour; they flowed in and out of each other with interchangeable movement. One half of the outer rim, which was transparently thin and curled like the fantastic edge of a surf wave, was flecked with a faint play of rose and cream and silver, that melted imperceptibly into the moonlit sea. When she turned the shell over she found that she could not see its heart. The blue-green side of the shell curled under like a smooth billow, and then broke into a world of caves, and caves within caves, whose final secret she could not discover. But within and within the colour grew deeper and deeper, bottomless blues and

unfathomable greens, shot with such gleams of light as made her heart throb, for they were like the gleams that shoot through our dreams, the light that just eludes us when we wake.

She went into the mill, trembling from head to foot. . . .

ELEANOR FARJEON.

OLD JUNK

THE dunes are in another world. They are two miles across the uncertain and hazardous tide races of the estuary. The folk of the village never go over. The dunes are nothing. They are the horizon. They are only seen in idleness, or when the weather is scanned, or an incoming ship is marked. The dunes are but a pallid phantom of land so delicately golden that it is surprising to find it constant. The faint glow of that dilated shore, quavering just above the sea, the sea intensely blue and positive, might wreath and vanish at any moment in the pour of wind from the Atlantic, whose endless strength easily bears in and over us vast involuted continents of white cloud. The dunes tremble in the broad flood of wind, light,

and sea, diaphanous and fading, always on the limit of vision, the point of disappearing, but are established. They are soundless, immaterial, and far, like a pleasing and personal illusion, a luminous dream of lasting tranquillity in a better but an unapproachable place, and the thought of crossing to them never suggests anything so obvious as a boat. They look like no coast that could be reached.

It was a perverse tide on a windless day which drifted me over. The green mounds of water were flawless, with shadows of mysteries in their clear deeps. The boat and the tide were murmuring to each other secretly. The boat's thwarts were hot and dry in the sun. The serene immensity of the sky, the warmth and dryness of the boat's timbers, the deep and translucent waters, and the coast so low and indistinct that the silent flashing of the combers there might have been on nothing substantial, were all timeless, and could have been but a thought and a desire; they were like a memorable morning in a Floridan bay miraculously returned. The boat did not move; the shore approached, revealed itself. It was something granted on a lucky day. This country would not be on the map.

I landed on a broad margin of sand which the tide had just left. It was filmed with water. It was a mirror in which the sky was inverted. When a breath of air passed over that polished surface it was as though the earth were a shining bubble which then nearly burst. To dare that foothold might precipitate the intruder on ancient magic to cloudland floating miles beneath the feet. But I had had the propriety to go barefooted, and had lightened my mind before beginning the voyage. Here I felt I was breaking into what was still only the first day, for man had never measured this place with his countless interruptions of darkness. . . .

Above the steep beach a dry flat opened out, reached only by gales and the highest of the spring tides, a wilderness of fine sand, hot and deep, its surface studded with the opaque blue of round pebbles and mussel shells. It looked too arid to support life, but sea-rocket with fleshy emerald stems and lilac flowers was scattered about. Nothing moved in the waste but an impulsive small butterfly, blue as a fragment of sky. The silence of the desert was that of a dream, but when listening to the quiet, a murmur which had been below hearing was imagined. The dunes were quivering with the

intensity of some latent energy, and it might have been that one heard, or else it was the remembrance held by that strand of a storm which had passed, or it might have been the ardent shafts of the sun. At the landward end of the waste, by the foot of the dunes, was an old beam of a ship, harsh with barnacles, its bolt-holes stopped with dust. A spinous shrub grew to one side of it. A solitary wasp, a slender creature in black and gold, quick and emotional, had made a cabin of one of the holes in the timber. For some reason that fragment of a barque was more eloquent of travel, and the work of seamen gone, than any of the craft moored at the quay I left that morning. I smoked a pipe on that timber—for all I knew, not for the first time—and did not feel at all lonely, nor that voyages for the discovery of fairer times were finished.

Now the dunes were close they appeared surprisingly high, and were formed, not like hills, but like the high Alps. They had the peaks and declivities of mountains. Their colour was of old ivory, and the long marram grass which grew on them sparsely was as fine as green hair. The hollowed slope before me was so pale, spacious, and immaculate that there was an

instinctive hesitation about taking it. A dark ghost began slowly to traverse it with outspread arms, a shade so distinct on that virgin surface that not till the gull, whose shadow it was, had gone inland, following its shadow over the high yellow ridge, did I know that I had not been looking at the personality. But the surface had been darkened, and I could overcome my hesitation. . . .

H. M. TOMLINSON.

AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL

[Take a deep breath here, for the second sentence of what follows will need it. And so will the third. And both will be well spent.]

I wish that the reader . . . would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the

carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canons' children are walking with their nursery-maids.

And [now] . . . we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are

still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddyng black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and the sea . . .

JOHN RUSKIN.

OF PARADISE

[The spelling and style of this fragment from Mandeville's Travels has been to some extent modernised on p. 228.]

OFF Paradys can I noyt speke properly, for I hafe noyt bene thare; and that forthinkez me. Bot als mykill as I hafe herd of wyse men and men of credence of thase cuntreez, I will tell yow. Paradys terrestre, as men saise, es the hiest land of the werld; and it es so hye that it touchez nere to the cercle of the moone. For it es so hye that Noe flode myght noyt com therto, whilk flude coverd all the erthe bot it. Paradys es closed all aboute with a wall; bot whare off the wall es made, can na man tell. It es all mosse begrowen and coverd so with mosse and with bruschez that men may see na stane, ne noyt elles wharoff a wall schuld be made. The walle of Paradys strechez fra the south toward the north; and ther es nane entree open in to it, because of fire evermare brynnand, the whilk es called the flawmand swerde that Godd ordaynd thare before the entree, for na man schuld entre. . . .

And ye schall wele understand that na man lifland may ga to Paradys. For by land may

na man ga thider by cause of wilde bestez that er in the wilderness and for hillez and rochez, whilk na man may passe, and also for mirk placez of whilk ther er many thare. By water also may na man passe thider, for the water renneth so rudely and so scharpely, because that it cometh doun so outrageously from the high places abouen that it renneth in so grete waves that no schipp may not rowe ne seyle azenes it. And the water roreth so, and maketh so huge noyse and so gret tempest, that no man may here other in the schippe, though he cryede with all the craft that he cowde in the hieste voys that he myghte. Many grete lordes has assayd diverse tymes to passe by thase rivers to Paradys, bot thai myght noyt spede of thaire journee; for sum of tham died for weryness of rowyng and over travaillyng, sum wex blind and sum deeff for the noise of the waters, and sum ware drowned by violence of the waves of the waters. And so ther may na man, as I said before, wyne thider, bot thurgh speciall grace of Godd. And therfore of that place can I tell yowe na mare.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

OF PARADISE

OF Paradise I cannot speak fittingly, for I have not been there; and that I am sorry for. But as much as I have heard from wise men and men of credence concerning these countries, I will tell you. Earthly Paradise, as men say, is the highest land in the world; and it is so high that it approaches near to the circle of the moon. For it is so high that Noah's flood even did not reach thereto, which flood covered all the earth but this. Paradise is closed all about with a wall; but whereof the wall is made, can no man tell. It is all moss-begrown and covered so with moss and with brushwood that men may see neither stone nor aught else whereof a wall could be made. The wall of Paradise stretches from the south toward the north; and there is no entry opening into it, because of fire forever burning, the which is called the flaming sword that God ordained there before the entry, so that no man should enter there. . . .

And you will well understand that no man living may go to Paradise. For by land may no man go thither because of wild beasts that are in the wilderness and for hills and rocks,

which no man may pass, and also for dark and dismal places of which there are many there. By water also may no man pass thither, for the water runneth so wild and furiously, because it cometh down so outrageously from the high places above that it runneth in such great waves that no ship may row or sail against it. And the water roareth so, and maketh so huge a noise and so great a tempest, that no man can hear any other man in the ship, though he should cry with might and main and at the shrillest pitch of his voice. Many great lords have assayed and endeavoured at divers times to pass by these rivers to Paradise, but they did not prosper in their journey; for some of them died for weariness of rowing and many hardships, some went blind, and some were made deaf from the noise of the waters, and some were drowned by violence of the waves of the waters. And so no man, as I said before, may win thither, but through special grace of God. And therefore of that place can I tell you no more.

THE CELESTIAL CITY

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come up out of the river, they saluted them, saying, We are ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be Heirs of Salvation. Thus they went along towards the gate.

Now you must note, that the City stood upon a mighty hill; but the Pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible.

There, said they, is the Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. You are going now, said they, to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof: and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower regions upon the earth; to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death. For the former things are passed away. . . .

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the Heavenly Host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord, when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the Heavenly Host gave a great shout, saying, Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. There came out also at

this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud made even the heavens to echo with their sound. Those trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

JOHN BUNYAN.

EXERCISES FOR MIND AND MEMORY TRAINING

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BOOK VI

THE BEE BOY

1. Break up this extract into convenient paragraphs, and find suitable headings for each.
2. Compose a letter describing the appearance and habits of some idiot boy you have met with or read about.
3. Close the book. Tell how the Bee Boy passed the summer.
4. What do you know of the prefixes in: propensity, object, departing, disarm, complexion? Explain the force of the suffixes in: passionately, cadaverous, sunny.
5. Substitute other words of kindred meaning to: propensity, caste, metheglin, cadaverous.

THE MAGPIE

1. Find in your dictionary the derivation of magpie. Give other examples of Christian names applied to birds and animals.
2. Close the book. Describe a magpie. Tell how it builds its nest, and say what it feeds on.
3. Describe the appearance and habits of any familiar wild bird.

4. Find synonyms for: beau, intruder, vociferation, conspicuous, commodious, retaliate. Find antonyms for: security, reprehend, glutton, scarcity.

LAURENCE STERNE AND THE STARLING

1. Make up a tale to explain how this bird came to be caught.
2. Find synonyms for: hey-day, soliloquy, trellis, dissipated.
3. Say what you know about the Bastille.
4. Compare this Reading with *The Canary* (p. 198). State simply what you take to be the writer's aim in each story.

WILD VOICES

1. Break up the body of the letter, beginning with "My greenhouse . . .," into convenient sections, and invent convenient headings for each.
2. Close the book. From your headings, rewrite the letter in your own words and in about one-third the original length.
3. Compare the theme of this letter with the last stanza of the poem on pp. 69-70. Say which of the four seasons you like best, and give your reasons.
4. *Composition*.—A walk in the country on an autumn afternoon.

A HIND IN RICHMOND PARK

1. Repeat in your own words and in about one-third the original length, the tale of the effect of scarlet upon the hind.
2. Say what the writer saw with his naked eye. What more did he see when he used his glasses?

3. Tell a short tale from your own experience, serious or humorous, about a bird or an animal.
4. Explain the force of the prefixes in: refresh, alarmed, attached, amazed, unseeing, binocular.

OLD HARRY AND CHARLES I.

1. Explain the keeper's plan to solve the problem of the lion's behaviour. What was the result ?
2. Relate any tale you have heard or read on the subject of gratitude or hatred in animals.
3. Find antonyms for: contradict, innocence, injury, furious.
4. *Composition*.—A visit to the Zoo.

WINTER

1. Compare this Reading with 'The Holly-Tree' (p. 172). What do we learn of the tastes and interests of the two writers, Hardy and Dickens, in the comparison ?
2. Rewrite the dialogue beginning on p. 31 in the descriptive style of the preceding paragraphs. Find suitable headings for each paragraph from the beginning.
3. Find synonyms for: integument, rind, salient, congealed, cataclysmal.
4. Explain the force of the prefixes in: terraqueous, penetrate, uniform, achromatic; and of the suffixes in: mournful, dampness, spectral, nameless, gymnasium.
5. Explain the meaning of: Aurora, North Star, cataclysmal, eccentrically, flossy fields, achromatic chaos.
6. *Composition*.—Farm life in winter time.

A SHOWERY MORNING

1. Commit to memory the stanzas by Herbert and recite them. Find out what kind of poetry Herbert wrote. Explain the references to *Tityrus* and *Melibæus*.
2. Put the last paragraph into your own words at about the same length.
3. "No life so happy, and so pleasant as the Angler's." What reasons can you find for this statement?
4. Give a clear account of the tackle used in fly-fishing and laying night-hooks, and add directions for use.
5. Find synonyms for : brace, verses, discourse, commended.
6. *Composition*.—Fishing by the sea.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

1. Turn the first paragraph into simple modern English at about the same length.
2. Find in the second paragraph any words and constructions that are now obsolete. Give the modern equivalents.
3. Make notes on : Tycho Brahe, Plutarch, Askam.
4. Of the sports mentioned in the last paragraph, give a description of the one you like best.
5. *Composition*.—If I were a millionaire.

A COACH-RIDE

1. For what writings is Carlyle most famous? Give a short account of one of them.
2. What do you make of the writer's character from what she says in this letter?

3. Find synonyms for: repugnance, trepidation, solacing, disconsolate, indubitable. Explain: "Phalaris' brazen bull," Peri.
4. What is the origin of inn signs? Name some curious examples.
5. Turn to the map of England. Plan a journey by road from Lichfield to Chelsea to make the way very interesting, but not unduly long. Give reasons for your choice of route.

LITTLE JOHN RUSKIN'S HOME AT HERNE HILL IN 1823

1. Make a drawing of the house on Herne Hill from the details given in the second paragraph.
2. Using the second paragraph as a model, describe either your own home or the school building and the immediate surroundings.
3. Find synonyms for: innovations, viator, spurious, supplement.
4. *Composition*.—(a) An ideal home; or (b) self-centred people.

NIGHT AND THE STARS

1. "The hornèd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip."

Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

What is wrong with this image of the night sky?

2. Explain the name Dog Star. Make a plan of any constellations you know resembling familiar objects.
3. What is the difference between a popular ballad and a literary ballad?
4. What do you make of the character of Sir Patrick Spens from his actions in the ballad?

5. In what dialect do you think the ballad is written? Give your reasons. Explain the meanings of all archaic or provincial words in the poem.
6. Close the book. Put into your own words the story of the voyage and the disaster.

COATE FARM

1. What is a water-finder? What tools does he use, and how does he use them?
2. Explain clearly what is meant by: pollard-limes, kidney-stones, ha-ha, horse-chestnut.
3. Close the book. Say what changes James Jefferies made in the arrangement of the garden at Coate.
4. Write down all you can remember to prove that James Jefferies was a queer-tempered man with surprising tastes.
5. *Composition*.—Wild life in your native county: birds, animals, trees, and plants.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1. Name four other famous English writers in the eighteenth century, and some of their best books.
2. Quote or invent examples to explain what is meant by repartees and couplets.
3. Explain clearly what is meant by: woolsack, episcopal bench, fellows' table.
4. Say what you know about the East India Company.
5. Write notes on O'Donnell and Peterborough.
6. Find synonyms for: opulent, hack, expedients, galling, incompetent.

BERNARD BARTON

1. From this general character of Bernard Barton and his hobbies, give an imaginary account of how he passed one particular day.
2. Mention any three great landscapists among painters, and describe in detail one picture you specially admire.
3. Give the titles of "several of the best" of Scott's novels, with an outline of the plot of one of them.
4. Which biographies in English are reckoned among the best, and for what reasons?
5. Make up sentences to make plain the meaning of: impeachment, itinerant, pastoral, heroics.

JOHN KEATS WRITES A LETTER FROM WINCHESTER

1. Explain clearly what is meant by: sedan, Dian skies, meridian, argument.
2. What do you make of the character of Keats from the self-revelation in this letter?
3. Compose a short reply from Reynolds answering the chief points raised by Keats.
4. Collect all the words and phrases in the poem *To Autumn* which strictly belong to the language of verse. In what way do they improve the expression of Keats's thought?
5. Underline the important things in the last stanza of the poem, and classify them in any convenient way you prefer.
6. Commit the three stanzas to memory and recite them.

JOHN DRYDEN ON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1. Name the principal ancient and modern poets Dryden probably had in mind in his comparison.
2. Quote three examples of "lucky" images of nature from Shakespeare's writing, and state clearly the meaning suggested by the image.
3. Give examples (a) of Shakespeare's want of learning; and (b) of his natural learning.
4. In what scenes do you think Shakespeare flat and insipid? Give your reasons.
5. Explain what you know about the aim and design of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.
6. Relate any story of the series to show how the tale is suited to the narrator.
7. Give examples to illustrate the meaning of clenches and bombast.

THE LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES

1. In what respects did the behaviour of Socrates in the hour of death differ from that of an average man?
2. For what offence was Socrates tried and condemned, and to what extent was he guilty?
3. Give a short account of any other famous person who suffered death on a similar charge.
4. Find synonyms for: jailer, calamity, libation, deem.
5. Make up sentences to show quite clearly the meaning of Socratic and Platonic.
6. Name some famous works of Plato. With what subjects do they deal, and in what form are they composed?

WARREN HASTINGS

1. Explain the allusions to Bacon, Somers, and Strafford.
2. Name the principal writings of Burke and Sheridan, and say for what qualities they are famous.
3. Explain the reference to "a near relation of the amiable poet" (three lines).
4. Write down in descending order the degrees of rank in English society from prince to baronet.
5. Explain the character of the work done by: Common Pleas, King's Bench, Master of the Rolls.
6. Write a short account of the career of Warren Hastings.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

1. State the causes that led to Nelson's death.
2. For what people and what things did Nelson display most interest from the moment he realized his wound was mortal?
3. Explain clearly what is meant by: mizentop, epaulette, tiller, pallet, cockpit.
4. *Composition*.—A great English sailor.
5. What chief changes have taken place in the British Navy since the days of Nelson?
6. Give a description of Nelson's flagship.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

1. Describe the sources of the hardships and dangers that assailed the French army in the retreat from Moscow.
2. What means were used by the French to overcome their difficulties?

3. Mention any well-known novel that describes the Retreat, and give an outline of the story.
4. Describe any other retreat in military history.
5. Give your own view and estimate of the character of Napoleon and his genius.

A LETTER FROM OLIVER CROMWELL

1. What do you make of Cromwell's character from the self-revelation in this letter ?
2. Compose a letter in similar style from Colonel Walton replying to Oliver Cromwell.
3. Find synonyms for: chastisements, necessitated, evidences, gracious, feigned.
4. Form nouns from: absolute, admirable, private, brave, gallant.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AS SHE APPEARED TO THE ENVOY OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

1. Explain clearly what is meant by: lettoun, kell, lute, virginals, tapestry, door-cheek.
2. For what various natural gifts and what accomplishments does the envoy commend Queen Elizabeth ?
3. By what means did Queen Elizabeth show favour and courtesy to the envoy and his royal mistress ?
4. What impression do you form from the Reading of the character of Queen Elizabeth ?

PARENTS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

1. Make a list of the more obsolete words and phrases in the Reading, and give their modern English equivalents.

2. Make notes on: Lady Jane Grey, Bocace, Plato.
3. Summarize the reasons for Lady Jane Grey's preference of studies to the company of her parents.
4. Find synonyms for: salutation, allured, taunted, distracted; and antonyms for: severe, allurements, trifles, troubles.

SAVAGES

1. Close the book. Give examples of the poverty and privations of the Fuegians.
2. Write a description of the physical and natural features of Tierra del Fuego.
3. Explain clearly what is meant by: peat, ravine, wigwam, guanaco, fungi, otters.
4. Find synonyms for: stunted, discordant, carcass, putrid, blubber, famished; and antonyms for: mountainous, perpetual, grandeur, sombre, tempestuous.

THE MURDERER

1. Describe the scene on which the murderer's eyes rested when he paused at the entrance to the wood.
2. What moral is implied by the images in the first paragraph?
3. Find synonyms for: surmounted, dwindling, daunted, scathed, forswore, abhorrence.
4. Find reasons to explain why Dickens left out the details of the murder.

THE WHALE HUNT

1. Close the book. Give a full account of Mr. Stubb's share in the hunting of the whale.
2. Explain clearly the meaning of: luff, helm, leeward, gunwale, harpoon, cleat, loggerhead.

3. Quote from memory incidents in the Reading to prove
(a) the writer's joy in energy and strength; (b) his admiration and watchfulness of quick and skilful movements.
4. Find synonyms for: respite, jeopardy, yeast, cascade, canted, spasmodic, vehement, phrensied, lees, spiracle.
5. How many kinds of whales have you heard of? Where and for what reasons are they hunted?

HOW PERSEUS SLEW THE GORGON

1. Close the book. Relate the adventure of Perseus with the three Gray Sisters, or with the daughters of the Evening Star.
2. Say how Perseus was equipped for the encounter with Medusa. Describe the scene at his journey's end, and tell exactly how he managed to kill Medusa.
3. In what various ways does this story differ from a fairy tale like *Jack the Giant-killer*?
4. What situation in this Reading would you choose to make a drawing of? Say what you would put into it, and how you would arrange the details.
5. What is meant by mythology?

CROSSING THE DESERT

1. Say what articles of food and furniture Kinglake took with him on his journey. Give details of the way he travelled.
2. If you were planning a trip to India, what clothing and what other luggage would you take?
3. Describe the pleasantest hours of Kinglake's journey.

4. Close the book. Write down a simple record of the incidents of his first day.
5. Describe the scene in the desert at the first halt.

THE ALPS

1. Describe the condition of Hannibal's army at the top of the Alps. Tell how he encouraged his soldiers.
2. Say exactly how the snow and ice hindered the soldiers in the attempt to descend the mountains.
3. Write a short account of another march that is famous in military history, mentioning the reasons for it and its consequences.
4. Give the reasons for Hannibal's passage of the Alps, and mention its principal results.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION

1. State briefly the causes of the disaster which attended Captain Scott's expedition.
2. Narrate the circumstances leading to the death of Captain Oates, and write an appreciation of his character.
3. What do the following objects look like? Describe their purpose and give clear directions for their use: sextant, thermometer, theodolite, skis.
4. Criticize the statement that Polar expeditions are "wasteful adventures."

SAILING ROUND THE WORLD

1. With what sublime scene was Darwin most impressed? Give a full description.

2. What are the chief drawbacks in a voyage around the world, according to Darwin? Mention the special causes of his discomfort.
3. Write a full account of the most striking spectacle mentioned by Darwin.
4. Say how you would spend your time on a voyage round the world today.

PORT OF MANY SHIPS

1. Close the book. Write a description of the scene in the sea cave before the beating of the ship's bells.
2. What actions are invented for Moby Dick after the death of the king of the fishes?
3. What do you know about the history of Moby Dick? By whom was it written?
4. Describe the transformation scene in this Reading after the sun stood still.

THE OLD GREAT THAMES

1. Explain clearly the meaning of: rampart, offing, trireme, romantic, classic, agglomeration.
2. Close the book. What reflections does Conrad put into the mind of the Roman commander as he sails up the Thames for the first time?
3. State the reasons for Conrad's romantic feeling for the Thames estuary.
4. Find antonyms for: barren, amenity, repulsive, fruition, greediness, ferocious, contracted.

THE HOLLY-TREE

1. Describe the appearance of the town from the outside and inside when the snow was falling.

2. Alter the word-picture in the first paragraph to suit an early morning start in June. Make the weather what you please.
3. Describe clearly and fully the scene depicted in the illustration on p. 176, and say exactly what each person is doing.
4. Continue the Reading for a page or two to tell how you suppose the traveller fared at the Holly-Tree Inn.

ROAST PORK

1. Make up another incident in the same style to explain how they came to eat pork with apple sauce and sage and onions.
2. Explain clearly what is meant by: broiling, antediluvian, tenement, premonitory, retributory, abominable. Find from your dictionary the derivation of these words.
3. Select a scene from this tale to make a picture of, and say exactly what you would put into it.
4. Relate what happened to Bo-bo after his father went to the woods.

THE HUNDREDTH PARTRIDGE

1. Say what you consider to be the writer's aim in telling the story.
2. Close the book. Write out the substance of the tale in about one-third the original length.
3. Compare the fiction in this Reading and the fiction in Charles Lamb's tale. Explain why you judge them in a different spirit.
4. Break up the second paragraph into convenient sections, and find suitable titles for each.

MR. COLLINS PROPOSES MARRIAGE

1. Make a summary of the arguments put forward by Mr. Collins in his proposal to Miss Bennet. What do you make of his character from the speech ?
2. Give an account of any other proposal of marriage you have read in novel or drama.
3. Imagine the story Mr. Collins would tell Mrs. Bennet about his interview with Elizabeth.
4. Find antonyms for: diffidence, injunction, incessant, dissemble, delicacy, awkward, felicitations.

THE CANARY

1. What reasons does the speaker give to explain her love for the dead canary ?
2. Say exactly what she did after taking the cloth from its cage in the morning.
3. " A Robin redbreast in a cage
Sets all heaven in a rage."—W. BLAKE.

Express your own views on the subject.

4. What facts of this story prove that the scene is not laid in Europe ? In what part of the world do you think the woman lives ?

WHY ?

1. Invent a setting for this dialogue, and make up an imaginary description of the speakers.
2. Put the whole of the first page (p. 205) into indirect speech.

3. Turn back to the Reading *Mr. Collins proposes Marriage*. Make Mr. Bennet cross-examine Mr. Collins, and invent the dialogue.
4. Write a character sketch of Catherine as she reveals herself in her replies.

THE MILL OF DREAMS

1. Close the book. Give a full description of Helen and her home.
2. Make up the story Helen told her father when he asked her who had called at the mill.
3. Make up the story the sailor told his mother to explain how he obtained the little sheaf of wheat.
4. Describe the shell that Helen received from the sailor.

OLD JUNK

1. Explain clearly what is meant by: phantom, dilated, quavering, involuted, diaphanous, thwarts, translucent, latent, sparsely, immaculate, instinctive.
2. Describe the sand dunes as seen from the village side of the estuary.
3. In what conditions did the writer cross the water, and what did he find about the beach ?
4. Give a description of the dunes as he saw them near at hand.

AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL

1. Study the length of the sentences in this and in the foregoing Reading. Break up the sentences in the present Reading in the manner of the other one.
2. Make sketches to illustrate the meaning of: pinnacles, battlemented, latticed, oriel and bay windows, cornices, gables, cloister, arcades, bosses.

3. Explain the meaning and purpose of: cathedral, close, chapter, nectarines, canons, traceries.
4. Where are the most beautiful English cathedrals to be found? When were they built, and in what style of architecture?

OF PARADISE (ANCIENT VERSION)

1. Find out the words of Anglo-Saxon origin in the first paragraph. Underline the words from foreign sources, and explain the general differences between native words and loan words in meaning.
2. Explain the force of the prefixes in: forthinkez, begrowen, outrageously; and of the suffixes in: brynnand, flawmand, liffand, wilderness, scharpely, rowyng.
3. Name the important English dialects spoken in King Alfred's day. Which was the most important, and for what famous literary works was it used?
4. Which was the principal English dialect in the period of this fragment, and in what relation does it stand to the language of King Alfred?

OF PARADISE (MODERNIZED VERSION)

1. Find out the facts about the composition of *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*. With what "histories" in modern times would you compare his tales?
2. Name any authentic histories of travel written before A.D. 1500, and state the regions of which they treat.
3. How do you explain the abundance of marvellous and romantic stories invented in the Middle Ages? Mention some of the most famous tales.

4. Close the book. What reasons does the writer give to explain why no man living can go to Paradise?

THE CELESTIAL CITY

1. Describe the journey of the Pilgrims from the time they came up out of the river until they were met by the King's trumpeters.
2. Say what you know of the life of John Bunyan, and explain how he came to master the art of writing.
3. Find synonyms for: ministering, agility, inexpressible, innumerable, never-fading, to wit, melodious; and antonyms for: mortal, comforted, safely, glorious, sorrow, sickness, affliction, welcomes.
4. Why is the *Pilgrim's Progress* accounted one of the masterpieces of English literature?

