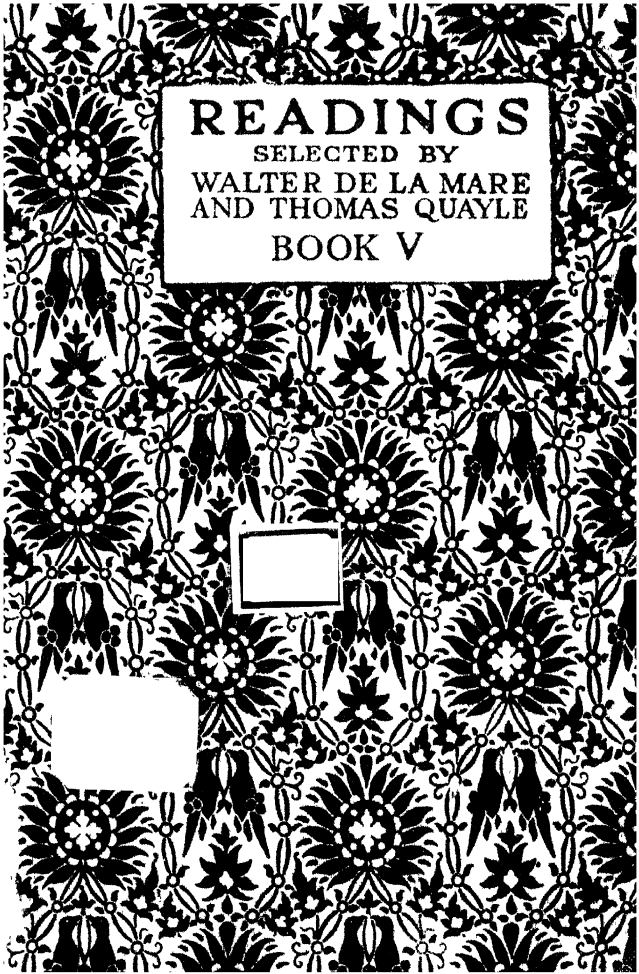




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BOOK V

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 V

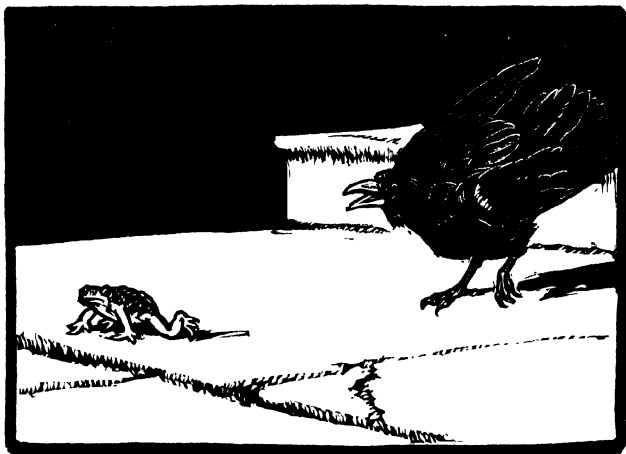
THE TOAD

[*From "A History of the World."*]

"CONCERNING the toad," says Mr. Arscott, "that lived so many years with us, and was so great a favourite, the greatest curiosity was its becoming so remarkably tame: it had frequented some steps before our hall-door some years before my acquaintance commenced with it, and had been admired by my father for its size (being the largest I ever met with), who constantly paid it a visit every evening. I knew it myself above thirty years; and by constantly feeding it, brought it to be so tame, that it always came to the candle and looked up, as if expecting to be taken up and brought upon the table, where I always fed it with insects of all sorts. It was fondest of flesh maggots, which I kept in bran; it would follow them, and when within a proper distance, would fix its

eyes, and remain motionless for near a quarter of a minute, as if preparing for the stroke, which was an instantaneous throwing its tongue at a great distance upon the insect, which stuck to the tip by a glutinous matter. The motion is quicker than the eye can follow.

I cannot say how long my father had been acquainted with the toad, before I knew it; but when I was first acquainted with it, he used to mention it as the old toad I have known so many years. I can answer for thirty-six years. This old toad made its appearance as soon as the warm weather came; and I always concluded it retired to some dry bank, to repose till spring. When we new-layed the steps, I had two holes made in the third step, on each, with a hollow of more than a yard long for it; in which I imagine it slept, as it came from thence, at its first appearance. It was seldom provoked. Neither that toad, nor the multitudes I have seen tormented with great cruelty, ever showed the least desire of revenge. . . . Spiders, millipedes, and flesh maggots, seem to be this animal's favourite food. I imagine if a bee was to be put before a toad, it would certainly eat it, to its cost; but as bees are seldom stirring at the same time that toads are, they rarely come



in their way; as they do not appear after sun-rising, or before sun-set. In the heat of the day, they will come to the mouth of their hole, I believe for air.

I once, from my parlour window, observed a large toad I had in the bank of a bowling-green, about twelve at noon, a very hot day, very busy and active upon the grass. So uncommon an appearance made me go out to see what it was; when I found an innumerable swarm of winged ants had dropped round his hole; which temptation was as irresistible as a turtle would be to a luxurious alderman. In

respect to its end, had it not been for a tame raven, I make no doubt but it would have been now living. This bird, one day, seeing it at the mouth of its hole, pulled it out, and, although I rescued it, had pulled out one eye, and hurt it so, that notwithstanding its living a twelve-month, it never enjoyed itself, and had a difficulty of taking its food, missing the mark for want of its eye. Before that accident, it had all the appearance of perfect health."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BEAUTIFUL HAWK-MOTHS

IN the late summer I often walk by flowery places of an evening, or at some late hour by moonlight, in the hope of seeing that rare night-wanderer, the death's-head moth; but the hope is now an old one, so worn and faded that it is hardly more than the memory of a hope. Why, I have asked myself times without number, am I so luckless in my quest of an insect which is not only a large object to catch the eye but has a voice, or sound, as well to attract a seeker's attention? . . .

A few years ago, while on a ramble in a southern county, I heard of a gentleman in the neighbourhood who had a taste for adders and death's-head moths, and was accustomed to collect and keep them in considerable numbers in his house. My own partiality for adders induced me to call on him, and we exchanged experiences and had some pleasant talk about these shy, beautiful and (to us) harmless creatures. I am speaking of adders now; I had not yet heard of his predilection for the great moth; when he spoke of this second favourite, I begged him to show me a specimen or two. Turning to his wife, who was present and shared his queer tastes, he told her to go and get me some. She left the room, and returned by and by with a large cardboard box, such as milliners and dressmakers use; removing the lid, she raised it above my head and emptied the contents over me—a shower of living, shivering, fluttering, squeaking or creaking death's-head moths! In a moment they were all over me, from my head right down to my feet, not attempting to fly, but running, quivering, and shaking their wings, so that I had a bath and feast of them.

At that moment it mattered not that I was a stranger there, in the library or study of a

country house, with those two looking on and laughing at my plight. It is what we feel that matters. I might have been standing in some wilderness never trodden by human foot, myself an unhuman solitary, and merely by willing it I had drawn those beautiful beings of the dark to me, charming them as with a flowery fragrance from their secret hiding-places in a dim world of leaves to gather upon and cover me over with their downy, trembling, mottled grey and rich yellow velvet wings.

Even this fascinating experience did not wholly satisfy me: nothing, I said, would satisfy me short of seeing the undomesticated moth living his proper life in the open air. He smiled and shook his head. Useless to look for such a thing! . . .

I can only hope that time will prove him wrong, and I go on as before haunting the flowery places in the last light of day and when the moon shines.

W. H. HUDSON.

A TROUT STREAM

[From "Yeast,"]

LANCELOT sat and tried to catch perch. . . . He tried to think, but the river would not let him. It thundered and spouted out behind him from the hatches, and leapt madly past him, and caught his eyes in spite of him, and swept them away down its dancing waves, and let them go again only to sweep them down again and again, till his brain felt a delicious dizziness from the everlasting rush and the everlasting roar. And then below, how it spread, and writhed, and whirled into transparent fans, hissing and twining snakes, polished glass-wreaths, huge crystal bells, which boiled up from the bottom, and dived again beneath long threads of creamy foam, and swung round posts and roots, and rushed blackening under dark weed-fringed boughs, and gnawed at the marly banks, and shook the ever-restless bulrushes, till it was swept away and down over the white pebbles and olive weeds, in one broad rippling sheet of molten silver, towards the distant sea. Downwards it fled ever, and bore his thoughts

floating on its oily stream; and the great trout, with their yellow sides and peacock backs, lounged among the eddies, and the silver grayling dimpled and wandered upon the shallows, and the May-flies flickered and rustled round him like water-fairies, with their green gauzy wings; the coot clanked musically among the reeds; the frogs hummed their ceaseless vesper-monotone; the kingfisher darted from his hole in the bank like a blue spark of electric light; the swallows' bills snapped as they twined and hawked above the pool; the swifts' wings whirred like musket-balls, as they rushed screaming past his head; and ever the river fled by, bearing his eyes away down the current, till its wild eddies began to glow with crimson beneath the setting sun. The complex harmony of sights and sounds slid softly over his soul, and he sank away into a still day-dream, too passive for imagination, too deep for meditation.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



A POOL

You might have passed the deep lock and mills of Ronningford many times, in the trim passenger-steamers that plied daily up and down the river, without so much as suspecting the existence of the Pool. True, there was a low iron bridge, conspicuous for its very ugliness, spanning the entrance to the back-stream which afterwards, below the weirs, became the Pool itself: and somewhat lower, still on the main river, there stood a subsidiary water-gate, with masonry of stone and cement-bag dilapidated.

mossy and picturesque as a cataract in a mountain glen, whose tribute of waters also found its way thither, through an overhanging tangle of many trees. But these might have been adjuncts of any mundane backwater. To reach the Pool itself, you had to follow the little path made almost entirely by the lock keeper as he passed to and fro, to regulate the flushes of the weir, which path skirted a wide and marshy meadow, famous as almost the only spot on earth which could boast the malignant purple grace of a certain streaked fritillary, and passed through a track of wet waste copse right up to the weir itself.

Solemn elms overshadowed the deep and sombre stream-throat at the Pool's lower end, and the trees for the most part grew about the whole circumference; but its width was such that it mainly mirrored the sky: and it was smooth and true as the mirror of Venus, except where the influx from the weir made only a small and musical commotion. In this mirror the paling blue of the July noon-horizon grew dark again downward in another hemisphere, and here on starlit nights the watcher from the high bank by the weir, seemed to stand on a solitary pinnacle in constellated space. Here were wrought, and

as soon unravelled all the marvels of the hours in perfect mimicry; dawns, sunsets, and the change of moons, clouds, twilights, mackerel skies, lowering storms: and in fact, though the wind often passed the guard of groves and sorely troubled the mere's diligent craftsmanship, its picturing was entirely stayed only when the rain dulled all its surface to a level opaqueness as of pewter. This smooth and passive mirror was yet set in a frame rasped and spiked with curious chasing. There were the bosky copses. There were the nooks and water-arbours of delectable snugness you might find (if you knew where to look) round all the marge, woven of may or willow, on whose little fretted vaults, the sun-dance of reflected ripples was a visible joy. There were the lush-leaved, oblong islets by which these bowers were often flanked, haunted by splashings and bubblings of the vole and dabchick. There were beds of water-lilies not to be counted: and especially where, loveliest of all, there opened out beneath the second water-gate already mentioned, a hushed side-chapel of this watery minster, dark green in its close of tall still trees, with the water-gate for a kind of white-veiled altar at the back, and a pair of acolyte swans, which glided ever on its

sombre and delicate floor. The Pool, in fact, was a world in itself: beautiful and various like the world too, not without its note of terror, its trait of cruelty at heart. For there stood by the weir two monuments, that told of death lurking in this gentle place: and these two, I fear, had not told all its tale. . . .

O. COULDREY.

THE PIRATE'S SEA-CHEST

[From "*Treasure Island*."]

My heart was beating finely when we two set forth in the cold night upon this dangerous venture. A full moon was beginning to rise and peered redly through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased our haste, for it was plain, before we came forth again, that all would be as bright as day, and our departure exposed to the eyes of any watchers. We slipped along the hedges, noiseless and swift, nor did we see or hear anything to increase our terrors, till, to our huge relief, the door of the "Admiral Benbow" had closed behind us.

I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the

house with the dead captain's body. Then my mother got a candle in the bar, and, holding each other's hands, we advanced into the parlour. He lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

"Draw down the blind, Jim," whispered my mother; "they might come and watch outside. And now," said she, when I had done so, "we have to get the key off *that*; and who's to touch it, I should like to know!" and she gave a kind of sob as she said the words.

I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the *black spot*; and taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear hand, this short message: "You have till ten to-night."

"He had till ten, mother," said I; and just as I said it, our old clock began striking. This sudden noise startled us shockingly; but the news was good, for it was only six.

"Now, Jim," she said, "that key."

I felt in his pockets, one after another. A few small coins, a thimble, and some thread and big needles, a piece of pigtail tobacco bitten away at the end, his gully with the crooked handle,

a pocket compass, and a tinder box, were all that they contained, and I began to despair.

"Perhaps it's round his neck," suggested my mother.

Overcoming a strong repugnance, I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, sure enough, hanging to a bit of tarry string, which I cut with his own gully, we found the key. At this triumph we were filled with hope, and hurried up-stairs, without delay, to the little room where he had slept so long, and where his box had stood since the day of his arrival.

It was like any other seaman's chest on the outside, the initial "B." burned on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners somewhat smashed and broken as by long, rough usage.

"Give me the key," said my mother; and though the lock was very stiff, she had turned it and thrown back the lid in a twinkling.

A strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing was to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said. Under that, the miscellany began—a quadrant, a tin canikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very

handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch and some other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six curious West Indian shells. It has often set me thinking since, that he should have carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, and hunted life.

In the meantime, we had found nothing of any value, but the silver and the trinkets, and neither of these were in our way. Underneath there was an old boat-cloak, whitened with sea-salt on many a harbour-bar. My mother pulled it up with impatience, and there lay before us, the last things in the chest, a bundle tied up in oilcloth, and looking like papers, and a canvas bag, that gave forth, at a touch, the jingle of gold.

“I’ll show these rogues that I’m an honest woman,” said my mother. “I’ll have my dues, and not a farthing over. Hold Mrs. Crossley’s bag.” And she began to count over the amount of the captain’s score from the sailor’s bag into the one that I was holding.

It was a long, difficult business, for the coins were of all countries and sizes—doubloons, and louis-d’ors, and guineas, and pieces of eight,

and I know not what besides, all shaken together at random. The guineas, too, were about the scarcest, and it was with these only that my mother knew how to make her count.

When we were about half way through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air, a sound that brought my heart into my mouth—the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door, and we could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the tapping re-commenced, and, to our indescribable joy and gratitude, died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

“Mother,” said I, “take the whole and let's be going,” for I was sure the bolted door must have seemed suspicious, and would bring the whole hornet's nest about our ears; though how thankful I was that I had bolted it, none could tell who had never met that terrible blind man.

But my mother, frightened as she was, would not consent to take a fraction more than was due

to her, and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less. It was not yet seven, she said, by a long way; she knew her rights and she would have them; and she was still arguing with me, when a little low whistle sounded a good way off upon the hill. That was enough, and more than enough, for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take this to square the count," said I, picking up the oilskin packet. . . .

R. L. STEVENSON.

CATHERINE MORLAND

[*From "Northanger Abbey."*]

. . . SHE had a thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features: so much for her person, and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boys' plays, and greatly preferred cricket, not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed she had no taste for a

garden, and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief; at least, so it was conjectured from her, always preferring those which she was forbidden to take. Such were her propensities; her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught, and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the "Beggar's Petition," and after all, her next sister Sally could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid; by no means; she learnt the fable of "The Hare and Many Friends" as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinet, so at eight years old she began. She learnt a year and could not bear it: and Mrs. Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. . . . What a strange unaccountable character! for with all these symptoms of profligacy at ten years old, she had neither a bad heart nor a bad temper, was seldom stubborn,

scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the little ones, with few interruptions of tyranny. She was, moreover, noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world, as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

Such was Catherine Morland at ten. At fifteen appearances were mending; she began to curl her hair and long for balls, her complexion improved, her features were softened by plumpness and colour, her eyes gained more animation, and her figure more consequence. Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean as she grew smart. She had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement. "Catherine grows quite a good-looking girl; she is almost pretty to-day," were words which caught her ears now and then; and how welcome were the sounds! . . .

JANE AUSTEN.

THE LACE AND THE CAT

[From "*Cranford*."]

As proof of how thoroughly we had forgotten that we were in the presence of one who might have sat down to tea with a coronet, instead of a cap, on her head, Mrs. Forrester related a curious little fact to Lady Glenmire—an anecdote known to the circle of her intimate friends, but of which even Mrs. Jamieson was not aware. It related to some fine old lace, the sole relic of better days, which Lady Glenmire was admiring on Mrs. Forrester's collar.

"Yes," said that lady, "such lace cannot be got now for either love or money; made by the nuns abroad, they tell me. They say that they can't make it now even there. But perhaps they can now they've passed the Catholic Emancipation Bill. I should not wonder. But, in the meantime, I treasure up my lace very much. I daren't even trust the washing to my maid. I always wash it myself. And once it had a narrow escape. Of course, your ladyship knows that such lace must never be starched or ironed. Some people wash it in sugar and water, and some in coffee, to make it the right yellow colour;

but I myself have a very good receipt for washing it in milk, which gives it a very good creamy colour.

“ Well, ma’am, I had tacked it together (and the beauty of this fine lace, is that, when it is wet it goes into a very little space), and put it to soak in milk, when, unfortunately, I left the room; on my return, I found pussy on the table, looking very like a thief, but gulping very uncomfortably, as if she were half-choked with something she wanted to swallow and could not. And, would you believe it? At first I pitied her, and said, ‘ Poor pussy! poor pussy,’ till, all at once, I looked and saw the cup of milk empty,—cleaned out! ‘ You naughty cat!’ said I, and I believe I was provoked enough to give her a slap, which did no good, but only helped the lace down—just as one slaps a choking child on the back. I could have cried, I was so vexed; but I was determined I would not give the lace up without a struggle for it. I hoped the lace might disagree with her, at any rate; but it would have been too much for Job, for if he had seen the cat come in, as I did, quite placid and purring, not a quarter of an hour after, and almost expecting to be stroked.

“ ‘ No, pussy!’ said I, ‘ if you have any con-

science you ought not to have expected that.' And then a thought struck me; and I rang for my maid, and sent her to Mr. Hoggins with my compliments, and would he be kind enough to lend me one of his top-boots for an hour? I did not think there was anything odd about my asking for the top-boot, but Jenny said the young men in the surgery laughed at my message as if they would be ill. When it came, Jenny and I put pussy in, with her forefeet straight down, so that they were fastened, and could not scratch, and we gave her a teaspoonful of currant-jelly in which (your ladyship must excuse me) I had mixed some tartar emetic.

"I shall never forget how anxious I was for the next half-hour. I took pussy to my room, and spread a clean towel on the floor. I could have kissed her when she returned the lace to sight, very much as it had gone down. Jenny had boiling water ready, and we soaked it and soaked it, and spread it on a lavender bush in the sun before I could touch it again, even to put it in milk. But now your ladyship would never guess that it had been in pussy's inside."

ELIZABETH GASKELL.

THE LITTLE GHOST'S HANDS

“ON the second night after this, and between eleven and twelve o'clock, I was lying in bed and reading myself sleepy over a novel of Lord Lytton's, when a small sound disturbed me. I listened. The sound was clearly that of water trickling; and I set it down to rain. A shower (I told myself) had filled the water-pipes which drained the roof. Somehow I could not fix the sound. There was a water-pipe against the wall just outside my window. I rose and drew up the blind.

“To my astonishment no rain was falling; no rain had fallen. I felt the slate window-sill; some dew had gathered there—no more. There was no wind, no cloud: only a still moon high over the eastern slope of the coombe, the distant plash of waves, and the fragrance of many roses. I went back to bed and listened again. Yes, the trickling sound continued, quite distinct in the silence of the house, not to be confused for a moment with the dull murmur of the beach. After a while, it began to grate on my nerves. I caught up my candle, flung my

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dressing-gown about me, and stole softly downstairs.

"Then it was simple. I traced the sound to the pantry. 'Mrs. Carkeek has left the tap running,' said I: and, sure I found it so—a thin trickle steadily running to waste in the porcelain basin. I turned off the tap, went contentedly back to my bed, and slept——

"—for some hours. I opened my eyes in darkness, and at once knew what had awakened me. The tap was running again. Now it had shut easily in my hand, but not so easily that I could believe it had slipped open again of its own accord. 'This is Mrs. Carkeek's doing,' said I; and am afraid I added 'Drat Mrs. Carkeek!'

"Well, there was no help for it: so I struck a light, looked at my watch, saw that the hour was just three o'clock, and descended the stairs again. At the pantry door I paused. I was not afraid—not one little bit. In fact the notion that anything might be wrong had never crossed my mind. But I remember thinking, with my hand on the door, that if Mrs. Carkeek were in the pantry, I might happen to give her a severe fright.

"I pushed the door open briskly. Mrs.

Carkeek was not there. But something *was* there, by the porcelain basin—something which might have sent me scurrying upstairs two steps at a time, but which as a matter of fact, held me to the spot. My heart seemed to stand still—so still! And in the stillness, I remember setting down the brass candlestick on a tall nest of drawers beside me.

“Over the porcelain basin and beneath the water trickling from the tap, I saw two hands.

“That was all—two small hands, a child’s hands. I cannot tell you how they ended.

“No; they were not cut off. I saw them quite distinctly: just a pair of small hands and the wrists, and after that—nothing. They were moving briskly—washing themselves clean. I saw the water trickle and splash over them—not *through* them—but just as it would on real hands. They were the hands of a little girl, too. Oh, yes, I was sure of that at once. Boys and girls wash their hands differently. I can’t just tell you what the difference is, but it’s unmistakable.

“I saw all this before my candle slipped and fell with a crash. I had set it down without looking—for my eyes were fixed on the basin—and had balanced it on the edge of the nest of

drawers. After the crash, in the darkness there, with the water running, I suffered some bad moments. Oddly enough, the thought uppermost with me was that I *must* shut off that tap before escaping. I *had* to. And after a while, I picked up all my courage, so to say, between my teeth, and with a little sob thrust out my hand and did it. Then I fled." . . .

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-BOUCH.

BLEAK HOUSE

IT was one of these delightfully irregular houses, where you go up and down steps, out of one room into another, and where you come upon more rooms, when you think you have seen all there are, and where there is a bountiful provision of little halls and passages, and where you find still older cottage-rooms in unexpected places, with lattice windows, and green growth growing through them. Mine, which we entered first, was of this kind, with an up-and-down roof, that had more corners in it than I ever counted afterwards, and a chimney (there was a wood fire on the hearth) paved all round

with pure white tiles, in every one, of which, a bright miniature of the fire was blazing. Out of this room, you went down two steps, into a charming little sitting-room, looking down upon a flower-garden, which room was henceforth to belong to Ada and me. Out of this, you went up three steps, into Ada's bedroom, which had a fine broad window, commanding a beautiful view (we saw a great expanse of darkness lying underneath the stars), to which there was a hollow window-seat, in which, with a spring lock, three dear Adas might have been lost at once. Out of this room, you passed into a little gallery, with which the other best rooms (only two) communicated, and so, by a little stair-case of shallow steps, with a number of corner stairs in it, considering its length, down into the hall. But if, instead of going out of Ada's door you came back into my room, and, went out at the door by which you had entered and turned up a few crooked steps, that branched off on an unexpected manner from the stairs, you lost yourself in passages, with mangles in them, and three-cornered tables, and a Native Hindoo chair, which was also a sofa, a box, and a bedstead, and looked in every form, something between a bamboo skeleton and a

great bird-cage, and had been brought from India, nobody knew by whom, or when. From these, you came on Richard's room, which was part library, part sitting-room, part bedroom, and seemed, indeed, a comfortable compound of many rooms.

Out of that, you went straight, with a little interval of passage, to the plain room where Mr. Jarndyce slept, all the year round, with his window open, his bedstead without any furniture standing in the middle of the floor for more air, and his cold bath gaping for him in a smaller room adjoining. Out of that, you came into another passage, where there were back-stairs, and where you could hear the horses being rubbed down, outside the stable, and being told to Hold up and Get over, as they slipped about very much on the uneven stones. Or you might, if you came out of another door, (every room had, at least, two doors) go straight down to the hall again, by half a dozen steps and a low archway, wondering how you got back there, or had ever got out of it.

The furniture, old-fashioned, rather than old, like the house, was as pleasantly irregular. Ada's dressing-room was all flowers—in chintz and paper, in velvet, in needle-work, in the

brocade of two stiff courtly chairs which stood, each attended by a little page of a stool for greater state, on either side of the fire-place. Our sitting-room was green; and had—framed and glazed upon the walls, numbers of surprising and surprised birds, staring out of pictures at a real trout in a case, as brown and shining as if it had been served with gravy; at the death of Captain Cook; and at the whole process of preparing tea in China, as depicted by Chinese artists. In my room there were oval engravings of the months—ladies hay-making, in short waists, and large hats tied under the chin, for June—smooth-legged noble-men, pointing, with cocked hats to village steeples, for October. Half length portraits, in crayons, abounded all through the house; but were so dispersed that I found the brother of a youthful officer of mine, in the china-closet, and the grey old age of my pretty young bride, with a flower in her bodice, in the breakfast-room. As substitutes, I had four angels, of Queen Anne's reign, taking a complacent gentleman to heaven, in festoons, with some difficulty; and a composition in needle-work, representing fruit, a kettle, and an alphabet. All the movables, from the wardrobes to the chairs and

tables, hangings, glasses, even to the pincushions and scent bottles on the dressing-tables, displayed the same quaint variety. They agreed in nothing, but their perfect neatness, their display of the whitest linen, and their storing-up, where ever the existence of a drawer, small or large, rendered it possible, of quantities of rose-leaves and sweet lavender. Such, with its illuminated windows, softened here and there by shadows of curtains, shining out upon the star-light night; with its light, and warmth, and comfort; with its hospitable jingle, at a distance, of preparation for dinner; with the face of its generous master brightening everything we saw; and just wind enough without, to sound a low accompaniment to everything we heard; were our first impressions of Bleak House.

CHARLES DICKENS.

AN OLD FARM HOUSE

[*From "Adam Bede."*]

THE history of the house is plain now. It was once the residence of a country squire, whose family, probably dwindling down to mere spinsterhood,



got merged in the more territorial name of Donnithorne. It was once the Hall; it is now the Hall Farm. Like the life in some coast town that was once a watering-place, and is now a port, where the genteel streets are silent and grass-grown, and the docks and warehouses busy and resonant, the life at the Hall has changed its focus, and no longer radiates from the parlour, but from the kitchen and the farm-yard.

Plenty of life there! Though this is the drowsiest time of the year, just before the hay-harvest; and it is the drowsiest time of the day

too, for it is close upon three by the sun, and it is half-past three by Mrs. Poyser's handsome eight-day clock. But there is always a stronger sense of life when the sun is brilliant after rain; and now he is pouring down his beams, and making sparks among the wet straw, and lighting up every patch of vivid green moss on the red tiles of the cow-shed, and turning even the muddy water that is hurrying along the channel to the drain, into a mirror for the yellow-billed ducks, who are seizing the opportunity of getting a drink with as much body in it as possible. There is quite a concert of noises; the great bull-dog, chained against the stables, is thrown into furious exasperation by the unwary approach of a cock too near the mouth of his kennel, and sends forth a thundering bark, which is answered by two fox-hounds shut up in the opposite cow-house; the old top-knotted hens, scratching with their chicks among the straw, set up a sympathetic croaking as the discomfited cock joins them; a sow with her brood, all very muddy as to the legs, and curled as to the tail, throws in some deep staccato notes; our friends the calves, are bleating from the same home croft; and under all, a fine ear discerns the continuous hum of human voices.

For the great barn-doors are thrown wide open, and men are busy there, mending the harness, under the superintendence of Mr. Goby, the "whittaw," otherwise saddler, who entertains them with the latest Treddleston gossip. It is certainly rather an unfortunate day that Alick, the shepherd, has chosen for having the whittaws, since the morning turned out so wet; and Mrs. Poyser had spoken her mind pretty strongly as to the dirt which the extra number of men's shoes brought into the house at dinner-time. Indeed, she has not yet recovered her equanimity on the subject, though it is now nearly three hours since dinner, and the house floor is perfectly clean again; as clean as everything else in that wonderful house-place, where the only chance of collecting a few grains of dust, would be to climb on the salt coffer, and put your finger on the high mantel-shelf, on which the glittering brass candlesticks are enjoying their summer sinecure; for at this time of year, of course, every one goes to bed while it is yet light, or at least light enough to discern the outline of objects after you have bruised your shins against them.

Surely no where else could an oak clock-case and an oak table have such a polish by the hand:

genuine "elbow polish," as Mrs. Poyser called it, for she thanked God she never had any of your varnished rubbish in her house. Hetty Sorrel often took the opportunity, when her aunt's back was turned, of looking at the pleasant reflection of herself in those polished surfaces, for the oak table was usually turned up like a screen, and was more for ornament than for use; and she could see herself sometimes in the great round pewter dishes that were ranged on the shelves above the long deal dinner table, or in the hobs of the grate, which always shone like jasper.

Everything was looking at its brightest at this moment, for the sun shone right on the pewter dishes, and from their reflecting surfaces pleasant jets of light were thrown on mellow oak and bright brass—and on a still pleasanter object than these; for some of the rays fell on Dinah's finely moulded cheek, and lit up her pale red hair to auburn, as she bent over the heavy household linen which she was mending for her aunt. No scene could have been more peaceful; if Mrs. Poyser, who was ironing a few things that still remained from the Monday's wash, had not been making frequent clinking with her iron, and moving to and fro whenever

she wanted it to cool; carrying the keen glance of her blue-gray eye from the kitchen to the dairy, where Hetty was making up the butter, and from the dairy to the back-kitchen, where Nancy was taking the pies out of the oven.

GEORGE ELIOT.

DAVID AND PEGGOTTY

[From "*David Copperfield*."]]

PEGGOTTY and I were sitting one night, by the parlour fire, alone. I had been reading to Peggotty about crocodiles. I must have read very perspicuously, or the poor soul must have been deeply interested, for I remember she had a cloudy impression, after I had done, that they were a sort of vegetable. I was tired of reading, and dead sleepy; but having leave, as a high treat, to sit up until my mother came home from spending the evening at a neighbour's, I would rather have died upon my post (of course) than have gone to bed. I had reached that stage of sleepiness when Peggotty seemed to swell and grow immensely large. I propped my eyelids open with my two fore-

fingers, and looked perseveringly at her as she sat at work; at the little bit of wax-candle she kept for her thread—how old it looked, being so wrinkled in all directions!—at the little house with a thatched roof, where the yard-measure lived; at her work-box with a sliding lid, with a view of St. Paul's Cathedral (with a pink dome) painted on the top; at the brass thimble on her finger; at herself, whom I thought lovely. I felt so sleepy, that I knew if I lost sight of anything, for a moment, I was gone.

“Peggotty,” says I, suddenly, “were you ever married?”

“Lord, Master Davy,” replied Peggotty. “What’s put marriage in your head?”

She answered with such a start, that it quite awoke me. And then she stopped in her work, and looked at me, with her needle drawn out to its thread’s length.

“But *were* you ever married, Peggotty?” says I. “You are a very handsome woman, an’t you?”

I thought her in a different style from my mother, certainly; but of another school of beauty I considered her a perfect example. There was a red velvet footstool in the best

parlour, on which my mother had painted a nosegay. The ground-work of that stool and Peggotty's complexion appeared to me to be one and the same thing. The stool was smooth, and Peggotty was rough, but that made no difference.

"Me handsome, Davy!" said Peggotty. "Lawk, no, my dear! But what put marriage in your head?"

"I don't know!—You mustn't marry more than one person at a time, may you, Peggotty?"

"Certainly not," says Peggotty, with the promptest decision.

"But if you marry a person, and the person dies, why then you may marry another person, mayn't you, Peggotty?"

"You *may*," says Peggotty, "if you choose, my dear. That's a matter of opinion."

"But what is your opinion, Peggotty?" said I.

I asked her, and looked curiously at her because she looked so curiously at me.

"My opinion is," said Peggotty, taking her eyes from me, after a little indecision and going on with her work, "that I never was married myself, Master Davy, and that I don't expect to be. That's all I know about the subject."

“You an’t cross, I suppose, Peggotty, are you?” said I, after sitting quiet for a minute.

I really thought she was, she had been so short with me; but I was quite mistaken: for she laid aside her work (which was a stocking of her own), and opening her arms wide, took my curly head within them, and gave it a good squeeze. I know it was a good squeeze, because, being very plump, whenever she made any little exertion after she was dressed, some of the buttons on the back of her gown flew off. And I recollect two bursting to the opposite side of the parlour, while she was hugging me.

“Now let me hear some more about the Crorkindills,” said Peggotty, who was not quite right in the name yet, “for I an’t heard half enough.”

I couldn’t quite understand why Peggotty looked so queer, or why she was so ready to go back to the crocodiles. However, we returned to those monsters, with fresh wakefulness on my part, and we left their eggs in the sand for the sun to hatch; and we ran away from them, and baffled them by constantly turning, which they were unable to do quickly, on account of their unwieldy make; and we went into the water

after them, as natives, and put sharp pieces of timber down their throats; and in short we ran the whole crocodile gauntlet. *I* did, at least; but I had my doubts of Peggotty, who was thoughtfully sticking her needle into various parts of her face and arms all the time.

We had exhausted the crocodiles, and begun with the alligators, when the garden-bell rang. We went out to the door; and there was my mother, looking unusually pretty, I thought, and with her a gentleman with beautiful black hair and whiskers, who had walked home with us from church last Sunday. . . .

CHARLES DICKENS.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

[From "*A Christmas Carol*."]

SUCH a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing

hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him at a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight rose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the

dish), they hadn't ate it all at last ! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows ! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough ! Suppose it should break in turning out ! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid ! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo ! A great deal of steam ! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day ! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with laundresses' next door to that ! That was the pudding ! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding ! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the

greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily.

Then Bob proposed:

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears,
God bless us !”

Which all the family re-echoed.

“God bless us every one !” said Tiny Tim, the
last of all.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A SMALL BOY'S MEAL WITH A RUSSIAN MILLIONAIRE

NEXT day we made a not very early start and halted by the ferry over the Cheremshan, a fine but narrowish stream, at the village of Nikolskoe, which belonged to a gentleman called Doorassoff. We did not cross the river; we pitched our camp on the sandy bank, untied our rods, procured worms for bait, and were proceeding to fish in a place where, according to the boys angling near the ferry-boat, the fish took splendidly and even sterlets were caught.

We had hardly begun, when a very smart footman appeared, bearing a request from Monsieur Doorassoff that we would do him the honour to dine with him, and intimating that a

carriage would be sent for us immediately. Doorassoff was a well-known millionaire, who kept a splendid establishment and prided himself on his hospitality.

My parents thought it would be rude to refuse, and accepted the invitation. But to me this was a terrible blow and altogether unexpected. I had a faint hope, that my sister and I would be left behind; but my mother said she was afraid of the river, so deep and so near: she feared I would run to the bank and fall into the water. As my sister was not likely to go to the river, she was left behind; but I was told to put on my best clothes and join the party.

A smart carriage with four horses soon drove up, with an outrider and two footmen. My father and I were not long in changing our clothes. My mother made the little hut where the ferrymen lived, into a dressing-room and took some time over her toilet; she came out smarter than I had seen her for a long time. How pretty she was, and how everything she wore, became her! I ran over in my memory all the ladies I knew, and once more decided that in the whole world there was no one prettier than my mother.

The village consisted of a large open space.

two sides of which were covered with rows of peasants' houses, while in the centre there rose a church, built of stone, in what was then, the latest fashion in architecture. The manor house, built of stone and two-storied, was connected by open colonnades with the wings, and formed one side of a square court, with round towers at the corners. The various offices served as it were, as walls to the court; a spacious old garden, with ponds and a stream running through it, bordered it on one side; and the main front of the house overlooked the river Cheremshan.

Never having seen anything of this kind, I was much impressed, and at once applied to the scene before me, the descriptions which I had read in books and which still lingered in my memory, of feudal castles or country palaces of English lords. My curiosity was awakened, my imagination became busy, and I began to look at everything, with an expectation of something out of the common.

We drove into a large quadrangle, with a marble fountain and a sundial in the middle, and laid out in fine large flower-beds and gravel paths. A grand portico adorned with lanterns, vases, and statues, and a still grander staircase,

with carpeted steps and hot-house shrubs and flowers in pots placed at intervals—these surpassed my expectations; and my fancy flew from the palace of an English nobleman to the enchanted castle of the Arabian princess, Scheherazade.

In the morning-room we were met by the owner of the house, who was no longer young, rather short, and quite unpretentious to look at. After the usual greetings, he offered an arm to my mother and led her to the drawing-room. The mahogany furniture adorned with bronze and covered with velvet or tapestry—some marvellous clocks on pedestals, one in the body of a lion, another in the head of a man—the pictures in gilt frames—everything was so expensive and luxurious that the splendour of Choorassovo might be called poverty when compared with such a palace as this.

In the course of his preliminary inquiries, our hospitable entertainer discovered that my sister had been left at our halting-place, and proposed to send a carriage to fetch her. My mother would not hear of it at first, but was obliged to yield to his persistent entreaties. Meantime Doorassoff proposed that we should look at his garden and hot-houses.

It was not difficult to discover that our host was fond of showing off his house and garden and whole establishment, and eager to sing their praises; he said plainly that everything about his place was immeasurably superior to what other people had.

“ Yes, and I’ve pigs too, the like of which have never been seen here; I imported them from England, and they came all the way in a caravan. Now they have a house to themselves. Would you like to see it? It is not far from here. I visit them twice a day.”

My parents agreed, and off we went. We actually found a pretty little house at the far end of the garden; in the front room lived a swineherd and his wife, and two other large rooms were inhabited by two monster pigs, each as large as a moderate-sized cow.

Our host stroked them and called them by pet names. He especially directed our attention to their ears, and said: “ Do look at their ears; they’re just like stove shutters.”

When we had admired the pigs, which I thought alarming, rather than agreeable, we went through the conservatories and hot-houses, which contained a great quantity of rare flowers and plants, grapes and fruit. Our host made

haste to tell us that the flowers were only a second display, the first having been removed already. While we were in the houses, Parasha brought in my sister, who saw us at some distance and ran to meet us, while Parasha hastily withdrew.

Doorassoff picked fruit and flowers indiscriminately and handed us so much that we had no place to put it. He made much of my sister, who was surprisingly at her ease and attractive; he called her a beauty and his little wife. This brought back to my mind, my quarrel with Volkoff in bygone days; and though I reflected with some pride that I, who was a foolish child then, understood now that a girl of seven could not marry a man of forty, yet the word "wife" still sounded unpleasantly in my ears.

We had just returned to the drawing-room, and sat down to rest after a great deal of walking, when a man came in, richly dressed and looking very like our Governor at Ufa, and announced that dinner was on the table. At once I whispered to my mother, "Who is that?" and she managed to whisper back that he was the groom of the chambers. This was no answer to my question, as I had never heard

this title before, and was completely puzzled by it. Doorassoff gave one arm to my mother, while with the other hand he led my sister.

Passing through several rooms, one richer than another, we entered a dining-room, very large and splendid, and so high that there was a second row of windows above the first. The round table of moderate size was luxuriously decorated: in the centre stood a beautiful tree, bearing flowers and fruit; and my eyes were dazzled by the cut glass and gold and silver plate.

Our host made my sister sit beside him and ordered an embroidered cushion to be brought for her. He praised the fish-soup before it appeared, saying that in all Russia there were no better sterlets than in his river. The soup had hardly been handed round, when the inner wall of the room began to move and rose up, and the sound of music smote on my ears!

I saw before me a raised platform, on which sat a number of men holding in their hands instruments unknown to me. The only instruments I had ever heard were the four-stringed fiddle, on which my uncle used to make some attempts, the balalaika (one with two strings or three) on which the servants played,

and the bagpipe of the Moravians. My astonishment was crushing, overpowering. Holding my spoon in my hand, I remained petrified, gazing with open mouth and staring eyes at this group of men, *i.e.* the orchestra, all busily pulling and pushing at their instruments or blowing into them, and producing enchanting magical sounds, which seemed now to die away and now to rise into the howling of a tempest or even the roar of thunder.

Our host was much amused at the sight of my bewilderment: he laughed loudly and reminded me that the soup would cool; but my thoughts were not of eating. My mother did not approve of my confusion, or rather stupefaction: she whispered to me to stop looking at the musicians and go on eating. But it was hard for me to obey her to the letter. Dipping my spoon in the soup, I constantly glanced aside at the orchestra, and each time dropped the soup on my lap.

Doorassoff laughed still louder, and my father smiled; but my mother reddened and was vexed. At first my sister was as much surprised as I, but she recovered at once and went on with her dinner, and laughed when she looked at me. I ate a little of the wonderful soup and gave

up my plate nearly full. The music stopped, and all praised the skill of the performers.

I was beginning to set to work in earnest on some dish which I had never seen before, when two young ladies in pretty white dresses, with bare arms and necks and in ringlets, appeared on the platform. Holding sheets of paper in their hands, they advanced to the very edge of the platform, made a low curtsy, and began to sing. I acknowledged their curtsy by a bow; but my politeness only made Doorassoff laugh and my mother blush once more.

But I was not carried away by the singing: the words were unintelligible to me, and the tunes still more so. I thought of the singing of our maids, and decided that Matrona sang much better. After this decision, I gave my attention to eating and got through dinner without again attracting the attention of my host.

We marched back to the drawing-room, Doorassoff again giving his arm to my mother. After coffee, Doorassoff proposed that we should go out in a boat on the river, taking horns with us, and assured us that his horn-blowers were incomparable; but my parents declined this treat, on the ground that they absolutely must cross the Volga early next morning. Dooras-

soff ceased to press them, took a most affectionate farewell, kissed my sister, and escorted us to the carriage, which we found loaded with flowers and fruit and two immense packets of sweets. . . .

SERGE AKSAKOFF.

(*From "Memories of Childhood,"*
translated by J. M. DUFF)

MR. PICKWICK ON THE ICE

[*From "The Pickwick Papers."*]

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, when the agreeable items of strong-beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to; "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes;" replied Mr. Winkle.

"I—I—am rather out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella

"I like to see it *so* much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and

a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more, down stairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight; and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and

hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop," said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man.

"How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's an orkard gen'lm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've a couple of coats at home, that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away, to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold my arm first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted

over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—

“ Sam !”

“ Sir ?” said Mr. Weller.

“ Here. I want you.”

“ Let go, sir,” said Sam. “ Don’t you hear the governor a callin’. Let go, sir.”

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it, in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and

uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

“ You’re a humbug, sir.”

“ A what !” said Mr. Winkle, starting.

“ A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir.”

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated “ Knocking at the cobbler’s door,” and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a two-penny postman’s knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

“ It looks a nice warm exercise, that, doesn’t it ?” he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had

converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

“ Ah, it does, indeed,” replied Wardle. “ Do you slide ?”

“ I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy,” replied Mr. Pickwick.

“ Try it now,” said Wardle.

“ Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick,” cried all the ladies.

“ I should be very happy to afford you any amusement,” replied Mr. Pickwick, “ but I haven’t done such a thing these thirty years.”

“ Pooh ! pooh ! nonsense !” said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings.

“ Here ; I’ll keep you company ; come along,” and away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

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“Keep the pot a bilin’, sir,” said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other’s heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average, every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that

can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

“Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant,” bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

“Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake,” roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else’s sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

“Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?” said Wardle.

“Yes, certainly,” replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. “I fell upon my back. I couldn’t get on my feet at first.”

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick’s coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the

accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length, fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant; and three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam

Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart, by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in the most glowing colours to the old lady's mind, when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant, until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner, a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honour of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second and a third bowl were ordered in; and when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning, there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him, which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases, and that if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventative, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A HARD FROST

[From "*The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne.*"]

THERE were some circumstances attending the remarkable frost in January 1776, so singular and striking, that a short detail of them may not be unacceptable. . . .

January 7.—Snow driving all the day, which was followed by frost, sleet, and some snow, till the 12th, when a prodigious mass overwhelmed all the works of men, drifting over the tops of the gates and filling the hollow lanes.

On the 14th the writer was obliged to be much abroad; and thinks he never before or since has encountered such rugged Siberian weather. Many of the narrow roads were now filled above the tops of the hedges; through which the snow was driven into most romantic and grotesque shapes, so striking to the imagination as not to be seen without wonder and pleasure. The poultry dared not to stir out of their roosting places; for cocks and hens are so dazzled and confounded by the glare of snow that they would soon perish without assistance. The hares also lay sullenly in their seats, and would

not move till compelled by hunger; being conscious—poor animals—that the drifts and heaps treacherously betray their footsteps, and prove fatal to numbers of them.

From the 14th the snow continued to increase, and began to stop the road waggons, and coaches, which could no longer keep on their regular stages; and especially on the western roads, where the fall appears to have been deeper than in the south. The company at Bath, that wanted to attend the Queen's birthday, were strangely incommoded; many carriages of persons, who got in their way to town from Bath as far as Marlborough, after strange embarrassments, here met with a *ne plus ultra*. The ladies fretted, and offered large rewards to labourers if they would shovel them a track to London; but the relentless heaps of snow were too bulky to be removed; and so the 18th passed over, leaving the company in very uncomfortable circumstances at the Castle and other inns.

On the 20th the sun shone out for the first time since the frost began; a circumstance that has been remarked before much in favour of vegetation. All this time the cold was not very intense, for the thermometer stood at 29°,

28°, 25°, and thereabout; but on the 21st it descended to 20°. The birds now began to be in a very pitiable and starving condition. Tamed by the season, sky-larks settled in the streets of towns, because they saw the ground was bare; rooks frequented dunghills close to houses; and crows watched horses as they passed, and greedily devoured what dropped from them: hares now came into men's gardens, and, scraping away the snow, devoured such plants as they could find.

On the 22nd the author had occasion to go to London through a sort of Laplandian scene, very wild and grotesque indeed. But the metropolis itself exhibited a still more singular appearance than the country; for, being bedded deep in snow, the pavement of the streets could not be touched by the wheels or the horses' feet, so that the carriages ran about without the least noise. . . .

GILBERT WHITE.

THE LOSS OF THE GOLD

[From "Silas Marner," by George Eliot—after Silas's hoard of money has been stolen.]

As soon as he was warm, he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once—only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere

else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark water seeks a momentary footing, even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion: it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table: didn't the gold lie there after all?

The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him—looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought them in vain. He could

see every object in his cottage—and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of desolation. . . . And now that all the false hopes had vanished, and the first shock of certainty was past, the idea of a thief began to present itself, and he entertained it eagerly, because a thief might be caught and made to restore the gold. The thought brought some new strength with it, and he started from his loom to the door. As he opened it the rain beat in upon him, for it was falling more and more heavily. There were no footsteps to be tracked on such a night—footsteps? When had the thief come? *Was* it a thief who had taken the bags?

GEORGE ELIOT.

MOSES AND THE SPECTACLES

[*From "The Vicar of Wakefield."*]

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of a gossling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his



young master mention our names with great commendation. . . .

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a penny-worth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by littles at a time. He brought my daughters, also, a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for

Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, Sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." "Whatever my own conduct may have been, Madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive, this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll

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never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing,—But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box which he had strapt round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice.

“And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!” “Dear mother,” cried the boy, “why won’t you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.” “A fig for the silver rims!” cried my wife, in a passion: “I dare swear they won’t sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.” “You need be under no uneasiness,” cried I, “about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.” “What!” cried my wife, “not silver! the rims not silver?” “No,” cried I, “no more silver than your saucepan.” “And so,” returned she, “we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better.”— “There, my dear,” cried I, “you are wrong; he should not have known them at all.” “Marry, hang the idiot!” returned she, “to bring me such stuff! if I had them I would throw them in the fire.” “There again you are wrong,

my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles you know, are better than nothing." . . .

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A HAPPY RETURN

[*From "Cranford."*]

MARTHA was beginning to go about again, and I had already fixed a limit, not very far distant, to my visit, when one afternoon, as I was sitting in the shop-parlour with Miss Matty—I remember the weather was colder now than it had been in May, three weeks before, and we had a fire and kept the door fully closed—we saw a gentleman go slowly past the window, and then stand opposite to the door, as if looking out for the name which we had so carefully hidden. He took out a double eye-glass and peered about for some time before he could discover it. Then he came in. And, all on a sudden, it flashed across me that it was the Aga himself! For his clothes had an out-of-the-way foreign cut about them, and his face was deep brown, as if tanned and retanned by the sun His

complexion contrasted oddly with his plentiful snow-white hair, his eyes were dark and piercing, and he had an odd way of contracting them and puckering up his cheeks into innumerable wrinkles when he looked earnestly at objects. He did so to Miss Matty when he first came in. His glance had first caught and lingered a little upon me, but then turned, with the peculiar searching look I have described, to Miss Matty. She was a little fluttered and nervous, but no more so than she always was when any man came into her shop. She thought that he would probably have a note, or a sovereign at least, for which she would have to give change, which was an operation she very much disliked to perform. But the present customer stood opposite to her, without asking for anything, only looking fixedly at her as he drummed upon the table with his fingers, just for all the world as Miss Jenkyns used to do. Miss Matty was on the point of asking him what he wanted (as she told me afterwards), when he turned sharp to me: "Is your name Mary Smith?"

"Yes!" said I.

All my doubts as to his identity were set at rest, and I only wondered what he would say or do next, and how Miss Matty would stand

the joyful shock of what he had to reveal. Apparently he was at a loss how to announce himself, for he looked round at last in search of something to buy, so as to gain time, and as it happened, his eye caught on the almond-comfits, and he boldly asked for a pound of "those things." I doubt if Miss Matty had a whole pound in the shop, and, besides the unusual magnitude of the order, she was distressed with the idea of the indigestion they would produce, taken in such unlimited quantities. She looked up to remonstrate. Something of tender relaxation in his face struck home to her heart. She said, "It is—O sir! can you be Peter?" and trembled from head to foot. In a moment he was round the table and had her in his arms, sobbing the tearless cries of old age. I brought her a glass of wine, for indeed her colour had changed so as to alarm me and Mr. Peter too. He kept saying, "I have been too sudden for you, Matty—I have, my little girl."

I proposed that she should go at once up into the drawing-room and lie down on the sofa there. She looked wistfully at her brother whose hand she had held tight, even when nearly fainting; but on his assuring her that he

would not leave her, she allowed him to carry her upstairs.

I thought that the best I could do, was to run and put the kettle on the fire for early tea, and then to attend to the shop, leaving the brother and sister to exchange some of the many thousand things they must have to say. I had also to break the news to Martha, who received it with a burst of tears which nearly infected me. She kept recovering herself to ask if I was sure it was indeed Miss Matty's brother, for I had mentioned that he had gray hair and she had always heard that he was a very handsome young man. Something of the same kind perplexed Miss Matty at tea-time, when she was installed in the great easy-chair opposite to Mr. Jenkyns's in order to gaze her fill. She could hardly drink for looking at him, and as for eating, that was out of the question.

"I suppose hot climates age people very quickly," said she, almost to herself. "When you left Cranford you had not a gray hair in your head."

"But how many years ago is that?" said Mr. Peter, smiling.

"Ah true! yes, I suppose you and I are getting old. But still I did not think we were so

very old! But white hair is very becoming to you, Peter," she continued—a little afraid lest she had hurt him by revealing how his appearance had impressed her.

"I suppose I forgot dates too, Matty, for what do you think I have brought for you from India? I have an India muslin gown and a pearl necklace for you somewhere in my chest at Portsmouth." He smiled as if amused at the idea of the incongruity of his presents with the appearance of his sister; but this did not strike her all at once, while the elegance of the articles did. I could see that for a moment her imagination dwelt complacently on the idea of herself thus attired; and instinctively she put her hand up to her throat—that little delicate throat, which (as Miss Pole had told me) had been one of her youthful charms; but the hand met the touch of folds of soft muslin in which she always swathed up to her chin, and the sensation recalled a sense of the unsuitableness of a pearl necklace to her age. She said, "I'm afraid I'm too old; but it was very kind of you to think of it. They are just what I should have liked years ago—when I was young."

"So I thought, my little Matty. I remembered your tastes; they were so like my dear

mother's." At the mention of that name the brother and sister clasped each other's hands yet more fondly, and, although they were perfectly silent, I fancied they might have something to say if they were unchecked by my presence, and I got up to arrange my room for Mr. Peter's occupation that night, intending myself to share Miss Matty's bed. But at my movement he started up. "I must go and settle about a room at the 'George.' My carpet-bag is there too."

"No!" said Miss Matty, in great distress—"you must not go; please, dear Peter,—pray, Mary—oh! you must not go!"

She was so much agitated that we both promised everything she wished. Peter sat down again and gave her his hand, which for better security she held in both of hers, and I left the room to accomplish my arrangements.

Long, long into the night, far, far into the morning, did Miss Matty and I talk. She had much to tell me of her brother's life and adventures, which he had communicated to her as they had sat alone. She said all was thoroughly clear to her; but I never quite understood the whole story; and when in after days I lost

my awe of Mr. Peter enough to question him myself, he laughed at my curiosity, and told me stories that sounded so very much like Baron Munchausen's that I was sure he was making fun of me. What I heard from Miss Matty was that he had been a volunteer at the siege of Rangoon; had been taken prisoner by the Burmese; had somehow obtained favour and eventual freedom from knowing how to bleed the chief of the small tribe, in some case of dangerous illness; that on his release from years of captivity he had had his letters returned from England with the ominous word "Dead" marked upon them; and believing himself to be the last of his race, he had settled down as an indigo planter, and had proposed to spend the remainder of his life in the country, to whose habits and modes of life he had become habituated, when my letter had reached him, and with the odd vehemence which characterised him in age as it had done in youth, he had sold his land and all his possessions to the first purchaser, and come home to his poor old sister, who was more glad and rich than any princess when she looked at him. She talked me to sleep at last, and then I was awakened by a slight sound at the door, for

which she begged my pardon, as she crept penitently into bed, but it seems that when I could no longer confirm her belief that the long-lost Peter was really here—under the same roof—she had begun to fear lest it was only a waking dream of hers; that there had never been a Peter sitting by her all that blessed evening—but that the real Peter lay dead far away beneath some wild sea-wave, or under some strange eastern tree. And so strong had this nervous feeling of hers become, that she was fain to get up and go and convince herself that he was really there by listening through the door to his even, regular breathing—I don't like to call it snoring, but I heard it myself through two closed doors—and by and by it soothed Miss Matty to sleep.

I don't believe Mr. Peter came home from India as rich as a nabob, he even considered himself poor, but neither he nor Miss Matty cared much about that. At any rate, he had enough to live upon "very genteelly" at Cranford; he and Miss Matty together. And a day or two after his arrival the shop was closed, while troops of little urchins gleefully awaited the shower of comfits and lozenges that came from time to time down upon their

faces as they stood up-gazing at Miss Matty's drawing-room windows.

Occasionally, Miss Matty would say to them (half-hidden behind the curtains), "My dear children, don't make yourselves ill;" but a strong arm pulled her back, and a more rattling shower than ever succeeded. A part of the tea was sent in presents to the Cranford ladies; and some of it was distributed among the old people who remember Mr. Peter in the days of his frolicsome youth. The India muslin gown was reserved for darling Flora Gordon (Miss Jessie Brown's daughter). The Gordons had been on the Continent for the last few years, but were now expected to return very soon; and Miss Matty, in her sisterly pride, anticipated great delight in the joy of showing them Mr. Peter. The pearl necklace disappeared; and about that time many handsome and useful presents made their appearance in the households of Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester; and some rare and delicate Indian ornaments graced the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Jamieson and Mrs. Fitz-Adam. I myself, was not forgotten. Among other things, I had the handsomest bound and best edition of Dr. Johnson's works that could be procured, and dear Miss Matty,

with tears in her eyes, begged me to consider it as a present from her sister as well as herself. In short, no one was forgotten; and, what was more, every one, however insignificant, who had shown kindness to Miss Matty at any time, was sure of Mr. Peter's cordial regard.

ELIZABETH GASKELL.

THE MAIL

[From "*A Tale of Two Cities*."]]

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked uphill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Black-

heath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard, however, in combination, had read that article of war which forbade a purpose otherwise strongly in favour of the argument, that some brute animals are endued with reason; and the team had capitulated and returned to their duty.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho then!" the near leader violently shook his head and everything upon it—like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind.

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, and it had roamed in its forlornness up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. A clammy and intensely cold mist, it made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another, as the waves of an unwholesome sea might do. It

was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach lamps, but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the reek of the labouring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. . . .

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.

“Tst! Joe!” cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

“What do you say, Tom?”

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"*I* say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the king's name, all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history was on the coach step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back, and the guard looked back, and even the emphatic leader pricked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and labouring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but, at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and

holding the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation. . . .

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

“So-ho!” the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. “You there! Stand! I shall fire!” . . .

CHARLES DICKENS.

A CHILD AT THE SEA

[These few lines are from a book—and an enchanting book—entitled “Father and Son.”]

THE village, on the outskirts of which we had taken up our abode, was built parallel to the cliff-line above the shore, but half a mile inland. For a long time . . . no other form of natural scenery than the sea had any effect upon me at all. The tors of the distant moor might be drawn in deep blue against the pallor of our morning or our evening sky, but I never looked at them. It was the Sea, always the sea, nothing but the sea. From our house, or from the field at the back of our house, or from any part of the village itself, there was no appearance to suggest that there could lie anything in an easterly direction

to break the infinitude of red ploughed fields. But on that earliest morning, how my heart remembers! we hastened,—Miss Marks, the maid, and I between them,—along a couple of high-walled lanes, when suddenly, far below us, in an immense arc of light, there stretched the enormous plain of waters. We had but to cross a step or two of downs, when the hollow sides of the great limestone cove yawned at our feet, descending, like a broken cup, down, down to the moon of snow-white shingle and the expanse of blue-green sea. . . .

No road, save the merest goat-path, led down its concave wilderness, in which loose furze-bushes and untrimmed brambles wanted into the likeness of trees, each draped in audacious tissue of wild clematis. Through this fantastic maze the traveller wound his way, led by little other clue than by the instinct of descent.

For me, as a child, it meant the labour of a long, an endless morning, to descend to the snow-white pebbles, to sport at the edge of the cold, sharp sea, and then to climb up home again, slipping in the sticky red mud, clutching at the smooth boughs of the wild ash, toiling, toiling upwards into flat land out of that hollow world of rocks.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE.

IN AND OUT OF A SCRAPE

[From "*Midshipman Easy*."]

NOTHING pleased Mr. Easy so much as Jack's loquacity. "That's right; argue the point, Jack—argue the point, boy," would he say, as Jack disputed with his mother. And then he would turn to the Doctor, rubbing his hands, and observe, "Depend upon it, Jack will be a great, a very great man." And then he would call Jack and give him a guinea for his cleverness. . . .

A few days afterwards, Jack discovered, one fine morning, on the other side of a hedge, a summer apple-tree bearing tempting fruit, and he immediately broke through the hedge, and climbing the tree, as our first mother did before him, he culled the fairest and did eat.

"I say, you sir, what are you doing there?" cried a rough voice.

Jack looked down, and perceived a stout, thick-set personage in grey coat and red waist-coat, standing underneath him.

"Don't you see what I'm about?" replied Jack; "I'm eating apples—shall I throw you down a few?"

"Thank you kindly—the fewer that are pulled the better; perhaps, as you are so free to give them to others, as well as to help yourself, you may think that they are your own property!"

"Not a bit more my property than they are yours, my good man."

"I guess that's something like the truth; but you are not quite at the truth yet, my lad; those apples are mine, and I'll trouble you to come down as fast as you please; when you're down we can then settle our accounts; and," continued the man, shaking his cudgel, "depend upon it, you shall have your receipt in full."

Jack did not much like the appearance of things.

"My good man," said he, "it is quite a prejudice on your part to imagine that apples were not given, as well as all other fruit, for the benefit of us all—they are common property, believe me."

"That's a matter of opinion, my lad, and I may be allowed to have my own."

"You'll find it in the Bible," says Jack.

"I never did yet, and I've read it through and through all, bating the 'Pocryfar.'"

"Then," said Jack, "go home and fetch the Bible, and I'll prove it to you."

“I suspect you’ll not wait till I come back again. No, no; I have lost plenty of apples, and have long wanted to find the robbers out; now I’ve caught one I’ll take care that he don’t ’scape without apple sauce, at all events—so come down, you young thief, come down directly—or it will be all the worse for you.”

“Thank you,” said Jack, “but I am very well here. I will, if you please, argue the point from where I am.”

“I’ve no time to argue the point, my lad; I’ve plenty to do, but do not think I’ll let you off. If you don’t choose to come down, why then you may stay there, and I’ll answer for it, as soon as work is done I shall find you safe enough.”

“What can be done,” thought Jack, “with a man who will not listen to argument? What a world is this!—however, he’ll not find me here when he comes back, I’ve a notion.”

But in this Jack was mistaken. The farmer walked to the hedge, and called to a boy, who took his orders, and ran to the farm-house. In a minute or two a large bull-dog was seen bounding along the orchard to his master. “Mark him, Cæsar,” said the farmer to the dog, “mark him.” The dog crouched down on the grass.

with his head up, and eyes glaring at Jack, showing a range of teeth, that drove all our hero's philosophy out of his head.

"I can't wait here, but Cæsar can, and I will tell you, as a friend, that if he gets hold of you, he'll not leave a limb of you together,—when work's done I'll come back;" so saying, the farmer walked off, leaving Jack and the dog to argue the point, if so inclined. What a sad jade must philosophy be, to put her votaries in such predicaments!

After a while the dog laid his head down and closed his eyes, as if asleep, but Jack observed that at the least movement on his part, one eye was seen partially to unclosed; so Jack, like a prudent man, resolved to remain where he was. He picked a few more apples, for it was his dinner-time, and as he chewed he ruminated.

Jack had been but a few minutes ruminating before he was interrupted by another ruminating animal, no less a personage than a bull, who had been turned out with full possession of the orchard, and who now advanced, bellowing occasionally, and tossing his head at the sight of Cæsar, whom he considered as much a trespasser, as his master had our hero. Cæsar started on his legs and faced the bull, who ad-

vanced pawing, with his tail up in the air. When within a few yards the bull made a rush at the dog, who evaded him and attacked him in return, and thus did the warfare continue until the opponents were already at some distance from the apple-tree. Jack prepared for immediate flight, but unfortunately the combat was carried on by the side of the hedge, at which Jack had gained admission. Never mind, thought Jack, there are two sides to every field, and although the other hedge joined on to the garden near the farm-house, there was no option. "At all events," said Jack, "I'll try it." Jack was slipping down the trunk, when he heard a tremendous roar; the bull-dog had been tossed by the bull; he was then high in the air, and Jack saw him fall on the other side of the hedge; and the bull was thus celebrating his victory with a flourish of trumpets. Upon which Jack, perceiving that he was relieved from his sentry, slipped down the rest of the tree and took to his heels. Unfortunately for Jack, the bull saw him, and, flushed with victory, he immediately set up another roar, and bounded after Jack. Jack perceived his danger, and fear gave him wings; he not only flew over the orchard, but he flew over the hedge,



which was about five feet high, just as the bull drove his head into it. Look before you leap, is an old proverb. Had Jack done so, he would have done better; but as there were cogent reasons to be offered in extenuation of our philosopher, we shall say no more, but merely state that Jack, when he got to the other side of the hedge, found that he had pitched into a small apiary, and had upset two hives of bees who resented the intrusion; and Jack had hardly time to get upon his legs before he found them very busy stinging him in all quarters. All that Jack could do was to run for it, but the bees

flew faster than he could run, and Jack was mad with pain, when he stumbled, half-blinded, over the brickwork of a well. Jack could not stop his pitching into the well, but he seized the iron chain as it struck him across the face. Down went Jack, and round went the windlass, and after a rapid descent of forty feet, our hero found himself under water, and no longer troubled with the bees, who, whether they had lost scent of their prey from his rapid descent, or being notoriously clever insects, acknowledged the truth of the adage, "Leave well alone," had certainly left Jack with no other companion than Truth. Jack rose from his immersion, and seized the rope to which the chain of the bucket was made fast—it had all of it been unwound from the windlass, and therefore it enabled Jack to keep his head above water. After a few seconds Jack felt something against his legs, it was the bucket, about two feet under the water; Jack put his feet into it and found himself pretty comfortable, for the water, after the sting of the bees and the heat he had been put into by the race with the bull, was quite cool and refreshing.

"At all events," thought Jack, "if it had not been for the bull, I should have been watched

by the dog, and then thrashed by the farmer; but then again, if it had not been for the bull, I should not have tumbled among the bees; and if it had not been for the bees, I should not have tumbled into the well; and if it had not been for the chain, I should have been drowned. Such has been the chain of events, all because I wanted to eat an apple.

“However, I have got rid of the farmer, and the dog, and the bull, and the bees—all’s well that ends well; but how the devil am I to get out of the well?—All creation appear to have conspired against the rights of man. As my father said, this is an iron age, and here I am swinging to an iron chain.”

We have given the whole of Jack’s soliloquy as it will prove that Jack was no fool, although he was a bit of a philosopher; and a man who could reason so well upon cause and effect, at the bottom of a well, up to his neck in water, showed a good deal of presence of mind. But if Jack’s mind had been a little twisted by his father’s philosophy, it had still sufficient strength and elasticity to recover itself in due time. . . .

CHARLES MARRYAT.

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

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

* *The name of his donkey.*

inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasseradès and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists: at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the star-light, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood,

is solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high-road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good-will than grace in his performance; but he trolled with ample lungs; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities; some of them sang; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double: first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the

night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.

R. L. STEVENSON.

A DREAM ABOUT MILTON

[*From a letter.*]

. . . “WHAT would you give to have such a dream about Milton, as I had a week since? I dreamed that, being in a house in the city and with much company, looking towards the lower end of the room from the upper end of it, I descried a figure which I immediately knew to be Milton’s. He was very gravely but very neatly attired in the fashion of his day, and had a countenance which filled me with those feelings that an affectionate child has for a beloved father. My first thought was wonder where he could have been concealed so many years; my second, a transport of joy to find him still alive; my third, another transport to find myself in his company; and my fourth, a resolution to accost him. I did so, and he received me with a complacence, in which I saw equal sweetness and dignity. I spoke of his *Paradise Lost* as

every man must who is worthy to speak of it at all, and told him a long story of the manner in which it affected me when I first discovered it, being at that time a school-boy. He answered me by a smile and a gentle inclination of his head. He then grasped my hand affectionately, and with a smile that charmed me, said, "Well, you for your part will do well also." . . .

WILLIAM COWPER.

LONDON OR COUNTRY?

LONDON,
Jan. 30th, 1801.

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister, I could gang anywhere: but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable

trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses: all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usuary to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books), for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my

life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog, (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses. Have I not enough, without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind: and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called: so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city. . . .

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself: and a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play.

CHARLES LAMB,

GRIDLING

[This tells how a young man set out from London into the country with only a few shillings in his pocket, and what befell him on his journey. It is taken from a book by Mr. W. H. Davies, whose poems are the delight of every lover of the simple, lovely, and happy things of our English countryside.]

It was a beautiful morning in September, and . . . as I advanced towards the country, mile after mile, the sounds of commerce dying low, and the human face becoming more rare, I lost, for the time being, my vision of the future, being filled with the peace of present objects. I noted with joy the first green field after the park, the first bird that differed from the sparrow, the first stile in the hedge after the carved gate, and the first footpath across the wild common that was neither of gravel nor ash. I had something like nine shillings in my pocket, and I felt that business was out of the question as long as any of this remained.

Reaching St. Albans on the first night, I walked through that town, and, making a pillow of my pack, lay down on the wild common. It seemed as though extra bodies of stars had been drafted that night into the heavens to guard

and honour the coming of age of a beautiful moon. And this fine scene kept me awake for two or three hours, in spite of tired limbs. This seemed to me a glorious life, as long as summer lasted, and one had money to buy food in the towns and villages through which he passed. For three or four days I walked and idled, standing on culverts and watching the water burst from darkness into light; listening to the birds; or looking at a distant spire that was high enough, and no more, to show that a quiet town was lying there under a thousand trees.

I reached Northampton, and it was in this town that I intended to start business on the following day, though I still had a few shillings left, having slept in the open air since leaving London. With this object I proceeded to examine my pack, with the intention of filling my pockets with the different wares, to draw them forth one or two at a time, as they would be needed. So, that night, previous to the great business that was to be transacted on the following day, I sought a quiet corner in the lodging house, and began to unroll my paper parcel. As I proceeded to do this, it seemed to me that the inner part of the parcel was damp,

and then I remembered the two or three heavy showers that we had on the second day of my travels. On a further examination I discovered, to my horror, that the goods were entirely unfit for sale; that the parcel had been so bent and mis-shapen one way and the other, during my night's repose, that the needles had cut through their rotten packets, and were stuck in the pin papers, and that a great number of pins had concealed their whole bodies in the needle packets, showing plainly the guilty tops of their heads. The laces were twisted and turned, and their tags were already rusted.

This was a great blow to me, as there seemed nothing else to do but send home for the few shillings that had now become due. But on second thoughts I made up my mind to travel without stock of any kind, not doubting but what I would rise to the emergency after the last penny had been expended, and I was under the force of necessity. Thinking Northampton too large a town in which to starve, I determined to remain here until my funds were exhausted, when desperation would urge me to action. With this idea I took life very easily for a couple more days, even inviting poverty by being unusually extravagant, going to the ex-

treme of buying milk for my tea. But when I became reduced to the last sixpence, I decided to make all speed to Birmingham, as the resources of that city, it being so much larger, would be a better place to serve my wants.

Starting on this journey, without any more delay, I was soon going into the town of Rugby, tired, penniless, and hungry. What was I to do? Something had to be done, and that at once. I had to face the horrible truth that I was now on the verge of starvation. Whilst busy with these unpleasant thoughts, I heard a voice shout to me from the roadside, and, looking in that direction, saw a man sitting in the grass, eating from a paper parcel, which was half spread before him. On going over to see what this man wanted, I found an apparently tall man and large in proportion, who was dressed in seedy looking clothes, which were torn and patched in a good many places. In fact, something seemed to have been gnawing night after night, at the bottom of his trousers, taking advantage of him in his sleep, for these hung in tatters and rags just below the calves of his legs. The man had a freckled face, which was almost lost in an abundance of red hair, and his head was as thick with the same.

What helped to make his appearance strange, and perhaps ridiculous, was a schoolboy's small cap to cover the crown of such a large head. "Have a mouthful of this," he said, inviting me to partake of some bread and meat. "It is dry eating, I must say, but, as we go into Rugby, we can wash it down with a pint or two of beer." I thanked him for his kindness and, accepting his invitation, seated myself on the grass. "What's in your bundle," he asked, looking askance at a small brown paper parcel, which contained a clean shirt, socks and a handkerchief, "are you selling anything?" I explained to him that I was a licensed hawker, but had not yet been long enough at the business to make a success of it. "What," he cried with some surprise, "a one-legged man not to be successful? I get all I want by just opening of my mouth," although he added with some scorn, "I know that some people cannot beg unless they have something in their hands to sell. But if you travel with me, all you will have to do is to pick up the coppers."

After I had finished eating, he proposed to set off immediately; and, as we walked leisurely along, I wondered how it was possible for a big healthy fellow like this to be able to exist in any

other manner than by selling. On coming to the first public house, he politely invited me to enter, which I did, when he called for two pints of beer. He then became communicative, telling me he was a gridler, and a good one too; which I understood to mean a grinder, although I had not seen tools of any description either in his hands or in his pockets. He paid for two or three pints of beer in quick succession, and, not having had much drink for a considerable time, I began to feel somewhat elated, and began to make a laughing joke of my circumstances.

"Now," said this man, "to business; for we must get the price of our beds and a little breakfast for the morning, not to mention the night's supper. All you have to do," he said again, "is to pick up the coppers as they come." Wondering what these words could mean, I followed him, on this pleasant afternoon, up several side streets, until we came to the end of one very long street, which had respectable looking houses on either side of the road. My strange companion walked several yards down this street, and then came to a sudden halt in the middle of the road. "Now," said he, for the third or fourth time, "all you have to do is to pick up the coppers. I ask you to do no

more; except," he added, grinning rather unpleasantly, "except to see that *we* are not picked up *by* the coppers." His joke appeared simple enough, and I could not fail to understand it, but it was not all to my relish. The last named coppers were police officers, who would be likely to take hold of us for illegally appropriating the copper coins of the realm. "Are you going to pick up the coppers?" he asked a little impatiently, seeing me standing irresolute and undecided as to what to do. Scarcely knowing how to answer him, I said that if I saw any coppers he need have no fear but what I could pick them up. "All right, that's good," he said, at the same time moving several feet away from me. I stood still watching these mysterious movements, and thinking of the coppers, wondering from what source they would be supplied. He now turned his back, without more ado, and, setting his eyes on the front windows before him, began, to my amazement, to sing a well-known hymn, singing it in the most horrible and lifeless voice I have ever heard.

In spite of the drink, which had now taken effect, making my head swell with stupidity, I still felt an overwhelming shame at finding myself in this position. I stood irresolute, not

knowing whether to wait the result of this, or to leave him at once with short ceremony. But, whilst ruminating in this frame of mind, I heard a window open with a loud creak, saw the shaking of a fair hand, and then heard a copper coin fall on the hard earth within a yard of where I stood. Being penniless I was nothing loth to take possession of this coin, and had scarcely done so, when a front door opened on the other side of the street, and a fat florid old gentleman appeared and beckoned me across to him.

Going immediately to this gentleman, I received twopence and, after thanking him, joined my companion in the road. Now, as I belong to a race of people that are ever prone to song, whether it be in a public house or a prayer meeting, it will not surprise many to know that ere long I was making strong attempts to sing bass to this man's miserable treble, and only ceased to do so when it became necessary to stoop and pick up the coppers, which continued to come in at the rate of two a minute. The effect of my voice on my companion was immediately apparent. His limbs shook, his knees bent and knocked together, and his voice quivered and quavered with a strong emotion. He was now singing another well-known hymn,

better known perhaps than the last; and what with his tall form bent double to half its height, and the wringing of his hands in despair—a poor wretch who was apparently broken both in body and spirit—he was, at this particular stage, the most miserable looking mortal I have ever beheld. He was in this old man's broken attitude when, to my surprise, he suddenly straightened his great body, and gazed about one second down the street. After which he quickly turned on his heels, saying, in short peremptory tones—"Quick march," at the same time suiting the action to the words, in sharp military steps.

What the people, in their different windows, and on their doors, thought of this change, I cannot say. I looked down the street, and then saw that a police officer had just turned its far corner, and was coming slowly in our direction. My companion waited for me at our end of the street, where I joined him as soon as possible. "It is getting harder every day, for a poor man to get a living," he said, when I stood beside him. "Suppose you count the earnings," he said. "We work together well." On doing this, I found twenty pennies to be in my possession, and, at his suggestion, we there and then shared them alike.

"Friend," he began, "before we commence again, let me give you a word or two of advice. First of all, you sing in too lusty a voice, as though you were well fed, and in good health. Secondly, you are in too much of a hurry to move on, and would get out of people's hearing before they have time to be affected. Try to sing in a weaker voice: draw out the easy low notes to a greater length, and cut the difficult high notes short, as though you had spasms in the side. . . ."

W. H. DAVIES.

(From "Autobiography of a Supertramp.")

THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE RAVINE

[From "Typee."]

I

OUR progress, at first comparatively easy, became more and more difficult. The bed of the watercourse was covered with fragments of broken rocks, which had fallen from above, offering so many obstructions to the course of the rapid stream, which vexed and fretted about them—forming at intervals small water-

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falls, pouring over into deep basins, or splashing wildly upon heaps of stones.

From the narrowness of the gorge, and the steepness of its sides, there was no mode of advancing but by wading through the water; stumbling every moment over the impediments which lay hidden under its surface, or tripping against the huge roots of trees. But the most annoying hindrance we encountered was from a multitude of crooked boughs, which, shooting out almost horizontally from the sides of the chasm, twisted themselves together in fantastic masses almost to the surface of the stream, affording us no passage except under the low arches which they formed. Under these we were obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, sliding along the oozy surface of the rocks, or slipping into the deep pools, and with scarce light enough to guide us. Occasionally, we would strike our heads against some projecting limb of a tree; and while imprudently engaged in rubbing the injured part, would fall sprawling amongst flinty fragments, cutting and bruising ourselves, whilst the unpitying waters flowed over our prostrate bodies.

Towards sunset, we halted at a spot where we made preparations for passing the night. Here we constructed a hut, in much the same way as before, and crawling into it, endeavoured to forget our sufferings. My companion, I believe, slept pretty soundly; but at daybreak, when we rolled out of our dwelling, I felt nearly disqualified for any further efforts. Toby prescribed as a remedy for my illness the contents of one of our little silk packages, to be taken at once in a single dose. To this species of medical treatment, however, I would by no means accede, much as he insisted upon it; and so we partook of our usual morsel, and silently resumed our journey. It was now the fourth day since we left Nukuheva, and the gnawings of hunger became painfully acute. We were fain to pacify them by chewing the tender bark of roots and twigs, which, if they did not afford us nourishment, were at least sweet and pleasant to the taste.

Our progress along the steep watercourse was necessarily slow, and by noon we had not advanced more than a mile. It was somewhere near this part of the day that the noise of falling waters, which we had faintly caught in the early morning, became more distinct; and it was not

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long before we were arrested by a rocky precipice of nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap. On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it.

“What’s to be done now, Toby?” said I.

“Why,” rejoined he, “as we cannot retreat, I suppose we must keep shoving along.”

“Then it is an impossible thing, is it?” inquired I, gloomily.

“No, shipmate; on the contrary, it is the easiest thing in life: the only awkward point is the sort of usage which our unhappy limbs may receive when we arrive at the bottom, and what sort of travelling trim we shall be in afterwards. But follow me now, and I will show you the only chance we have.”

With this he conducted me to the verge of the cataract, and pointed along the side of the ravine to a number of curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness, and several feet long, which after twisting among the fissures of the rock, shot perpendicularly from it and ran tapering to a point in the air, hanging

over the gulf like so many dark icicles. They covered nearly the entire surface of one side of the gorge, the lowest of them reaching even to the water. Many were moss-grown and decayed, with their extremities snapped short off, and those in the immediate vicinity of the fall were slippery with moisture.

Toby's scheme, and it was a desperate one, was to entrust ourselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and by slipping down from one to another to gain the bottom.

"Are you ready to venture it?" asked Toby, looking at me earnestly, but without saying a word as to the practicability of the plan.

"I am," was my reply, for I saw it was our only resource if we wished to advance, and as for retreating, all thoughts of that sort had been long abandoned.

After I had signified my assent, Toby, without uttering a single word, crawled along the dripping ledge until he gained a point from whence he could just reach one of the largest of the pendant roots; he shook it—it quivered in his grasp, and when he let it go it twanged in the air like a strong wire sharply struck. Satisfied by his scrutiny, my light-limbed companion swung himself nimbly upon it, and twisting his

legs round it in sailor fashion, slipped down eight or ten feet, where his weight gave it a motion not unlike that of a pendulum. He could not venture to descend any further; so holding on with one hand, he with the other shook one by one all the slender roots around him, and at last, finding one which he thought trustworthy, shifted himself to it and continued his downward progress.

So far so well, but I could not avoid comparing my heavier frame and disabled condition with his light figure and remarkable activity; but there was no help for it, and in less than a minute's time I was swinging directly over his head. As soon as his upturned eyes caught a glimpse of me, he exclaimed in his usual dry tone, for the danger did not seem to daunt him in the least, "Mate, do me the kindness not to fall until I get out of your way," and then swinging himself more on one side, he continued his descent. In the meantime, I cautiously transferred myself from the limb down which I had been slipping to a couple of others that were near it, deeming two strings to my bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before I trusted my weight to them.

II

On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots which were round me, to my consternation they snapped off one after another like so many pipe-stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath.

As one after another, the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches on which I was suspended over the yawning chasm, swung to and fro in the air, and I expected them every moment to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which remained near me, but in vain; I could not reach it, though my fingers were within a few inches of it. Again and again I tried to reach it, until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swayed myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and at the instant that I approached the large root caught desperately at it, and transferred myself to it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way.



My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape.

"Pretty well done," shouted Toby underneath me; "you are nimbler than I thought you to be—hopping about up there from root to root like any young squirrel. As soon as you have diverted yourself sufficiently, I would advise you to proceed."

"Aye, aye, Toby, all in good time: two or

three more such famous roots as this, and I shall be with you."

The residue of my downward progress was comparatively easy; the roots were in greater abundance, and in one or two places jutting out points of rock assisted me greatly. In a few moments I was standing by the side of my companion.

III

After an hour's painful progress, we reached the verge of another fall, still loftier than the preceding, and flanked both above and below with the same steep masses of rock, presenting, however, here and there narrow irregular ledges, supporting a shallow soil, on which grew a variety of bushes and trees, whose bright verdure contrasted beautifully with the foamy waters that flowed between them.

Toby, who invariably acted as pioneer, now proceeded to reconnoitre. On his return, he reported that the shelves of rock on our right would enable us to gain with little risk, the bottom of the cataract. Accordingly, leaving the bed of the stream at the very point where it thundered down, we began crawling along one of these sloping ledges until it carried us to

within a few feet of another that inclined downward at a still sharper angle, and upon which, by assisting each other, we managed to alight in safety. We warily crept along this, steadying ourselves by the naked roots of the shrubs that clung to every fissure. As we proceeded, the narrow path became still more contracted, rendering it difficult for us to maintain our footing, until suddenly, as we reached an angle of the wall of rock where we had expected it to widen, we perceived to our consternation that a yard or two farther on it abruptly terminated at a place we could not possibly hope to pass.

Toby as usual led the van, and in silence I waited to learn from him how he proposed to extricate us from this new difficulty.

"Well, my boy," I exclaimed, after the expiration of several minutes, during which time my companion had not uttered a word, "what's to be done now?"

He replied in a tranquil tone, that probably the best thing we could do in our present strait was to get out of it as soon as possible.

"Yes, my dear Toby, but tell me *how* we are to get out of it."

"Something in this sort of style," he replied; and at the same moment to my horror, he

slipped sideways off the rock, and, as I then thought, by good fortune merely, alighted among the spreading branches of a species of palm tree, that shooting its hardy roots along a ledge below, curved its trunk upwards into the air, and presented a thick mass of foliage about twenty feet below the spot where we had thus suddenly been brought to a standstill. I involuntarily held my breath, expecting to see the form of my companion, after being sustained for a moment by the branches of the tree, sink through their frail support, and fall headlong to the bottom. To my surprise and joy, however, he recovered himself, and disentangling his limbs from the fractured branches, he peered out from his leafy bed, and shouted lustily, "Come on, my hearty, there is no other alternative!" and with this he ducked beneath the foliage, and slipping down the trunk, stood in a moment at least fifty feet beneath me, upon the broad shelf of rock from which sprang the tree he had descended.

What would I not have given at that moment to have been by his side! The feat he had just accomplished seemed little less than miraculous, and I could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I saw the wide distance that a single daring act had so suddenly placed between us.

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Toby's animating "Come on!" again sounded in my ears, and dreading to lose all confidence in myself if I remained meditating upon the step, I once more gazed down to assure myself of the relative bearing of the tree and my own position, and then closing my eyes and uttering one comprehensive ejaculation of prayer, I inclined myself over towards the abyss, and after one breathless instant fell with a crash into the tree, the branches snapping and crackling with my weight, as I sunk lower and lower among them, until I was stopped by coming in contact with a sturdy limb.

In a few moments I was standing at the foot of the tree, manipulating myself all over with a view to ascertaining the extent of the injuries I had received. To my surprise the only effects of my feat were a few slight contusions too trifling to care about. The rest of our descent was easily accomplished, and in half an hour after regaining the ravine we had partaken of our evening morsel, built our hut as usual, and crawled under its shelter.

The next morning, in spite of our debility, and the agony of hunger under which we were now suffering, though neither of us confessed to the fact, we struggled along our dismal and

still difficult and dangerous path, cheered by the hope of soon catching a glimpse of the valley before us, and towards evening the voice of a cataract which had for some time sounded like a low deep bass, to the music of the smaller waterfalls, broke upon our ears in still louder tones, and assured us that we were approaching its vicinity.

That evening we stood on the brink of a precipice, over which the dark stream bounded in one final leap of full three hundred feet. The sheer descent terminated in the region we so long had sought. On either side of the fall, two lofty and perpendicular bluffs buttressed the sides of the enormous cliff, and projected into the sea of verdure with which the valley waved, and a range of similar projecting eminences stood disposed in a half circle about the head of the vale. A thick canopy of trees hung over the very verge of the fall, leaving an arched aperture for the passage of the waters, which imparted a strange picturesqueness to the scene.

The valley was now before us; but instead of being conducted into its smiling bosom by the gradual descent of the deep watercourse we had thus far pursued, all our labours now

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appeared to have been rendered futile by its abrupt termination. But, bitterly disappointed, we did not entirely despair.

As it was now near sunset, we determined to pass the night where we were, and on the morrow, refreshed by sleep and by eating at one meal all our stock of food, to accomplish a descent into the valley, or perish in the attempt.

We laid ourselves down that night on a spot, the recollection of which still makes me shudder. A small table of rock which projected over the precipice on one side of the stream, and was drenched by the spray of the fall, sustained a huge trunk of a tree, which must have been deposited there by some heavy freshet. It lay obliquely, with one end resting on the rock and the other supported by the side of the ravine. Against it, we placed in a sloping direction, a number of the half-decayed boughs that were strewn about, and covering the whole with twigs and leaves, awaited the morning's light beneath such shelter as it afforded.

During the whole of this night, the continual roaring of the cataract—the dismal moaning of the gale through the trees—the pattering of the rain, and the profound darkness, affected

my spirits to a degree which nothing had ever before produced. Wet, half-famished, and chilled to the heart with the dampness of the place, and nearly wild with the pain I endured, I fairly cowered down to the earth under this multiplication of hardships, and abandoned myself to frightful anticipations of evil; and my companion, whose spirit, at last, was a good deal broken, scarcely uttered a word during the whole night.

At length the day dawned upon us, and rising from our miserable pallet, we stretched our stiffened joints, and, after eating all that remained of our bread, prepared for the last stage of our journey.

I will not recount every hairbreadth escape, and every fearful difficulty that occurred before we succeeded in reaching the bosom of the valley. It will be sufficient to say that at length, after great toil and great dangers, we both stood with no limbs broken at the head of that magnificent vale which five days before had so suddenly burst upon my sight, and almost beneath the shadows of those very cliffs from whose summits we had gazed upon the prospect.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

ON A CHINESE JUNK

[From "*The Adventures of a Younger Son.*"]

CONTINUALLY in chase of something, I fell in, among other coasting and country craft, with a Chinese junk, drifted out of her course, on her return from Borneo. She looked like a huge tea chest afloat, and sailed about as well. She was flat-bottomed and flat-sided; decorations of green and yellow dragons were painted and gilded all over her; she had four or five masts, bamboo yards, mat sails, and coir rigging, double galleries all round, with ornamental heads and stern, high as my main top, and was six hundred tons burthen. Her interior was a complete bazaar; swarms of people were on board, and every individual, having a portion of tonnage in measured space, had partitioned off his own, and converted it into a shop or warehouse: they were like the countless cells of a bee-hive, and must have amounted to some hundreds. All sorts of handicraft trades were going on as if on shore, from iron forging to making paper of rice straw, and glass of rice, chasing ivory fans, embroidering gold on muslins, barbacuing fat pigs, and carrying them

about on bamboos for sale. In one cabin a voluptuous Tartar and a tun-bellied Chinese had joined their dainties together; a fat dog roasted entire stuffed with turmeric, rice, suet, and garlic, and larded with hog's grease, the real delectable and celebrated sea-slug, or sea-swallows' nest, shark's fins stewed to a jelly, salted eggs, and yellow-dyed pilaff formed their repast. A mighty china bowl of hot arrack punch stood on the table, from which a boy was continually lading out its contents. Such voracious feeders I never beheld.

They wielded their chop sticks with the rapidity and incessant motion of a juggler with his balls. The little black twinkling eye of the Chinese, almost buried in mounds of fat, glistened like a fly flapping in a firkin of butter. The Tartar, with a mouth the size of the ship's hatchway, seemed to have a proportionate hold for stowage. Understanding these were the two principal merchants on board, I had come to speak to them, but like hogs buried up to the eyes in a savoury wash of garbage, there was no moving theirs from the dainties they had gloated on. A sailor, who had conducted me, whispered his Tartar owner who I was; he grunted out some reply, and with a greasy paw,

placed several handfuls of boiled rice on a corner of the table, indented it with his fist poured into the hollow some of the hog's larding out of the platter containing the roast dog, and then adding five or six hard-boiled salt eggs, motioned me to sit down and eat.

* * * * *

The philosophic captain, whose business it was to attend to the navigation and pilotage of the junk, having nothing to do with the men or cargo, continued to inhale the narcotic drug. His heavy eye was still fixed on the compass, and his drowsy voice called out, "Kie! Hooe!—Kie! Chee!" Though I repeatedly asked him whither he was bound, his invariable answer was, "Kie! Hooe!—Kie! Chee!" I pointed my cutlass to his breast, but his eyes remained fixed on the compass. I cut the bowl free from the stem of his pipe, but he continued drawing at the reed, and repeating "Kie! Hooe!—Kie! Chee!" On shoving off, as I passed under the stern, I cut the tiller ropes, and the junk broached up in the wind, but I still heard the fellow singing out, from time to time, "Kie! Hooe!—Kie! Chee!"

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNEY.



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

[From "*The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Mandeville.*"]

BESIDE the isle of Pentexoire, which is the land of Prester John, is a great isle long and broad, that men call Milstorak, and it is in the lordship of Prester John. In that isle is great plenty of goods and merchandise. Not long ago there dwelt there, a rich man who was called Gatholonabes, or the Old Man of the Mountains, and he was full of crafty and subtle deceit.

And he had a castle, fair and strong, on a mountain; so strong and so noble that no one could devise a fairer nor a stronger. And he

had fenced in and surrounded the mountain all about with a strong and fair wall. And within these walls he had the fairest garden that any man might behold; and therein were trees bearing all manner of fruits, that any man might devise. And therein were also all manner of wholesome, sweet-smelling herbs; and also all other herbs bearing fair flowers.

And he had also in that garden many wells; and beside these wells he had had made fair halls or bowers, and beautiful chambers, all painted with gold and azure. And in that place were many diverse things, and many diverse stories. And of beasts and birds that sing, that it seemed that they were alive. And he had also in his garden all manner of fowls and of beasts. And he had also in that place, the fairest damsels to be found, under the age of fifteen years. And the fairest young boys to be seen, of that age; and they were all clothed in cloth of gold. And he said that they were angels.

And he had also had made three fair and noble wells, all surrounded with stone of jasper, of crystal, draped with gold and set with precious stones and great orient pearls. And he had made a conduit, or channel under the earth, so that the three wells at his pleasure should pro-

duce milk, another wine, and another honey. And that place he called paradise. And when any good knight, that was hardy and noble, came to see this royal estate and its owner, he would lead him into his paradise, and show him all these wonderful things, for his amusement, and the marvellous and delicious song of diverse birds, and the fair damsels, and the plenteous wells of milk, of wine, and of honey.

And he would have played diverse instruments of music, up in a high tower out of sight, playing so merrily that it was a joy to hear them. And the musicians, he said, were angels of God; and that place was paradise, that God had promised to his children, calling it a Land flowing with milk and honey. And then he would make him drink a certain drink, which would presently make him drunken; and then would he be more delighted with everything than he had been before. And then he would tell him, that if he would die for him and for his love, that after his death he should come to his paradise, and he should become the same age as the damsels, and he should play with them. And after that he should be put in a fairer paradise, where he should see God, visibly, and in his majesty and bliss. And then he would show

him his purpose : and say that he would go and slay any lord or any man that was his enemy; that he should not fear to do it, or fear to be slain himself, for after death, he would put him into another paradise, that was an hundred-fold fairer than any of the others; and he should there dwell with the fairest damsels of all, and play with them evermore. And thus went many lusty young knights to slay any great lords in different countries, that were his enemies, and endeavour to be slain himself, in the hope that he might be put into this paradise.

And thus he was often revenged of his enemies by his subtle deceit and false craftiness. And when the good, worthy men of the country had perceived the falsehood of this Gatholonabes, they assembled together, assailed his castle, and slew him and destroyed all the fair places and all the nobility of that paradise. The place of the wells and of the walls and of many other things can be plainly seen; but all the richness is vanished. And it is not long since that place was destroyed.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

THE ROBBERS AMAZED

[*This is a fragment from the translation of a Romance in Latin called "The Golden Asse," by Apuleius. It appeared in 1566.*]

As soon as the day appeared, and that the sun began to shine on the tops of the hills, men, whose custom was to live by rapine and violence, ran to the top of a hill that stretched toward the mouth of Nilus, called Heracliot: where standing a while, they viewed the sea underneath them: and when they had looked a good season afar off into the same, and could see nothing that might put them in hope of prey, they cast their eyes somewhat near the shore: where a ship, tied with cables to the mainland, lay at road, without sailors and full fraughted . . . but on the shore, every place was full of men, some quite dead, some half dead, some whose bodies yet panted, and plainly declared that there had been a battle fought of late. But there could be seen no signs or tokens of any just quarrel: but there seemed to be an ill and unlucky banquet, and those that remained obtained such end. For the tables were furnished with delicate dishes, some whereof lay

in the hands of those that were slain, being instead of weapons to some of them in the battle so suddenly begun. . . . They, when they had given these things the looking on a good while from the hill, could not understand what that sight meant, for as much as they saw some slain there, but the conquerors could they see no-where: a manifest victory, but no spoils taken away, a ship without mariners only, but as concerning other things untouched, as if she had been kept with a guard of many men, and lay at road in a safe harbour. But for all that, they knew not what that thing meant, yet they had respect to their lucre and gain.

When therefore they had determined that themselves were the victors, they drew near unto the same: and not being now far from the ship and those that were slain, they saw a sight more perplexed than the rest a great deal. A maid endued with excellent beauty, which also might be supposed a goddess, sat upon a rock, who seemed not a little to be grieved with that present mischance, but for all that of excellent courage: she had a garland of laurel on her head, a quiver on her back, and in her left hand a bow, leaning upon her thigh with her other

hand, and looking downward, without moving of her head, beholding a certain young man a good way off, the which was sore wounded, and seemed to lift up himself, as if he had been wakened out of a dead sleep almost of death itself: yet was he in this case, of singular beauty and for all that his cheeks were sprinkled with blood, his whiteness did appear so much the more. He was constrained for grief to close his eyes, yet caused he the maid to look steadfastly upon him: and these things must they need see, because they saw her. But as soon as he came to himself a little he uttered these words very faintly: "And art thou safe indeed, my sweet heart," quoth he, "or else hast thou with thy death, by any mischance augmented this slaughter? thou canst not, no, not by death be separated from me. But of the fruition of thy sight and thy life doth all mine estate depend."

"Yea, in you," answered the maid, "doth my whole fortune consist whether I shall live or die, and for this cause, you see (showing a knife in her hand) this was hitherto ready, but only for your recovery was restrained." And as soon as she had said thus, she leaped from the stone: and they who were on the hill, as well for wonder

as also for the fear they had, as if they had been stricken with lightning, ran every man to hide them in the bushes there beside. For she seemed to them a thing of greater price and more heavenly when she stood upright, and her arrows with the sudden moving of her body, gave a clash on her shoulders, her apparel wrought with gold, glistened against the sun, and her hair under her garland, blown about with the wind, covered a great part of her back.

The thieves were greatly afraid of these things, the rather for they understood not what that should mean which they saw. Some of them said indeed, that it was a goddess and Diana; others said it was Isis, which was honoured there: but some of them said it was some priest of the gods, that, replenished with divine fury, hath made the great slaughter which there appeared. And thus every man gave his verdict.

WILLIAM ADLINGTON.

GULLIVER'S VISIT TO THE PYGMIES

[His description of them ; of the making of his furniture and his clothes: and of how he ate his dinner with them.]

“ALTHOUGH I intend to leave the Description of this Empire [Lilliput] to a particular Treatise, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious Reader with some general Ideas. As the common Size of the Natives is somewhat under Six Inches high, so there is an exact Proportion in all other Animals, as well as Plants and Trees. For instance, the tallest Horses and Oxen are between four and five Inches in height, the Sheep an Inch and a half, more or less; their Geese about the bigness of a Sparrow, and so the several Gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but Nature hath adapted the Eyes of the Lilliputians to all Objects proper for their view. They see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And to show the sharpness of their Sight, toward Objects that are near, I have been much pleased observing a Cook pulling a Lark, which was not so large as a common Fly; and a young Girl threading an invisible Needle with invisible Silk. Their

tallest Trees are about seven foot high. I mean some of those in the great Royal Park, the Tops whereof I could but just reach with my Fist clenched. The other Vegetables are in the same Proportion; but this I leave to the Reader's Imagination. . . .

And here it may perhaps divert the curious Reader, to give some account of my Domestick,* and my manner of living in this Country, during a Residence of nine Months and thirteen Days. Having a Head mechanically turned,† and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a Table and Chair convenient enough, out of the largest Trees in the Royal Park. Two hundred Sempstresses were employed to make me Shirts, and Linnen for my Bed and Table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several Folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than Lawn. Their Linnen is usually three Inches wide, and three Foot make a Piece. The Sempstresses took my Measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my Neck, and another at my Mid-Leg, with a strong Cord extended, that each

* Household matters.

† Skilled in making things.

held by the end, while the third measured the length of the Cord with a Rule of an Inch long. Then they measured my right Thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical Computation, that twice round the Thumb is once round the Wrist, and so on to the Neck and the Waist, and by the help of my old Shirt, which I displayed on the Ground before them for a Pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred Taylors were employed in the same manner to make me Clothes; but they had another Contrivance for taking my Measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a Ladder from the Ground to my Neck; upon this Ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a Plum-Line from my Collar to the Floor, which just answered the length of my Coat; but my Waist and Arms I measured myself. When my Clothes were finished, which was done in my House, (for the largest of theirs would not be able to hold them), they looked like the Patch-Work made by the Ladies in England, only that mine were all of a Colour.

I had three hundred Cooks to dress my Victuals, in little convenient Huts built about my House, where they and their Families lived, and prepared me two Dishes a-piece. I took up

twenty Waiters in my Hand, and placed them on the Table, an hundred more attended below on the Ground, some with Dishes of Meat, and some with Barrels of Wine, and other Liquors, slung on their Shoulders; all which the Waiters above drew up as I wanted, in a very ingenious Manner, by certain Cords, as we draw the Bucket up a Well in Europe. A Dish of their Meat was a good Mouthful, and a Barrel of their Liquor a reasonable Draught. Their Mutton yields to ours, but their Beef is excellent. I have had a Sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three Bits of it; but this is rare. My Servants were astonished to see me eat it Bones and all, as in our Country we do the Leg of a Lark. Their Geese and Turkeys I usually ate at a Mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller Fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my Knife. . . .”

JONATHAN SWIFT.

(*From "Gulliver's Travels."*)



GULLIVER'S ADVENTURES WITH THE GIANTS

[The Queen of the Brobdignagians was sixty-six feet high, and her Majesty's weight was upwards of six tons.]

“THE Queen became so fond of my Company, that she could not dine without me. I had a Table placed upon the same at which her Majesty eat, just at her left Elbow, and a Chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood up on a Stool on the Floor, near my Table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire Set of silver Dishes and Plates, and other Necessaries, which in

Proportion to those of the Queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen of the same kind in a London Toy-shop, for the Furniture of a Baby-house. These my little Nurse kept in her Pocket, in a silver Box, and gave me at Meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them her self.

No Person dined with the Queen but the two Princesses Royal, the elder sixteen Years old, and the younger at that time, thirteen and a Month. Her Majesty used to put a Bit of Meat upon one of my Dishes, out of which I carved for my self; and her Diversion was to see me eat in Miniature. For the Queen (who had indeed but a weak Stomach) took up at one Mouthful, as much as a dozen English Farmers could eat at a Meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight.

She would craunch the Wing of a Lark, Bones and all, between her Teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full grown Turkey; and put a Bit of Bread in her mouth, as big as two twelve-penny Loaves. She drank, out of a golden Cup, above a Hogshead at a Draught. Her Knives were twice as long as a Scythe, set strait upon the Handle. The Spoons, Forks, and other Instruments were all in the same Proportion.

I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the Tables at Court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous Knives and Forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never, till then, beheld so terrible a Sight. . . .

But, the greatest Danger I ever underwent in that Kingdom, was from a Monkey, who belonged to one of the Clerks of the Kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her Closet, while she went somewhere upon Business, or a Visit. The Weather being very warm, the Closet-Window was left open, as well as the Windows and the Door of my bigger Box, in which I usually lived, because of its Largeness and Conveniency.

As I sat quietly meditating at my Table, I heard something bounce in at the Closet-Window, and skip about from one Side to the other, whereat, although I were much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my Seat; and then I saw this frolicksome Animal, frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my Box, which he seemed to view with great Pleasure and Curiosity, peeping in at the Door and every Window.

I retreated to the farther Corner of my Room,

or Box, but the Monkey looking in at every Side, put me into such a Fright, that I wanted* Presence of Mind to conceal my self under the Bed, as I might easily have done. After some Time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his Paws in at the Door, as a Cat does when she plays with a Mouse, although I often shifted Place to avoid him, he at Length caught hold of the Lappet of my Coat, (which being made of that Country Cloth, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out.

He took me up in his right Fore-foot, and held me as a Nurse does a Child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of Creature do with a Kitten in Europe. And when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good Reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own Species, by his often stroaking my Face very gently with his other Paw.

In these Diversions he was interrupted by a Noise at the Closet Door, as if some Body were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the Window, at which he had come in, and

* Lacked.

thence upon the Leads and Gutters, walking upon three Legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clamber'd up to a Roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the Moment he was carrying me out.

The poor Girl was almost distracted: That Quarter of the Palace was all in an uproar, the Servants ran for Ladders; the Monkey was seen by hundreds in the Court, sitting upon the Ridge of a Building, holding me like a Baby in one of his Fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some Vic-tuals he had squeezed out of the Bag on one Side of his Chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the Rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without Question the Sight was ridiculous enough to every Body but my self. Some of the People threw up Stones, hoping to drive the Monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my Brains had been dashed out.

The Ladders were now applied, and mounted by several Men, which the Monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed; not being able to make Speed enough with his three Legs, let me drop on a Ridge-Tyle, and made

his Escape. Here I sat for some Time, three hundred Yards from the Ground, expecting every Moment to be blown down by the Wind, or to fall by my own Giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the Ridge to the Eves. But an honest Lad, one of my Nurse's Footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his, Breeches-Pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choaked with the filthy Stuff the Monkey had crammed down my Throat; but my dear little Nurse picked it out of my Mouth with a small Needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great Relief. Yet I was so weak, and bruised in the Sides, with the Squeezes given me by this odious Animal, that I was forced to keep my Bed a Fortnight. The King, Queen, and all the Court, sent every Day to enquire after my Health, and her Majesty made me several Visits during my Sickness. The Monkey was killed, and an Order made that no such Animal should be kept about the Palace. . . ."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ESQUIMAUX

[By George Best, captain of the Anne Francis, under Sir Martin Frobisher, 1578.]

I

THESE people are in nature very subtle and sharp-witted, ready to conceive our meaning by signs, and to make answer well to be understood again. And if they have not seen the thing whereof you ask them, they will wink, or cover their eyes with their hands, as who would say, it hath been hid from their sight. If they understand you not whereof you ask them, they will stop their ears. They will teach us the names of each thing in their language which we desire to learn, and are apt to learn anything of us. They delight in music above measure, and will keep time and stroke to any tune which you shall sing, both with their voice, head, hand, and feet, and will sing the same tune aptly after you. They will row with our oars in our boats, and keep a true stroke with our mariners, and seem to take great delight therein. They live in caves of the earth, and hunt for their dinners or prey, even as the bear or other wild beasts do. They



eat raw flesh and fish, and refuse no meat, howsoever it be stinking. They are desperate in their fight, sullen of nature, and ravenous in their manner of feeding. Their sullen and desperate nature doth herein manifestly appear, that a company of them being environed by our men on the top of a high cliff, so that they could by no means escape our hands, finding themselves in this case distressed, chose rather to cast themselves headlong down the rocks into the sea, and so be bruised and drowned, rather than to yield themselves to our men's mercies.

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For their weapons to offend their enemies or kill their prey withal, they have darts, slings, bows, and arrows headed with sharp stones, bones, and some with iron. They are exceeding friendly and kind-hearted one to the other, and mourn greatly at the loss or harm of their fellows; and express their grief of mind, when they part one from another, with a mournful song and dirges. They are very shamefaced, . . . and very chaste in the manner of their living. For when the man, which we brought from thence into *England* the last voyage, should put off his coat, . . . he would not suffer the woman to be present, but put her forth of his cabin. And in all the space of two or three months, while the man lived in company of the woman, there was never anything seen or perceived between them, more than might have passed between brother and sister. But the woman was in all things very serviceable for the man, attending him carefully when he was sick; and he likewise in all the meats which they did eat together, would carve unto her of the sweetest, fattest, and best morsels they had. They wondered much at all our things, and were afraid of our horses and other beasts out of measure. They began to grow more civil,

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familiar, pleasant, and docible amongst us in
very short time.

They have boats made of leather, and covered
clean over, saving one place in the middle to sit
in, planked within with timber; and they use to
row therein with one oar, more swiftly a great
deal, than we in our boats can do with twenty.
They have one sort of greater boats, wherein
they can carry above twenty persons; and
have a mast with a sail thereon, which sail
is made of thin skins or bladders, sewed together
with the sinews of fishes. They are good
fishermen, and in their small boats, being dis-
guised with their coats of seals' skins, they de-
ceive the fish, who take them rather for their
fellow seals, than for deceiving men. They are
good markmen. With their dart or arrow they
will commonly kill a duck, or any other fowl,
in the head, and commonly in the eye. When
they shoot at a great fish with any of their darts,
they use to tie a bladder thereunto, whereby
they may the better find them again; and the
fish, not able to carry it so easily away, for that
the bladder doth buoy the dart, will at length
be weary, and die therewith. They use to
traffic and exchange their commodities with
some other people, of whom they have such

things as their miserable country, and ignorance of art to make, denieth them to have; as bars of iron, heads of iron for their darts, needles made four-square, certain buttons of copper, which they use to wear upon their foreheads for ornament, as our ladies in the Court of *England* do use great pearl. Also they have made signs unto us, that they have seen gold, and such bright plates of metals, which are used for ornaments amongst some people with whom they have conference. We found also in their tents a Guinea-bean of red colour, the which doth usually grow in the hot countries; whereby it appeareth they trade with other nations which dwell far off, or else themselves are great travellers.

II

They have nothing in use among them to make fire withal, saving a kind of heath and moss which groweth there; and they kindle their fire with continual rubbing and fretting one stick against another, as we do with flints. They draw with dogs in sleds upon the ice, and remove their tents therewithal, wherein they

dwell in summer, when they go hunting for their prey and provision against winter. They do sometimes parboil their meat a little and seethe the same in kettles made of beasts' skins; they have also pans cut and made of stone very artificially. They use pretty gins wherewith they take fowl. The women carry their sucking children at their backs, and do feed them with raw flesh, which first they do a little chaw in their own mouths. The women have their faces marked or painted over with small blue spots; they have black and long hair on their heads, and trim the same in a decent order. The men have but little hair on their faces, and very thin beards. For their common drink, they eat ice to quench their thirst withal. Their earth yieldeth no grain or fruit of sustenance for man, or almost for beast, to live upon; and the people will eat grass and shrubs of the ground, even as our kine do. They have no wood growing in their country thereabouts, and yet we find they have some timber among them; which we think doth grow far off to the southwards of this place, about *Canada*, or some other part of Newfoundland. For there, belike, the trees standing on the cliffs of the seaside, by the weight of ice and snow in winter

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overcharging them with weight, when the summer's thaw cometh above, and also the sea underfretting them beneath, which winneth daily of the land, they are undermined and fall down from those cliffs into the sea, and with the tides and currents are driven to and fro upon the coasts further off; and, by conjecture, are taken up here by these country people, to serve them to plank and strengthen their boats withal, and to make darts, bows, and arrows, and such other things necessary for their use. And of this kind of drift wood, we find all the seas over great store; which being cut or sawed asunder, by reason of long driving in the sea, is eaten of worms, and full of holes, of which sort theirs is found to be.

We have not yet found any venomous serpent or other hurtful thing in these parts; but there is a kind of small fly or gnat that stingeth and offendeth sorely, leaving many red spots in the face, and other places where she stingeth. They have snow and hail in the best time of their summer, and the ground frozen three fathom deep.

These people are great enchanters, and use many charms of witchcraft; for when their heads do ache they tie a great stone with a

string unto a stick, and with certain prayers and words done to the stick, they lift up the stone from ground, which sometimes with all a man's force they cannot stir, and sometimes again they lift as easily as a feather; and hope thereby with certain ceremonious words to have ease and help. And they made us by signs, to understand, lying grovelling with their faces upon the ground, and making a noise downward, that they worship the devil under them.

They have great store of deer, bears, hares, foxes, and innumerable numbers of sundry sorts of wild fowl, as sea-mews, gulls, willmots, ducks, etc., whereof our men killed in one day 1,500. They have also store of hawks, as falcons, tassels, etc., whereof two alighted upon one of our ships at their return, and were brought into *England*; which some think will prove very good. There are also great store of ravens, larks, and partridges, whereof the country people feed. All these fowls are far thicker clothed with down and feathers, and have thicker skins, than any in *England* have; for as that country is colder, so nature hath provided a remedy thereunto. Our men have eaten of their bears, hares, partridges, larks,

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and of their wild fowl, and find them reasonable good meat, but not so delectable as ours. Their wild fowl must be all flain, their skins are so thick; and they taste best fried in pans. The country seemeth to be much subject to earthquakes. The air is very subtle, piercing and searching; so that if any corrupted or infected body, especially with the disease called *Morbus Gallicus*, come there, it will presently break forth and show itself, and cannot there by any kind of salve or medicine be cured. Their longest summer's day is of a great length, without any dark night, so that in July all the night long, we might perfectly and easily write and read whatsoever had pleased us; which lightsome nights were very beneficial unto us, being so distressed with abundance of ice as we were. The sun setteth to them in the evening at a quarter of an hour after ten of the clock, and riseth again in the morning at three-quarters of an hour after one of the clock; so that in summer their sun shineth to them twenty hours and a-half, and in the night is absent three hours and a-half. And although the sun be absent these three hours and a-half, yet it is not dark that time, for that the sun is never above three or four degrees under the edge of

their horizon; the cause is, that the tropic of *Cancer* doth cut their horizon at very uneven and oblique angles. But the moon at any time of the year being in *Cancer*, having north latitude, doth make a full revolution above their horizon, so that sometimes they see the moon above 24 hours together. Some of our company, of the more ignorant sort, thought we might continually have seen the sun and the moon, had it not have been for two or three high mountains.

The people are now become so wary, and so circumspect by reason of their former losses, that by no means we can apprehend any of them, although we attempted often in this last voyage. But to say truth, we could not bestow any great time in pursuing them, because of our great business in lading, and other things.

RICHARD HAKLUYT.

THIRST AT SEA

[*The Voyage here told of was that of the Earl of Cumberland from the Azores in 1589. The extract is taken from that wonderful collection of true tales of travel collected by Richard Hakluyt and entitled "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation made by Sea or Overland to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth."*]

Now we went merrily before the wind, with all the sails we could bear: insomuch that in the space of twenty-four hours, we sailed near forty-seven leagues, that is, seven score English miles, betwixt Friday at noon and Saturday at noon; notwithstanding the ship was very foul, and much grown,* with long being at sea. . . . Soon after, the wind, scanting, came about to the eastward, the worst part of the heavens for us, from which the wind could blow; in such sort, that we could not fetch any part of England. And hereupon, also, our allowance of drink, which was scant enough before, was yet more scantened, because of the scarcity thereof: so that, now, a man was allowed but half a pint at a meal; and that, many times, cold

* *with barnacles.*

water, and scarcely sweet. Notwithstanding this was a happy estate, in comparison to that which followed. For from half a pint, we came to a quarter, and that lasted not long either. . . .

With this hard fare (for by reason of our great want of drink, we durst eat but very little), we continued for the space of a fortnight, or thereabouts: saving that, now and then, we feasted for it, in the meantime, and that was when there fell any hail or rain: the hail-stones we gathered up and did eat them more pleasantly than if they had been the sweetest comfits in the world. The rain-drops were so carefully saved that so near as we could, not one was lost in all our ship. Some hanged up sheets tied with cords by the four corners, and a weight in the midst that the water might run down thither; and so be received into some vessel set or hung underneath. Some that wanted sheets, hung up napkins and clouts, and watched them till they were thoroughly wet; then wringing and sucking out the water. And that water which fell down, and washed away the filth and soiling of the ship trod under foot, as bad as runneth down the kennel many times when it raineth, was not lost, I warrant

you, but watched and attended carefully (yea, sometimes with strife and contention) at every scupper hole, or other place where it ran down, with dishes, pots, cans, jars. Some, like dogs, with their tongues, licked the boards underfoot; the sides, rails, and masts of the ship.

Others, that were more ingenious, fastened girdles or ropes about the masts, daubing tallow betwixt them and the mast, that the rain might not run down between; in such sort, that those ropes or girdles hanging lower on the one side than on the other, a spout of leather was fastened to the lowest part of them, that all the raindrops that came running down the mast, might meet together at that place, and there be received. He that got a can of water by these means, was spoken of, sued to, and envied as a rich man. . . .

Some of the poor Spaniards that we had taken (who, notwithstanding, had the same allowance that our own men had) would come and crave of us, for the love of God, but so much water as they could hold in the hollow of their hand: and they had it, notwithstanding our great extremity: to teach them some humanity, instead of their accustomed barbarity, both to us and other nations heretofore. They also

put bullets of lead in their mouths to slack their thirst. Now, in every corner of the ship, were heard the lamentable cries of sick and wounded men, sounding woefully in our ears; crying out and pitifully complaining for want of drink; being ready to die. Yea, many dying for lack thereof; so that by reason of this great extremity we lost many more men than we had done in all the voyage before; having, before this time, been so well and sufficiently provided for, that we lived, in a manner, as well and as healthfully, and as few died, as if we had been in England; whereas now, lightly, every day, some were cast overboard.

But on the 2nd of December, 1589, was a festival day with us. For then it rained a good pace, and we saved some pretty store of rain water (though we were all wet for it, and that at midnight) and fill our own skins full besides, notwithstanding it were muddy and bitter with the washing of the ship; yet with some sugar, which we had to sweeten it withal, it went merrily down. Yet remembered we, and wished for with all our hearts, many a conduit, pump, spring, and stream of clear sweet running water in England. For, however miserable we had accounted some poor souls, whom we had seen

driven for thirst to drink thereof: how happy would we now have thought ourselves, if we might have had our fills of the same. . . .

RICHARD HAKLUYT.

THE DELIVERANCE

[Being an account of a tempest at sea so extreme that Captain John Davys, the great Elizabethan navigator, and his men all but despaired of their lives ; and of how hope revived in them. He was the first of our Arctic explorers, and the Strait between Greenland and Baffin Land bears his name.]

THE fourth of October the storm growing beyond all reason furious, the pinnacle being in the wind of us, struck suddenly ahull, so that we thought she had received some grievous sea, or sprung a leak, or that her sails failed her, because she came not with us; but we durst not hull in that unmerciful storm, but sometimes tried under our main course, sometime with a haddock off our sail, for our ship was very leeward and most laboursome in the sea. This night we lost the pinnacle and never saw her again.

The fifth our foresail was split and all to torn; then our Master took the mizzen and brought

it to the foremast, to make our ship work, and with our spritsail we mended our foresail, the storm continuing without all reason in fury, with hail, snow, rain, and wind such and so mighty as that in nature it could not possibly be more: the seas such and so lofty with continual breach, that many times we were doubtful whether our ship did sink or swim.

The tenth of October, being by the accompt of our Captain and Master very near the shore, the weather dark, the storm furious, and most of our men having given over to travail, we yielded ourselves to death, without further hope of succour. Our Captain sitting in the gallery very pensive, I came and brought him some *rosa solis* to comfort him; for he was so cold that he was scarce able to move a joint. After he had drunk, and was comforted in heart, he began for the ease of his conscience to make a large repetition of his forepassed time, and with many grievous sighs he concluded in these words:

“O most glorious God, with Whose power the mightiest things among men are matters of no moment, I most humbly beseech Thee that the intolerable burthen of my sins may through the blood of Jesus Christ be taken

from me and end our days with speed, or show us some merciful sign of Thy love and our preservation."

Having thus ended, he desired me not to make known to any of the company his intolerable grief and anguish of mind, because they should not thereby be dismayed. And so suddenly, before I went from him, the sun shined clear; so that he and the Master both observed the true elevation of the Pole, whereby they knew by what course to recover the Straits. Wherewithal our Captain and Master were so revived, and gave such comfortable speeches to the company, that every man rejoiced, as though we had received a present deliverance. . . .

RICHARD HAKLUYT.

AN EVIL SHIP

I SHALL not pronounce her name. She is "missing" now, after a sinister but, from the point of view of her owners, a useful career extending over many years, and, I should say, across every ocean of our globe. Having killed

a man for every voyage, and perhaps rendered more misanthropic by the infirmities that come with years upon a ship, she had made up her mind to kill all hands at once before leaving the scene of her exploits. A fitting end, this, to a life of usefulness and crime—in a last outburst of an evil passion supremely satisfied on some wild night, perhaps, to the applauding clamour of wind and wave.

How did she do it? In the word “missing” there is a horrible depth of doubt and speculation. Did she go quickly from under the men’s feet, or did she resist to the end, letting the sea batter her to pieces, start her butts, wrench her frame, load her with an increasing weight of salt water, and, dismasted, unmanageable, rolling heavily, her boats gone, her decks swept, had she wearied her men half to death with the unceasing labour at the pumps before she sank with them like a stone?

However, such a case must be rare. I imagine a raft of some sort could always be contrived: and, even if it saved no one, it would float on and be picked up, perhaps conveying some hint of the vanished name. Then that ship would not be, properly speaking, missing. She would be “lost with all hands,” and in that

distinction there is a subtle difference—less horror and a less appalling darkness. . . .

The unholy fascination of dread dwells in the thought of the last moments of a ship reported as “missing” in the columns of the *Shipping Gazette*. Nothing of her ever comes to light—no grating, no lifebuoy, no piece of boat or branded oar—to give a hint of the place and date of her sudden end. The *Shipping Gazette* does not even call her “lost with all hands.” She remains simply “missing”; she has disappeared enigmatically into a mystery of fate as big as the world, where your imagination of a brother-sailor, of a fellow-servant and lover of ships, may range unchecked.

And yet sometimes, one gets a hint of what the last scene may be like in the life of a ship and her crew, which resembles a drama in its struggle against a great force bearing it up, formless, ungraspable, chaotic and mysterious, as fate.

It was on a gray afternoon in the lull of a three days' gale that had left the Southern Ocean tumbling heavily upon our ship, under a sky hung with rags of clouds that seemed to have been cut and hacked by the keen edge of a sou'-west gale.

Our craft, a Clyde-built barque of 1,000 tons, rolled so heavily that something aloft had carried away. No matter what the damage was, but it was serious enough to induce me to go aloft myself with a couple of hands and the carpenter to see the temporary repairs properly done.

Sometimes we had to drop everything and cling with both hands to the swaying spars, holding our breath in fear of a terribly heavy roll. And, wallowing as if she meant to turn over with us, the barque, her decks full of water, her gear flying in bights, ran at some ten knots an hour. We had been driven far south—much farther that way, than we had meant to go; and suddenly, up there in the slings of the foreyard, in the midst of our work, I felt my shoulder gripped with such force in the carpenter's powerful paw, that I positively yelled with unexpected pain. The man's eyes stared close in my face, and he shouted, "Look, sir! look! What's this?" pointing ahead with his other hand.

At first I saw nothing. The sea was one empty wilderness of black and white hills. Suddenly, half-concealed in the tumult of the foaming rollers I made out awash, something enormous, rising and falling—something spread

out like a burst of foam, but with a more bluish, more solid look.

It was a piece of an ice-floe melted down to a fragment, but still big enough to sink a ship, and floating lower than any raft, right in our way, as if ambushed among the waves with murderous intent. There was no time to get down on deck. I shouted from aloft till my head was ready to split. I was heard aft, and we managed to clear the sunken floe which had come all the way from the Southern ice-cap to have a try at our unsuspecting lives. Had it been an hour later, nothing could have saved the ship, for no eye could have made out in the dusk that pale piece of ice, swept over by the white-crested waves.

And as we stood near the taffrail side by side, my captain and I, looking at it, hardly discernible already, but still quite close-to on our quarter, he remarked in a meditative tone:

“But for the turn of that wheel just in time, there would have been another case of a ‘missing’ ship.”

JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE *REVENGE*

[“*A report of the truth of the fight about the isles of Azores the last of August, 1591, betwixt the Revenge, one of Her Majesty’s ships, and an armada of the King of Spain ; Penned by the Honourable Sir Walter Raleigh, knight.*” *It should be compared with Tennyson’s poem.*]

THE Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost.

The Lord Thomas with the rest, very hardly recovered the wind, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country and Her Majesty’s ships persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons, in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way.

Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners termed it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been better, and might

right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded.

In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither take way nor feel the helm: so huge and high cargoed was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also laid him aboard: of which the next was the *Admirable* of the Biscayans, a mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittandona. The said *Philip* carried three tiers of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forthright out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four others boarded her; two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower

tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossbar-shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred, besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only.

After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships or into the seas.

In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him being but one of the victuallers and of small force; Sir Richard bid him save himself and leave him to his fortune.

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After the fight thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted, and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the armada, and the admiral of the hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made.

Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt, almost at the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company brought home in a ship of Lime from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight, and then being shot into the body with a musket as he was dressing, was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killegrew of Her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others

came in their place, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her, and all so ill-approved their entertainment as they were, by the break of day, far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased, and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped. All the powder of the *Revenge*, to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness and fourscore and ten sick, laid in a hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen

ships of war, besides those which beat her at large.

On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers, brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply, either of ships, men or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect even she was with the water, but the very foundations or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery besides many assaults and entries; and that the ship and himself must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring about him (the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of

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the glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves to God, and to the mercy of none other, but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their lives for a few hours, or a few days.

The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others, but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them; alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service afterwards. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of Her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so nobly defended themselves; they answered

that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stooped as with the first working of the sea she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons; the master of the *Revenge* (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the general Don Alfonso Bacan. Who (finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition) yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this, he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire that he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valour he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force, withheld and locked into his cabin.

Then the general sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the general and other ships. Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bacan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavoury, filled with blood and bodies of dead, and wounded men like a slaughter house.

Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The general used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly recommending his valour and worthiness, and greatly be-

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wailing the danger wherein he lay, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which, and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lion* of London, a small ship, taken, and is now a prisoner in London.

THE LAST OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

WHEN morning once more dawned on the miserable Armada, they again saw on their weather beam, almost within cannon shot, and clinging to them like their shadow, the dreaded English fleet. It was the eve of St. Lawrence's day, Philip's patron saint. But St. Lawrence, though he might save his worshippers' souls in the other world, seemed to want either power or will to aid them in the present. To windward was the enemy, to leeward and clear within

sight the seas were breaking on the endless shoals which fringe the low coast of Holland. The lead gave but seven fathoms, and for each mile they sailed the depth grew less and less, as the north-west wind edged them nearer to the line of muddy foam. Crippled as they were, their masts would not bear a weight of sail sufficient to draw them off. To tack was impossible; there was still room to wear round, but only to fall into the enemy's hands or venture another engagement. Pilots they had none. Their most experienced officers were gone. De Valdez and Francisco of Toledo were prisoners; Pimentel had been flung on the coast of Flanders; Monçada lay dead at Calais; Diego Florez, the Castilian Admiral, had lost heart and nerve. The men generally were sick with despondency, and a seaman, taken afterwards in Ireland, said if the English had that day offered to board them, they would all have struck. Sidonia in his extremity summoned the young Miguel de Oquendo to advise him.

"Señor Oquendo," he exclaimed, "what are we to do? We are lost—what are we to do?"

Oquendo gave a brave man's answer.

"Let Diego Florez talk of being lost!" he

said. "Let your Excellency bid me order up the cartridges."

An opportune shift of wind came to the Duke's relief. Swinging suddenly to the east it smoothed the sea, and lifted him away from the banks to the open water. The English being no longer to windward fell back, and the Spaniards, with scanty sail, and refitting as they could their shattered spars and stays, crawled out of danger. . . .

The Spaniards, finding that they were not attacked, and observing that the number of their pursuers was reduced, flattered themselves that the English too must have suffered severely in the action of Monday, and that if they were afraid themselves, they were also an object of fear. The ignominy of returning to Spain, having accomplished nothing, became more obvious the more it was considered, and Sidonia once more began to gather up his courage, and to think again of trying to recover Calais. But the black south-wester scattered his reviving spirits. Without pilots, in a strange sea, with the autumn storms prematurely upon him, and with no friendly port for which to run, he became utterly unmanned. The very elements had turned against him, the special prerogative

of the Almighty, and he could think of nothing now but of hastening home by the ocean road, where, let the dangers be what they might, there were no English enemies in his path.

On, therefore, the Armada sped before the rising breeze, the English still following in expectation every moment that they would bear up and engage, and unable to believe that Castilians would yield so easily, and go back to their own country with dishonour and shame. Harder and harder blew the wind, and as the sea rose, their distressed condition became more apparent. The pursuing fleet began now to pass drowned and drowning bodies of mules and horses flung over to save the scanty water-casks. More than one poor crippled ship dropped behind as her spars snapped, or the water made its way through her wounded seams in the straining seas. The Spaniards "stricken," it was now plain, "with a wonderful fear," made no attempt to succour their consorts, but passed on leaving them to founder. . . .

J. A. FROUDE.

A BATTLE AT SEA

[*As described by a Midshipman who was present at the great naval victory won by Lord Howe over the French Fleet of Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse on the "glorious first of June," 1794.*]

June 17, 1794.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Lord Howe always likes to begin in the morning and let us have a whole day at it. The next morning (June 1st), early the signal was made, to form the line of battle; we beat to quarters and got up sufficiently of powder and shot to engage the enemy. The enemy also formed their line to leeward. Upon our making observations on the enemy's fleet, we found that one of their three-deck ships was missing, but counted twenty-eight sail-of-the-line, which was two more than they had on May 29. We supposed the Isle d'Aix squadron had joined them, and the ship that we had disabled on the 29th had bore up for Brest or sunk, and some thought the *Audacious* must have taken one of them, and took her away from the fleet, as she was missing May 30; but the best joke was that the French Commander-in-Chief had the impudence to say to those ships who joined him

that he had thrashed us on the 29th completely, and that he only wanted to have another little dust with us, before he should carry us all into Brest. Our fleet was formed, and we only waited to get near enough to the enemy to begin.

At eight, the action began, and the firing from the enemy was very smart before we could engage the ship that came to our turn to engage, as every ship is to have one because our line is formed ahead, and theirs is formed also. Suppose their first or leading ship is a 100 guns and ours a 74, our ship must engage her. I believe we were the ninth or tenth ship; our lot fell to an 80-gun ship, so we would not waste our powder and shot by firing at other ships, though I am sorry to say they fired very smartly at us and unluckily killed two men before we fired a gun, which so exasperated our men that they kept singing out, "For God's sake, brave Captain, let us fire! Consider, sir, two poor souls are slaughtered already." But Captain Duckworth would not let them fire till we came abreast of the ship we were to engage, when Captain Duckworth cried out, "Fire, my boys, fire!" upon which our enraged boys gave them such an extraordinary warm reception that I really believe it struck the rascals with the

panic. The French ever since the 29th (because we so much damaged one of their ships) called us the little devil and the little black ribband, as we have a black streak painted on our side. They made the signal for three or four of their ships to come down and sink us, and if we struck to them to give us no quarter; but all this did not in the least dishearten our ship's company, and we kept up a very smart fire when some of the enemy's masts and yards went over their side, which we gave credit for some of our doing.

The smoke was so thick, that we could not at all times see the ships engaging ahead and astern. Our main-topmast and main-yard being carried away by the enemy's shot, the Frenchmen gave three cheers, upon which our ship's company, to show they did not mind it, returned them the three cheers, and after that gave them a furious broadside. About this time, a musket ball came and struck Captain Duckworth between the bottom part of his thumb and finger, but very slightly, so that he only wrapped a handkerchief about it, and it is now almost quite well. But to proceed with my account: at about ten the *Queen* broke their line again, and we gave three cheers at our

quarters; and now we engaged whichever ship we could best. A ship of 80 guns, which we had poured three or four broadsides into on May 29, we saw drawing ahead on our lee quarter to fire into us, which ship our ship's company had a great desire to have made strike to us on the 29th, and now quite rejoiced at having an opportunity of engaging her again, gave three cheers at their quarters, and began a very smart firing at their former antagonist.

Their firing was not very smart, though she contrived to send a red-hot shot into the captain's cabin where I am quartered, which kept rolling about and burning everybody, when gallant Mears, our first lieutenant, took it up in his speaking-trumpet and threw it overboard. At last being so very close to her we supposed her men had left their quarters, as Frenchmen do not like close quarters. She bore down to leeward of the fleet, being very much disabled. The French fleet then ran away like cowardly rascals and we made all the sail we could.

Lord Howe ordered our ships that were not very much disabled to take the prizes in tow, and our own dismasted ships, who were erecting jury masts as fast as possible. But I forgot

to tell you that the ship which struck to us was so much disabled that she could not live much longer upon the water, but gave a dreadful reel and lay down on her broadside. We were afraid to send any boats to help them, because they would have sunk her by too many poor souls getting into her at once. You could plainly perceive the poor wretches climbing over to windward and crying most dreadfully. She then righted a little, and then her head went down gradually, and she sunk. She after that rose again a little and then sunk, so that no more was seen of her. Oh, my dear father! when you consider of five or six hundred souls destroyed in that shocking manner, it will make your very heart relent. Our own men even were a great many of them in tears and groaning, they said God bless them. Oh, that we had come into a thousand engagements sooner than so many poor souls should be at once destroyed in that shocking manner. I really think it would have rent the hardest of hearts. . . .

WILLIAM PARKER.

A CHILD'S LETTER TO ADMIRAL HAWKE AFTER THE BATTLE

SIR EDWARD HAWKE,

I hear you have beat the French fleet when they were coming to kill us, and that one of your captains twisted a French ship round till it sunk. I wish you was come home, for I intend to go to sea if you will take me with you.

I am Lord Granby's second son,

CHARLES MANNERS.

A SPECK ON THE SEA

ANNE sank into a reverie. Then she heard a slight noise on her left hand, and turning beheld an old sailor, who had approached with a glass. He was levelling it over the sea in a direction to the south-east, and somewhat removed from that in which her own eyes had been wandering. Anne moved a few steps

thitherward, so as to uncloseto her view a deeper sweep on that side, and by this discovered a ship of far larger size than any which had yet dotted the main before her. Its sails were for the most part new and clean, and in comparison with its rapid progress before the wind the small brigs and ketches seemed standing still. Upon this striking object the old man's glass was bent.

"What do you see, sailor?" she asked.

"Almost nothing," he answered. "My sight is so gone off lately that things, one and all, be but a November mist to me. And yet I fain would see to-day. I am looking for the *Victory*."

"Why?" she said quickly.

"I have a son aboard her. He's one of three from these parts. There's the captain, there's my son Ned, and there's young Loveday of Overcombe—he that lately joined."

"Shall I look for you?" said Anne after a pause.

"Certainly, mis'ess, if so be you please."

Anne took the glass, and he supported it by his arm. "It is a large ship," she said, "with three masts, three rows of guns along the side, and all her sails set."

"I guessed as much."

"There is a little flag in front—over her bowsprit!"

"The jack."

"And there's a large one flying at her stern."

"The ensign."

"And a white one on her fore-topmast."

"That's the admiral's flag, the flag of my Lord Nelson. What is her figure-head, my dear?"

"A coat-of-arms, supported on this side by a sailor."

Her companion nodded with satisfaction. "On the other side of that figure-head is a marine."

"She is twisting round in a curious way, and her sails sink in like old cheeks, and she shivers like a leaf upon a tree."

"She is in stays, for the larboard tack. I can see what she's been doing. She's been re'ching close in to avoid the flood tide, as the wind is to the sou'-west, and she's bound down; but as soon as the ebb made, d'ye see, they made sail to the west'ard. Captain Hardy may be depended upon for that; he knows every current about here, being a native."

"And now I can see the other side; it is a soldier where a sailor was before. You are *sure* it is the *Victory*?"

“ I am sure.” . . .

The great silent ship, with her population of blue-jackets, marines, officers, captain, and the admiral who was not to return alive, passed like a phantom the meridian of the Bill. Sometimes her aspect was that of a large white bat, sometimes that of a grey one. In the course of time, the watching girl saw that the ship had passed her nearest point; the breadth of her sails diminished by foreshortening, till she assumed the form of an egg on end. After this something seemed to twinkle, and Anne, who had previously withdrawn from the old sailor, went back to him, and looked again through the glass. The twinkling was the light falling upon the cabin windows of the ship's stern. She explained it to the old man.

“ Then we see now what the enemy have seen but once. That was in seventy-nine, when she sighted the French and Spanish fleet off Scilly, and she retreated because she feared a landing. Well, 'tis a brave ship, and she carries brave men !”

THOMAS HARDY.

THE VICTORY: TRAFALGAR

[From Southey's "*Life of Nelson.*" *The event of the battle will be found in "Readings," Book VI.*]

AT daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards, at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant (Napoleon Bonaparte) whom they served was preparing for their country!

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family; because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line of battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nel-

son, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west—light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee-line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather-line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote this prayer:

“May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen.”. . .

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about

six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done: and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman; worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for

a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal:—"England expects every man to do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. . . ."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WOLSEY IN HIS GLORY

[*From "The Life of Cardinal Wolsey," 1557.*]

Now will I declare unto you his order in going to Westminster Hall, daily in the term season. First. before his going out of his privy chamber.

he heard most commonly every day, two masses in his privy closet; and there then said his daily service with his chaplain; and, as I heard his chaplain say, the cardinal never went to his bed with any part of the divine service unsaid. And after mass he would return in his privy chamber again, and would issue out, apparelled all in red, in the habit of a cardinal; which was either of fine scarlet, or else of crimson satin, taffety, damask, or caffia: and upon his head a pillion, with a noble of black velvet set to the same in the inner side; he also had a tippet of fine sables about his neck; holding in his hand a very fair orange, where of the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar, and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered with any suitors. There was also borne before him first, the great seal of England, and then his cardinal's hat, by a nobleman or some worthy gentleman right solemnly, bare-headed. And as soon as he entered into his chamber of presence, where there was attending his coming to await upon him to Westminster Hall, as well noblemen and

other worthy gentlemen, of his own family; thus passing forth with two great pillars of silver, and his pursuivant at arms with a great mace of silver gilt. Then his gentlemen ushers cried, and said: "On, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my Lord's Grace!" Thus passed he down from his chamber through the hall; and when he came to the hall door, there was attendant for him his mule, trapped all together in crimson velvet, and gilt stirrups. When he was mounted, with his cross bearers, and pillar bearers, also upon great horses trapped with fine scarlet. Then marched he forward, with his train and furniture in manner as I have declared, having about him four footmen, with gilt pollaxes in their hands; and thus he went until he came to Westminster Hall door. And there alighted, and went after his manner, up through the hall into the chancery howbeit he would most commonly stay awhile and commune, sometime with the judges and sometime with other persons. And that done he would repair into the chancery sitting there till eleven of the clock, hearing suitors, and determining of divers matters. And from thence, he would divers times go into the star chamber; where he spared neither high nor low, but judged

every estate according to their merits and deserts.

Thus in great honour, triumph, and glory, he reigned a long season, ruling all things within this realm, appertaining unto the king by his wisdom, and also all other weighty matters of foreign regions, with which the king of this realm had any occasion to intermeddle. All ambassadors of foreign potentates were always despatched by his discretion. His house was also always resorted with noblemen, gentlemen, and other persons, with feasting and banquetting all ambassadors divers times, and other strangers right nobly.

Thus passed the cardinal his life and time, from day to day, and year to year, in such great wealth, joy, and triumph, and glory, having always on his side the king's special favour; until fortune began to wax something wroth with his prosperous estate.

GEORGE CAVENDISH.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a Den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and as I slept I dreamed a Dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with Rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own House, a Book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the Book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled: and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry; saying, what shall I do?

In this plight therefore he went home, and refrained himself as long as he could, that his Wife and Children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased: wherefore at length he brake his mind to his Wife and Children; and thus he began to talk to them, O my dear Wife, said he, and you the Children of my bowels, I your dear friend, am in myself undone, by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me: moreover, I am for certain informed that this our City, will be burned with fire from Heaven,

in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee, my Wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin; except (the which, yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered. At this his Relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head: therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed; but the night was as troublesome to him as the day: wherefore instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So when the morning was come, they would know how he did; he told them, worse and worse. He also set to talking to them again, but they began to be hardened; they also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him: sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him; wherefore he began to retire himself to his Chamber to pray for, and pity them; and also to condole his own misery: he would also walk solitarily in the Fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying: and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now, I saw upon a time, when he was walking in the Fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his Book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, What shall I do to be saved? . . .

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE HERMIT

AT the extremity of Cape St. Angelo, or Malia, which advances considerably into the sea, that narrow passage commences which timid mariners avoid by leaving the island of Cerigo on their left. This cape is the cape of tempests for Greek sailors. The pirates alone show head to it, because they know they will not be followed thither. The wind descends from this cape with such weight and impetuosity on the sea, that it often hurls rolling stones from the mountain upon the decks of vessels. On the steep and inaccessible declivity of the rock that forms the headland of the cape, sharpened by hurricanes and by the lashing of the spray, accident has suspended three rocks detached from the summit, and arrested half-way in their



fall. There they remain, like a nest of sea-fowl bending over the foaming abyss of waters. A quantity of reddish earth, also stopped in its fall by these three unequal rocks, gives root to five or six stunted fig-trees, which themselves hang with their tortuous branches, and their large gray leaves, over the roaring gulf that whirls at their feet. The eye cannot discern any footpath, any practicable declivity, by which this little mound of vegetation could be reached. However, a small low dwelling can be distinguished among the fig-trees—a house of gray, sombre appearance, like the rock

which serves for its base, and with which one confounds it on the first view. Over the flat roof of the house there rises a small open belfry, as over the door of convents in Italy: a bell is suspended from it. To the right, are to be seen some ancient ruins of foundations of red bricks, in which there are three open arcades leading to a little terrace that stretches in front of the house. An eagle would have feared to build his eyrie in such a place, without a single bush or trunk of a tree to shelter him from the wind which roars continually, from the eternal noise of the sea breaking, and of the spray licking incessantly the polished rock, under a sky always burning. Well, a man has done what the bird itself would scarcely have dared to do; he has chosen this asylum. He lives there: we perceived him: he is a hermit. We doubled the cape so closely that we could distinguish his long white beard, his staff, his chaplet, his hood of brown felt, like that of sailors in winter. He went on his knees as we passed, with his face turned towards the sea, as if he were imploring the succour of Heaven for the unknown strangers on this perilous passage. The wind, which issues furiously from the mountain-gorges of Laconia, as soon as you double the rock of the

cape, began to resound in our sails, and make the two vessels roll and stagger, covering the sea with foam as far as the eye could reach. A new sea was opening before us. The hermit, in order to follow us still farther with his eyes, ascended the crest of a rock, and we distinguished him there, on his knees, and motionless, as long as we were in sight of the cape. . . .

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

EXERCISES FOR MIND AND MEMORY TRAINING

BY PETER HAWORTH, M.A., PH.D.,

*Assistant Examiner in English to the Joint Matriculation
Board of the Northern Universities.*

BOOK V

THE TOAD

1. Close the book. Describe the habits of the tame toad in Mr. Arscott's story.
2. Repeat the story of the toad he saw from the parlour window.
3. What food does the toad take, and how does it take it ?
4. Find other words having the same meaning as: frequented, instantaneous, glutinous, luxurious. Find words having the opposite meanings to: provoked, seldom, busy, food, health.

BEAUTIFUL HAWK-MOTHS

1. Close the book. Tell what happened to the writer in the country house.
2. Find words having the same meaning as: predilection, induced, mottled, undomesticated. Find words having the opposite meanings to: rare, luckless, solitary, queer.
3. Write down all you know about the life of the moth.
4. Repeat all you remember about the appearance of the death's-head moth from this Reading.

A TROUT STREAM

1. Break this passage into convenient paragraphs, and find a separate heading for each.
2. Describe the scene where Lancelot was fishing. What tackle did he use ?
3. Close the book. What movements did he observe, and what sounds did he hear as he fished ?
4. Turn to a book of poems. Pick one out that describes a day-dream in the open air. Learn it by heart.

A POOL

1. Close the book. Say what the writer saw in the mirror of the Pool.
2. Describe the approach to the Pool by river, and the way by the little path.
3. Find all the metaphors you can in the second paragraph, and say in each case what comparison is suggested.
4. Form nouns from: constellated, diligent, passive, fretted, visible, sombre.
5. Find words having the same meaning as: conspicuous, subsidiary, dilapidated, cataract, adjunct, mundane.
6. Say quite simply what you think is meant by: "These might be adjuncts of any mundane backwater"; "mackerel skies"; "lowering storms"; "a frame rasped and spiked with curious chasing."

THE PIRATE'S SEA-CHEST

1. Close the book. Tell what Jim did from the time he heard the clock strike until the blowing of the whistle.

2. Mention all the things they found on the dead captain's body.
3. Give a full description of the sea-chest and all it contained.
4. Describe the following objects, say for what purpose they were used, and give full directions how to use any one of them: gully, pocket-compass, tinder-box, quadrant.

CATHERINE MORLAND

1. Close the book. Describe the appearance and habits of Catherine Morland at ten years of age.
2. In what ways had she changed when she reached fifteen?
3. Describe a spinet, and say how it was played.
4. Find words having the same meaning as: fallow, unpropitious, conjectured, propensities, incapacity, profligacy, consequence.

THE LACE AND THE CAT

1. Close the book. Tell exactly how Mrs. Forrester washed her lace collar, and how it got lost.
2. Repeat the tale of the recovery of the lace.
3. Explain what is meant by: a coroner, a receipt, an emetic.
4. Find a suitable heading for each of the five paragraphs in this Reading.

THE LITTLE GHOST'S HANDS

1. How did the writer explain the noise he heard? Describe his movements till he turned off the tap.
2. Where did he go and what exactly did he notice after three o'clock?

3. What is a novel? Say what books you think suitable for bedtime reading.
4. Find words having opposite meanings to: disturbed, contentedly, easily, severe, briskly, courage.

BLEAK HOUSE

1. Break up the first paragraph into five sections, and find suitable headings for each.
2. Give a clear description of: lattice windows, chintz, brocade, festoons.
3. Make a plan to show your idea of the position of the bedrooms in Bleak House.
4. Close the book. Give a full description of the furniture contained in Bleak House.
5. *Composition*.—The ideal house.

AN OLD FARM HOUSE

1. Describe the work going on in the house and on the farm at half-past three.
2. What sounds made up the concert of noises heard from the old farm house?
3. Describe the contents of Mrs. Poyser's kitchen, and its appearance.
4. Say what you think is the meaning of: watering-place, genteel, resonant, changed its focus, staccato, sinecure, jasper.

DAVID AND PEGGOTY

1. Close the book. Repeat the substance of the conversation between Davy and Peggoty on the question of marriage.
2. Tell how Davy and Peggoty passed the time while Mrs. Copperfield was away.

3. Give a full description of all the things Peggoty had by her as she darned her stocking.
4. Find words having the same meaning as: perspicuously, perseveringly, dome, indecision. Find words having opposite meanings to: interested, sleepiness, handsome, promptest, cross, unwieldy.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

1. Propose a game for the family to play after dinner. Give clear directions how it should be played.
2. Put the following phrases into simple language: "the rarest phenomenon," "incredible vigour," "Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration."
3. Say how Bob Cratchit carved the goose, and what portions he served to each member of the family.
4. Find words having the same meaning as: ensued, eked out, surveying, ignited, bedight, heresy. Find words with the opposite meaning to: incredible, delight, proudly, success.
5. *Composition*.—Meals I like best.

A SMALL BOY'S MEAL WITH A RUSSIAN MILLIONAIRE

1. Close the book. Give a description of the village of Nikolskoe and its manor house.
2. Mention the principal wonders shown by the host to his guests.
3. Tell what occurred during the meal to distract the little boy's attention.
4. Give a description and explain the purpose of: colonnades, a sundial, portico, caravan, conservatory.
5. Say what you think about the character of the host, Monsieur Doorassoff.

MR. PICKWICK ON THE ICE

1. Turn the following sentences into simpler English:
"Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous."
"They performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel." "Mr. Weller administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle."
2. Say what happened to Mr. Winkle from the time they screwed his skates on until they took them off.
3. Find words having the same meaning as: devices, frantic, anguish, lineament, currently denominated, indefatigable, predecessor, invigorating, abate, dismay, catastrophe.
4. Relate in full Mr. Pickwick's doings from the time he began to slide until he was fished out of the water.
5. Say what you think is the cause of the fun in this Reading.
6. *Composition*.—The pleasant side of winter.

A HARD FROST

1. Express the sense of the first paragraph as simply as you can at about the same length.
2. What hardships were borne by birds and animals, and by travellers in the country, during the frost?
3. Find words having the same meaning as: romantic, grotesque, incommoded, fretted, relentless, metropolis.
4. *Composition*.—The transforming beauty of falling snow in town or in country.

THE LOSS OF THE GOLD

1. What steps did Silas Marner take to find his gold after discovering the loss ?
2. Imagine some detective you have read about called in to investigate the problem. Tell how he would act in the case.
3. " Joy is the best of wine." Discuss the saying and find illustrations.
4. Turn the third paragraph into simpler language at about the same length.

MOSES AND THE SPECTACLES

1. Make up sentences and examples to show the meaning of: higgie, commendation, diffidence, repartee.
2. Close the book. Explain why Moses went to the fair, and tell how they made him ready.
3. Repeat the tale Moses told his parents on his return, and the remarks made by his father and mother.
4. Relate any other tale about imprudent marketing you have heard or read.

A HAPPY RETURN

1. Explain clearly the meaning of the words Aga and Nabob. Give examples and the meanings of other words in English borrowed from the East.
2. Write down a full description of Peter's dress and appearance.

3. Repeat the tale of Peter's life and adventures as related by Miss Matty.
4. What gifts were received by Miss Matty's friends and by the Cranford children when Peter came home ?

THE MAIL

1. Find words having the same meaning as: intent, article of war, capitulated, confidential.
2. Explain clearly the difference between a canter and a gallop. What other names are given to the paces of a horse ? Describe them.
3. What sounds would be heard by a stranger waiting in the mist at the top of the hill, to mark the mail's approach ?
4. Give a full account of the actions of the passengers and the men in charge of the mail when they reached the top of the hill.
5. Turn to your map of England. Write a short description of the road from London to Dover.
6. *Composition*.—The English mail-coach.

A CHILD AT THE SEA

1. Describe the path from the village down to the beach.
2. Imagine you are standing on the beach. Give a picture of the scene around and above you.
3. Pick out examples of similes and metaphors in this passage, and say clearly what is the comparison suggested by the metaphor.
4. Find words having the opposite meaning to: parallel, infinitude, immense, concave, audacious.

IN AND OUT OF A SCRAPE

1. Repeat Jack's reasons for taking the apples, and say what the farmer replied.
2. What is really meant by "Pocryfar"? Find other examples of clipped words in the English language. What is meant by a philosopher?
3. Relate the tale of Jack's adventures after he was left alone with the dog.
4. Give examples to prove that Jack was no fool, although he was a bit of a philosopher.
5. Find words having the same meaning as: loquacity, disputed, votaries, predicament, ruminated, evaded, cogent, extenuation, immersed.

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

1. Summarize Stevenson's reasons for preferring to spend the night in the open air.
2. What could he see and what sounds did he hear as he lay awake among the pines?
3. Find examples of striking similes and metaphors in this passage, and explain clearly their point and value.
4. *Composition*.—The ideal holiday.

A DREAM ABOUT MILTON

1. Write down the argument of any poem of Milton's you have read.
2. Close the book. Relate the story of Cowper's dream, and say what he thought about it.
3. Write down from memory ten consecutive lines of Milton's poetry.
4. Imagine you have dreamed about a favourite author. Tell the story of your dream.

5. Expand the following sentence into a paragraph by means of picturesque fact: "He was very gravely but very neatly attired in the fashion of his day."

LONDON OR COUNTRY ?

1. Summarize in about ten lines Lamb's arguments in favour of life in London.
2. Make up a short reply from Wordsworth to Lamb preferring country life.
3. Explain clearly what is meant by pantomime, masquerade, connoisseur.
4. *Composition*.—Looking at the shops.

GRIDLING

1. Mention the things seen by Davies on his way to Northampton.
2. Give a full account of his accident at Northampton and the change he made in his arrangements.
3. Write a full description of the man he met by the roadside near Rugby.
4. Explain the stranger's way of making a living, and the share that Davies took in the performance.
5. What advice did the stranger give to Davies on the art of gridling ?

THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE RAVINE

1. What obstacles did the travellers encounter before the first halt ?
2. Explain Toby's plan for descending the first precipice, and say how they carried it out.
3. Tell what happened the second time when the path came to a sudden end.

4. Describe the scene about the travellers, and the place where they spent the night before the last stage of their journey.

ON A CHINESE JUNK

1. Find out the meanings of: coir, barbacuing, turmeric, pilaff, arrack, garbage.
2. Describe the exterior of the Chinese junk.
3. Describe the merchants the writer met on board, and say what they were eating.
4. What was the captain doing, and how did the writer try to attract his attention ?

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

1. Describe the situation of the Old Man's castle.
2. What wonders could be seen in the castle garden ?
3. Say what entertainment the Old Man provided for his noble visitors.
4. Find from your dictionary the derivation of: orient, conduit, paradise.

THE ROBBERS AMAZED

1. Find words having the same meaning as: rapine, fraughted, lucre, endued.
2. Express the sense of the first paragraph in simple English at about the same length.
3. Describe the spectacle that met the robbers when they approached the ship.
4. Turn the conversation of the girl and her lover into modern English.

GULLIVER'S VISIT TO THE PYGMIES

1. Give other examples of vegetables to illustrate the scale of life in Lilliput.
2. Make up an account of Gulliver's visit to the grocer or the fishmonger.
3. Repeat the tale of Gulliver's visit to the tailor
4. Say what Gulliver had for dinner, and his manner of dining.

GULLIVER'S ADVENTURES WITH THE GIANTS

1. What do you think was the height of the Brobdignagians in comparison to Gulliver? Quote examples to prove your opinion.
2. Turn back to the Reading about the Visit to the Pygmies. Rewrite the first paragraph to make it apply to the land of Brobdignag.
3. Close the book. Repeat the story of Gulliver's adventure with the monkey.
4. What privileges did Gulliver enjoy as the Queen's favourite?

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ESQUIMAUX

1. Give instances of the intelligence of the Esquimaux.
2. Write an account of their occupations and their wealth.
3. Repeat what you remember about the Esquimaux' women and their ways.
4. Describe the climate in the land of the Esquimaux, and say how it affects the lives of the people.

THIRST AT SEA

1. Find modern English words having the same meaning as: scantened, estate, clouts, kennel, heretofore.
2. Explain clearly some of the devices used by the seamen to collect the falling rain.
3. Turn the first paragraph into simple modern English at about the same length.
4. Relate any story you have heard or read to illustrate the hardships of life at sea.

THE DELIVERANCE

1. Find out the meaning of: pinnace, haddock, leeward, mizzen.
2. Turn the third paragraph into simple modern English at about the same length.
3. Say what losses the ship sustained, and what repairs were carried out by the tenth of October.
4. Give reasons to explain why the ship escaped disaster.

AN EVIL SHIP

1. Find words having opposite meanings to: sinister, misanthropic, subtle; and form nouns from: enigmatically, chaotic, discernible.
2. Explain clearly the meaning of: butts, spars, bights, ice-floe, ice-cap, taffrail.
3. Close the book. Relate the tale of the barque from the Clyde, and its narrow escape from destruction. Explain clearly how the danger was averted.
4. Study the second paragraph. Suppose the Clyde vessel had struck the iceberg, and make up another ending for this tale.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE "REVENGE"

1. Explain the meaning of: spring their luff, lee, chase, larboard, starboard.
2. What were the arguments used by the captain and the master of the *Revenge* to induce Sir Richard Grenville to surrender?
3. State the terms offered by the Spaniards to the survivors, and describe the treatment of the Englishmen.
4. Compare the conditions under which Sir Richard's men and the Spaniards fought. Put at least four facts in each sentence.
5. Learn Lord Tennyson's poem and recite it.

THE LAST OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

1. Close the book. State clearly the odds and difficulties confronting the Spaniards before the wind changed.
2. For what reasons and in what condition did the Armada return to Spain?
3. Explain what is meant by: to tack, ignominy, prerogative, consorts.
4. Find words having opposite meanings to: aid, despondency, opportune, scanty, ignominy.

A BATTLE AT SEA

1. Close the book. What casualties and what damages were sustained by Captain Duckworth's ship?
2. Compare the way in which this battle was fought with the methods and conditions of naval warfare today.
3. Describe the fate of the defeated vessel, and repeat the substance of the writer's reflections on it.
4. Make up a reply from the midshipman's father commenting upon the chief points in the letter.

A CHILD'S LETTER TO ADMIRAL HAWKE AFTER THE BATTLE

1. To what battle does the boy most probably refer, and what is its importance in English history?
2. Make up a reply from Admiral Hawke to encourage the boy's manly spirit.
3. Tell any tale you have heard or read about a boy who ran away to sea.
4. *Composition*.—What I should like to be.

A SPECK ON THE SEA

1. Close the book. Say what Anne saw with her naked eye when she scanned the horizon.
2. What details did the telescope bring to her notice?
3. Explain the meaning of : brig, ketch, ensign, fore-shortening.
4. Make a drawing of the Union Jack. Explain its several colours, and say how and when it was made up.
5. Rewrite the dialogue on p. 201 in the narrative style of the first paragraph.

THE " VICTORY " : TRAFALGAR

1. Give details of the disposition of Admiral Villeneuve's fleet, and state the advantages it gave him.
2. Explain the measures Nelson took to prepare for battle.
3. Where is the country of the Tyrolese? To what horrors, prepared by Napoleon for Spain and the Tyrol, does the writer refer?
4. What exactly is meant by : frigate, weather-line, shoals?
5. What methods of signalling were used in Nelson's time, and what methods are used today?

WOLSEY IN HIS GLORY

1. Who is Lord Chancellor today? By whom is he appointed, and what are his duties?
2. Break up the first paragraph into convenient sections, and find a suitable heading for each.
3. Close the book. Give a full description of Wolsey's dress, and say how he was attended on his way to Westminster Hall.
4. Find in your dictionary the derivation of: cardinal, damask, pursuivant, stirrups, chancery, star chamber.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

1. Explain briefly the meaning of the following terms: allegory, legend, romance, novel, fable, myth.
2. Mention any other famous literary work which is founded upon a dream, and say what it is all about.
3. Make a drawing of the dream described in the first paragraph.
4. Explain the allegorical meaning you find in this Reading.

THE HERMIT

1. Break up this passage into convenient paragraphs, and find a suitable heading for each.
2. Close the book. Describe the situation of the hermit's house.
3. What could be seen of the hermit's dress and his actions by an observer in a passing ship?
4. Find words having the same meaning as: impetuously, declivity, tortuous, eyrie, asylum, chaplet.

