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A SIXTH BOOK OF ENGLISH



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TORONTO

A SIXTH BOOK OF ENGLISH

BY

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FELLOW OF THE MADRAS UNIVERSITY

AND

ISABEL FFOULKES

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1923.

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FIRST EDITION 1921
REPRINTED 1923.

PREFACE

THE teaching of English in the "High School forms" in South India (that is to say, the IVth, Vth, and VIth forms), commonly fails because it is concentrated upon the study of Ideas, rather than Words, and deals with Composition at the expense of Grammar and Idiom. The ideal is, as in many other matters, a Mean: in this case a Mean between too intensive a study of mere words, apart from their connotation, and, on the other hand, a general understanding of the drift, or meaning, of a passage, as apart from the language. An intensive study of the language of a passage in English may be exceedingly valuable, as inculcating accuracy and exactness of expression; but, on the other hand, too much study kills fluency, and induces nervousness and diffidence both in speaking and in writing. The wise teacher will select something between the two, and, in dealing with any given passage, will try to teach

(1) correctness of expression (*i.e.* good writing),

(2) the intelligent understanding of passages studied (*i.e.* good reading).

The present writer has attempted to teach five languages, and to learn eleven, and it has appeared to him that in the case of all these languages there are two

tests as to proficiency, totally distinct from one another. The first can be expressed by the question

" Can you read a book in the foreign tongue ? "

The second :

" Can you write one ? "

Evidently, to answer, in a satisfactory manner, the second question, is a harder matter than merely to plead guilty to a superficial acquaintance with a language.

For a proper understanding of any foreign tongue, two things are necessary : (1) clear thinking (the student of English has the advantage of studying the clearest-thinking language since Latin), and (2) clear speaking, and clear writing.

The teacher will do well to concentrate upon each of these aims : for the first it is suggested that he insist upon :

(*a*) Unity of sentence,
(*b*) Unity of paragraph,
and, (*c*) A suitable connexion between paragraph and paragraph, and a logical development of any theme as a whole.

For the second he is recommended to insist upon the use of language which is

(*a*) standard,
(*b*) simple,
(*c*) current,
and, (*d*) correct.

The teacher should, in particular, differentiate between current and " literary " English. It does not follow that, if Browning splits his infinitives, to imitate him

is good English ; nor, if Defoe uses the phrase " says I," should any one else employ it. To discover what really is the current and correct idiom, is not easy ; but the teacher's task is, anyhow, no light one, and the sooner its difficulties are realized, the greater will be the success.

T. O. H.

CHELSEA, *February*, 1920.

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I.

A JOURNEY IN A STAGE COACH.

By Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

Before the introduction of Railways anyone who wished to go quickly from one part of England to another, had to travel either by Post-chaise or by Stage-coach. A coach carried both passengers and goods: it had a driver and a guard, and carried passengers inside and on the roof: it also had two receptacles for luggage, called "boots." The coaches which carried the mails had four horses, which were changed at various "posts" or "stages" (Hindustani **dâk**), *and travelled at a rate of twelve to fifteen miles an hour.*

In a stage coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should, therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume

that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was dispatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable, that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended, the more difficult it is to find any thing to say. We began now to wish for conversation; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first to propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet surtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looking on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us

know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their



behaviour; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to shew that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompense ourselves for the restraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment amongst us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. "I remember," says he, "it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happening to overhear me whisper the duke and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely get a word from her; and the duke never met me from that day to this but he talks

of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady."

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark "the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves such offices as the road required; but that people of quality often travelled in disguise, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor inn-keepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house."

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last news-paper; and having perused it a while with deep pensiveness, "It is impossible," says he, "for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: last week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order to a purchase: they have now risen unexpectedly;

and I make no doubt but at my return to London, I shall risk thirty thousand pounds amongst them again."

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that "he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land security, till he could light upon an estate in his own country."

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved and they discover the dignity of each other: yet it happened that none of these hints made much impression on the company; everyone was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest; all continued

their haughtiness, in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in 'Change-alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

II.

MR. PICKWICK TRAVELS BY COACH.

By Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

Mr. Pickwick, with his three friends Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman, and his servant, Sam Weller, travel from London to Muggleton, an imaginary place in Kent.

The portmanteaus and carpet-bags have been stowed away, and Mr. Weller and the guard are endeavouring to insinuate into the fore-boot a huge cod-fish several sizes too large for it—which is snugly packed up, in a long brown basket, with a layer of straw over the top, and which has been left to the last, in order that he may repose in safety on the half-dozen barrels of real native oysters, all the property of Mr. Pickwick, which have been arranged in regular order at the bottom of the receptacle. The interest displayed in Mr. Pickwick's countenance is most intense, as Mr. Weller and the guard try to squeeze the cod-fish into the boot, first head first, and then tail first, and then top upward, and then bottom upward, and then side-ways, and then long-ways, all of which artifices the implacable cod-fish sturdily resists, until the

guard accidentally hits him in the very middle of the basket, whereupon he suddenly disappears into the boot, and with him, the head and



THE START.

shoulders of the guard himself, who, not calculating upon so sudden a cessation of the passive resistance of the cod-fish, experiences a very unexpected shock, to the unsmotherable delight

of all the porters and bystanders. Upon this, Mr. Pickwick smiles with great good-humour, and drawing a shilling from his waistcoat pocket, begs the guard, as he picks himself out of the boot, to drink his health in a glass of hot brandy and water; at which the guard smiles too, and Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman, all smile in company. The guard and Mr. Weller disappear for five minutes: most probably to get the hot brandy and water, for they smell very strongly of it, when they return. The coachman mounts to the box, Mr. Weller jumps up behind, the Pickwickians pull their coats round their legs and their shawls over their noses, the helpers pull the horse-cloths off, the coachman shouts out a cheery "All right," and away they go.

They have rumbled through the streets, and jolted over the stones, and at length reach the wide and open country. The wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground; and the horses, bursting into a canter at a smart crack of the whip, step along the road as if the load behind them, coach, passengers, cod-fish, oyster barrels, and all, were but a feather at their heels. They have descended a gentle slope, and enter upon a level, as compact and dry as a solid block of marble, two miles long. Another crack of the whip, and on they speed, at a smart gallop:

the horses tossing their heads and rattling the harness, as if in exhilaration at the rapidity of the motion; while the coachman, holding whip and reins in one hand, takes off his hat with the other, and resting it on his knees, pulls out his handkerchief, and wipes his forehead: partly because he has a habit of doing it, and partly because it's as well to show the passengers how cool he is, and what an easy thing it is to drive four-in-hand, when you have had as much practice as he has. Having done this very leisurely (otherwise the effect would be materially impaired), he replaces his handkerchief, pulls on his hat, adjusts his gloves, squares his elbows, cracks his whip again, and on they speed, more merrily than before.

A few small houses, scattered on either side of the road, betoken the entrance to some town or village. The lively notes of the guard's key-bugle vibrate in the clear cold air, and wake up the old gentleman inside, who, carefully letting down the window-sash half-way, and standing sentry over the air, takes a short peep out, and then carefully pulling it up again, informs the other inside that they're going to change directly; on which the other inside wakes himself up, and determines to postpone his next nap until after the stoppage. Again the bugle sounds lustily forth, and rouses the

cottager's wife and children, who peep out at the house-door, and watch the coach till it turns the corner, when they once more crouch round the blazing fire, and throw on another log of wood against father comes home; while father himself, a full mile off, has just exchanged a friendly nod with the coachman, and turned round to take a good long stare at the vehicle as it whirls away.

And now the bugle plays a lively air as the coach rattles through the ill-paved streets of a country-town; and the coachman, undoing the buckle which keeps his ribands together, prepares to throw them off the moment he stops. Mr. Pickwick emerges from his coat collar, and looks about him with great curiosity; perceiving which, the coachman informs Mr. Pickwick of the name of the town, and tells him it was market-day yesterday, both of which pieces of information Mr. Pickwick retails to his fellow-passengers; whereupon they emerge from their coat collars too, and look about them also. Mr. Winkle, who sits at the extreme edge, with one leg dangling in the air, is nearly precipitated into the street, as the coach twists round the sharp corner by the cheesemonger's shop, and turns into the market-place; and before Mr. Snodgrass, who sits next to him, has recovered from his alarm, they pull up at the inn yard, where

the fresh horses, with cloths on, are already waiting. The coachman throws down the reins and gets down himself, and the other outside passengers drop down also, except those who have no great confidence in their ability to get up again; and they remain where they are, and stamp their feet against the coach to warm them—looking, with longing eyes and red noses, at the bright fire in the inn bar, and the sprigs of holly with red berries which ornament the window.

But the guard has delivered at the corn-dealer's shop the brown paper packet he took out of the little pouch which hangs over his shoulder by a leathern strap; and has seen the horses carefully put to; and has thrown on the pavement the saddle which was brought from London on the coach-roof; and has assisted in the conference between the coachman and the hostler about the grey mare that hurt her off-fore-leg last Tuesday; and he and Mr. Weller are all right behind, and the coachman is all right in front, and the old gentleman inside, who has kept the window down full two inches all the time, has pulled it up again, and the clothes are off, and they are all ready for starting, except the "two stout gentlemen," whom the coachman inquires after with some impatience. Hereupon the coachman, and the guard, and Sam Weller,

and Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass, and all the hostlers, and every one of the idlers, who are more in number than all the others put together, shout for the missing gentlemen as loud as they can bawl. A distant response is heard from the yard, and Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman come running down it, quite out of breath, for they have been having a glass of ale a-piece, and Mr. Pickwick's fingers are so cold that he has been full five minutes before he could find the sixpence to pay for it. The coachman shouts an admonitory "Now then, gen'lm'n!" the guard re-echoes it; the old gentleman inside thinks it a very extraordinary thing that people *will* get down when they know there isn't time for it; Mr. Pickwick struggles up on one side, Mr. Tupman on the other; Mr. Winkle cries "All right;" and off they start. Shawls are pulled up, coat collars are re-adjusted, the pavement ceases, the houses disappear, and they are once again dashing along the open road, with the fresh clear air blowing in their faces, and gladdening their very hearts within them.

Such was the progress of Mr. Pickwick and his friends by the Muggleton Telegraph, on their way to Dingley Dell; and at three o'clock that afternoon they all stood, high and dry, safe and sound, hale and hearty, upon the steps of the Blue Lion, having taken on the road quite

enough of ale and brandy to enable them to bid defiance to the frost that was binding up the earth in its iron fetters, and weaving its beautiful net-work upon the trees and hedges.

III.

TOM BROWN GOES TO RUGBY.

By Thomas Hughes (1857).

Tom Brown went to Rugby when he was fourteen. At that time the Headmaster was Thomas Arnold, who was, perhaps, the greatest of all Schoolmasters. Rugby is in Warwickshire, and is about eighty miles from London.

I sometimes think that you boys of this generation are a deal tenderer fellows than we used to be. At any rate you're much more comfortable travellers, for I see every one of you with his rug or plaid, and other dodges for preserving the caloric, and most of you going in those fuzzy, dusty, padded first-class carriages. It was another affair altogether, a dark ride on the top of the Tally-ho, I can tell you, in a tight Petersham coat, and your feet dangling six inches from the floor. Then you knew what cold was, and what it was to be without legs, for not a bit



COURTYARD OF THE GEORGE, ST. ALBANS.

of feeling had you in them after the first half-hour. But it had its pleasures, the old dark

ride. First there was the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman,—of standing out against something, and not giving in. Then there was the music of the rattling harness, and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming hoar-frost, over the leaders' ears, into the darkness; and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, to warn some drowsy pikeman or the ostler at the next change; and the looking forward to daylight—and last, but not least, the delight of returning sensation in your toes.

Then the break of dawn and the sunrise, where can they be ever seen in perfection but from a coach roof? You want motion and change and music to see them in their glory; not the music of singing-men and singing-women, but good silent music, which sets itself in your own head, the accompaniment of work and getting over the ground.

The Tally-ho is past St. Albans, and Tom is enjoying the ride, though half frozen. The guard, who is alone with him on the back of the coach, is silent, but has muffled Tom's feet up in straw, and put the end of an oat-sack over his knees. The darkness has driven him inwards, and he has gone over his little past life, and thought of all his doings and promises, and

of his mother and sister, and his father's last words; and has made fifty good resolutions, and means to bear himself like the brave Brown that he is, though a young one. Then he has been forward into the mysterious boy-future, speculating as to what sort of a place Rugby is, and what they do there, and calling up all the stories of Public Schools which he has heard from big boys in the holidays. He is chock full of hope and life, notwithstanding the cold, and kicks his heels against the back-board, and would like to sing, only he doesn't know how his friend, the silent guard, might take it.

And now the dawn breaks at the end of the fourth stage, and the coach pulls up at a little road-side inn with huge stables behind. There is a bright fire gleaming through the red curtains of the bar window, and the door is open. The coachman catches his whip into a double thong, and throws it to the ostler; the steam of the horses rises straight up into the air. He has put them along over the last two miles, and is two minutes before his time; he rolls down from the box and into the inn. The guard rolls off behind. "Now, sir," says he to Tom, "you just jump down, and I'll give you a drop of something to keep the cold out."

Tom finds a difficulty in jumping, or indeed in finding the top of the wheel with his feet,

which may be in the next world for all he feels ; so the guard picks him off the coach-top, and sets him on his legs, and they stump off into the bar, and join the coachman and the other outside passengers.

Here a fresh-looking barmaid serves them each with a glass of early purl as they stand before the fire, coachman and guard exchanging business remarks. The purl warms the cockles of Tom's heart, and makes him cough.

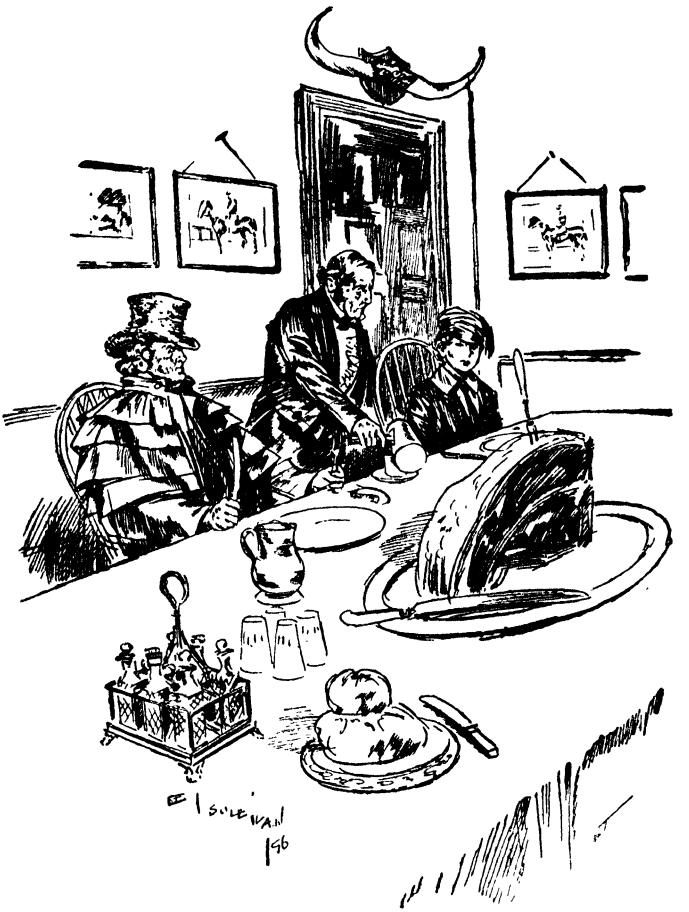
"Rare tackle, that, sir, of a cold morning," says the coachman, smiling. "Time's up." They are out again and up ; coachee the last, gathering the reins into his hands and talking to Jem the ostler about the mare's shoulder, and then swinging himself up on to the box—the horses dashing off in a canter before he falls into his seat. Toot-toot-tootle-too goes the horn, and away they are again, five-and-thirty miles on their road (nearly half-way to Rugby, thinks Tom), and the prospect of breakfast at the end of the stage.

And now they begin to see, and the early life of the country-side comes out ; a market cart or two, men in smock-frocks going to their work, pipe in mouth, a whiff of which is no bad smell this bright morning. The sun gets up, and the mist shines like silver gauze. They pass the hounds jogging along to a distant meet, at the

heels of the huntsman's hack, whose face is about the colour of the tails of his old pink, as he exchanges greetings with Coachman and Guard. Now they pull up at a lodge and take on board a well muffled-up sportsman, with his gun-case and carpet-bag. An early up-coach meets them, and the coachmen gather up their horses, and pass one another with the accustomed lift of the elbow, each team doing eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind if necessary. And here comes breakfast.

"Twenty minutes here, gentlemen," says the coachman, as they pull up at half-past seven at the inn door.

Have we not endured nobly this morning, and is not this a worthy reward for much endurance? There is the low dark wainscoted room hung with sporting prints; the hat-stand (with a whip or two standing up in it belonging to bagmen who are still snug in bed) by the door; the blazing fire, with the quaint old glass over the mantelpiece, in which is stuck a large card with the list of the meets for the week of the county hounds. The table covered with the whitest of cloths and of china, and bearing a pigeon-pie, ham, round of cold boiled beef cut from a mammoth ox, and the great loaf of household bread on a wooden trencher. And here comes in the stout head waiter, puffing under a



BREAKFAST.

tray of hot viands: kidneys and a steak, transparent rashers and poached eggs, buttered toast

and muffins, coffee and tea, all smoking hot. The table can never hold it all; the cold meats are removed to the sideboard, they were only put on for show and to give us an appetite. And now fall on, gentlemen all. It is a well-known sporting-house, and the breakfasts are famous. Two or three men in pink, on their way to the meet, drop in, and are very jovial and sharpset, as indeed we all are.

"Tea or coffee, sir?" says Head Waiter, coming round to Tom.

"Coffee, please," says Tom, with his mouth full of muffin and kidney; coffee is a treat to him, tea is not.

Our coachman, I perceive, who breakfasts with us, is a cold beef man. He also eschews hot potations, and addicts himself to a tankard of ale, which is brought him by the barmaid. Sportsman looks on approvingly, and orders a ditto for himself.

Tom has eaten kidney and pigeon-pie, and imbibed coffee, till his little skin is as tight as a drum; and then has the further pleasure of paying Head Waiter out of his own purse in a dignified manner, and walks out before the inn-door to see the horses put to. This is done leisurely and in a highly-finished manner by the ostlers, as if they enjoyed the not being hurried: Coachman comes out with his way-bill and puff-

ing a fat cigar which the sportsman has given him. Guard emerges from the tap, where he prefers breakfasting, licking round a tough-looking doubtful cheroot, which you might tie round your finger, and three whiffs of which would knock any one else out of time.

The pinks stand about the inn-door lighting cigars and waiting to see us start, while their hacks are led up and down the market-place, on which the inn looks. They all know our sportsman, and we feel a reflected credit when we see him chatting and laughing with them.

"Now, sir, please," says the coachman; all the rest of the passengers are up; the guard is locking up the hind boot.

"A good run to you?" says the sportsman to the pinks, and is by the coachman's side in no time.

"Let 'em go, Dick!" The ostlers fly back, drawing off the cloths from their glossy loins, and away we go through the market-place and down the High Street, looking in at the first-floor windows, and seeing several worthy burgesses shaving thereat; while all the shop boys who are cleaning the windows, and housemaids who are doing the steps, stop and look pleased as we rattle past, as if we were a part of their legitimate morning's amusement. We clear the town, and

are well out between the hedgerows again as the town clock strikes eight.

The sun shines almost warmly, and breakfast has oiled all springs and loosened all tongues. Tom is encouraged by a remark or two of the guard's between the puffs of his oily cheroot, and besides is getting tired of not talking. He is too full of his destination to talk about anything else; and so asks the guard if he knows Rugby.

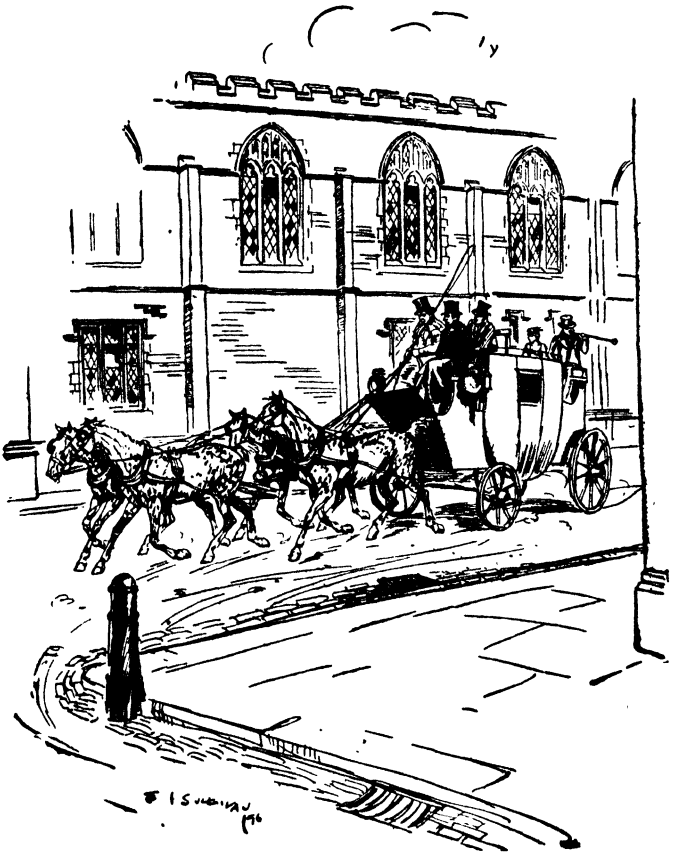
"Goes through it every day of my life. Twenty minutes afore twelve down—ten o'clock up."

"What sort of place is it, please?" says Tom.

Guard looks at him with a comical expression. "Werry out-o'-the-way place, sir; no paving to streets, nor no lighting. 'Mazin' big horse and cattle fair in autumn—lasts a week—just over now. Takes town a week to get clean after it. Fairish hunting country. But slow place, sir, slow place: off the main road, you see—only three coaches a day, and one on 'em a two 'oss wan, more like a hearse nor a coach—Regulator—comes from Oxford. Young genl'm'n at schcol calls her Pig-and-Whistle, and goes up to college by her (six miles an hour) when they goes to enter. Belong to school, sir?"

"Yes," says Tom, not unwilling for a moment that the guard should think him an old

boy. But then having some qualms as to the truth of the assertion, and seeing that if he were



RUGBY AT LAST.

to assume the character of an old boy he couldn't go on asking the questions he wanted, added—

"that is to say, I'm on my way there. I'm a new boy."

The guard looked as if he knew this quite as well as Tom.

"You're werry late, sir," says the guard; "only six weeks to-day to the end of the half." Tom assented. "We takes up fine loads this day six weeks, and Monday and Tuesday arter. Hopes we shall have the pleasure of carrying you back."

Tom said he hoped they would; but he thought within himself that his fate would probably be the Pig-and-Whistle.

IV.

DENIS DUVAL TRAVELS TO LONDON BY CHAISE.

By W. M. Thackeray (1811-1863).

A post-chaise was a four-wheeled carriage with seats for two: it was drawn by two horses, the driver (or postillion, or post-boy) sitting on the right-hand (or off) horse.

At Michaelmas, in the year 1776 (I promise you I remember the year), my dear and kind friend,

Doctor Barnard, having to go to London with his rents, proposed to take me to London to see my other patron, Sir Peter Denis, between whom and the Doctor there was a great friendship; and it is to these dear friends that I owe the great good fortune which has since befallen me in life. Indeed, when I think of what I might have been, of what I have escaped, my heart is full of thankfulness for the great mercies which have fallen to my share. Well, at this happy and eventful Michaelmas of 1776, Doctor Barnard says to me, "Denis, my child, if thy mother will grant leave, I have a mind to take thee to see thy godfather, Sir Peter Denis, in London. I am going up with my rents, my neighbour Weston will share the horses with me, and thou shalt see the Tower and Mr. Salmon's Wax-work before thou art a week older."

You may suppose that this proposition made Master Denis Duval jump for joy. Of course I had heard of London all my life, and talked with people who had been there, but that I should go myself to Admiral Sir Peter Denis's house, and see the play, St. Paul's and Mr. Salmon's, here was a height of bliss I had never hoped to attain. I could not sleep for thinking of my pleasure; I had some money, and I promised to buy as many toys for Agnes as the Chevalier used to bring her. My mother said I should go

like a gentleman, and turned me out in a red waistcoat with plate buttons, a cock to my hat, and ruffles to my shirts. How I counted the hours of the night before our departure! I was up before the dawn, packing my little valise. I got my little brass-barrelled pocket-pistol, and I loaded it with shot. I put it away into my breast-pocket; and if we met with a highwayman I promised myself he should have my charge of lead in his face. The Doctor's postchaise was at his stables not very far away from us. The stable lanterns were alight, and Brown, the Doctor's man, cleaning the carriage, when Mr. Denis Duval comes up to the stable-door, lugging his portmanteau after him through the twilight. Was ever daylight so long a-coming? Ah! there come the horses at last; the horses from the "King's Head," and old Pascoe, the one-eyed postillion. How well I remember the sound of their hoofs in that silent street! I can tell everything that happened on that day; what we had for dinner—viz., veal cutlets and French beans, at Maidstone; where we changed horses, and the colour of the horses. "Here, Brown! here's my portmanteau! I say, where shall I stow it?" My portmanteau was about as large as a good-sized apple-pie. I jump into the carriage and we drive up to the rectory: and I think the Doctor will never come out.

There he is at last: with his mouth full of buttered toast, and I bob my head to him a hundred times out of the chaise window. Then I jump out, forsooth. "Brown, shall I give you a hand with the luggage?" says I, and I dare say they all laugh. Well, I am so happy that anybody may laugh who likes. The Doctor comes out, his precious box under his arm. I see dear Mrs. Barnard's great cap nodding at us out of the parlour window as we drive away from the Rectory door to stop a hundred yards further on at the Priory.

There at the parlour window stands my dear little Agnes, in a white frock, in a great cap with a blue riband and bow, and curls clustering over her face. I wish Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted thee in those days, my dear: but thou wert the very image of one of his little ladies, that one who became Duchess of Buccleuch afterwards. There is my Agnes, and now presently comes out Mr. Weston's man and luggage, and it is fixed on the roof. Him, his master, Mr. George Weston, follows. This was the most good-natured of the two, and I shall never forget my sensation of delight, when I saw him bring out two holster-pistols, which he placed each in a pocket of the chaise. Is Tommy Chapman, the apothecary's son of Westgate, alive yet, and does he remember my wagging my head to him as our chaise

whirled by? He was shaking a mat at the door of his father's shop as my lordship accompanied by my noble friends passed by.

First stage, Ham Street, "The Bear." A grey horse and a bay to change, *I* remember them. Second stage, Ashford. Third stage—I think I am asleep about the third stage; and no wonder, a poor little wretch who had been awake half the night before, and no doubt many nights previous, thinking of this wonderful journey. Fourth stage, Maidstone, "The Bell." "And here we will stop to dinner, master Shrimp-catcher," says the Doctor, and I jump down out of the carriage, nothing loth. The Doctor followed with his box, of which he never lost sight.

The Doctor liked his ease in his inn, and took his sip of punch so comfortably, that I, for my part, thought he never would be gone. I was out in the stables and looking at the horses, and talking to the ostler who was rubbing his nags down. I dare say I had a peep into the kitchen, and at the pigeons in the inn-yard, and at all things which were to be seen at "The Bell," while my two companions were still at their interminable punch. It was an old-fashioned inn, with a gallery round the court-yard. Heaven bless us! Falstaff and Bardolph may have stopped there on the road to Gadshill. I was in the

stable looking at the nags, when Mr. Weston comes out of the inn, looks round the court, opens the door of the postchaise, takes out his pistols, looks at the priming, and puts them back again. Then we are off again, and time enough too. It seemed to me many hours since we had arrived at that creaking old "Bell." And away we go through Addington, Eynesford, by miles and miles of hop-gardens. I dare say I did not look at the prospect much, beautiful though it might be, my young eyes being for ever on the look-out for St. Paul's and London.

For a great part of the way Doctor Barnard and his companion had a fine controversy about their respective religions, for which each was alike zealous. Nay: it may be the Rector invited Mr. Weston to take a place in his post-chaise in order to have this battle, for he never tired of arguing the question between the two churches. Towards the close of the day Master Denis Duval fell asleep on Doctor Barnard's shoulder, and the good-natured clergyman did not disturb him.

I woke with the sudden stoppage of the carriage. The evening was falling. We were upon a lonely common, and a man on horseback was at the window of the postchaise.

"Give us out that there box! And your money!" I heard him say in a very gruff voice.

O heavens! we were actually stopped by a highwayman! It was delightful.

Mr. Weston jumped at his pistols very quick.



"GIVE US OUT THAT THERE BOX! AND YOUR MONEY!"

"Here's our money, you scoundrel!" says he, and fired point-blank at the rogue's head. Confusion! the pistol missed fire. He aimed the second, and again no report followed!

"Some scoundrel has been tampering with these," says Mr. Weston, aghast.

"Come," says Captain Macheath, "come, your——"

But the next word the fellow spoke was a frightful oath; for I took out my little pistol, which was full of shot, and fired it into his face. The man reeled, and I thought would have fallen out of his saddle. The postillion, frightened, no doubt, clapped spurs to his horse, and began to gallop. "Shan't we stop and take that rascal, sir?" said I to the Doctor. On which Mr. Weston gave a peevish kind of push at me, and said, "No, no. It is getting quite dark. Let us push on." And, indeed, the highwayman's horse had taken fright, and we could see him galloping away across the common.

I was so elated to think that I, a little boy, had shot a live highwayman, that I dare say I bragged outrageously of my action. We set down Mr. Weston at his inn in the Borough, and crossed London Bridge, and there I was in London at last. Yes, and that was the Monument, and then we came to the Exchange, and yonder, yonder was St. Paul's. We went up Holborn, and so to Ormonde Street, where my patron lived in a noble mansion; and where his wife, my Lady Denis, received me with a great deal of

kindness. You may be sure the battle with the highwayman was fought over again, and I got due credit from myself and others for my gallantry.

V.

AGINCOURT.

By Michael Drayton (1563-1631).

The battle of Agincourt was fought in the year 1415 *between the English, under King Henry V., and the French. Although outnumbered by five to one, the English, owing to the excellence of their bowmen, won the day.*

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour,

Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power ;

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
" Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the Sun
By Fame been raisèd.

" And for myself," quoth he,
" This my full rest shall be :
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me ;
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain ;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

" Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French Lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen ;
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there :
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces !
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;

None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry.
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

VI.

HENRY V. AT AGINCOURT.

By William Shakespeare (1564-1616).

The battle of Agincourt was fought on October 25th, the feast of Saints Crispin and Crispian.

Westmoreland. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

King Henry. What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin :
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
(Such outward things dwell not in my desires)
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fear his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say " To-morrow is St. Crispian ; "
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say " These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition ;
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's Day.

VII.

THE REVENGE.

By J. A. Froude.

The fight of the "Revenge" took place during the War between Spain and England in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

In August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English line-of-battle ships, six victuallers, and two or three pinnaces, was lying at anchor under the Island of Flores. Light in ballast and short of water, with half his men disabled by sickness, Howard was unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on which he had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews were on shore: the ships themselves "all pestered and rommaging," with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors and escape as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow. Of her crew of 190, ninety were sick on shore, and, from the position of the ship, there was some delay and difficulty in getting them on board. The *Revenge* was commanded

by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well-known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him and, like Earl Talbot or Cœur-de-Lion, the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. "He was of great revenues, of his own inheritance," they said, "but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars"; and from his uncontrollable propensities for blood-eating, he had volunteered his services to the queen; "of so hard a complexion was he, that I (John Huighen von Linschoten, who is our authority here, and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers credible persons who stood and beheld him, that he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down." Such Grenville was to the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and was remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board and stowed away on the ballast; and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it

seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's beautiful narrative, and follow it in Raleigh's words) "to cut his mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship":—

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

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

"After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon

continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander 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 multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers ; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of 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 ; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune."

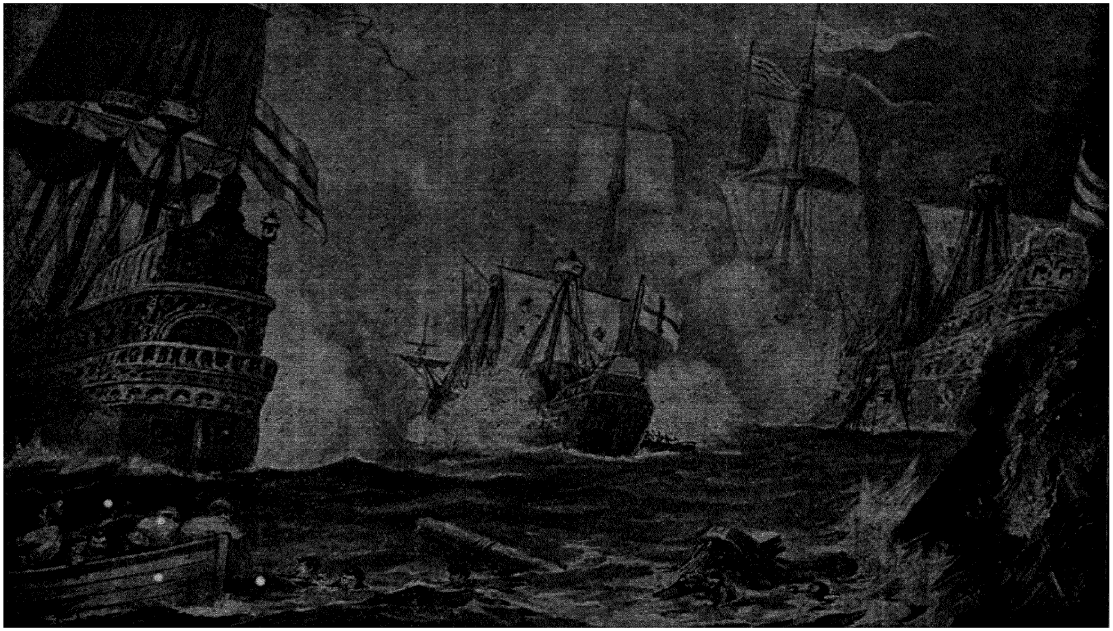
This last was a little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English sailor who commanded the *George Noble* ; but his name has passed away, and his action is an *In memoriam*, on which time

has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphurous clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, "so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her," washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several Armadas had assailed her, and all in vain; some had been sunk at her side; and the rest, "so ill approving of their entertainment, that, at break of day, they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries." "But as the day increased," says Raleigh, "so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped."

All the powder in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes were broken, forty out of her 100 men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the

battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His surgeon was killed while attending on him; the masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard, seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and "having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him," "commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days."

The gunner and a few others consented. But



THE REVENGE—"THE SPANIARDS LYING ROUND HER IN A RING."

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

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied that "he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not"; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him.

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

"In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.' When he had finished these or other such-like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him."

Such was the fight at Flores, in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us; scarcely equalled by the most glorious fate which the imagination of Barrère

could invent for the *Vengeur*. Nor did the matter end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing, "there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before." A fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada immediately after the battle, forming in all 140 sail; and of these 140, only thirty-two ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail; and the *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.

VIII.

THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

By Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892).

I.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away :
" Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-three ! "
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : " 'Fore God I am no coward ;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-three ? "

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : " I know you are no coward ;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the Devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or Devil yet."

V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish Fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X.

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it
suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side
and the head,
And he said " Fight on ! fight on ! "

XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled
out far over the summer sea
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay
round us all in a ring ;
But they dared not touch us again, for they
fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
strife ;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of
them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the
powder was all of it spent ;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over
the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in English pride,
" We have fought such a fight for a day and a
night

As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men !
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain ! "

XII.

And the gunner said " Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply :
" We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go ;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :
" I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true :
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die ! "
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own ;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

IX.

CRUSADER AND SARACEN.

FROM "THE TALISMAN."

By Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).

Palestine, the "Holy Land," the native country of Jesus Christ, had fallen under Muhammedan rule in 636. *Jerusalem is a city sacred to both Jews and Christians, and the earlier Muslim rulers were both wise, just, and tolerant. Their successors, however, were less generous, and in the eleventh century the first of a series of expeditions called "Crusades" was started, with the intention of freeing the Holy City from the Muhammedan rule. The incident described in the following story is supposed to have taken place during the Fourth Crusade, the leaders of which were Richard I. of England, Philip of France, and Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany.*

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight

of the Red-cross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

Crossing himself, as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in colour as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered, as he remembered that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendour, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider, and the accoutrements of his horse, were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat

of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armour; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The Knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncelle. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armour, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." An outline of the same device

might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armour, the northern Crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they had come.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armour made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddlebow; the reins were secured by chain-work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the western warriors who hurried to Palestine, died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame. Under a calm and undisturbed semblance it had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attitude of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe, where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

It was not, however, to all the race that fortune proposed such tempting rewards; and those obtained by the solitary knight during two years' campaign in Palestine, had been only temporal fame, and, as he was taught to believe, spiritual privileges. Meantime, his slender stock of money had melted away, the rather that he did not pursue any of the ordinary modes by which the followers of the Crusade condescended to recruit their diminished resources, at the expense of the people of Palestine; he exacted no gifts from the wretched natives for sparing their possessions when engaged in warfare with the Saracens, and he had not availed himself

of any opportunity of enriching himself by the ransom of prisoners of consequence. The small train which had followed him from his native country had been gradually diminished, as the means of maintaining them disappeared, and his only remaining squire was at present on a sick-bed, and unable to attend his master, who travelled, as we have seen, all alone.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his mid-day station.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now

approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock his own weight and that of his powerful charger would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally

sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of an hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddlebow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of



HE FOUND HIMSELF SUDDENLY WITHIN THE GRASP OF THE EUROPEAN.

this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this

artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? —Let there be peace betwixt us."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

X.

A CONTEST AT ARCHERY.

FROM "IVANHOE."

By Sir Walter Scott.

The following story, like the last, deals with the times of Richard I. During Richard's absence in the East, his brother John, an unworthy and mean scoundrel, was Regent.

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called away by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival: Nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of silvan sport.

The list of competitors for these prizes amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons

of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favour, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but, if thou losest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and

scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the Provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am



RAISING THE BOW AT THE FULL STRETCH OF HIS LEFT ARM, HE DREW HIS BOWSTRING TO HIS EAR.

content to try my fortune; on condition that, when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of

Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow.

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to

the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The

people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. "This must be the Devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant a mark as is used in the North Country."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape: but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand

upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer."



HE BEGAN TO PEEL THIS WITH GREAT COMPOSURE.

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at

such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can do but his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John.—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body guard, and be near to our person."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

XI.

GOD, THE SHEPHERD OF MAN'S LIFE.

(PSALM XXIII.)

The Psalms are Hebrew religious poems, written at various times by various authors, including King David. The three pieces given below are three translations, or paraphrases, of the Twenty-third Psalm.

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the

shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me, all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

By Joseph Addison (1712).[1]

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile

[1] *Addison's paraphrase is of the first four verses only.*

With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still!
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

By Sir Henry W. Baker (1868).

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me!
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
  Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O ! what transport of delight
  From Thy pure chalice floweth !

And so through all the length of days
  Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
  Within Thy house for ever !

XII.

VESUVIUS.

FROM "MADAM HOW AND LADY WHY."

By Charles Kingsley (1879).

Now we can understand why earthquakes should be most common round volcanos ; and we can understand, too, why they would be worst before a volcano breaks out, because then the steam is trying to escape ; and we can understand, too, why people who live near volcanos are glad to see them blazing and spouting, because then they have hope that the steam has found its way out, and will not make earthquakes any more for a while. But still that is merely foolish speculation on chance. Volcanos can never be trusted. No

one knows when one will break out, or what it will do; and those who live close to them—as the city of Naples is close to Mount Vesuvius—must not be astonished if they are blown up or swallowed up, as that great and beautiful city of Naples may be without a warning, any day.

For what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius nearly 1800 years ago, in the old Roman times? For ages and ages it had been lying quiet, like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot, filled with people who were as handsome, and as comfortable, and (I am afraid) as wicked, as people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, oliveyards, covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the Paradises of the world. As for the mountain's being a burning mountain, who ever thought of that? To be sure, on the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines, full of boars and deer. What sign of fire was there in that? To be sure, also, there was an ugly place below by the sea-shore, called the Phlegræn fields, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground, and a lake called Avernus, over which poisonous gasses hung, and which (old stories told) was one of the mouths of the Nether Pit. But what of

that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them?

So they all lived on, merrily and happily enough, till, in the year A.D. 79 (that was eight years, you know, after the Emperor Titus destroyed Jerusalem), there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral, called Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history. He was staying on shore with his sister; and as he sat in his study she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like a pine-tree; not, of course, like one of our branching Scotch firs here, but like an Italian stone pine, with a long straight stem and a flat parasol-shaped top. Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted; and the good Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his cutter and went away across the bay to see what it could be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days; but I do not suppose that Pliny had any notion that the earthquakes and the cloud had aught to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had, and to his cost. When he got near the opposite shore some of the sailors met him and entreated him to turn back. Cinders and pumice-stones were

falling down from the sky, and flames breaking out of the mountain above. But Pliny would go on: he said that if people were in danger, it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed. But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and left them nearly dry, and Pliny turned away to a place called Stabiæ, to the house of his friend Pomponianus, who was just going to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid, ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and then went into dinner with a cheerful face. Flames came down from the mountain, nearer and nearer as the night drew on; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled, and then went to bed and slept soundly. However, in the middle of the night they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and, if they had not woke up the Admiral in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house. The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his friend, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, amid a shower of stones and cinders, tying pillows over their heads to prevent their being beaten down. The day had come by this time, but not

the dawn—for it was still pitch dark as night. They went down to their boats upon the shore; but the sea raged so horribly that there was no getting on board of them. Then Pliny grew tired, and made his men spread a sail for him, and lay down on it; but there came down upon them a rush of flames, and a horrible smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives. Some of the slaves tried to help the Admiral upon his legs; but he sank down again overpowered with the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead, but with his clothes in order and his face as quiet as if he had been only sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man—a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

But what was going on in the meantime? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities were buried at once—Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and the earthenware, often even jewels and gold, behind, and here and there among them a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful deluge of dust. The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been dug into since; and the paintings, especially in Pompeii, are found upon the walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which have

covered them in. When you are older you perhaps will go to Naples, and see in its famous museum the curiosities which have been dug out of the ruined cities ; and you will walk, I suppose, along the streets of Pompeii and see the wheel-tracks in the pavement, along which carts and chariots rumbled 2000 years ago. Meanwhile, if you go nearer home, to the Crystal Palace and to the Pompeian Court, as it is called, you will see an exact model of one of these old buried houses, copied even to the very paintings on the walls, and judge for yourself, as far as a little boy can judge, what sort of life these thoughtless, luckless people lived 2000 years ago.

And what had become of Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain ? Half or more than half of the side of the old crater had been blown away, and what was left, which is now called the Monte Somma, stands in a half circle round the new cone and new crater which is burning at this very day. True, after that eruption which killed Pliny, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not awake for 134 years, and then again for 269 years : but it has been growing more and more restless as the ages have passed on, and now hardly a year passes without its sending out smoke and stones from its crater, and streams of lava from its sides.

XIII.

EVELYN HOPE.

By Robert Browning (1812-1889).

The poet represents himself as an elderly man looking upon the dead body of a young girl whom he had known slightly, but whom he hoped to know better in the Life after Death. The poem is what is called Dramatic, that is to say, it does not express Browning's own feelings, but the feelings of some imaginary person, just as Henry V.'s speech at Agincourt, written by Shakespeare, did not express Shakespeare's feelings, but the feelings by which Shakespeare imagined Henry to have been moved

I.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead !
  Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed :
  She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
  Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
  Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

II.

Sixteen years old when she died !
  Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love : beside,
  Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

III.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

IV.

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

V.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

VI.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times.
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

VII.

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

XIV

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

By Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774).

The Vicar of Wakefield was the clergyman of a small village in the country. Moses was his son.

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 gosling green, and his sisters



FITTING OUT MOSES FOR THE FAIR.

had tied his hair with a broad black riband. 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 scarcely 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.

Good fortune seems resolved not to come



MOSES STARTING FOR THE FAIR.

alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my two daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets

in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh



AND GAVE THE MESSENGER SEVENPENCE HALFPENNY.

of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

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 pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife under-

took to keep for them, and give them by little 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 unusually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. 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 those 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 never see him sell his hen on 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."



MOSES CAME SLOWLY ON FOOT.

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box which he had strapped 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," re-



" DEAR MOTHER, WHY WON'T YOU LISTEN TO REASON."

turned 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 bought 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 into 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."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

XV.

LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, 1852.

By Matthew Arnold.

Matthew Arnold was the son of the Headmaster of Rugby.

In this lone, open glade I lie,
Screen'd by deep boughs on either hand ;
And at its end, to stay the eye,
Those black-crown'd, red-boled pine-trees stand !

Birds here make song, each bird has his,
Across the girdling city's hum.
How green under the boughs it is !
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come !

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy ;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless, active life is here !
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass !
An air-stirr'd forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain-sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretch'd out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.

In the huge world, which roars hard by,
Be others happy if they can!
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I, on men's impious uproar hurl'd,
Think often, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace for ever new!
When I who watch them am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass!
The flowers upclose, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give !
Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

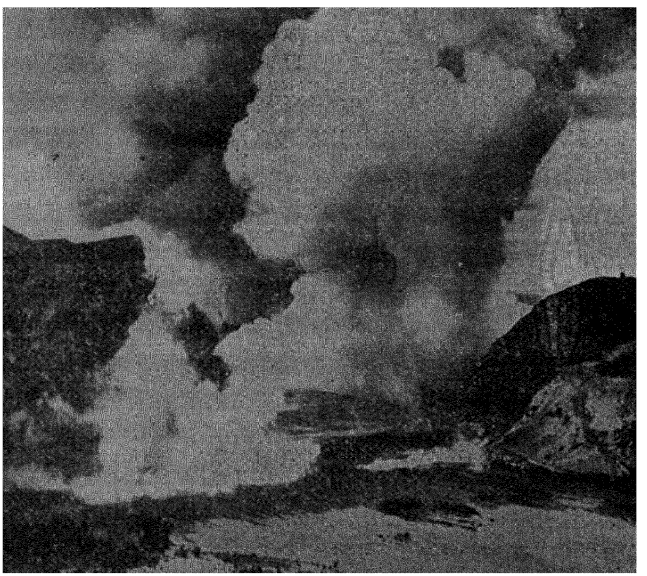
XVI.

AMONG THE HOT LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND.

By W. P. Reeves.

The hot lakes district is of very considerable extent. Not a hundredth part of it or its marvels can be seen in one view. How many hot springs are there ? asks one questioner. They have never been counted : they are too many. How hot are they ? asks another. They are of every degree, from, say, 60° to 212° Fahr. The chief, or, at any rate, the most noticeable chemical elements producing effects of colour in the thermal district are sulphur, alum, and silica. To the last named we owe the frosty snow-white hue of innumerable terraces, banks, and ledges. The alum walls, or so-called caves, are more greyish. It is to the almost rainbow tints of the sulphur pools, springs, and deposits that the springs owe their most brilliant effects. How can I describe

them ? It is easy to talk about red and yellow and green, but that does not give you any notion of the infinite and beautiful gradations. Yellow,



STEAM CLOUDS RISING FROM WAINANGU.

yes ; everything from orange to pale primrose. Red—that means rose, carmine, cardinal, blood-colour, crimson, port-wine. In the same way you may see all the greens, from the deepest emerald to the palest sea-tints. Then how can I give you even the faintest sketch of the inexhaustible variety in which the subterranean forces of fire and water manifest their strength ?

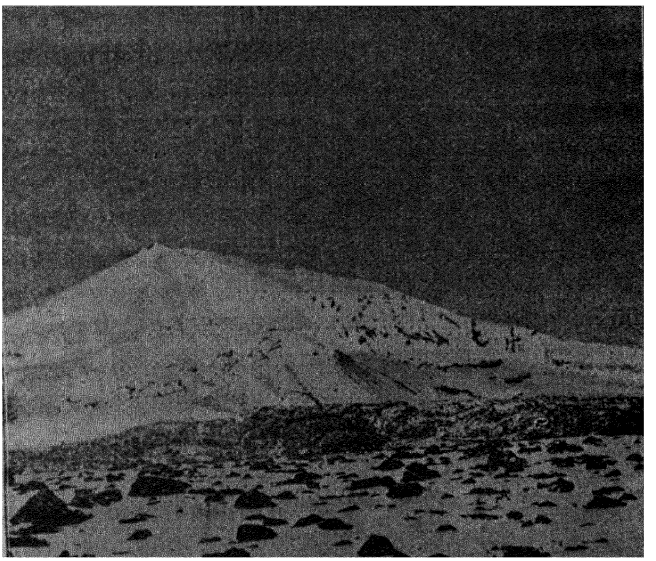
I can tell you that there are geysers, solfataras, fumaroles, and mud-volcanoes by the score ; but does that make them boil and roar, and writhe and seethe, and hiss, and snort, and spout,



THE VICINITY OF MOUNT TARAWARA AFTER THE ERUPTION OF 1886.

and teem, and gurgle, and splutter before your eyes ? In close contrast with them are often the brightest, tenderest fern and leafage. It may be truly said that the wide plateau in which the lakes stand is not always beautiful, that the ferny terraces and pumice plains are sometimes

dreary when away from the water. But then there is so much water; and who can grumble at the scenery of the lakes when once you have reached their shores? Rotorua is but one of



RUAPEHU IN WINTER.

many. Charming as Rotorua is, lying a bright circle, a silver setting round green Mokoia, perhaps its sister lakes are more charming still. Who that has glided in a canoe across the green, placid surface of Rotoiti and has watched the vapour from some steam jet on its beach rising white against a green background of forest, will forget

that tranquil water? Then, when you have duly inspected the foaming geysers, miniature terraces, and boiling pools of Whakarewarewa, and the dark hell-broth that bubbles and gurgles in the horrid cauldrons of Tikitere, it will be time to pursue your journey to Lake Taupo. Taupo—"the sea," as the Maoris called the great lake—is one of the finest sights in New Zealand. The air of its uplands is peculiarly tonic and bracing. Away past its south-west corner frown the great volcanoes Raupehu and Ngauruhoe, the steaming cone of Tongariro. The river Waikato flows into Taupo and flows out again, draining the big lake. Before the inflow it is a pretty, tree-fringed stream merely. After exit it is a fine river, and, nigh the lake, being suddenly jammed into a narrow rocky pass, it boils through the imprisoning chasm and hurls itself in one clear leap, all foam, light, and colour, into the broad, quietly-flowing expanse below. I have said nothing of the Waiotapu Valley, with its long succession of pools, mud-volcanoes, and fumaroles, scientifically as interesting as anything in New Zealand, or of the crater, the cinders, the chasms of dark and mischievous Tarawera.

XVII.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC (1801).

By Thomas Campbell (1777-1844).

Sir Hyde Parker and Nelson bombarded Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. England was not really hostile to Denmark, but wished to prevent the Danish fleet from falling into the hands of Napoleon. Until the siege of Copenhagen Denmark had remained "strictly neutral."

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown.
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone
By each gun the lighted brand.
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like Leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between
" Hearts of oak ! " our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the Sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
" Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :
So Peace instead of Death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day:
While the Sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou ;
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

XVIII.

THE PIE-DOG.

FROM "BEAST AND MAN IN INDIA."

By J. Lockwood Kipling.

We say that one may as well hang a dog as give him a bad name, thereby admitting the possibility of a good one. But no such allowance seems to have been made for the Indian pariah dog. He has always been on the downhill slope of popular contempt, and it will be long before he can hope to rise. The noble potentialities of his character are ignored, he is discouraged by the distance at which he is kept, for he is never allowed to enter a house, nor to consort on intimate terms with man, the inventor of morals. Perhaps it is not too fantastical to say that when compared with the English dog the poor Indian outcast is a pagan, a creature without faith, or at least without that soul-saving reverence for authority which ennobles character. Lord Bacon says that the master of a properly trained dog is the divinity of the animal who waits upon his will. The Indian pariah does not know the joy of adoration ; he has no master, and is an atheist in spite of himself. Tainted with the worst of the philosophy to which he gave his name some

centuries ago in Greece, he reveals more of the currish side of canine character than English dogs and dog lovers are aware of. He uncovers more of his teeth when he snarls—and he often



OUTCASTS.

snarls—than the civilised dog; he slinks off with inverted tail at the mere hint of a blow or a caress, and his shrill bark echoes the long note of the great dog-father, the wolf, and the poor cousin, the jackal. In a fight he does not abandon himself to the delight of battle with the stern joy of the English dog, but calculates odds and backs down with an ignoble care for his skin. In short, he is a *lendi*, a cur, a coward. We English call him a pariah, but this word, belonging to a

low, yet by no means degraded class of people in Madras, is never heard on native lips as applied to a dog, any more than our other word "*pie*." Like other words, both will be learned from us and incorporated in that wonderful pudding-stone conglomerate of language known as Urdu.

The pie-dog, pariah, or street dog, is usually rufous yellow, but all known dog tints occur, for creole colours now diversify the tawny, aboriginal race. Chronic hunger is the central fact of his life, which is one long search for food, and his pastime is another long search for fleas. As a rule he owns himself, but he sometimes selects a master, and always belongs to a place. "Why are you so lean, dog?" "I have to gather my dinner from nine houses."

He is supposed to be valuable as a scavenger, and it is certain that he mostly dines in the night, resembling in this respect his timid cousin the jackal, who usually slinks aside from offal heap or dead carcass as he approaches. The jackal is accused of ghoulish propensities, favoured by the shallow graves dug for their kindred by Muhammadans, but the street dog, if strict truth were told, is almost as great a sinner. He is reported on good authority to frequent the burying-places where Hindus are cremated, and,—but I forbear. Stress of hunger alone leads him to dark deeds which forfeit his claim

to human sympathy. It should be remembered in extenuation that he owes little or nothing to a cruelly indifferent humanity, and that he



PLAYFELLOWS.

preserves, as we shall presently see, an innate friendliness which no neglect can quite eradicate. He is a street Arab, but he shows preferences for people as well as for places. He follows the cultivator afield and watches the gray bundle of cotton cloth slung to a branch and the *hūqqa* left under a tree. but I doubt whether he would

make any effective defence of them. When the frugal "nooning" of unleavened flapjacks and butter-milk is eaten he wistfully awaits his share at a respectful distance. The children handle and play with him, and go to sleep by his side when tired of rolling in the dust, but when they grow up they cut his companionship.

Most Anglo-Indians have had an experience similar to that related by Bishop Heber in his journal of a sudden and unaccountable attachment on the part of a homeless pariah dog. A scrap of food, a word of notice, or even a look from one accustomed to command dogs, wakes a chord in the creature's nature, and he longs to acknowledge a master. There are many instances of street dogs becoming civilised in European hands, and some have become faithful companions and friends. But it is as dangerous for a dog of this kind to leave his kindred as for a high-caste Hindu to cross the sea. Canine caste laws are strict, and a dog from a strange clan venturing into the territories of another tribe is sure of a hot reception. A country story expresses this with pretty irony. Once upon a time a dog ran "all the way from the Ganges" (any long distance) in one day. "How on earth did you come so swiftly, O dog?" "By the kindness of my brethren," is the reply. He had

been chivied and chased from village to village as an intruder.

A dog who had left his place and family connections for a period could not return with safety. So the pariah is not reluctant to adopt a master without a cause. He is the victim of an implacable Socialism, the slave of a sharp-toothed Trade Union. He would like regular meals, and for their unwonted sake is willing to submit to Authority, but what would the other tykes say and do? So he resigns himself to thoughtless freedom, wherefore does his skull remain narrow, his form wolf-like, and his mental character timorous and suspicious; sudden in impotent rage, loud in complaint, and nocturnal in habit; with that strange and long drawn sympathy with lunar influences which the dog of civilisation has partly learned to forget.

There are many dogs which have an air of vagabondage, but who are owned and in some sort cared for. Yet the general habit of the animal in India is to attach himself to a place rather than to a person. In Europe this trait is often the mark of a high and magnanimous nature, for there dogs are attached to regiments, fire brigades, and other bodies corporate, of which they form an almost essential part, belonging to no one individual, but enjoying a noble

sense of comradeship with all. No such honour is allowed to the poor Indian dog. They say contemptuously of a parasite or time-server, the *Serai* (native inn) dog is friendly with everybody; and the washerman's dog furnishes a saying in universal use. The washerman has a house, but he takes his clothes to the river-bank or *ghât* to be washed, so of the dog who attends him they say, he belongs to neither house nor *ghât*. This saying is commonly applied to idle artisans, gadding house-wives, and truant schoolboys. The washerman's dog stands for a person at a loose end, as the oilman's ox for a laborious man or woman. Mr. Quilp said of his dog that it lived on one side of the way and was generally found on the other.

An old gentleman in *Punch* seeing at a railway station a cat without a tail, says to the porter,—"One of the celebrated Manx cats, I suppose?" "No," replies the porter,—"2.30 express." At Indian railway stations dogs are often seen minus a leg or a tail; for in a country where even the railway men have not yet learned that it is dangerous to go to sleep with a head or a leg across the rails, it is scarcely to be wondered at if the dogs are sometimes caught napping. The mutilated member soon heals, and the animal hops cheerfully round the station and learns to meet every train regularly.

On the long Indian journeys much food is taken by the passengers, both Native and European, and there are many scraps. So the railway dog is becoming an institution. On the "toy railway," as natives persist in calling the narrow gauge lines, the animals are rather tiresome, for a bound brings them into one's carriage and another takes them out with a cold fowl or a packet of sandwiches in their prompt mouths.

XIX.

THE CAPTAIN.

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY.

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

He that only rules by terror
  Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as Hell I count his error.
  Let him hear my song.
Brave the Captain was: the seamen
  Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
  Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression,
  Stern he was and rash;

So for every light trangression
  Doom'd them to the lash.
Day by day more harsh and cruel
  Seem'd the Captain's mood.
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
  Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
  Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story,
  Wheresoe'er he came.
So they past by capes and islands,
  Many a harbour-mouth,
Sailing under palmy highlands
  Far within the South.
On a day when they were going
  O'er the lone expanse,
In the North, her canvas flowing,
  Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's coloured heighten'd,
  Joyful came his speech :
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd
  In the eyes of each.
"Chase," he said : the ship flew forward,
  And the wind did blow ;
Stately, lightly, went she Nor'ward,
  Till she near'd the foe.
Then they looked at him they hated,
  Had what they desired :

Mute with folded arms they waited—
Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
Roaring out their doom ;
All the air was torn in sunder,
Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd,
Bullets fell like rain ;
Over mast and deck were scatter'd
Blood and brains of men.
Spars were splinter'd ; decks were broken :
Every mother's son—
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—
Each beside his gun.
On the decks as they were lying,
Were their faces grim.
In their blood, as they lay dying,
Did they smile on him.
Those, in whom he had reliance
For his noble name,
With one smile of still defiance
Sold him unto shame.
Shame and wrath his heart confounded,
Pale he turn'd and red,
Till himself was deadly wounded
Falling on the dead.
Dismal error ! fearful slaughter !
Years have wander'd by,

Side by side beneath the water
  Crew and Captain lie ;
There the sunlit ocean tosses
  O'er them mouldering,
And the lonely seabird crosses
  With one waft of the wing.

XX.

SALAMANCA.

FROM "THE BIBLE IN SPAIN" (1842).

By George Borrow.

In "The Revenge" Tennyson talks of the "courtly Spanish grace" of the sailors: we shall now see that Spanish courtesy is not merely pretence, but is sincere and genuine.

About the middle of May (1837) I had got everything in readiness, and I bade farewell to Madrid. Salamanca was the first place which I intended to visit.

We rode forth from Madrid by the gate of San Vincente, directing our course to the lofty mountains which separate Old from New Castile. That night we rested at Guadarama, a large village at their foot, distant from Madrid about seven leagues. Rising early on the following

morning, we ascended the pass and entered into Old Castile.

After crossing the mountains, the route to Salamanca lies almost entirely over sandy and arid plains, interspersed here and there with thin and scanty groves of pine. No adventure worth relating occurred during this journey. We sold a few Testaments in the villages through which we passed, more especially at Peñaranda. About noon of the third day, on reaching the brow of a hillock, we saw a huge dome before us, upon which the fierce rays of the sun striking, produced the appearance of burnished gold. It belonged to the cathedral of Salamanca, and we flattered ourselves that we were already at our journey's end; we were deceived, however, being still four leagues distant from the town, whose churches and convents, towering up in gigantic masses, can be distinguished at an immense distance, flattering the traveller with an idea of propinquity which does not in reality exist. It was not till long after nightfall that we arrived at the city gate, which we found closed and guarded, in apprehension of a Carlist attack; and having obtained admission with some difficulty, we led our horses along dark, silent, and deserted streets, till we found an individual who directed us to a large gloomy, and comfortless *posada*, that of the Bull, which we, however,

subsequently found was the best which the town afforded.

A melancholy town is Salamanca; the days of its collegiate glory are long since past by, never more to return: a circumstance, however, which is little to be regretted; for what benefit did the world ever derive from scholastic philosophy? And for that alone was Salamanca ever famous. Its halls are now almost silent, and grass is growing in its courts, which were once daily thronged by at least eight thousand students; a number to which, at the present day, the entire population of the city does not amount. Yet, with all its melancholy, what an interesting, nay, what a magnificent place is Salamanca! How glorious are its churches, how stupendous are its deserted convents, and with what sublime but sullen grandeur do its huge and crumbling walls, which crown the precipitous bank of the Tormes, look down upon the lovely river and its venerable bridge.

What a pity that, of the many rivers of Spain, scarcely one is navigable. The beautiful but shallow Tormes, instead of proving a source of blessing and wealth to this part of Castile, is of no further utility than to turn the wheels of various small water-mills, standing upon weirs of stone, which at certain distances traverse the river.

The *posada* where I had put up was a good specimen of the old Spanish inn, being much the same as those described in the time of Philip the Third or Fourth. The rooms were many and large, floored with either brick or stone, generally with an alcove at the end, in which stood a wretched flock bed. Behind the house was a court, and in the rear of this a stable, full of horses, ponies, mules, *machos*, and donkeys, for there was no lack of guests, who, however, for the most part, slept in the stable with their *caballerias*, being either *arrieros* or small peddling merchants who travelled the country with coarse cloth or linen. Opposite to my room in the corridor lodged a wounded officer, who had just arrived from San Sebastian on a galled, broken-kneed pony: he was an Estrimenian, and was returning to his own village to be cured. He was attended by three broken soldiers, lame or maimed, and unfit for service: they told me that they were of the same village as His Worship, and on that account he permitted them to travel with him. They slept amongst the litter, and throughout the day lounged about the house smoking paper cigars. I never saw them eating, though they frequently went to a dark cool corner, where stood a *bota* or kind of water pitcher, which they held about six inches from their black filmy lips, permitting the liquid to trickle down their

throats. They said they had no pay, and were quite destitute of money, that *su merced* the officer occasionally gave them a piece of bread, but that he himself was poor, and had only a few dollars. Brave guest for an inn, thought I; yet, to the honour of Spain be it spoken, it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted nor looked upon with contempt. Even at an inn, the poor man is never spurned from the door, and if not harboured, is at least dismissed with fair words, and consigned to the mercies of God and His Mother. This is as it should be. I laugh at the bigotry and prejudices of Spain: I abhor the cruelty and ferocity which have cast a stain of eternal infamy on her history; but I will say for the Spaniards, that in their social intercourse no people in the world exhibit a juster feeling of what is due to the dignity of human nature, or better understand the behaviour which it behoves a man to adopt towards his fellow-beings. I have said that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is not treated with contempt, and I may add, where the wealthy are not blindly idolised. In Spain the very beggar does not feel himself a degraded being, for he kisses no one's feet, and knows not what it is to be cuffed or spitten upon; and in Spain the Duke or the Marquis can scarcely entertain a very over-weening opinion of his

own consequence, as he finds no one, with perhaps the exception of his French valet, to fawn upon or flatter him.

XXI.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

By Robert Browning.

I.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound

Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him ! " The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

V.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes :

"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

XXII.

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL.

By William Shakespeare.

Wolsey was Chancellor to King Henry VIII. He failed to satisfy the King, and was dismissed from all his offices.

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope: to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.



"O, HOW WRETCHED IS THAT POOR MAN THAT HANGS ON PRINCES' FAVOURS!"

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. . . .
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than Honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle Peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's : then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King ;
And,—prithee, lead me in.
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the King's : my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

XXIII.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

By H. W. Longfellow (1807-1882).

Othere describes to King Alfred of England, who reigned in the ninth century, how he discovered the North Cape, the northernmost point of Norway.

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

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

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

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
  Had a book upon his knees,

And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic Seas.

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

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

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

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

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,

And the undiscovered deep :—
I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

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

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

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

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

" The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,

And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

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

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

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

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

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;

Ha ! 'twas a noble game !
And like the lightning's flame
  Flew our harpoons of steel.

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

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

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

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

XXIV.

A POOR WATERMAN.

FROM "THE JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR."

BY DANIEL DEFOE.

London was visited by the Plague in the year 1665. *Defoe's description of the scenes is imaginative for he was only four years old in* 1665.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow; for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity on that point, I turned away over the fields from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs which are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank, or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man; first I asked him how people did thereabouts. "Alas! sir," says he, "almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village"

(pointing at Poplar), "where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick." Then pointing to one house, "There they are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard, too, last night." Then he pointed to several other houses:—"There," says he, "they are all dead, the man and his wife, and five children. There," says he, "they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door"; and so of other houses. "Why," says I, "What do you here all alone?" "Why," says he, "I am a poor, desolate man; it has pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead." "How do you mean, then," said I, "that you are not visited?" "Why," says he, "that's my house" (pointing to a very little, low-boarded house), "and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, "if they may be said to live, for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?" "Oh, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for

them as much as I am able ; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want " ; and with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man, and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want.—" Well," says I, " honest man, that is a great mercy as things go now with the poor. But how do you live, then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all ? " " Why, sir," says he, " I am a waterman, and there's my boat," says he, " and the boat serves me for a house. I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night ; and what I get I lay down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house ; " and then," says he, " I halloo, and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

" Well, friend," says I, " but how can you get any money as a waterman ? Does anybody go by water these times ? " " Yes, sir," says he, " in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there," says he, " five ships lie at anchor " (pointing down the river a good way below the town), " and do you see," says he, " eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder ? "



"WHAT I BRING TO THEIR BOAT THEY HOIST ON BOARD."

"That is true," added he; "but you do not understand me right; I do not buy provisions for them here. I row up to Greenwich and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here, and I came now only to call to my wife and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money, which I received last night."

"Poor man!" said I; "and how much hast thou gotten for them?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it them yet?"

"No," said he; "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half-an-hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down. She has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover; but I fear the child will die, but it is the Lord——"

Here he stopped, and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure Comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be



SHE WAS SO WEAK SHE COULD NOT CARRY IT AT ONCE IN.

resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment."

"Oh, sir!" says he, "it is infinite mercy if

any of us are spared; and who am I to repine?"

"Sayest thou so?" said I, "and how much less is my faith than thine?" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was on which he stayed in the danger than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me, for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door and called "Robert, Robert." He answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat and fetched up a sack, in which were the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned he hallooed again. Then he went to the great stone which he showed me and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away, and he called and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing, and at the end adds, "God has sent it all; give

thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

XXV.

PHŒNICIANS AND GREEKS.

I.—THE PHŒNICIANS.

In the days long ago when the Jews, whose history is related in the Old Testament, dwelt in Palestine, there lived to the north of them a dark-haired, hook-nosed race called the Phœnicians. These people inhabited a narrow strip of coastal plain lying between the mountain chain of Lebanon and the sea. The small area and the long coast-line of their country both tended to make the Phœnicians a seafaring people; just as the narrow shore-lands of the Norwegian fjords naturally became the birthplace of the sea-roving Vikings. The slopes of Lebanon were well covered with fine timber, suitable for ship-building; while from the summit of the northern part of this range it was possible to

discern, far out at sea, the dim outline of the mountains of Cyprus. We can well imagine that in the early days of Phœnicia the sight of this new and unknown land may well have tempted some bold adventurer to thrust his small sailing-boat to the open sea and to venture forth on a voyage of discovery.

It was for these reasons then, that the Phœnicians were first led to become a seafaring nation. In the course of time they explored farther and farther westwards, until by the time that David was King in Palestine the Phœnicians were by far the most important naval power in the Mediterranean. Their two chief seaports were Tyre and Sidon. These cities had grown rich because of the immense trade which the Phœnicians carried on. Along their shores a small shellfish was found, and from it was manufactured a beautiful purple dye, much prized in ancient times. Besides this, the Phœnicians were very skilful in making glass and in working metals; and they used to carry to Greece and Italy cargoes of ivory, ebony, gems, pottery and many other products from Egypt and the East. Thus, like the Britons of to-day, the Phœnicians became prosperous both as carriers of other people's goods and as traders in their own manufactures. When King Solomon wished to build the Temple at Jerusalem, it was to Hiram,

King of Tyre, that he applied. "Send me now therefore," he said, "a man cunning to work in gold and in silver and in brass and in iron and in purple and crimson and blue. Send me also cedar trees, fir trees, and algum trees out of Lebanon."

But it is as sailors that the Phœnicians are of most interest for us in this book. Hugging the coast by day and steering by the stars at night, they explored every part of the Mediterranean and set up trading-stations wherever they went. At Carthage on the north coast of Africa, close to the modern Tunis, they founded a colony which in after days became a powerful and prosperous city. As early as 1100 B.C. some Phœnician sailors, more daring than the rest, had sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, or "Pillars of Hercules," into the open Atlantic. This was indeed a bold adventure, for in those days it was believed that in the west of Spain lived a fierce race of monstrous giants with six arms and three heads apiece; while a little to the west of the "Pillars of Hercules" was the edge of the World. Here every evening the glowing Sun plunged, hissing and steaming, into the Ocean depths. However, the bold Phœnician explorers were rewarded for their bravery. They found a land rich in wool and gold, and in it they planted a colony named Gades—the modern Cadiz.

Pushing farther northwards, Phœnician mariners braved the perils of the Bay of Biscay, and at last reached the Scilly Isles, where they founded a trading-station. From the neighbouring coast of Cornwall came abundance of copper and lead, which they obtained from the Celtic Britons in exchange for pottery, purple cloth, and bronze vessels.

We can perhaps realise what fearless sailors the Phœnicians were if we consider the kind of boat in which they made their voyages. Their ships were as a rule not much larger than a lighter or coasting barge. As can be seen in the picture on the opposite page, they had a high curving stern and a sharp beak at the prow, used for ramming an enemy's vessel. There was usually only one mast, which carried a big square sail. Very often oars were also used to drive the ship, and there were sometimes two banks of these, arranged one above the other. The rowers numbered only ten or twelve in the smaller boats, and perhaps forty or fifty in the larger craft. All the tackle was in good working order and everything connected with a Phœnician vessel was invariably kept "shipshape."

The most famous Phœnician voyage of which we have any record, was undertaken by some mariners in the employ of an Egyptian king named Necho. He was anxious to find a con-



ODYSSEUS AND HIS COMPANIONS BRAVED MANY DANGERS.

nection by water between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean; and he therefore instructed his Phœnicians to sail southwards down the east coast of Africa and to return home by the "Pillars of Hercules," if that were possible. The captain and his crew bravely carried out these orders. They coasted along eastern Africa, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and finally entered the Mediterranean, which they knew so well, through the Straits of Gibraltar. The whole voyage lasted three years; for since the ship was not large enough to carry provisions for a long period, the crew went ashore each autumn, wherever they happened to be, and sowed a piece of ground with grain. Then they settled down for the winter, and waited till the corn was fit to be cut in the following year. In this way the Phœnicians proved that it was possible to sail round the south of Africa; and we can appreciate the greatness of their achievement when we remember that more than 2000 years elapsed before any other mariners were bold enough to follow their example.

II.—THE GREEK GEOGRAPHERS.

About 1000 years B.C. appeared two of the most famous poems that the World has ever seen. They are said to have been written by a

man named Homer, and are called the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The former is concerned mainly with the siege of Troy by the Greeks; while the latter describes the adventures of one of the Greek captains, Odysseus by name, on his voyage back from Troy to his home in the island of Ithaca. The *Odyssey* has a special interest for us because we can gather from it some of the ideas which the Greeks possessed in those far-off times about the geography of the world in which they lived.

In the course of their voyage, Odysseus and his companions visited many lands and braved many dangers. In the country of the Lotus-eaters some of the crew tasted the honey-sweet lotus fruit which made them forget their homes and kindred; and it was with difficulty that Odysseus forced them to sail away from this "land in which it seemed always afternoon." They next reached the country of the Cyclopes—fierce, one-eyed, man-eating giants. The wanderers were captured by one of these monsters, who was called Polyphemus; but Odysseus devised a cunning means of escape, and blinded the giant into the bargain. After this the unfortunate mariners fell into the hands of a sorceress, Circe, who changed some of them into swine; but Odysseus once more rescued them with the help of a magic herb. The ship's course now lay through a narrow strait between the sea-monster

Scylla and the whirlpool Charybdis, and six of the crew met their death during this perilous passage. All these and many other dangers did the mariners endure before they reached their home. But though so many adventures befell them, all their wanderings seem to have occurred in a very small part of the Mediterranean Sea; the world outside this region was practically unknown to the writer of the *Odyssey*. The land of the Lotus-eaters was perhaps North Africa; the home of the Cyclopes, Sicily; and the passage between Scylla and Charybdis has been identified with the Straits of Messina. If, then, such strange fairy tales could be told about countries so near to Greece itself, we may well conjecture that very little more than the coasts of the Ægean Sea was known to the Greeks at the time when the *Odyssey* was written.

But the Phœnicians were already trading in the Mediterranean, and the Greeks soon followed their example. In the fifth century B.C. there lived a Greek traveller and historian named Herodotus; his writings still remain to us, and they show a knowledge of geography far wider than that of the *Odyssey*. Herodotus visited Babylon, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Northern Africa, the Black Sea, and Southern Italy; and wherever he went he noted down traveller's tales, which still make his book of intense interest.

He has much to say, for instance, of the Egyptians. These people, like the Chinese, seem to have had manners and customs the very reverse of those of the rest of mankind. Their women engaged in trade, while the men spun cloth at home; Egyptian writing ran from right to left, instead of from left to right, as was the case with Greek. Elsewhere Herodotus has tales of bald-headed and one-eyed tribes, and of men who live on lizards and snakes, and whose language sounds like the screeching of bats. He also mentions a race of dwarfs dwelling in Central Africa, and these may well be the Pygmies who have been re-discovered in more modern times. The views of Herodotus on Geography are often curious. He regards the Earth, of course, as flat, but on the whole he has a fairly correct knowledge of the Eastern Mediterranean and the adjoining parts of Asia.

The next important addition to the geography of the Greeks was furnished by a famous expedition. Alexander the Great, in the fourth century B.C., led his men through the modern Persia and crossed the Himalayas into North-west India—a land which the Greeks had hitherto known only by vague report. But farther he could not go: his men were worn out with long marching and hard fighting, and Alexander was forced to return without seeing the fertile valley of the

Ganges. None the less, his travels had added considerably to the Greeks' knowledge of what was to them the Far East.

Meanwhile the Italian city of Rome was beginning a career of conquest which was to make her the Mistress of a great land Empire. In the course of time she explored and conquered much of Western Europe from the Iberian Peninsula to the Rhine—a region which had hitherto been very imperfectly known.

All this geographical knowledge was carefully summed up about the second century A.D. by a scientist named Ptolemy, who lived at Alexandria in Egypt. He wrote a geography of the known world and compiled what was perhaps the first atlas. Ptolemy's work was destined to be forgotten or neglected for more than a thousand years, and it has been well said that his map "represents the high-water mark of a tide which was soon to ebb."

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XXVI.

DISCIPLINE.

By Charlotte M. Yonge.

The Birkenhead was wrecked off the coast of South Africa in February 1852.

Perhaps there have never been occasions when the habit of instantaneous obedience to the voice of duty has produced more touching instances of forbearance and unselfishness, than in the confusion and despair of a shipwreck. What a wreck can be without such qualities, has been but too well proved by the horrible scenes that took place after the loss of the French ship *Méduse*, when brutal selfishness was followed by savage violence and cannibalism too shocking to be dwelt upon; though memorable as an example, that "every man for himself," is the most fatal of all policies, even were self-preservation the primary object.

In British ships of war, unshrinking obedience, heeding nothing but the one matter in hand, is the rule. "As a landsman," says Colonel Fisher, an engineer-officer who was on board the *Plover* gun-boat in the hottest fire on the Peiho river, "I was much struck with the coolness with which the navigation of the vessel was attended to:

the man in the chains cries the soundings, the master gives his orders to the man at the helm and the engineers below: the helmsman has no eyes or ears but for the master's directions and signals. . . . All seem intent on what is their duty at the time being, and utterly unmindful of the struggle raging round them." And this when not only were they being shot down every moment, but when each comparatively harmless ball rocked the gun-boat, sent splinters flying, or brought the yards down upon their heads. Where such conduct is regarded as a mere matter of course, from the grey-headed admiral down to the cadet and the cabin-boy, no wonder that multitudes of deeds have been done, glorious because they placed Duty far above Self, and proved that Nelson's signal is indeed true to the strongest instinct of the English sailor.

The only difficulty is to choose among the instances of patient obedience on record; and how many more are there, unknown to all but to Him who treasures up the record, until the day when "the sea shall give up her dead!" Let us cast a glance at the *Atalante*, bewildered in a fog upon the coast of Nova Scotia, and deceived by the signal-guns of another ship in distress, till she struck upon the formidable reefs, known by the name of the Sisters Rocks, off Sambro Island. The wreck was complete and

hopeless, and a number of men scrambled at once into the pinnace; but the Captain, seeing



THE WRECK WAS COMPLETE AND HOPELESS.

that she could never float so loaded, ordered twenty of them out, and was implicitly obeyed, so entirely without a murmur, that as the men hung clinging to the weather-gunwale of the ship, they drowned the crashing of the falling masts with their cheers.

As soon as the pinnace was lightened, she floated off, but immediately turned bottom upwards. Still the crew never lost their self-possession for one moment, but succeeded in righting her, and resuming their places, without the loss of a man. They then waited, beyond the dash of the breakers on the reef, for Captain Hickey and their companions, who were still clinging to the remains of the ship. There were two other boats, but too small to hold the whole number, and an attempt was made to construct a raft, but the beating of the waves rendered this impossible, so the men already in the pinnace were directed to lie down in the bottom, and pack themselves like herrings in a barrel, while the lesser boats returned through the surf to pick off the rest—a most difficult matter; and indeed some had to be dragged off on ropes, and others to swim, but not one was lost. The Captain was, of course, the last man to quit the wreck, though several of the officers were most unwilling to precede him even for a moment, and by the time he reached the boat, the last timbers had almost entirely disappeared, amid the loud cheers of the brave-hearted crew.

Nothing was saved but the Admiral's despatches, which the Captain had secured at the first moment, and the chronometer. This last was the special charge of the captain's clerk,

who had been directed always to hold it in his hand when the guns were fired, or the ship underwent any shock, so as to prevent the works from being injured. On the first alarm he had caught up the chronometer and run on deck, but, being unable to swim, was forced to cling to the mizen-mast. When the ship fell over, and the mast became nearly horizontal, he crawled out to the mizen-top, and sat there till the spar gave way and plunged him into the waves, whence he was dragged into one of the boats, half-drowned, but grasping tight his precious trust. A poor merry negro, who held fast to his fiddle to the last moment, as he clung to the main-chains, was obliged to let his instrument go, amid the laughter and fun of his messmates, who seem to have found food for merriment in every occurrence. No one had a full suit of clothes but an old quarter-master, named Samuel Shanks, who had comported himself throughout as composedly as if shipwrecks befell him every day, and did not even take off his hat, except for a last cheer to the *Atalante* as she sunk. He recollected that he had a small compass seal hanging to his watch, and this being handed to the Captain, in his gig, and placed on the top of the chronometer, proved steady enough to steer by, as the three boats crept carefully along in the dense fog. They landed, after a few hours, on the coast,

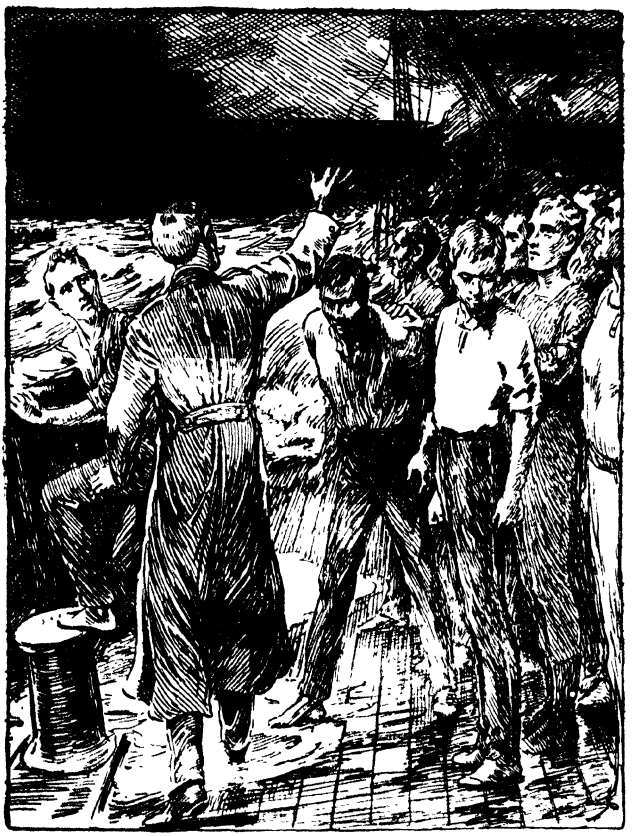
about twenty miles from Halifax, at a fishing station, where they were warmed and fed.

Thence the Captain took the most exhausted and least clothed of the party in the boats to Halifax, leaving the others to march through the half-cleared country. Before night the whole ship's company assembled, without one man missing, in as complete order as if nothing had happened.

Here perfect discipline proved the means of safety, and hope never failed for a moment; but we have still fresh in our memories an occasion where such forbearing obedience led to a willing self-sacrifice, when safety might have been possible to the strong at the expense of certain destruction to the weak.

The *Birkenhead*, a war steamer used as a transport, was on her way to Algoa Bay with about 630 persons on board, 132 being her own crew, the rest being detachments from the 12th, 74th, and 91st regiments, and the wives and children of the soldiers. In the dead of the night between the 25th and 26th of February, the vessel struck on a reef of sunken rocks on the African coast, and from the rapidity with which she was moving, and the violence of the waves, became rapidly a hopeless wreck. On the shock, the whole of the men and officers hurried on deck, and the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Seton,

calling the other officers about him, impressed on them the necessity of preserving order and



COLONEL SETON AND THE OFFICERS WITH HIM BESOUGHT THEIR MEN TO FORBEAR.

silence among the men, and placed them at the disposal of the Commander of the vessel.

Sixty were placed at the pumps, others to disengage the boats, and others to throw the poor horses overboard, so as to lighten the ship, while the rest were sent to the poop to ease the fore part of the ship. Every one did as directed, and not a murmur nor cry was heard. They were as steady as if on parade, as ready as though embarking in a British harbour.

The largest boat was unhappily too much encumbered to be got at quickly enough, but the cutter was filled with the women and children, and pushed off, as did two other small boats. The other two large ones were, one capsized, the other stove in by the fall of the funnel, which took place immediately after the cutter was clear of the ship, only twelve or fifteen minutes after the ship had struck. At the same time the whole vessel broke in two parts, crosswise, and the stern part began to sink and fill with water. The commander called out, "All those that can swim, jump overboard and swim for the boats."

But Colonel Seton and the officers with him besought their men to forbear, showing them that, if they did so, the boats with the women must be swamped. And they stood still. Not more than three made the attempt. Officers and men alike waited to face almost certain death rather than endanger the women and children. Young soldiers, mostly but a short time in the service,

were as patiently resolute as their elders. In a few moments the whole of these brave men were washed into the sea, some sinking, some swimming, some clinging to spars. The boats picked up as many as possible without overloading them, and then made for the shore, which was only two miles off, hoping to land these and return for more, but the surf ran so high that landing was impossible, and after seeking till daylight for a safe landing-place, they were at last picked up by a schooner, which then made for the wreck, where thirty or forty were still hanging to the masts in a dreadful state of exhaustion.

A few, both of men and horses, had succeeded in swimming to the shore, but some were devoured by sharks on the way, and out of the whole number in the ship, only 192 were saved. But those who were lost, both sailors and soldiers, have left behind them a memory of calm, self-denying courage as heroic as ever was shown on battle-field.

XXVII.

CROSSING THE DESERT.

FROM "EOTHEN."

By A. W. Kinglake (1809-1891).

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

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless

sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass



JOURNEYING IN THE INTERIOR OF THE DESERT.

through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes

when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses: the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on; comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing, I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for wherever man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain

Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon



CAMPING IN THE DESERT.

the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

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

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

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start then came its fall: the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle.

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it

seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the South—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side. On its bosom the reflected fire of the Sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

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

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache, from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days, this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments

together on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The Sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep —for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing "for church." After a while the sound died away slowly. It happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect

to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told to me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

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

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

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

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon. Hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could baulk the fierce will of the Sun. "He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race: his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends

of it; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof." From Pole to Pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all Heaven and Earth. As he bade the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bade me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the mighty Sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary Self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am !)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came, I was still within the confines of the Desert, and my tent was pitched as usual; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the West without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned. He had toiled on a graceful service:

he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

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

XXVIII.

TOM BROWN'S LAST MATCH.

FROM "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS."

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

Before he left Rugby, Tom Brown had become a member of the Sixth, and was Captain of the School Eleven.

Another two years have passed, and it is again the end of the summer half-year at Rugby; in fact, the School has broken up. The fifth-form examinations were over last week, and upon them have followed the Speeches, and the sixth-form examinations for Exhibitions; and they too are over now. The boys have gone to all

the winds of heaven, except the town boys and the Eleven, and the few enthusiasts besides who have asked leave to stay in their houses to see the result of the cricket matches. For this year the Wellesburn return match and the Marylebone match are played at Rugby, to the great delight of the town and neighbourhood, and the sorrow of those aspiring young cricketers who have been reckoning for the last three months on showing off at Lord's ground.

The Doctor started for the Lakes yesterday morning, after an interview with the Captain of the Eleven, in the presence of Thomas, at which he arranged in what School the cricket dinners were to be, and all other matters necessary for the satisfactory carrying out of the festivities; and warned them as to keeping all spirituous liquors out of the close, and having the gates closed by nine o'clock.

The Wellesburn match was played out with great success yesterday, the School winning by three wickets; and to-day the great event of the cricketing year, the Marylebone match, is being played. What a match it has been! The London eleven came down by an afternoon train yesterday, in time to see the end of the Wellesburn match; and as soon as it was over, their leading men and umpire inspected the ground, criticising it rather unmercifully. The Captain of the

School Eleven, and one or two others, who had played the Lord's match before, and knew old Mr. Aislabie and several of the Lord's men, accompanied them: while the rest of the Eleven looked on from under the Three Trees with admiring eyes, and asked one another the names of the illustrious strangers, and recounted how many runs each of them had made in the late matches in *Bell's Life*. They looked such hard-bitten, wiry, whiskered fellows, that their young adversaries felt rather desponding as to the result of the morrow's match.

The ground was at last chosen, and two men set to work upon it to water and roll; and then, there being yet some half-hour of daylight, some one had suggested a dance on the turf. The close was half full of citizens and their families, and the idea was hailed with enthusiasm. The cornopean-player was still on the ground; in five minutes the eleven and half-a-dozen of the Wellesburn and Marylebone men got partners somehow or another, and a merry country-dance was going on, to which every one flocked, and new couples joined in every minute, till there were a hundred of them going down the middle and up again—and the long line of School buildings looked gravely down on them, every window glowing with the last rays of the western sun, and the rooks clanged about in the tops of

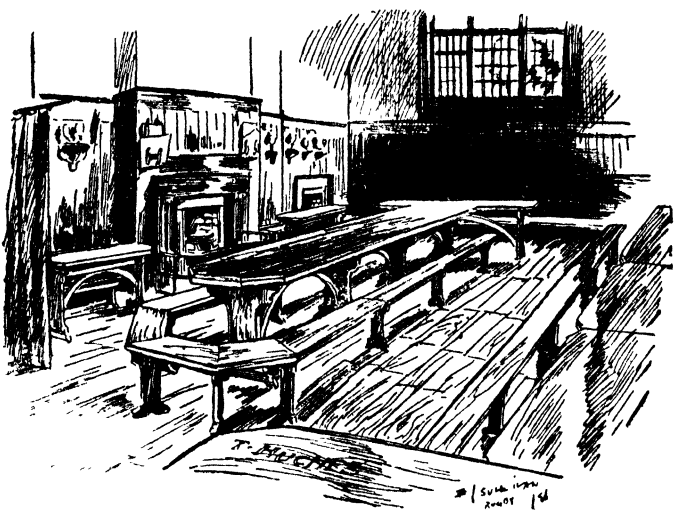
the old elms, greatly excited, and resolved on having their country-dance too, and the great flag flapped lazily in the gentle western breeze. Altogether it was a sight which would have made glad the heart of our brave old founder, Lawrence Sheriff, if he were half as good a fellow as I take



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AND CHAPEL, RUGBY.

him to have been. It was a cheerful sight to see; but what made it so valuable in the sight of the Captain of the School Eleven was, that he there saw his young hands shaking off their shyness and awe of the Lord's men, as they crossed hands and capered about on the grass together; for the strangers entered into it all, and threw away their cigars, and danced and shouted like boys,

up betimes to mark the signs of the weather. The Eleven went down in a body before breakfast, for a plunge in the cold bath in the corner of the close. The ground was in splendid order, and soon after ten o'clock, before the spectators had arrived,



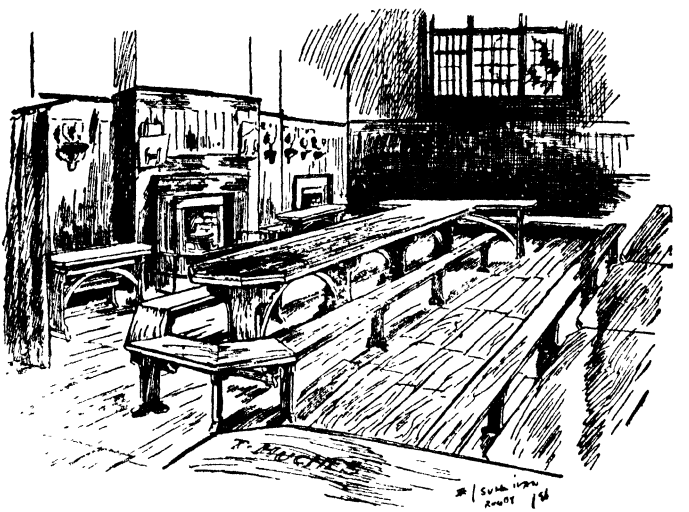
THE HALL, SCHOOL-HOUSE, RUGBY.

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"Oh, well bowled! well bowled, Johnston!" cries the Captain, catching up the ball and sending

it high above the rook trees, while the third Marylebone man walks away from the wicket, and old Bailey gravely sets up the middle stump again and puts the bails on.

"How many runs?" Away scamper three boys to the scoring-table, and are back again in a minute amongst the rest of the Eleven, who are collected together in a knot between wicket. "Only eighteen runs, and three wickets down!" "Huzza for old Rugby!" sings out Jack Raggles, the long-stop, toughest and burliest of boys, commonly called "Swiper Jack"; and forthwith stands on his head, and brandishes his legs in the air in triumph, till the next boy catches hold of his heels, and throws him over on to his back.

"Steady there, don't be such an ass, Jack," says the Captain; "we haven't got the best wicket yet. Ah, look out now at Cover-point," adds he, as he sees a long-armed, bare-headed, slashing-looking player coming to the wicket. "And Jack, mind your hits; he steals more runs than any man in England."

And they all find that they have their work to do now: the new-comer's off-hitting is tremendous, and his running like a flash of lightning. He is never in his ground, except when his wicket is down. Nothing in the whole game so trying to boys: he has stolen three byes in the first

ten minutes, and Jack Raggles is furious, and begins throwing over savagely to the further wicket, until he is sternly stopped by the Captain. It is all that young gentleman can do to keep his team steady, but he knows that everything depends on it, and faces his work bravely. The score creeps up to fifty, the boys begin to look blank, and the spectators, who are now mustering strong, are very silent. The ball flies off his bat to all parts of the field, and he gives no rest and no catches to any one. But cricket is full of glorious chances, and the goddess who presides over it loves to bring down the most skilful players. Johnson the young bowler is getting wild, and bowls a ball almost wide to the off; the batter steps out and cuts it beautifully to where cover-point is standing very deep, in fact almost off the ground. The ball comes skimming and twisting along about three feet from the ground; he rushes at it, and it sticks somehow or other in the fingers of his left hand, to the utter astonishment of himself and the whole field. Such a catch hasn't been made in the Close for years, and the cheering is maddening.

"Pretty cricket," says the Captain, throwing himself on the ground by the deserted wicket with a long breath: he feels that a crisis has passed.

I wish I had space to describe the whole match:

how the Captain stumped the next man off a legshooter, and bowled slow lobs to old Mr. Aislabie, who came in for the last wicket. How the Lord's men were out by half-past twelve o'clock for ninety-eight runs. How the Captain of the School eleven went in first to give his men pluck, and scored twenty-five in beautiful style; how Rugby was only four behind in the first innings. What a glorious dinner they had in the fourth form School, and how the Cover-point hitter sang the most topping comic songs, and old Mr. Aislabie made the best speeches that ever were heard, afterwards. But I haven't space, that's the fact, and so you must fancy it all, and carry yourselves on to half-past seven o'clock, when the School are again in, with five wickets down, and only thirty-two runs to make to win. The Marylebone men played carelessly in their second innings, but they are working like horses now to save the match.

There is much healthy, hearty, happy life scattered up and down the Close; but the group to which I beg to call your especial attention is there, on the slope of the Island, which looks towards the cricket-ground. It consists of three figures; two are seated on a bench, and one on the ground at their feet. The first, a tall, slight, and rather gaunt man, with a bushy eyebrow, and a dry humorous smile, is evidently a clergy-

man. He is carelessly dressed, and looks rather used up, which isn't much to be wondered at, seeing that he has just finished six weeks of examination work; but there he basks, and spreads himself out in the evening sun, bent on enjoying life, though he doesn't quite know what to do with his arms and legs. Surely it is our friend the young Master, whom we have had glimpses of before, but his face has gained a great deal since we last came across him.

And by his side in white flannel shirt and trousers, straw hat, the Captain's belt, and the untanned yellow cricket shoes which all the eleven wear, sits a strapping figure near six feet high, with ruddy tanned face and whiskers, curly brown hair and a laughing dancing eye. He is leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, and dandling his favourite bat, with which he has made thirty or forty runs to-day, in his strong brown hands. It is Tom Brown, grown into a young man nineteen years old, a Præpostor and Captain of the eleven, spending his last day as a Rugby boy, and let us hope as much wiser as he is bigger, since we last had the pleasure of coming across him.

And at their feet, on the warm dry ground, similarly dressed, sits Arthur, Turkish fashion, with his bat across his knees. He too is no longer a boy, less of a boy in fact than Tom, if one may

judge from the thoughtfulness of his face, which is somewhat paler too than one could wish; but his figure, though slight, is well knit and active, and all his old timidity has disappeared, and is replaced by silent quaint fun, with which his face twinkles all over, as he listens to the broken talk between the other two, in which he joins every now and then.

All three are watching the game eagerly, and joining in the cheering which follows every good hit. It is pleasing to see the easy friendly footing which the pupils are on with their master, perfectly respectful, yet with no reserve and nothing forced in their intercourse.

* * * * *

Meantime Jack Raggles, with his sleeves tucked up above his great brown elbows, scorning pads and gloves, has presented himself at the wicket; and having run one for a forward drive of Johnson's is about to receive his first ball. There are only twenty-four runs to make, and four wickets to go down: a winning match if they play decently steady. The ball is a very swift one, and rises fast, catching Jack on the outside of the thigh, and bounding away as if from india-rubber, while they ran two for a leg-bye amidst great applause, and shouts from Jack's many admirers. The next ball is a beautifully pitched ball for the outer stump, which the reckless and

unfeeling Jack catches hold of, and hits right round to leg for five, while the applause becomes deafening: only seventeen runs to get with four wickets—the game is all but ours!

It is over now, and Jack walks swaggering about his wicket, with his bat over his shoulder, while Mr. Aislabie holds a short parley with his men. Then the Cover-point hitter, that cunning man, goes on to bowl slow twisters. Jack waves his hand triumphantly towards the tent, as much as to say, "See if I don't finish it all off now in three hits."

Alas, my son Jack! the enemy is too old for thee. The first ball of the over Jack steps out and meets, swiping with all his force. If he had only allowed for the twist! but he hasn't, and so the ball goes spinning up straight into the air, as if it would never come down again. Away runs Jack, shouting and trusting to the chapter of accidents, but the bowler runs steadily under it, judging every spin, and calling out "I have it," catches it, and playfully pitches it on to the back of the stalwart Jack, who is departing with a rueful countenance.

"I knew how it would be," says Tom, rising. "Come along, the game's getting very serious."

So they leave the Island and go to the tent, and after deep consultation, Arthur is sent in, and goes off to the wicket with a last exhortation

from Tom to play steady and keep his bat straight. To the suggestions that Winter is the



THE CONVERSATION DURING THE MATCH.

One of the original illustrations to the first illustrated edition of "Tom Brown's Schooldays"

best bat left, Tom only replies, "Arthur is the

steadiest, and Johnson will make the runs if the wicket is only kept up."

"I am surprised to see Arthur in the Eleven," said the master, as they stood together in front of the dense crowd, which was now closing in round the ground.

"Well, I'm not quite sure that he ought to be in for his play," said Tom, "but I couldn't help putting him in. It will do him so much good, and you can't think what I owe him."

The master smiled. The clock strikes eight, and the whole field becomes fevered with excitement. Arthur, after two narrow escapes, scores one; and Johnson gets the ball. The bowling and fielding are superb, and Johnson's batting worthy the occasion. He makes here a two, and there a one, managing to keep the ball to himself, and Arthur backs up and runs perfectly: only eleven runs to make now, and the crowd scarcely breathe. At last Arthur gets the ball again, and actually drives it forward for two, and feels prouder than when he got the three best prizes, at hearing Tom's shout of joy, "Well played, well played, young 'un!"

But the next ball is too much for a young hand, and his bails fly different ways. Nine runs to make, and two wickets to go down—it is too much for human nerves.

Before Winter can get in, the omnibus which

is to take the Lord's men to the train pulls up at the side of the Close, and Mr. Aislabie and Tom consult, and give out that the stumps will be drawn after the next over. And so ends the great match. Winter and Johnson carry out their bats, and, it being a one day's match, the Lord's men are declared the winners, they having scored the most in the first innings.

But such a defeat is a victory: so think Tom and all the School Eleven, as they accompany their conquerors to the omnibus, and send them off with three ringing cheers, after Mr. Aislabie has shaken hands all round, saying to Tom, "I must compliment you, sir, on your Eleven, and I hope we shall have you for a member if you come up to Town."

XXIX.

A STORY ON BESETTING SINS.

FROM "THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY."

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild lived in the country: they had three children—Lucy, who was about nine years old; Emily; and Henry, who was six. The children did not go to school; but Mrs. Fairchild taught Lucy and Emily, and Mr. Fairchild taught Henry. "The family kept only two servants, Betty and John; Betty's business was to

clean the house, cook the dinner, and milk the cow; and John waited at table, worked in the garden, fed the pig, and took care of the meadow in which the cow grazed."

The habits and customs of the family are somewhat different from what they would be to-day.

Whilst Mrs. Fairchild was speaking these last words, they heard the dinner-bell ring; so they broke off their discourse, and went down-stairs. Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and all the family were sitting at dinner, they saw through the window a man on horseback, carrying a large basket, ride up to the door. Mr. Fairchild sent John out to see who this person was; and John presently returned with a letter, and a haunch of venison packed in a basket. "Sir," said John, "the man says that he is one Mr. Crosbie of London's servant; and that he has brought you a letter with his master's compliments, and also a haunch of venison."

"Mr. Crosbie's servant!" said Mr. Fairchild, taking the letter and reading it aloud as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Fairchild,

"I and my wife, and my sister Miss Crosbie, and my daughter Betty, have been taking a journey for our health this summer. We left London three months ago, and have been down as far as Yorkshire. We are now returning home,

and have turned a little out of our way to see you, as it is as much as twelve years since we met; so you may look for us, no accident happening, to-morrow, a little before two. We hope to dine with you, and to go on in the evening to the next town, for our time is short. I have sent a fine haunch of venison, which I bought yesterday from the innkeeper where we slept: it will be just fit for dressing to-morrow; so I shall be obliged to Mrs. Fairchild to order her cook to roast it by two o'clock, which is my dinner hour. My man Thomas, who brings this letter, will tell the cook how I like to have my venison dressed: and he brings a pot of currant jelly, to make sauce, in case you should have none by you; though I dare say this precaution is not necessary, as Mrs. Fairchild, no doubt, has all these things by her. I am not particular about my eating; but I should be obliged to you if you would have the venison ready by two o'clock, and let Thomas direct your cook. My wife and sister, and daughter Betty, send best compliments to our old friend Mrs. Fairchild; and hoping we shall meet in health to-morrow,

"I remain, dear Mr. Fairchild, your old friend,

"OBADIAH CROSBIE.

"P.S. You will find the haunch excellent: we dined upon the neck yesterday, and it was the best I ever tasted."

When Mr. Fairchild had finished the letter, he smiled, and said, "I shall be very glad to see our old friends; but I am sorry poor Mr. Crosbie still thinks so much about eating. It was always his besetting sin, and it seems to have grown stronger upon him as he has got older."

"Who is Mr. Crosbie, papa?" said Lucy.

"Mr. Crosbie, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild, "lives in London. He has a large fortune, which he got in trade. He has given up business some years, and now lives upon his fortune. When your mamma and I were in London twelve years ago, we were at Mr. Crosbie's house, where we were very kindly treated; therefore we must do the best we can to receive Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie kindly, and to make them as comfortable as possible."

When John went to church that same evening, Mr. Fairchild desired him to tell Nurse to come the next day to help Betty, for Nurse was a very good cook; and the next morning Mrs. Fairchild prepared everything to receive Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie, and Mr. Fairchild invited Mr. Somers to meet them at dinner. When the clock struck one, Mrs. Fairchild dressed herself and the children, and then went into a little tea-room, the window of which opened upon a small grass-plot, surrounded by rose-bushes and other flowering shrubs. Mr. Somers came in a little before two, and sat with Mrs. Fairchild.

When the clock struck two, Mr. Crosbie's family were not come, and Mr. Fairchild sent Henry to the garden-gate to look if he could see the carriage at a distance. When Henry returned he said that he could see the carriage, but it was still a good way off. "I am afraid the venison will be over-roasted," said Mrs. Fairchild, smiling. Henry soon after went again to the gate, and got there just in time to open it wide for Mr. Crosbie's carriage. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild ran out to receive their friends.

"I am glad to see you once again," said Mr. Crosbie, as he stepped out of the coach, followed by Mrs. Crosbie, Miss Crosbie, Miss Betty, and Mrs. Crosbie's maid.

Mr. Crosbie was a very fat man, with a red face; yet he looked good-humoured, and had in his younger days been handsome. Mrs. Crosbie was a little thin woman, and there was nothing in her appearance which pleased Emily and Lucy, though she spoke civilly to them. Miss Crosbie was as old as her brother, but she did not look so, for her face was painted red and white; and she and Miss Betty had sky-blue hats and tippets with white feathers, which Lucy and Emily thought very beautiful.

"Have you any company, Mrs. Fairchild?" said Miss Crosbie, as Mrs. Fairchild was leading them into the parlour.

"Only one gentleman, Mr. Somers, our Rector," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"Oh! then I must not appear in this gown! and my hair too is all rough!" said Miss Crosbie; "I must put on another gown: I am quite frightful to look at!"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Fairchild, "your dress is very nice: there is no need to trouble yourself to alter it."

"Oh, sister!" said Mrs. Crosbie, "don't think of changing your dress: Mrs. Fairchild's dinner is ready, I dare say."

Miss Crosbie would not be persuaded, but, calling the maid to attend her, ran up-stairs to change her dress: and Mrs. Fairchild sent Lucy after her. The rest of the company then went into the tea-room, where they sat round the window, and Mr. Crosbie said, "What a pretty place you have here, Mr. Fairchild; and a good wife, as I well know—and these pretty children! You ought to be a happy man."

"And so I am, thank God," said Mr. Fairchild; "as happy as any man in the world."

"I should have been with you an hour ago," said Mr. Crosbie, "that I might have walked over your garden before dinner, but for my wife there."

"What of your wife there?" said Mrs. Crosbie, turning sharply towards him. "Now

mind, Mr. Crosbie, if the venison is over-roasted, don't say it is my fault."

Mr. Crosbie took out his watch: "It is now twenty-five minutes past two: the venison has been down at the fire twenty-five minutes longer than it should have been. And did you not keep us an hour waiting this morning, at the inn where we slept, whilst you quarrelled with the innkeeper and his wife?"

Mrs. Crosbie answered: "You are always giving people to understand that I am ill-tempered, Mr. Crosbie; which I think is very unhandsome of you, Mr. Crosbie. There is not another person in the world who thinks me ill-tempered but you. Ask Thomas, or my maid, what they know of my temper; and ask your sister, who has lived with me long enough."

"Why don't you ask me what I think of it, mamma?" said Miss Betty, pertly.

"Hold your tongue, Miss!" said Mrs. Crosbie.

"Must not I speak!" said Miss Betty, in a low voice, but loud enough for her mamma to hear her.

When Miss Betty first came in, Emily admired her very much: for, besides the sky-blue hat and feather, she had blue satin shoes, and a very large pair of gold ear-rings: but when she heard her speak so boldly to her mamma, she did not like her so much. By this time John came to tell

the company that dinner was on the table: and Mr. Crosbie got up, saying, "The venison smells well—exceedingly well!"

"But where is Miss Crosbie?" asked Mr. Fairchild.

"Oh, my aunt thought herself not smart enough to show herself before Mr. Somers," said Miss Betty, pertly.

"Be silent, Miss," said Mrs. Crosbie.

"Don't wait for her then," said Mr. Crosbie: "let us go in to dinner. My sister loves a little finery: she would rather lose her dinner than not be dressed smart: I never wait for her at any meal.—Come, come! Ladies, lead the way: I am very hungry."

So Mrs. Fairchild sent Emily to tell Miss Crosbie that dinner was ready, and the rest of the company sat down to table.

"Mrs. Crosbie," said Mr. Crosbie, looking at the venison, and then at his wife, "the venison is too much roasted; I told you it would be so."

"What! finding fault with me again, Mr. Crosbie!" said Mrs. Crosbie. "Do you hear Mr. Fairchild finding fault with his wife in this manner?"

"Perhaps the venison is better than you think, Mr. Crosbie," said Mr. Somers; "let me help you to some. Mr. Fairchild, I know, is not fond of carving."

Mr. Crosbie thanked Mr. Somers; and Mr. Somers had just begun to cut the venison, when Mr. Crosbie called out as if in agony, "Oh! Mr. Somers! you will spoil the venison! you must not cut it that way upon any account! Do put the haunch by me and let me help myself."



MISS CROSBIE CAME INTO THE ROOM NEWLY DRESSED, IN A VERY ELEGANT MANNER.

"What confusion you are making in the table, Mr. Crosbie!" said Mrs. Crosbie; "you are putting every dish out of its place! Surely Mr. Somers knows how to carve as well as you do."

"But papa is afraid Mr. Somers won't give him all the nice bits," said Miss Betty.

"Learn to be silent, Miss!" said Mr. Crosbie.

Miss Betty was going to answer her papa, when Miss Crosbie came into the room newly

dressed, in a very elegant manner. She came smiling in, followed by Lucy and Emily, who went to sit at a small table with Henry.

"Sister," said Mrs. Crosbie, "where was the need of your dressing again? If we had waited for you, the dinner would have been spoiled."

"But we did not wait for Miss Crosbie, so there was no harm done," said Mr. Fairchild, smiling.

"My aunt would not lose an opportunity of showing her new-fashioned gown for the world!" said Miss Betty.

"Indeed, niece," answered Miss Crosbie, "I do not know why you should say that I am fond of showing my clothes. I wish to be neat and clean, but no person cares less than I do about fashions and finery."

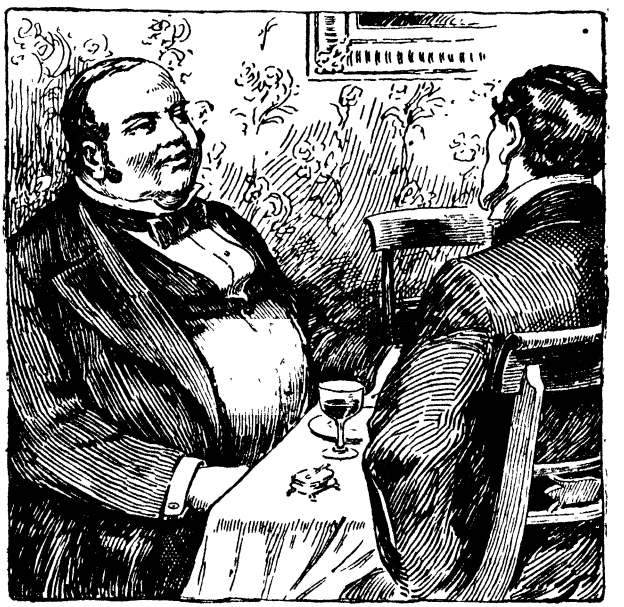
"La!" says Miss Betty, whispering to Mrs. Fairchild, "hear my aunt! she says she does not care about finery! That's like mamma saying how good-natured she is!"

"Fie, fie, Miss Betty!" said Mrs. Fairchild, speaking low: "you forget your respect to your elders."

Miss Betty coloured, and stared at Mrs. Fairchild. She had not been used to be found fault with; for she was spoiled by both her parents, and she felt quite angry. "Indeed," she said, "I never was thought disrespectful to any one before. Can't I see people's faults?

can't I see that mamma is cross, and my aunt fond of fine clothes, and that papa loves eating ? "

" Hush ! hush ! " said Mrs. Fairchild, in a low voice ; " your papa and mamma will hear you."



MR. CROSBIE NEVER STIRRED FOR SOME TIME AFTER DINNER

" And I don't care if they do," said Miss Betty : " they know what I think."

" What's that you are saying there, Miss Betty ? " said Mr. Crosbie.

" Oh, don't ask, brother," said Miss Crosbie :

"I know it is something saucy, by my niece's looks."

"And why should you suppose I am saying anything saucy, aunt?" said Miss Betty; "I am sure you are not accustomed to hear me say saucy things."

"Miss! miss! be quiet!" said Mrs. Crosbie; for she was afraid Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild would think her daughter ill-behaved.

"What, mamma!" answered Miss Betty, "am I to sit quietly and hear my aunt find fault with me before company—and for being impertinent, too—to my elders, as if I were a mere child?"

"Well, well—enough!" said Mr. Crosbie. "What is that pie, Mrs. Fairchild, in the middle of the table? I must have some, if you please."

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were not sorry when dinner was over, and Mrs. Crosbie proposed that Mrs. Fairchild should show her the garden. Accordingly the ladies and children got up, and left the gentlemen together: for Mr. Crosbie never stirred for some time after dinner.

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After tea Mr. Crosbie and his family took their leave, and went off to the next inn upon the London road, where they were to sleep; for Mr. Crosbie was in haste to be at home, and would not stay, although Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild begged

that they would, at least till the next day. When they were gone, Mr. Fairchild and Henry took a walk towards the village with Mr. Somers, whilst the little girls remained at home with their mamma.

"Dear Lucy," said Mrs. Fairchild, as soon as she was alone with her little girls, "do you remember what we were speaking about yesterday, before Mr. Crosbie's letter came?"

"Yes, mamma," said Lucy: "we were speaking of besetting sins, and you said that everybody has a besetting sin, and you told me what you believed mine to be."

"True, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild: "I told you that very few people know what their own besetting sins are. You had an opportunity to-day of observing this: every individual of our friend Mr. Crosbie's family has a very strong besetting sin. Mr. Crosbie loves eating: Mrs. Crosbie is ill-tempered: Miss Crosbie is vain, and fond of finery; and Miss Betty is very pert and forward. We can see these faults in them, and they can see them in each other; but it is plain they do not see them in themselves. Mr. Crosbie said several times that he was not particular about what he ate or drank: Mrs. Crosbie said that there was not a person in the world who thought her ill-tempered but her husband: Miss Crosbie said that nobody in the world cared

less for finery than she did ; and Miss Betty was quite offended when she was told she was not respectful in her manners to her elders."

" Oh, yes ! " said Emily : " she said, ' I am not saucy : of all faults, sauciness is not one of my faults, I am sure ' ; and I thought all the time she looked as saucy and impertinent as possible."

" And how Mr. Crosbie did eat ! " said Lucy : " he ate half the haunch of venison ! And then he was helped twice to pigeon-pie ; and then he ate apple-tart and custard ; and then. . . ."

" Well, well ! you have said enough, Lucy," said Mrs. Fairchild, interrupting her. " I do not speak of our poor friends' faults out of malice, or for the sake of making a mockery of them, but to show you. how people may live in the constant practice of one particular sin, without being at all conscious of it, and, perhaps, thinking themselves very good all the time. We are all quick enough, my dear Emily and Lucy, in finding out other people's faults."

XXX.

THE RESCUE PARTY.

By Charlotte M. Yonge.

The Arctic seas have been the scene of some of the most noted instances of daring and patience shown by mariners. Ever since the reign of Edward VI., when the brave Sir Hugh Willoughby and his crew all perished frozen at their posts among the rocks of Spitzbergen, the relentless ice, and soft though fatal snows of those dreary realms, have formed the grave of many a gallant sailor. Many a life has been lost in the attempt to discover the North-west passage, between Davis's and Behring's Straits, and to trace the outline of the northern coast of America. Whether those lives were wasted, or whether their brave example was not worth more to the World than a few years more of continuance, is not the question here to be asked. The later Arctic voyagers had a nobler purpose than that of completing the survey of the barren coast, namely, the search for Sir John Franklin, who, in 1845, had gone forth with two tried vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, on his second polar expedition, and had been seen and heard of no more.

Voyage after voyage was undertaken, in the hope at first of relieving and rescuing the lost ships' companies, and then of ascertaining their fate, until the Admiralty decided that to send forth more exploring parties was a vain risking of valuable lives, and it was only the earnest perseverance of Sir John Franklin's wife and the chivalrous adventure of individuals that carried on the search, until, at the end of fourteen years, Captain, now Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in the *Fox* yacht, discovered the last records, which placed it beyond all doubt that the gentle and courageous Franklin had died peacefully, before evil days had come on his party, and that the rest had more gradually perished under cold and hunger, in the fearful prison of icebergs.

Gallant and resolute as were all these northern travellers, there are two names that perhaps deserve, above the others, to be recorded, because their free offer of themselves was not promoted by the common tie of country. One was the French Lieutenant Bellot, who sailed in the *Albert* in 1851, and after most manful exertions, which gained the respect and love of all who sailed with him, was drowned by the breaking of the ice in Wellington Sound. The other was Dr. Elisha Kane, an American Naval Surgeon, who in 1853 volunteered to command an American expedition in search of the lost vessels, which some

supposed to be shut up by the ice in a basin of clearer, warmer water, such as it was thought might exist round the North Pole, and the way to which might be opened or closed, according to the shifting of the icebergs.

His vessel was the brig *Advance*, and his course was directed through Davis's Straits; and on the way past the Danish settlements in Greenland, they provided themselves with a partially educated young Esquimaux as a hunter, and with a team of dogs, which were to be used in drawing sledges over the ice in explorations.

The whole expedition was one Golden Deed, but there is not space to describe it in all its details: we must confine ourselves to the most striking episode in their adventures, hoping that it may send our readers to the book itself. The ship was brought to a standstill in Renfaelner Bay, on the west side of Smith's Strait, between the 79th and 80th degrees of latitude. It was only the 10th of September when the ice closed in so as to render further progress of the ship impossible. On the 7th of November the sun was seen for the last time, and darkness set in for 141 days—such darkness at times as was misery even to the dogs, who used to contend with one another for the power of lying within sight of the crack of light under the cabin door.

Before the light failed, however, Dr. Kane

had sent out parties to make *caches*, or stores of provisions, at various intervals. These were to be used by the exploring companies whom he proposed to send out in sledges, while the ice was still unbroken, in hopes of thus discovering the way to the Polynia, or polar basin, in which he thought Franklin might be shut up. The same work was resumed with the first gleams of returning light in early spring, and on the 18th of March a sledge was despatched with eight men to arrange one of these depôts for future use. Towards midnight on the 29th, Dr. Kane and those who had remained in the ship, were sewing moccasins in their warm cabin by lamplight, when steps were heard above, and down came three of the absent ones, staggering, swollen, haggard, and scarcely able to speak. Four of their companions were lying under their tent frozen and disabled, "somewhere among the hummocks, to the North and East, it was drifting heavily." A brave Irishman, Thomas Hickey, had remained at the peril of his life to feed them, and these three had set out to try to obtain aid, but they were so utterly exhausted and bewildered, that they could hardly be restored sufficiently to explain themselves.

Instantly to set out to the rescue, was of course Dr. Kane's first thought, and as soon as the facts had been ascertained, a sledge, a small tent, and

some pemmican, or pounded and spiced meat, were packed up: Mr. Ohlsen, who was the least disabled of the sufferers, was put into a fur bag, with his legs rolled up in dog skins and eider-down, and strapped upon the sledge, in the hope that he would serve as a guide; and nine men, with Dr. Kane, set forth across the ice in cold seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point.

Mr. Ohlsen, who had not slept for fifty hours, dropped asleep as soon as the sledge began to move, and thus he continued for sixteen hours, during which the ten proceeded with some knowledge of their course, since huge icebergs of noted forms, stretching in "long beaded lines" across the bay, served as a sort of guide-posts. But just when they had come beyond their knowledge, except that their missing comrades must be somewhere within forty miles round, he awoke, evidently delirious and perfectly useless. Presently, they came to a long, level floe, or field of ice, and Dr. Kane thinking it might have been attractive to weary men unable to stagger over the wild hummocks and rugged surface of the other parts, decided to search it thoroughly. He left the sledge, raised the tent, buried the pemmican, and took poor Ohlsen out of his bag, as he was just able to keep his legs, and the thermometer had sunk three degrees lower, so

that to halt would have been certain death. The thirst was dreadful, for there was no waiting



PRESENTLY, THEY CAME TO A LONG, LEVEL FLOE.

to melt the snow, and in such a temperature, if it be not thawed before touching the mouth, it burns like caustic, and leaves the lips and tongue bleeding. The men were ordered to

spread themselves, so as to search completely; but though they readily obeyed, they could not help continually closing up together, either, Dr. Kane thought, from getting bewildered by the forms of the ice, or from the invincible awe and dread of solitude, acting on their shattered nerves in that vast field of intense lonely whiteness, and in the atmosphere of deadly cold. The two strongest were seized with shortness of breath and trembling fits, and Dr. Kane himself fainted twice on the snow. Thus they had spent two hours, having been nearly eighteen without water or food, when Hans, their Esquimaux hunter, thought he saw a sledge track in the snow, and though there was still a doubt whether it were not a mere rift made by the wind, they followed it for another hour, till at length they beheld the stars and stripes of the American flag fluttering on a hummock of snow, and close behind it was the tent of the lost.

Dr. Kane was among the last to come up: his men were all standing in file beside the tent, waiting in a sort of awe for him to be the first to enter it and see whether their messmates still lived. He crawled into the darkness, and heard a burst of welcome from four poor helpless figures lying stretched on their backs. "We expected you! We were sure you would come!", and then burst out a hearty cheer outside, and for the

first time Dr. Kane was well-nigh overcome by strong feeling.

Here were fifteen souls in all to be brought back to the ship. The new-comers had travelled without rest for twenty-one hours, and the tent would barely hold eight men, while outside, motion was the only means of sustaining life. By turns, then, the rescue party took two hours of sleep each, while those who remained awake paced the snow outside; and, food having been taken, the homeward journey began, but not till all the sick had been undressed, rubbed, and newly packed in double buffalo skins, in which—having had each limb swathed in reindeer skins—they were laid on their own sledge, and sewn up in one huge bale, with an opening over each mouth for breathing. This took four hours, and gave almost all the rescuers frost-bitten fingers; and then, all hands standing round, a prayer was said, and the ten set out to drag the four in their sledge over ice and snow, now in ridges, now in hummocks, up and down, hard and wild beyond conception. Ohlsen was sufficiently restored to walk, and all went cheerfully for about six hours, when every one became sensible of a sudden failure of their powers.

"Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: they were not cold, the wind did not enter them now, a

little sleep was all that they wanted. Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift, and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded, an immediate halt could not be avoided." So the tent was pitched again with much difficulty, for their hands were too powerless to strike a light, and even the whisky, which had been put under all the coverings of the sledge at the men's feet was frozen. Into the tent all the sick and failing were put, and James M'Gary was left in charge of them, with orders to come on after a halt of four hours, while Dr. Kane and William Godfrey pushed on ahead, meaning to reach the tent that had been left halfway, and thaw some food by the time the rest came up.

Happily, they were on a level tract of ice, for they could hardly have contended with difficulties in the nine miles they had still to go to this tent. They were neither of them in their right senses, but had resolution enough to keep moving, and imposing on one another a continued utterance of words; but they lost all count of time, and could only remember having seen a bear walking leisurely along, and tearing up a fur garment that

had been dropped the day before. The beast rolled it into a ball, but took no notice of them,



THE RESCUE.

and they proceeded steadily, so "drunken with cold," that they hardly had power to care for the sight of their half-way tent undergoing the same fate. However, their approach frightened away

the bear, after it had done no worse than overthrowing the tent. The exhausted pair raised it with much difficulty, crawled in, and slept for three hours. When they awoke, Dr. Kane's beard was frozen so fast to the buffalo-skin over him, that Godfrey had to cut him out with his jack-knife; but they had recovered their faculties, and had time to make a fire, thaw some ice, and make some soup with the pemmican, before the rest of the party arrived.

After having given them this refreshment, the last stage of the journey began, and the most severe; for the ice was wild and rough, and exhaustion was leading to the most grievous losses—that of self-control. In their thirst, some could no longer abstain from eating snow, their mouths swelled, and they became speechless; and all were overpowered by the deadly sleep of cold, dropping torpid upon the snow. But Dr. Kane found that, when roused by force at the end of three minutes, these snatches of sleep did them good, and each in turn was allowed to sit on the runners of the sledge, watched, and awakened. The day was without wind and sunshiny, otherwise they must have perished; for the whole became so nearly delirious, that they retained no recollection of their proceedings: they only traced their course afterwards by their footmarks. But when perception and

memory were lost, obedience and self-devotion lived on—still these hungry, frost-bitten, senseless men tugged at the sledge that bore their comrades—still held together, and obeyed their leader, who afterwards continued the soundest of the party. One was sent staggering forward, and was proved by the marks in the snow to have repeatedly fallen ; but he reached the brig safely, and was capable of repeating with perfect accuracy the messages Dr. Kane had charged him with for the surgeon.

A dog-team, with a sledge and some restoratives, was at once sent out to meet the others, with the surgeon, Dr. Hayes, who was shocked at the condition in which he encountered them—four lying, sewn up in furs, on the sledge, which the other ten were drawing. These ten, three days since, hardy, vigorous men, were covered with frost, feeble, and bent. They gave not a glance of recognition, but only a mere vacant, wild stare, and still staggered on, every one of them delirious. It was one o'clock in the afternoon of the third day that they arrived, after sixty-six hours' exposure, during which they had been almost constantly on foot. Most of those who still kept their footing stumbled straight on, as if they saw and heard nothing, till they came to the ship's side, where, on Dr. Kane giving the word to halt, they dropped the lines, mounted the ship's side,

and each made straight for his own bed, where he rolled in, just as he was, in all his icy furs, and fell into a heavy sleep.

There were only the seven who had been left with the ship (five of them being invalids), to carry up the four helpless ones, and attend to all the rest. Dr. Kane, indeed, retained his faculties, assisted in carrying them in, and saw them attended to; after which he lay down in his cot, but, after an hour or two, he shouted, "Halloo, on deck there!" and when Dr. Hayes came to him, he gave orders "to call all hands to lay aft, and take two reefs in the stove-pipe!" In like manner, each of the party, as he awoke, began to rave; and for two days the ship was an absolute madhouse, the greater part of its inmates frantic in their several cots. Dr. Kane was the first to recover—Ohlsen the last, his mind constantly running upon the search for his comrades in the tent, which he thought himself the only person able to discover. Of those whom the party had gone to assist, good "Irish Tom" soon recovered; but two died in the course of a few days, and the rest suffered very severely.

The rest of Dr. Kane's adventures cannot here be told; suffice it to say, that his ship remained immovable, and, after a second winter of terrible suffering from the diseases induced by the want of fresh meat and vegetables—the place of which

was ill-supplied by rats, puppies, and scurvy-grass —it was decided to take to the boats; and, between these and sledges, the ship's company of the *Advance*, at last, found their way to Greenland, after so long a seclusion from all European news, that, when first they heard of the Crimean war, they thought an alliance between England and France a mere hallucination of their ignorant informant. Dr. Kane—always an unhealthy man—did not live long after his return; but he survived long enough to put on record one of the most striking and beautiful histories of patience and unselfishness that form part of the best treasury this world has to show.

NOTES FOR TEACHERS.

I. JOHNSON.

P. 1, l. 16. Conjecture: teach with *to guess, to wager*, etc.

P. 2, l. 3. Apparently: openly, obviously.

l. 8. Mien: miːn.

l. 10. Compliments: what is the difference between complimenting a person, and flattering him?

l. 22. Surtout (səːˈtuː): an overcoat.

l. 28. Overture: we talk of "making overtures to" or "making advances to" a person.

P 4, l. 29. But he talks: without talking, unless he talks.

P. 5, l. 26. Stocks: funds (P. 6, l. 17): money borrowed by the Nation from individuals. The "young man" says that he prefers to invest his money in land.

P. 6, l. 5. Vivacity: what is the corresponding adjective?

l. 9. Chancellor: explain, shortly, what the Lord Chancellor and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are.

l. 23. Romance: imaginative fiction: fairy stories.

l. 23. Enchantment: note to *enchant, enchantress, enchanting, fascinate, fascinating, fascination, to charm, charming, charms, charmer.*

P. 7, l. 18. 'Change-alley: the Exchange: in the City of London, the business and financial quarter.

l. 21. Engrosses and transcribes: copies out legal documents in a large hand.

II. Dickens (*Pickwick Papers*).

P. 8, l. 5. **Portmanteaus**: the usual plural is port-manteaux (pɔːt'mæntouz).

P. 10, l. 22. **Canter**: explain the difference between *walk*, *trot*, *amble*, *gallop*.

l. 8. **It's as well**, *i.e.*, it is as good a thing to do as anything else would be: it is a very good thing.

l. 9. **Cool**: note the two senses of the word.

l. 20. **Key-bugle**: also known as cornet.

l. 23. **Standing sentry over the air**: so as to prevent it from entering.

P. 12, l. 5. **Against father comes home**: explain that this is written dramatically, *i.e.*, as the cottager's family would express it themselves. It would be correct to say "against the time when their father would come home." **Against** means "in view of," or "with reference to."

l. 16. **Curiosity.** Note the words *curious* (two senses), *inquisitive*, and the two senses of the word *curiosity*.

l. 26. **Cheesemonger**. Note that we talk of a cheese-*monger*, a coster*monger*, an iron*monger*, a fish*monger*. Set the pupils to make a list of as many kinds of tradesmen as they know.

P. 13, l. 16. **Put to**: given their food.

l. 20. **Off fore-leg**: the front legs of an animal are called its *fore-legs*, the back, its *hind-legs*: its right legs are called *off-legs*, its left, *near-legs*. How do you mount a horse?

P. 14, l. 11. **Admonitory**: cf. *Admonish*, *admonition*.

l. 28. **The Blue Lion**: the name of the Inn at Muggleton, so called from the *sign*, or *sign-board*, hanging outside it.

III. Hughes (*Tom Brown*).

P. 15, l. 9. **Generation**: explain that in a family the grandfather, the son, and the grandson represent three generations. A generation is usually reckoned as 33 years, that being the average (in Europe) of the number of years that a father is older than his son.

l. 10. **Tenderer**: in present-day English we should say "more tender."

l. 14. **Caloric** ('kælərik): the heat of the body.

l. 14. **Fuzzy**: close, stuffy, badly-ventilated.

l. 17. **Tally-ho**: the name of the Coach.

l. 17. **Petersham coat.** A thick cloth coat fitting tightly to the figure.

l. 20. **To be without legs**: to have no sensations in the legs (see what follows).

P. 17, l. 1. **Consciousness**: teach with the kindred terms *conscious, to be conscious of, conscience.* What do we mean by *self-conscious, conscientious* ?

l. 10. **Pikeman**: the keeper of a turnpike (see Dictionary and "John Gilpin" Book V., lesson XIX.).

l. 22. **St. Albans** (sənt'ɔ:lbənz): 20 miles N.W. of London.

l. 27. **Driven him inwards**: made him reflect upon his own affairs.

P. 18, l. 21. **Put them along**: driven them fast.

P. 19, l. 3. **Stump**: as if they had wooden legs: their feet are so cold that they have little or no life in them.

l. 6. **Purl**: a stimulant, made chiefly of beer.

l. 11. **Of**: colloquial English for "on." It is only used of time, *e.g.* "He used to come to my house of a Thursday." The idiom is now almost obsolete.

l. 15. **Jem**: dʒim.

P. 20, l. 1. **Hack**: a hired horse.

l. 6. **Up-coach**: like up-trains (Book IV., lesson XVIII.).

l. 18. **Sporting prints**: prints of sporting subjects, such as horse-races, or hunting scenes. Cf. *sporting-house* below.

l. 20. **Bagmen**: also known as "commercial travellers," or (in America) "drummers"; representatives of wholesale houses, who go round the country with samples to show to retail dealers and shop-keepers.

l. 21. **Quaint** (kweint): cf. *old-fashioned, picturesque.*

l. 27. **Household bread**: bread made at home, and not bought at a baker's shop. How is bread made?

l. 28. **Trencher**: a plate made of wood, especially used for bread. The word means a "plate for carving, or for cutting," being the plate on which the bread is cut in slices.

P. 21, l. 2. **Rashers**: of bacon.

l. 2. **Poached**: boiled in water without their shells.

l. 10. **Head Waiter**: the article is omitted as in "Cook" (see Book IV., lesson XIX.).

l. 17. **Potations**: a literary word, not to be used in ordinary speech or writing.

l. 17. **Tankard**: a drinking vessel made of metal, usually pewter or silver.

l. 18. **Barmaid**: the maid who has charge of the drinks, which are served at the *bar* (a counter, as in a shop).

P. 23, l. 2. **Tap**: the same as the *bar*.

l. 4. **Doubtful**: uncertain in quality and strength.

l. 4. **Which you might tie . . .**: Because it is damp (or green, as unmatured cigars are called).

P. 24, l. 8. **Destination**: cf. *destined, Destiny.*

l. 11. **Goes**: note that the Guard's English is not exactly correct.

l. 23. **Two-oss**: two-horse.

P. 25, l. 1. **Qualms**: kwaimz.

P. 26, l. 5. **Werry**: very.

l. 6. **Half**: at the time this story was written there were only two terms in the School Year. Now there are three, the Christmas, Easter, and Summer Terms.

IV. Thackeray (*Denis Duval*).

P. 26, l. 18. **Michaelmas** ('miklməs): Sept. 29th.

P. 27, l. 3. **Patron**: teach together with *patronage, to patronize.*

l. 16. **Share the horses**: sharing the expense of the horses hired at the various stages.

l. 17. **The Tower**: the Tower of London (see Book V., lesson XI.).

l. 20. **Master Denis Duval**: note that Thackeray makes his hero sometimes speak of himself in the first, and sometimes in the third, person.

l. 24. **St. Paul's**: St. Paul's Cathedral.

l. 25. **Bliss**: note *blissful, to bless, blessed* (or *blest*), a *blessing* (two senses), *benediction*, etc.

l. 26. **For thinking**: because I thought. Cf. "Nearly all of them barked for joy" (Book IV., page 83, line 13).

l. 27. **Pleasure**: cf. to *please, pleasant, pleasing*, and other kindred words.

P. 28, l. 5. **Valise** (væ'liːz): a small hand-bag.

l. 6. **Brass-barrelled**: teach the different parts of a gun, *e.g.* the stock, the barrel, the muzzle, the breech. What are a revolver, a shot-gun, a rifle, cannon, a machine-gun? What is gunmetal?

l. 16. **A-coming**: a case of the gerund, or verb-noun.

l. 18. **Pascoe**: 'pæskou.

l. 22. **Viz.**: videlicet (vai'diːliset): **namely.**

P. 29, l. 19. **Buccleuch**: bʌ'klu.

l. 25. **Holster**: the same as *pocket.*

P. 30, l. 15. **Never lost sight** : we could say " He never lost sight of his box " or " He never let his box out of his sight."

l. 18. **Punch** : a mixed drink, containing spirits (whisky or rum) with lemon-juice and sugar.

P. 33, l. 13. **Peevish** : Mr. Weston had arranged with the highwayman to rob Dr. Barnard, and so he was *angry* with Denis Duval.

V. Drayton (*Agincourt*).

P. 34, l. 10. **Fair stood . . .** : The wind was favourable for the crossing from England to France.

l. 12. **Nor now . . .** : are not willing to wait longer before testing our chance of success.

l. 15. **Caux** (kou) : the modern Havre.

P. 35, l. 7. **To one be ten** : as a matter of fact, the French were about five to one.

l. 21. **Poitiers** (pɔi′tiəz) in 1356, and *Cressy* in 1346 were won by the English archers.

l. 28. **French Lilies** : the Lily or Fleur-de-lys (flə:de′li:s) was the emblem of France, as the Rose is of England.

P. 36, l. 1. **The Duke of York** : the grandson of Edward III.

l. 2. **Vaward** : vanguard.

l. 5. **Exeter** : this is not correct, historically. Lord Camoys was in command of the rear.

P. 37, l. 6. **Bilbos** : swords : so called from Bilbao in Spain, which like Toledo, in the same country, was famous for its swords.

l. 21. **Gloucester** : the King's youngest brother.

l. 25. **Clarence** : another brother of the King. Actually he did not fight at Agincourt.

VI. Shakespeare (*Henry V.*).

P. 39, l. 3. **We are enow**: the argument is this: "if there were more of us and we were all killed, the loss to England would be greater."

l. 6. **God's will**: our fate, whether we fail or succeed, rests with God.

l. 18. **Hath no stomach to . . .**: has no taste for . . .

l. 22. **That fears**: who is afraid of dying as my companion.

l. 23. **This day**: October 25th, the feast of the Saints Crispin and Crispian.

P. 40, l. 2. **The vigil**: the day before the battle, the eve of the battle.

l. 7. **But**: without our being remembered.

VII. Froude (*Revenge*).

P. 41, l. 4. **Victuallers**: ships carrying provisions.

l. 5. **Pinnaces**: smaller vessels.

l. 6. **Under**: to the leeward (luːərd) of the island. Explain the difference between windward and leeward, the weather-side and the lee-side.

l. 9. **Aggressive**: what is the opposite of an aggressive movement?

l. 11. "**Pestered and rummaging**": in disorder.

l. 16. **Cut or weigh their anchors**: either to cut the anchor-hawsers or to bring the anchors up on deck.

P. 42, l. 1. **Bideford** ('bidifəd): on the north coast of Devon.

l. 4. **Mythic** ('miθik): cf. *myth* (miθ), *mythology* (mai'θɔlədʒi), *mythical* ('miθikəl).

l. 5. **Talbot**: 'tɔːlbət.

l. 5. **Cœur de Lion** (ˌkəːdə'liːɔ̃): Richard I.

l. 16. **Credible** : teach *to believe in, to trust, to rely on, credible, credibility, credulous, trustworthy, reliable,* etc.

l. 17. **Carouse** here means " drink to the dregs.'

l. 29. **Weighed** : *i.e.* weighed anchor.

P. 43, l. 2. **On his weather bow** : *i.e.* between him and the wind.

l. 4. **Raleigh** ('rɑːli) : see Book III., lesson XLIV.

l. 16. **Sprang their luff** : turned their vessels so as to sail as nearly as possible in the direction from which the wind was coming.

l. 16. **Under the lee of . . .** : So that now Grenville was between them and the wind. Note the metaphorical use of the term " to take the wind out of a person's sails," which is derived from this manœuvre, and which means to take advantage of a person. (See below, l. 24.)

l. 17. **Had been** : would have been.

l. 23. **High-carged** : built-up high out of the water.

l. 28. **Larboard : starboard** : the left and right sides respectively. The modern terms are " Port " and " Starboard." Every ship carries a red light on the Port side, and a green one on the Starboard, in order that other navigators may know at night which way the vessel is travelling.

P. 44, l. 2. **The lower tier** : the shot from the lower deck.

l. 11. **Ordnance** : cannon.

P. 45, l. 3. **Sulphurous** : what is gunpowder made of ?

l. 10. **Armadas** : men-of-war.

l. 15. **Composition** : a compromise, or truce. (See below, P. 48, l. 12.)

P. 48, l. 3. **Did become** : was worthy of . . . Cf. the adjective " becoming," meaning *fit* or *appropriate.*

l. 27. **For that** : because.

l. 29. **Barrère** wrote an imaginary account of a fight of the *Vengeur* with an English ship.

VIII. Tennyson (*Revenge*).

Note how closely Tennyson keeps to Linschoten's and Raleigh's accounts.

P. 52, l. 3. **Inquisition**: A Catholic ecclesiastical court.

l. 12. **For the glory of the Lord**: in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth Catholics and Protestants, in Spain and England, thought that the cause of Christianity was advanced if they killed or tortured their opponents.

P. 53, l. 1. **Sea-castles**: Sixteenth-century ships had a built up stern and bows. The fore part of a ship is, to this day, called the fore-castle (pronounced 'fouksl).

P. 58, l. 11. **Swarthier alien crew**: most Spaniards are dark.

l. 15. **Or ever**: before.

IX. Scott (*Talisman*).

P. 60, l. 1. **Red Cross.** The English Crusaders wore a Red, the French a White, and the Flemish a Green Cross, on the right shoulder.

l. 9. **Crossing himself**, or **making the sign of the Cross**: show the class how it was done.

l. 22. **Intolerable**: teach *to tolerate, tolerable, toleration, tolerant, intolerant, intolerable, to bear, unbearable, to suffer, insufferable.*

P. 61, l. 1. **Mail**: armour made of rings of steel, like a net.

l. 8. **Hauberk**: the part of the armour protecting the breast.

l. 13. **Falchion** ('fɔ:lʃən): a sword.

l. 15. **Poniard** ('pounjəd): a dagger.

l. 20. **Cumbrous**: cf. *cumbersome.*

l. 28. **Couchant**: a term of heraldry, meaning "lying down." Explain what heraldry, a coat-of-arms, and a crest are.

P. 62, l. 16. **Saddlebow**: the front part of the saddle.

l. 21. **Panoply** : complete armour.

P. 63, l. 13. **Norman** : who were the Normans? Where did they come from, and why were they so called? What do you know of their history ?

l. 15. **Adventurous** : teach *adventure, to venture, to dare, daring* (adjective and substantive), *bold, reliant*, etc.

l. 16. **Race** : what are a *Race*, a *Nation*, a *People* ?

l. 20. **Temporal**)(*spiritual* (line 21).

l. 23. **Ordinary** : teach *order, to order, co-ordinate, subordinate.*

l. 28. **Engaged** : what exactly does this mean ? When Dolly was engaged (Book V., lesson XXIII.), what was meant by the term ?

P. 64, l. 5. **Maintaining** : teach *to maintain, maintenance, to keep, to uphold*, etc.

l. 17. **Continued** : teach *continual, continuous, went on*, etc.

l. 29. **Infidel** : cf. *pagan, heathen*, etc.

P. 65, l. 1. **Barb** : an Arab horse, because the finest horses came from Barbary.

l. 6. **Manage** : teach *manager, management, to handle.* (The Latin *manus* means *a hand.*)

l. 7. **Inflection** : bending. What are the meanings of the terms *reflect, inflect, deflect* ?

P. 66, l. 5. **Inimitable** : cf. to *imitate*, to *copy*, an *imitation*, a *copy*, etc.

P. 68, l. 9. **Dexterity** : the adjective is *dextrous* (literally, *right-handed*).

l. 16. **Address** : skill.

P. 69, l. 18. **Lingua franca** : a tongue, or language, understood by many peoples, though not spoken by any one of them. In the countries round the Mediterranean most of the peoples talk a form of Italian, just as, in India, Hindustani is a language common to many different peoples.

X. Scott (*Ivanhoe*).

P. 70, l. 8. **Peremptory** ('perəmtri): translate, or explain in the vernacular.

l. 14. **Presently**: in the old sense of "immediately."

l. 18. **Baldric** ('bɔ:ldrik): a kind of belt.

l. 19. **St. Hubert** is said to have been a great hunter who was converted to Christianity by the sight of a stag bearing a cross between his antlers.

l. 20. **Competitors**: cf. *to compete, competition.*

P, 71, l. 3. **The object of his resentment**: Locksley was a follower of the King, Richard I., John's brother.

P. 72, l. 29. **Sith**: since, because.

P. 74, l. 6. **Silver-pennies**: in modern English, shillings.

l. 9. **Hastings**: the battle of Hastings in 1066.

l. 21. **Allowed for**: or "made allowance for."

P. 75, l. 4. **An**: if.

l. 21. **Clout**: the word means "a patch" or "a piece of cloth." Since a piece of cloth was often used as the central point of the target, the word means the same as the modern "bull's eye."

P. 76, l. 17. **Ungenerous**: the opposite of *generous*. Note the words *generous, generosity, liberal, liberality, chivalrous, chivalry, noble, nobleness, nobility.*

l. 22. **Peel**: to take the peel off: thus we say "to skin" (to take the skin off): "to husk" (to take the husks off): "to shell" (to take the shell off).

P. 78, l. 4. **Jerkin**: jacket.

XI. Psalm XXIII.

Prayer Book:

P. 79, l. 13. **Lack**: teach with *want* (substantive and verb), *to be without, to be wanting in*, etc.

Addison:

P. 80, l. 15. **Glebe**: earth.

Baker:

P. 81, l. 17. **Perverse**: cf. *adverse, converse.*

XII. Kingsley (*Pompeii*).

P. 82, l. 18. **Speculation**: teach *to speculate, to guess, guess-work*, and, perhaps, *instinct* and *instinctive*. (A guess is instinctive, not rational.)

l. 19. **Trust**: cf. *Trust, to trust, to rely on, reliable, trustworthy, to depend on.*

P. 83, l. 15. **Vineyards**: 'vinjədz. The termination *-yard* means a garden, as in *olive-yard, hop-yard,* and *orchard* (ort-yard).

l. 27. **Avernus**: the word is said to mean "a place where no bird goes," because of the poisonous gases.

P. 84, l. 29. **Pumice**: 'pʌmis.

P. 85, l. 7. **Ebbed**: note the difference between "to ebb" and "to flow." Consult the geography teacher, and enquire if he has taught the class about Tides.

l. 9. **Stabiae**: stæbii:.

l. 10. **Pomponianus**: pɔmpouni'einəs.

l. 21. **Woke up**: this is incorrect English. It should be "awakened."

P. 86, l. 20. **Herculaneum**: he:kju'leiniəm.

l. 20. **Pompeii**: pɔm'pei:.

P. 87, l. 8. **Crystal Palace**: at Sydenham ('sidnəm), on the outskirts of London.

l. 14. **Luckless**: cf. *lucky, unlucky, fortunate, unfortunate,* etc.

XIII. Browning (*Evelyn Hope*).

P. 88, l. 13. **Geranium** (dʒe'reiniem): a flower with a bright-red blossom (cf. below, stanza V., line 6).

P. 90, l. 14. **My heart seemed**: *i.e.* "Do you ask me if my heart was so full of Love for others that it could not include Love for you?"

XIV. Goldsmith (*Vicar of Wakefield*).

P. 91, l. 3. **Happened**: cf. *took place, occurred, event, happening, occurrence.*

l. 4. **Intentions**: teach with *intend, propose, proposal.*

P. 95, l. 1. **By little**: in modern English we should say "little by little."

l. 27. **Making up by**: cf. *to compensate, compensation, to balance.* Explain practically with a balance.

P. 98, l. 2. **Shagreen**: untanned leather.

l. 23. **Murrain** ('mʌrin): a plague, or a curse.

P. 99, l. 7. **Sharper**: cf. *to impose upon, impostor, charlatan, quack* (see Book III., lesson XLVI).

XV. M. Arnold (*Kensington Gardens*).

P. 100, l. 4. **Red-boled**: the *bole* is the *trunk* of the tree.

l. 6. **Girdling**: surrounding.

P. 101, l. 1. **Scarce fresher**: although the scene is in London, it is hardly fresher in the remote country.

l. 8. **Pan**: consult a Classical Dictionary.

XVI. Reeves (*New Zealand*).

P. 102, l. 18. **Rainbow**: the rainbow shows all the colours of the spectrum. What are they?

P. 103, l. 3. **Infinite**: cf. to *define, indefinite, indefinable, finite, definition, limit, illimitable,* etc.

P. 104, l. 1. **Geysers**: geizəz.

P. 105, l. 4. **Rotorua**: routərʊə.

l. 6. **Mokoia**: mə'koiə.

l. 9. **Rotoiti**: routɔ'iiti.

P. 106, l. 3. **Whakarewarewa**: wɔrəkeiwə'rɪə.

l. 6. **Tikitere**: tiki'teiri.

l. 7. **Taupo**: as written.

l. 12. **Ruapehu**: ruə'peiu.

l. 12. **Ngauruhoe**: njaːjuruːi.

XVII. Campbell (*Battle of the Baltic*).

P. 107, l. 7. **Renown**: teach *fame, famed, famous, glory, glorious, renowned.*

P. 108, l. 3. **Van**: the vanguard: see "vaward" (Chapter V., p. 36, l. 2).

l. 5. **Hearts of Oak**: cf. Book V., lesson X.

l. 22. **We conquer but to save**: the English were not the enemies of the Danes, but did not wish them to fall into the hands of Napoleon.

P. 109, l. 22. **Riou**: one of the captains who was killed in the battle.

XVIII. Kipling (*Beast and Man in India*).

P. 110, l. 2. **Admitting**: teach by means of kindred words, such as *allow* (see *allowance* in the next sentence), *grant, confess*, etc., and also point out the various different uses of the word, *e.g.* "To admit a person into a room," "To admit a boy to a school," and so forth. The metaphorical sense comes from the use in law-courts of evidence. The Court *admits* a plea, or an argument, when it *allows it to be entered* (on the records).

l. 6. **Contempt**: note the words *to despise, scorn, contemptible, despicable, scornful, contemptuous, to sneer.*

l. 7. **Potentialities**: compare with *possibilities* above.

l. 8. **Character**: the word originally meant "stamp" or "impression," *i.e.* a mark made by impressing something on some material, as a brand, or the type in print. A man's character is the sum-total of his actions and his habits, and is the result of them, or (to speak mathematically) the L.C.M. of his actions.

l. 11. **Morals**: rules of conduct.

l. 12. **Fantastical**: teach the kindred words *fancy, fanciful, to fancy, to imagine, imagination, imaginative*, and, perhaps, *ideal.*

l. 14. **Outcast, pagan**: practically the same. Consult a good dictionary for the origin of these words, and also for that of the word *heathen*.

l. 18. **Waits upon**: as we talk of "waiting at table."

l. 22. **The philosophy**: cynicism.

P. 111, l. 2. **Currish**. Explain the difference between a *cur* and a *dog*. Cf. Goldsmith, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*:

> "Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
> And curs of low degree."

See also below, line 13.

l. 4. **Snarls**. A *cynic* is a person who always *snarls* (metaphorically) at what is good and honest in Human Nature.

l. 6. **Inverted**: teach with the words *converted, perverted, diverted, to revert, to subvert*. Consult the Dictionary (the Latin *vertere* means "to turn").

l. 9. **Abandon**: to give up. Note the different uses, literal and metaphorical, of this and similar terms.

l. 10. **Stern joy**: if the class can understand it, it might be possible to explain the nature of the figure *Oxymoron*. How can *joy* be *stern*?

P 112, l. 1. **Low**: socially mean, **Degraded**, morally and intellectually so.

l. 5. **Incorporated**: teach with such words as *Corporation, corporate, corporal*, etc. (The Latin *corpus* = body.)

l. 6. **Urdu**: the "camp-language." What is Urdu? What is the difference between a language, a dialect, and a code? How far is Urdu a code?

l. 8. **Rufous**: **creole**. Consult a Dictionary.

l. 13. **Owns**: teach with "to possess," "owner," "possessor," "possessions," and perhaps "to lend," "to borrow," "to lease," "to rent," etc., etc.

l. 26. **On good authority**: teach with "credible," "witness," etc.

P. 113, l. 4. **Innate**: *inborn, natural, hereditary*.

l. 6. **Street Arab** : slang for a little boy who plays about in the streets.

P. 114, l. 14. **Wakes a chord** : or "strikes a note." In the Science of Sound the striking of one string may start a vibration which will cause sound from other strings. (This is the case with the lower strings of a *vina*.)

l. 17. **Civilized** : teach the kindred words.

P. 115, l. 7. **Socialism . . . Trade Union** : explain, generally, in the vernacular.

XIX. Tennyson (*The Captain*).

P. 117, l. 19. **Stern : rash** : explain by instances.

P. 118, l. 16. **Expanse** : cf. *to expand, to stretch, a stretch.*

P. 119, l. 6. **Boom** : consult a Dictionary or Cyclopædia with pictures. A square-rigged vessel (*e.g.* a brig) does not carry a boom.

XX. Borrow (*Salamanca*).

P. 120, l. 13. **Salamanca** : sælə'mæŋkə. What historical event is connected with the city ?

l. 15. **Madrid** : mə'drid.

l. 15. **San Vincente** (ˌsan vin'θente) : St. Vincent.

l. 17. **Castile** : kæs'tiːl.

l. 18. **Guadarama** : ˌgwaːləd'raːmə.

P. 121, l. 8. **We sold** . . . : Borrow was in Spain for the purpose of selling copies of the Bible.

l. 9. **Peñaranda** : the Spanish ñ has the sound of nj, the Tamil ஞ, and Sanskrit, ञ.

l. 24. **Carlist** : the followers of Don Carlos, who claimed the throne of Spain.

l. 29. **Posada** : Spanish for *inn*.

P. 122, l. 4. **Collegiate** : Salamanca was once a University city.

P. 123, l. 3. **Philip the Third**: Cervantes, the great Spanish writer, and the author of *Don Quixote*, lived in these reigns. He was a contemporary of Shakespeare.

l. 9. **Machos**: mules.

l. 12. **Caballerias**: trains of horses, cavalcades.

l. 12. **Arrieros**: drivers of mule-teams.

l. 17. **Estrimenian**: from the province of *Estremadura*.

l. 25. **Paper cigars**: what we should now call *cigarettes*.

P. 124, l. 2. **Su merced** (su mer'θeid): His Honour.

XXI. Browning (*Napoleon*).

(*Incident of the French Camp.*)

P. 125, l. 4. **Ratisbon**: 'rætizbɔn.

l. 14. **Let once**: "My plans may fail, if Lannes falters in his attack."

P. 126, l. 15. **Flag-bird**: the Imperial Eagle.

XXII. Shakespeare (*Wolsey*).

P. 127, l. 7. **Farewell**: teach with "Fare you well," "Good-bye" (God be with ye), etc.

l. 7. **Good**: to bear good to a person means to be kindly disposed towards him.

l. 16. **Wanton**: here means *playful*. The word, by derivation, means *untamed*.

P. 129, l. 2. **Aspect**: note the accent on the last syllable.

l. 4. **Lucifer**: who was thrown out of Heaven. (See the Bible, Isaiah xiv. 12.)

XXIII. Longfellow (*Othere*).

P. 130, l. 4. **Othere**: o'θiːr.

l. 5. **Helgoland**: or Heligoland. What part did Heligoland play in the Great War?

l. 7. **Walrus**: show a picture.

P. 131, l. 7. **Meres** : lakes.

l. 23. **Sagas** : very much the same as *epics*, *i.e.* long narratives in verse. What are the great Indian epics ?

P. 133, l. 25. **Narwhale** : 'naːwəl.

XXIV. Defoe (*Journal of the Plague Year*).

P. 135, l. 5. **Bow** (bou) : in the East of London.

l. 8. **It had been** : that it would be.

l. 12. **Bromley** : 'brʌmli.

l. 13. **Stairs** : a *ghaut*.

P. 137, l. 4. **Presently** : at once. Not in the modern sense.

l. 5. **Hypocrite**, *hypocritical*, *hypocrisy*.

P. 138, l. 10. **I am preserved hitherto** : we should now say "I *have been* preserved up to now."

P. 140, ll. 3, 5, 7. **Greenwich, Woolwich, the Kentish side** : see Book V., lesson XI.

l. 14. **Gotten** : an old form of "got."

XXV. *Travel*.

P. 143, l. 10. **Phœnicians** : fi'niʃjənz.

l. 18. **Vikings** : 'vaikiŋz.

l. 18. **Lebanon** ('lebənən) : a mountain in the north of Palestine, celebrated for its trees, especially cedars.

P. 144, l. 2. **Cyprus** : 'saiprəs.

l. 29. **Hiram** : 'hairəm.

P. 145, l. 29. **Cadiz** : ke'diz. (In Spanish kaː'diːθ.)

P. 146, l. 29. **Necho** : 'niːkou.

P. 149, l. 19. **Cyclopes** (sai'kloupez) : the plural of Cyclops ('saiklɔps).

XXVI. Yonge (*Discipline*).

P. 154, l. 1. **In the chains** : when a ship is in shallow water, a man is slung over the side of the vessel, from which position he drops into the water a cord with

a piece of lead on the end of it, and marked in fathoms, to discover the depth of the water, or, as it is called, *take soundings*.

P. 154, l. 17. **Nelson's signal**: "England expects every man will do his duty" (at Trafalgar).

P. 155, l. 6. **Gunwale**: 'gʌnəl. The weather-gunwale is, naturally, on the weather-side of the ship, the side from which the wind is coming.

P. 157, l. 6. **Mizen-mast**: in a three-masted ship the masts are called the *fore*, *main*, and *mizzen* masts.

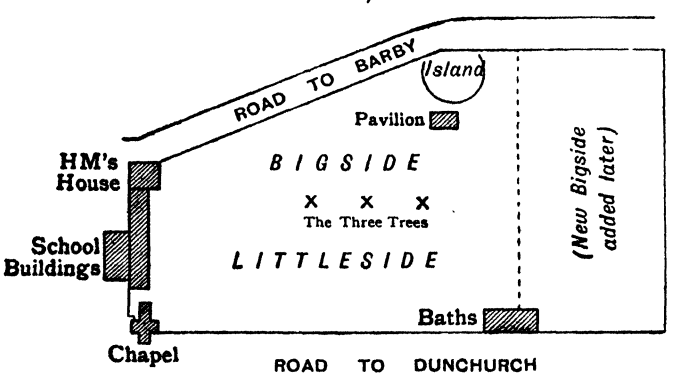
XXVII. KINGLAKE (*Crossing the Desert*).

P. 164, l. 1. **Strike your tent**: take it down for the day's march. So we speak of "striking one's flag."

l. 4. **Near side**: the left.

XXVIII. HUGHES (*Tom Brown's Schooldays*).

THE CLOSE, RUGBY.



P. 174, l. 17. **Speeches**: also known as "Speech-day," the day on which prizes are given, and prize compositions recited.

l. 18. **Exhibitions**: scholarships for those who are leaving the school.

P. 175, l. 1. **Town Boys**: the boys who do not belong to any of the big "Houses," but live with their parents in the town.

l. 5. **Marylebone** ('mærilәbәn): the Marylebone Cricket Club (or M.C.C.), is the first cricket club in the world, and draws up the laws of Cricket for the whole world. Its ground (at St. John's Wood, in London) is called Lord's, because it originally belonged to a man of that name. All English cricketers of note are members of Lord's.

l. 11. **Doctor**: the Headmaster.

l. 11. **The Lakes**: in Westmorland (see map).

l. 14. **In what School**: at Rugby all the bigger classrooms are called Schools. There are also New Big School, and Old Big School, where the whole school meets.

l. 21. **By three wickets**: *i.e.* with three men still to bat, the necessary runs having been made.

P. 176, l. 5. **The Three Trees**: In Arnold's time there used to be three tall elm trees on the side of the school cricket and football ground (which was called "Bigside"). The last of these trees came down during a storm in March, 1895.

l. 9. **Bell's Life**: a newspaper devoted to Sport.

l. 23. **Country-dance**: strictly a *contredanse* (French), one in which each dancer takes up a position opposite to his partner. (*Fr.* contre, *Lat.* contra = opposite to.)

P. 177, l. 2. **Great Flag**: on Sundays and other festivals a Union Jack is flown on the main tower.

l. 5. **Lawrence Sheriff** founded Rugby School in the year 1567.

P. 178, l. 16. **Close**: the name for the playing-fields.

l. 17. **School-house**: not the school building, but the "House" of which the Headmaster was the Housemaster.

P. 180, l. 11. **Long stop**: not used nowadays. He used to be placed directly behind the wicket-keeper.

P. 182, l. 2. **Slow lobs**: underhand bowling.

l. 24. **The Island**: this may have been an island in the remote past: to-day it is a small hillock in the south west of the Close, surmounted by trees. The Old Pavilion was at the foot of the "Island."

XXIX. Sherwood (*Fairchild Family*).

P. 189, l. 13. **John**: the manservant who "waited at table, worked in the garden, fed the pig, and took care of the meadow in which the cows grazed."

l. 15. **Venison** ('venizn): deer's flesh.

P. 191, l. 28. **A little before two**: the hours of meals were different when this book was written.

P. 197, l. 26. **Spoiled**: indulged.

XXX. Yonge (*The Rescue Party*).

P. 202, l. 21. **Erebus**: eribəs.

P. 204, l. 10. **Esquimaux** or **Eskimo**: 'eskimou.

l. 12. **Sledges**, or **sleighs** (sleiz): carriages with runners instead of wheels, so as to be able to move over the ice easily.

P. 205, l. 1. **Caches**: kaʃiz.

l. 14. **Moccasins** ('mɔkəsinz): leather boots reaching to the knee, and having a soft sole.

l. 20. **It was drifting**: the snow was forming into deep banks.

P. 206, l. 4. **Eider-down**: the down from the breast of the eider-duck.

P. 210, ll. 11-13. **The whisky was frozen**: at what temperature does alcohol freeze?

P. 214, l. 13. **Take two reefs**: to *take a reef* in a sail is to shorten it by means of short cords on either side of it.

P. 215, l. 6. **Crimean War** (1854-1856): the French and English united against Russia to prevent her from taking Constantinople from the Turks.

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