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READINGS
FROM
GREAT AUTHORS

**WITH EXERCISES GRAMMATICAL
AND LITERARY**

**FOR EVENING CONTINUATION SCHOOLS
THE SENIOR CLASSES OF ELEMENTARY
SCHOOLS, ETC.**

**HUMPHREY MILFORD
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NOTE

THIS book provides a variety of interesting, informative, and stimulating passages of good literature for the reading of Senior Pupils in Elementary Schools, Students in Evening Continuation Schools and Training Colleges, and others. Each extract is followed by a selection of exercises, literary and grammatical, designed to practise the student in the use of words, to test his understanding, and to suggest subjects for original composition.

The Publisher is indebted to Messrs Chatto & Windus for permission to include the passage from Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE COURT OF ROBIN HOOD

ROBIN HOOD is one of those legendary figures whose names will live in spite of all the efforts of modern historians. Tradition presents him as a dispossessed Earl of Huntingdon, outlawed for political reasons and forced to seek refuge in Sherwood Forest, where he waged war on proud abbots and rich knights, and lived a free life with Little John, Scarlet and Friar Tuck, and a company of "Merry Men" who swore allegiance to him.

Brave and generous in all his actions, he was ever mindful of the poor and weak, and to this may perhaps be attributed the firm place he holds in the affections of those who cherish the ideals of knightly virtue.

The following extract from Peacock's "Maid Marian" describes the kind of life he led, and relates how in the end he received a full pardon.

So Robin and Marian dwelt and reigned in the forest, ranging the glades and the greenwoods from the matins of the lark to the vespers of the nightingale, and administering natural justice according to Robin's ideas of rectifying the inequalities of human condition : raising genial dews from the bags of the rich and idle, and returning

them in fertilising showers on the poor and industrious : an operation which more enlightened statesmen have happily reversed, to the unspeakable benefit of the community at large. The light footsteps of Marian were impressed on the morning dew beside the firmer step of her lover, and they shook its large drops about them as they cleared themselves a passage through the thick tall fern, without any fear of catching cold, which was not much in fashion in the twelfth century. Marian often killed the deer,

“ Which Scarlet dressed, and Friar Tuck blessed,
While Little John wandered in search of a guest.”

Robin was very devout, though there was great unity in his religion : it was exclusively given to our Lady the Virgin, and he never set forth in a morning till he had said three prayers, and had heard the sweet voice of his Marian singing a hymn to their mutual patroness. Each of his men had, as usual, a patron saint according to his name or taste. The friar chose a saint for himself, and fixed on Saint Botolph, whom he euphonised into Saint Bottle. Such was their summer life, and in their winter caves they had sufficient furniture, ample provender, store of old wine, and assuredly no lack of fuel, with joyous music and pleasant discourse to charm away the season of darkness and storms.

Many moons had waxed and waned, when on the afternoon of a lovely summer day a lusty, broad-boned knight was riding through the Forest of Sherwood. The sun shone brilliantly on the full, green foliage, and afforded the knight a fine opportunity of observing picturesque effects, of which it is to be feared he did not avail himself. But he had not proceeded far before he had an opportunity of observing something much more interesting, namely, a fine young outlaw leaning, in the true Sherwood fashion, with his back against a tree. The knight was preparing to ask the stranger a question, the answer to which, if correctly given, would have relieved him from a doubt that pressed heavily on his mind, as to whether he was in the right road or the wrong, when the youth prevented the inquiry by saying: "In God's name, sir knight, you are late to your meals. My master has tarried dinner for you these three hours."

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

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

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

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

“And what knows he of me?” said the knight.

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

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

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

“Say’st thou so?” said the knight; “I doubt if thy stripling rhetoric would convince me.”

“That,” said the young forester, “we will see.”

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

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

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

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

The knight had in an uncommon degree both strength and skill: the forester had less strength, but not less skill than the knight, and showed such

a mastery of his weapon as reduced the latter to great admiration.

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

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

"Who art thou?" said the knight.

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

"What meanest thou?" said the knight.

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

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

"Spoken," said the friar, "like one who hath done execution. Hast thou thy stomach full of steel? Wilt thou diversify thy repast with a taste of my oak-graff? Or wilt thou incline thine

heart to our venison, which truly is cooling? Wilt thou fight? or wilt thou dine? or wilt thou fight and dine? or wilt thou dine and fight? I am for thee, choose as thou mayest."

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

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

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

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

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

They proceeded, following their infallible guide, first along a light elastic greensward, under the shade of lofty and widespreading trees that

skirted a sunny opening of the forest, then along labyrinthine paths, which the deer, the outlaw, or the woodman had made, through the close shoots of the young coppices, through the thick undergrowth of the ancient woods, through beds of gigantic fern that filled the narrow glades and waved their green feathery heads above the plume of the knight. Along these sylvan alleys they walked in single file, the friar singing and pioneering in the van, the horse plunging and floundering behind the friar, the lady following "in maiden meditation fancy-free," and the knight bringing up the rear, much marvelling at the strange company into which his stars had thrown him. Their path had expanded sufficiently to allow the knight to take Marian's hand again, when they arrived in the august presence of Robin Hood and his court.

Robin's table was spread under a high, over-arching canopy of living boughs, on the edge of a natural lawn of verdure, starred with flowers, through which a swift, transparent rivulet ran, sparkling in the sun. The board was covered with abundance of choice food and excellent liquor, not without the comeliness of snow-white linen and the splendour of costly plate, which the Sheriff of Nottingham had unwillingly contributed to supply, at the same time with an excellent cook, whom Little John's art had spirited away to the

forest with the contents of his master's silver scullery.

An hundred foresters were here assembled, over-ready for their dinner, some seated at the table, and some lying in groups under the trees.

Robin made courteous welcome to the knight, who took his seat between Robin and Marian at the festal board ; at which was already placed one strange guest, in the person of a portly monk, sitting between Little John and Scarlet, with his rotund physiognomy elongated into an unnatural oval by the conjoint influence of sorrow and fear ; sorrow for the departed contents of his travelling treasury, a good-looking valise which was hanging empty on a bough ; and fear for his personal safety, of which all the flasks and pasties before him could not give him assurance. The appearance of the knight, however, cheered him up with a semblance of protection, and gave him just sufficient courage to demolish a cygnet and a numble-pie, which he diluted with the contents of two flasks of canary sack.

But wine, which sometimes creates and often increases joy, doth also, upon occasion, heighten sorrow ; and so it fared now with our portly monk, who had no sooner explained away his portion of provender, than he began to weep and bewail himself bitterly.

“ Why dost thou weep, man ? ” said Robin

Hood. "Thou hast done thine embassy justly, and shalt have thy Lady's grace."

"Alack! alack!" said the monk: "no embassy had I, luckless sinner, as well thou wottest, but to take to my abbey in safety the treasure whereof thou hast despoiled me."

"Propound me his case," said Friar Tuck, "and I will give him ghostly counsel."

"You well remember," said Robin Hood, "the sorrowful knight who dined with us here twelve months and a day gone by?"

"Well do I," said Friar Tuck. "His lands were in jeopardy with a certain abbot, who would allow no longer day for their redemption. Whereupon you lent to him the four hundred pounds which he needed, and which he was to repay this day, though he had no better security to give than our Lady the Virgin."

"I never desired better," said Robin, "for she never yet failed to send me my pay; and here is one of her own flock, this faithful and well-favoured monk of St Mary's, hath brought it me duly, principal and interest to a penny, as Little John can testify, who told it forth. To be sure, he denied having it, but that was to prove our faith. We sought and found it."

"I know nothing of your knight," said the monk: "and the money was our own, as the Virgin shall bless me."

“She shall bless thee,” said Friar Tuck, “for a faithful messenger.”

The monk resumed his wailing. Little John brought him his horse. Robin gave him leave to depart. He sprang with singular nimbleness into the saddle, and vanished without saying, God give you good day.

The stranger knight laughed heartily as the monk rode off.

“They say, sir knight,” said Friar Tuck, “they should laugh who win : but thou laughest who art likely to lose.”

“I have won,” said the knight, “a good dinner, some mirth, and some knowledge : and I cannot lose by paying for them.”

“Bravely said,” answered Robin. “Still it becomes thee to pay : for it is not meet that a poor forester should treat a rich knight. How much money hast thou with thee ? ”

“Troth, I know not,” said the knight. “Sometimes much, sometimes little, sometimes none. But search, and what thou findest, keep : and for the sake of thy kind heart and open hand, be it what it may, I shall wish it were more.”

“Then, since thou sayest so,” said Robin, “not a penny will I touch. Many a false churl comes hither, and disburses against his will : and till there is lack of these I prey not on true men.”

“Thou art thyself a true man, right well I

judge, Robin," said the stranger knight, "and seemest more like one bred in court than to thy present outlaw life."

"Our life," said the friar, "is a craft, an art, and a mystery. How much of it, think you, could be learned at court?"

"Indeed, I cannot say," said the stranger knight: "but I should apprehend very little."

"And so should I," said the friar: "for we should find very little of our bold open practice, but should hear abundance of praise of our principles. To live in seeming fellowship and secret rivalry; to have a hand for all and a heart for none; to be everybody's acquaintance and nobody's friend; to meditate the ruin of all on whom we smile, and to dread the secret stratagems of all who smile on us; to pilfer honours and despoil fortunes, not by fighting in daylight, but by sapping in darkness: these are arts which the court can teach, but which we, by 'r Lady, have not learned. But let your court minstrel tune up his throat to the praise of your court hero, then come our principles into play: then is our practice extolled: not by the same name, for their Richard is a hero, and our Robin is a thief: marry, your hero guts an exchequer, while your thief disembowels a portmanteau; your hero sacks a city, while your thief sacks a cellar: your hero marauds on a larger scale, and that is all the difference, for

the principle and the virtue are one: but two of a trade cannot agree: therefore your hero makes laws to get rid of your thief, and gives him an ill name that he may hang him: for might is right, and the strong make laws for the weak, and they that make laws to serve their own turn do also make morals to give colour to their laws."

"Your comparison, friar," said the stranger, "fails in this: that your thief fights for profit, and your hero for honour. I have fought under the banners of Richard, and if, as you phrase it, he guts exchequers and sacks cities, it is not to win treasure for himself, but to furnish forth the means of his greater and more glorious aim."

"Misconceive me not, sir knight," said the friar. "We all love and honour King Richard, and here is a deep draught to his health; but I would show you, that we foresters are miscalled by opprobrious names, and that our virtues, though they follow at humble distance, are yet truly akin to those of Cœur de Lion. I say not that Richard is a thief, but I say that Robin is a hero: and for honour, did ever man yet, miscalled thief, win greater honour than Robin? Do not all men grace him with some honourable epithet? The most gentle thief, the most courteous thief, the most bountiful thief, yea, and the most honest thief. Richard is courteous, bountiful, honest, and

valiant, but so also is Robin : it is the false word that makes the unjust distinction. They are twin spirits, and should be friends, but that fortune hath differently cast their lot ; but their names shall descend together to the latest days, as the flower of their age and of England ; for in the pure principles of freebootery have they excelled all men ; and to the principles of freebootery, diversely developed, belong all the qualities to which song and story concede renown."

"And you may add, friar," said Marian, "that Robin, no less than Richard, is king in his own dominion ; and that if his subjects be fewer, yet are they more uniformly loyal."

"I would, fair lady," said the stranger, "that thy latter observation were not so true. But I nothing doubt, Robin, that if Richard could hear your friar, and see you and your lady, as I now do, there is not a man in England whom he would take by the hand more cordially than yourself."

"Gramercy, sir knight," said Robin— But his speech was cut short by Little John calling, "Hark !"

All listened. A distant trampling of horses was heard. The sounds approached rapidly, and at length a group of horsemen glittering in holiday dresses was visible among the trees.

"'Od's my life !" said Robin, "what means this ? To arms, my merry men all."

“No arms, Robin,” said the foremost horseman, riding up and springing from his saddle. “Have you forgotten Sir William of the Lee?”

“No, by my fay,” said Robin; “and right welcome again to Sherwood.”

Little John bustled to rearray the disorganised economy of the table, and replace the dilapidations of the provender.

“I come late, Robin,” said Sir William, “but I came by a wrestling, where I found a good yeoman wrongfully beset by a crowd of sturdy varlets, and I stayed to do him right.”

“I thank thee for that, in God’s name,” said Robin, “as if thy good service had been to myself.”

“And here,” said the knight, “is thy four hundred pounds; and my men have brought thee an hundred bows and as many well-furnished quivers; which I beseech thee to receive and to use as a poor token of my grateful kindness to thee: for me and my wife and children didst thou redeem from beggary.”

“Thy bows and arrows,” said Robin, “will I joyfully receive: but of thy money, not a penny. It is paid already. My Lady, who was thy security, hath sent it me for thee.”

Sir William pressed, but Robin was inflexible.

“It is paid,” said Robin, “as this good knight can testify, who saw my Lady’s messenger depart but now.”

Sir William looked round to the stranger knight, and instantly fell on his knees, saying, "God save King Richard."

The foresters, friar and all, dropped on their knees together, and repeated in chorus: "God save King Richard."

"Rise, rise," said Richard, smiling: "Robin is king here, as his lady hath shown. I have heard much of thee, Robin, both of thy present and thy former state. And this, thy fair forest-queen, is, if tales say true, the Lady Matilda Fitzwater."

Marian signed acknowledgment.

"Your father," said the king, "has approved his fidelity to me, by the loss of his lands, which the newness of my return, and many public cares, has not yet given me time to restore: but this justice shall be done to him, and to thee also, Robin, if thou wilt leave thy forest-life and resume thy earldom, and be a peer of Cœur de Lion: for braver heart and juster hand I never yet found."

Robin looked round on his men.

"Your followers," said the king, "shall have free pardon, and such of them as thou wilt part with shall have maintenance from me; and if ever I confess to priest, it shall be to thy friar."

"Gramercy to your majesty," said the friar; "and my inflictions shall be flasks of canary; and if the number be (as in grave cases I may, per-adventure, make it) too great for one frail mortality,

I will relieve you by vicarious penance, and pour down my own throat the redundancy of the burden."

Robin and his followers embraced the king's proposal. A joyful meeting soon followed with the baron and Sir Guy of Gamwell; and Richard himself honoured with his own presence a formal solemnisation of the nuptials of our lovers, whom he constantly distinguished with his peculiar regard.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

EXERCISES

1. Write a paragraph to precede that with which this extract begins, telling briefly why Robin Hood and Maid Marian had made their home in the forest.
2. Write out :—
 - (a) What the "portly monk" said to his abbot when he got back to the abbey.
 - (b) Little John's account of the taking of the purse given to some of his companions after he had become a follower of the king.
3. Explain what is the exact force in each of the following sentences of the word or words in *italics* :—
 - (a) Singing a hymn to their *mutual* patroness.
 - (b) That had nigh been a *shrewd* hit.
 - (c) No sooner *explained away* his portion of provender.

(d) Raising *genial dews* from the bags of the rich and idle.

4. Change the following passage from the Direct Narrative form to the Indirect. "You well remember . . . found it" (p. 9).

5. What sort of man would you imagine King Richard to be, judging simply from what is said about him in this extract?

6. Substitute ONE word for the words in italics in each of the following sentences:—

(a) It was not *much in fashion* in the twelfth century.

(b) He knows you *by instinct*.

(c) Wine doth *upon occasion* heighten sorrow.

(d) Let your court minstrel *tune up his throat* to the praise of your court hero.

(e) The knight had *in an uncommon degree* strength and skill.

7. Analyse the following passage:—

"The knight was preparing to ask the stranger a question, the answer to which, if correctly given, would have relieved him from a doubt that pressed heavily on his mind, when the youth prevented the inquiry by saying, "In God's name, sir knight, you are late to your meals. My master has tarried dinner for you these three hours."

AN ADVENTURE

GEORGE BORROW, from whose writings the following selection has been taken, is one of the most picturesque figures in the history of English literature.

He was born in Norfolk in 1803, and on leaving school was articled to a firm of solicitors. On the expiration of his articles he went to London with the intention of devoting himself to literary work, but finding it impossible to earn a livelihood in this way, he set out one afternoon in May with a stick and a bundle and a small sum of money to seek his fortune. For seven years he wandered about the country, his knowledge of smith's work enabling him to set up as a travelling tinker, and he lived on what he earned. These were the days when railroads were still things of the future, and rural England was something quite distinct from the towns. Living the life of a tramp, Borrow moved from hamlet to hamlet, along highways and byways, acquiring a knowledge of country life which, later on, was to give a charm to books that have made him famous, the chief of which are "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye." It was during this nomadic period that he fell in with gipsies and studied their language and mode of life.

Through the influence of a friend he secured the post of agent to the British and Foreign Bible

Society in 1833, and visited Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Morocco. In 1840 he married and retired to Norfolk ; his remaining years were spent in literary work, though the passion for travel would break out from time to time, taking him to the south-east of Europe to study the continental gipsies in 1844, and in 1854 to Wales. He died suddenly in his seventy-ninth year.

I bent my course in the direction of the north, more induced by chance than any particular motive, all quarters of the world having about equal attractions for me. I was in high spirits at finding myself once more on horseback, and trotted gaily on, until the heat of the weather induced me to slacken my pace, more out of pity for my horse than because I felt any particular inconvenience from it—heat and cold being then, and still, matters of great indifference to me. What I thought of I scarcely know, save and except that I have a glimmering recollection that I felt some desire to meet with one of those adventures which upon the roads of England are generally as plentiful as blackberries in autumn ; and Fortune, who has generally been ready to gratify my inclinations, provided it cost her very little by so doing, was not slow in furnishing me with an adventure, perhaps as characteristic of the English roads as anything which could have happened.

I might have travelled about six miles, amongst cross-roads and lanes, when suddenly I found myself upon a broad and very dusty road, which seemed to lead due north. As I wended along this, I saw a man upon a donkey, riding towards me. The man was commonly dressed, with a broad felt hat on his head, and a kind of satchel on his back ; he seemed to be in a mighty hurry, and was every now and then belabouring the donkey with a cudgel. The donkey, however, which was a fine, large creature of the silver-grey species, did not appear to sympathise at all with its rider in his desire to get on, but kept its head turned back as much as possible, moving from one side of the road to the other, and not making much forward way. As I passed, being naturally of a very polite disposition, I gave the man "good day," asking him at the same time why he beat the donkey ; whereupon the fellow, eyeing me askance, told me to mind my own business, with the addition of something which I need not repeat.

I had not proceeded a furlong before I saw seated on the dust by the wayside, close by a heap of stones, and with several flints before him, a respectable-looking old man, with a straw hat and a white smock, who was weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for, father?" said I.
"Have you come to any hurt?"

"Hurt enough," sobbed the old man ; "I have

been just tricked out of the best ass in England by a villain, who gave me nothing but these trash in return," pointing to the stones before him.

"I really scarcely understand you," said I; "I wish you would explain yourself more clearly."

"I was riding on my ass from market," said the old man, "when I met here a fellow with a sack on his back, who, after staring at the ass and me a moment or two, asked me if I would sell her. I told him that I could not think of selling her, as she was very useful to me, and, though an animal, my true companion, whom I loved as much as if she were my wife and daughter. I then attempted to pass on, but the fellow stood before me, begging me to sell her, saying that he would give me anything for her; well, seeing that he persisted, I said at last that if I sold her, I must have six pounds for her, and I said so to get rid of him, for I saw that he was a shabby fellow, who had probably not six shillings in the world; but I had better have held my tongue," said the old man, crying more bitterly than before, "for the words were scarcely out of my mouth, when he said he would give me what I asked, and taking the sack from his back, he pulled out a steelyard, and going to the heap of stones there, he took up several of them and weighed them; then flinging them down before me, he said, 'There are six pounds,

neighbour ; now, get off the ass, and hand her over to me.'

" Well, I sat like one dumfounded for a time, till at last I asked him what he meant. ' What do I mean ? ' said he, ' you old rascal, why, I mean to claim my purchase,' and then he swore so awfully, that scarcely knowing what I did I got down, and he jumped on the animal and rode off as fast as he could."

" I suppose he was the fellow," said I, " whom I just now met upon a fine grey ass, which he was beating with a cudgel."

" I dare say he was," said the old man ; " I saw him beating her as he rode away, and I thought I should have died."

" I never heard such a story," said I ; " well, do you mean to submit to such a piece of roguery quietly ? "

" Oh dear," said the old man, " what can I do ? I am seventy-nine years of age ; I am bad on my feet, and daren't go after him."

" Shall I go ? " said I ; " the fellow is a thief, and anyone has a right to stop him."

" Oh, if you could but bring her again to me," said the old man, " I would bless you to my dying day ; but have a care ; I don't know but after all the law may say that she is his lawful purchase. I asked six pounds for her, and he gave me six pounds."

“Six flints, you mean,” said I; “no, no, the law is not quite so bad as that either; I know something about her, and am sure that she will never sanction such a quibble. At all events, I’ll ride after the fellow.”

Thereupon, turning the horse round, I put him to his very best trot; I rode nearly a mile without obtaining a glimpse of the fellow, and was becoming apprehensive that he had escaped me by turning down some by-path, two or three of which I had passed. Suddenly, however, on the road making a slight turning, I perceived him right before me, moving at a tolerably swift pace, having by this time probably overcome the resistance of the animal. Putting my horse to a full gallop, I shouted at the top of my voice, “Get off that donkey, you rascal, and give her up to me, or I’ll ride you down.”

The fellow, hearing the thunder of the horse’s hoofs behind him, drew up on one side of the road. “What do you want?” said he, as I stopped my charger, now almost covered with sweat and foam, close beside him. “Do you want to rob me?”

“To rob you?” said I. “No! but to take from you that ass, of which you have just robbed its owner.”

“I have robbed no man,” said the fellow; “I just now purchased it fairly of its master, and

the law will give it to me ; he asked six pounds for it, and I gave him six pounds.”

“Six stones, you mean, you rascal,” said I ; “get down, or my horse shall be upon you in a moment ;” then, with a motion of my reins, I caused the horse to rear, pressing his sides with my heels as if I intended to make him leap.

“Stop,” said the man, “I’ll get down, and then try if I can’t serve you out.”

He then got down and confronted me with his cudgel ; he was a horrible-looking fellow, and seemed prepared for anything. Scarcely, however, had he dismounted when the donkey jerked the bridle out of his hand, and probably in revenge for the usage she had received, gave him a pair of tremendous kicks on the hip with her hinder legs which overturned him, and then scampered down the road the way she had come.

“Pretty treatment this,” said the fellow, getting up without his cudgel, and holding his hand to his side. “I wish I may not be lamed for life.”

“And if you be,” said I, “it would merely serve you right, you rascal, for trying to cheat a poor old man out of his property by quibbling at words.”

“Rascal !” said the fellow, “you lie, I am no rascal ; and as for quibbling with words—suppose I did ! What then ? All the first people does it ! The newspapers does it ! The gentlefolks that

calls themselves the guides of the popular mind does it! I'm no ignoramus. I reads the newspapers, and knows what's what."

"You read them to some purpose," said I. "Well, if you are lamed for life, and unfitted for any active line—turn newspaper editor; I should say you are perfectly qualified, and this day's adventure may be the foundation of your fortune;" thereupon I turned round and rode off.

The fellow followed me with a torrent of abuse. "Confound you," said he—yet that was not the expression either—"I know you; you are one of the horse-patrol, come down into the country on leave to see your relations. Confound you, you and the like of you have knocked my business on the head near Lunnon, and I suppose we shall have you shortly in the country."

"To the newspaper office," said I, "and fabricate falsehoods out of flint stones"; then touching the horse with my heels, I trotted off, and coming to the place where I had seen the old man, I found him there, risen from the ground, and embracing his ass.

I told him that I was travelling down the road, and said that if his way lay in the same direction as mine, he could do no better than accompany me for some distance, lest the fellow, who, for aught I knew, might be hovering nigh, might

catch him alone, and again get his ass from him. After thanking me for my offer, which he said he would accept, he got upon his ass, and we proceeded together down the road. My new acquaintance said very little of his own accord; and when I asked him a question, answered rather incoherently. I heard him every now and then say, "Villain!" to himself, after which he would pat the donkey's neck, from which circumstance I concluded that his mind was occupied with his late adventure. After travelling about two miles we reached a place where a driftway on the right led from the great road; here my companion stopped, and on my asking him whether he was going any farther, he told me that the path to the right was the way to his home.

I was bidding him farewell, when he hemmed once or twice, and said that as he did not live far off, he hoped that I would go with him and taste some of his mead. As I had never tasted mead, of which I had frequently read in the compositions of the Welsh bards, and, moreover, felt rather thirsty from the heat of the day, I told him that I should have great pleasure in attending him. Whereupon, turning off together, we proceeded about half a mile, sometimes between stone walls, and at other times hedges, till we reached a small hamlet, through which we passed,

and presently came to a very pretty cottage, delightfully situated within a garden, surrounded by a hedge of woodbines.

Opening a gate at one corner of the garden, he led the way to a large shed which stood partly behind the cottage, which he said was his stable; thereupon he dismounted and led his donkey into the shed, which was without stalls, but had a long rack and manger. On one side he tied his donkey, after taking off her caparisons, and I followed his example, tying my horse at the other side with a rope halter which he gave me; he then asked me to come in and taste his mead, but I told him that I must attend to the comfort of my horse first, and forthwith, taking a wisp of straw, rubbed him carefully down. Then taking a pailful of clear water, which stood in the shed, I allowed the horse to drink about half a pint; and then turning to the old man, who all the time had stood by looking at my proceedings, I asked him whether he had any oats. "I have all kinds of grain," he replied; and, going out, he presently returned with two measures, one a large and the other a small one, both filled with oats, mixed with a few beans, and handing the large one to me for the horse, he emptied the other before the donkey, who, before she began to dispatch it, turned her nose to her master's face and fairly kissed him.

Having given my horse his portion, I told the old man that I was ready to taste his mead as soon as he pleased, whereupon he ushered me into his cottage, where, making me sit down by a deal table in a neatly sanded kitchen, he produced from an old-fashioned closet a bottle, holding about a quart, and a couple of cups, which might each contain about half a pint. Then opening the bottle and filling the cups with a brown-coloured liquor, he handed one to me, and taking a seat opposite to me, he lifted the other, nodded, and saying to me—"Health and welcome," placed it to his lips and drank.

"Health and thanks," I replied; and being very thirsty, emptied my cup at a draught; I had scarcely done so, however, when I half repented. The mead was deliciously sweet and mellow, but appeared strong as brandy; my eyes reeled in my head, and my brain became slightly dizzy. "Mead is a strong drink," said the old man, as he looked at me, with a half smile on his countenance.

"This is, at any rate," said I, "so strong, indeed, that I would not drink another cup for any consideration."

"And I would not ask you," said the old man; "for if you did you would most probably be stupid all day, and wake next morning with a headache. Mead is a good drink, but woundily

strong, especially to those who be not used to it, as I suppose you are not."

"Where do you get it?" said I.

"I make it myself," said the old man, "from the honey which my bees make."

"Have you many bees?" I inquired.

"A great many," said the old man.

"And do you keep them," said I, "for the sake of making mead with their honey?"

"I keep them," he replied, "partly because I am fond of them, and partly for what they bring me in; they make me a great deal of honey, some of which I sell, and with a little I make me some mead to warm my poor heart with, or occasionally to treat a friend with like yourself."

"And do you support yourself entirely by means of your bees?"

"No," said the old man; "I have a little bit of ground behind my house, which is my principal means of support."

"And do you live alone?"

"Yes," said he; "with the exception of the bees and the donkey, I live quite alone."

"And have you always lived alone?"

The old man emptied his cup, and his heart being warmed with the mead, he told me his history, which was simplicity itself. His father was a small yeoman, who, at his death, had left him, his only child, the cottage, with a small

piece of ground behind it, and on this little property he had lived ever since. About the age of twenty-five he had married an industrious young woman, by whom he had one daughter, who died before reaching years of womanhood. His wife, however, had survived her daughter many years, and had been a great comfort to him, assisting him in his rural occupations; but, about four years before the present period, he had lost her, since which time he had lived alone, making himself as comfortable as he could; cultivating his ground with the help of a lad from the neighbouring village, attending to his bees, and occasionally riding his donkey to market, and hearing the word of God, which he said he was sorry he could not read, twice a week regularly at the parish church. Such was the old man's tale.

When he had finished speaking, he led me behind his house, and showed me his little domain. It consisted of about two acres in admirable cultivation; a small portion of it formed a kitchen garden, while the rest was sown with four kinds of grain, wheat, barley, pease, and beans. The air was full of ambrosial sweets,* resembling those proceeding from an orange grove; a place which, though I had never seen at that time, I since have. In the garden was the habitation of the bees, a long box, supported upon three oaken stumps. It was full of small, round, glass windows, and

appeared to be divided into a great many compartments, much resembling drawers placed sideways. He told me that, as one compartment was filled, the bees left it for another ; so that, whenever he wanted honey, he could procure some without injuring the insects. Through the little round windows I could see several of the bees at work ; hundreds were going in and out of the doors ; hundreds were buzzing about on the flowers, the woodbines, and beans. As I looked around on the well-cultivated field, the garden, and the bees, I thought I had never before seen so rural and peaceful a scene.

Upon the whole I was rather pleased with the old man, and much with all about him. As evening drew nigh, I told him that I must proceed on my journey ; whereupon he invited me to tarry with him during the night, telling me that he had a nice room and bed above at my service. I, however, declined ; and bidding him farewell, mounted my horse, and departed. Regaining the road, I proceeded once more in the direction of the north ; and, after a few hours, coming to a comfortable public-house, I stopped and put up for the night.

GEORGE BORROW.

EXERCISES

1. Write a short summary of the story.
2. Rewrite the following passage, using the indirect instead of the direct form of speech :—

“ I never heard such a story,” said I ; “ well, do you mean to submit to such a piece of roguery quietly ? ”

“ What can I do ? ” said the old man. “ I am seventy-nine years of age ; I am bad on my feet and daren’t go after him.”

“ Shall I go ? ” said I ; “ the fellow is a thief, and anyone has a right to stop him.”
3. Imagine an unseen witness of the encounter between the old man and the thief, and write out, in direct narrative form, his story of what he saw.
4. Describe the appearance and character of the hero of this adventure, as you imagine them to be.
5. Write in your own words a short account of the mode of life of the old man, and describe his character.
6. What are some of the great changes that have passed over rural England during the past hundred years ? Say what you know of their causes.
7. George Borrow says that his adventure was “ perhaps as characteristic of the English roads as anything which could have happened.” This was in the early nineteenth century. Describe an adventure characteristic of the early twentieth.
8. Rewrite the paragraph “ Opening a gate ” (p. 27), substituting for each present participle there used a finite verb.

ON GOING A JOURNEY

THE following is an extract from an essay by William Hazlitt (born 1778, died 1830). The son of a Unitarian minister, Hazlitt was at the age of fifteen sent to Hackney to study for the ministry; abandoning this notion he first took up Art and achieved some little reputation as a portrait painter, but later devoted himself entirely to writing. He was a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* and other periodicals.

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

“The fields his study, nature was his book.”

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis

with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude ; nor do I ask for

“ a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.”

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences ; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters that I absent myself from the town for awhile, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking ! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like “ sunken wrack and sumless treasuries,” burst

upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antithesis, argument, and analysis better than I do ; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose !" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff of the conscience."

Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment ? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald ? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far distant horizon ? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely by myself, or entirely at the disposal of others ; to talk or be

silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary.

I was pleased with an observation of Mr Cobbett's, that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said: but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment.

If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomise them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such

company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with anyone for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a beanfield crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humour. . . .

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where shall we go: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place"; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art

and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean success—showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

“ With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn’d ”—

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges—was at home in the Bodleian ; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures.

As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen : there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech ; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to

all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support.

Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones: I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled: nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!

There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else: but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. Dr Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and in one sense instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our

substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable, individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

“ Out of my country and myself I go.”

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them : but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home !

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

EXERCISES

1. Write an outline scheme of this essay, giving heading and sub-headings for each paragraph, and making the connection between the paragraphs clear.

2. Explain the following passages :—

(a) I am never less alone than when alone.

(b) Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment ?

(c) I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity.

(d) There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners.

3. Collect and examine the similes and metaphors used in this essay. What can you gather from them of the tastes and qualities of the writer?

4. Write a short essay on the pleasures of a journey from the point of view of one who prefers going a journey with a companion.

5. Make six sentences, each containing one of the following words, used with a similar meaning to that which it bears in the text:—Impertinence (p. 34), being (34), wrack (34), synthetical (34), overt (37), single (38).

6. Write a paragraph of about the same length as that beginning “ Yet I did not fail ” (p. 39) describing the feelings of a traveller returning to his native land after a visit to a foreign country.

7. Describe as accurately as you can your first impressions on seeing (a) the sea, or (b) a large town, or (c) a moor, or (d) a country lane.

8. Analyse the following sentence:—

“ It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters that I absent myself from the town for awhile, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself.”

THE OLD MARGATE HOY

THIS delightful essay is one of a series, some of which appeared over the signature "Elia" in the *London Magazine*. They were written by Charles Lamb (born 1775, died 1834), a clerk in the office of the East India Company, who borrowed the name of a friend when signing the first essay. The essays were later on collected and published as the "Essays of Elia." Lamb's name is familiar to children through the famous "Tales from Shakespeare," which he wrote in conjunction with his sister, but it is to the incomparable "Essays" that he owes his unique place in English Literature.

I am fond of passing my vacations (I believe I have said so before) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighbourhood of Henley affords in abundance, on the banks of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me, once in three or four seasons, to a watering-place. Old attachments cling to her in spite of experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourne a third,

and are at this moment doing dreary penance at—Hastings!—and all because we were happy many years ago for a brief week at—Margate. That was our first seaside experiment, and many circumstances combined to make it the most agreeable holiday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy,¹ with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill-exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience.

Can I forget thy honest yet slender crew, with their coy reluctant responses to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them, as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement?

We had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as from Thames to the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish-complexioned

¹ Hoy: a large one-decked boat, commonly rigged as a sloop.

young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assurance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion.

He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then, or since. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fablings; and the rest would appear but dull, as written and to be read on shore. He had been Aide-de-camp (among other rare accidents and fortunes) to a Persian Prince, and at one blow had stricken off the head of the King of Carimania on horseback. He, of course, married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the politics of that Court, combining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but, with the rapidity of a magician, he transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where we still found him in the confidence of great ladies.

Hitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when (still hardying more and more in his triumphs over our simplicity) he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors,

who, from his recent reading, made bold to assure the gentleman that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since"; to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, that "the figure was indeed a little damaged."

This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever—confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candour of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the *Reculvers*, which one of our own company (having been the voyage before) immediately recognising, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile; and, if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring, without stirring; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold

meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in ; provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage.

Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure ; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied “ he *had* no friends.”

These pleasant, and some mournful passages, with the first sight of the sea, co-operating with youth, and a sense of holidays, and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before—have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

Will it be thought a digression if I endeavour to account for the *dissatisfaction* which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion) *at the sight of the sea for the first time* ? Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel

himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression : enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity.

But the sea remains a disappointment.—Is it not, that in the latter we had expected to behold, not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain compassable by the eye, *but all the sea at once* ? I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less.

I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life—all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen, what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romance and poetry—crowding their images, and exacting strange tributes from expectation.

He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it ; of its thousand isles, and of the vast continents it washes ; of its receiving the mighty Plate, or Orellana, into its bosom,

without disturbance or sense of augmentation ;
of Biscay swells and the mariner

“ For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape ” ;

of fatal rocks, and the “ still vexed Bermoothes ” ;
of great whirlpools, and the waterspout ; of
sunken ships, and sunless treasures swallowed up
in the unrestoring depths ; of fishes and quaint
monsters, of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez ;
of pearls, and shells ; of coral beds, and of en-
chanted isles ; of mermaid’s grots——

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects
to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is
under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which
haunts him with confused hints and shadows of
all these ; and when the actual object opens first
upon him, seen (in tame weather, too, most likely)
from unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-
water, as it shows to him—what can it prove but
a very unsatisfying entertainment ? Or if he
has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it
much more than the river widening ? and, even
out of the sight of land, what had he but a flat,
watery horizon about him, nothing comparable
to the vast o’er-curtaining sky, his familiar object,
seen daily without dread or amazement ?

I love town or country ; but this detestable
Cinque Port is neither. I hate these scrubbed

shoots, thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty rocks : which the amateur calls “ verdure to the edge of the sea.” I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all day on the naked beach, watching the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out at the windows of this island prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. There is no home for me here.

CHARLES LAMB.

EXERCISES

1. Explain the meaning of the following passages :—
 - (a) Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill-exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet ?
 - (b) These pleasant, and some mournful passages, with the first sight of the sea, co-operating with youth, and a sense of holidays, and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before—have left

upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

3. Why do you think Lamb put some of his sentences in the form of questions? Quote to illustrate your answer.

4. Write a short essay upon "Boasting."

5. How does Lamb account for the feeling of dissatisfaction which he felt at the sight of the sea for the first time?

6. Imagine yourself to be a boy of fifteen who has lived all his life in a mountainous district, and write, in the first person, two paragraphs, one describing your anticipation of a first sight of the sea, the other its realization.

7. Write a short account of any holiday you have spent, or of the way in which you would like to spend a holiday.

8. Write a short letter, as from Charles Lamb to his friend William Hazlitt, describing his visit to Hastings. (See p. 43, "are at this moment doing dreary penance, etc.," and p. 48, "I love town," etc.)

9. Relate any legend of the sea that you have read or heard.

THE ENGLISH ADMIRALS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the author of the following essay, is better known among boys as the writer of "Treasure Island." He was born in Edinburgh in 1850; at the age of seventeen he was sent to Edinburgh University to study engineering—a profession in which his father and grandfather had earned distinction, the latter having built the Bell Rock Lighthouse. Ill-health, however, compelled him to turn his attention to a more sedentary occupation, and in 1871 he began to read for the bar; four years later he was admitted an advocate, but he never followed up this profession.

Literature and the study of human nature became his absorbing passion, to which he devoted all his strength and energy. Soon, however, lung disease crippled his vitality and drove him from England to a warmer clime. He tried the French Riviera and the Adirondac Mountains, and finally sought refuge in the Island of Samoa, where amid the semi-barbaric surroundings of the South Sea Islands he passed the last six years of his life. He died there in 1894. Among his most popular works may be mentioned "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Catriona," "The Black Arrow," and "Weir of Hermiston."

There is one story of the wars of Rome which I have always very much envied for England. Germanicus was going down at the head of the legions into a dangerous river—on the opposite bank the woods were full of Germans—when there flew out seven great eagles which seemed to marshal the Romans on their way; they did not pause or waver, but disappeared into the forest where the enemy lay concealed. “Forward!” cried Germanicus, with a fine rhetorical inspiration, “Forward! and follow the Roman birds.” It would be a very heavy spirit that did not give a leap at such a signal, and a very timorous one that continued to have any doubt of success. To appropriate the eagles as fellow-countrymen was to make imaginary allies of the forces of nature; the Roman Empire and its military fortunes, and along with these the prospects of those individual Roman legionaries now fording a river in Germany, looked altogether greater and more hopeful. It is a kind of illusion easy to produce. A particular shape of cloud, the appearance of a particular star, the holiday of some particular saint, anything in short to remind the combatants of patriotic legends or old successes, may be enough to change the issue of a pitched battle; for it gives to the one party a feeling that Right and the larger interests are with them.

If an Englishman wishes to have such a feeling, it must be about the sea. The lion is nothing to us; he has not been taken to the hearts of the people, and naturalised as an English emblem. We know right well that a lion would fall foul of us as grimly as he would of a Frenchman or a Moldavian Jew, and we do not carry him before us in the smoke of battle. But the sea is our approach and bulwark; it has been the scene of our greatest triumphs and dangers; and we are accustomed in lyrical strains to claim it as our own. The prostrating experiences of foreigners between Calais and Dover have always an agreeable side to English prepossessions. A man from Bedfordshire, who does not know one end of the ship from the other until she begins to move, swaggers among such persons with a sense of hereditary nautical experience. To suppose yourself endowed with natural parts for the sea because you are the countryman of Blake and mighty Nelson, is perhaps just as unwarrantable as to imagine Scotch extraction a sufficient guarantee that you will look well in a kilt. But the feeling is there, and seated beyond the reach of argument. We should consider ourselves unworthy of our descent if we did not share the arrogance of our progenitors, and please ourselves with the pretension that the sea is English. Even where it is looked upon by the guns and battlements of

another nation we regard it as a kind of English cemetery, where the bones of our seafaring fathers take their rest until the last trumpet; for I suppose no other nation has lost as many ships, or sent as many brave fellows to the bottom.

There is nowhere such a background for heroism as the noble, terrifying, and picturesque conditions of some of our sea fights. Hawke's battle in the tempest, and Aboukir at the moment when the French Admiral blew up, reach the limit of what is imposing to the imagination. And our naval annals owe some of their interest to the fantastic and beautiful appearance of old warships and the romance that invests the sea and everything sea-going in the eyes of English lads on a half-holiday at the coast. Nay, and what we know of the misery between decks enhances the bravery of what was done by giving it something for contrast. We like to know that these bold and honest fellows contrived to live, and to keep bold and honest, among absurd and vile surroundings. No reader can forget the description of the *Thunder* in "Roderick Random": the disorderly tyranny; the cruelty and dirt of officers and men; deck after deck, each with some new object of offence; the hospital, where the hammocks were huddled together with but fourteen inches space for each; the cockpit, far under water, where, "in an intolerable stench," the spectacled steward kept

the accounts of the different messes ; and the canvas enclosure, six feet square, in which Morgan made flip and salmagundi, smoked his pipe, sang his Welsh songs, and swore his queer Welsh imprecations. There are portions of this business on board the *Thunder* over which the reader passes lightly and hurriedly like a traveller in a malarious country. It is easy enough to understand the opinion of Dr Johnson : “ Why, sir,” he said, “ no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail.” You would fancy any one’s spirit would die out under such an accumulation of darkness, noisomeness, and injustice, above all when he had not come there of his own free will, but under the cutlasses and bludgeons of the press-gang. But perhaps a watch on deck in the sharp sea air put a man on his mettle again ; a battle must have been a capital relief ; and prize-money, bloodily earned and grossly squandered, opened the doors of the prison for a twinkling. Somehow or other, at least, this worst of possible lives could not overlie the spirit and gaiety of our sailors ; they did their duty as though they had some interest in the fortune of that country which so cruelly oppressed them, they served their guns merrily when it came to fighting, and they had the readiest ear for a bold, honourable sentiment, of any class of men the world ever produced.

Most men of high destinies have high-sounding names. Pym and Habakkuk may do pretty well, but they must not think to cope with the Cromwells and Isaiahs. And you could not find a better case in point than that of the English Admirals. Drake and Rooke and Hawke are picked names for men of execution. Frobisher, Rodney, Boscawen, Foul-Weather Jack Byron, are all good to catch the eye in a page of a naval history. Cloudesley Shovel is a mouthful of quaint and sounding syllables. Benbow has a bull-dog quality that suits the man's character, and it takes us back to those English archers who were his true comrades for plainness, tenacity, and pluck. Raleigh is spirited and martial, and signifies an act of bold conduct in the field. It is impossible to judge of Blake or Nelson, no names current among men being worthy of such heroes. But still it is odd enough, and very appropriate in this connexion, that the latter was greatly taken with his Sicilian title. "The signification, perhaps, pleased him," says Southey; "Duke of Thunder was what in Dahomey would have been called a *strong name*; it was to a sailor's taste, and certainly to no man could it be more applicable." Admiral in itself is one of the most satisfactory of distinctions; it has a noble sound and a very proud history; and Columbus thought so highly of it, that he enjoined his heirs to sign

themselves by that title as long as the house should last.

But it is the spirit of the men, and not their names, that I wish to speak about in this paper. That spirit is truly English; they, and not Tennyson's cotton-spinners or Mr D'Arcy Thompson's Abstract Bagman, are the true and typical Englishmen. There may be more *head* of bagmen in the country, but human beings are reckoned by number only in political constitutions. And the Admirals are typical in the full force of the word. They are splendid examples of virtue, indeed, but of a virtue in which most Englishmen can claim a moderate share; and what we admire in their lives is a sort of apotheosis of ourselves. Almost everybody in our land, except humanitarians and a few persons whose youth has been depressed by exceptionally æsthetic surroundings, can understand and sympathise with an Admiral or a prize-fighter. I do not wish to bracket Benbow and Tom Cribb; but, depend upon it, they are practically bracketed for admiration in the minds of many frequenters of ale-houses. If you told them about Germanicus and the eagles, or Regulus going back to Carthage, they would very likely fall asleep; but tell them about Harry Pearce and Jem Belcher, or about Nelson and the Nile, and they put down their pipes to listen. I have by me a copy of "Boxiana,"

on the fly-leaves of which a youthful member of the fancy kept a chronicle of remarkable events and an obituary of great men. Here we find piously chronicled the demise of jockeys, watermen, and pugilists—Johnny Moore, of the Liverpool prize-ring; Tom Spring, aged fifty-six; “Pierce Egan, senior, writer of ‘Boxiana’ and other sporting works”—and among all these, the Duke of Wellington! If Benbow had lived in the time of this annalist, do you suppose his name would not have been added to the glorious roll? In short, we do not all feel warmly towards Wesley or Laud, we cannot all take pleasure in “Paradise Lost”; but there are certain common sentiments and touches of nature by which the whole nation is made to feel kinship. A little while ago everybody, from Hazlitt and John Wilson down to the imbecile creature who scribbled his register on the fly-leaves of “Boxiana,” felt a more or less shamefaced satisfaction in the exploits of prize-fighters. And the exploits of the Admirals are popular to the same degree, and tell in all ranks of society. Their sayings and doings stir English blood like the sound of a trumpet; and if the Indian Empire, the trade of London, and all the outward and visible ensigns of our greatness should pass away, we should still leave behind us a durable monument of what we were in these sayings and doings of the English Admirals.

Duncan, lying off the Texel with his own flagship, the *Venerable*, and only one other vessel, heard that the whole Dutch fleet was putting to sea. He told Captain Hotham to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel, and fight his vessel till she sank. "I have taken the depth of the water," added he, "and when the *Venerable* goes down, my flag will still fly." And you observe this is no naked Viking in a prehistoric period; but a Scotch member of Parliament, with a smattering of the classics, a telescope, a cocked hat of great size, and flannel underclothing. In the same spirit, Nelson went into Aboukir with six colours flying; so that even if five were shot away, it should not be imagined he had struck. He too must needs wear his four stars outside his Admiral's frock, to be a butt for sharpshooters. "In honour I gained them," he said to objectors, adding with sublime illogicality, "in honour I will die with them." Captain Douglas of the *Royal Oak*, when the Dutch fired his vessel in the Thames, sent his men ashore, but was burned along with her himself rather than desert his post without orders. Just then, perhaps the Merry Monarch was chasing a moth round the supper table with the ladies of his court. When Raleigh sailed into Cadiz, and all the forts and ships opened fire on him at once, he scorned to shoot a gun, and made answer with

a flourish of insulting trumpets. I like this bravado better than the wisest dispositions to ensure victory ; it comes from the heart and goes to it. God has made nobler heroes, but He never made a finer gentleman than Walter Raleigh. And as our Admirals were full of heroic superstitions, and had a strutting and vainglorious style of fight, so they discovered a startling eagerness for battle, and courted war like a mistress. When the news came to Essex before Cadiz that the attack had been decided, he threw his hat into the sea. It is in this way that a schoolboy hears of a half-holiday ; but this was a bearded man of great possessions who had just been allowed to risk his life. Benbow could not lie still in his bunk after he had lost his leg ; he must be on deck in a basket to direct and animate the fight. I said they loved war like a mistress ; yet I think there are not many mistresses we should continue to woo under similar circumstances. Trowbridge went ashore with the *Culloden*, and was able to take no part in the battle of the Nile. "The merits of that ship and her gallant captain," wrote Nelson to the Admiralty, "are too well known to benefit by anything I could say. Her misfortune was great in getting aground, *while her more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness.*" This is a notable expression, and depicts the whole, great-hearted, big-spoken stock

of the English Admirals to a hair. It was to be "in the full tide of happiness" for Nelson to destroy five thousand five hundred and twenty-five of his fellow creatures and have his own scalp torn open by a piece of langridge shot. Hear him again at Copenhagen: "A shot through the main-mast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers with a smile, 'It is warm work, and this may be the last to any of us at any moment'; and then, stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion, '*But, mark you—I would not be elsewhere for thousands.*'"

I must tell one more story, which has lately been made familiar to us all, and that in one of the noblest ballads in the English language. I had written my tame prose abstract, I shall beg the reader to believe, when I had no notion that the sacred bard designed an immortality for Greenville. Sir Richard Greenville was Vice-Admiral to Lord Thomas Howard, and lay off the Azores with the English squadron in 1591. He was a noted tyrant to his crew: a dark, bullying fellow apparently; and it is related of him that he would chew and swallow wine-glasses, by way of convivial levity, till the blood ran out of his mouth. When the Spanish fleet of fifty sail came within sight of the English, his ship, the *Revenge*, was the last to weigh anchor, and was so far circumvented by the Spaniards, that there were

but two courses open—either to turn her back upon the enemy or sail through one of his squadrons. The first alternative Greenville dismissed as dishonourable to himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship. Accordingly, he chose the latter, and steered into the Spanish armament. Several vessels he forced to luff and fall under his lee; until, about three o'clock of the afternoon, a great ship of three decks of ordnance took the wind out of his sails and immediately boarded. Thenceforward, and all night long, the *Revenge* held her own single-handed against the Spaniards. As one ship was beaten off another took its place. She endured, according to Raleigh's computation, "eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries." By morning the powder was spent, the pikes all broken, not a stick was standing, "nothing left overhead either for flight or defence"; six feet of water in the hold; almost all the men hurt; and Greenville himself in a dying condition. To bring them to this pass, a fleet of fifty sail had been mauling them for fifteen hours, the *Admiral of the Hulks* and the *Ascension* of Seville had both gone down alongside, and two other vessels had taken refuge on shore in a sinking state. In Hawke's words, they had "taken a great deal of drubbing." The captain and crew thought they had done about enough; but Greenville was not of this opinion; he gave

orders to the master gunner, whom he knew to be a fellow after his own stamp, to scuttle the *Revenge* where she lay. The others, who were not mortally wounded like the Admiral, interfered with some decision, locked the master gunner in his cabin, after having deprived him of his sword, for he manifested an intention to kill himself if he were not to sink the ship; and sent to the Spaniards to demand terms. These were granted. The second or third day after, Greenville died of his wounds aboard the Spanish flagship, leaving his contempt upon the "traitors and dogs" who had not chosen to do as he did, and engage fifty vessels, well found and fully manned, with six inferior craft ravaged by sickness and short of stores. He at least, he said, had done his duty as he was bound to do, and looked for everlasting fame.

Some one said to me the other day that they considered this story to be of a pestilent example. I am not inclined to imagine we shall ever be put into any practical difficulty from a superfluity of Greenvilles. And besides, I demur to the opinion. The worth of such actions is not a thing to be decided in a quaver of sensibility or a flush of righteous common sense. The man who wished to make the ballads of his country, coveted a small matter compared to what Richard Greenville accomplished. I wonder how many people have

been inspired by this mad story, and how many battles have been actually won for England in the spirit thus engendered. It is only with a measure of habitual foolhardiness that you can be sure, in the common run of men, of courage on a reasonable occasion. An army or a fleet, if it is not led by quixotic fancies, will not be led far by terror of the Provost-Marshal. Even German warfare, in addition to maps and telegraphs, is not above employing the *Wacht am Rhein*. Nor is it only in the profession of arms that such stories may do good to a man. In this desperate and gleeful fighting, whether it is Greenville or Benbow, Hawke or Nelson, who flies his colours in the ship, we see men brought to the test and giving proof of what we call heroic feeling. Prosperous humanitarians tell me, in my club smoking-room, that they are a prey to prodigious heroic feelings, and that it costs them more nobility of soul to do nothing in particular, than would carry on all the wars, by sea or land, of bellicose humanity. It may very well be so, and yet not touch the point in question. For what I desire is to see some of this nobility brought face to face with me in an inspiring achievement. A man may talk smoothly over a cigar in my club smoking-room from now to the day of Judgment, without adding anything to mankind's treasury of illustrious and encouraging examples. It is not over the

virtues of a curate-and-tea-party novel, that people are abashed into high resolutions. It may be because their hearts are crass, but to stir them properly they must have men entering into glory with some pomp and circumstance. And that is why these stories of our sea-captains, printed, so to speak, in capitals, and full of bracing moral influence, are more valuable to England than any material benefit in all the books of political economy between Westminster and Birmingham. Greenville chewing wine-glasses at table makes no very pleasant figure, any more than a thousand other artists when they are viewed in the body, or met in private life; but his work of art, his finished tragedy, is an eloquent performance; and I contend it ought not only to enliven men of the sword as they go into battle, but send back merchant clerks with more heart and spirit to their book-keeping by double entry.

There is another question which seems bound up in this; and that is Temple's problem: whether it was wise of Douglas to burn with the *Royal Oak*? and by implication, what it was that made him do so? Many will tell you it was the desire of fame.

“To what do Cæsar and Alexander owe the infinite grandeur of their renown, but to fortune? How many men has she extinguished in the beginning of their progress, of whom we have no

knowledge; who brought as much courage to the work as they, if their adverse hap had not cut them off in the first sally of their arms? Amongst so many and so great dangers, I do not remember to have anywhere read that Cæsar was ever wounded; a thousand have fallen in less dangers than the least of these he went through. A great many brave actions must be expected to be performed without witness, for one that comes to some notice. A man is not always at the top of a breach, or at the head of an army in the sight of his general, as upon a platform. He is often surprised between the hedge and the ditch; he must run the hazard of his life against a hen roost; he must dislodge four rascally musketeers out of a barn; he must prick out single from his party, as necessity arises, and meet adventures alone."

Thus far Montaigne, in a characteristic essay on "Glory." Where death is certain, as in the cases of Douglas or Greenville, it seems all one from a personal point of view. The man who lost his life against a hen roost is in the same pickle with him who lost his life against a fortified place of the first order. Whether he has missed a peerage or only the corporal's stripes, it is all one if he has missed them, and is quietly in the grave. It was by a hazard that we learned the conduct of the four marines of the *Wager*. There was no room

for these brave fellows in the boat, and they were left behind upon the island to a certain death. They were soldiers, they said, and knew well enough it was their business to die ; and as their comrades pulled away they stood upon the beach, gave three cheers, and cried " God bless the king ! " Now, one or two of those who were in the boat escaped, against all likelihood, to tell the story. That was a great thing for us ; but surely it cannot, by any possible twisting of human speech, be construed into anything great for the marines. You may suppose, if you like, that they died, hoping their behaviour would not be forgotten ; or you may suppose they thought nothing on the subject, which is much more likely. What can be the signification of the word " fame " to a private of marines, who cannot read and knows nothing of past history beyond the reminiscences of his grandmother ? But whichever supposition you make, the fact is unchanged. They died while the question still hung in the balance ; and I suppose their bones were already white, before the winds and the waves and the humour of Indian chiefs and Spanish governors had decided whether they were to be unknown and useless martyrs or honoured heroes. Indeed, I believe this is the lesson : if it is for fame that men do brave actions, they are only silly fellows after all.

It is at best but a pettifogging, pickthank

business to decompose actions into little personal motives, and explain heroism away. The Abstract Bagman will grow like an Admiral at heart, not by ungrateful carping, but in a heat of admiration. But there is another theory of the personal motive in these fine sayings and doings, which I believe to be true and wholesome. People usually do things, and suffer martyrdoms, because they have an inclination that way. The best artist is not the man who fixes his eye on posterity, but the one who loves the practice of his art. And instead of having a taste for being successful merchants and retiring at thirty, some people have a taste for high and what we call heroic forms of excitement. If the Admirals courted war like a mistress; if, as the drum beat to quarters, the sailors came gaily out of the fore-castle,—it is because a fight is a period of multiplied and intense experiences, and, by Nelson's computation, worth "thousands" to any one who has a heart under his jacket. If the marines of the *Wager* gave three cheers and cried "God bless the king," it was because they liked to do things nobly for their own satisfaction. They were giving their lives, there was no help for that; and they made it a point of self-respect to give them handsomely. And there were never four happier marines in God's world than these four at that moment. If it was worth thousands to be at the Baltic, I wish a Benthamite

arithmetician would calculate how much it was worth to be one of those four marines ; or how much their story is worth to each of us who read it. And mark you, undemonstrative men would have spoiled the situation. The finest action is the better for a piece of purple. If the soldiers of the *Birkenhead* had not gone down in line, or these marines of the *Wager* had walked away simply into the island, like plenty of other brave fellows in the like circumstances, my Benthamite arithmetician would assign a far lower value to the two stories. We have to desire a grand air in our heroes ; and such a knowledge of the human stage as shall make them put the dots on their own i's, and leave us in no suspense as to when they mean to be heroic. And hence, we should congratulate ourselves upon the fact that our Admirals were not only great-hearted but big-spoken.

The heroes themselves say, as often as not, that fame is their object ; but I do not think that is much to the purpose. People generally say what they have been taught to say ; that was the catchword they were given in youth to express the aims of their way of life ; and men who are gaining great battles are not likely to take much trouble in reviewing their sentiments and the words in which they were told to express them. Almost every person, if you will believe himself,

holds a quite different theory of life from the one on which he is patently acting. And the fact is, fame may be a forethought and an afterthought, but it is too abstract an idea to move people greatly in moments of swift and momentous decision. It is from something more immediate, some determination of blood to the head, some trick of the fancy, that the breach is stormed or the bold word spoken. I am sure a fellow shooting an ugly weir in a canoe has exactly as much thought about fame as most commanders going into battle; and yet the action, fall out how it will, is not one of those the muse delights to celebrate. Indeed it is difficult to see why the fellow does a thing so nameless and yet so formidable to look at, unless on the theory that he likes it. I suspect that is why; and I suspect it is at least ten per cent. of why Lord Beaconsfield and Mr Gladstone have debated so much in the House of Commons, and why Burnaby rode to Khiva the other day, and why the Admirals courted war like a mistress.

R. L. STEVENSON.

EXERCISES

1. Put the legend related in the first paragraph into simple verse.
2. Write a short account of any example of heroism in recent times.

3. Write a paragraph on the model of that on p. 56, substituting the names of great soldiers for those of great admirals

4. Relate an anecdote of about the same length as that beginning, "It was by a hazard" (p. 66), illustrating unnoted heroism.

5. Stevenson says the English Admirals and other heroes did great deeds not so much for fame, as because they enjoyed doing them. What do you think was their chief reason?

6. Do you consider the English to be less brave to-day than they were in the reign of Elizabeth? Give reasons and quote facts in support of your view.

7. Give, from this extract, examples of anti-climax and say what is the effect of its use.

8. "But the sea . . . claim it as our own" (p. 53). Write a short essay of four paragraphs, the first three dealing with the three clauses of this sentence, the fourth summing up and concluding.

9. Contrast Stevenson's attitude towards the sea with that of Charles Lamb as implied in his Essay on the Margate Hoy (pp. 42-49).

10. Make a short abstract of Stevenson's Essay.

THE REVENGE

THE defeat of the Spanish Armada (1588), in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, marks the beginning of England's supremacy on the sea. Among those "buccaneers" who feared not death but only dishonour, and who braved dangers in search of adventure and for the glory of their country, none have earned more fame than Sir Richard Grenville, the commander of *The Revenge*. England had become Spain's deadly rival. Merchants, gentlemen, noblemen fitted out privateers to scour the Spanish Main and capture the galleons and merchant-ships of their enemy. Their chief aim was to crush the power of Spain.

Grenville's exploit off Flores has been immortalised by Tennyson in his ballad "The Revenge." The following is an account of the same incident by James Anthony Froude, one of the most brilliant of modern historians (born 1818, died 1894).

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 their men disabled by sickness, they were unable to pursue the aggressive purpose

on which they 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 one hundred and ninety, 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," they said, "of his own inheritance, 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 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 he was to the Spaniard.

To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Flores 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 a hundred 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 his 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; notwith-

standing, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded."

The wind was light ; the *San Philip*, a huge ship of fifteen hundred 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 two hundred, besides the mariners, in some five hundred, in others eight hundred. 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."

A little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English heart 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 sulphur 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, 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 hundred 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; and 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 such "demoniac valour" was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared do all which did become men, and they were not more than men, at least than men were then. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above fifteen hundred men 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 entertain 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 un-

savoury," 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 rest 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 one hundred and forty sail; and of these one hundred and forty, only thirty-two ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest all 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 two hundred prize crew under the rocks of St Michael's.

"And it may well be thought and presumed (says John Huighen) that it was no other than a just plague purposely sent upon the Spaniards;

and that it might be truly said, the taking of *The Revenge* was justly revenged on them; and not by the might or force of man, but by the power of God. As some of them openly said in the Isle of Terceira, that they believed verily God would consume them, and that he took part with the Lutherans and heretics . . . saying further, that so soon as they had thrown the dead body of the Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Grenville overboard, they verily thought that as he had a devilish faith and religion, and therefore the devil loved him, so he presently sunk into the bottom of the sea and down into hell, where he raised up all the devils to the revenge of his death, and that they brought so great a storm and torments upon the Spaniards, because they only maintained the Catholic and Romish religion. Such and the like blasphemies against God they ceased not openly to utter."

J. A. FROUDE.

EXERCISES

1. Write a short summary of Froude's account of the capture of *The Revenge*.
2. Expand the summary into a short description in your own language of the events narrated.
3. Compare the account of *The Revenge* given by Froude with that given by Stevenson.
4. State whether the verb is used in the active

or passive voice in each of the following sentences. Where it is used in the active voice, turn it into the passive, and *vice versa* :—

- (a) “The *Revenge* *was commanded* by Sir Richard Grenville.”
- (b) “He *was persuaded* to cut his mainsail.”
- (c) “Before morning fifteen several Armadas *had assailed* her, and all in vain.”
- (d) “Richard *commanded* the master gunner to sink the ship.”
- (e) “It is due to them to say, that the conditions *were faithfully observed*.”

5. By what distinguishing marks of style could you tell the portions of the narrative quoted from Raleigh from those written by Froude himself?

6. Give a character sketch of Sir Richard Grenville, founded on the two accounts—Stevenson’s and Froude’s.

7. Contrast a naval battle of to-day with one in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

8. Write four lines of verse in honour of the battle-ship *The Revenge*.

9. Froude believed that one of the functions of History was to teach moral lessons. What do you think he intended to emphasise in his account of Grenville’s fight with the Spaniards?

THE EARLY DAYS OF CLIVE

THE following extracts from Macaulay's essay on Clive have been chosen on account of the vivid picture they afford of incidents in the career of the "creator of our Indian Empire," and as an example of the prose style of one of the most brilliant English historians. The first passage deals with Clive's early life (1725-1750) and his entry on a military career. The second relates his daring assault on Arcot (1751), which was followed by other victories. He returned to England in 1753, but was back in India in 1755, and in the following year was summoned from Madras to avenge the atrocity of the "Black Hole." The Nabob of Bengal had allied himself with the French, captured Calcutta, and driven into prison the whole British settlement comprising a hundred and forty-six men, women and children. These were left in a dark cell, twenty feet square, and tortured with thirst and suffocation the whole of one terrible night. Only twenty-three lived till the morning to tell the tale. For this Clive took a mighty revenge. With his small army he routed the enemy at Plassey in 1757, and soon the whole of Bengal fell into his hands. The tyrant Nabob was strangled by his own followers, and the foundations of the Indian Empire were laid.

CLIVE'S EARLY LIFE

The Clives had been settled, ever since the twelfth century, on an estate of no great value, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire. In the reign of George the First, this moderate but ancient inheritance was possessed by Mr Richard Clive, who seems to have been a plain man of no great tact or capacity. He had been bred to the law, and divided his time between professional business and the avocations of a small proprietor. He married a lady from Manchester, of the name of Gaskill, and became the father of a very numerous family. His eldest son, Robert, the founder of the British empire in India, was born at the old seat of his ancestors on the twenty-ninth of September, 1725.

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year ; and from these letters it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. " Fighting," says one of his uncles, " to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out on every

trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the safety of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

Far different were the prospects of Clive from those of the youths whom the East India College now annually sends to the Presidencies of our Asiatic empire. The Company was then purely a

trading corporation. Its territory consisted of a few square miles, for which rent was paid to the native governments. Its troops were scarcely numerous enough to man the batteries of three or four ill-constructed forts, which had been erected for the protection of the warehouses. The natives, who composed a considerable part of these little garrisons, had not yet been trained in the discipline of Europe, and were armed, some with swords and shields, some with bows and arrows. The business of the servant of the Company was not, as now, to conduct the judicial, financial, and diplomatic business of a great country, but to take stock, to make advances to weavers, to ship cargoes, and above all to keep an eye on private traders who dared to infringe the monopoly. The younger clerks were so miserably paid that they could scarcely subsist without incurring debt; the elder enriched themselves by trading on their own account; and those who lived to rise to the top of the service often accumulated considerable fortunes.

Clive's voyage was unusually tedious even for that age. The ship remained some months at the Brazils, where the young adventurer picked up some knowledge of Portuguese and spent all his pocket-money. He did not arrive in India till more than a year after he had left England. His situation at Madras was most painful. His

funds were exhausted. His pay was small. He had contracted debts. He was wretchedly lodged, no small calamity in a climate which can be made tolerable to an European only by spacious and well-placed apartments. He had been furnished with letters of recommendation to a gentleman who might have assisted him ; but when he landed at Fort St George he found that this gentleman had sailed for England. The lad's shy and haughty disposition withheld him from introducing himself to strangers. He was several months in India before he became acquainted with a single family. The climate affected his health and spirits. His duties were of a kind ill suited to his ardent and daring character. He pined for his home, and in his letters to his relations expressed his feelings in language softer and more pensive than we should have expected either from the waywardness of his boyhood, or from the inflexible sternness of his later years. "I have not enjoyed," says he, "one happy day since I left my native country"; and again, "I must confess, at intervals, when I think of my dear native England, it affects me in a very particular manner. . . . If I should be so far blest as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that I could hope or desire for would be presented before me in one view."

One solace he found of the most respectable kind. The Governor possessed a good library, and permitted Clive to have access to it. The young man devoted much of his leisure to reading, and acquired at this time almost all the knowledge of books that he ever possessed. As a boy he had been too idle, as a man he soon became too busy, for literary pursuits.

But neither climate nor poverty, neither study nor the sorrows of a home-sick exile, could tame the desperate audacity of his spirit. He behaved to his official superiors as he had behaved to his schoolmasters, and was several times in danger of losing his situation. Twice, while residing in the Writers' Buildings, he attempted to destroy himself, and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. This circumstance, it is said, affected him as a similar escape affected Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really well loaded, he burst forth into an exclamation that surely he was reserved for something great.

About this time an event which at first seemed likely to destroy all his hopes in life suddenly opened before him a new path to eminence. Europe had been, during some years, distracted by the war of the Austrian succession. George the Second was the steady ally of Maria Theresa. The house of Bourbon took the opposite side

Though England was even then the first of maritime powers, she was not, as she has since become, more than a match on the sea for all the nations of the world together ; and she found it difficult to maintain a contest against the united navies of France and Spain. In the eastern seas France obtained the ascendancy. Labourdonnais, governor of Mauritius, a man of eminent talents and virtues, conducted an expedition to the continent of India in spite of the opposition of the British fleet, landed, assembled an army, appeared before Madras, and compelled the town and fort to capitulate. The keys were delivered up ; the French colours were displayed on Fort St George ; and the contents of the Company's warehouses were seized as prize of war by the conquerors. It was stipulated by the capitulation that the English inhabitants should be prisoners of war on parole, and that the town should remain in the hands of the French till it should be ransomed. Labourdonnais pledged his honour that only a moderate ransom should be required.

But the success of Labourdonnais had awakened the jealousy of his countryman, Dupleix, governor of Pondicherry. Dupleix, moreover, had already begun to revolve gigantic schemes, with which the restoration of Madras to the English was by no means compatible. He declared that Labourdonnais had gone beyond his powers ; that conquests

made by the French arms on the continent of India were at the disposal of the governor of Pondicherry alone; and that Madras should be razed to the ground. Labourdonnais was compelled to yield. The anger which the breach of the capitulation excited among the English was increased by the ungenerous manner in which Dupleix treated the principal servants of the Company. The Governor and several of the first gentlemen of Fort St George were carried under a guard to Pondicherry, and conducted through the town in a triumphal procession under the eyes of fifty thousand spectators. It was with reason thought that this gross violation of public faith absolved the inhabitants of Madras from the engagements into which they had entered with Labourdonnais. Clive fled from the town by night in the disguise of a Mussulman, and took refuge at Fort St David, one of the small English settlements subordinate to Madras.

The circumstances in which he was now placed naturally led him to adopt a profession better suited to his restless and intrepid spirit than the business of examining packages and casting accounts. He solicited and obtained an ensign's commission in the service of the Company, and at twenty-one entered on his military career. His personal courage, of which he had, while still a writer, given signal proof by a desperate duel with

a military bully who was the terror of Fort St David, speedily made him conspicuous even among hundreds of brave men. He soon began to show in his new calling other qualities which had not before been discerned in him, judgment, sagacity, deference to legitimate authority. He distinguished himself highly in several operations against the French, and was particularly noticed by Major Lawrence, who was then considered as the ablest British officer in India.

Clive had been only a few months in the army when intelligence arrived that peace had been concluded between Great Britain and France. Dupleix was in consequence compelled to restore Madras to the English Company; and the young ensign was at liberty to resume his former business. He did indeed return for a short time to his desk. He again quitted it in order to assist Major Lawrence in some petty hostilities with the natives, and then again returned to it. While he was thus wavering between a military and a commercial life, events took place which decided his choice. The politics of India assumed a new aspect. There was peace between the English and French Crowns; but there arose between the English and French Companies trading to the East a war most eventful and important, a war in which the prize was nothing less than the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane.

THE SIEGE OF ARCOT

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and entrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoys, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him, only two had ever been in action,

and four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty

French soldiers whom Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoy. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five-and-twenty who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners,

and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoy came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali ; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes

to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahomedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein the son of Ali. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A

raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers and seven hundred sepoy were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened,

by forced marches, to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp, but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoy, who had served in the enemy's army, came over to Clive's quarters, and were taken into the British service. Conjeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognised the title of Mahommed Ali.

LORD MACAULAY.

EXERCISES

1. "The old people of the neighbourhood . . . near the summit" (p. 85). Write out the full story of the incident thus described, as told by one of the Market Drayton shopkeepers (see following sentence) in later days when Clive had become famous.

2. Write a short essay on one of the following :—

(a) Contrast a journey to India to-day with

Clive's voyage in 1743.

(b) The foundation of our Indian Empire.

(c) The Siege of Arcot.

3. Read the following passage carefully and, using the same words with the necessary alterations of person and tense, re-write it in the form of a speech by Clive :—

"He represented to his superiors that, unless

some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the House of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised."

4. Write an account of the Sepoys making their offer to Clive (p. 95) as given in a letter written by a European member of the garrison to one of his friends at home.

5. Macaulay's narrative style has been called "cumulative." Select any paragraph from this extract and illustrate from it the justice of this epithet; or suggest another which seems to you to describe the style more aptly.

6. Mention four qualities, using abstract nouns, which Clive possessed in an eminent degree; and give sentences illustrating the use of these nouns, which at the same time make their meaning clear.

7. Write a paragraph, modelled on a paragraph of Macaulay's, giving an estimate of Clive's character.

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN

ROBERT SOUTHEY (born 1774, died 1843), the author of many poems, will be remembered chiefly by his *Life of Nelson*.

Horatio Nelson was born in 1758, and entered the Navy in 1770. At the age of fourteen he took part in a voyage of discovery to the polar regions, and subsequently saw service in many parts of the globe. At the age of twenty he was made a post-captain. On the outbreak of the war with France (1793) he was appointed to the *Agamemnon*, and distinguished himself in the Mediterranean; in August 1798 he destroyed the French fleet at Aboukir Bay, and was rewarded with a Peerage and a pension of £2000 a year.

In 1801 Nelson was raised to the rank of Vice-Admiral, and appointed second in command of the expedition to the Baltic to break up the league which Denmark, Sweden and Russia were forming against England. The whole conduct of the attack on Copenhagen and the Danish fleet was entrusted to him, and his victory is described in the following passages from Southey's *Life of Nelson*.

This passage (the Sound) which Denmark had so long considered as the key of the Baltic, is, in its narrowest part, about three miles wide; and

here the city of Elsinour is situated; except Copenhagen, the most flourishing of the Danish towns. Every vessel which passes lowers her top-gallant-sails, and pays toll at Elsinour: a toll which is believed to have had its origin in the consent of the traders to that sea, Denmark taking upon itself the charge of constructing light-houses, and erecting signals, to mark the shoals and rocks from the Cattegat to the Baltic; and they, on their part, agreeing that all ships should pass this way, in order that all might pay their shares: none from that time using the passage of the Belt; because it was not fitting that they, who enjoyed the benefit of the beacons in dark and stormy weather, should evade contributing to them in fair seasons and summer nights. Of late years about ten thousand vessels had annually paid this contribution in time of peace.

Adjoining Elsinour, and at the edge of a peninsular promontory, upon the nearest point of land to the Swedish coast, stands Cronenburg Castle, built after Tycho Brahe's design—a magnificent pile—at once a palace, and fortress, and state prison, with its spires and towers, and battlements and batteries. On the left of the strait is the old Swedish city of Helsingburg, at the foot, and on the side of a hill. To the north of Helsingburg the shores are steep and rocky; they lower to the south; and the distant spires

of Landsrona, Lund, and Malmoe are seen in the flat country.

The Danish shores consist partly of ridges of sand; but more frequently their slopes are covered with rich wood, and villages and villas, denoting the vicinity of a great capital. The isles of Huen, Statholm, and Amak, appear in the widening channel; and, at the distance of twenty miles from Elsineur, stands Copenhagen, in full view; the best city of the north, and one of the finest capitals of Europe; visible, with its stately spires, far off. Amid these magnificent objects there are some which possess a peculiar interest for the recollections which they call forth. The isle of Huen, a lovely domain, about six miles in circumference, had been the munificent gift of Frederick the Second to Tycho Brahe. It has higher shores than the near coast of Zealand, or than the Swedish coast in that part. Here most of his discoveries were made; and here the ruins are to be seen of his observatory, and of the mansion where he was visited by princes; and where, with a princely spirit, he received and entertained all comers from all parts, and promoted science by his liberality, as well as by his labours. Elsineur is a name familiar to English ears, being inseparably associated with Hamlet, and one of the noblest works of human genius.

The Sound being the only frequented entrance

to the Baltic, the great Mediterranean of the North, few parts of the sea display so frequent navigation. In the height of the season not fewer than a hundred vessels pass every four-and-twenty hours, for many weeks in succession: but never had so busy or so splendid a scene been exhibited there as on this day, when the British fleet prepared to force that passage, where, till now, all ships had veiled their top-sails to the flag of Denmark. The whole force consisted of fifty-one sail, of various descriptions, of which sixteen were of the line. The greater part of the bomb and gun vessels took their station off Cronenburg Castle, to cover the fleet; while others, on the larboard, were ready to engage the Swedish shore.

The Danes, having improved every moment which ill-timed negotiation and baffling weather gave them, had lined their shore with batteries; and as soon as the *Monarch*, which was the leading ship, came abreast of them, a fire was opened from about a hundred pieces of cannon and mortars: our light vessels immediately, in return, opened their fire upon the castle. Here was all the pompous circumstance and exciting reality of war, without its effects; for this ostentatious display was but a bloodless prelude to the wide and sweeping destruction which was soon to follow.

As soon as the main body had passed, the gun vessels followed, desisting from their bombardment,

which had been as innocent as that of the enemy ; and, about mid-day, the whole fleet anchored between the island of Huen and Copenhagen. Sir Hyde, with Nelson, Admiral Graves, some of the senior captains, and the commanding officers of the artillery and the troops, then proceeded in a lugger to reconnoitre the enemy's means of defence : a formidable line of ships, radeaus, pontoons, galleys, fire-ships, and gunboats, flanked and supported by extensive batteries, and occupying, from one extreme point to the other, an extent of nearly four miles.

A council of war was held in the afternoon. It was apparent that the Danes could not be attacked without great difficulty and risk ; and some of the members of the council spoke of the number of the Swedes and the Russians whom they should afterwards have to engage, as a consideration which ought to be borne in mind. Nelson, who kept pacing the cabin, impatient as he ever was of anything which savoured of irresolution, repeatedly said, "The more numerous the better, I wish they were twice as many,—the easier the victory, depend on it." The plan upon which he had determined, if ever it should be his fortune to bring a Baltic fleet to action, was, to attack the head of their line, and confuse their movements.—"Close with a Frenchman," he used to say, "but outmanœuvre a Russian." He offered his services

for the attack, requiring ten sail of the line, and the whole of the smaller craft. Sir Hyde gave him two more line of battle ships than he asked, and left everything to his judgment.

The enemy's force was not the only, nor the greatest, obstacle with which the British fleet had to contend: there was another to be overcome before they could come in contact with it. The channel was little known, and extremely intricate; all the buoys had been removed: and the Danes considered this difficulty as most insuperable, thinking the channel impracticable for so large a fleet. Nelson himself saw the soundings made, and the buoys laid down, boating it upon this exhausting service, day and night, till it was effected. When this was done, he thanked God for having enabled him to get through this difficult part of his duty. "It had worn him down," he said, "and was infinitely more grievous to him than any resistance which he could experience from the enemy."

The Danes, meantime, had not been idle: no sooner did the guns of Cronenburg make it known to the whole city that all negotiation was at an end, that the British fleet was passing the Sound, and that the dispute between the two crowns must now be decided by arms, than a spirit displayed itself most honourable to the Danish character. All ranks offered themselves to the

service of their country ; the university furnished a corps of twelve hundred youths, the flower of Denmark :—it was one of those emergencies in which little drilling or discipline is necessary to render courage available ; they had nothing to learn but how to manage the guns, and day and night were employed in practising them.

This was an awful night for Copenhagen—far more so than for the British fleet, where the men were accustomed to battle and victory, and had none of those objects before their eyes which render death terrible. Nelson sat down to table with a large party of his officers ; he was, as he was ever wont to be when on the eve of action, in high spirits, and drank to a leading wind, and to the success of the morrow.

After supper they returned to their respective ships, except Riou, who remained to arrange the order of battle with Nelson and Foley, and to draw up instructions ; Hardy, meantime, went in a small boat to examine the channel between them and the enemy ; approaching so near that he sounded round their leading ship with a pole, lest the noise of throwing the lead should discover him.

The incessant fatigue of body, as well as mind, which Nelson had undergone during the last three days, had so exhausted him that he was earnestly urged to go to his cot ; and his old servant Allen, using that kind of authority which long and

affectionate services entitled and enabled him to assume on such occasions, insisted upon his complying. The cot was placed on the floor, and he continued to dictate from it. About eleven Hardy returned, and reported the practicability of the channel, and the depth of water up to the enemy's line. About one, the orders were completed; and half a dozen clerks, in the foremost cabin, proceeded to transcribe them, Nelson frequently calling out to them from his cot to hasten their work, for the wind was becoming fair. Instead of attempting to get a few hours of sleep, he was constantly receiving reports upon this important point. At daybreak it was announced as becoming perfectly fair. The clerks finished their work about six. Nelson, who was already up, breakfasted, and made signal for all captains.

At five minutes after ten the action began. The first half of our fleet was engaged in about half an hour; and by half-past eleven the battle became general. The plan of the attack had been complete: but seldom has any plan been more disconcerted by untoward accidents. Of twelve ships of the line, one was entirely useless, and two others in a situation where they could not render half the service which was required of them. Of the squadron of gun-brigs only one could get into action: the rest were prevented, by baffling currents, from weathering the eastern end

of the shoal; and only two of the bomb-vessels could reach their station on the Middle Ground, and open their mortars on the arsenal, firing over both fleets. Riou took the vacant station against the crown battery, with his frigates; attempting, with that unequal force, a service in which three sail of the line had been directed to assist.

Nelson's agitation had been extreme when he saw himself, before the action began, deprived of a fourth part of his ships of the line. But no sooner was he in battle, where his squadron was received with the fire of more than a thousand guns, than, as if that artillery, like music, had driven away all care and painful thoughts, his countenance brightened; and, as a bystander describes him, his conversation became joyous, animated, elevated, and delightful.

The commander-in-chief, meantime, near enough to the scene of action to know the unfavourable accidents which had so materially weakened Nelson, and yet too distant to know the real state of the contending parties, suffered the most dreadful anxiety. To get to his assistance was impossible; both wind and current were against him. Fear for the event, in such circumstances, would naturally preponderate in the bravest mind; and, at one o'clock, perceiving that, after three hours' endurance, the enemy's fire was unslackened, he began to despair of success; and thinking it

became him to save what he could from the hopeless contest, he made signal for retreat.

Nelson was now in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter-deck. A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers, with a smile: "It is warm work; and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment":—and then, stopping short at the gangway, added with emotion—"But mark you: I would not be elsewhere for thousands."

About this time the signal lieutenant called out that No. 39 (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander-in-chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. "No," he replied; "acknowledge it."

Presently he called after him, to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted, and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so." He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion.

"Do you know," said he to Mr Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander-in-chief? No. 39!" Mr Ferguson asked what that meant?—"Why, to leave off action!"

Then shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words—"Leave off action! Now hang me

if I do! You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye,—I have a right to be blind sometimes,"—and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed, "Hang the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!"

Admiral Graves, who was so situated that he could not discern what was done on board the *Elephant*, disobeyed Sir Hyde's signal in like manner: whether by fortunate mistake, or by a like brave intention, has not been made known. The other ships of the line, looking only to Nelson, continued the action. The signal, however, saved Riou's little squadron, but did not save its heroic leader. This squadron, which was nearest the commander-in-chief, obeyed, and hauled off. It had suffered severely in its most unequal contest. For a long time the *Amazon* had been firing, enveloped in smoke, when Riou desired his men to stand fast and let the smoke clear off, that they might see what they were about. A fatal order; for the Danes then got clear sight of her from the batteries, and pointed their guns with such tremendous effect that nothing but the signal for retreat saved the frigate from destruction.

"What will Nelson think of us!" was Riou's

mournful exclamation when he unwillingly drew off. He had been wounded in the head by a splinter, and was sitting on a gun, encouraging his men, when, just as the *Amazon* showed her stern to the Trekroner battery, his clerk was killed by his side, and another shot swept away several marines who were hauling in the mainbrace. "Come then, my boys!" cried Riou, "let us die all together!" The words had scarcely been uttered, before a raking shot cut him in two. Except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss.

The action continued along the line with unabated vigour on our side, and with the most determined resolution on the part of the Danes. They fought to great advantage, because most of the vessels in their line of defence were without masts; the few which had any standing had their topmasts struck, and the hulls could only be seen at intervals.

The Prince Royal had taken his station upon one of the batteries, from whence he beheld the action and issued his orders. Denmark had never been engaged in so arduous a contest, and never did the Danes more nobly display their national courage—a courage not more unhappily, than impolitically, exerted in subserviency to the interest of France. Captain Thura, of the *Indfødsretten*, fell early in the action; and all his officers,

except one lieutenant and one marine officer, were either killed or wounded. In the confusion, the colours were either struck or shot away; but she was moored athwart one of the batteries in such a situation that the British made no attempt to board her; and a boat was despatched to the prince, to inform him of her situation.

He turned to those about him, and said, "Gentlemen, Thura is killed; which of you will take the command?" Schroedersee, a captain who had lately resigned on account of extreme ill health, answered, in a feeble voice, "I will," and hastened on board. The crew, perceiving a new commander coming alongside, hoisted their colours again, and fired a broadside. Schroedersee, when he came on deck, found himself surrounded by the dead and wounded, and called to those in the boat to get quickly on board; a ball struck him at that moment. A lieutenant, who had accompanied him, then took the command, and continued to fight the ship.

A youth of seventeen, by name Villemoes, particularly distinguished himself on this memorable day. He had volunteered to take the command of a floating battery, which was a raft, consisting merely of a number of beams nailed together, with a flooring to support the guns: it was square, with a breastwork full of portholes and without masts, carrying twenty-four guns

and one hundred and twenty men. With this he got under the stern of the *Elephant*, below the reach of the sternchasers ; and, under a heavy fire of small arms from the marines, fought his raft, till the truce was announced, with such skill as well as courage, as to excite Nelson's warmest admiration.

Between one and two the fire of the Danes slackened ; about two it ceased from the greater part of their line, and some of their lighter ships were adrift. It was, however, difficult to take possession of those which struck, because the batteries on Amak Island protected them, and because an irregular fire was kept up from the ships themselves as the boats approached.

By half-past two the action had ceased along that part of the line which was astern of the *Elephant*, but not with the ships ahead and the Crown Batteries. Nelson, seeing the manner in which his boats were fired upon when they went to take possession of the prizes, became angry, and said he must either send on shore to have this irregular proceeding stopped, or send a fire-ship and burn them : and, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, and never more signally displayed than now, he availed himself of this occasion to secure the advantage which he had gained, and open a negotiation.

He retired into the stern gallery, and wrote thus to the Crown Prince : " Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson

has been commanded to spare Denmark, when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag, but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English."

A wafer was given him; but he ordered a candle to be brought from the cock-pit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. "This," said he, "is no time to appear hurried and informal." Captain Sir Frederic Thesiger, who acted as his aide-de-camp, carried this letter with a flag of truce.

During Thesiger's absence, Nelson sent for Freemantle from the *Ganges*, and consulted with him and Foley, whether it was advisable to advance, with those ships which had sustained least damage, against the yet uninjured part of the Danish line. They were decidedly of opinion that the best thing which could be done was, while the wind continued fair, to remove the fleet out of the intricate channel from which it had to retreat.

In somewhat more than half an hour after Thesiger had been despatched, the Danish Adjutant-general Lindholm came, bearing a flag of truce: upon which the *Trekroner* ceased to fire,

and the action closed, after four hours' continuance. He brought an inquiry from the prince, What was the object of Nelson's note ?

The British admiral wrote in reply : " Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce was humanity : he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore. And Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes as he shall think fit. Lord Nelson, with humble duty to His Royal Highness the Prince, will consider this the greatest victory he has ever gained, if it may be the cause of a happy reconciliation and union between his own most gracious Sovereign and His Majesty the King of Denmark."

Sir Frederic Thesiger was despatched a second time with the reply ; and the Danish adjutant-general was referred to the commander-in-chief for a conference upon this overture.

The heat of action was over ; and that kind of feeling which the surrounding scene of havoc was so well fitted to produce, pressed heavily upon Nelson's exhausted spirits. The sky had suddenly become overcast ; white flags were waving from the mastheads of so many shattered ships—the slaughter had ceased, but the grief was to come ; for the account of the dead was not yet made up, and no man could tell for what friends he might have to mourn.

The very silence which follows the cessation of such a battle becomes a weight upon the heart at first, rather than a relief; and though the work of mutual destruction was at an end, the *Danbrog* was, at this time, drifting about in flames; presently she blew up; while our boats, which had put off in all directions to assist her, were endeavouring to rescue her devoted crew, few of whom could be saved.

The fate of these men, after the gallantry which they had displayed, particularly affected Nelson: for there was nothing in this action of that indignation against the enemy, and that impression of retributive justice, which, at the Nile, had given a sterner temper to his mind, and a sense of austere delight, in beholding the vengeance of which he was the appointed minister. The Danes were an honourable foe; they were of English mould as well as English blood; and now that the battle had ceased, he regarded them rather as brethren than as enemies.

There was another reflection also which mingled with these melancholy thoughts, and predisposed him to receive them. He was not here master of his own movements, as at Egypt; he had won the day by disobeying his orders; and, in so far as he had been successful, had convicted the commander-in-chief of an error in judgment. "Well," said he, as he left the *Elephant*, "I have fought

contrary to orders, and I shall, perhaps, be hanged. Never mind : let them ! ”

This was the language of a man who, while he is giving utterance to an uneasy thought, clothes it half in jest, because he half repents that it has been disclosed. His services had been too eminent on that day, his judgment too conspicuous, his success too signal, for any commander, however jealous of his own authority, or envious of another's merits, to express anything but satisfaction and gratitude, which Sir Hyde heartily felt, and sincerely expressed.

It was speedily agreed that there should be a suspension of hostilities for four-and-twenty hours, that all the prizes should be surrendered, and the wounded Danes carried on shore. There was a pressing necessity for this ; for the Danes, either from too much confidence in the strength of their position, and the difficulty of the channel ; or supposing that the wounded might be carried to shore during the action, which was found totally impracticable ; or, perhaps, from the confusion which the attack excited ; had provided no surgeons : so that, when our men boarded the captured ships, they found many of the mangled and mutilated Danes bleeding to death for want of proper assistance—a scene, of all others, the most shocking to a brave man's feelings.

Next day was indeed a mournful day for Copen-

hagen. It was Good Friday; but the general agitation, and the mourning which was in every house, made all distinction of days be forgotten. There were, at that hour, thousands in that city who felt, and more, perhaps, who needed, the consolations of Christianity, but few or none who could be calm enough to think of its observances. The English were actively employed in refitting their own ships, securing the prizes, and distributing the prisoners; the Danes, in carrying on shore and disposing of the wounded and the dead. It had been a murderous action. Our loss, in killed and wounded, was nine hundred and fifty-three. The loss of the Danes, including prisoners, amounted to about six thousand.

The negotiations, meantime, went on; and it was agreed that Nelson should have an interview with the prince the following day. Hardy and Freemantle landed with him. This was a thing as unexampled as the other circumstances of the battle. A strong guard was appointed to escort him to the palace—as much for the purpose of security as of honour. The populace, according to the British account, showed a mixture of admiration, curiosity, and displeasure, at beholding that man in the midst of them, who had inflicted such wounds upon Denmark. But there were neither acclamations nor murmurs.

“The people,” says a Dane, “did not degrade

themselves with the former, nor disgrace themselves with the latter : the admiral was received as one brave enemy ever ought to receive another—he was received with respect.” The preliminaries of the negotiation were adjusted at this interview. During the repast which followed, Nelson, with all the sincerity of his character, bore willing testimony to the valour of his foes. He told the prince that he had been in a hundred and five engagements, but that this was the most tremendous of all. “The French,” he said, “fought bravely; but they could not have stood for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four.” He requested that Villemoes might be introduced to him; and, shaking hands with the youth, told the prince that he ought to be made an admiral. The prince replied: “If, my lord, I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EXERCISES

1. What associations are connected with the following:—

- (a) The Isle of Huen ?
- (b) Elsinour (Elsinore) ?
- (c) Nelson’s remark, “I have a right to be blind sometimes” ?

2. Criticise Nelson's conduct in wilfully ignoring the signal from the Commander-in-Chief to leave off action.

3. Re-write the following passages, breaking them up into shorter sentences :—

“ Every vessel summer nights ” (p. 101).

“ Here most by his labours ” (p. 102).

“ There was feelings ” (p. 117).

4. Construct sentences in which the following words are used in the same sense as in the text :—
Circumstances (103), fought (113), devoted (116), signal (117), event (108).

5. Give Allen's account of the night preceding the battle of Copenhagen. (See p. 107.)

6. “ He told the prince ” “ in my Service ” (p. 119). Put this passage into verse, modelled on the stanzas of Campbell's “ Battle of the Baltic,” of which the following is a specimen.

“ Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd 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.”

7. Campbell in his poem speaks of “ the gallant, good Riou.” Tell in your own words the story of Riou's part in this battle.

THE SECRETS OF A QUARRY

IN the following extract Hugh Miller describes how his interest in geology—the study of the earth's crust—was first aroused.

Hugh Miller (born 1802, died 1856) was born in Cromarty in the North of Scotland. He came of a race of sea-faring men, and as a boy was wild and intractable, with a passion for collecting shells and stones. While Hugh was still a child—he was five years old at the time—his father perished in a storm at sea. His mother was left in poor circumstances, and Hugh received his only education at a country school. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a stone-mason and began to work in a quarry. What he learned there may best be gleaned from his own words printed below. “*Though one nobleman,*” he wrote afterwards, “*may be happier than another, and one labourer happier than another, yet it cannot be at all premised of their respective orders that the one is in any degree happier than the other. If this fact were universally recognised it would save a great deal of useless discontent, and a great deal of envy.*”

While working as a mason he continued his studies in geology, and at the same time, by diligent reading of the best English authors, acquired a knowledge of language and a facility of expression which lend

a distinctive style and a peculiar interest to all his writings.

He soon attracted attention by his literary work ; in 1840 he became the editor of *The Witness* and devoted himself entirely to science and literature. He died in 1856.

It was twenty years last February since I set out, a little before sunrise, to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint ; and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake ; and, woful change ! I was now going to work at what Burns has instanced, in his "Twa Dogs," as one of the most disagreeable of all employments, —to work in a quarry.

Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious books when I could get them, a gleaner of old traditionary stories ; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil !

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the Old Red Sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost.

A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers, were applied by my brother-workmen; and, simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder.

The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one: it had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger

as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots: the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a grayish yellow.

I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful,

and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted, by a rare transmutation, into the delicious "blink of rest" which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own.

I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother-workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onwards through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year.

All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter,

and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills : all above was white, and all below was purple.

They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him as a subject for his pencil a flower-piece composed of only white flowers, of which the one-half were to bear their proper colour, the other half a deep purple hue, and yet all be perfectly natural ; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress, by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labours, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and

curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge, of the corresponding phenomena; for the resemblance was no half resemblance,—it was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times, when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock, or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot in the sand.

The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea or the bed of the river for hundreds of years.

There could not, surely, be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures

a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn ! And if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath ? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labour.

The immense masses which we had to clear away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days, to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay,—the Bay of Cromarty ; the one to which we removed has been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Frith.

I soon found I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labours of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection on the earth's crust.

We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende ; we find the secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones.

We discover the still little-known but highly

interesting fossils of the Old Red Sandstone in one deposition ; we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the Lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock.

In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for Geology had not yet travelled so far north ; and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gatherings of years.

In the course of the first day's employment I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture,—one of the volutes, apparently, of an Ionic capital ; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could have surprised me more. Was there another such curiosity in the whole world ?

I broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance,—for they lay pretty thickly on the shore,—and found that there might be. In one of

these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all Nature's riddles, these seemed to me to be at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound.

I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen, to whom I showed them, that there was a part of the shore about two miles farther to the west where curiously-shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunderbolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle.

Our employer, on quitting the quarry for the building on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half-holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunderbolts had fallen so thickly, and found it a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied even in my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and colour from the sandstone cliffs above or the primary rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course

of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odour.

The layers into which the beds readily separate are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of the various fossils peculiar to the Lias. We may turn over these wonderful leaves one after one, like the leaves of a herbarium, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page: twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes; and, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are of a deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and found my very imagination paralysed by an assemblage of wonders that seemed to outrival in the fantastic and the extravagant even its wildest conceptions.

I passed on from ledge to ledge, like the traveller of the tale through the city of statues, and at length found one of the supposed aerolites I had come in quest of firmly imbedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed.

A very near relative, who had been a sailor in his time on almost every ocean, and had visited

almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these meteoric stones with him from the coast of Java. It was of a cylindrical shape and vitreous texture, and it seemed to have parted in the middle when in a half-molten state, and to have united again, somewhat awry, ere it had cooled enough to have lost the adhesive quality.

But there was nothing organic in its structure ; whereas the stone I had now found was organised very curiously indeed. It was of a conicle form and filamentary texture, the filaments radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. Finely-marked veins like white threads ran transversely through these in its upper half to the point ; while the space below was occupied by an internal cone, formed of plates that lay parallel to the base, and which, like watch-glasses, were concave on the under side and convex on the upper. I learned in time to call this stone a belemnite, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish, long since extinct.

My first year of labour came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased in more than the ratio of former seasons ; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional

experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness ; and when I have found good men anticipating a better and a happier time than either the present or the past, the conviction that in every period of the world's history the great bulk of mankind must pass their days in labour, has not in the least inclined me to scepticism.

HUGH MILLER.

EXERCISES

1. Describe any scene with which you are familiar, taking the paragraph beginning " All the workmen " (p. 125) as your guide, especially with regard to the length of your description.

2. Hugh Miller tells us that he showed the piece of limestone he had picked up to one of his fellow-workmen. Give this man's impression of the boy as told in conversation with a friend working in another quarry.

3. If you were an artist and could paint a picture, and wished to depict some scene in the life of Hugh Miller, what would you choose ? Describe in detail what you would endeavour to put into the picture.

4. What are the stories alluded to in the following instances :—" As completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did " (p. 127). The far-famed walnut of the fairy tale (p. 129). Like the traveller of the tale through the city of statues (p. 131). If you do

not know the stories, make up such as would fit the circumstances.

5. Write a short essay on :—

“Experience has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness.”

THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW

GILBERT WHITE (born 1720, died 1793), a distinguished Naturalist, was born at Selborne, in Hampshire, which place he immortalised in his famous *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*. This delightful classic must be read whole to be appreciated; the simplicity of its style, the interest of its narrative, and the love of Nature which inspires every line, combine to give the book a special charm. "But the great glory of the book is that it has stimulated so many people to make a profitable use of their powers of observation, and by studying the natural objects around them, to live happier and fuller lives."

The house swallow, or chimney-swallow, is, undoubtedly, the first comer of all the *British Hirundines*, and appears in general on or about the 13th of April, as I have remarked from many years' observation. Not but now and then a straggler is seen much earlier; and in particular when I was a boy, I observed a swallow for a whole day together on a sunny warm Shrove Tuesday which could not fall out later than the middle of March, and often happened early in February.

The swallow, though called the chimney-swallow, by no means builds altogether in chimneys, but often within barns and outhouses, against the rafters.

In Sweden she builds in barns, and is called the barn-swallow. Besides, in the warmer parts of Europe there are no chimneys to houses, except they are English built: in these countries she constructs her nest in porches, and gateways, and galleries, and open halls.

Here and there a bird may affect some odd, peculiar place; as we have known a swallow build down the shaft of an old well, through which chalk had been formerly drawn up for the purpose of manure: but in general with us this *hirundo* breeds in chimneys; and loves to haunt those stacks where there is a constant fire, no doubt for the sake of warmth. Not that it can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is a fire; but prefers one adjoining to that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of that funnel, as I have often observed with some degree of wonder.

Five or six or more feet down the chimney does this little bird begin to form her nest about the middle of May, which consists, like that of the house-martin, of a crust or shell composed of dirt or mud, mixed with short pieces of straw, to render it tough and permanent; with this difference, that whereas the shell of the martin is nearly hemispheric, that of the swallow is open at the

top, and like half a deep dish : this nest is lined with fine grasses and feathers, which are often collected as they float in the air.

Wonderful is the address which this adroit bird shows all day long in ascending and descending, with security, through so narrow a pass. When hovering over the mouth of the funnel, the vibrations of her wings acting on the confined air occasion a rumbling like thunder. It is not improbable that the dam submits to this inconvenient situation so low in the shaft, in order to secure her broods from rapacious birds, and particularly from owls, which frequently fall down chimneys, perhaps in attempting to get at these nestlings.

The swallow lays from four to six white eggs, dotted with red specks, and brings out her first brood about the last week in June, or the first week in July. The progressive method by which the young are introduced into life is very amusing ; first they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the rooms below ; for a day or so they are fed on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called *perchers*. In a day or two more they become *flyers*, but are still unable to take their own food ; therefore they play about near the place where

the dams are hawking for flies; and when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal given, the dam and the nestling advance, rising towards each other, and meeting at an angle; the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note of gratitude and complacency, that a person must have paid very little regard to the wonders of nature that has not often remarked this feat.

The dam betakes herself immediately to the business of a second brood as soon as she is disengaged from the first; which at once associates with the first broods of house-martins; and with them congregates, clustering on sunny roofs, towers, and trees. This *hirundo* brings out her second brood towards the middle and end of August.

All the summer long is the swallow a most instructive pattern of unwearied industry and affection; for, from morning to night, while there is a family to be supported, she spends the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions. Avenues, and long walks under hedges, and pasture-fields, and mown meadows where cattle graze, are her delight, especially if there are trees interspersed; because in such spots insects most abound. When a fly is taken, a smart snap from her bill is heard, resembling the noise at the

shutting of a watch-case ; but the motion of the mandibles is too quick for the eye.

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubitor* to house-martins, and other little birds, announcing the approach of birds of prey. For, as soon as a hawk appears, with a shrill alarming note he calls all the swallows and martins about him, who pursue in a body, and buffet and strike their enemy till they have driven him from the village, darting down from above on his back, and rising in a perpendicular line in perfect security. This bird also will sound the alarm, and strike at cats when they climb on the roofs of houses, or otherwise approach the nests. Each species of *hirundo* drinks as it flies along, sipping the surface of the water ; but the swallow alone, in general, *washes* on the wing, by dropping into a pool for many times together : in very hot weather house-martins and bank-martins dip and wash a little.

The swallow is a delicate songster, and in soft sunny weather sings both perching and flying ; on trees in a kind of concert, and on chimney-tops : is also a bold flyer, ranging to distant downs and commons, even in windy weather, which the other species seem much to dislike ; nay, even frequenting exposed seaport towns, and making little excursions over the salt water. Horsemen on wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which plays

before and behind them, sweeping around, and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet: when the wind blows hard, without this expedient, they are often forced to settle to pick up their lurking prey.

GILBERT WHITE.

EXERCISES

1. Write a short account of the Swallow, including any observations you may have made yourself on its habits and peculiarities.

2. Make sentences containing the following words used in the same sense in which they are employed here:—affect (136), immediate (136), excubitor (139), alarming (139), delicate (139).

3. Re-write the following passages, using shorter sentences:—"Here and there . . . warmth" (136). "Five or six . . . air" (136). "The progressive . . . feat" (137).

4. Imagine a young swallow telling its life history, from the time it came out of the shell to the time it learnt to feed itself.

5. Write one or more four-lined stanzas in praise of the swallow's devotion to her young.

6. Make a plan of this essay under headings, and then write, as far as possible under the same headings, an essay on the sparrow, or any other bird other than the swallow, whose habits you have observed.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745), the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, must be ranked amongst the greatest of prose satirists. He played a great part in the political movements of his time first as a Whig and later as a Tory.

Upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself, in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below, when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct

thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went ; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel ; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate.

Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end ; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he ; "is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here ; could not you look before you ? Do you think I have

nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?" "Good words, friend," said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll; "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, towards the repair of your house."

"Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest, and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the

comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I

hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art.

“ You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself ; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast ; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below ; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this : whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding, and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb ; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax ? ”

JONATHAN SWIFT.

EXERCISES

1. What do you think is the underlying meaning of this fable ?

2. Apply the description "The avenues defence" (141) to a spider's web—with diagram, if possible.

3. Re-write the following passage as Indirect narrative. "I am glad method and art" (144-5).

4. "At this the spider against all conviction" (143). Re-write this passage in your own words, adding explanations and illustrations where you consider these necessary.

5. Write out a short fable—original if you can, if not, one you have heard or read.

THE DREAM—AN ALLEGORY

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719) is famous for his contributions to English literature, the most important of which took the form of Essays contributed to *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. The following extract will serve to give some idea of the “ grace and subtlety of his humour ” and of the good sense that was characteristic of all he wrote.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, and implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every

mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her look. Her name was *Fancy*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which upon his

throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came.

I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the

diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen.

But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came laden with his crimes, but upon searching into his bundle I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask.

It happened very luckily, that one who stood

by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune for those of another person.

I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows: though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time

was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public.

A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made.

A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions,

there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one.

I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage, had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

I saw two other gentlemen by me who were

in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations.

Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed,

and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter : her name was Patience.

She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings ; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

EXERCISES

1. Write a short précis of this allegory.
2. Compose sentences containing the following words :—
ruminare, chimerical, whimsical, prejudice, frailties, aggravate, grotesque, compassion, delusions.
3. Name the parts of speech which can be represented by each of the following words, illustrating by means of short sentences the different ways in which they can be used :—
remark, blessing, hurry, bandy, round, further, faint.
4. Add a paragraph to be inserted after that beginning “ A venerable ” (on p. 152), describing the adventures of any other member of the crowd.
5. Give in the first person the experience of the man who wished to get rid of his colic and to obtain an heir.
6. Expand the personification of Patience into a full description.
7. Write an essay on Contentment.

THE SKY

THE following passage is from the pen of John Ruskin (born 1819, died 1900)—a great master of English prose, and the author of a large number of works of which “Modern Painters,” “The Stones of Venice” and “The Seven Lamps of Architecture” are the most important. He wrote and lectured on a variety of subjects ranging from Art to Political Economy, but it is as a literary artist that he will be chiefly remembered.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organisation; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue

again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them: but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not

Too bright, nor good,
For human nature's daily food;

it is fitted for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust.

And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of

the Supreme that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless accident, too common to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration.

If in our moments of utter idleness, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

All has passed, unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire; but in the still, small voice. It is in quiet passages of majesty, the

deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting and never repeated; which are to be found always yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields, as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam parts and passes away, and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain.

Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet

masses, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream.

Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapours, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves, together.

And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapour swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam like rags of vapour, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming

not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood.

And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter—brighter yet, till the large, white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them.

And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning: watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire: watch the peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; and then, when you look no more for gladness,

and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men !

JOHN RUSKIN.

EXERCISES

1. Make a list of the words that are new to you in the foregoing extract, and write sentences to illustrate the meaning of each word.

2. Describe the appearance of the sky as you can see it at the time you write, or as you remember to have seen it at some previous time.

3. Re-write the paragraph beginning "Stand upon the peak," using the first person and the past tense, *e.g.* "I stood upon the peak," etc.

4. Quote sentences from this extract to illustrate Ruskin's use of alliteration, and explain as far as you can the purpose for which it is used.

5. What do you gather from this extract concerning the personality of John Ruskin, his tastes, opinions, and powers ?

6. Read carefully the extracts from Hazlitt and Hugh Miller on pages 33 and 121, and contrast the attitude of these writers towards Nature with that of Ruskin as shown in the preceding extract.

7. Write a short essay on "The Blessing of Beauty" (p. 160).

ON BOOKS

The extract given below is from "Sesame and Lilies," a book made up of two lectures, in which he dealt with "the sacredness of thought and language" and "the duties and privileges of womanhood."

All books are divisible into two classes—the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form

of novel ; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ;— all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age : we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books : for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary to-day : whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a " book " at all, nor, in the real sense, to be " read."

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing ; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its

author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, “This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” That is his “writing”; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a “Book.”

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us I hope are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time?

Into that you may enter always ; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish ; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault ; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

“The place you desire,” and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say ; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this :—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St Germain, there is but brief question, “Do you deserve to enter ? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles ? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise ? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms ?—No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with

considerate pain ; but here we neither feign nor interpret ; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognise our presence.”

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe ; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it ; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, “How good this is—that’s exactly what I think !” But the right feeling is, “How strange that is ! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true ; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day.” But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so ; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once ;—nay, that

at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it.

But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself "Am I inclined to work as an Australian

miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle:—that you might

read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person.

The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages—may not be able to speak any but his own—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry—their inter-marriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own.

JOHN RUSKIN.

EXERCISES

1. Compare the style of this extract with that of "The Sky." Can you discover any common qualities that would lead you to suppose the two to be the work of the same person ?

2. Write a paragraph on the model of that beginning "But it is the same" (170), but take, instead of gold, the pearl as your physical type of treasure.

3. How would such a knowledge of words as Ruskin advocates on pp. 171, 172, help in the full understanding of the passages in this extract in which occur—usurp (165), circumstances (165), multiplication (166), scripture (166), book (166), gossip (167), aristocracy (168), ambition (169), intensely (171) ?

4. Name six "books of the hour" and six "books of all time."

5. Discuss and criticize Ruskin's definition of a book as given in the paragraph beginning "A book is written" (p. 165).

ON READING

THE following is an extract from a letter of Thomas Carlyle to a young man.

Thomas Carlyle (born 1795, died 1881), the son of a small farmer, was educated first at a village school in Dumfriesshire, from which he passed into the Annan Academy. He travelled to Edinburgh on foot, a distance of ninety miles, to enrol himself as a student at the University with the intention of entering the Church. He soon abandoned this idea and became a schoolmaster, but the impulse to give expression to his thoughts led him later on to devote his whole time to literary work.

He came to London in 1834 and soon afterwards published his great history of the French Revolution. This was followed by other works, the most important of which were "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Life and Letters of Cromwell," and "Frederick the Great."

His strong individuality, which was manifest in all his writings, secured for him recognition as one of the great intellectual forces of his time, and his influence can be seen in the writings of such illustrious contemporaries as Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, and Thackeray.

As to the books which you, whom I know so little of, should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to *keep* reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable: Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and a curiosity to read. The very wish and curiosity indicates that you then and there are the person likely to get good of it. "Our wishes are presentments of our capabilities": that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one that looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You will gradually by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones) discover what is for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest; what is your true element and province, and be able to abide by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here also you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false.

The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for, but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for, we should resolutely avoid. It is very true. And flimsy, “desultory” readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial, *false* desire after spiceries and confectioneries for the real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations I will recommend Johnson’s advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, will I say. All *books* are properly the *record* of the history of past men. What *thoughts* past men had in them; what actions past men did; the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named *history* can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books; the preliminary of all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one’s own native country: everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully, innumerable inquiries, with due indications, will branch out from it; he has a broad beaten highway from which all the country is more or less

visible ; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions, of which every man in his studies and elsewhere falls into many, discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by *finding* that we were wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right ; he will grow daily more and more so. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant *falling* : a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement. It is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not by books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge ; that is your post ; stand in it like a true soldier ; silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many ; and be your aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things ; wisely, valiantly, can *do* what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for

doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

EXERCISES

1. Summarise briefly the chief points in this letter.
2. "Our wishes are presentments of our capabilities." Briefly explain this saying and give your opinion as to its truth.
3. Name six books you have read, and six that you "honestly feel a wish and desire to read," giving reasons in each case.
4. Show, in each case where they are used, the force of the italics in this letter.
5. How far does Carlyle's definition of a book "All books are properly" (p. 176) agree with that of Ruskin (p. 165)?
6. What is the difference between fiction and history? Give examples of any books you know which come under one or other of these headings.

OF STUDIES

THIS is one of a series of Essays by the great Francis Bacon, afterwards Lord Verulam (born 1561, died 1626). He entered Parliament in 1584, was knighted on the accession of James I., and in 1618 became Lord Chancellor. Three years later he was accused of taking bribes from suitors in his court and found guilty by his peers. He was fined £40,000 and imprisoned, but was released after a few days. His remaining years were devoted to literature and philosophy.

He was a great thinker and may be regarded as the founder of modern scientific method. As a writer of English prose and a student of human nature Bacon is best known by his Essays, in which he exhibits the faculty for compressing much thought into little space. They are models of terse and elegant English.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of, particulars one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshal-

ling of affairs come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar ; they perfect nature and are perfected by experience, for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner set of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled water, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores* (studies pass into habits); nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the back; shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *Cymini sectores* (splitters of cummin-seeds). If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases, so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

FRANCIS BACON.

EXERCISES

1. Paraphrase, *i.e.* rewrite in your own language, the first paragraph of Bacon's Essay :—

“Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of, particulars one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs comes best from those that are learned.”

2. Expand the following paragraph into a short essay :—

“Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.”

3. Re-write in your own words the paragraph beginning “Studies serve for delight.”

4. What word has an exactly opposite meaning to each of the following ?—

wise; witty; subtle; deep; grave; gentle.

Illustrate the use of each word by means of short sentences.

5. Explain, with reference in each case to the derivation, the exact meaning of the following words as used by Bacon in this essay :—expert (179), humour (180), flashy (180), curiously (180), present (181).

6. Write out a paragraph which might be inserted in Carlyle's letter after “all things a man does” (p. 177); containing the substance of the advice on

reading given in the paragraph beginning "Some books" (p. 180).

7. Write a short essay on "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man."

8. Name some of the chief characteristics of Bacon's style.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

THE following extract from the pen of John Henry Newman, the author of "Lead Kindly Light," is quoted partly on account of its intrinsic merit, and partly as an example of Newman's mastery of the English language.

John Henry, afterwards Cardinal, Newman was born in 1801. He was educated at a private school, from which he went up to Oxford, becoming a Fellow of Oriel College in 1822. Two years later he took Anglican orders, and coming under the influence of Keble threw himself heart and soul into the great religious revival which had for its aim the maintenance of the authority of the Anglican Church. In 1845 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

The remainder of his life was passed mainly at Edgbaston, where he founded an Oratory and devoted his great intellectual gifts to the furtherance of the Catholic cause. He was created a Cardinal in 1879 and died in 1890.

Hence it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate; he is mainly occupied

in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him: and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and

interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts

for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilisation.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied

and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

EXERCISES

1. What are the exact meanings of the following words? give sentences to illustrate their correct use:—

(a) patient; forbearing; resigned.

(b) candour; consideration; indulgence.

(c) imagination; sentiment.

2. Is there anything in Newman's description of a gentleman to which you object, or any addition you think should be made?

3. Name any character in history or in fiction that you consider a model gentleman, and give your reasons.

4. Give, briefly, your idea of a lady.

5. Write a short story having as its moral the maxim:—

“We should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend.”

