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THE HOUSE OF TRANQUILLITY

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THE TESTAMENT OF MAN
THE GOLDEN ROAD
THE SEVEN STARS OF PEACE

THE HOUSE OF TRANQUILLITY

An Anthology for Today

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
ARTHUR STANLEY

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TO

HELEN WADDELL

WHO IS A LIVING TORCH

TO THIS WANDERING SCHOLAR

A. S.

FOREWORD

I have tried to bring together in this book items of poetry and prose which can keep our hearts high and fortify our minds. In the din of outward battle it is possible to enjoy the calm of inward peace. Literature is not only of now and of yesterday—it will outlive tomorrow. As Bacon reminds us, 'the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation'. We can surely benefit by contact with the master spirits of all ages.

This book contains many items which have not, so far as I know, appeared in any previous anthology; but it is to our old friends that many of us go for consolation, and I have therefore found room for certain poems and prose passages whose presence will, I hope, be no less welcome because they have been long familiar. I have aimed at providing variety of material, tempering the book's gravity with a considerable gaiety of humour; and my range is wide enough to include both authors of the ancient world and those of the present day. This House is, indeed, not merely a house but many mansions. The reader may pass from the conversation of the *Parlour* to the feast of the *Banqueting-Hall*; in the *Study* he may find comfort and support in the testimony of many philosophers; in the *Armoury* he can be fitted with an equipment suitable for all occasions; and he can rest in the *Chamber of Peace*. Here, then, is an opportunity of entering a world within ourselves, perhaps more real than what we know as reality outside. The stately palace which Christian saw stands by the highway. Its name is Beautiful, and its door is always open.

A. S.

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The Prologue and the headings to the five sections of this book are from *The Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan

PROLOGUE

Then said Christian to himself, 'These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? How should I escape being by them torn in pieces?' Thus he went on his way. But while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful; and it stood just by the highway side. So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there.

I. The Parlour

Many of them, meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, 'Come in. This house was built on purpose to entertain pilgrims.' . . . Thus they sat talking together until supper was ready

THE PARLOUR

★

A TALK WITH CONFUCIUS

Tzu-lu, Tseng Hsi, Jan Yu and Kung-hsi Hua were sitting beside Confucius. The Master said to them, 'I am a day or so older than you are, but don't think of that. You are always saying you are not known—what would you do if you were?'

Tzu-lu answered lightly, 'Suppose a state of 10,000 chariots situated between two other powerful states, invaded by large armies, and suffering from famine—if I were given its government I could in three years' time make the people courageous and obedient to the rules of righteous conduct.'

The Master smiled. 'What are your wishes, Jan Yu?' he said.

He replied, 'Suppose a state of sixty or seventy square miles, and let me have its government—in three years' time I could make plenty abound in it. As to teaching the people good conduct and the art of music, I should see to that when a superior person turned up.'

'What are your wishes, Kung-hsi Hua?' said the Master.

He replied, 'I don't say my ability extends to these things, but I should like to learn them. At the services of the Ancestral Temple and at the audiences of the Emperor I should like to act as an assistant, wearing the square-cut robe and the black linen cap.'

'What would you do, Tseng Hsi?' asked the Master.

Tseng Hsi, who was playing the lute, got up, putting his twanging instrument aside, and said, 'My wishes would be different.'

'There is no harm in that,' said the Master, 'for each speaks his own mind.'

Then Tseng Hsi said, 'In the last month of spring, wearing the appropriate dress, with five or six young men and six or seven boys, I would bathe in the Yi and enjoy the breeze among the rain-altars, and then return home singing.'

The Master sighed and said, 'I agree with Tseng Hsi'.

CONFUCIUS, from the *Analects*
translation: James Legge, revised

TALK OUT OF DOORS

(*Socrates and Phaedrus are walking in the country near Athens*)

SOC: Let us turn aside here and go along the Ilissus; there we can sit down quietly wherever we please.

PHAED: I am fortunate, it seems, in being barefoot; you are so always. It is easiest then for us to go along the brook with our feet in the water, and it is not unpleasant, especially at this time of the year and the day.

SOC: Lead on then, and look out for a good place where we may sit.

PHAED: Do you see that very tall plane tree?

SOC: What of it?

PHAED: There is shade there and moderate breeze and grass to sit on, or, if we like, to lie down on.

SOC: Lead the way.

PHAED: Tell me, Socrates, is it not from some place along here by the Ilissus that Boreas is said to have carried off Oreithyia?

SOC: Yes, that is the story.

PHAED: Well, is it far from here? The streamlet looks very pretty and pure and clear and fit for girls to play by.

SOC: No, the place is about two or three furlongs farther down, where you cross over to the precinct of Agra. . . But, my friend, while we were talking, is not this the tree to which you were leading us?

PHAED: Yes, this is it.

SOC: By Hera, it is a charming resting-place. For the plane tree is very spreading and lofty, and the tall and shady willow is very beautiful, and it is in full bloom, so as to make the place most fragrant; then, too, the spring is very pretty as it flows under the plane tree, and its water is very cool, to judge by my foot. And it seems to be a sacred place of some nymphs and of Achelous, judging by the figurines and statues. Then again, if you please, how lovely and perfectly charming the breeziness of the place is! and it resounds with the shrill summer music of the chorus of cicadas. But the most delightful thing of all is the grass, as it grows on the gentle slope, thick enough to be just right when you lay your head on it. So you have guided the stranger most excellently, dear Phaedrus.

PHAED: You are an amazing and most remarkable person. For you really do seem exactly like a stranger who is being guided about, and not like a native. You don't go away from the city, out over the border, and it seems to me you don't go outside the walls at all.

SOC: Forgive me, my dear friend. You see, I am fond of learning. Now the country places and the trees won't teach me anything, and the people in the city do. But you seem to have found the charm to bring me out. For as people lead hungry animals by shaking in front of them a branch of leaves or some fruit, just so, I think, you, by holding before me discourses in books, will lead me all over Attica and wherever else you please. So now that I have come here, I intend to lie down, and do you choose the position in which you think you can read most easily and read...

We have plenty of time, apparently; and besides, the locusts seem to be looking down upon us as they sing and talk with each other in the heat. Now if they should see us not conversing at mid-day, but, like most people, dozing, lulled to sleep by their song because of our mental indolence, they would quite justly laugh at us, thinking that some slaves had come to their resort and were slumbering about the fountain at noon like sheep. But if they see us conversing and sailing past them unmoved by the charm of their Siren voices, perhaps they will be pleased and give us the gift which the gods bestowed on them to give to men.

PHAED: What is this gift? I don't seem to have heard of it.

SOC: It is quite improper for a lover of the Muses never to have heard of such things. The story goes that these locusts were once men, before the birth of the Muses, and when the Muses were born and song appeared, some of the men were so overcome with delight that they sang and sang, forgetting food and drink, until at last unconsciously they died. From them the locust tribe afterwards arose, and they have this gift from the Muses, that from the time of their birth they need no sustenance, but sing continually, without food or drink, until they die, when they go to the Muses and report who honours each of them on earth. They tell Terpsichore of those who have honoured her in dances, and make them dearer to her; they gain the favour of Erato for the poets of love, and that of the other Muses for their votaries, according to their various ways of honouring them; and to Calliope, the eldest of the Muses, and to Urania who is next to her, they make report of those who pass their lives in philosophy and who worship these Muses who are most concerned with heaven and with thought divine and human and whose music is the sweetest. So for many reasons we ought to talk and not sleep in the noontime.

PHAED: Yes, we ought to talk.

PLATO, from *Phaedrus*
translation: H. N. Fowler—Loeb Classical Library

A DISCOURSE ON CONTENTMENT

He that ordains has ordained that there be summer and winter, and abundance and dearth, and virtue and vice, and all such opposites, for the harmony of the whole, and has given each of us a body, and members of the body, and property and companions. Mindful, therefore, of this ordaining we should go to receive instruction, not in order to change the condition of things—for this is neither vouchsafed us, nor is it better that it should be—but in order that, things about us being as they are and as their nature is, we may, for our own part, keep our wills in harmony with what happens. For, look you, can we escape from men? And how is it possible? But can we, if they associate with us, change them? And who vouchsafes us that power? What alternative remains, then, or what method can we find for living with them? Some such method as that, while they will act as seems best to them, we shall none the less be in a state conformable to nature.

But you are impatient and peevish, and if you are alone, you call it a solitude, but if you are in the company of men, you call them schemers and brigands, and you find fault even with your own parents and children and brothers and neighbours. But you ought, when staying alone, to call that peace and freedom, and to look upon yourself as like the gods; and when you are in the company of many, you ought not to call that a mob, nor a tumult, nor a disgusting thing, but a feast and a festival, and so accept all things contentedly.

What, then, is the punishment of those who do not accept? To be just as they are. Is one peevish because he is alone? Let him be in solitude! Is he peevish with his parents? Let him be an evil son and grieve! Is he peevish with his children? Let him be a bad father! 'Throw him into prison.' What sort of prison? Where he now is. For he is there against his will, and where a man is against his will, that for him is a prison. Just as Socrates was not in prison, for he was there willingly. 'Alas, that I should be lame in my leg!' Slave, do you, then, because of one paltry leg blame the universe? Will you not make a free gift of it to the whole? Will you not relinquish it? Will you not gladly yield it to the giver? And will you be angry and peevish at the ordinances of Zeus, which he defined and ordained together with the Fates who spun in his presence the thread of your begetting? Do you not know how small a part you are compared with the whole? That is, as to the body; for as to the reason you are not inferior to the gods, nor less than they; for the greatness

of the reason is not determined by length nor by height, but by the decisions of its will.

EPICTETUS, from *Discourses reported by Arrian*, Bk. I, 12
translation: W. A. Oldfather—Loeb Classical Library

UKIFUNE AT THE CONVENT

'It is indeed the strangest case from beginning to end,' said Sozu. 'Well, well, I suppose I had better go and have a look at her.' 'You're perfectly right,' he said, when Imoto had led him to the girl's side, 'one would hardly know there was anything the matter. Indeed, I don't know when I've seen a lovelier face. A lot of virtue must have gone into the making of such beauty as that. I do indeed wonder what mischance can have brought her to such a pass as this. Hasn't she said anything whatever about where she came from?' 'She hasn't uttered a single word, apart from the one time I told you of,' Imoto replied. 'But what does it matter where she comes from? The Blessed Kwannon of Hatsuse sent her to me for my own; that's all I need to know.' 'Of course one can put it in that way,' said Sosu, 'though in reality if the Chain of Cause and Effect had not already determined it, she could never have been led to you. *Where there is an effect, there was a cause*—you know what they say'...

Sosu prayed all that night as he had never prayed before. When dawn came he determined to make a final effort at any rate to discover the nature of the evil influence that was producing the girl's affliction. He sent for a medium and set his disciples to experiment patiently with one conjuration after another. A transference was at last effected, and the possession which had successfully escaped detection for months on end was compelled to declare itself: 'I am the last whom you would expect to find here'—so spoke the Voice which announced the ultimate surrender—'and the last who I myself would ever have thought could be subdued by these familiar spells. For I, too, in my day was a master of magic such as yours. But I died with something on my mind. Not much—a trivial resentment; but it was enough to hold me back, to keep me drifting hither and thither, back and forth between this world and the next... One evening when it was very dark, I saw her get up and leave the house. I followed her, and when she was alone, I did my work. But do not think that your spells could ever have sufficed to subdue me. It was at the bidding of Kwannon, who all the while has protected her, that

I let go my hold.' Sozu immediately tried to get some further particulars. But the medium was tired and his answers were no longer intelligible.

Ukifune felt an extraordinary change come over her. Before, everything had been confused and blurred; but gradually now she was beginning to understand the things she saw. She looked about her. The room she was in was thronged with people. But who were they? There was not one among them whom she could remember ever to have seen before. Why had they all such gnarled, wrinkled faces? And, stranger still, why were they all either priests or nuns? Life here would, she felt, be a gloomy business if such people as this were the sole inhabitants of the strange land into which she had come. . . At last, to Imoto's intense relief, she began to sit up and soon to eat a little; though she still remained alarmingly thin. Imoto was just beginning to flatter herself that her efforts were at last to be rewarded, when to her disappointment Ukifune told her that she was resolved to take her Vows. 'I feel it is only as a nun,' she said, 'that I can possibly go on living.' 'A handsome girl like you!' Imoto exclaimed. 'It would be a thousand pities. How can you suppose we should ever allow such a thing?' But to humour her she cut off her fringe and let her take the Five Vows. . . Where this girl was concerned Imoto was willing to take endless trouble, and presently she got her into the habit of sitting up and even moving about a little. At last it was possible to comb her hair, which Imoto did with her own hands. Although during the whole time of her illness it had been left loosely held together by a single ribbon, it did not prove, when it was let down over her shoulders and combed out, to be in any great disorder; and Imoto was amazed by its fineness and its lustre. Indeed, in this place where every one else was old and grey, her beauty was dazzling. It was as though an angel had descended in their midst. But such visitants, Imoto well knew, are apt at any moment to float back to the airy regions whence they came; and often she wondered uneasily whether this girl, whose real station in life was obviously so very different from her own, was not bound, sooner or later, to be snatched away by those to whom she rightfully belonged. . .

The nun was no longer young. But she was not, Ukifune thought, by any means ugly; nor were her ways in the least common or unrefined. As for the place—it had at least this advantage over Uji, that the stream flowed gently and silently. The grounds had been laid out with considerable taste, the plantations cleverly planned, and the gardens immediately round the house could scarcely have

been more beautiful than they were. In autumn the place was enchanting. The harvesters came 'to cut the rice at the door', and went through their rustic mimicry, while a troupe of young girls sang and shouted to egg them on. The noise of the bird-rattles too, like so many things here at Ono, reminded her of her childhood in the East. The place was somewhat farther from the Capital than Lady Ochiba's mansion, and was built right upon the face of the hill. Dense pine-woods stretched away on every side, through which the wind murmured softly and sadly. It was indeed an ideal place for meditation and prayer, and it was to these and other religious exercises that Ukifune now devoted the greater part of the day. On moonlit nights Imoto sometimes played the zithern, and there was a young nun who played the lute and other instruments as well. 'Don't you play at all?' Imoto said to Ukifune. 'It's a great help in a place like this, where there is so little to do'...

Music was not the only entertainment on these moonlit nights. The old nuns went so far as to exchange quite spirited poems. They were fond, too, of listening to stories, and each would manage to produce some interesting reminiscence of bygone days. 'It's your turn now,' they said to Ukifune; but it seemed that she alone had nothing to tell.

LADY MURASAKI, from *The Tale of Genji*, VI
translation: Arthur Waley

THE MAID OF ORLEANS AND AGNES SOREL

JEANNE: Now deign to answer me: do you truly love him?

AGNES: From my soul; and above it.

JEANNE: Then save him.

Lady! I am grieved at your sorrow, although it will hereafter be a source of joy unto you. The purest water runs from the hardest rock. Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort; and patience and piety and salutary knowledge spring up and ripen from under the harrow of affliction. Before there is wine or there is oil, the grape must be trodden and the olive must be pressed.

I see you are framing in your heart the resolution.

AGNES: My heart can admit nothing but his image.

JEANNE: It must fall thence at last.

AGNES: Alas! alas! Time loosens man's affections. I may become unworthy. In the sweetest flower there is much that is not fragrance, and which transpires when the freshness has passed away.

Alas! if he should ever cease to love me!

JEANNE: Alas! if God should!

AGNES: Then indeed he might afflict me with so grievous a calamity.

JEANNE: And none worse after?

AGNES: What can there be? O Heaven! mercy! mercy!

JEANNE: Resolve to earn it: one hour suffices.

AGNES: I am lost. Leave me, leave me.

JEANNE: Do we leave the lost? Are they beyond our care? Remember who died for them, and them only.

AGNES: You subdue me. Spare me: I would only collect my thoughts.

JEANNE: Cast them away. Fresh herbage springs from under the withered. Be strong; and if you love, be generous. Is it more glorious to make a captive than to redeem one?

AGNES: Is he in danger? O! You see all things—is he? is he? is he?

JEANNE: From none but you.

AGNES: God, it is evident, has given to thee alone the power of rescuing both him and France. He has bestowed on thee the mightiness of virtue.

JEANNE: Believe, and prove thy belief, that he has left no little of it still in thee.

AGNES: When we have lost our chastity, we have lost all, in his sight and in man's. But man is unforgiving—God is merciful.

JEANNE: I am so ignorant, I know only a part of my duties; yet those which my Maker has taught me I am eager to perform. He teaches me that divine love has less influence over the heart than human: he teaches me that it ought to have more: finally, he commands me to announce to thee, not his anger, but his will.

AGNES: Declare it! O declare it! I do believe his holy word is deposited in thy bosom.

JEANNE: Encourage the king to lead his vassals to the field.

AGNES: When the season is milder.

JEANNE: And bid him leave you for ever.

AGNES: Leave me! one whole campaign! one entire summer! oh anguish! It sounded in my ears as if you said 'for ever'.

JEANNE: I say it again. . .

AGNES: But if the saints of heaven are offended, as I fear they may be, it would be presumptuous in the king to expose his person in battle until we have supplicated them and appeased them.

JEANNE: One hour of self-denial, one hour of stern exertion against the assaults of passion, outvalues a life of prayer.

AGNES: Prayer, if many others will pray with us, can do all things. I will venture to raise up that arm which has only one place for its repose: I will steal away from that undivided pillow, fragrant with fresh and unextinguishable love.

JEANNE: Sad earthly thoughts!

AGNES: You make them sad, you can not make them earthly. There is a divinity in a love descending from on high, in theirs who can see into the heart and mould it to their will.

JEANNE: Has man that power?

AGNES: Happy, happy girl! to ask it, and unfeignedly.

JEANNE: Be happy too.

AGNES: How? how?

JEANNE: By passing resolutely through unhappiness. It must be done.

AGNES: I will throw myself on the pavement, and pray until no star is in the heavens. Oh! I will so pray, so weep.

JEANNE: Unless you save the tears of others, in vain you shed your own.

AGNES: Again I ask you, what can I do?

JEANNE: When God has told you what you ought to do, he has already told you what you can.

AGNES: I will think about it seriously.

JEANNE: Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked-at: lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought. Adieu! God pity and pardon you. Through you the wrath of Heaven will fall upon the kingdom.

AGNES: Denouncer of just vengeance, recall the sentence! I tremble before that countenance severely radiant: I sink amid that calm, more appalling than the tempest. Look not into my heart with those gentle eyes! O how they penetrate! They ought to see no sin: sadly must it pain them.

JEANNE: Think not of me. Pursue thy destination. Save France.

AGNES: (*after a long pause*) Glorious privilege! divine appointment! Is it thus, O my Redeemer, my crimes are visited! Come with me, blessed Jeanne! come instantly with me to the king: come to him whom thy virtue and valour have rescued.

JEANNE: Not now—nor ever with thee. Again I shall behold him —a conqueror at Orleans—a king at Rheims. Regenerate Agnes! be this thy glory, if there be any that is not God's.

W. S. LANDOR, from *Imaginary Conversations*

ALL-NIGHT SITTING AT URBINO

(1506)

The Lord Gaspar began to prepare himself to speak to the Duchess.

'Of this,' quoth she, 'let Master Peter be judge, and the matter shall stand to his verdite; but because the plea between you may happen to be long, it shall not be amiss to defer it until tomorrow.'

'Nay, tonight,' quoth the Lord Cesar Gonzaga.

'And how can it be tonight?' quoth the Duchess.

The Lord Cesar answered, 'Because it is day already', and showed her the light that began to enter in at the clefts of the windows.

Then every man rose upon his feet with much wonder, because they had not thought that the reasonings had lasted longer than the accustomed wont, saving only that they were begun much later and with their pleasantness had deceived so the Lords' minds that they wist not the going away of the hours. And not one of them felt any heaviness of sleep in his eyes, the which often happeneth when a man is up after his accustomed hour to go to bed.

When the windows were opened on the side of the palace that hath his prospect toward the high top of Mount Catri, they saw already in the East a fair morning like unto the colour of roses, and all stars voided, saving only the sweet Governess of heaven, Venus, which keepeth the bounds of the night and day, from which appeared to blow a sweet blast, that filling the air with a biting cold, began to quicken the tunable notes of the pretty birds among the hushing woods of the hills at hand.

Whereupon they all, taking their leave with reverence of the Duchess, departed toward their lodgings without torch, the light of the day sufficing.

BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE, from *Il Cortegiano*
translation: Sir Thomas Hoby, 1561

TALK IN A GARDEN

(*Enter Benedick*)

BEN: I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, when he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love. And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have

known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now he will lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doubtlet... Ha, the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*withdraws*

(*Enter* DON PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO *followed by* BALTHAZAR *and musicians*)

D. PEDRO: Come, shall we hear this music?
CLAUD: Yes, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!
D. PEDRO: See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
CLAUD: O, very well, my lord. The music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.
D. PEDRO: Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again...
BALTH: (*sings*)

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey, nonny, nonny...

[*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR *and musicians*

D. PEDRO: Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of today—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

CLAUD: O, ay. (*aside to* PEDRO) Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits. —I never did think that lady would have loved any man.

LEON: No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

BENE: (*aside*) Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

LEON: By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. PEDRO: May be she doth but counterfeit.

CLAUD: Faith, like enough.

LEON: O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. PEDRO: Why, what effects of passion shows she?

CLAUD: (*aside*) Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

LEON: What effects, my lord? She will sit you—you heard my daughter tell you how.

CLAUD: She did indeed. . .

BENE: (*aside*) I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it . . .

D. PEDRO: (*aside*) Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO *and* LEONATO

BENE: (*advancing from the arbour*) This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. . . When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice! By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her.

(*Enter* BEATRICE)

BEAT: Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENE: Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

BEAT: I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENE: You take pleasure then in the message?

BEAT: Yes, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior. Fare you well. [*Exit*

BENE: Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.' There's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me.' That's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

SHAKESPEARE, from *Much Ado about Nothing*

A TALK BY MOONLIGHT

Scene: Avenue to Portia's house

(*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA)

LOR: The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night

Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
JES: In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.
LOR: In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
JES: In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
LOR: In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
JES: In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.
LOR: In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
JES: I would outnight you, did no body come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

(*Enter* STEPHANO)

LOR: Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
STEPH: A friend.
LOR: A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
STEPH: Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont . . .
LOR: (*to* JESSICA) Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*exit* STEPHANO
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

(*Enter musicians*)

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music.

SHAKESPEARE, from *The Merchant of Venice*

AN ADVENTURE WITH WINDMILLS

As they discoursed, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills that are in the field; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them he said to his squire:

'Fortune doth address our affairs better than we ourselves could desire; for behold there, friend Sancho Pança, how there appears thirty or forty monstrous giants, with whom I mean to fight and deprive them all of their lives, with whose spoils we will begin to be rich; for this is a good war and a great service to God, to take away so bad a seed from the face of the earth.'

'What giants?' quoth Sancho Pança.

'Those that thou seest there,' quoth his Lord, 'with the long arms: and some there are of that race whose arms are almost two leagues long.'

'I pray you understand,' quoth Sancho Pança, 'that those which appear there are no giants but windmills, and that which seems in them to be arms are their sails, that are swinged about by the wind, do also make the mill go.'

'It seems well,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that thou are not yet acquainted with matter of adventures. They are giants, and if thou beest afeard, go aside and pray whilst I enter into cruel and unequal battle with them.'

And saying so, he spurred his horse Rosinante, without taking heed to his squire Sancho's cries advertising him how they were doubtlessly windmills that he did assault, and no giants; but he went so fully persuaded that they were giants, as he neither heard his squire's outcries nor did discern what they were, although he drew very near to them, but rather said as loud as he could:

'Fly not, ye cowards and vile creatures, for it is only one knight that assaults you!'

With this the wind increased, and the mill sails began to turn about; which Don Quixote espying, said:

'Although thou movest more arms than the giant Briario, thou shalt stoop to me.'

And after saying this, and commending himself most devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, desiring her to succour him in that trance, covering himself well with his buckler, and setting his lance on his rest, he spurred on Rosinante and encountered with the first mill that was before him, and striking his lance into the sail, the wind swinged it about with such fury that it broke his lance into shivers, carrying him and his horse after it, and finally tumbled him a good way off from it on the field in very evil plight. Sancho Pança repaired presently to succour him as fast as his ass could drive; and when he arrived he found him not able to stir, he had gotten such a crush with Rosinante.

'Good God!' quoth Sancho, 'did I not foretell unto you that you should look well what you did? For they were none other than windmills; nor could any think otherwise unless he had also windmills in his brains.'

CERVANTES, from *The History of Don Quixote*
translation: Thomas Shelton, 1612

WALTON AND COMPANY

WALTON: God be with thee and preserve thee, old Ashbourne! thou art verily the pleasantest place upon this earth, I mean from May-day till Michaelmas. Son Cotton, let us tarry a little here upon the bridge. Did you ever see greener meadows than these on either hand? And what says that fine lofty spire upon the left, a trowling-line's cast from us? It says methinks, 'Blessed be the Lord for this bounty: come hither and repeat it beside me.' How my jade winces! I wish the strawberry-spotted trout, and ash-coloured grayling under us had the bree that plagues thee so, my merry wench! Look,

my son, at the great venerable house opposite. You know these parts as well as I do, or better; are you acquainted with the worthy who lives over there?

COTTON: I can not say I am.

WALTON: You shall be then. He has resided here forty-five years, and knew intimately our good Doctor Donne, and (I hear) hath some of his verses, written when he was a stripling or little better, the which we come after.

COTTON: That, I imagine, must be he! the man in black, walking above the house.

WALTON: Truly said on both counts. Willy Oldways, sure enough; and he doth walk above his house-top. The gardens here, you observe, overhang the streets.

COTTON: Ashbourne, to my mind, is the prettiest town in England.

WALTON: And there is nowhere between Trent and Tweed a sweeter stream for the trout, I do assure you, than the one our horses are bestriding. Those in my opinion were very wise men who consecrated certain streams to the Muses: I know not whether I can say so much of those who added the mountains. Whenever I am beside a river or rivulet on a sunny day, and think a little while, and let images warm into life about me, and joyous sounds increase and multiply in their innocence, the sun looks brighter and feels warmer, and I am readier to live, and less unready to die. . .

You are looking, I perceive, from off the streamlet toward the church. In its chancel lie the first and last of the Cockaynes. Whole races of men have been exterminated by war and pestilence; families and names have slipped down and lost themselves by slow and imperceptible decay; but I doubt whether any breed of fish, with heron and otter and angler in pursuit of it, hath been extinguished since the Heptarchy. They might humble our pride a whit, methinks, though they hold their tongues. The people here entertain a strange prejudice against the *nine-eyes*.

COTTON: What, in the name of wonder, is that?

WALTON: At your years you do not know? It is a tiny kind of lamprey, a finger long; it sticketh to the stones by its sucker, and if you are not warier and more knowing than folks in general from the south, you might take it for a weed; it wriggles its whole body to and fro so regularly, and is of that dark colour which subaqueous weeds are often of, as though they were wet through, which they are not any more than land-weeds, if one may believe young Doctor Plott, who told me so in confidence.

Hold my mare, son Cotton. I will try whether my whip can reach the window, when I have mounted the bank.

COTTON: Curious! the middle of a street to be lower than the side by several feet. People would not believe it in London or Hull.

WALTON: Ho! lass! tell the good parson, your master, or his wife if she be nearer at hand, that two friends would dine with him; Charles Cotton, kinsman of Mistress Cotton of the Peak, and his humble servant Izaak Walton.

GIRL: If you are come, gentles, to dine with my master, I will make another kidney-pudding first, while I am about it, and then tell him: not but we have enough and to spare, yet master and mistress love to see plenty, and to welcome with no such peacods as words.

WALTON: Go, thou hearty jade, trip it, and tell him.

COTTON: I will answer for it, thy friend is a good soul: I perceive it in the heartiness and alacrity of the wench. She glories in his hospitality, and it renders her labour a delight.

WALTON: He wants nothing, yet he keeps the grammar-school, and is ready to receive, as private tutor, any young gentleman in preparation for Oxford or Cambridge: but only one. They live like princes, converse like friends, and part like lovers.

COTTON: Here he comes: I never saw such a profusion of snow-white hair.

WALTON: Let us go up and meet him.

OLDWAYS: Welcome, my friends! will you walk back into the house or sit a while in the shade here?

WALTON: We will sit down in the grass, on each side of your arm-chair, good master William. Why, how is this? here are tulips and other flowers by the thousand growing out of the turf. You are all of a piece, my sunny saint; you are always concealing the best things about you, except your counsel, your raisin-wine, and your money.

OLDWAYS: The garden was once divided by borders; a young gentleman, my private pupil, was fond of leaping; his heels ruined my choicest flowers, ten or twenty at a time. I remonstrated. He patted me on the shoulder, and said, 'My dear Mr Oldways, in these borders if you miss a flower you are uneasy; now, if the whole garden were in turf, you would be delighted to discover one. Turf it then, and leave the flowers to grow or not to grow, as may happen.' I mentioned it to my wife. 'Suppose we do,' said she. It was done; and the boy's remark, as I have found by experience, is true.

WALTON: You have some very nice flies about the trees here,

friend Oldways. Charles, do prythee lay thy hand upon that green one. He has it! he has it! bravely done, upon my life! I never saw anything achieved so admirably—not a wing nor an antenna the worse for it. Put him into this box. Thou are caught, but shalt catch others. Lie softly.

COTTON: The transport of dad Walton will carry him off (I would lay a wager) from the object of his ride...

OLDWAYS: Come, gentles! The girl raps at the garden-gate—I hear the ladle against the lock. Dinner waits for us.

W. S. LANDOR, from *Imaginary Conversations*

MR HASTINGS' PARLOUR

Mr Hastings, by his quality (being the son, brother and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon) and his way of living, had the first place amongst us. He was peradventure an original in our age, or rather a copy of our nobility in ancient days, in hunting and not warlike times. He was low, very strong, and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair, his clothes always green cloth, and never all worth when new five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer... The parlour was a large long room. In a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers and the choicest hounds and spaniels; seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, crossbows, stonebows and other such like accoutrements; the corners of the room full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles; an oyster table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all seasons; the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of this room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, on the other the Book of Martyrs; on the tables were hawks' hoods, bells and such like, two or three old green hats with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself; tables, dice, cards and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the

room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it. On the other side was a door into an old chapel, not used for devotion; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, pasty of venison, gammon of bacon, or great apple pie with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was very good to eat at, his sports supplying all but beef and mutton, except Friday, when he had the best sea-fish as well as other fish he could get, and was the day that his neighbours of best quality most visited him.

ANTHONY COOPER, FIRST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY
from a fragment of autobiography

THE PLEASURE OF COMPANY

I remember once the first time I came into a magnificent or noble dining-room, and was left there alone, I rejoiced to see the gold and state and carved imagery; but when all was dead and there was no motion, I was weary of it, and departed dissatisfied. But afterwards, when I saw it full of lords and ladies, and music and dancing, the place which once seemed not to differ from a solitary den, had now entertainment, and nothing of tediousness but pleasure in it. By which I perceived (upon a reflection made long after) that men and women are when well understood a principal part of our true felicity.

THOMAS TRAHERNE, from *Centuries of Meditations*

CENSURE

Avoid being the first in fixing a *hard Censure*, let it be confirmed by the *general Voice*, before you give into it; Neither are you then to give Sentence like a *Magistrate*, or as if you had a *special Authority* to bestow a *good* or ill *Name* at your discretion. Do not dwell too long upon a *weak Side*, touch and go away; take pleasure to stay longer where you can commend, like Bees that fix only upon those Herbs out of which they may extract the Juice of which their Honey is composed. A *Vertue* stuck with *Bristles* is too rough for this Age; it must be adorned with some *Flowers*, or else it will be unwillingly entertained; so that even where it may be fit to strike, do it like a *Lady*; gently; and assure yourself, that where you care to do it, you

will wound others more, and hurt your self less, by *soft Strokes*, than by being *harsh* or *violent*.

The Triumph of *Wit* is to make your *good Nature* subdue your *Censure*; to be quick in *seeing Faults*, and slow in *exposing* them. You are to consider, that the invisible thing called a *Good Name*, is made up of the Breath of Numbers that speak well of you; so that if by a *disobliging Word* you silence the *meanest*, the *Gale* will be less strong which is to bear up your *Esteem*. And though nothing is so vain as the eager pursuit of *empty Applause*, yet to be well thought of, and to be kindly used by the World, is like a *Glory* about a Womans *Head*; 'tis a Perfume she carrieth about with her and leaveth wherever she goeth; 'tis a Charm against *Ill-will*.

GEORGE SAVILE, FIRST MARQUESS OF HALIFAX
from *Advice to a Daughter*, 1700

A TALK AT OXFORD

'If absolute truth is not revealed,' I said, 'how can we know the truth at all?'

'We cannot say how we know it,' replied Mr Inglesant, 'but this very ignorance proves that we can know. We are the creatures of this ignorance against which we rebel. From the earliest dawn of existence we have known nothing. How then could we question for a moment? What thought should we have other than this ignorance which we had imbibed from our growth, but for the existence of some divine principle, *Fons veri lucidus*, within us? The Founder of Christianity said, "The kingdom of God is within you." We may not only know the truth, but we may live even in this life in the very household and court of God. We are the creatures of birth, of ancestry, of circumstance; we are surrounded by law, physical and psychical. . . The ways are dark and foul, and the gray years bring a mysterious future which we cannot see. We are like children, or men in a tennis court, and before our conquest is half won the dim twilight comes and stops the game; nevertheless, let us keep our places, and above all things hold by the law of life we feel within. This was the method which Christ followed, and He won the World by placing Himself in harmony with that law of gradual development which the Divine Wisdom has planned. Let us follow in His steps and we shall attain to the ideal life; and, without waiting for our 'mortal passage', tread the free and spacious streets of that Jerusalem which is above.'

He spoke more to himself than to me. The sun, which was just setting behind the distant hills, shone with dazzling splendour for a moment upon the towers and spires of the city across the placid water. Behind this fair vision were dark rain clouds, before which gloomy background it stood in fairy radiance and light. For a moment it seemed a glorious city, bathed in life and hope, full of happy people who thronged its streets and bridge, and the margin of its gentle stream. But it was *breve gaudium*. Then the sunset faded, and the ethereal vision vanished, and the landscape lay dark and chill.

'The sun is set,' Mr Inglesant said cheerfully, 'but it will rise again.'

J. H. SHORTHOUSE, from *John Inglesant*

IRAE AMANTIUM

(1778)

On Thursday, April 30, I found him at home by himself.

JOHNSON: 'Well, Sir, Ramsay gave us a splendid dinner. I love Ramsay. You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information, and more eloquence, than in Ramsay's.'

BOSWELL: 'What I admire in Ramsay is his continuing to be so young.'

JOHNSON: 'Why, yes, Sir, it is to be admired. I value myself upon this, that there is nothing of the old man in my conservation. I am now sixty-eight, and I have no more of it than at twenty-eight.'

BOSWELL: 'But, Sir, would you not wish to know old age? He who is never an old man does not know the whole of human life; for old age is one of the divisions of it.'

JOHNSON: 'Nay, Sir, what talk is this?'

BOSWELL: 'I mean, Sir, the Sphinx's description of it—morning, noon, and night. I would know night, as well as morning and noon.'

JOHNSON: 'What, Sir, would you know what it is to feel the evils of old age? Would you have the gout? Would you have decrepitude?'

Seeing him heated, I would not argue any farther; but I was confident that I was in the right. . .

On Saturday, May 2, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where there was a very large company, and a great deal of conversation; but owing to some circumstances which I cannot now recollect, I have no record of any part of it, except that there were several

people there by no means of the Johnsonian school; so that less attention was paid to him than usual, which put him out of humour; and upon some imaginary offence from me, he attacked me with such rudeness, that I was vexed and angry, because it gave those persons an opportunity of enlarging upon his supposed ferocity and ill treatment of his best friends. I was so much hurt, and had my pride so much roused, that I kept away from him for a week; and, perhaps, might have kept away much longer, nay, gone to Scotland without seeing him again, had we not fortunately met and been reconciled. To such unhappy chances are human friendships liable.

On Friday, May 8, I dined with him at Mr Langton's. I was reserved and silent, which I suppose he perceived, and might recollect the cause. After dinner when Mr Langton was called out of the room, and we were by ourselves, he drew his chair near to mine, and said, in a tone of conciliating courtesy, 'Well, how have you done?'

BOSWELL: 'Sir, you have made me very uneasy by your behaviour to me when we were last at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. You know, my dear Sir, no man has a greater respect and affection for you, or would sooner go to the end of the world to serve you. Now, to treat me so—'

He insisted that I had interrupted him, which I assured him was not the case; and proceeded—'But why treat me so before people who neither love you nor me?'

JOHNSON: 'Well, I am sorry for it. I'll make it up to you twenty different ways, as you please.'

BOSWELL: 'I said today to Sir Joshua, when he observed that you *tossed* me sometimes—I don't care how often, or how high he tosses me, when only friends are present, for then I fall upon soft ground; but I do not like falling on stones, which is the case when enemies are present.—I think this is a pretty good image, Sir.'

JOHNSON: 'Sir, it is one of the happiest I have ever heard.'

JAMES BOSWELL, from *Life of Johnson*

A VEXATIOUS INCIDENT

Dr Johnson was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had in-

vited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as a serious distress. He laughed, and said, 'Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence.'

Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is so often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently, with good effect.

JAMES BOSWELL, from *Life of Johnson*

AN ENGLISH JOURNEY

(1776)

On Tuesday, March 19, which was fixed for our proposed jaunt, we met in the morning at the Somerset coffee-house in the Strand, where we were taken up by the Oxford coach... Upon our arrival at Oxford, Dr Johnson and I went directly to University College, but were disappointed on finding that one of the fellows, his friend Mr Scott, who accompanied him from Newcastle to Edinburgh, was gone to the country. We put up at the Angel inn, and passed the evening by ourselves in easy and familiar conversation.

Talking of constitutional melancholy, he observed, 'A man so afflicted, Sir, must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them.'

BOSWELL: 'May he not think them down, Sir?'

JOHNSON: 'No, Sir. To attempt to *think them down* is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bed-chamber during the night, and if wakefully disturbed, take a book, and read, and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise.'

BOSWELL: 'Should not he provide amusements for himself? Would it not, for instance, be right for him to take a course of Chymistry?'

JOHNSON: 'Let him take a course of chymistry, or a course of rope-dancing, or a course of any thing to which he is inclined at the time. Let him contrive to have as many retreats for his mind as he can, as many things to which it can fly from itself'...

Very little business appeared to be going forward in Lichfield. I found however two strange manufactures for so inland a place, sail-cloth and streamers for ships; and I observed them making some

saddle-cloths, and dressing sheepskins. But, upon the whole, the busy hand of industry seemed to be quite slackened.

'Surely, Sir,' said I, ' you are an idle set of people.'

'Sir,' said Johnson, 'we are a city of philosophers, we work with our heads, and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands' . . .

On Monday, March 25, we breakfasted at Mrs Lucy Porter's. . . Mrs Lucy Porter and some other ladies of the place talked a great deal of him when he was out of the room, not only with veneration but affection. It pleased me to find that he was so much *beloved* in his native city. . .

After dinner Dr Johnston wrote a letter to Mrs Thrale on the death of her son. I said it would be very distressing to Thrale, but she would soon forget it, as she had so many things to think of.

JOHNSON: 'No, Sir. Thrale will forget it first. *She* has many things she *may* think of. *He* has many things that he *must* think of.'

This was a very just remark upon the different effect of those light pursuits which occupy a vacant and easy mind, and those serious engagements which arrest attention, and keep us from brooding over grief. . .

In the evening we went to the Town-hall, which was converted into a temporary theatre, and saw *Theodosius*, with *The Stratford Jubilee*. I was happy to see Dr Johnson sitting in a conspicuous part of the pit, and receiving affectionate homage from all his acquaintance. We were quite gay and merry. I afterwards mentioned to him that I condemned myself for being so, when poor Mr and Mrs Thrale were in such distress.

JOHNSON: 'You are wrong, Sir. Twenty years hence Mr and Mrs Thrale will not suffer much pain from the death of their son. Now, Sir, you are to consider that distance of place, as well as distance of time, operates upon the human feelings. I would not have you be gay in the presence of the distressed, because it would shock them; but you may be gay at a distance. Pain for the loss of a friend, or of a relation whom we love, is occasioned by the want which we feel. In time the vacuity is filled with something else; or sometimes the vacuity closes up of itself.'

Mr Seward and Mr Pearson, another clergyman here, supt with us at our inn; and after they left us we sat up late, as we used to do in London. . .

At Leicester we read in the newspaper that Dr James was dead. I thought that the death of an old school-fellow, and one with whom he had lived a good deal in London, would have affected my fellow-

traveller much; but he only said, 'Ah! poor Jamy'. Afterwards, however, when we were in the chaise, he said, with more tenderness, 'Since I set out on this jaunt, I have lost an old friend and a young one—Dr James and poor Harry'. (Meaning Mr Thrale's son.)

Having lain at St. Alban's, on Thursday, March 28, we breakfasted the next morning at Barnet. I expressed to him a weakness of mind which I could not help—an uneasy apprehension that my wife and children, who were at a great distance from me, might perhaps be ill.

'Sir,' said he, 'consider how foolish you would think it in *them* to be apprehensive that *you* are ill.'

This sudden turn relieved me for the moment; but I afterwards perceived it to be an ingenious fallacy. I might, to be sure, be satisfied that they had no reason to be apprehensive about me, because I *knew* that I myself was well. But we might have a mutual anxiety, without the charge of folly; because each was, in some degree, uncertain as to the condition of the other.

I enjoyed the luxury of our approach to London, that metropolis which we both loved so much, for the high and varied intellectual pleasure which it furnishes. I experienced immediate happiness while whirled along with such a companion, and said to him, 'Sir, you observed one day at General Oglethorp's, that a man is never happy for the present, but when he is drunk. Will you not add—or when driving rapidly in a post-chaise?'

JOHNSON: 'No, Sir. You are driving rapidly *from* something, or *to* something.'

JAMES BOSWELL, from *Life of Johnson*

A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

'Trim,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'prithee see what confusion I have here been making—I must have some better contrivance, Trim. Canst not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?'

'Yes, an' please your Honour,' replied Trim, making a bow; 'but I hope your Honour will soon be well enough to get down to your country-seat, where, as your Honour takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T' . . .

'If I durst presume', continued Trim, 'to give your Honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter—'

'Thou art welcome, Trim,' quoth my uncle Toby. 'Speak—speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear.'

'Why then,' replied Trim (not hanging his ears and scratching his head like a country-lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division, 'I think,' quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards, and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings—'I think,' quoth Corporal Trim, 'with humble submission to your Honour's better judgment, that these ravelins, bastions, curtins, and hornworks make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with.'

'As summer is coming on,' continued Trim, 'your Honour might sit out of doors, and give me the nography—'

('Call it ichnography,' quoth my uncle.)

'Of the town or citadel your Honour was pleased to sit down before; and I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind.'

'I dare say thou would'st, Trim,' quoth my uncle.

'For if your Honour,' continued the Corporal, 'could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—'

'That I could do very well,' quoth my uncle.

'I would begin with the fossé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—'

'I can to a hair's breadth, Trim,' replied my uncle.

'I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp, and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp.'

'Very right, Trim,' quoth my uncle Toby.

'And when I had sloped them to your mind—an' please your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods, and as your Honour knows they should be; and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too.'

'The best engineers call them gazons, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.

'Whether they are gazons or sods is not much matter,' replied Trim; 'your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.'

'I know they are, Trim, in some respects,' quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head, 'for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé (as was the case at St. Nicholas's gate) and facilitate the passage over it.'

'Your Honour understands these matters,' replied Corporal Trim, 'better than any officer in his Majesty's service. But would your Honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your Honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.'

My uncle blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on; but it was not a blush of guilt, of modesty, or of anger. It was a blush of joy. He was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.

'Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'thou hast said enough.'

'We might begin the campaign,' continued Trim, 'on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—'

'Trim,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'say no more.'

'Your Honour', continued Trim, 'might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would—'

'Say no more, Trim,' quoth my uncle Toby.

'Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime, but good air, and good exercise, and good health—and your Honour's wound would be well in a month.'

'Thou hast said enough, Trim,' quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket) 'I like thy project mightily.'

'And if your Honour pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of—'

'Say no more, Trim,' quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture, and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand—'Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'say no more—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.'

LAURENCE STERNE, from *Tristram Shandy*, 1760

TABLE-TALKERS

1. MARTIN LUTHER

The Devil

The Devil vexes and harasses the workmen in the mines. He makes them think they have found fine new veins of silver, which, when they have laboured and laboured, turn out to be mere illusions. Even in open day, on the surface of the earth, he causes people to

think they see a treasure before them, which vanishes when they would pick it up. At times treasure is really found, but this is by the special grace of God. I never had any success in the mines; but such was God's will, and I am content.

The Devil again

At Mohlburg, in Thuringia, not far from Erfurt, there was a musician, who gained his living by playing at merry-makings. This man came to the minister of his parish, and complained that he was every day assailed by the Devil, who threatened to carry him off because he had played at an unlawful marriage. The minister consoled him, prayed for him, recited to him numerous passages of Scripture directed against the Devil; and, with some other pious men, watched over the unfortunate man day and night, fastening the doors and windows, so that he might not be carried off. At length the musician said: 'I feel that Satan cannot harm my soul, but he will assuredly remove my body.' That very night at eight o'clock, although the watch was doubled, the Devil came in the shape of a furious wind, broke the windows, and carried off the musician, whose body was found next morning, stiff and black, stuck on a nut-tree. ' 'Tis a most sure and certain story,' added Luther.

Music

I always loved music. Whoso is skilled in this art is of a good temperament, fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools. A schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, or I would not regard him; neither should we ordain young men as preachers unless they have been well exercised in music. Singing has nothing to do with the affairs of this world—it is not for the law. Singers are merry, and free from sorrow and cares. . . Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind; by it the heart is refreshed and settled again in peace.

Astrologers

Great wrong is done to God's creatures by the star-expounders. God has created and placed the stars in the firmament, to the end they might give light to the kingdoms of the earth, make people glad and joyful in the Lord, and be good signs of years and seasons. But the star-peepers feign that those creatures, of God created, darken and trouble the earth, and are hurtful; whereas all creatures of God

re good and by God created only for good, though mankind makes hem evil by abusing them.

About Books

Luther advised all who proposed to study, in what art soever, to ead some sure and certain books over and over again. For to read nany sorts of books produces rather confusion than any distinct esult; just as those that dwell everywhere and remain in no place lwell nowhere and have no home. As we use not daily the comnunity of all our friends, but of a select few, even so we ought to iccustom ourselves to the best books and make them familiar unto is, so as to have them (as we say) at our fingers' end. A fine talented tudent fell into a frenzy. The cause of his disease was that he laid iimself out too much upon books and was in love with a girl. Luther dealt very mildly and friendly with him, expecting amendnent, and said: 'Love is the cause of his sickness: study brought ipon him but little of his disorder. In the beginning of the gospel it vent so with myself.'

The Fever for Writing

The multitude of books is a great evil. There is no measure or imit to this fever for writing. Every one must be an author; some out of vanity, to acquire celebrity and raise up a name, others for the sake of lucre and gain. The Bible is now buried under so many commentaries, that the text is nothing regarded. I could wish all my books were buried nine ells deep in the ground, by reason of the ill example they will give, every one seeking to imitate me in writing many books with the hope of procuring fame.

From *Tischreden*, 1566
translation: William Hazlitt

2. JOHN SELDEN

Ceremony

Ceremony keeps all things. 'Tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water. Without it the water will be spilt, the spirits lost.

Of all people ladies have no reason to cry down ceremonies, for they take themselves extremely slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with legs[1]

[1] curtsy in which the leg is drawn back.

and kissing of hands, they were the pitifullest creatures in the worlc but yet (methinks) to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, i like little boys that after they have eat the apple fall to the paring ou of a love they have to the apple.

Changing Sides

'Tis the trial of a man to see if he will change his side; and if he b so weak as to change once he will change again. Your country fel lows have a way to try if a man be weak in the hams, by coming be hind him and giving him a little blow unawares. If he bend once, h will bend again.

The lords that fall from a king after they have got estates by bas flattery at court, and now pretend conscience, do as a vintner, tha when he first sets up, you may bring your wench to his house an do your things there; but when he grows rich, he turns conscien tious and will sell no wine on the sabbath-day.

Colonel Goring, serving first the one side and then the other, di like a good miller that knows how to grind which way soever th wind sits.

After Luther had made a combustion in Germany about religion he was sent to by the Pope to be taken off and offered any prefer ment in the Church that he would make choice of. Luther answered if he had offered half as much at first, he would have accepted it; bu now he had gone so far he could not come back. In truth he hac made himself a greater thing than they could make him.

Evil Speaking

He that speaks ill of another, commonly, before he is aware makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

A gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the olc lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called som lord about court fool. The lord complained, and has Stone whipped Stone cries, 'I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool ofter enough before he would have had me whipped.'

Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands The Spaniard did this when he was a-dying. His confessor told hin (to work him to repentance) how the Devil tormented the wicke that went to hell. The Spaniard, replying, called the Devil my lord— 'I hope my lord the Devil is not so cruel.' His confessor reprove

him. 'Excuse me for calling him so,' says the Don, 'I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.'

Friends

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

Great Things and Little Things

We see the pageants in Cheapside, the lions, and the elephants; but we do not see the men that carry them. We see the judges look big, look like lions, but we do not see who moves them. Little things do great works, when great things will not. If I would take a pin from the ground, a little pair of tongs will do it, when a great pair will not.

Dancing

The court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first you had grave measures, then the corantoes, and the galliards, and all this is kept up with ceremony. At length they fall to Trench-more,[1] and so to the cushion dance[2]; and then all the company dance, lord and lady, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state was kept up; in King James's time things were pretty well; but in King Charles's time there has been nothing but Trench-more and the cushion dance—*omnium gatherum*, tolly polly, *hoyte cum toyte*.

Learning

No man is the wiser for his learning. It may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man...

'Tis observable, that in Athens, where the arts flourished, they were governed by a democracy. Learning made them think themselves as wise as anybody, and they would govern as well as others; and they spake, as it were by way of contempt, that in the east and in the north they had kings. And why? Because the most part of them followed their business; and if some man had made himself wiser than the rest, he governed them; and they willingly submitted to

[1] a lively dance, in triple time.

[2] a dance of free character, common at weddings.

him. Aristotle makes the observation. And as in Athens the philosophers made the people knowing, and therefore they thought themselves wise enough to govern, so does preaching with us; and that makes us affect a democracy. For upon these two grounds we all would be governors; either because we think ourselves as wise as the best, or because we think ourselves the elect and have the spirit, and the rest a company of reprobates that belong to the Devil.

Marriage

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Aesop were extreme wise. They had a great mind to some water; but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

Money

Money makes a man laugh. A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him. His boy that led him, perceiving it, cried: 'Father, let us begone. They do nothing but laugh at you.' 'Hold thy peace, boy,' says the fiddler, 'we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them.'

Opinion

'Twas a good fancy of an old Platonic: The gods, which are above men, had something whereof man did partake—intellect, knowledge—and the gods kept on their course quietly. The beasts, which are below men, had something whereof man did partake—sense, growth—and the beasts lived quietly in their way. But man had something in him whereof neither gods nor beasts did partake, which gave him all the trouble, and made all the confusion we see in the world. And that is opinion.

Truth

In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth. When times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.

From *Discourse of Various Matters*, 1689

3. WILLIAM HAZLITT

The Gentleman in the Parlour

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what shall we have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open-air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to 'take one's ease at one's inn!' These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or write about afterwards...

These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn... I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your 'unhoused free condition is put into circumspection and confine.'

The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—'lord of one's self, uncumbered with a name.' Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—

to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour*!

Subjects of Conversation

The kind of conversation that I affect most is what sort of a day it is, and whether it is likely to rain or hold up fine for tomorrow. This I consider as enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, as the end and privilege of a life of study. I would resign myself to this state of easy indifference, but I find I cannot. I must maintain a certain pretension, which is far enough from my wish. I must be put on my defence, I must take up the gauntlet continually, or I find I lose ground. 'I am nothing if not critical.' While I am thinking what o'clock it is, or how I came to blunder in quoting a well-known passage, as if I had done it on purpose, others are thinking whether I am not really as dull a fellow as I am sometimes said to be. If a drizzling shower patters against the windows, it puts me in mind of a mild spring rain, from which I retired twenty years ago, into a little public house near Wem in Shropshire, and while I saw the plants and shrubs before the door imbibe the dewy moisture, quaffed a glass of sparkling ale, and walked home in the dusk of the evening, brighter to me than noon-day suns at present are! Would I indulge this feeling? In vain. They ask me what news there is, and stare if I don't know. If a new actress has come out, why must I have seen her? If a new novel has appeared, why must I have read it?.. I submitted to all this till I was tired, and then I gave it up.

The Village Choir

I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and plashy sedges, in one of those low sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight, when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices and the willing quire of village-maids and children. It rose, indeed, 'like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes'. The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death: fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley

like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world.

Thought and Action

Actions pass away and are forgotten, or are only discernible in their effects: conquerors, statesmen, and kings live but by their names stamped on the page of history. Hume says rightly that more people think about Virgil and Homer (and that continually) than ever trouble their heads about Caesar or Alexander. In fact, poets are a longer-lived race than heroes: they breathe more of the air of immortality. They survive more entire in their thoughts and acts. We have all that Virgil or Homer did, as much as if we had lived at the same time with them: we can hold their works in our hands, or lay them on our pillows, or put them to our lips. Scarcely a trace of what the others did is left upon the earth so as to be visible to common eyes. The one, the dead authors, are living men, still breathing and moving in their writings. The others, the conquerors of the world, are but the ashes in an urn.

Great Troubles and Small

Very trifling circumstances do give us great and daily annoyance, and as often prove too much for our philosophy and forbearance, as matters of the highest moment. A lump of soot spoiling a man's dinner, a plate of toast falling in the ashes, the being disappointed of a ribbon to a cap or a ticket to a ball, have led to serious and almost tragical consequences... The truth is, we pamper little griefs into great ones, and bear great ones as well as we can... A grain of sand in the eye, a thorn in the flesh only irritates the part, and leaves us strength enough to quarrel and get out of all patience with it—a heavy blow stuns and takes away all power of sense as well as of resistance. The great and mighty reverses of fortune, like the revolutions of nature, may be said to carry their own weight and reason along with them: they seem unavoidable and remediless, and we submit to them without murmuring as to a fatal necessity. The magnitude of the events, in which we may happen to be concerned, fills the mind and carries it out of itself, as it were, into the page of history. Our thoughts are expanded with the scene on which we have to act, and lend us strength to disregard our own personal share in it. Some men are indifferent to the stroke of fate, as before and after earthquakes there is a calm in the air.

From *Table-Talk*, 1821-2

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING MARRIED

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with pain; and Lydia led voluntarily to subjects which her sisters would not have alluded to for the world.

'Only think of its being three months', she cried, 'since I went away: it seems but a fortnight, I declare; and yet there have been things enough happened in the time. Good gracious! when I went away, I am sure I had no more idea of being married till I came back again! though I thought it would be very good fun if I was.'

Her father lifted up his eyes, Jane was distressed, Elizabeth looked expressively at Lydia; but she, who never heard nor saw anything of which she chose to be insensible, gaily continued,—

'Oh, mamma, do the people hereabouts know I am married today? I was afraid they might not; and we overtook William Goulding in his curricle, so I was determined he should know it, and so I let down the side glass next to him, and took off my glove and let my hand just rest upon the window frame, so that he might see the ring, and then I bowed and smiled like anything.'

Elizabeth could bear it no longer. She got up and ran out of the room; and returned no more, till she heard them passing through the hall to the dining-parlour. She then joined them soon enough to see Lydia, with anxious parade, walk up to her mother's right hand, and hear her say to her eldest sister,—

'Ah, Jane, I take your place now, and you must go lower, because I am a married woman.'

It was not to be supposed that time would give Lydia that embarrassment from which she had been so wholly free at first. Her ease and good spirits increased. She longed to see Mrs Philips, the Lucases, and all their other neighbours, and to hear herself called 'Mrs Wickham' by each of them; and in the meantime she went after dinner to show her ring and boast of being married to Mrs Hill and the two housemaids.

'Well, mamma," said she, when they were all returned to the breakfast-room, 'and what do you think of my husband? Is he not a charming man? I am sure my sisters must all envy me. I only hope they may have half my good luck. They must all go to Brighton. That is the place to get husbands. What a pity it is, mamma, we did not all go!'

'Very true; and if I had had my will we should. But, my dear Lydia, I don't at all like your going such a way off. Must it be so?'

'Oh, Lord! yes; there is nothing in that. I shall like it of all things. You and papa, and my sisters, must come down and see us. We shall be at Newcastle all the winter, and I dare say there will be some balls, and I will take good care to get good partners for them all.'

'I should like it beyond anything!' said her mother.

'And then when you go away, you may leave one or two of my sisters behind you; and I dare say I shall get husbands for them before the winter is over.'

'I thank you for my share of the favour,' said Elizabeth; 'but I do not particularly like your way of getting husbands.'

JANE AUSTEN, from *Pride and Prejudice*

A GOOD TALKER

Voices approached the shop, or rather one voice and two ladies. Mrs Weston and Miss Bates met them at the door.

'My dear Miss Woodhouse,' said the latter, 'I am just run across to entreat the favour of you to come and sit down with us a little while, and give us your opinion of our new instrument—you and Miss Smith. How do you do, Miss Smith?—Very well, I thank you. —And I begged Mrs Weston to come with me, that I might be sure of succeeding.'

'I hope Mrs Bates and Miss Fairfax are—'

'Very well, I am much obliged to you. My mother is delightfully well; and Jane caught no cold last night. How is Mr Woodhouse? I am so glad to hear such a good account. Mrs Weston told me you were here.—"Oh, then," said I, "I must run across; I am sure Miss Woodhouse will allow me just to run across and entreat her to come in; my mother will be so very happy to see her; and now we are such a nice party, she cannot refuse." "Ay, pray do," said Mr Frank Churchill; "Miss Woodhouse's opinion of the instrument will be worth having."—"But," said I, "I shall be more sure of succeeding if one of you will go with me."—"Oh," said he, "wait half a minute, till I have finished my job"; for, would you believe it, Miss Woodhouse, there he is, in the most obliging manner in the world, fastening in the rivet of my mother's spectacles. The rivet came out, you know, this morning. So very obliging! For my mother had no use of her spectacles—could not put them on. And, by the bye, everybody ought to have two pairs of spectacles—they should indeed. Jane said so. I meant to take them over to John Saunders the first thing I did, but something or other hindered me all the morning; first one thing, then another. There is no saying what, you know. At one time Patty came to say she thought the kitchen chimney wanted sweeping. "Oh," said I, "Patty, do not come with your bad news to me. Here is the rivet of your mistress's spectacles out."

Then the baked apples came home. Mrs Wallis set them by her boy. They are extremely civil and obliging to us, the Wallises, always. I have heard some people say that Mrs Wallis can be uncivil and give a very rude answer; but we have never known anything but the greatest attention from them. And it cannot be for the value of our custom now; for what is our consumption of bread, you know? only three of us. Besides, dear Jane, at present—and she really eats nothing—makes such a shocking breakfast, you would be quite frightened if you saw it. I dare not let my mother know how little she eats; so I say one thing, and then I say another, and it passes off. But about the middle of the day she gets hungry, and there is nothing she likes so well as these baked apples. And they are extremely wholesome; for I took the opportunity the other day of asking Mr Perry—I happened to meet him in the street. Not that I had any doubt before. I have so often heard Mr Woodhouse recommend a baked apple. I believe it is the only way that Mr Woodhouse thinks the fruit thoroughly wholesome. We have apple-dumplings, however, very often. Patty makes an excellent apple-dumpling. Well, Mrs Weston, you have prevailed, I hope, and these ladies will oblige us.'

Emma would be 'very happy to wait on Mrs Bates, etc.,' and they did at last move out of the shop, with no further delay from Miss Bates than—

'How do you do, Mrs Ford? I beg your pardon; I did not see you before. I hear you have a charming collection of new ribands from town. Jane came back delighted yesterday. Thank ye, the gloves do very well—only a little too large about the wrist; but Jane is taking them in.'

'What was I talking of?' said she, beginning again when they were all in the street.

Emma wondered on what, of all the medley, she would fix.

'I declare I cannot recollect what I was talking of. Oh, my mother's spectacles. So very obliging of Mr Frank Churchill! "Oh," said he, "I do think I can fasten the rivet; I like a job of this kind excessively." Which, you know, showed him to be so very—Indeed I must say that, much as I had heard of him before, and much as I had expected, he very far exceeds anything—I do congratulate you, Mrs Weston, most warmly. He seems everything the fondest parent could—"Oh," said he, "I can fasten the rivet. I like a job of that sort excessively." I never shall forget his manner. And when I brought out the baked apples from the closet, and hoped our friends would be so very obliging as to take some, "Oh," said he directly, "there is nothing in the way of fruit half so good, and these are the finest-

looking home-baked apples I ever saw in my life." That, you kno was so very—And I am sure, by his manner, it was no complime Indeed they are very delightful apples, and Mrs Wallis does the full justice. Only we do not have them baked more than twice, a Mr Woodhouse made us promise to have them done three tim but Miss Woodhouse will be so good as not to mention it. . .'

Miss Bates had just done as Patty opened the door; and her vi tors walked upstairs without having any regular narration to atte to, pursued only by the sounds of her desultory goodwill.

'Pray take care, Mrs Weston, there is a step at the turning. Pr take care, Miss Woodhouse, ours is rather a dark staircase—rath darker and narrower than one could wish. Miss Smith, pray ta care. Miss Woodhouse, I am quite concerned, I am sure you hit yo foot. Miss Smith, the step at the turning.'

JANE AUSTEN, from *Em*

LESSONS IN ARMENIAN

Belle prepared the tea, and, as we were taking it, she said—'Wh did you see and hear at the public-house?'

'Really,' said I, 'you appear to have your full portion of curiosit what matters it to you what I saw and heard at the public-house?'

'It matters very little to me,' said Belle; I merely inquired of yo for the sake of a little conversation—you were silent, and it is u comfortable for two people to sit together without opening the lips—at least I think so.'

'One only feels uncomfortable,' said I, 'in being silent, when o happens to be thinking of the individual with whom one is in cor pany. To tell you the truth, I was not thinking of my companio but of certain company with whom I had been at the public-hous

'Really, young man,' said Belle, 'you are not over complime tary; but who may this wonderful company have been—son young—?' and here Belle stopped.

'No,' said I, 'there was no young person—if person you were g ing to say. There was a big portly landlord, whom I daresay y have seen; a noisy savage Radical, who wanted at first to fasten up me a quarrel about America, but who subsequently drew in h horns; then there was a strange fellow, a prowling priest, I believ whom I have frequently heard of, who at first seemed disposed side with the Radical against me, and afterwards with me against t Radical. There, you know my company, and what took place.' . .

'Will you take another cup of tea?' said Belle.

I took another cup; we were again silent. 'It is rather uncomfortable,' said I, at last, 'for people to sit together without having anything to say.'

'Were you thinking of your company?' said Belle.

'What company?' said I.

'The present company.'

'The present company! oh, ah—I remember that I said one only feels uncomfortable in being silent with a companion, when one happens to be thinking of the companion. Well, I had been thinking of you the last two or three minutes, and had just come to the conclusion that, to prevent us both feeling occasionally uncomfortably towards each other, having nothing to say, it would be as well to have a standing subject on which to employ our tongues. Belle, I have determined to give you lessons in Armenian.'..

. . . . . .

'I do not wish to hear anything in Armenian, especially this evening.' 'Why this evening?' said I. Belle made no answer. 'I will not spare you,' said I; 'this evening I intend to make you conjugate an Armenian verb.' 'Well, be it so,' said Belle; 'for this evening you shall command.' 'To command is *hramahyel*,' said I. 'Ram her ill, indeed,' said Belle; 'I do not wish to begin with that.' 'No,' said I...

'Come along; *hntam*, I rejoice; *hntas*, thou rejoicest; *hntà*, he rejoices; *hntamk*, we rejoice: now, repeat those words.'

'I can't,' said Belle, 'they sound more like the language of horses than of human beings. Do you take me for—?' 'For what?' said I. Belle was silent. 'Were you going to say mare?' said I. 'Mare! mare! by-the bye, do you know, Belle, that mare in old English stands for woman! and that when we call a female an evil mare, the strict meaning of the term is merely bad woman. So if I were to call you a mare without prefixing bad, you must not be offended.' 'But I should though,' said Belle. 'I was merely attempting to make you acquainted with a philological fact,' said I. 'If mare, which in old English, and likewise in vulgar English, signifies a woman, sounds the same as mare, which in modern and polite English signifies a female horse, I can't help it. There is no such confusion of sounds in Armenian, not, at least, in the same instance. Belle, in Armenian, woman is *ghin*, the same word, by-the-bye, as our queen, whereas mare is *madagh tzi*, which signifies a female horse; and perhaps you will permit me to add, that a hard-mouthed jade is, in Armenian, *madagh tzi hsdierah*.'

'I can't bear this much longer,' said Belle. 'Keep yourself quiet,'

said I; 'I wish to be gentle with you; and to convince you, we will skip *hntal*, and also for the present verbs of the first conjugation and proceed to the second. Belle, I will now select for you to conjugate the prettiest verb in Armenian. . . Now please to say *siriá ʒis*.' Belle did so. 'Exceedingly well,' said I. 'Now say, *yerani thè sirèir ʒis*.' '*Yerani thè sirèir ʒis*,' said Belle. 'Capital!' said I: 'you have now said, I love you—love me—ah! would that you would love me!'

'And I have said all these things?' said Belle. 'Yes,' said I; 'you have said them in Armenian.' 'I would have said them in no language that I understood,' said Belle; 'and it was very wrong of you to take advantage of my ignorance, and make me say such things.'

'Why so,' said I; 'if you said them, I said them too.' 'You did so,' said Belle; 'but I believe you were merely bantering and jeering.' 'As I told you before, Belle,' said I, 'the chief difficulty which I find in teaching you Armenian proceeds from your persisting in applying to yourself and me every example I give.' 'Then you meant nothing after all,' said Belle, raising her voice. 'Let us proceed,' said I; *sirietsi*, I loved.' 'You never loved anyone but yourself,' said Belle; 'and what's more—' . . .

'I am sorry to see you take on so, dear Belle,' said I. 'I really have given you no cause to be so unhappy; surely teaching you a little Armenian was a very innocent kind of diversion.'

'Yes, but you went on so long, and in such a strange way, and made me repeat such strange examples, as you call them, that I could not bear it.' 'Why, to tell you the truth, Belle, it's my way; and I have dealt with you just as I would with—'

'A hard-mouthed jade,' said Belle, 'and you practising your horse-witchery upon her. I have been of an unsubdued spirit, I acknowledge, but I was always kind to you; and if you have made me cry, it's a poor thing to boast of.'

'Boast of!' said I; 'a pretty thing indeed to boast of; I had no idea of making you cry. Come, I beg your pardon; what more can I do? Come, cheer up, Belle. You were talking of parting; don't let us part, but depart, and that together.'

'Our ways lie different,' said Belle.

'I don't see why they should,' said I. 'Come, let us be off to America together.'

'To America together?' said Belle, looking full at me.

'Yes,' said I; 'where we will settle down in some forest, and conjugate the verb *siriel* conjugally.'

'Conjugally?' said Belle.

'Yes,' said I, 'as man and wife in America, *air yew ghin*.'

'You are jesting, as usual,' said Belle.

'Not I indeed. Come, Belle, make up your mind, and let us be off to America; and leave priests, humbug, learning and languages behind us.'

'I don't think you are jesting,' said Belle; 'but I can hardly entertain your offers; however, young man, I thank you.'

'You had better make up your mind at once,' said I, 'and let us be off'...

'I will say nothing at present on the subject,' said Belle; I must have time to consider.'

'Just as you please,' said I; 'tomorrow I go to a fair with Mr Petulengro, perhaps you will consider whilst I am away. Come, Belle, let us have some more tea. I wonder whether we shall be able to procure tea as good as this in the American forest.'

GEORGE BORROW, from *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*

THE MONK AND THE BIRD-CATCHER

Long ago, when I was a young man, I used to travel all over Russia, collecting funds for our monastery. One night I stayed with some fishermen beside a great river. We were joined by a handsome peasant lad, who told us he was engaged to pull a barge the next day. I observed that he had very clear blue eyes that looked straight ahead. It was a fine summer night, warm and still; but a cool mist rose from the river. Now and then we heard the plash of a fish, but there was no other sound. The birds were silent in the trees; and everything was hushed and solemn, as if nature was praying to God. The fishermen had gone to sleep, and the lad and I sat talking together about the beauty of the world and its great mystery. We agreed that every living thing—every blade of grass and every insect—bore witness to the design of the Creator and continually accomplished it. I could see that this lad had a faithful and a tender heart. He told me he loved the life of the forest. He knew all the birds and could imitate their calls.

'I know nothing better than to live in the forest,' he said, 'but all things are good.'

'Yes, indeed,' said I, 'all things are beautiful and good, because every thing is a part of truth. Consider the horse, that noble animal so near to man and so useful to him, or the lowly ox, which feeds him and works for him. Look at their faces. What meekness we see there! What devotion to man, who beats them so often! What

gentleness, what trust, what beauty! There is no sin in them, for only man is sinful. And God has been with these lower animals longer than He has been with us.'

'Is God with them too?' asked the boy.

'It must be so,' said I, 'all these creatures live to the glory of God, and they accomplish it by the mystery of their sinless life. The bears over there in the forest may be fierce and menacing, yet they are innocent.'

Then I told him how a bear once came to a saint who had built a little cell in a wood, how the saint pitied him and without fear gave him a piece of his bread. 'God be with you!' said the saint; and the bear walked meekly away, doing him no harm.

The lad was delighted to hear that God was with the bear.

'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'how good is God's work!'

He sat musing for a while, and then we both lay down to rest.

'May God bless that youth!' So I prayed for him before I went to sleep.

DOSTOEVSKY, from *The Brothers Karamazov*
translation: Anon

AFTER THE WOLF-HUNT

The little uncle dismounted on the steps of his timber-built house, which was buried in the depths of an uncultivated garden. With a glance at his people he bid them stand back; and each of them having received the necessary orders for the entertainment and comfort of the guests, they all instantly vanished. Then returning to Natacha, he helped her to dismount, and gave her his hand up the worm-eaten steps.

Inside the house, which was far from being dazzlingly clean, the beams were not even whitewashed; and it was easy to perceive that the last thing that ever would occur to the inhabitants was to remove the stains and dirt that were everywhere conspicuous. A smell of fresh-gathered apples pervaded the narrow hall, which was hung with the skins of wolves and foxes. They were led to a small room containing a folding-table of mahogany and a few chairs, then into the drawing-room, where the principal object again was a round, birch-wood table in front of a sofa. Beyond this was the master's private room which reeked of tobacco and dogs. The upholstery, like the carpet, was ragged and squalid; on the wall hung a portrait of Souvorow with those of the little uncle's father and mother, and his own, in military uniform.

He begged his guests to be seated, and then left them for a few minutes; Rougai, meanwhile, unwashed, came into the room, took his usual place on a settee, and proceeded to make his toilet by licking and nibbling himself. The room opened by another door on a passage, part of which was divided off by a ragged screen, and they could hear laughter and women's voices beyond. Natacha, Nicholas, and Pétia threw off their outer garments and stretched themselves on the deep sofa. Pétia indeed, supporting his head on his arms, was in a few minutes sound asleep. Though their faces were scorched and tingling from the cold air, Nicholas and Natacha were in high spirits, and above all desperately hungry. Nicholas, being no longer on his dignity as a man and a sportsman, answered his sister's twinkle of amusement with a hearty laugh, in which she joined without caring why. . .

The little uncle, in a radiant mood, laughed in chorus:

'That is all right, little countess! Ah ha! Youth is a good find—forward!—I never saw her like before,' he added, as he handed a long Turkish pipe to Nicholas, he himself filling a short one that he handled lovingly with three fingers. 'In the saddle all day like a man, just as if it were nothing at all!' . .

Natacha ate with a famous appetite. She thought she had never eaten, never seen such light pastry, such delicious preserves, such capital nuts, nay, even so tempting a fowl. Nicholas and the little uncle, washing down their supper with fruit liqueur, discussed sport past and to come, Rougai's merits and Ilaguine's pack. Natacha, perched on the settee, listened to all they said with sparkling eyes, trying now and again to rouse Pétia to take his share of all the good things; but his vague replies showed that he was too sound asleep. She was beside herself with delight in this domestic scene, so new to her; and her only fear was lest the drosky should come which must carry her home again. . .

The door at the farther end of the corridor led into a room where the beaters and huntsmen generally took their meals. The girl's bare feet were heard outside, an invisible hand opened the door, and the sounds of a *balalaika*—a kind of guitar—struck by the fingers of a skilled musician, fell on their ears.

'It is Mitka, my coachman, who is playing; I bought him a first-rate instrument, and I am fond of this kind of music.' . .

'Do you play the *balalaika?*' asked Natacha, in some surprise.

'Aniciouchka!' (and the good man smiled knowingly) 'just see whether my guitar has no strings broken; it is a long time since I last touched it.' Anicia obeyed him with evident satisfaction, and

brought the instrument. He took it with care, blew away a l dust that had settled upon it, and screwed up the strings with lean fingers; then, settling himself comfortably, he curved his elbow with a somewhat theatrical air, gripped the frets, and wi side glance at Anicia, struck a full ringing chord and began to provise variations on a well-known popular tune. The rhythm slow, but the burthen of it was softly and tenderly cheerful— the cheerfulness of Anicia—it went to the heart of Nicholas Natacha, and their spirits sang in unison. Anicia blushed and loc radiant, still smiling she hid her face in her handkerchief and the room.

The little uncle went on with the utmost steadiness and precis and his gaze was fixed with vague inspiration on the spot where had been standing. A subtle smile played under his grey mousta and grew broader whenever he emphasised the tune or acceler the measure to mark the rhythm, or when a string creaked difficult passage.

'Delightful, delightful!'—Natacha sprang up, threw her a round the little uncle and kissed him, exclaiming, 'Nicholas, Ni las!' appealing to her brother to share her surprise... She sat dow the little uncle and entreated him to sing a song. He readily agr

He sang as the peasant sings who thinks only of the words o song, and to whom the tune is merely an accessory which com a matter of course and is of no use but to emphasise the rhy This way of singing, as the birds sing, was singularly charming attractive in the worthy little uncle. Natacha in her enthusiasm clared she would never touch the harp again, but would lear play the guitar; and she succeeded in striking a few chords.

At near ten o'clock a *lineika*[1] arrived, with a drosky and three on horseback, all sent in search of the young people. The count countess had been very much alarmed, the servant said, not kno what could have happened to them. Pétia was lifted without wa him into the *lineika*. Nicholas and Natacha got into the drosky. little uncle covered and packed them warmly with paternal care, he escorted them as far as the bridge, which they had to leave be them, and to ford the river lower down where he had sent his to wait with lanterns.

'Good night, dear little niece!' was the last thing Natacha h through the darkness, in the voice whose singing still rang in her

TOLSTOY, from *War and P*
translation: Anon

[1] a low, roomy carriage

II. The Banqueting Hall

So, when they had made ready, they sat down to meat. Now the table was furnished with fat things and with wine that was well refined

I. FOOD FOR THE BODY
II. FOOD FOR THE MIND
III. FOOD FOR THE SPIRIT

THE BANQUETING HALL

★

I. FOOD FOR THE BODY

★

SUPPER WITH TITYRUS

MELIBOEUS:
Stretched in the shadow of the broad beech, thou
Rehearsest, Tityrus, on the slender pipe
Thy woodland music. We our fatherland
Are leaving, we must shun the fields we love:
While, Tityrus, thou, at ease amid the shade,
Bidd'st answering woods call Amaryllis 'fair'...
Happy old man! Thy lands are yet thine own!
Lands broad enough for thee, although bare stones
And marsh choke every field with reedy mud.
Strange pastures shall not vex thy teeming ewes,
Nor neighbouring flocks shed o'er them rank disease.
Happy old man! Here, by familiar streams
And holy springs, thou'lt catch the leafy cool.
Here, as of old, yon hedge, thy boundary line,
Its willow-buds a feast for Hybla's bees,
Shall with soft whisperings woo thee to thy sleep.
Here, 'neath the tall cliff, shall the vintager
Sing carols to the winds: while all the time
Thy pets, the stockdoves, and the turtles make
Incessantly their moan from aëry elms...
And we the while must thirst on Lybia's sands,
O'er Scythia roam, and where the Cretan stems
The swift Oaxes; or with Britons live
Shut out from all the world. Shall I e'er see,
In far-off years, my fatherland? the turf
That roofs my meagre hut? see, wondering last,

Those few scant cornblades that are realms to me?
What! must rude soldiers hold these fallows trim?
That corn barbarians? See what comes of strife,
Poor people—where we sowed, what hands shall reap!
Now, Meliboeus, pr'ythee graft thy pears,
And range thy vines! Nay on, my she-goats, on,
Once happy flock! For never more must I,
Outstretched in some green hollow, watch you hang
From tufted crags, far up: no carols more
I'll sing: nor, shepherded by me, shall ye
Crop the tart willow and the clover-bloom.

TITYRUS:
Yet here, this one night, thou may'st rest with me,
Thy bed green branches. Chestnuts soft have I
And mealy apples, and our fill of cheese.
Already, see, the far-off chimneys smoke,
And deeper grow the shadows of the hills.

VIRGIL, from *Eclogues, I*
translation: C. S. Calverley

ROYAL ENTERTAINMENTS

1. THE BLACK PRINCE ENTERTAINS THE FRENCH KING

(After the Battle of Poitiers, 1356)

The Prince's banner was set up a high on a bush, and trumpets and clarions began to sound. Then the Prince did off his basinet,[1] and the knights for his body and they of his chamber were ready about him, and a reed pavilion was put up; and then drink was brought forth to the Prince and for such lords as were about him, the which still increased as they came from the chase. There they tarried and their prisoners with them. And when the two marshals were come to the Prince, he demanded of them if they knew any tidings of the French King. They answered and said, 'Sir, we hear none of certainty, but we think verily he is either dead or taken, for he is not gone out of the battle.' Then the Prince said to the Earl of Warwick and to Sir Reynold Cobham, 'Sirs, I require you go forth and see what ye can know, that at your return ye may show me the truth' . . .

[1] steel headpiece.

The Earl of Warwick and the lord Cobham returned to the Prince and presented to him the French King. The Prince made lowly reverence to the King and caused wine and spices to be brought forth, and himself served the King in sign of great love...

The same day of the battle at night the Prince made a supper in his lodging to the French King and to the most part of the great lords that were prisoners. The Prince made the King and his son, the lord James of Bourbon, the Lord John d'Artois, the Earl of Tankerville, the Earl of Eçtampes, the Earl Dammartin, the Earl of Joinville, and the Lord of Perteney to sit all at one board, and other lords, knights and squires at other tables. And always the Prince served before the King as humbly as he could, and would not sit at the King's board, for any desire that the King could make; but he said he was not sufficient to sit at the table with so great a prince as the King was. But then he said to the King, 'Sir, for God's sake make none evil nor heavy cheer, though God this day did not consent to follow your will. For, Sir, surely the King my father shall bear you as much honour and amity as he may do, and shall accord with you so reasonably that ye shall ever be friends together after; and, Sir, methink ye ought to rejoice, though the journey be not as ye would have had it, for this day ye have won the high renown of prowess and have passed this day in valiantness all other of your party. Sir, I say not this to mock you; for all that be on our party that saw every man's deeds are plainly accorded by true sentence to give you the prize and chaplet.'

Therewith the Frenchmen began to murmur and said among themselves how the Prince had spoken nobly, and that by all estimation he should prove a noble man, if God send him life to persevere in such good fortune.

When supper was done, every man went to his lodging with their prisoners.

JEAN FROISSART, from *Chronicle*
translation: Lord Berners, 1523

2. THE EARL OF LEICESTER ENTERTAINS QUEEN ELIZABETH

(1575)

On Saturday, the 9th of July, at Long Ichington, a town and lordship of my Lord's, within seven miles of Killingworth,[1] his Honor

[1] Kenilworth.

made her Majesty great cheer at dinner, and pleasant pastime in hunting by the way after, that it was eight o'clock in the evening ere her Highness came to Killingworth.

Passing into the inner court, her Majesty (that never rides but alone) there, set down from her palfrey, was conveyed up to her chamber. Whenafter did follow so great a peal of guns, and such lightening by fire-work a long space together, as though Jupiter would have shown himself to be no further behind with his welcome than the rest of his gods; and that he would have all the country to know, for indeed the noise and flame were heard and seen twenty miles off.

On Sunday, the forenoon occupied as for the Sabbath-day, in quiet and vacation from work, and in divine service and preaching at the parish church: the afternoon in excellent music of sundry sweet instruments, and in dancing of Lords and Ladies, and other worshipful degrees, uttered with such lively agility and commendable grace, as whether it might be more strange to the eye or pleasant to the mind, for my part indeed I could not discern.

Thus, though the day took an end, yet slipped not the night all sleeping away; for as neither office nor obsequy ceased at any time to the full to perform the plot his Honor had appointed, so after supper was there a play of a very good theme presented; but so set forth by the actors' well handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more.

After the play, out of hand followed a most delicious and (if I may so term it) an ambrosial banquet; whereof, whether I might more muse at the daintiness, shapes, and the cost, or else at the variety and number of the dishes (that were three hundred), for my part I could little tell them; and now less, I assure you. Her Majesty eat smally or nothing; which understood, the courses were not so orderly served and sizely set down, but were, by and by, so disorderly wasted and coarsely consumed—more courtly methought than courteously. But that was no part of the matter. It might please and be liked, and do that it came for, then all was well enough.

Unto this banquet there was appointed a masque, for riches of array of an incredible cost; but the time being so far spent, and very late in the night now, was cause that it came not forth to the show. And thus for Sunday's season, having stayed you the longer, according to the matter, here I make an end.

ROBERT LANEHAM, from a Letter dated August 20, 1575

3. QUEEN VICTORIA ENTERTAINS THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY (1899)

The real business of the day was the State Banquet in the evening, to which a large number of guests came down by special train, reaching the Great Western station at Windsor on the stroke of eight. They were received in the grand reception-room by the Queen, and the State Banquet was held in St. George's Hall at half-past eight. It was really a spectacle of unexampled grandeur. St. George's Hall is 200 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 32 feet high. The impression produced upon the eye by it is that of great length and height in proportion to its width. The arms of the Knights of the Garter from Edward III to the present day are emblazoned on the roof and the walls. The banners of the twenty-six original Knights are dependent from staves fixed at right angles to the wall.

But there was more than that this evening. The long table with its damask covering stretched like a white canal down the centre of the long hall. On it, and at either end of the hall, the Royal plate made a positively stupendous display. The candelabra, épergnes, and the other paraphernalia of that plate spread like a river of gold down the centre of the table, and the effect was heightened by the countless lights, and by the fact that the greater number of the central pieces stood on mirrors. At either end were two screens flashing with gold plate, salvers, beakers of ivory and gold, and so forth, and a conspicuous feature at the east end was the splendid trophy in gold, a tiger's head, taken by Lord Mornington at the storming of Seringapatam, a hundred years ago.

Never was there so magnificent a display of gold plate. Indeed, the value of it is stated to be somewhere about £2,000,000. Add to this the diamonds of the Princesses and ladies, the splendid uniforms of the Princes, the lords and gentlemen in full dress, the glint of jewels, and the ribbon of Orders, and there results some idea of an extraordinarily impressive scene.

During dinner the band of the Grenadier Guards played.

The Queen, who wore the riband of the Garter, sat at the middle of the side of the table immediately in front of the fireplace and under Kneller's picture of William III. The beefeaters behind and all round the table lent colour to a scene which was already brilliant. On the Queen's side of the table to her right were the German Emperor, and after him the Princess of Wales. Immediately opposite the Queen was the German Empress, with the Prince of Wales on

her left. At either end of the table were the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain.

Immediately after dinner the guests adjourned to the Waterloo Chamber, where the Queen's private band, under Sir Walter Parratt, master of the Queen's Musicke, was in attendance.

The guests returned to London by special train.

From *The Times* November 22, 1899

PREPARATIONS

(*Enter* HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward Servants*)

HARD: Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

OMNES: Ay, ay.

HARD: When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

OMNES: No, no.

HARD: You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

DIG: Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

HARD: You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

DIG: By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forward, ecod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

HARD: Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

DIG: Ecod! I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

HARD: Diggory, you are too talkative.—Then if I happen to say

a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

DIG: Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Old Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

HARD: Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. (*To* DIGGORY) Eh, why don't you move?

DIG: Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

HARD: What, will nobody move?

FIRST SERVANT: I'm not to leave this place.

SECOND SERVANT: I'm sure it's no place of mine.

THIRD SERVANT: Nor mine, for sartain.

DIG: Wauns! and I'm sure it canna be mine.

HARD: You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, from *She Stoops to Conquer*

DINNER AT ROSINGS

Mr Collins's triumph, in consequence of this invitation, was complete. The power of displaying the grandeur of his patroness to his wondering visitors, and of letting them see her civility towards himself and his wife, was exactly what he had wished for; and that an opportunity of doing it should be given so soon was such an instance of Lady Catherine's condescension as he knew not how to admire enough. . .

The dinner was exceedingly handsome, and there were all the servants, and all the articles of plate which Mr Collins had promised; and, as he had likewise foretold, he took his seat at the bottom of the table, by her Ladyship's desire, and looked as if he felt that life could furnish nothing greater. He carved and ate and praised with delighted alacrity; and every dish was commended first by him, and then by Sir William, who was now enough recovered to echo what-

ever his son-in-law said, in a manner which Elizabeth wondered Lady Catherine could bear. But Lady Catherine seemed gratified by their excessive admiration, and gave most gracious smiles, especially when any dish on the table proved a novelty to them. The party did not supply much conversation. Elizabeth was ready to speak whenever there was an opening, but she was seated between Charlotte and Miss de Bourg—the former of whom was engaged in listening to Lady Catherine, and the latter said not a word to her all the dinner-time. Mrs Jenkinson was chiefly employed in watching how little Miss de Bourg ate, pressing her to try some other dish and fearing she was indisposed. Maria thought speaking out of the question, and the gentlemen did nothing but eat and admire.

When the ladies returned to the drawing-room, there was little to be done but to hear Lady Catherine talk, which she did without any intermission till coffee came in, delivering her opinion on every subject in so decisive a manner as proved she was not used to have her judgment controverted. . .

When the gentlemen had joined them, and tea was over, the card tables were placed. Lady Catherine, Sir William, and Mr and Mrs Collins sat down to quadrille; and as Miss de Bourg chose to play at casino, the two girls had the honour of assisting Mrs Jenkinson to make up her party. Their table was superlatively stupid. Scarcely a syllable was uttered that did not relate to the game, except when Mrs Jenkinson expressed her fears of Miss de Bourg's being too hot or too cold, or having too much or too little light. A great deal more passed at the other table. Lady Catherine was generally speaking—stating the mistakes of the three others, or relating some anecdote of herself. Mr Collins was employed in agreeing to everything her Ladyship said, thanking her for every fish he won, and apologizing if he thought he won too many. Sir William did not say much. He was storing his memory with anecdotes and noble names.

JANE AUSTEN, from *Pride and Prejudice*

TEA AT MISS BARKER'S

The tea-tray was abundantly loaded—I was pleased to see it, I was so hungry; but I was afraid the ladies present might think it vulgarly heaped up. I know they would have done it at their own houses; but somehow the heaps disappeared here. I saw Mrs Jamieson eating seed-cake, slowly and considerately, as she did everything; and I was rather surprised, for I knew she had told us, on the occasion of

her last party, that she never had it in her house, it reminded her so much of scented soap. She always gave us Savoy biscuits. However, Mrs Jamieson was kindly indulgent to Miss Barker's want of knowledge of the customs of high life; and, to spare her feelings, ate three large pieces of seed-cake, with a placid, ruminating expression of countenance, not unlike a cow's. . .

The card-table was an animated scene to watch; four ladies' heads, with niddle-noddling caps, all nearly meeting over the middle of the table in their eagerness to whisper quick enough and loud enough. And every now and then came Miss Barker's 'Hush, ladies! if you please, hush! Mrs Jamieson is asleep.'

It was very difficult to steer clear between Mrs Forrester's deafness and Mrs Jamieson's sleepiness. But Miss Barker managed her arduous task well. She repeated the whisper to Mrs Forrester, distorting her face considerably, in order to show, by the motions of her lips, what was said; and then she smiled kindly all round at us, and murmured to herself, 'Very gratifying indeed; I wish my poor sister had been alive to see this day.'

Presently the door was thrown wide open; Carlo started to his feet, with a loud snapping bark, and Mrs Jamieson awoke; or, perhaps, she had not been asleep—as she said almost directly, the room had been so light she had been glad to keep her eyes shut, but had been listening with great interest to all our amusing and agreeable conversation. Peggy came in once more, and with importance. Another tray! 'Oh, gentility!' thought I, 'can you endure this last shock?' For Miss Barker had ordered (nay, I doubt not, prepared, although she did say, 'Why! Peggy, what have you brought us?' and looked pleasantly surprised at the unexpected pleasure) all sorts of good things for supper—scalloped oysters, potted lobsters, jelly, a dish called 'little Cupids' (which was in great favour with the Cranford ladies, although too expensive to be given, except on solemn and state occasions—macaroons sopped in brandy, I should have called it, if I had not known its more refined and classical name). In short, we were evidently to be feasted with all that was sweetest and best; and we thought it better to submit graciously, even at the cost of our gentility—which never ate suppers in general, but which, like most non-supper-eaters, was particularly hungry on all special occasions.

Miss Barker, in her former sphere, had, I daresay, been made acquainted with the beverage they call cherry-brandy. We none of us had ever seen such a thing, and rather shrank back when she proffered it us—'Just a little, leetle glass, ladies; after the oysters and

lobsters, you know. Shell-fish are sometimes thought not very wholesome.' We all shook our heads like female mandarins; but, at last, Mrs Jamieson suffered herself to be persuaded, and we followed her lead. It was not exactly unpalatable, though so hot and so strong that we thought ourselves bound to give evidence that we were not accustomed to such things by coughing terribly—almost as strangely as Miss Barker had done, before we were admitted by Peggy.

'It's very strong,' said Miss Pole, as she put down her empty glass; 'I do believe there's spirit in it.'

'Only a little drop—just necessary to make it keep,' said Miss Barker.

'You know we put brandy-paper over preserves to make them keep. I often feel tipsy myself from eating damson tart.'

I question whether damson tart would have opened Mrs Jamieson's heart as the cherry-brandy did; but she told us of a coming event, respecting which she had been quite silent till that moment.

'My sister-in-law, Lady Glenmire, is coming to stay with me.'

There was a chorus of 'Indeed!' and then a pause. Each one rapidly reviewed her wardrobe, as to its fitness to appear in the presence of a Baron's widow; for, of course, a series of small festivals were always held in Cranford on the arrival of a visitor at any of our friends' houses. We felt very pleasantly excited on the present occasion.

Not long after this the maids and the lanterns were announced. Mrs Jamieson had the sedan chair, which had squeezed itself into Miss Barker's narrow lobby with some difficulty, and most literally 'stopped the way'. It required some skilful manoeuvring on the part of the old chairmen (shoemakers by day, but when summoned to carry the sedan dressed up in a strange old livery—long greatcoats, with small capes, coeval with the sedan, and similar to the dress of the class in Hogarth's pictures) to edge, and back, and try at it again, and finally to succeed in carrying their burden out of Miss Barker's front door. Then we heard their quick pit-a-pat along the quiet little street.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL, from *Cranford*

AN OBLIGING WAITER

'There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?'

I thanked him and said, 'Yes.' Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

'My eye!' he said. 'It seems a good deal, don't it?'

'It does seem a good deal,' I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

'There was a gentleman here yesterday,' he said—'a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?'

'No,' I said, 'I don't think— '

'In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, grey coat, speckled choker,' said the waiter.

'No,' I said bashfully,' I haven't the pleasure— '

'He came in here,' said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, 'ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not —drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact.'

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I have better have some water.

'Why, you see,' said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, 'our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But *I'll* drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?'

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

CHARLES DICKENS, from *David Copperfield*

ENTERTAINING COMPANY

The trouble in civilised life in entertaining company, as it is called too generally without regard to strict veracity, is so great that it cannot but be matter of wonder that people are so fond of attempting it. It is difficult to ascertain what is the *quid pro quo*. If they who give such laborious parties, and who endure such toil and turmoil in the vain hope of giving them successfully, really enjoyed the parties given by others, the matter could be understood. A sense of justice would induce men and women to undergo, in behalf of others, those miseries which others had undergone in their behalf.

But they all profess that going out is as great a bore as receiving; and to look at them when they are out, one cannot but believe them.

Entertain! Who shall have sufficient assurance, who shall feel sufficient confidence in his own powers to dare to boast that he can entertain his company? A clown can sometimes do so, and sometimes a dancer in short petticoats and stuffed pink legs; occasionally, perhaps, a singer. But beyond these, success in this art of entertaining is not often achieved. Young men and girls linking themselves kind with kind, pairing like birds in spring because nature wills it, they, after a simple fashion, do entertain each other. Few others often try.

Ladies, when they open their houses, modestly confessing, it may be presumed, their own incapacity, mainly trust to wax candles and upholstery. Gentlemen seem to rely on their white waistcoats. To these are added, for the delight of the more sensual, champagne and such good things of the table as fashion allows to be still considered as comestible. Even in this respect the world is deteriorating. All the good soups are now tabooed; and at the houses of one's accustomed friends, small barristers, doctors, government clerks, and such like (for we cannot all of us always live as grandees, surrounded by an elysium of livery servants), one gets a cold potato handed to one as a sort of finale to one's slice of mutton. Alas! for those happy days when one could say to one's neighbour, 'Jones, shall I give you some mashed turnip?—may I trouble you for a little cabbage?'

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, from *Barchester Towers*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

The 'Hôtel de France' is in the middle of the long and narrow main street of the little town, opposite the church. It is just a sprawling building, badly in need of a coat of paint. But the good inns of France have all their qualities within; they do not waste money on appearances. First things come first with them, and last things are still a very long way behind. So a hotel which presents a grand façade is always ignored by the discriminating Frenchman.

The 'Hôtel de France' has a pretty courtyard with grape vines clambering up the walls, where you can sit and sip your coffee; a dining-room—but when I come to the dining I am lost in reverie.

Various *hors d'oeuvres*, oysters from the Bay of Biscay, *a Bouchée à la Reine* with olives in it, an *Omelette Parmentier*—but a moment, you are just nibbling so far—a *Poulet à la Diable*, a *Perdrix à la*

Bordelaise, a plate of *Morilles à la crême*—those spongy mushrooms with a subtle flavour—then slowly finish with an *entremet* made by the chef, a ripe piece of Roquefort, and grapes from the courtyard. Drink a bottle of Listrac '28 as you progress through that excellently cooked and balanced repast, eaten in a plain room full of chattering, jovial diners, and then totter out to the courtyard with your coffee—good coffee—and liqueur; certainly a liqueur, a yellow Chartreuse, even if it means having bread and cheese for your lunch tomorrow.

The courtyard is filled with a rosy haze; *cela ne vous étonne pas, Vous êtes sans jambe, sans souci, et sans mémoire des trois mauvaises journées passées. Vous ne pouvez penser qu'aux champs, qu'aux fleurs, qu'aux jolies femmes. La vie vous paraît comme une chose couronnée de roses; vous êtes un roi au doux pays du rêve. Le ciel se farde et le jour s'éteint. Vous dormez, un petit sourire aux lèvres.*

LEN ORTZEN, from *Rue de Paris*

A SUPPER IN ARABIA

The sun went, its gold ribands trailed and died quick as snuffed candles: from the Injit ravine at our feet shadows rose with the climbing night. Through the ocean green of the sky an icy wind came blowing; the food problem grew acute.

The camel-men shivered and gathered by a fire: 'We will be patient,' was all they said. There is a disarming, and also invincible quality, in patience and stupidity combined. But Awwad, gay as ever, trotted about almost naked with his operatic smile, while Qasim, in tennis shoes, dealt with the tea. There were said to be beduin of the Mushajir somewhere in the darkness below; Sayyid 'Ali must get meat from them; he was the villain; it was he who had economized our supper. He sat talking, unconquerably cheerful, while snubs, reprimands and accusations hung about him—and having looked in vain round an unresponsive circle for some victim to send in his stead, girt up his petticoats and went. After a long interval a woman appeared on the shore of the shadows with a bleating kid in her arms. The kid was for me, but there was nothing for the men.

There was an outcry. Gladly would I give my little scapegoat, but it was a mouthful among so many; it trotted downhill again, happy and despised. I now handed the woman two dollars for a bigger

dinner, and again we sat and waited, saying things about 'Ali, warm and well-fed, we supposed, with the beduin harim. . .

I now went to bed to the chant of Ahmed's prayer, his gaunt peasant neck and shoulder statuesque against a sky that held a yellow planet; and when I woke again the moon was high, though not yet high above us, tangled in a samr tree, flooding it in light, shining in a cluster of stars; and there was business going on round the fire. A sheep was cooking. 'Ali thought it pregnant and said it might be bad for me. I decided to risk this, and Qasim soon came along to reassure me and to say that it was merely fat, and reappeared in due time with the liver on a plate, an exquisite meal. I handed out such coats as I could spare in the thin cold air, and fell asleep again not far from the crackling fire, wondering with a pleasant gratitude at the general courage and gaiety of men in a hard and beautiful world.

FREYA STARK, from *A Winter in Arabia*

II. FOOD FOR THE MIND

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS

HERMES GOES TO CALYPSO'S ISLAND

He stoopt Piérea, and thence
Glid through the air; and Neptune's confluence

Kist as he flew, and checkt the waves as light
As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
Her thick wings soucing in the savoury seas.
Like her he pass'd a world of wilderness;
But when the far-off isle he toucht, he went
Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reacht the ample cavern of the Queen;
Whom he within found, without, seldom seen.
A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame;
The matter precious, and divine the flame.
Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breathed an odour round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars crown'd.
Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bitterns bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread.
All fowls maritimal; none roosted there
But those whose labours in the waters were.
A vine did all the hollow cave embrace;
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
Four fountains one against another poured
Their silver streams; and meadows all enflower'd
With sweet balm-gentle and blue violets hid,
That deckt the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should any one (though he immortal were)
Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them and be over-joyed;
And so stood Hermes' ravisht powers employed.

HOMER, from *Odyssey*, Bk. V
translation: George Chapman

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Aegaean isle forgets the main,

And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

ANDREW LANG

ULYSSES' VOYAGE TO PHAEACIA

Now the lord, the shaker of the earth, on his way from the Ethiopians espied him afar off from the mountains of the Solymi: even thence he saw Odysseus as he sailed over the deep; and he was mightily angered in spirit, and shaking his head he communed with his own heart. 'Lo now, it must be that the gods at the last have changed their purpose concerning Odysseus, while I was away among the Ethiopians. And now he is nigh to the Phaeacian land, where it is ordained that he escape the great issues of the woe which hath come upon him. But, methinks, that even yet I will drive him far enough in the path of suffering.'

With that he gathered the clouds and troubled the waters of the deep, grasping his trident in his hands; and he roused all storms of all manner of winds, and shrouded in clouds the land and sea: and down sped night from heaven. The East Wind and the South Wind clashed, and the stormy West, and the North, that is born in the bright air, rolling onward a great wave. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened and his heart melted... For two nights and two days he was wandering in the swell of the sea, and much his heart boded of death. But when at last the fair-tressed Dawn brought the full light of the third day, thereafter the breeze fell, and lo, there was a breathless calm, and with a quick glance ahead (he being up-borne on a great wave), he saw the land very near. And even as when most welcome to his children is the sight of a father's life, who lies in sickness and strong pains long wasting away, some angry god assailing him; and to their delight the gods have loosed him from his trouble; so welcome to Odysseus showed land and wood; and he swam onward being eager to set foot on the strand. But when he was within

earshot of the shore, and heard now the thunder of the sea against the reefs—for the great wave crashed against the dry land belching in terrible wise, and all was covered with foam of the sea—for there were no harbours for ships nor shelters, but jutting headlands and reefs and cliffs. . . There of a truth would the luckless Odysseus have perished beyond that which was ordained, had not the grey-eyed Athene given him sure counsel. He rose from the line of the breakers that belch upon the shore, and swam outside, ever looking landwards, to find, if he might, spits that take the waves aslant, and havens of the sea. But when he came in his swimming over against the mouth of a fair-flowing river, whereby the place seemed best in his eyes, smooth of rocks, and withal there was a covert from the wind, Odysseus felt the river running, and prayed to him in his heart:

'Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art; unto thee am I come, as to one to whom a prayer is made, while I flee the rebukes of Poseidon from the deep. Yea, reverend even to the deathless gods is that man who comes as a wanderer, even as I now have come to thy stream and to thy knees after much travail. Nay pity me, O king; for I avow myself thy suppliant.'

So spake he, and the god straightway stayed his stream and withheld his waves, and made the water smooth before him, and brought him safely to the mouths of the river. . . Then Odysseus turned from the river, and fell back in the reeds, and kissed earth, the grain-giver, and heavily he spake unto his own brave spirit:

'Ah, woe is me! what is to betide me? what shall happen unto me at the last? If I watch in the river bed all through the careful night, I fear that the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me, as I breathe forth my life for faintness, for the river breeze blows cold betimes in the morning. But if I climb the hill-side up to the shady wood, and there take rest in the thickets, though perchance the cold and weariness leave hold of me, and sweet sleep may come over me, I fear lest of wild beasts I become the spoil and prey.'

So as he thought thereon this seemed to him the better way. He went up to the wood, and found it nigh the water in a place of wide prospect. So he crept beneath twin bushes that grew from one stem, both olive trees, one of them wild olive. Through these the force of the wet winds blew never, neither did the bright sun light on it with his rays, nor could the rain pierce through, so close were they twined either to other; and thereunder crept Odysseus, and anon he heaped together with his hands a broad couch; for of fallen leaves there was great plenty, enough to cover two or three men in

winter time, however hard the weather. And the steadfast goodly Odysseus beheld it and rejoiced, and he laid him in the midst thereof and flung over him the fallen leaves. And as when a man hath hidden away a brand in the black embers at an upland farm, one that hath no neighbours nigh, and so saveth the seed of fire, that he may not have to seek a light otherwhere, even so did Odysseus cover him with the leaves. And Athene shed sleep upon his eyes, that so it might soon release him from his weary travail, overshadowing his eyelids.

HOMER, from *Odyssey*, Bk. V
translation: Butcher and Lang

SUMMER IN SICILY

I, and Eucritus and the fair Amyntichus, turned aside into the house of Phrasidamus, and lay down with delight in beds of sweet tamarisk and fresh cuttings from the vines, strewn on the ground. Many poplars and elm-trees were waving over our heads, and not far off the running of the sacred water from the cave of the nymphs warbled to us; in the shimmering branches the sun-burnt grasshoppers were busy with their talk, and from afar the little owl cried softly out of the tangled thorns of the blackberry; the larks were singing and the hedge-birds, and the turtle-dove moaned; the bees flew round and round the fountains, murmuring softly; the scent of late summer and the fall of the year was everywhere; the pears fell from the trees at our feet, and apples in number rolled down at our sides, and the young plum-trees were bent to the earth with the weight of their fruit.

THEOCRITUS, from *Idyll* VII
translation: Walter Pater

SOME NOBLE ROMANS

I. CAMILLUS AND THE SCHOOLMASTER

The Falerians, trusting in the situation of their city, which was very strong in all parts, made so little account of the siege, that those which kept not watch upon the walls walked up and down in their gowns in the city without any weapon about them, and their children went to school. The schoolmaster also would commonly lead them abroad out of the city awalking, to play and pass the time by the town walls. For the whole city had one common schoolmaster,

as the Grecians also have, which do bring up their children from little ones in company together, because one may be familiarly acquainted with another. This schoolmaster, spying his time to do the Falerians a shrewd turn, did accustomably take all his scholars out of the city with him to play, not far from the walls at the beginning, and afterwards brought them into the city again after they had played their fill. Now, after he had led them abroad thus once or twice, he trained them out every day a little further, to make them to be bold, persuading them there was no danger. But at the length, one day having gotten all the citizens' children with him, he led them within the watch of the Romans' camp, and there delivered all his scholars into their hands, and prayed them they would bring him unto their general. So they did. And when he came before Camillus, he began to tell him that he was schoolmaster unto all these children, nevertheless he did more esteem to have his grace and favour than regard his office he had by this name and title. Camillus, hearing what he said and beholding his treacherous part, he said to those that were about him: 'War of itself is surely an evil thing, for in wars many injuries and mischiefs are done; nevertheless among good men there is a law and discipline which doth forbid them to seek victory by wicked and traitorous means, and that a noble and worthy general should make war and procure victory by trusting to his own valiantness and not by another's vileness and villainy.'

Therefore he commanded his sergeants to tear the clothes off the back of this vile schoolmaster, and that they should give the children rods and whips in their hands to whip the traitor back again into the city, that had thus betrayed them and grieved their parents.

Now when the Falerians heard news that the schoolmaster had thus betrayed them, all the city fell a-weeping (as every man may think for so great a loss), and men and women ran together, one in another's neck, to the town walls and gates of the city like people out of their wits, they were so troubled. When they came thither they saw their children bringing their schoolmaster back again, stark naked and bound, whipping of him, and calling Camillus their father, their god, and their saviour; so that not only the fathers and mothers of the children, but all other the citizens also in general, did conceive in themselves a wonderful admiration and great love of the wisdom, goodness, and justice of Camillus. So that even presently they called a council, and there it was concluded they should send ambassadors forthwith unto him, to put their lives and goods to his mercy and favour.

2. CATO AND MANIUS CURIUS

Now it fortuned that Manius Curius the Roman, who had triumphed thrice, had a pretty house and land hard by Cato, where he kept in times past, which Cato for a walk would visit oft. And he considering how little land he had to his house, and what a little house he had withal, and how poorly it was built, wondered with himself what manner of man Curius had been, that having been the greatest man of Rome in his time, and having subdued the mightiest nations and people of all Italy and driven king Pyrrhus also out of the same—yet himself with his own hands did manure that little patch of ground and dwell in so poor and small a farm. Whither notwithstanding, after his three triumphs, the Samnites sent their ambassadors to visit him, who found him by the fire's side seething of parsnips, and presented him a marvellous deal of gold from their state and commonalty. But Curius returned them again with their gold, and told them that such as were contented with that supper had no need of gold nor silver; and that, for his part, he thought it greater honour to command them that had gold than to have it himself. Cato, remembering these things to himself, went home again and began to think upon his house, of his living, of his family and servants, and also of his expenses, and to cut off all superfluous charges, and fell himself to labour with his own hands more than ever he had done before.

3. JULIUS CAESAR AT THE RUBICON

At night he went into his lodging, and bathing his body a little, came afterwards into the hall amongst them, and made merry with them a while, whom he had bidden to supper. Then when it was well forward night and very dark, he rose from the table and prayed his company to be merry and no man to stir, for he would straight come to them again. Howbeit he had secretly commanded a few of his trustiest friends to follow him, not all together but some one way and some another way. He himself in the meantime took a coach he had hired, and made as though he would have gone some other way at the first; but suddenly he turned back again towards the city of Ariminum. When he was come unto the little river of Rubicon, which divideth Gaul on this side the Alps from Italy, he stayed upon a sudden. For the nearer he came to execute his purpose the more remorse he had in his conscience, to think what an enterprise

he took in hand; and his thoughts also fell out more doubtful when he entered into consideration of the desperateness of his attempt. So he fell into many thoughts with himself, and spake never a word, waving sometime one way, sometime another way; and oftentimes changed his determination contrary to himself. So did he talk much also with his friends he had with him, amongst whom was Asinius Pollio, telling them what mischiefs the beginning of this passage over that river would breed in the world, and how much their posterity and them that lived after them would speak of it in time to come. But at length, casting from him with a noble courage all those perilous thoughts to come, and speaking these words which valiant men commonly say that attempt dangerous and desperate enterprises, 'A desperate man feareth no danger—come on!' he passed over the river; and when he was come over, he ran with his coach and never stayed, so that before daylight he was within the city of Ariminum, and took it.

PLUTARCH, from *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*
translation: Sir Thomas North, 1579

A WORLD UPTORN

Gods of my country, Heroes of the land, thou Romulus, and thou Vesta, our mother, that guardest Tuscan Tiber and the Palatine of Rome, at least stay not this young prince from aiding a world uptorn! Enough has our life-blood long atoned for Laomedon's perjury at Troy; enough have Heaven's courts long grudged thee, O Caesar, to us, murmuring that thou payest heed to earthly triumphs! For here are right and wrong inverted; so many wars overrun the world, so many are the shapes of sin; the plough meets not its honour due; our lands, robbed of the tillers, lie waste, and the crooked pruning-hooks are forged into stiff swords. Here Euphrates, there Germany, awakes war; neighbour cities break the leagues that bound them and draw the sword; throughout the world rages the god of unholy strife: even as when from the barriers the chariots stream forth, round after round they speed, and the driver, tugging vainly at the reins, is borne along by the steeds, and the car heeds not the curb.

VIRGIL, *Georgics*, I
translation: H. Rushton Fairclough—Loeb Classical Library

A BITHYNIAN HOLIDAY RESORT

(Fourth century)

The sea is about three miles off; so the place is not disturbed by traders and sailors with their insolent chatter. Yet the favours of Nereus [1] attend it; for the supply of fish is constant. They arrive, indeed, fresh and gasping. If you walk to the top of a hill near this house, you will behold the sea, Propontis, and the islands, and also the city[2] that bears the noble Emperor's name. And there you will not stand on sea-weed or among brambles; nor will you be annoyed by the rubbish and filth which people throw on the seashore, which is always unpleasant and often unmentionable. No, indeed. You will stand on smilax, and thyme, and fragrant grass. It is very peaceful to lie there with a book, and rest your eyes at times by gazing at the ships and the sea. When I was a boy I used to think this was the most delightful place for a summer holiday; for it has excellent springs, a charming bath, and a garden full of shady trees. When I grew up I visited the place often, and there I have enjoyed many a talk about books. The little vineyard is a humble monument of my husbandry. The wine it produces is sweet and fragrant, and does not ask for time to improve its flavour.

THE EMPEROR JULIAN, from a letter to Evagrius, 362 A.D.
translation: A. S.

A FLORENTINE EXODUS

In the year of our Lord 1348, that memorable mortality happened in the excellent City, far beyond the rest of Italy; which plague, by operation of the superior bodies, or rather for our enormous iniquities, by the just anger of God was sent upon us mortals.

Our City being in this case, it came to pass (as afterward I understood by some of good credit) that to the venerable Church of S. Maria la Nuova, on a Tuesday morning after the hearing of divine Service, there repaired seven discreet young Gentlewomen, all allied together either by friendship, neighbourhood, or parentage. She among them that was most entered into years exceeded not eight-and-twenty, and the youngest was no less than eighteen; all being of Noble descent, of fair form, and adorned with exquisite behaviour and gracious modesty.

[1] father of the sea-nymphs. [2] Constantinople.

Their names I could report, if just occasion did not forbid it, because times hereafter shall not tax them with reproof, the laws of pleasure being more straited now-a-days than at that time they were, not only to their years but to many much riper. Neither will I likewise minister matter to rash heads (over-ready in censuring commendable life) any way to impair the honesty of Ladies by their idle detracting speeches. And therefore to the end that what each of them saith may be comprehended without confusion, I purpose to style them by names wholly agreeing or in part conformable to their qualities. The first and most aged we will name Pampinea, the second Fiametta, the third Philomena, the fourth Amelia, the fifth Lauretta, the sixth Neiphila, and the last we term (not without occasion) Elissa, or Eliza.

All of them being assembled at a corner of the Church, not by any deliberation formerly appointed but merely by accident, and sitting as it were in a round ring; after divers sighs severally delivered they conferred on sundry matters answerable to the sad quality of the time, and within a while after Madam Pampinea began in this manner:

'Fair Ladies, you may (no doubt as well as I) have often heard that no injury is offered to any one by such as make use but of their own right. It is a thing natural for every one which is born in this World to aid conserve and defend her life so long as she can. Wherefore, to the end that we fall not into any such danger whence we cannot recover ourselves by any means, I think it meet that all of us (as we are shunning death by the honest example of other) make our retreat to our Country houses, wherewith all of us are sufficiently furnished, and there to delight ourselves as best we may, yet without transgressing the limits of reason. There shall we hear the pretty birds sweetly singing, see the hills and plains verdantly flowering, the Corn waving in the field like the billows of the Sea, infinite store of goodly trees, and the sky more fairly open to us than here we can behold it. And although the Heavens are justly displeased, yet will they not there deny us better beauties to gaze on than the walls of our City, emptied of inhabitants, can afford us. Moreover the air is more fresh and clear, and there is far greater abundance of all things needful for preservation of our health than we find here. And see how graciously Fortune is favourable to our beginning by presenting our eyes with three so wise and worthy young Gentlemen, who will gladly be our guides and servants, if we do not disdain them the office.'

On the morrow, being Wednesday, about break of day, the Ladies with certain of their attending Gentlewomen and the three

Gentlemen, having three servants to wait on them, left the City to begin their journey; and having travelled about a league's distance, arrived at the place of their first purpose of stay, which was seated on a little hill distant from any highway and plentifully stored with fair spreading trees affording no mean delight to the eye. On the top of all stood a stately Palace, having a large and spacious Court in the midst round engirt with Galleries, Halls and Chambers. Nor was there any want of Gardens, Meadows, and most pleasant Walks, with Wells and Springs of fair running waters, all encompassed with branching Vines.

This Palace the company found fully fitted and prepared, the beds in the Chambers made and daintily ordered, thickly strewed with variety of flowers, which could not but give them the greater contentment.

Dioneus, who was a pleasant young gallant and full of infinite witty conceits, said:

'Your wit, fair Ladies, hath better guided us hither than our providence. I know not how you have determined to dispose of your cares. As for mine own, I left them at the City gate when I came thence with you; and therefore let your resolution be to spend the time here in smiles and singing, or else give me leave to go seek my sorrows again, and so to remain discontented in our desolate City.'

Madam Pampinea, having in like manner shaken off her sorrows, delivering a modest and bashful smile, replied in this manner:

'Dioneus, you have well spoken. It is fit to live merrily; and no other occasion made us forsake the sick and sad City.'

Madam Pampinea was chosen Queen for the first day; and the jocund company having received licence from their Queen to disport themselves, the Gentlemen walked with the Ladies into a goodly Garden, making Chaplets and Nosegays of divers flowers, and singing silently to themselves. When they had spent the time limited by the Queen, they returned to the house; and when they entered into the Hall they saw the Tablets covered with delicate white Napery and the glasses looking like silver, they were so transparently clear. When every one was seated at the Table, the viands (delicately served) were brought in and excellent wines plentifully delivered.

Dinner being ended and the Tables withdrawn, the Queen commanded that divers Instruments should be brought; and Dioneus took a Lute and Fiametta a Viol de Gamba, and began to play an excellent dance. Whereupon the Queen with the rest of the Ladies and the other two young Gentlemen (having sent their attending

servants to dinner) paced forth a dance very majestically. And when the dance was ended, they sung sundry excellent Canzonets, outwearing the time, until the Queen commanded them all to rest, because the hour did necessarily require it. The Gentlemen had their Chambers curiously strewed with flowers, their beds being adorned in exquisite manner; and those of the Ladies were not a jot inferior. The silence of the night bestowed sweet rest on them all.

BOCCACCIO, from *Il Decameron*
translation: Anon., 1620, revised and abridged

A GOOD QUEEN

(*Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III*)

While the noble men of France were assembled before Tornehen, of whom the duke of Burgundy was chief and sovereign, and the duke of Lancaster with the Englishmen on the other part, there fell in England a heavy case and a common; howbeit it was right piteous for the king, his children, and all his realm. For the good queen of England, that so many good deeds had done in her time, and so many knights succoured and ladies and damsels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goods to her people, and naturally loved always the nation of Hainault, the country whereas she was born, she fell sick in the castle of Windsor, the which sickness continued on her so long that there was no remedy but death. And the good lady, when she knew and perceived that there was with her no remedy but death, she desired to speak with the king her husband. And when he was before her, she put out of bed her right hand and took the king by his right hand, who was right sorrowful at his heart. Then she said, 'Sir, we have in peace, joy, and great prosperity, used all our time together: Sir, I now pray you at our departing that ye will grant me three desires.' The king, right sorrowfully weeping, said, 'Madam, desire what ye will, I will grant it.'

'Sir,' said she, 'I require you first of all, that all manner of people such as I have dealt withal in their merchandise, on this side the sea or beyond, that it may please you to pay every thing that I owe to them or to any other. And secondly, Sir, all such ordinances and promises as I have made to the churches, as well of this country as beyond the sea, whereas I have had my devotion, that it may please you to accomplish and to fulfil the same. Thirdly, Sir, I require you that it may please you to take none other sepulture, when-

soever it shall please God to call you out of this transitory life, but beside me in Westminster.'

The king, all weeping, said, 'Madam, I grant all your desire.'

Then the good lady and queen made on her the sign of the cross and commended the king her husband to God, and her youngest son Thomas who was there beside her. And anon after she yielded up the spirit, the which I believe surely the holy angels received with great joy up to heaven; for in all her life she did neither in thought nor deed any thing whereby to lose her soul, as far as any creature could know. Thus the good queen of England died, in the year of Our Lord 1369, in the Vigil of Our Lady, in the midst of August. Of whose death tidings came to Tornehen into the English host, whereof every creature was sore displeased and right sorrowful, and specially her son the duke of Lancaster.

JEAN FROISSART, from *Chronicle*
translation: Lord Berners, 1523

THE SPANISH MAIN

We passed up the river with the flood, and anchored the ebb; and in this sort we went onward. We passed the most beautiful country that ever mine eyes beheld. And whereas all that we had seen before was nothing but woods, prickles, bushes, and thorns, here we beheld plains of twenty miles in length, the grass short and green, and in divers parts groves of trees by themselves, as if they had been by all the art and labour of the world so made of purpose. And still as we rowed the deer came down feeding by the water's side, as if they had been used to a keeper's call. Upon this river there were great store of fowl, and of many sorts: we saw in it divers sorts of strange fishes, and of marvellous bigness; but for largartos [1] it exceeded, for there were thousands of those ugly serpents.

When we ran to the tops of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters, which ran down Caroli, and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts, about twenty miles off. And there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower, which fell with that fury that the rebound of waters made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain. And in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town. For mine own part I was well per-

[1] alligators.

suaded from thence to have returned, being a very ill footman; but the rest were all so desirous to go near the said strange thunder of waters, as they drew me on little by little, till we came into the next valley, where we might better discern the same.

I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects, hills so raised here and there over the valleys, the river winding into divers branches, the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass, the ground of hard sand easy to march on, either for horse or foot, the deer crossing every path, the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes, cranes and herons of white, crimson and carnation perching on the river's side, the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone that we stooped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion.

It was now time to return towards the North, and we found it a wearisome way back. All the night it was stormy and dark, and full of thunder and great showers, so as we were driven to keep close by the banks in our small boats, being all heartily afraid both of the billow and the terrible current of the river. To speak of what passed homeward were tedious, either to describe or name any of the rivers, islands, or villages of the Tivitivas which dwell on trees. We will leave all those to the general map. And to be short, when we arrived at the sea side, then grew our greatest doubt and the bitterest of all our journey fore-past; for I protest before God that we were in a most desperate state. For the same night which we anchored in the mouth of the river of Capuri, where it falleth into the sea, there arose a mighty storm, and the river's mouth was at least a league broad; so as we ran before night close under the land with our small boats, and brought the galley as near as we could. But she had as much ado to live as could be, and there wanted little of her sinking, and all those in her. For mine own part, I was very doubtful which way to take: either to go over in the pestered galley, there being but six foot water over the sands for two leagues together, and that also in the channel, and she drew five; or to adventure, in so great a billow and so doubtful weather, to cross the seas in my barge. The longer we tarried the worse it was; and therefore I took Captain Gifford, Captain Calfield, and my cousin Greenvile into my barge; and after it cleared up about midnight we put ourselves to God's keeping, and thrust out into the sea, leaving the galley at anchor, who durst not adventure but by daylight.

And so, being all very sober and melancholy, one faintly cheering another to show courage, it pleased God that the next day about nine

of the clock we descried the Island of Trinedado, and steering for the nearest part of it we kept the shore till we came to Curiapan, where we found our ships at anchor, than which there was never to us a more joyful sight.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, from *The Discovery of Guiana* 1596, abridged

ENGLISH LIBERTY

(*A Letter to the Long Parliament*)

This is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth—that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for. To which if I now manifest, by the very sound of this which I shall utter, that we are already in good part arrived, and yet from such a steep disadvantage of tyranny and superstition grounded into our principles as was beyond the manhood of a Roman recovery, it will be attributed first, as is most due, to the strong assistance of God our deliverer, next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom, Lords and Commons of England...

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom that Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil, As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continuance to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not

innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. . .

Lords and Commons of England, consider what Nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. . . Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks—methinks I see her as an eagle mewing [1] her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms. . . The temple of Janus with his two controversial faces might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple. Who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

MILTON, from *Areopagitica*, 1644

AN ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE

I. HUNTING AT MERLOU

(1608)

The brave Constable in France testifying now more than formerly his regard of me, at his departure from Merlou to his fair house at Chantilly, five or six miles distant, said he left that castle to be commanded by me, as also his forests and chases, which were well stored with wild boar and stag; and that I might hunt them when I pleased.

The Duke of Montmorency having given orders to the tenants of the town of Merlou, and some villages adjoining, to attend me when I went a-hunting, they, upon my summons, usually repaired to those woods where I intended to find my game, with drums and muskets, to the number of sixty or eighty, and sometimes one hundred or more persons; they entering the wood on that side with noise, discharging their pieces and beating their said drums, we on

[1] renewing.

the other side of the said wood having placed mastiffs and greyhounds to the number of twenty or thirty, which Monsieur de Montmorency kept near his castle, expected those beasts they should force out of the wood. If stags or wild boars came forth, we commonly spared them, pursuing only the wolves, which were there in great number, of which are found two sorts; the mastiff wolf, thick and short, though he could not indeed run fast, yet would fight with our dogs; the greyhound wolf, long and swift, who many times escaped our best dogs, although when he was overtaken, easily killed by us, without making much resistance. Of both these sorts I killed divers with my sword, while I stayed there.

2. AN INCIDENT IN THE TUILERIES

(1619)

It happened one day that I being ready to return from the Tuileries, about eight of the clock in the summer, with intention to write a despatch to the King about some intelligence I had received there, the Queen,[1] attended with her principal ladies, without so much as one cavalier, did enter the garden. I staid on one side of an alley, there to do my reverence to her and the rest, and so return to my house, when the Queen perceiving me, staid a while, as if she expected I should attend her. But as I stirred not more than to give her that great respect I owed her, the Princess of Conti, who was next, called me to her and said I must go along with her; but I excusing myself upon occasion of a present despatch which I was to make unto his Majesty, the Duchess of Antidor, who followed her, came up to me and said I must not refuse her. Whereupon, leading her by her arms, according to the manner of that country, the Princess of Conti, offended that I had denied her that civility which I had yielded to another, took me off after she had demanded the consent of the Duchess. But the Queen also staying, I left the Princess and with all due humility went to the Queen and led her by the arms, walking thus to a place in the garden where some orange trees grew; and here discoursing with her Majesty bareheaded, some small shot fell on both our heads. The occasion whereof was this: the King being in the garden and shooting at a bird in the air, which he did with much perfection, the descent of his shot fell just upon us. The Queen was much startled herewith, when I, coming nearer to her, demanded whether she had received any harm; to which she answer-

[1] Anne of Austria.

ing no, and therewith taking two or three small pellets from her hair, it was thought fit to send a gardener to the King to tell him that her Majesty was there and that he should shoot no more that way. Which was no sooner heard among the nobles that attended him but many of them leaving him came to the Queen and ladies, among whom was Monsieur le Grand, who, finding the Queen still discoursing with me, stole behind her, and letting fall gently some comfits he had in his pocket upon the Queen's hair, gave her occasion to apprehend that some shot had fallen on her again. Turning hereupon to Monsieur le Grand, I said that I marvelled that so old a courtier as he was could find no means to entertain ladies but by making them afraid. But the Queen shortly after returning to her lodging, I took my leave of her, and came home.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, from *Autobiography*

A LOVER OF ENGLAND

Our Trimmer is far from Idolatry in other things, in one thing only he cometh near it, his country is in some degree his idol; he doth not worship the sun, because 'tis not peculiar to us, it rambles about the world, and is less kind to us than others; but for the earth of England, though perhaps inferior to that of many places abroad, to him there is divinity in it, and he would rather die than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser. He thinketh there are a great many of his mind, for all plants are apt to taste of the soil in which they grow, and we that grow here have a root that produceth in us a stalk of English juice, which is not to be changed by grafting or foreign infusion.

GEORGE SAVILE, FIRST MARQUESS OF HALIFAX, from *The Character of a Trimmer*

CRUSOE MAKES THE BEST OF IT

I was removed from all the Wickedness of the World here. I had neither the *Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eye, or the Pride of Life.* I had nothing to covet; for I had all that I was now capable of enjoying: I was Lord of the whole Manor; or if I pleased, I might call myself King, or Emperor over the whole Country which I had Possession of. There were no Rivals: I had no Competitor, none to dispute Sovereignty or Command with me. I might have raised Ship Loadings of Corn; but I had no use for it; so I let as little grow as I

thought enough for my Occasion. I had Tortoise or Turtles enough; but now and then one was as much as I could put to any use. I had Timber enough to build a Fleet of Ships. I had Grapes enough to have made Wine, or to have cured into Raisins, to have loaded that Fleet when they had been built.

But all I could make use of was all that was valuable. I had enough to eat, and to supply my Wants, and what was all the rest to me? If I killed more Flesh than I could eat, the Dog must eat it, or the Vermin. If I sowed more Corn than I could eat, it must be spoiled. The Trees that I cut down were lying to rot on the Ground: I could make no more use of them than for Fuel; and that I had no Occasion for but to dress my Food.

In a Word, the Nature and Experience of Things dictated to me upon just Reflection that all the good Things of this World are no farther good to us than they are for our Use; and that, whatever we may heap up indeed to give others, we enjoy just as much as we can use and no more. The most covetous griping Miser in the World would have been cured of the Vice of covetousness, if he had been in my Case; for I possess'd infinitely more than I knew what to do with. I had no room for Desire, except it was of Things which I had not; and they were but Trifles, though indeed of great Use to me. I had, as I hinted before, a Parcel of Money, as well Gold as Silver, about thirty-six Pounds Sterling. Alas! There the nasty sorry useless stuff lay; I had no manner of Business for it; and I often thought with myself that I would have given a Handful of it for a Gross of Tobacco Pipes, or a Hand-Mill to grind my Corn; nay I would have given it all for Sixpennyworth of *Turnip* and *Carrot* Seed out of *England*, or for a Handful of *Pease* and *Beans* and a Bottle of Ink. *As it was*, I had not the least Advantage by it, or Benefit from it; but there it lay in a Drawer and grew mouldy with the Damp of the Cave, in the wet Season; and if I had had the Drawer full of Diamonds, it had been the same Case; and they had been of no manner of Value to me, because of no Use.

I had now brought my State of Life to be much easier in itself than it was at first, and much easier to my Mind, as well as to my Body. I frequently sat down to my Meat with Thankfulness, and admir'd the Hand of God's Providence, which had thus spread my Table in the Wilderness. I learned to look more upon the bright Side of my Condition, and less upon the dark Side; and to consider what I enjoy'd, rather than what I wanted; and this gave me sometimes such secret Comforts that I cannot express them; and which I take notice of here, to put those discontented People in Mind of it, who

cannot enjoy comfortably what God has given them; because they see and covet something that he has not given them: All our discontents about what we want appear'd to me to spring from the want of Thankfulness for what we have.

Another Reflection was of great Use to me, and doubtless would be so to any one that should fall into such Distress as mine was; and this was, to compare my present Condition with what I at first expected it should be; nay, with what it would certainly have been, if the good Providence of God had not wonderfully order'd the Ship to be cast up nearer to the Shore, where I not only could come at her, but could bring what I got out of her to the Shore, for my Relief and Comfort; without which I had wanted for Tools to work, Weapons for Defence, or Gunpowder and Shot for getting my Food.

I spent whole Hours, I may say whole Days, in representing to myself in the most lively Colours how I must have acted, if I had got nothing out of the Ship. How I could not have so much as got any Food, except Fish and Turtles; and that, as it was long before I found any of them, I must have perished first. That I should have lived, if I had not perished, like a mere Savage. That if I had killed a Goat, or a Fowl, by any Contrivance, I had no way to flay or open them, or part the flesh from the skin and the Bowels, or to cut it up; but must gnaw it with my Teeth, and pull it with my Claws like a Beast.

These Reflections made me very sensible of the Goodness of Providence to me, and very thankful for my present Condition, with all its Hardships and Misfortunes. And this Part also I cannot but recommend to the Reflection of those who are apt in their Misery to say, *Is any Affliction like mine*! Let them consider, How much worse the Cases of some People are, and their Case might have been, if Providence had thought fit.

DANIEL DEFOE, from *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719

ANXIETY IN LAPUTA

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies—for instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must, in the course of time, be absorbed, or swallowed up; that the

face of the sun will, by degrees, be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world; that the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For if, in its perihelion, it should approach within a certain degree of the sun (as by their calculations they have reason to dread), it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red hot glowing iron; and, in its absence from the sun, carrying a blazing trail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes—that the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehension of these, and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet.

JONATHAN SWIFT, from *Gulliver's Travels*

DOCTOR JOHNSON IN THE WESTERN ISLES

(1773)

The evening was now approaching, and we were yet at a considerable distance from the end of our expedition. We could, therefore, stop no more to make remarks in the way, but set forward with some degree of eagerness. The day soon failed us, and the moon presented a very solemn and pleasing scene. The sky was clear, so that the eye commanded a wide circle: the sea was neither still nor turbulent; the wind neither silent nor loud. We were never far from one coast or another, on which, if the weather had become violent, we could have found shelter, and, therefore, contemplated at ease the region through which we glided in the tranquillity of the night, and saw now a rock, and now an island, grow gradually conspicuous, and gradually obscure. . .

At last we came to Icolmkill, but found no convenience for landing. Our boat could not be forced very near the dry ground, and our Highlanders carried us over the water.

We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, from *A Journey to the Western Islands*

THE SONS OF ENGLAND

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows on every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you... Deny them this participation of freedom and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office and your instructions and your suspending clauses are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their

life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine then that it is the Land Tax which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! Surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

EDMUND BURKE, from a speech in the House of Commons on Conciliation with America, 1775

PAINTING AND GLAZING

To the Rev. William Unwin

May 3, 1784

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The subject of face-painting may be considered (I think) in two points of view. First, there is room for dispute with respect to the consistency of the practice with good morals; and secondly, whether it be on the whole convenient or not, may be a matter worthy of agitation. I set out with all the formality of logical disquisition, but do not promise to observe the same regularity any further than it may comport with my purpose of writing as fast as I can.

As to the immorality of the custom, were I in France, I should see none. On the contrary, it seems in that country to be a symptom of modest consciousness, and a tacit confession of what all know to be true, that French faces have in fact neither red nor white of their own. This humble acknowledgment of defect looks the more like a virtue, being found among a people not remarkable for humility. Again, before we can prove the practice to be immoral, we must prove immorality in the design of those who use it; either that they intend a deception, or to kindle unlawful desires in the beholders. But the French ladies, so far as their purpose comes in question, must be acquitted of both these charges. Nobody supposes their

colour to be natural for a moment, any more than if it were blue or green. And this unambiguous judgment of the matter is owing to two causes—first, to the universal knowledge we have that the French women are naturally brown or yellow, with very few exceptions, and secondly, to the inartificial manner in which they paint; for they do not, as I am most satisfactorily informed, even attempt an imitation of nature, but besmear themselves hastily and at a venture, anxious only to lay on enough. Where therefore there is no wanton intention, nor a wish to deceive, I can discover no immorality. But in England (I am afraid) our painted ladies are not clearly entitled to the same apology. They even imitate nature with such exactness that the whole public is sometimes divided into parties, who litigate with great warmth the question—whether painted or not? This was remarkably the case with a Miss B, whom I well remember. Her roses and lilies were never discovered to be spurious till she attained an age that made the supposition of their being natural impossible. This anxiety to be not merely red and white, which is all they aim at in France, but to be thought very beautiful, and much more beautiful than nature has made them, is a symptom not very favourable to the idea we would wish to entertain of the chastity, purity, and modesty of our country-women. That they are guilty of a design to deceive is certain. Otherwise, why so much art? and if to deceive, wherefore and with what purpose? Certainly either to gratify vanity of the silliest kind, or, which is still more criminal, to decoy and inveigle and carry on more successfully the business of temptation. Here therefore my opinion splits itself into two opposite sides upon the same question. I can suppose a Frenchwoman, though painted an inch deep, to be a virtuous, discreet, excellent character; and in no instance should I think the worse of one because she was painted. But an English belle must pardon me, if I have not the same charity for her. She is at least an impostor, whether she cheats me or not, because she means to do so; and it is well if that be all the censure she deserves.

This brings me to my second class of ideas upon this topic; and here I feel that I should be fearfully puzzled, were I called upon to recommend the practice on the score of convenience. If a husband chose that his wife should paint, perhaps it might be her duty, as well as her interest, to comply. But I think he would not consult his own, for reasons that will follow. In the first place, she would admire herself the more; and in the next, if she managed the matter well, she might be more admired by others—an acquisition that might bring her virtue under trials to which otherwise it might not have been

exposed. In no other case however can I imagine the practice in this country to be either expedient or convenient. As a general one, it certainly is not expedient, because in general English women have no occasion for it. A swarthy complexion is a rarity here; and the sex, especially since inoculation has been so much in use, have very little cause to complain that nature has not been kind to them in the article of complexion. They may hide and spoil a good one, but they cannot (at least they hardly can) give themselves a better. . . Such are my thoughts upon the matter.

Vive valeque! Yours ever

W. C.

September 21, 1779

AMICO MIO,

Be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two frames designed to receive my pine plants. But I cannot mend the kitchen windows till by the help of that implement I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may come, when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese, of ten times my fortune, would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China? Rousseau would have been charmed to have seen me so occupied, and would have exclaimed with rapture that he had found the Emilius who (he supposed) had subsisted only in his own idea. I would recommend you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task, and may not only amuse yourself at home, but may even exercise your skill in mending the church windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce together with your other ministerial accomplishments to make you extremely popular in the place.

I have eight pair of tame pigeons. When I first enter the garden in a morning, I find them perched upon the wall, waiting for their breakfast; for I feed them always upon the gravel walk. If your wish should be accomplished, and you should find yourself furnished with the wings of a dove, I shall undoubtedly find you amongst them. Only be so good, if that should be the case, to announce your-

self by some means or other. For I imagine your crop will require something better than tares to fill it.

Your mother and I last week made a trip in a post chaise to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant on purpose to inform me that he was going into Leicestershire, and that, if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there. The situation is happy, the gardens elegantly disposed, the hot-house in the most flourishing state, and the orange trees the most captivating creatures of the kind I ever saw. A man, in short, had need have the talents of Cox or Langford, the auctioneers, to do the whole scene justice.

Our love attends you all. Yours

W. C.

WILLIAM COWPER, from Correspondence

PICTURES OF TRAVEL

1. GRASMERE

(1802)

We went to Brothers Wood... The oak trees are just putting forth yellow knots of leaves. The ashes with their flowers passing away, and leaves coming out; the blue hyacinth is not quite full blown; gowans are coming out; marsh marigolds in full glory; the little star plant, a star without a flower. We took home a great load of gowans, and planted them about the orchard... After tea I walked to Rydale for letters. It was a strange night. The hills were covered over with a slight covering of hail or snow, just so as to give them a hoary winter look with the black rocks. The woods looked miserable, the coppices green as grass, which looked quite unnatural; and they seemed half shrivelled up, as if they shrank from the air. O, thought I, what a beautiful thing God has made winter to be, by stripping the trees, and letting us see their shapes and forms!

2. DOVER AND CALAIS

(1802)

We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river and a multitude of little boats, made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster

Bridge. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a fierce light, that there was even something like the purity of one of nature's own grand spectacles.[1]

We rode on cheerfully, now with the Paris diligence before us, now behind. At first the rich, populous, wide-spreading, woody country about London, then the River Thames, ships sailing, chalk cliffs, trees, little villages. Afterwards Canterbury, situated on a plain, rich and woody, but the city and cathedral disappointed me. Hop grounds on each side of the road some miles from Canterbury; then we came to a common, the race ground, an elevated plain, villages among trees in the bed of a valley at our right, and, rising above this valley, green hills scattered over with wood, neat gentlemen's houses. One white house, almost hid with green trees, which we longed for, and the parson's house, as neat a place as could be. We halted at a half-way house—fruit carts under the shade of trees, seats for guests, a tempting place to the weary traveller. Still, as we went along, the country was beautiful and hilly, with cottages lurking under the hills, and their little plots of hop ground like vineyards. . . It was near dark when we reached Dover.

At Calais

We had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed—seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the evening star and the glory of the sky, the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands. The fort, a wooden building, at the entrance of the harbour of Calais, when the evening twilight was coming on, and we could not see anything of the building but its shape, which was far more distinct than in perfect daylight, seemed to be reared upon pillars of ebony, between which pillars the sea was seen in the most beautiful colours that can be conceived. Nothing in romance was ever half so beautiful. Now came in view, as the evening star sunk down, and the colours of the west faded away, the two lights of England, lighted up by Englishmen in our country to warn vessels off rocks or sands. These we used to see from the pier, when we could see no other distant objects but the clouds, the sky, and the sea itself—all was dark behind. The town of Calais seemed deserted of the light of heaven, but there was always light, and life, and joy upon the sea.

[1] Compare her brother's sonnet on page 151.

3. BOTHWELL CASTLE

(1803)

We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of an ancient priory, built upon a rock, and rock and ruin are so blended together that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the remains of this holy place; the elm trees—for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches—grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts far more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds and chattering of the larger ones that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that for close confinement I should prefer the banks of a lake or the sea-side. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little perhaps about either.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, from *Journals*

THE TEMPLE GARDENS

I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountains, its river I had almost said—for in those young years what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are of my oldest recollections. . . Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion

of it which from three sides overlooks the greater garden, that goodly pile

Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight,

confronting, with massy contrast the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown-Office-row (place of my kindly engendure) right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden-foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades! A man would give something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall—how many times!—to the astonishment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic! What an antique air had the now almost effaced sundials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud or the first arrests of sleep!

Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business-use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. . .

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South-Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent-wanton lips in the square of Lincoln's-inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They

are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not, then, gratify children by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must everything smack of man and mannish? is the world all grown up?

CHARLES LAMB, from *The Old Benchers of The Inner Temple*

ALTRINCHAM REVISITED

On leaving Manchester, by a south-western route, towards Chester and Wales, the first town that I reached (to the best of my remembrance) was Altrincham—colloquially called *Autrigem.* When a child of three years old, and suffering from the hooping-cough, I had been carried for change of air to different places on the Lancashire coast; and, in order to benefit by as large a compass as possible of varying atmospheres, I and my nurse had been made to rest for the first night of our tour at this cheerful little town of Altrincham. On the next morning, which ushered in a most dazzling day of July, I rose earlier than my nurse fully approved. But in no long time she found it advisable to follow my example; and, after putting me through my morning's drill of ablutions and the Lord's-prayer, no sooner had she fully arranged my petticoats, than she lifted me up in her arms, threw open the window, and let me suddenly look down on the gayest scene I had ever beheld—viz., the little market-place of Altrincham at eight o'clock in the morning.

It happened to be the market-day; and I, who till then had never consciously been in any town whatever, was equally astonished and delighted with the novel gaiety of the scene. Fruits, such as can be had in July, and flowers were scattered about in profusion. Even the stalls of the butchers, from their brilliant cleanliness, appeared attractive; and the bonny young women of Altrincham were all tripping about in caps and aprons coquettishly disposed. The general hilarity of the scene at this early hour, with the low murmurings of pleasurable conversation and laughter, that rose up like a fountain to the open window, left so profound an impression upon me that I never lost it. All this occurred, as I have said, about eight o'clock on a superb July morning. Exactly at that time of the morning, on exactly such another heavenly day of July, did I, leaving Manchester at six a.m., naturally enough find myself in the centre of the Altrincham market-place. Nothing had altered. There were the very

same fruits and flowers; the same bonny young women tripping up and down in the same (no, *not* the same) coquettish bonnets. Everything was apparently the same. Perhaps the window of my bedroom was still open, only my nurse and I were not looking out; for alas! on recollection, fourteen years precisely had passed since then.

Breakfast time, however, is always a cheerful stage of the day. If a man can forget his cares at any season, it is then; and after a walk of seven miles it is doubly so. I felt it at the time, and have stopped therefore to notice it as a singular coincidence, that twice, and by the merest accident, I should find myself precisely as the clocks on a July morning were all striking eight drawing inspiration of pleasurable feelings from the genial sights and sounds in the little marketplace of Altrincham. There I breakfasted; and already by the two hours' exercise I felt myself half restored to health. After an hour's rest I started again upon my journey. All my gloom and despondency were already retiring to the rear.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, from *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*

THE OLD QUEEN

(1839)

O England! long, long may it be ere the sun of thy glory sink beneath the wave of darkness! Though gloomy and portentous clouds are now gathering rapidly around thee, still, still may it please the Almighty to disperse them, and to grant thee a futurity longer in duration and still brighter in renown than thy past! Or if thy doom be at hand, may that doom be a noble one, and worthy of her who has been styled the Old Queen of the waters!.. Of all fates, may it please the Lord to preserve thee from a disgraceful and a slow decay; becoming ere extinct a scorn and a mockery for those self-same foes who now, though they envy and abhor thee, still fear thee, nay, even against their will, honour and respect thee!.. Cast from thee thy false philosophers, who would fain decry what, next to the love of God, has hitherto been deemed most sacred, the love of the mother land! Cast from thee thy false patriots, who, under the pretext of redressing the wrongs of the poor and weak, seek to promote internal discord, so that thou mayest become only terrible to thyself! And remove from thee the false prophets who have seen vanity and divined lies; who have daubed thy wall with untempered mortar, that it may fall; who have strengthened the hands of the wicked, and made the heart of the righteous sad. O, do this, and fear not the

result, for either shall thy end be a majestic and an enviable one, or God shall perpetuate thy reign upon the waters, thou old Queen!

The above was part of a broken prayer for my native land, which, after my usual thanksgiving, I breathed to the Almighty ere retiring to rest that Sunday night at Gibraltar.

GEORGE BORROW, from *The Bible in Spain*

AN AMERICAN AT MANCHESTER

(1847)

I was given to understand in my childhood that the British island from which my forefathers came was no lotus-garden, no paradise of serene sky, and roses and music and merriment all the year round; no—but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open but robust men and virtuous women, and these of a wonderful fibre and endurance; that their best parts were slowly revealed; their virtues did not come out until they quarrelled; they did not strike twelve the first time; good lovers, good haters, and you could know little about them till you had seen them long, and little good of them till you had seen them in action; that in prosperity they were moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand. Is it not true that the wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colours from the port, but only that brave sailer which came back with torn sheets and battered sides, stript of her banners, but having ridden out the storm? And so I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honours and trophies, and also with the infirmities of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations—I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before—indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! mother of nations, mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind requires in the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the

foreigner, and truly a home to the thoughtful and generous who are born in the soil. So be it! So let it be!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, from *English Traits*

AN AMERICAN VISITOR TO OXFORD

(1856)

After lunch today we (that is, Mrs Hall, her adopted daughter, S., and I, with the Ex-Mayor) set forth, in an open barouche, to see the remarkables of Oxford, while the rest of the guests went on foot. We first drew up at New College (a strange name for such an old place, but it was new some time since the Conquest), and went through its quiet and sunny quadrangles, and into its sunny and shadowy gardens. I am in despair about the architecture and old edifices of these Oxford colleges, it is so impossible to express them in words. They are themselves—as the architect left them, and as Time has modified and improved them—the expression of an idea which does not admit of being otherwise expressed, or translated into anything else. Those old battlemented walls around the quadrangles; many gables; the windows with stone pavilions, so very antique, yet some of them adorned with fresh flowers in pots, a very sweet contrast; the ivy mantling the grey stone; and the infinite repose, both in sunshine and shadow—it is as if half a dozen bygone centuries had set up their rest here, and as if nothing of the present time ever passed through the deeply recessed archway that shuts in the college from the street. Not but what people have very free admittance; and many parties of young men and girls and children came into the gardens while we were there.

These gardens of New College are indescribably beautiful—not gardens in an American sense, but lawns of the richest green and softest velvet grass, shadowed over by ancient trees, that have lived a quiet life here for centuries, and have been nursed and tended with such care, and so sheltered from rude winds, that certainly they must have been the happiest of all trees. Such a sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion—so age-long as this has been, and, I hope, will continue to be—cannot exist anywhere else.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, from *English Note-Books*

GARDENS OF DAMASCUS

(1835)

For a part of two days I wound under the base of the snow-crowned Djibel el Sheik, and then entered upon a vast and desolate plain rarely pierced at intervals by some sort of withered stem. The earth in its length and its breadth, and all the deep universe of the sky, was steeped in light and heat. On I rode through the fire, but long before evening came there were straining eyes that saw, and joyful voices that announced, the sight of the blessed Damascus.

Until about a year or two years before the time of my going there, Damascus had kept up so much of the old bigot zeal against Christians, or rather against Europeans, that no one dressed as a Frank could have dared to show himself in the streets; but when I entered the city, in my usual dress, there was but one poor fellow that wagged his tongue, and him, in the open streets, Dthemetri horse-whipped.

This 'holy' Damascus, this 'earthly paradise' of the Prophet, so fair to the eyes that he dared not trust himself to tarry in her blissful shades—she is a city of hidden palaces, of copses, and gardens, and fountains, and bubbling streams. The juice of her life is the gushing and ice-cold torrent that tumbles from the snowy sides of Anti-Lebanon. Close along the river's edge, through seven sweet miles of rustling boughs and deepest shade, the city spreads out her whole length. As a man falls flat, face forward in the brook, that he may drink, and drink again; so Damascus, thirsting for ever, lies down with her lips to the stream and clings to its rushing waters.

But its gardens are the delight—the delight and the pride of Damascus. They are not the formal parterres which you might expect from the oriental taste; rather they bring back to your mind the memory of some dark old shubbery in our northern isle that has been charmingly 'un-kept-up' for many and many a day. When you see a rich wilderness of wood in decent England, it is like enough that you see it with some soft regrets. Wild as that, the nighest woodland of a deserted home in England, but without its sweet sadness, is the sumptuous garden of Damascus. Forest-trees, tall and stately enough, if you could see their lofty crests, yet lead a tussling life of it below, with their branches struggling against strong numbers of bushes and wilful shrubs. The shade upon the earth is black as night. High, high above your head, and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed in, and choked up by the

interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath. There are no other flowers. Here and there are patches of ground made clear from the cover, and these are either carelessly planted with some common and useful vegetable, or else left free to the wayward ways of Nature, and bear rank weeds, moist-looking and cool to your eyes and freshening the sense with their earthy and bitter fragrance.

There is a lane opened through the thicket, so broad in some places that you can pass along side by side—in some so narrow (the shrubs are for ever encroaching) that you ought, if you can, to go on first and hold back the bough of the rose-tree. And through the sweet wilderness a loud rushing stream flows tumbling along, till it is halted at last in the lowest corner of the garden and there tossed up in a fountain by the side of the simple alcove. This is all.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, from *Eothen*, abridged

EARLY BIRDS IN JAMAICA

(1845)

I rose some hours before the sun, and proceeded to the Peaks of Bluefields. Passing through the wooded pastures and grass-pieces of Pinnock-Shafton, I was interested in the voices of earliest birds. While as yet no indication of day appeared over the dark mountain, no ruddy tinge streamed along the east; while Venus was blazing like a lamp and shedding as much light as a young moon, as she climbed up the clear dark heaven among her fellow-stars, the Piramidigs (or Night-jars) were unusually vociferous and careering in great numbers; they flew low, as I could perceive by listening to their sounds, but were utterly indistinguishable to the sight from the darkness of the sky across which they flitted in their angular traverses. Presently the Fat-bill uttered his plaintive wail, occasionally relieved by a note rather less mournful.

When the advancing light began to break over the black and frowning peaks, and Venus waned, the Peadove commenced from the neighbouring woods her fivefold coo, hollow and moaning. Then the Petchary cackled his three or four rapid notes; and from a distant hill, as yet shrouded in darkness, proceeded the rich, mellow, but broken song of the Hopping Dick. Now the whole east was ruddy, and the rugged points and trees on the summit of the mountain ridge, interrupting the flood of crimson light, produced the singularly beautiful phenomenon of a series of rose-coloured beams,

diverging from the eastern quarter, and spreading like an expanded fan across the whole arch of heaven, each ray dilating as it advanced. Then Mocking-birds all around broke into song, pouring forth their rich gushes and powerful bursts of melody, filling the ear, and overpowering all the other varied voices, which now helped to swell the morning concert of awakening birds.

PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, from *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica*

TOM PINCH'S RIDE TO LONDON

When the coach came round at last, with 'London' blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such a turn that he was half disposed to run away. But he didn't do it, for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four grays felt as if he were another gray himself, or, at all events, a part of the turnout, and was quite confused by the novelty and splendour of his situation.

And really it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next that coachman, for of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle the gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the ends of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into this hat, and stuck it on again, as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard, too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road; he was all pace. A waggon couldn't have moved slowly with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box and looked about him. Such a coachman and such a guard never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place. The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated London coach—up all night, and lying by all day, and leading a devil of a life. It cared no more for

Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the Cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way, and spun along the open country-road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening—mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four grays skimmed along as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling, smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho, past hedges, gates, and trees, past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho, past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little watercourse, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho, by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho, past streams, in which cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut, slice by slice, away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho, down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!..

Yoho, among the gathering shades, making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village-green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where topers congregate about the door admiring, and the last team, with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now, with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks across the old

stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate and far away, away, into the wold. Yoho!

See the bright moon!—high up before we know it—making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water... Clouds too! And a mist upon the Hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light, airy, gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before—as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though you were the Pope. Yoho! Why, now we travel like the Moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees, next minute in a patch of vapour; emerging now upon our broad, clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the Moon!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt when Day comes creeping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho, past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past waggons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape, and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve! Yoho, down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old Inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London.

CHARLES DICKENS, from *Martin Chuzzlewit*

A NOBLE RIVER

For all other rivers there is a surface, and an underneath, and a vaguely displeasing idea of the bottom. But the Rhone flows like one lambent jewel; its surface is nowhere, its etherial self is everywhere, the iridescent rush and translucent strength of it blue to the shore, and radiant to the depth.

Fifteen feet thick, of not flowing, but flying water; not water, neither, —melted glacier, rather, one should call it; the force of the ice is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time.

Waves of clear sea are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone, never in any taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for the gathering of

power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it for ever from the snow.

The innocent way, too, in which the river used to stop to look into every corner. Great torrents always seem angry, and great rivers too often sullen ; but there is no anger, no disdain in the Rhone. It seemed as if the mountain stream was in mere bliss at recovering itself again out of the lake-sleep, and raced because it rejoiced in racing, fain yet to return and stay. There were pieces of wave that danced all day as if Perdita were looking on to learn; there were little streams that skipped like lambs and leaped like chamois; there were pools that shook the sunshine all through them, and were rippled in layers of overlaid ripples, like crystal sand; there were currents that twisted the light into golden braids, and inlaid the threads with turquoise enamel; there were strips of stream that had certainly above the lake been millstreams, and were looking busily for mills to turn again; there were shoots of stream that had once shot fearfully into the air, and now sprang up again laughing that they had only fallen a foot or two; and in the midst of all the gay and eddied lingering, the noble bearing by of the midmost depth, so mighty, yet so terrorless and harmless, with its swallows skimming instead of petrels, and the dear old decrepit town [1] as safe in the embracing sweep of it as if it were set in a brooch of sapphire.

And the day went on, as the river; but I never felt that I could tire in watching the Rhone.

JOHN RUSKIN, from *Praeterita*

THE HAUNTED MARINER

It was a clear steel-blue day. The firmaments of air and sea were hardly separable in that all-pervading azure; only, the pensive air was transparently pure and soft, with a woman's look, and the robust and man-like sea heaved with long, strong, lingering swells, as Samson's chest in his sleep.

Hither and thither, on high, glided the snow-white wings of small, unspeckled birds; these were the gentle thoughts of the

[1] Geneva.

feminine air; but to and fro in the deeps, far down in the bottomless blue, rushed mighty leviathans, swordfish, and sharks; and these were the strong, troubled, murderous thinkings of the masculine sea.

But though thus contrasting within, the contrast was only in shades and shadows without; those two seemed one; it was only the sex, as it were, that distinguished them.

Aloft, like a royal czar and king, the sun seemed giving this gentle air to this bold and rolling sea; even as bride to groom. And at the girdling line of the horizon, a soft and tremulous motion—most seen here at the Equator—denoted the fond, throbbing thrust, the loving alarms, with which the poor bride gave her bosom away.

Tied up and twisted, gnarled and knotted with wrinkles, haggardly firm and unyielding, his eyes glowing like coals that still glow in the ashes of ruin, untottering Ahab stood forth in the clearness of morn, lifting his splintered helmet of a brow to the fair girl's forehead of heaven.

Oh, immortal infancy and innocency of the azure! Invisible winged creatures that frolic all around us! Sweet childhood of air and sky! how oblivious were ye of old Ahab's close-coiled woe! But so have I seen little Miriam and Martha, laughing-eyed elves, heedlessly gambol around their old sire; sporting with the circle of singed locks which grew on the marge of that burnt-out crater of his brain.

Slowly crossing the deck from the scuttle, Ahab leaned over the side and watched how his shadow in the water sank and sank to his gaze, the more and more that he strove to pierce the profundity. But the lovely aromas in that enchanted air did at last seem to dispel, for a moment, the cankerous thing in his soul. That glad, happy air, that winsome sky, did at last stroke and caress him. . .

'Oh, Starbuck! it is a mild, mild wind, and a mild-looking sky. On such a day—very much such a sweetness as this—I struck my first whale, a boy-harpooner of eighteen! Forty—forty—forty years ago! Forty years of continual whaling! forty years of privation, and peril, and storm-time! forty years on the pitiless sea! For forty years has Ahab forsaken the peaceful land, for forty years to make war on the horrors of the deep! Aye and yes, Starbuck, out of those forty years I have not spent three ashore.' . .

'Oh, my Captain! my Captain! noble soul! grand old heart, after all! Why should any one give chase to that hated fish? Away with me! let us fly these deadly waters! let us home! Wife and child, too, are Starbuck's—wife and child of his brotherly, sisterly, play-fellow youth; even as thine, sir, are the wife and child of thy loving, longing, paternal old age. Away! let us away! This instant let me alter

the course. How cheerily, how hilariously, O my Captain, would we bowl on our way to see old Nantucket again!' . .

But Ahab's glance was averted. Like a blighted fruit tree he shook, and cast his last, cindered apple to the soil.

'What is it—what nameless, inscrutable, unearthly thing is it—what cozening, hidden lord and master, and cruel, remorseless emperor commands me; that against all natural lovings and longings, I so keep pushing, and crowding, and jamming myself on all the time; recklessly making me ready to do what in my own proper, natural heart, I durst not so much as dare? Is Ahab, Ahab? Is it I, God, or who, that lifts this arm? But if the great sun move not of himself, but is an errand-boy in heaven; nor one single star can revolve, but by some invisible power; then how can this one small heart beat, this one small brain think thoughts, unless God does that beating, does that thinking, does that living, and not I? By heaven, man, we are turned round and round in this world like yonder windlass, and Fate is the handspike. And all the time, lo! that smiling sky and this unsounded sea! Look! see yon Albicore! who put it into him to chase and fang that flying-fish? Where do murderers go, man? Who's to doom, when the judge himself is dragged to the bar? But it is a mild, mild wind, and a mild-looking sky; and the air smells now as if it blew from a far-away meadow. They have been making hay somewhere under the slopes of the Andes, Starbuck, and the mowers are sleeping among the new-mown hay. Sleeping? Aye, toil how we may, we all sleep at last on the field. Sleep? Aye, and rust among greenness—as last year's scythes flung down and left in the half-cut swathes. Starbuck!'

But blanched to a corpse's hue with despair, the Mate had stolen away.

HERMAN MELVILLE, from *Moby Dick*

A SICK MAN IN THE DESERT

I thought at least we should have rested here this night over; but my companions when they rose from supper took again their theluls [1] to ride and run, and Nasr with them; they would not tarry a moment for me at the bargain of the nâga.[2]—Better I thought to depart then with these whom I know, and be sure to arrive at Hâyil, than remain behind them in booths of unknown Beduins; besides, we heard that a large Shammar encampment lay not much before us, and a coffee-

[1] dromedaries or riding camels. [2] cow-camel.

sheykh: Askar promised to commit me to those Aarab, if he might persuade my rafîk [1] to remain with me. I was broken with this rough riding: the heart every moment leaping to my throat, which torment they call *katu 'l-halb*, or heart-cutting. They scoured before me all the hours of the day, in their light riding, so that with less than keeping a good will, death at length would have been a welcome deliverance out of present miseries. The Aarab lay pitched under the next mountain: but riding further in the darkness two hours, and not seeing their watch-fires, the Auájy would then have ridden on all that long night, to come the earlier, they said, to Hâyil. They must soon have forsaken me, I could not go much further, and my decrepit nâga fainted under me: bye and bye Askar, overcome by drowsiness, murmured to his companions, 'Let us alight then and sleep.' A watch-fire now appeared upon our right hand, which had been hidden by some unevenness of the ground, but they neglected it, for the present sweetness of sleeping: we alighted, and binding the camels' knees, lay down to rest by our cattle in the sandy desert.

We had not ridden on the morrow an hour when at sun-rising, we descried many black booths of a Beduin encampment, where the Auájy had promised me rest: but as ever the scalding coffee was past their throats, and they had swallowed a few of the Shammary's dates, they rose to take their dromedaries again. Such promises of nomads are but sounds in the air; neither would my wild and brutish rafîk hear my words, nor could Askar persuade him: 'Wellah, I have no authority,' said he; and Nasr cried, 'Choose thee, Khalîl,[2] whether thou wilt sit here or else ride with us; but I go in my company.' What remained, but to hold the race with them? now to me an agony, and my nâga was ready to fall under me. As we rode, 'It is plain,' said Askar, 'that Khalîl may not hold out; wilt thou turn back, Khalîl, to the booths? and doubt not that they will receive thee.'—'How receive me? you even now lied to them at the kahwa,[3] saying ye were not Auájy, and you have not commended me to them: what when they understand that I am a Nasrâny?[4] also this Nasr, my rafîk, forsakes me!'—'We shall come today,' they said, 'to a settlement, and will leave thee there.' We had neglected to drink at the tents, and riding very thirsty, when the sun rose high, we had little hope to find more rain-pools in a sandy wilderness. Afterward espying some little gleam under the sun far off, they hastened thither,—but it was a glistering clay bottom, and in the midst a puddle, which we all forsook...

[1] way-fellow. [2] title of honour. [3] coffee-tent. [4] Christian.

My company, always far in advance, were now ridden out of my sight. I let them pass, I could no longer follow them. . . I went on foot, leading my fainting camel at a slow pace, till I espied the first heads of palms, and green lines of the plantations of Môgug. At length I descried Nasr returning out of the distance to meet me. At the entering of the place my jaded camel fell down bellowing, this a little delayed us; but Nasr raised and driving her with cruel blows, we entered Môgug about an hour and a half after noon. . .

We went towards the sheykh's kahwa, where the companions had preceded us, and met with the good sheykh who was coming forth to meet me. He led me friendly by the hand, and bade his man straw down green garden stalks for our camels. When we were seated in the coffee-room there entered many of the villagers, who without showing any altered countenance—it might be for some well-said word of Askar beforehand, seemed to regard me favourably. Seeing all so well disposed, I laid before the sheykh my quarrel with Nasr, and was supported by Askar, he allowing that my nâga could not go forward.

Even now they would mount immediately, and ride all night to be at Hâyil ere day. 'He would go in their company,' said Nasr, and if I could not ride with them, he must forsake me here. The sheykh of Môgug rules that since the camel could not proceed, Nasr, who had taken wages, must remain with me, or leaving so much of his money as might pay another man (to convey me to Hâyil) he might depart freely. The elf, having by the sheykh's judgment, to disburse a real, chose rather to remain with me. Askar and his fellowship rose again hastily from the dates and water, to ride to Hâyil. This long way from the Kharram they had ridden in a continued running, carrying with them neither food nor water-skins, nor coffee: they trusted to their good eyesight to find every day the Aarab. All were young men in the heat of their blood, that rode in a sort of boast of their fresh endurance and ability. I asked Askar, wherefore this haste, and why they did not in any place take a little repose. *Answer:* 'That we may be the sooner at home again; and to stay at the menzils[1] by the way were unbecoming.' When they were gone, the villagers sitting in the kahwa—they were Shammar—blamed my companions as *Annezy*! These narrow jealousies of neighbours often furthered me, as I journeyed without favour in this vast land of Arabia.

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY, from *Arabia Deserta*

[1] camping grounds.

THE BOY JOSEPH AT ARIMATHEA

The sunny woods were threaded with little paths, and Joseph cast curious eyes upon them all. The first led him into bracken so deep that he did not venture farther, and the second took him to the verge of a dark hollow so dismal that he came running back to ask if there were crocodiles in the waters he had discovered. He did not give his preceptor time to answer the difficult question, but laid his hand upon his arm and whispered that he was to look between two rocks, for a jackal was there, slinking away—turning his pointed muzzle to them now and then. 'To see he isn't followed,' Azariah added: and the observation endeared him so to Joseph that the boy walked for a moment content and pensive in the path they were following. It turned into the forest, and they had not gone very far before they became aware of a strange silence, if silence it could be called, for when they listened the silence was full of sound, innumerable little sounds, some of which they recognised; but it was not the hum of the insects or the chirp of a bird or the snapping of a rotten twig that filled Joseph with awe, but something that he could neither see, nor hear, nor smell, nor touch. 'The life of the trees—is that it?' he asked himself. A remote and mysterious life was certainly breathing about him, and he regretted he was without a sense to apprehend this life. Again and again it seemed that the forest was about to whisper its secret, but something always happened to interrupt...

'I know where we are now!' Joseph cried. 'Dost remember, Master—'

Joseph's explanation was cut short by the sight of some shepherds sitting at their midday meal, and hunger falling suddenly upon Azariah and Joseph, both began to regret that they had not brought food with them. But Azariah had some shekels tied in his garment, and for one of these pieces of silver the shepherds were glad to share their bread and figs with them and to draw milk for them from one of the she-goats.

'From which shall I draw milk?' the shepherd asked his mate, and the mate answered:

'White-nose looks as if her udder is paining her. She lost her kid yesterday.' (He mentioned two others—Speckled and Long-ears.)

'Whichever would like her milk drawn off will answer to thy call,' the shepherd answered; and the goat came running to him as if glad to hear her name.

'White-nose, isn't it?' Joseph asked, and he broke off a branch for her; and while she nibbled he watched the milk drawn off and drank

it foaming and warm from the jug, believing it to be the sweetest he had ever drunk, though he had often drunk goat's milk before. Azariah, too, vowed that he had never drunk better milk and persuaded the shepherds into discourse of their trade, learning much thereby, for these men knew everything that men may know about flocks, having been engaged in leading them from pasture to pasture all their lives and their fathers before them. After telling of many famous rams they related the courage and fidelity of their dogs, none of which feared a wolf, and they mentioned that two had been lost in an encounter with a leopard—but the flock had been saved. As much as wolves the shepherds feared the eagles.

'There are a dozen nests in yon mountain if there be one. Take the strangers up the hillside, mate, so that they may get a sight of the birds.'

And Azariah and Joseph followed the shepherd up to the crags and were shown some birds wheeling above rocks so steep that there was no foothold for man.

'Or else we should have had their nests long ago,' the shepherd said.

'Now this is a bear's trail. He's been seeking water here, but he didn't get any; he came by here, and by my troth, he's been climbing after wild bees.'

The shepherd showed scratches among the dropping resin, saying, 'It was here that he clawed his way up.'

'But did he get the honey?' Joseph asked—a question the shepherd could not answer; and talking about bears and honey and eagles and lambs and wolves and lions, the afternoon passed away without their feeling it, till one of the shepherds said, 'It is folding-time now.' And answering to different calls the flocks separated, and the shepherds went their different ways followed by their flocks.

The sunset had begun to redden the sky, and the shadows of the trees drew out as they crossed the hillside and descended by the steep path into the valley. The ascent that faced them was steep indeed, and Azariah had to rest several times, but at last they reached the slope on which the city was built: they did not however enter the gates yet awhile but stood looking back, thinking of the day that had gone by.

'We shall remember this day always,' Joseph said, 'if we live to be as old as the patriarchs.'

'Was it then so wonderful?' Azariah asked, and Joseph could only answer:

'Yes, very wonderful, and if thou hadst not lived so many days

thou too wouldst think it wonderful. But, Master, tell me,' he added, 'is it true that God is going to destroy the world and very soon?'

'Why dost thou ask, Joseph?' Azariah replied. And Joseph answered:

'Because the world is so very beautiful. I never saw the world until today. My eyes are opened, and I shall be sorry if God destroys the world, for I should like to see more of it.'

GEORGE MOORE, from *The Brook Kerith*

THE BRENTA GROUP

It would be hard to find a more delightful spot in which to idle away a sunny day than the hillside immediately behind Pinzolo. It is only needful to climb a few hundred yards among the chestnut-boles to find platforms covered with a soft carpet of moss, ferns and delicate southern flowers. Here under the shade of dancing leaves, fanned by soft breezes and lulled by the cool tinkle of falling water and the murmur of innumerable living things which fills an Italian noon, the restless traveller may for once enjoy unmixed with other thoughts the sympathetic delight of coexistence with a world seemingly for the moment wholly given up to enjoyment...

There is romance about this typical Italian mountain inn. Its discomforts are soon forgotten, and it lives in our memories by many cheerful sights and sounds—the splash of the fountain at the corner under the walnut-tree, where the women in their bright-coloured handkerchiefs wash their linen, and call out cheerily to the barefooted little Pietros and Marias playing in the sunshine; the sudden bustle and tinkle of the goats returning from the mountain as they troop off in little companies to their separate homes; the noise of the bowls and the laughter of the players, kept up till there is no longer light to pursue the game—last of all, as if in solemn contrast to the exuberant life of the day, the melancholy voice of the watchman ringing out through the silent night...

But our attention is soon riveted on the new mountain range which rises beyond the valley. High amongst the clouds soar its red towers and pinnacles, the bold ridges which support them sweep down upon us in majestic curves. Three glens, green with beech copses, push up boldly into the heart of the mountain. The one opposite is Val di Brenta, rising towards its Bocca, the gap on the north of the most stupendous castle; the furthest, the Valle-sinella,

leads by another strange gateway to Molveno, the nearest is Val Agola, also with passes for mountaineers or paths for ramblers...

The spectator standing on the western slopes of Val Nambino sees high above everything else against the eastern sky two huge square fortresses built up of horizontal courses of masonry. The ground-colour of their walls is a yellowish grey, streaked with red and black, and broken here and there by lines of shining white, where a steep glacier-stair scales the precipice. The massiveness of these blocks adds by contrast to the effect of the surrounding pinnacles. Before the traveller's eyes rise towers, horns, cupolas, columns, spires, crowded together in endless variety. Here he fancies must be the workshop of Nature, and these are her store of models. Or he is reminded of some architectural drawing, a collection of the great buildings of the world, or the spires of Sir Christopher Wren.

These peaks are the advance-guard of the Tyrolese dolomites, boldly thrown across the valley of the Adige, as if to challenge on their own ground the snowy ranks of the Orteler and Adamello. They are separated from the granite by no wide depression such as divides the Venetian Alps and the Tauern, but only by a single valley. The boulder which rolls from the flanks of the Presanella will scarcely halt before it rests on dolomite soil.

The Eastern Alps could scarcely have put forward a nobler champion than the range before us. Priniero and Auronzo may perhaps equal the marvellous skyline; but they offer nothing to rival the symmetry of the whole mass of the Brenta as it rises above Val Nambino. Consider the lower stories of the huge edifice. The slope is not monotonous in uniformity, yet the platforms which break it are too narrow to diminish by foreshortening the apparent height of the summits. From our feet rise powerful spurs, below dark with pines, above bare and white; their form is simple and severe, but every shifting light brings out fresh details in the fretwork which time has carved deeply into their sides. Like the flying buttresses of some vast cathedral they lead the eye up to the straight perpendicular lines of the crowning towers.

When we come to study the range more generally, what incomparable variety of beauty! On the west lies a green, open Alpine valley. The Lago di Molveno reflects in its blue mirror the eastern crags. The southern slopes are a rich tangle of vines and chestnuts; the beeches push up and dispute with the pines the inner glens; the cyclamens and gentians gird with successive belts of brightness the mountain form.

The traveller, when he penetrates this fantastic chain, finds him-

elf at first in narrow glens watered by clear streams, now smooth-lowing over lawns of the softest turf, now dancing through beech-voods, now plunging deep into some miniature ravine hung with nosses and bright-berried ashes. He forgets, in the charm of what s near at hand, what he came to see. Then suddenly through the ree-tops an incredible yellow flame, set for ever between the green ınd blue, recalls the presence of the dolomites, and urges him to urther exertion. He climbs a steep barrier, and the pinnacles range hemselves as portions of a vast amphitheatre of rock. He advances ı few hundred yards further along the level and the scene is changed. One solitary tower overclimbs the clouds and mixes with the sky. A second ascent brings another shift. Rocks, grey, gold, red, brown ınd black, cluster round his bewildered eyes, and he begins to doubt whether the scene is a solid reality or some Alastor-inspired Vision of Solitude.

Then, after wandering all the morning between red rocks and over two or three hours of ice, he may find himself in the evening ımongst figs, olives and lemon-groves.

DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, from *Italian Alps*

SKY TRAVELLERS IN SOUTH AMERICA

There was a marshy ground two miles from my home where a few small pools of water still remained, and to this spot the golden plover would resort every day at noon. They would appear in flocks from all quarters, flying to it like starlings in England coming ın to some great roosting centre on a winter evening. I would then mount my pony and gallop off joyfully to witness the spectacle. Long before coming in sight of them the noise of their voices would be audible, growing louder as I grew near. Coming to the ground, I would pull up my horse and sit gazing with astonishment and delight at the spectacle of that immense multitude of birds, covering an area of two or three acres, looking less like a vast flock than a *floor* of birds, in colour a rich deep brown, in strong contrast to the pale grey of the dried-up ground all around them. A living, moving floor and a sounding one as well, and the sound too was amazing. It was like the sea, but unlike it in character since it was not deep; it was more like the wind blowing, let us say, on thousands of tight-drawn wires of varying thicknesses, vibrating them to shrill sound, a mass and tangle of ten thousand sounds. But it is indescribable and unimaginable.

Then I would put the birds up to enjoy the different sound of their rushing wings mingled with that of their cries, also the sight of them like a great cloud in the sky above me, casting a deep shadow on the earth...

One autumn, when most of the emigrants to the Arctic breeding-grounds had already gone, I witnessed a great migration of the buff-breasted sandpiper—this beautiful sandpiper with the habits of a plover. The birds appeared in flocks of about one to two or three hundred, flying low and very swiftly due north, flock succeeding flock at intervals of about ten or twelve minutes; and this migration continued for three days, or, at all events, three days from the first day I saw them, at a spot about two miles from my home. I was amazed at their numbers, and it was a puzzle to me then, and has been ever since, that a species thinly distributed over the immense area of the Argentine pampas and Patagonia could keep to that one line of travel over that uniform green, sea-like country. For, outside of that line, not one bird of the kind could anywhere be seen; yet they kept so strictly to it that I sat each day for hours on my horse watching them pass, each flock first appearing as a faint buff-coloured blur or cloud just above the southern horizon, rapidly approaching, then passing me about on a level with my horse's head, to fade out of sight in a couple of minutes in the north; soon to be succeeded by another and yet other flocks in endless succession, each appearing at the same point as the one before, following the same line, as if a line invisible to all eyes except their own had been traced across the green world for their guidance. It gave one the idea that all the birds of this species, thinly distributed over tens of thousands of square miles of country, had formed the habit of assembling, previous to migration, at one starting-point, from which they set out in successive flocks of a medium size, in a disciplined order, on that marvellous journey to their Arctic breeding-grounds.

The autumnal migration, which was always a more impressive spectacle than that of the spring, began in February when the weather was still hot, and continued for three long months; for after the departure of all our own birds, the south Patagonian species that wintered with us or passed on their way to districts further north would begin to come in. During all these three long months the sight and sound of passage birds was a thing of every day, of every hour, so long as the light lasted, and after dark from time to time the cries of the night-travellers came to us from the sky—the weird laughter-like cry of rails, the shrill confused whistling of a great

flock of whistling or tree duck; and, most frequent of all, the beautiful wild trisyllabic alarm cry of the upland plover. . . In the Argentine its vernacular name is Batitú, from this trisyllabic alarm note—one of the most frequently heard sounds on the pampas. It is a charming bird, white and grey with brown and yellow mottlings on its upper plumage, beautiful in its slender graceful form, with a long tail and long swallow-like pointed wings. All its motions are exceedingly graceful: it runs rapidly as a corncrake before the rider's horse, then springs up with its wild musical cry to fly but twenty or thirty yards away and drop down again, to stand in a startled attitude flirting its long tail up and down. At times it flies up voluntarily, uttering a prolonged bubbling and inflected cry, and alights on a post or some such elevated place to open and hold its wings up vertically and continue for some time in that attitude—the artist's conventional figure of an angel.

These birds never flocked with us, even before departing; they were solitary, sprinkled evenly over the entire country, so that when out for a day on horseback I would flush one from the grass every few minutes; and when travelling or driving cattle on the pampas I have spent whole weeks on horseback from dawn to dark without being for a day out of sight or sound of the bird. When migrating its cry was heard at all hours from morning to night, from February till April: and again at night, especially when there was a moon.

Lying awake in bed, I would listen by the hour to that sound coming to me from the sky, mellowed and made beautiful by distance and the profound silence of the moonlit world, until it acquired a fascination for me above all sounds on earth, so that it lived ever after in me; and the image of it is as vivid in my mind at this moment as that of any bird call or cry, or any other striking sound heard yesterday or but an hour ago. It was the sense of mystery it conveyed which so attracted and impressed me—the mystery of that delicate, frail, beautiful being, travelling in the sky, alone, day and night, crying aloud at intervals as if moved by some powerful emotion, beating the air with its wings, its beak pointing like the needle of the compass to the north, flying, speeding on its seven-thousand-mile flight to its nesting home in another hemisphere.

W. H. HUDSON, from *A Hind in Richmond Park*

OUR GOOD LIFE

Think, if you can bear to do it, what your existence would be without wonder, or any need for valiant hope, or for resolution unassisted by hope, a life no longer salt with savoursome vicissitudes; all the hardy, astringent conditions of joy, and the purchase-money of rapture, abolished for ever. No, better not think of it. It is too horrible.

Life must have been pretty hard in some of the ages, that any prospect so dreadful should have illuded people's minds as a compensation or a deliverance. Perhaps if one's body were chained for life to an oar or a galley, or sold into some darksome underground slavery, like a pit pony, one might, without positive meanness or impudence, put in a claim upon God for some portion of pleasure and ease hereafter in lieu of all that one had missed. But you and I—! We that grew up by the Thames among roses and apples, and walked home from school of an evening down the nave of St. Paul's and through the courts of the Temple, and heard the chimes from Oxford towers at midnight and lived elately in the rhythms of her jocund choruses and racing oars! We that have failed and thriven and been rich and poor, on our little scale, and have been happy in our love and found work after our hearts and rambled in sun and mist over Pennine and Cumbrian hills and seen sunset and dawn from great peaks of the Alps and across several seas and over lost battles and victories—what sort of peasant slaves should we be to come full from the feast with a whine for victuals more savoury?

C. E. MONTAGUE, from *The Right Place*

A BALLOON JOURNEY

Although we had started with a clear sky, the weather was now cloudy and night came on with profound darkness. There was no prospect of a moon before midnight and I bitterly regretted that I had omitted to provide myself with a more efficient electric torch, our one feeble instrument having collapsed about ten o'clock. Before it had quite flickered out a reading of the barometer showed that we had risen at one time to 10,000 feet, although we were now almost level with the tree-tops. Such an altitude in thick darkness was dangerously low, and again more sand had to be thrown out. At once we rose and were drifting blindly through the inky void when a sinister vision suddenly appeared, throwing us into consternation

and upsetting every guess we had been making as to what our position was on the map. Dim in the darkness but surely unmistakable there appeared below and ahead of us an immense sheet of water stretching away till it was lost in the night. We strained our eyes peering into the empty blackness, and as we did so there came up a sighing sound from the dark gulf at our feet. Surely that sound could be only one thing: the murmur of the sea on the beach? We tried frantically to think out the situation and imagine what could have happened. Since the failure of our torch we had been unable to take any bearings. Was it conceivable that we were over the sea? Such uncertainty may seem ridiculous, but it must be remembered that when travelling in a balloon several thousand feet above the earth one cannot tell whether one is becalmed or travelling at the speed of an express train, except by very carefully watching the ground. For a hideous minute or two it seemed credible that we had got into an air current that had hurried us to the coast with the speed of a whirlwind in a direction contrary to that of our departure and that we were now actually at sea. In any case there was nothing to be done. If we were indeed over the sea we must keep on travelling over it until daylight. The utter darkness added to our sense of helplessness. I had never before felt myself immersed in such a blind void. Even a blizzard in an Alpine snowfield allows one the comfort of contact with the ground. Here we were completely cut off from all connection with the solid world. Fortunately our consternation was soon over; it became clear to us after a few minutes that the water-like expanse was only a lake of mist, and the murmur of waves merely the sound of the wind in a great forest of fir trees over which we happened to be passing. We were still travelling after all on the same course as when we started, and great was our relief.

For some time after this we moved on over dim mysterious spaces, that might in the darkness have been either sea or land. . . At last, half an hour after midnight, the moon rose and we found that we were slowly crossing moors and forests. There was no longer any temptation to sleep. During the hours of darkness anxiety had kept us alert; from now on the great spectacle of moon-lit heaven and earth kept us breathless with the splendours that it unrolled.

With the more equable temperature of night our height remained the same, a few hundred feet above the tree-tops, with the guide-rope hanging just clear of them. Unceasingly as we sailed smoothly across the moon-lit forest nightingales accompanied us with their song. Presently cuckoos were awake as well. Once we crossed an

electrically lit mill beside a roaring river. Otherwise nothing but the songs of nightingales and cuckoos broke the stillness until, as we passed over a sleeping village, we heard the church clock strike two. And so the night wore on. An hour before dawn we surmised that we were passing over vineyards. A few handfuls of sand thrown down increased our elevation; we sailed over more forest to some high uninhabited moors. The first signs of dawn appeared soon after three, as we drifted gently over a high road with a drowsy peasant plodding along it. My companion leaned out over the edge of the basket and without raising his voice asked the man where we were. He gazed up speechless for a moment as our gigantic shadow stole softly across the moon, then his answer came: 'Bar-sur-Aube.' We were still in highland country and apparently making for a gap or pass south of a steep, wooded summit in a range of bare hills. Some sand, parsimoniously sprinkled, just enabled us to skim the tree-tops as we floated out through the pass into the broad valley of the Aube. Far below, at the foot of the range that we had just crossed, lay the town of Bar-sur-Aube with its clocks striking four.

C. F. MEADE, from *Approach to the Hills*

THE CONVALESCENT

To be out of doors again at that time of year was indeed like coming back to life. But it was more than that, for illness had made my perceptions detached and sensitive. I know how memory idealises things; but I think, all the same, that this was my first conscious experience of exquisite enjoyment. The tent gave me a feeling of independence and security as I lay there and listened to a pattering shower or gazed at wisps and shoals of silvery cloud on mornings when the air was heavenly fresh and even the sky looked innocent—mornings when I was alone and the dew not yet off the grass in the undiminished shadows of that garden world.

I was beginning to discover that solitude could quicken my awareness of aspects within me and around me. My pneumonia had revealed that I had a mind with which I liked to be alone. My brothers had been told not to disturb me; but when they did, I could hear without envying them that they'd made a new palisade round 'The Build' with some stakes which the wood-cutters had left lying about in the wood last winter. Let them slide down the banisters as much as they pleased or send Peter the cat up and down in the dining-room lift. I was quite contented to be where I was. It was

enjoyable, too, to know that they were doing arithmetic with Batty up in the nursery (now called the schoolroom) or to hear one of them squeaking on his fiddle in the drawing-room. I wanted to remain an invalid indefinitely, feeling almost as if I were invisible till 'Mamsy' came out with my meals or my beaten-up egg in milk in the middle of the morning which Doctor Neild had ordered me.

I liked to hear the sounds of life going on around me—the jays (jolly mischievous jays they were) squawking down among the green-peas, and the gruff voices of the gardeners at their work. There was the rumble of the wheelbarrow being trundled down a path; and, later on, in June, when they were mowing the long grass in the orchard, the sound of a scythe being sharpened on a stone. Not much happened. It was all quite peaceful and remote from any obligation to exert oneself. At about three o'clock I would hear the horses come in at the front gate; for a few minutes they would stamp and snort, and then there would be the murmur of my mother's voice while she mounted to start out for a sauntering ride along the shady lanes with our groom Richardson, who was going to teach me to jump when I was well again, though I didn't feel much like tumbling off a pony at present. On the high tiled roof of the studio the cosy white pigeons cooed or fluttered down to have a drink and peck up maize, and I knew that I was safe with my daydreams for another hour or two.

I was fond of sniffing a little scent phial which I had borrowed from my mother. The bottle was filigreed with dusty gold and had formerly contained attar of roses, which I believed to be worth a guinea a drop. It was empty now, but a faint aroma remained. The phial had been given to her long ago by my father, and I unconsciously made it a symbol of the time when they had been happy together. I supposed it to have come from Persia, where my ancestors had lived, so it seemed a sort of essence of my father's oriental extraction.

Thus I lay, reposefully reviving in convalescent quietude, aware —and yet unaware—of the blue evening distance of the Weald beyond the tree-tops and the green tangles of our terraced untidy garden; hearing—but not enphrasing—the songs of birds, and ignorant of the world toward which the trains went along the valley.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON, from *The Old Century*

THE GRAND CANYON

We saw snow falling into that vast gulf, saw clouds stream below us, looked down on thunderstorms, stared at Nineveh and Thebes, rusty in the sunlight, coming through the mists, and watched rainbows arch and brighten and fade over the Painted Desert. We seemed to be witnessing, within a few hours, all the mad prodigality of Nature. One stupendous effect was piled on another; veils of mist and broken rainbows were caught in the forests hanging in mid-air; the sunlight far below fell on ruined red cities; and to one hand, across the gulf, was a vertical Egypt, and to the other a perpendicular Assyria. There was in this immensity, although the weathers of four seasons and several climates seemed to chase one another down there, a silence so profound that soon all the noises from the life about us on the Rim were lost in it, as if our ears had been captured for ever, drowned in these deeps of quiet. We had only to walk a few hundred yards to find ourselves staring at new gigantic vistas, more forests hanging on the mists, more temples crumbling in the sunlight, more rosy peaks, green chasms, and cloud shadows like wandering stains. . .

It is not a show place, a beauty spot, but a revelation. The Colorado River, which is powerful, turbulent and so thick with silt that it is like a saw, made it with the help of the erosive forces of rain, frost and wind, and some strange geological accidents; and all these together have been hard at work on it for the last seven or eight million years. It is the largest of the eighteen canyons of the Colorado River, is over two hundred miles long, has an average width of twelve miles, and is a good mile deep. It is the world's supreme example of erosion. But this is not what it really is. It is, I repeat, a revelation. The Colorado River made it, but you feel when you are there that God gave the Colorado River its instructions. It is all Beethoven's nine symphonies in stone and magic light. Even to remember that it is still there lifts up the heart. . . I felt that God had set it there as a sign. Of what, I didn't know: I made no intellectual response to this challenge. But as I peered over the far edge of all familiar things, and I saw the storm clouds roll and flash in the gulf below, the rainbows tangled in the hanging woods, the sunlight turning the mist to drifting smoke and the vast shadowy walls into ruined empires, I kept muttering to myself that it had been set there as a sign. I felt wonder and awe, but at the heart of them a deep rich happiness. I had seen His handiwork, and I rejoiced.

J. B. PRIESTLEY, from *Midnight on the Desert*

COTSWOLD HARMONY

I ran over to the Swells one evening when a rainbow arched the Five Mile Drive. The weather had ceased to be captious and 'casalty,' and the sun threw his evening light over the wold-plateau. Never had I seen it more beautiful, so that my private sketch of paradise had no need of invention or fantasy. And Upper Swell! What is it about Upper Swell and Upper Slaughter that their lay and set and line are so eloquent? Is it their quietude in the midst of our perverse and unresting generation; or their homeliness cupped in the palm of the hills for us who have somehow missed our way; or the unity of country, sky and human dwellings, that trinity which is Cotswold; or is it their durability of loveliness in this hapless age of ours which suffers for the sins of Victorian ugliness? In the upland valley of the Swells the megalith-builders laid their dead. Here the Saxons dwelt beside the Dickler. The Normans built their church upon the hill. The Renaissance lingered here and the centuries pacing after have left their finger-prints. All are visible, all have passed, but the beauty remains, the beauty lives and into its repose welds all their contributions.

On the high lands, one is continually in the presence of the sky-world. Not only do the clouds stride over the land in their shadow-forms, but the configurations of the land meet the skies in cloud-like masses. In intercourse with these two planes along every foot of the way, one meets a third plane, some cot, barn, tower or farmhouse which, true to the nature of the stone dressed and carved in the traditional Cotswold style, appears to grow straight out of the soil in grace and accord with it. The stone expresses itself in a new idiom. 'I will be a house,' says the stone. That style and the impressionable character of the stone draw into a common brotherhood every type of building constructed from them. Barns grow towers and are called churches; cots expand and magnify themselves and are named manor houses. But gable, roof-tilt, dormer and set of the wall are the same, modified to suit different conditions. The simplicity of the barn is retained in the church, of the cottage in the manor house, and a fundamental unity of design governs them all. The true beauty of Cotswold houses lies as much in their democratic kinship as in their intrinsic harmonies of line and fitness to the soil. All this is implicit in the primordial element of the stone, like the lily in the bulb.

In an inspired way, the old builders have discovered the shapes that Cotswold stone best likes to assume, just as the waters, winds and vegetation have worked it into larger mouldings. The stone

offers itself to become in masterly hands the tower of Coln St. Denys or a pigstye, a mighty ridge or tree-girt cup for winds to sleep in. But because of its willingness, its plasticity, its inborn virtues of hue and texture, the essential nature of the stone is never lost in all its divers manifestations, and in this elemental bond all beauties, whether formed of Cotswold man or nature, are united. When I have asked myself why the meadow crane's-bill between my fingers is larger-petalled and bluer than elsewhere, I have only been able to answer thus. It is the blessed nature of this Cotswold stone, 'by some hid sense its Maker gave,' which renders all that proceed from it, this flower no less than the slow undulatory speech of its rustics, all fair and all akin.

H. J. MASSINGHAM, from *Wold without End*

A FINE WORLD

It is very difficult to explain why we should believe that it is a fine world as we read how Agamemnon and Clytemnestra were murdered, and Othello committed suicide after smothering his wife, and Lear was driven to insanity and death by his heartless daughters. It is not only that we have been interested: we are interested in the murders of Burke and Hare, but we do not, if we read about them, feel that the world is finer for their having lived. As we read a great tragedy, on the other hand, we experience a strange sense of exaltation, of the essential glory of life. And it is a curious fact that we should feel less exaltation if the heroes of tragedies were in the end saved from their doom. If a triumphant Lear lived happily ever after with a Cordelia happily married to a happy prince, we should be robbed of much of our pleasure in reading about them. And yet Lear would have been none the less noble if an accident of fate had prolonged his life. The fineness of the world, one would think, would have been even better attested by Hamlet's survival of the duel than by his succumbling to the plot of a murderous uncle. A world in which Romeo and Juliet continued to live ought to be at least as beautiful as a world in which they died largely through a misunderstanding. Yet, somehow or other, life—in a play—seems even finer with an unhappy than with a happy ending. Possibly there are modern critics who would argue that this shows that there is a Sadistic element in our appreciation of tragedy, but we know that tender-hearted people who would not hurt a fly are among those who are most enraptured by the tragic deaths of heroes. I

doubt if the most virtuous man on earth obtains in a work of imagination one-tenth as much pleasure from the death of a villain as he obtains from the death of a hero. Probably this is partly due to the fact that the greater the doom the greater is our sympathy with the victim of the doom, if he be sufficiently noble.

Our pleasure in tragedy is in part the pleasure of sympathy at its deepest. In ordinary life we are not conscious of the pleasure of sympathy when we are witnesses of a tragedy, because we are acutely conscious of the suffering of a fellow-creature. On the other hand, when we are remote enough from the tragedy, as we are, not only in a work of pure imagination, but in a biography, we see suffering swallowed up in greatness of spirit, and, if the sufferer is a hero, his story is a story of triumph. Romeo and Juliet, conquered by death, seem stronger than death in their love. The hero in his suffering seems large as Prometheus, and to be Prometheus is somehow to live triumphantly. It has always been in tragedy that man has enjoyed his greatest triumphs. Even Satan triumphed when he became a tragic figure in Milton's Hell. That, possibly, gives us a clue to the nature of the pleasure we take in tragedy. It is more than the pleasure of sympathy. It is pleasure in deathless courage—the courage of a noble figure matched against omnipotent fate. Such courage convinces us that it's a fine world we live in. The figures of the heroes and heroines of tragedy are figures whose presence would ennoble the Elysian fields.

Much of the realistic fiction of the last century is already dead, because it is largely populated by men and women who would be as much out of place in the Elysian fields as sneak-thieves. You can imagine almost any animal—even a toad or an adder—in the Elysian fields more easily than the majority of the characters of the realists. Our interest in these people is mainly the interest of curiosity—a source of pleasure not negligible, but insufficient alone to keep us permanently interested in a human being. The writers who continue to delight us do not somehow leave us with the impression that the world is either an odious or a dull place. Swift attempted to prove that it was odious, but proved it so wittily that it was impossible to believe it. Apart from this, Swift is himself the presiding character in his writings, and we are always aware of him in the background as a figure of noble rage—a figure that enriches life like the tragic hero himself.

You need not, however, go to the great men and their works for evidence that the world is a fine place. You will find it in any wood or in any garden as easily as in Plutarch. Among animals, I confess

it is difficult to find it in the house-fly or the horse-fly, but we can find it in the spider and in the pig. Not, perhaps, so abundantly as in a drove of goldfinches or in a wren building its nest in a saddle, but enough to turn the scale between pessimism and optimism. So, at least, I thought as the farmer told me of the discovery of the nest in his barn. I would rather that such a thing should happen to me than that I should be the conqueror of Asia. I would rather even meet a man to whom it had happened than be conqueror of Asia. Luckily I met him.

ROBERT LYND, from *It's a Fine World*

BEHIND THE SCENE

The value and pleasure of travel, whether at home or abroad, is doubled by a knowledge of history. For places, like books, have an interest or a beauty of association, as well as an absolute or aesthetic beauty. The garden front of St. John's, Oxford, is beautiful to every one; but, for the lover of history, its outward charm is blent with the intimate feelings of his own mind, with images of that same College as it was during the Great Civil War. Given over to the use of a Court whose days of royalty were numbered, its walks and quadrangles were filled, as the end came near, with men and women learning to accept sorrow as their lot through life, the ambitious abandoning hope of power, the wealthy hardening themselves to embrace poverty, those who loved England preparing to sail for foreign shores, and lovers to be parted forever. There they strolled through the garden, as the hopeless evenings fell, listening, at the end of all, while the siege-guns broke the silence with ominous iteration. Behind the cannon on those low hills to northward were ranked the inexorable men who came to lay their hands on all this beauty, hoping to change it to strength and sterner virtue. And this was the curse of the victors, not to die, but to live, and almost to lose their awful faith in God, when they saw the Restoration, not of the old gaiety that was too gay for them and the old loyalty that was too loyal for them, but of corruption and selfishness that had neither country nor king. The sound of the Roundhead cannon has long ago died away, but still the silence of the garden is heavy with unalterable fate, brooding over besiegers and besieged, in such haste to destroy each other and permit only the vile to survive. St. John's College is not mere stone and mortar, tastefully compiled, but an appropriate and mournful witness between those who see it now and

those by whom it once was seen. And so it is, for the reader of history, with every ruined castle and ancient church throughout the wide, mysterious lands of Europe.

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN, from *Clio, a Muse*

* * *

THE HAPPY LIFE

My friend, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The mean dièt no dainty fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night dischargèd of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night.
Contented with thine own estate;
Neither wish death, nor fear his might.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

LOVE'S TRANQUILLITY

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

THE SHULAMITE SINGS

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh,
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart:
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
He looketh in at the windows,
He showeth himself through the lattice.
My beloved spake, and said unto me,
'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance,
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the covert of the steep place,
Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;
For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.' . .

I am my beloved's,
And his desire is toward me.
Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field. . .
Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm:
For love is strong as death;
Jealousy is cruel as the grave:
The flashes thereof are flashes of fire,
A very flame of the Lord.
Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it:
If a man would give all the substance of his house for love,
He would utterly be contemned.

The Song of Songs (R.V.)

NOON IN SUMMER

The time so tranquil is and still
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall
No more they move or steir.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand;
The waves that weltering wont to be
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cessile[1] air
That every cry and call
The hills and dales and forest fair
Again repeats them all.

The flourishes[2] and fragrant flowers,
Through Phoebus' fostering heat,
Refresht with dew and silver showers
Cast up an odour sweet.

The cloggit busy humming bees,
That never think to drone,
On flowers and flourishes of trees
Collect their liquor brown.

The Sun, most like a speedy post
With ardent course ascends;
The beauty of the heavenly host
Up to our zenith tends.

The burning beams down from his face
So fervently can beat,
That man and beast now seek a place
To save them from the heat.

[1] yielding, ceasing. [2] blossoms.

The herds beneath some leafy tree
  Amidst the flowers they lie;
The stable ships upon the sea
  Tend up their sails to dry.

With gilded eyes and open wings
  The cock his courage shows;
With claps of joy his breast he dings,
  And twenty times he crows.

The dove with whistling wings so blue
  The winds can fast collect;
Her purple pens turn many a hue
  Against the sun direct.

Now noon is went; gone is midday,
  The heat doth slake at last;
The sun descends down West away,
  For three of clock is past.

ALEXANDER HUME, from *The Day Estivall*

THE PARTING

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

QUEENLY GRIEF

(*The bearer of bad news is describing how Cordelia received it*)

It seemed she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her. . .
Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way. Those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

SHAKESPEARE, from *King Lear*

GAUNT SPEAKS FOR ENGLAND

(*Enter* JOHN OF GAUNT *sick, with the* DUKE OF YORK, *&c.*)

GAUNT: Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
YORK: Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
GAUNT: O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear . . .
Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His last fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renownèd for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

SHAKESPEARE, from *King Richard II*

KING AND PEASANT

I. HENRY V

What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy?

And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? . .
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave.
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

2. HENRY VI

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:

So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.

SHAKESPEARE, 1. from *King Henry V.* 2. from *King Henry VI, Part III*

SIX SONNETS

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,

Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,

And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

SHAKESPEARE

SWEET-AND-TWENTY

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear! your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty:

Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty!
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SHAKESPEARE

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
Amd, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK

OF MYSELF

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known:
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate;
But boldly say each night,
'Tomorrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived today.'

ABRAHAM COWLEY

THE CAUSE OF WAR

(*David and Saul make peace, which is displeasing to Satan*)

A general joy at this glad news appeared,
For David all men loved, and Saul they feared.
Angels and men did peace and David love,
But Hell did neither him nor that approve;
From man's agreement fierce alarms they take;
And quiet here doth there new business make.

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold which above more influence has than he.
Beneath the dens where unfletched tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try,
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,
Beneath th'eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And undisturb'd by moons in silence sleep,
There is a place deep, wondrous deep below,

Where genuine night and horror does o'erflow;
No bound controls th'unwearied space, but hell
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind reds display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the day.
No gentle stars with their fair gems of light
Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd night.
Here Lucifer the mighty captive reigns,
Proud 'midst his woes and tyrant in his chains.
Once general of a gilded host of sprights,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled nights,
But down like lightning, which him struck, he came,
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame.
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick shone the singèd air.
Since when the dismal solace of their woe
Has only been weak mankind to undo.
Themselves at first against themselves they excite,
(Their dearest conquest and most proud delight),
And if those mines of secret treason fail,
With open force man's virtue they assail;
Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy;
And where their poisons miss, the sword employ.
Thus sought the tyrant Fiend young David's fall;
And 'gainst him armed the powerful rage of Saul.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, from *Davideis*, Bk. I

WINTER NOON

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave.
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on...

The night was winter in his roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the vale below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And through the trees I view th' embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk still verdant under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes and more than half suppressed;
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

WILLIAM COWPER, from *The Task*, Bk. VI

THE DANCE OF THE FLOWERS

First, ere the morning breaks, joy opens in the flowery bosoms,
Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries; first the Wild Thyme

And Meadow-sweet, downy and soft, waving among the reeds,
Light springing on the air, lead the sweet Dance: they wake
The Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak; the flaunting beauty
Revels along upon the wind; the White-thorn, lovely May,
Opens her many lovely eyes listening; the rose still sleeps,
None dares to wake her; soon she bursts her crimson curtain'd bed
And comes forth in the majesty of beauty; every Flower,
The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wall-flower, the Carnation,
The Jonquil, the mild Lily, opes her heavens; every Tree
And Flower and Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance,
Yet all in order sweet and lovely.

WILLIAM BLAKE, from *Milton*

LINDEN LEA

'Ithin the woodlands, flow'ry gleaded,
  By the woak tree's mossy moot,
The sheenen grass bleades, timber-sheaded,
  Now do quiver under voot;
An' birds do whissle auver head,
An' water's bubblen in its bed,
An' there vor me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that leately wer a-springen
  Now do feade 'ithin the copse,
An' painted birds do hush their zingen
  Up upon the timber's tops;
An' brown-leav'd fruit's a-turnen red,
In cloudless zunsheen, auver head,
Wi' fruit vor me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other vo'k meake money vaster
  In the air o' dark-room'd towns,
I don't dread a peevish measter;
  Though noo man do heed my frowns,
I be free to goo abrode,
Or teake agean my hwomeward road
To where vor me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

WILLIAM BARNES

THE VALLEY MAIDEN

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
  Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
  Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar.
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting;
  So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
  Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

Stepping down the hill with her fair companions,
  Arm in arm, all against the raying West,
Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,
  Brave in her shape, and sweeter unpossessed.
Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awaking
  Whispered the world was; morning light is she.
Love that so desires would fain keep her changeless;
  Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free. . .

When at dawn she sighs, and like an infant to the window
  Turns grave eyes craving light, released from dreams,
Beautiful she looks, like a white water-lily
  Bursting out of bud in havens of the streams.
When from bed she rises clothed from neck to ankle
  In her long nightgown sweet as boughs of May,
Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden lily
  Pure from the night, and splendid for the day.

Mother of the dews, dark eye-lashed twilight,
  Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's brim,
Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-delighted skylark,
  Clear as though the dewdrops had their voice in him.
Hidden where the rose-flush drinks the rayless planet,
  Fountain-full he pours the spraying fountain-showers.
Let me hear her laughter, I would have her ever
  Cool as dew in twilight, the lark above the flowers.

GEORGE MEREDITH, from *Love in the Valley*

III. FOOD FOR THE SPIRIT

★

THE VISION OF BEAUTY

Harmonies unheard create the harmonies we hear and wake the soul to the consciousness of beauty. But there are earlier and loftier beauties than these. In the sense-bound life we are not granted to know them, but the soul sees and proclaims them. As it is not for those to speak of the graceful forms of the material world who have never seen them or known their grace, so must those be silent upon the beauty of noble conduct and learning and upon the splendour of virtue, who have never known the face of Justice and of Moral Wisdom, beautiful beyond the beauty of the evening and the dawn.

Such vision is for those only who see with the Soul's sight; and at the vision they will rejoice, and awe will fall upon them, for now they are moving in the realm of Truth. This is the spirit that Beauty must ever induce, wonderment and a delicious trouble, longing and love and a trembling that is all delight...

The Fatherland is There whence we have come, and There is the Father. This is not a journey for the feet; the feet bring us only from land to land; neither need you provide coach or ship; you must close your eyes and waken in yourself that other power of vision, the birthright of all, but which few turn to use... Call up all your confidence, strike forward a step—you need a guide no longer—strain and *see*.

This is the only eye that sees the mighty Beauty. If the eye that adventures the vision be dimmed by vice, impure, or weak, unable in its cowardly blenching to look upon the uttermost brightness, then it sees nothing, even though another point to what lies plain in sight. Never did eye see the sun unless it had first become sunlike, and never can the soul have vision of the First Beauty unless itself be beautiful.

PLOTINUS, from the *Enneads*, I, 6
translation: Grace H. Turnbull

THE GREAT PEAKS

One saw the sky beyond the edge of the world getting purer as the vault rose. But right up—a belt in that empyrean—ran peak and field and needle of intense ice, remote, remote from the world. Sky beneath them and sky above them, a steadfast legion, they glittered

as though with the armour of the immovable armies of Heaven. Two days' march, three days' march away, they stood up like the walls of Eden. . . They stopped my breath. I had seen them.

So little are we, we men: so much are we immersed in our muddy and immediate interests that we think, by numbers and recitals, to comprehend distance or time, or any of our limiting infinities. Here were these magnificent creatures of God, I mean the Alps, which now for the first time I saw from the height of the Jura; and because they were fifty or sixty miles away, and because they were a mile or two high, they were become something different from us others, and could strike one motionless with the awe of supernatural things. Up there in the sky, to which only clouds belong and birds and the last trembling colours of pure light, they stood fast and hard; not moving as do the things of the sky. They were as distant as the little upper clouds of summer, as fine and tenuous; but in their reflection and in their quality as it were of weapons (like spears and shields of an unknown array) they occupied the sky with a sublime invasion: and the things proper to the sky were forgotten by me in their presence as I gazed.

To what emotion shall I compare this astonishment? So, in first love one finds that *this* can belong to *me*.

Their steadfastness and their clean uplifted lines compelled my adoration. Up there, the sky above and below them, part of the sky, but part of us, the great peaks made communion between that homing creeping part of me which loves vineyards and dances and a slow movement among pastures, and that other part which is only properly at home in Heaven. I say that this kind of description is useless, and that it is better to address prayers to such things than to attempt to interpret them for others.

HILAIRE BELLOC, from *The Path to Rome*

GREATER LOVE

A wonderful corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the Doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old directress and companion, in a quiet life of bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first, there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands, and

her eyes would be dimmed. For there was something coming in the echoes, something light, afar off, and scarcely audible yet, that stirred her heart too much. Fluttering hopes and doubts—hope, of a love as yet unknown to her: doubts, of her remaining upon earth, to enjoy that new delight—divided her breast. Among the echoes then, there would arise the sound of footsteps at her own early grave; and thoughts of the husband who would be left so desolate, and who would mourn for her so much, swelled in her eyes, and broke like waves.

That time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine friend of children, to whom in her trouble she had confided hers, seemed to take her child in his arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her.

Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound them all together, weaving the service of her happy influence through the tissue of all their lives, and making it predominate nowhere, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly and soothing sounds...

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege of coming in un-invited, and would sit among them through the evening, as he had once done often. He never came there heated with wine. And one other thing regarding him was whispered in the echoes, which has been whispered by all true echoes for ages and ages.

No man ever really loved a woman, lost her, and knew her with a blameless though an unchanged mind, when she was a wife and a mother, but her children had a strange sympathy with him—an instinctive delicacy of pity for him. What fine hidden sensibilities are touched in such a case, no echoes tell; but it is so, and it was so here...

But there were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner all through this space of time. And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising...

. . . . . .

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of

execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting...

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him... The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom...

'Is the moment come?'

'Yes.'

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

DICKENS, from *A Tale of Two Cities*

BYGONE RUSSIA

I. DARKNESS IN THE CITY

On Christmas Eve, late in the evening, I went into a church. It was my favourite church in Petrograd, rising at the English Prospect end of the Quay, with its white rounded towers pure and quiet and modest.

I had been depressed all day. I had not been well, and the weather

was harsh, a bitterly cold driving wind beating down the streets and stroking the ice of the canal into a dull grey colour. Christmas seemed to lift into sharper, bitterer irony the ghastly horrors of this endless war. Last Christmas I had been too ill to care, and the Christmas before I had been at the Front when the war had been young and full of hope, and I had seen enough nobility and self-sacrifice to be reassured about the true stuff of the human soul. Now all that seemed to be utterly gone...

I entered the church and found that the service was over. I passed through the aisle in to the little rounded cup of dark and gold where the altars were. Here there were still collected a company of people, kneeling, some of them, in front of the candles, others standing there, motionless like statues, their hands folded, gazing before them. The candles flung a mist of dim embroidery upon the walls and within the mist the dark figures of the priests moved to and fro. An old priest with long white hair was standing behind a desk close to me, and reading a long prayer in an unswerving monotonous voice... The priest's voice went on, and the lights flickered, and it was as though some one, a long way off, were trying to give me a message that it was important I should hear, important for myself and for others. There came over me, whence I know not, a sudden conviction of the fearful power of Evil, a sudden realisation, as though I had been shown something, a scene or a picture or writing which had brought this home to me... The lights seemed to darken, the priest's figure faded, and I felt as though the message that some one had been trying to deliver to me had been withdrawn. I waited a moment, looking about me in a bewildered fashion, as though I had in reality just woken from sleep. Then I left the church.

Outside the cold air was intense. I walked to the end of the Quay and leaned on the stone parapet. The Neva seemed vast like a huge, white, impending shadow; it swept in a colossal wave of frozen ice out to the far horizon, where tiny, twinkling lights met it and closed it in. The bridges that crossed it held forth their lights, and there were the gleams, like travelling stars, of the passing trams, but all these were utterly insignificant against the vast body of the contemptuous ice. On the farther shore the buildings rose in a thin, tapering line, looking as though they had been made of black tissue-paper, against the solid weight of the cold, stony sky. The Peter and Paul Fortress, the towers of the Mohammedan Mosque were thin, immaterial, ghostly, and the whole line of the town was simply a black pencilled shadow against the ice, smoke that might be scattered with one heave of the force of the river. The Neva was silent,

but beneath that silence beat what force and power, what contempt and scorn, what silent purposes?

2. LIGHT IN THE FOREST

The world was marvellously fresh, with little white glittering clouds above the trees, the grass wet and shining, and the sky a high dome of blue light, like the inside of a glass bell that has the sun behind it. Here and there on the outskirts of the Forest, fires were still dimly burning, pale and dim yellow shadows beneath the sun. Men wrapped in their coats were sleeping in little groups under the trees. Horses cropped at the grass; soldiers were moving with buckets of water. Two men, at the very edge of the Forest, stripped to the waist, were washing in a pool that was like a blue handkerchief in the great forest of green. I found a little glade, very bright and fresh, under a group of silver birch, and there I lay down on my back, my hands behind my head, looking up into the little dancing atoms of blue between the trees and the golden stars of sunlight that flashed and sparkled there.

Happiness and peace wrapped me round. I cannot pretend to disentangle and produce in proper sequence all the thoughts and memories that floated into my vision and away again, but I know that whereas before thoughts had attacked me as though they were foul animals biting at my brain, now I seemed myself gently to invite my memories.

Many scenes from my Polchester days that I had long forgotten came back to me. I was indeed startled by the clearness with which I saw that earlier figure—the very awkward, careless, ugly boy, listening lazily to other people's plans, taking shelter from life under a vague love of beauty and an idle imagination; the man, awkward and ugly, sensitive because of his own self-consciousness, wasting his hours through his own self-contempt which paralyzed all effort, still trusting to his idle love of beauty to pull him through to some superior standard, complaining of life, but never trying to get the better of it; then the man who came to Russia at the beginning of the war, still self-centred, always given up to timid self-analysis, but responding now a little to the new scenes, the new temperament, the new chances. Then this man, feeling that at last he was rid of all the tiresome encumbrances of the earlier years, lets himself go, falls in love, worships, dreams for a few days a wonderful dream—then, for the first time in his life, begins to fight.

I saw all the steps so clearly; and I saw every little thought, every little action, every little opportunity missed or taken, accumulating until the moment of climax four hours before. I seemed to have brought Polchester on my back to the war, and I could see quite clearly how each of us—Marie, Semyonov, Nikitin, Durward, every one of us—had brought *their* private histories and scenes with *them.* War is made up, I believe, not of shells and bullets, not of German defeats and victories, Russian triumphs or surrenders, English and French battles by sea and land, not of smoke and wounds and blood, but of a million million past thoughts, past scenes, streets of little country towns, lonely hills, dark sheltered valleys, the wide space of the sea, the crowded traffic of New York, London, Berlin; yes, and of smaller things than that, of little quarrels, of dances at Christmas time, of walks at night, of dressing for dinner, of waking in the morning, of meeting old friends, of sicknesses, theatres, church services, prostitutes, slums, cricket-matches, children, rides on a tram, baths on a hot morning, sudden unpleasant truth from a friend, momentary consciousness of God...

Death too... How clear now it was to me! During these weeks I had wondered, pursued the thought of Death. Was it this? Was it that? Was it pain? Was it terror? I had feared it, as for instance when I had seen the dead bodies in the Forest, or stood under the rain at Nijinieff. I had laughed at it as when I had gone with the sanitars. I had cursed it as when Marie Ivanovna had died. I had sought it as I had done last night—and always, as I drew closer and closer to it, fancied it some fine allegorical figure, something terrible, appalling, devastating... Now, when I was, as I believed, at last face to face with it, I saw that one was simply face to face with oneself.

SIR HUGH WALPOLE, 1. from *The Secret City.* 2. from *The Dark Forest*

* * *

A GOODLY PATTERN

What time this world's great Work-Master did cast
To make all things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eye had placed
A goodly pattern, to whose perfect mould
He fashion'd them as comely as he could,
That now so fair and seemly they appear,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous pattern, wheresoe'er it be,
Whether in earth laid up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflow'r,
Is perfect beauty, which all men adore;
Whose face and feature doth so much excel
All mortal sense, that none the same may tell...

So every spirit, as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

EDMUND SPENSER, from *Hymn in Honour of Beauty*

TO MUSIC BENT

To music bent is my retirèd mind,
And fain would I some song of pleasure sing;
But in vain joys no comfort now I find,
From heav'nly thoughts all true delight doth spring.
Thy power, O God, thy mercies, to record,
Will sweeten ev'ry note and ev'ry word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express,
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write.
Celestial things, though men conceive them less,
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light:
Such beams they yield as know no means to die,
Such heat they cast as lifts the Spirit high.

THOMAS CAMPION

LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.

'A guest,' I answer'd, 'worthy to be here:'
Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee.'
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' says Love, 'Who bore the blame?'
'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my meat.'
So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE HERBERT

THE PALACE

Nothing has got so far,
But Man has caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh; because that they
Find their acceptance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cùpboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguishèd our habitation;

Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one world and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

GEORGE HERBERT, from *Man*

THE GUEST

Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say 'I'll be your guest tomorrow night,'
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand!

'Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat
And order taken that there want no meat
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

'Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie[1] o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!'

[1] canopy

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

ANONYMOUS

GOOD AND EVIL

Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumèd. If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

MILTON, from *Comus*

THE REVIVAL

Unfold, unfold! take in his light,
Who makes thy cares more short than night.
The joys which with his day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsy eyes;
And, what the men of this world miss,
Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark how his winds have changed their note,
And with warm whispers call thee out!
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.

The lofty groves in èxpress joys
Reply unto the turtle's voice;
And here in dust and dirt, oh, here!
The lilies of his love appear.

HENRY VAUGHAN

NEWS

News from a foreign country came,
As if my treasure and my wealth lay there:
So much it did my heart enflame
'Twas wont to call my soul into mine ear!
Which thither went to meet
The approaching sweet:
And on the threshold stood,
To entertain the unknown good.
It hovered there,
As if 'twould leave mine ear,
And was so eager to embrace
The joyful tidings as they came,
'Twould almost leave its dwelling place,
To entertain the same.

As if the tidings were the things,
My very joys themselves, my foreign treasure,
Or else did bear them on their wings;
With so much joy they came, with so much pleasure.
My soul stood at the gate
To recreate
Itself with bliss: and to
Be pleased with speed. A fuller view
It fain would take
Yet journeys back would make
Unto my heart: as if 'twould fain
Go out to meet, yet stay within
To fit a place, to entertain
And bring the tidings in.

What sacred instinct did inspire
My soul in childhood with a hope so strong?
What secret force moved my desire,
To expect my joys beyond the seas, so young?

Felicity I knew
Was out of view:
And being here alone,
I saw that happiness was gone
From me! For this
I thirsted absent bliss,
And thought that sure beyond the seas,
Or else in something near at hand
I knew not yet, (since nought did please
I knew,) my bliss did stand.

But little did the Infant dream
That all the treasures of the World were by:
And that himself was so the cream
And crown of all, which round about did lie:
Yet thus it was. The gem,
The diadem,
The ring enclosing all
That stood upon this earthly ball;
The heavenly eye,
Much wider than the sky
Wherein they all included were,
The glorious soul that was the king
Made to possess them, did appear
A small and little thing!

THOMAS TRAHERNE

MORNING, EVENING, AND NIGHT

ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

(1802)

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

ON CALAIS BEACH

(1802)

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

AT GRASMERE LAKE

(1806)

Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror? or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
Her own calm fires?—But list! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low whispering through the reeds,
'Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!'

RECONCILEMENT

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society. How strange, that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself. Praise to the end!

WORDSWORTH, from *The Prelude*, Bk. I

THE LEECH-GATHERER

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy;
The pleasant season did my heart employ;
My old remembrances went from me wholly,
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came—
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky,
And I bethought me of the playful hare;
Even such a happy child of earth am I,
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough along the mountain-side.
By our own spirits we are deified;
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a man before me unawares—
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs. . .

He told that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor—

Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure.
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor,
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream,
Or like a man from some far region sent
To give me human strength by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned—the fear that kills,
And hope that is unwilling to be fed,
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills,
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question did I eagerly renew—
'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

He with a smile did then his words repeat,
And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled, stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
'Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man's shape and speech—all troubled me;
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find

In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure!
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor.'

WORDSWORTH, from *Resolution and Independence*

ON REVISITING THE WYE

In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight—when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. . .

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear—both what they half create
And what perceive—well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being...

This prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.—Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after years
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.

WORDSWORTH, from *Lines composed above Tintern Abbey*

STORM AND CALM

Tonight the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day;
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world:

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

What words are these have fall'n from me?
Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be?

. . . . . .

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beats no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

. . . . . .

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of Time

Within himself, from more to more;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

TENNYSON, from *In Memoriam*

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

KEATS

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

We who with songs beguile your pilgrimage
And swear that Beauty lives though lilies die,
We Poets of the proud old lineage
Who sing to find your hearts, we know not why,—

What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales
Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest,
Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales,
And winds and shadows fall toward the West:

And there the world's first huge white-bearded kings,
In dim glades sleeping, murmur in their sleep,
And closer round their breasts the ivy clings,
Cutting its pathway slow and red and deep.

And how beguile you? Death has no repose
Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand
Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those
Who made the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

And now they wait and whiten peaceably,
Those conquerors, those poets, those so fair:
They know time comes; not only you and I,
But the whole world shall whiten, here or there;

When those long caravans that cross the plain
With dauntless feet and sound of silver bells
Put forth no more for glory or for gain,
Take no more solace from the palm-girt wells,

When the great markets by the sea shut fast
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on:
When even lovers find their peace at last,
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER, from *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*

SEEKING BEAUTY

Cold winds can never freeze, nor thunder sour
The cup of cheer that Beauty draws for me
Out of those azure Heavens and this green Earth—
I drink and drink, and thirst the more I see.

To see the dewdrops thrill the blades of grass,
  Makes my whole body shake; for here's my choice
Of either sun or shade, and both are green—
  A Chaffinch laughs in his melodious voice.

The banks are stormed by Speedwell, that blue flower
  So like a little Heaven with one star out;
I see an amber lake of Buttercups,
  And Hawthorn foams the hedges round about.

The old Oak tree looks now so green and young,
  That even Swallows perch awhile and sing:
This is that time of year, so sweet and warm,
  When bats wait not for stars ere they take wing.

As long as I love Beauty I am young,
  Am young or old as I love more or less;
When Beauty is not heeded or seems stale,
  My life's a cheat, let Death end my distress.

W. H. DAVIES

THE WINE OF PEACE

In this dim glass reposes
A liquid wise and old,
More precious than the purest gold
Or priceless attar of a thousand roses:
The wine of peace, child of the ancient soil,
The budding vine-stock and the patient toil
Of vinedressers and vintagers who trod,
Not the fierce winepress of the wrath of God,
But that mild press, the new command to men,
'Love one another.' Be ye watchful, then,
That all approach this sacrament with mind
Purged of self-seeking, vengeance, hate,
And all the sins that desecrate
The hospitable feast of humankind.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

III. The Study

They had him into the Study, where they showed him records of the greatest antiquity. Here were several other histories, both ancient and modern, together with prophecies and predictions of things that have their certain accomplishment to the comfort and solace of pilgrims

THE STUDY

★

THE SPIRIT OF WISDOM

I called upon God, and the spirit of Wisdom came to me. I preferred her before sceptres and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her. Neither compared I unto her any precious stone, because all gold in respect of her is as a little sand, and silver shall be counted as clay before her. I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light; for the light that cometh from her never goeth out. . . For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure, and most subtil spirits. For Wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness. And being but one, she can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new. And in all ages entering into holy souls she maketh them friends of God.

Wisdom of Solomon, VII (A.V.)

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind.

There is that speaketh rashly like the piercings of a sword:
But the tongue of the wise is health.

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing:
There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great wealth.

A soft answer turneth away wrath:
But a grievous word stirreth up anger.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance:
But by sorrow of heart the spirit is broken.

Better is little with the fear of the Lord
Than great treasure and trouble therewith.

Better a dinner of herbs where love is
Than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith
Than a house full of feasting with strife.

A friend loveth at all times.

A merry heart is a good medicine.

The name of the Lord is a strong tower:
The righteous runneth into it, and is safe.

For lack of wood the fire goeth out:
And where there is no whisperer contention ceaseth.

Proverbs (R.V.)

THE GREATEST IGNORANCE

The greatest ignorance is when a man hates that which he nevertheless thinks to be good and noble, and loves and embraces that which he knows to be unrighteous and evil. This disagreement between the sense of pleasure and the judgment of reason in the soul is, in my opinion, the worst ignorance; and the greatest too, because affecting the greatest part of the human soul; for the principle which feels pleasure and pain in the individual, is like the multitude in a state. And when the soul is opposed to knowledge, or opinion, or reason, which are her natural lords, that I call folly, just as in the state, when the mass of the people refuses to obey their rulers and the laws; or, again, in the individual, when fair reasonings have their habitation in the soul and yet do no good, but rather the reverse of good. All these cases I term the worst ignorance, whether in individuals or states. . .

Let this, then, be our first declaration and assertion, that the citizen who does not know these things ought never to have any kind

of authority entrusted to him: he must be stigmatised as ignorant, even though he be skilful in calculation and versed in all sorts of accomplishments and feats of mental dexterity; and the opposite are to be called wise, even although, in the words of the proverb, they know neither how to read nor how to swim; and to them, as to men of sense, authority is to be committed. For, O my friends, how can there be the least shadow of wisdom when there is no harmony? There is none; but the noblest and greatest of harmonies may be truly said to be the greatest wisdom; and of this he is a partaker who lives according to reason; whereas he who is devoid of reason is the destroyer of his house and the opposite of the saviour of the state: he is ignorant of political wisdom.

PLATO, from *Laws*, III
translation: B. Jowett

THE TRUE LAW

True Law is right reason in agreement with nature; it is of universal application, unchanging and everlasting; it summons to duty by its commands, and averts from wrongdoing by its prohibitions. And it does not lay its commands or prohibitions upon good men in vain, though neither have any effect on the wicked. It is a sin to try to alter this law, nor is it allowable to attempt to repeal any part of it, and it is impossible to abolish it entirely. We cannot be freed from its obligations by senate or people, and we need not look outside ourselves for an expounder or interpreter of it. And there will not be different laws at Rome and at Athens, or different laws now and in the future, but one eternal and unchangeable law will be valid for all nations and all times, and there will be one master and ruler, that is, God, over us all, for he is the author of this law, its promulgator, and its enforcing judge. Whoever is disobedient is fleeing from himself and denying his human nature, and by reason of this very fact he will suffer the worst penalties, even if he escapes what is commonly considered punishment.

CICERO, from *De Re Publica*, Bk. III
translation: Clinton Walker Keyes—Loeb Classical Library

A TINY WORLD

The wondrous pageant of a tiny world—chiefs great-hearted, a whole nation's character and tastes and tribes and battles—I will in due order unfold to thee. Slight is the field of toil; but not slight the

glory, if adverse powers leave one free, and Apollo hearkens unto prayer.

First seek a settled home for your bees, whither the winds may find no access—for the winds let them not carry home their food—where no ewes or sportive kids may trample the flowers, nor straying heifer brush off the dew from the mead and bruise the springing blade. Let the spangled lizard with his scaly back be also a stranger to the rich stalls, and the bee-eater and other birds, and Procne,[1] with breast marked by her blood-stained hands. For these spread havoc far and near, and, while the bees are on the wing, carry them off in their mouths, a sweet morsel for their cruel nestlings. But let clear springs be near, and moss-green pools, and a tiny brook stealing through the grass; and let a palm or huge wild olive shade the porch, so that, when the new kings lead forth the early swarms in the spring they love, and the youth revel in their freedom from the combs, a bank near by may tempt them to quit the heat, and a tree in their path may hold them in its sheltering leafage. In the midst of the water, whether it stand idle or flow onward, cast willows athwart and huge stones, that they may have many bridges whereon to halt and spread their wings to the summer sun, if haply the East wind has sprinkled the loiterers or with swift gust has plunged them in the flood. All about let green cassia bloom, and wild thyme with fragrance far borne, and a wealth of strong-scented savory; and let violet-beds drink of the trickling spring...

When the golden Sun has driven winter in rout beneath the earth, and with summer light unlocked the sky, straightway they range through glades and groves, cull bright flowers, and lightly sip the stream's brink. Hence it is that, glad with some strange joy, they cherish nest and nestlings; hence they deftly mould fresh wax and fashion the gluey honey. Hence when you look up and see the host, just freed from the hive, floating towards the starry sky through the clear summer air—when you marvel at the dark cloud trailing down the wind—mark it well; they are ever in quest of sweet waters and leafy coverts...

But, if haply for battle they have gone forth—for oft-times strife with terrible turmoil hath fallen on two kings; and straightway you may presage from afar the fury of the crowd, and how their hearts thrill with war; for the warlike ring of the hoarse clarion stirs the loiterers, and a sound is heard that is like unto broken trumpet-blasts. Then, all afire, they flock together: their wings flash, they

[1] the swallow.

whet their stings on their beaks and make ready their arms. Round their king, and even by his royal tent, they swarm in throngs, and with loud cries challenge the foe. Therefore, when they have found a clear spring day and open field, they sally forth from the gates. There is a clash; in high air arises a din; they are mingled and massed in one great ball, then tumble headlong: no thicker is hail from the sky, not so dense is the rain of acorns from the shaken oak. In the midst of the ranks the chiefs themselves, with resplendent wings, have mighty souls beating in tiny breasts, ever steadfast not to yield, until the victor's heavy hand has driven these or those to turn their backs in flight. These storms of passion, these conflicts so fierce, by the tossing of a little dust are quelled and laid to rest.

VIRGIL, Georgics IV
translation: H. Rushton Fairclough—Loeb Classical Library

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

The time of a man's life is as a point; the substance of it ever flowing, the sense obscure; and the whole composition of the body tending to corruption. His soul is restless, fortune uncertain, and fame doubtful: to be brief, as a stream so are all things belonging to the body; as a dream or as a smoke, so are all that belong unto the soul. Our life is a warfare, and a mere pilgrimage. Fame after life is no better than oblivion. What is it then that will adhere and follow? Only one thing—Philosophy. And Philosophy doth consist in this, for a man to preserve that Spirit which is within him from all manner of contumelies and injuries and above all pains or pleasures; never to do any thing either rashly, or fainedly, or hypocritically; wholly to depend from himself and his own proper actions; all things that happen unto him to embrace contentedly, as coming from Him from whom he himself also came.

Men seek for themselves private retiring places, as country villages, the sea shore, mountains; yea thou thyself[1] art wont to long much after such places. But all this thou must know proceeds from simplicity in the highest degree. At what time soever thou wilt it is in thy power to retire into thyself, and to be at rest and free from all businesses. A man cannot any whither retire better than to his own soul, he especially who is beforehand provided of such things within, which, whensoever he doth withdraw himself to look in, may

[1] The author is addressing himself. These meditations were written for his own private use.

presently afford unto him perfect ease and tranquillity. By tranquillity I understand a decent orderly disposition and carriage, free from all confusion and tumultuousness. Afford then thyself this retiring continually, and thereby refresh and renew thyself. Let these precepts be brief and fundamental, which as soon as thou dost call them to mind, may suffice thee to purge thy soul throughly, and to send thee away well pleased with those things whatsoever they be which after this short withdrawing of thy soul into herself thou dost return unto.

For what is it that thou art offended at? Can it be at the wickedness of men, when thou dost call to mind this conclusion—that all reasonable creatures are made one for another, and that it is part of justice to bear with them, and that it is against their wills that they offend? And how many already, who once likewise prosecuted their enmities, suspected, hated, and fiercely contended, are now long ago stretched out and reduced unto ashes! . . All these things which now thou seest shall within a very little while be changed and be no more; and ever call to mind how many changes and alterations in the world thou thyself hast already been an eye-witness of in thy time.

Whatsoever is expedient unto thee, O World, is expedient unto me; nothing can either be unseasonable unto me, or out of date, which unto thee is seasonable. Whatsoever thy seasons bear shall ever by me be esteemed as happy fruit and increase. O Nature! from thee are all things, in thee all things subsist, and to thee all tend. There is one[1] who says of Athens 'Thou lovely City of Cecrops!' And shalt thou not say of the World 'Thou lovely City of God'?

Thou must be like a promontory of the sea, against which though the waves bear continually, yet it both itself stands, and about it are those swelling waves stilled and quieted.

Such as thy thoughts and ordinary cogitations are, such will thy mind be in time; for the soul doth as it were receive its tincture from the fancies and imaginations. Dye it therefore and throughly soak it with the assistance of these cogitations.

How all things upon Earth are pell-mell, and how miraculously things contrary to one another concur to the beauty and perfection of this Universe!

MARCUS AURELIUS, from *The Golden Book*
translation: Meric Casaubon, 1634, revised

[1] Aristophanes.

FORTUNE AND HAPPINESS

Wherefore, O man, what is it that hath cast thee into sorrow and grief? Thou hast, methinks, seen something new and unwonted. If thou thinkest that Fortune hath altered her manner of proceeding toward thee, thou art in an error. This was alway her fashion; this is her nature. She hath kept that constancy in thy affairs which is proper to her, in being mutable; such was her condition when she fawned upon thee and allured thee with enticements of feigned happiness. Thou hast discovered the doubtful looks of this blind goddess. She, which concealeth herself from others, is wholly known to thee. If thou likest her, frame thyself to her conditions, and make no complaint. If thou detestest her treachery, despise and cast her off, with her pernicious flattery. For that which hath caused thee so much sorrow should have brought thee to great tranquillity. For she hath forsaken thee, of whom no man can be secure. Dost thou esteem that happiness precious which thou art to lose? And is the present fortune dear unto thee, of whose stay thou are not sure, and whose departure will breed thy grief? And if she can neither be kept at our will, and maketh them miserable whom she at last leaveth, what else is fickle fortune but a token of future calamity? For it is not sufficient to behold that which we have before our eyes; wisdom pondereth the event of things, and this mutability on both sides maketh the threats of Fortune not to be feared, nor her flatterings to be desired. Finally, thou must take in good part whatsoever happeneth unto thee within the reach of Fortune, when once thou hast submitted thy neck to her yoke. And if to her, whom of thine own accord, thou hast chosen for thy mistress, thou wouldest prescribe a law how long she were to stay, and when to depart, shouldst thou not do her mighty wrong, and with thy impatience make thy estate more intolerable, which thou canst not better? If thou settest up thy sails to the wind, thou shalt be carried not whither thy will desirest, but whither the gale driveth. If thou sowest thy seed, thou considerest that there are as well barren as fertile years. Thou hast yielded thyself to Fortune's sway; thou must be content with the conditions of thy mistress. Endeavourest thou to stay the force of the turning wheel? But thou foolishest man that ever was, if it beginneth to stay, it ceaseth to be fortune...

I cannot suffer thy daintiness, who with such lamentation and anxiety complainest that something is wanting to thy happiness. For who hath so entire happiness that he is not in some part offended with the condition of his estate? The nature of human felicity is

doubtful and uncertain, and is neither ever wholly obtained, or never lasteth always. One man hath great revenues, but is condemned for his base lineage. Another's nobility maketh him known, but, oppressed with penury, he had rather be unknown. Some, abounding with both, bewail their life without marriage. Some other, well married but wanting children, provideth riches for strangers to inherit. Others, finally, having children, mournfully bewail the vices which their sons or daughters are given to. So that scarce any man is pleased with the condition of his fortune. For there is something in every estate, which without experience is not known, and being experienced doth molest and trouble. Besides that, those that are most happy are most sensitive, and unless all things fall out to their liking, impatient of all adversity, every little cross overthrows them, so small are the occasions which take from the most fortunate the height of their happiness. How many there are, thinkest thou, which would think themselves almost in Heaven if they had but the least part of the remains of thy fortune? This very place, which thou callest banishment, is to the inhabitants thereof their native land. So true it is that nothing is miserable but what is thought so, and contrariwise, every estate is happy if he that bears it be content. Who is so happy that if he yieldeth to discontent, desireth not to change his estate? How much bitterness is mingled with the sweetness of man's felicity, which, though it seemeth so pleasant while it is enjoyed, yet can it not be retained from going away when it will. And by this it appeareth how miserable is the blessedness of mortal things, which neither endureth alway with the contented, nor wholly delighteth the pensive. Wherefore, O mortal men, why seek you for your felicity abroad, which is placed within yourselves? Error and ignorance do confound you. I will briefly show thee the centre of thy chiefest happiness. Is there anything more precious to thee than thyself? I am sure thou wilt say, nothing. Wherefore, if thou enjoyest thyself, thou shalt possess that which neither thou wilt ever wish to lose nor Fortune can take away.

BOETHIUS, from *Philosophiae Consolationis*
translation: I. T., 1609, revised by H. F. Stewart—Loeb Classical Library

A BOOK-LOVER AND HIS LIBRARY

I enjoy them as a miser doth his gold—to know that I may enjoy them when I list. My mind is settled and satisfied with the right possession. I never travel without books, nor in peace nor in war; yet do

I pass many days and months without using them. 'It shall be anon,' say I, 'or tomorrow, or when I please.' In the meanwhile the time runs away and passeth without hurting me. For it is wonderful, what repose I take, and how I continue in this consideration, that they are at my elbow to delight me when time shall serve, and in acknowledging what assistance they give unto my life.

This is the best munition I have found in this human peregrination; and I extremely bewail those men of understanding that want the same. I accept with better will all other kinds of amusements, how slight soever, forsomuch as this cannot fail me. At home I betake me somewhat the oftener to my Library, whence all at once I command and survey all my household. It is seated in the chief entry of my house; thence I behold under me my garden, my base court, my yard, and look into even most rooms of my house. There, without order, without method, and by piece-meals I turn over and ransack, now one book and now another. Sometimes I muse and rave[1]; and walking up and down I endite and enregister these my humours, these my conceits. It is placed on the third story of a tower.[2] The lower-most is my chapel; the second chamber with other lodgings, where I often lie, because I would be alone. Above it is a great wardrobe. It was in times past the most unprofitable place of all my house. There I pass the greatest part of my life's days and wear out most hours of the day. I am never there a-nights. Next unto it is a handsome neat cabinet, able and large enough to receive fire in winter and very pleasantly windowed. And if I feared not care more than cost (care, which drives and diverts me from all business) I might easily join a convenient gallery of a hundred paces long and twelve broad on each side of it and upon one floor, having already, for some other purpose, found all the walls raised unto a convenient height. Each retired place requireth a walk. My thoughts are prone to sleep, if I sit long. My mind goes not alone as if legs did move it. Those that study without books are all in the same case.

The form of it is round and hath no flat side but what serveth for my table and chair. In which bending or circling manner at one look it offereth me the full sight of all my books, set round upon shelves or decks, five ranks one upon another. It hath three bay-windows of a far-extending, rich, and unrestricted prospect, and is in diameter sixteen paces void. In winter I am less continually there; for my house is perched upon an over-peering hillock, and hath no part

[1] dream.

[2] The tower here described is still standing on its hill in Périgord.

more subject to all weathers than this. Which pleaseth me the more, both because the access unto it is somewhat troublesome and remote, and for the benefit of the exercise (which is to be respected), and that I may the better seclude myself from company and keep encroachers from me. There is my seat—that is my throne.

MONTAIGNE, from *Essays*
translation: John Florio, 1603

THE LAST DAY

It seemeth Fortune doth sometimes narrowly watch the last day of our life, thereby to show her power, and in one moment to overthrow what for many years together she had been erecting, and makes us cry (after Laberius) *I have lived longer by this one day than I should.* So may that good advice of Solon be taken with reason. But forsomuch as he is a philosopher, with whom the favours or disfavours of Fortune and good or ill luck have no place and are not regarded by them, and puissances and greatnesses and accidents of quality are well-nigh indifferent, I deem it very likely he had a further reach, and meant that the same good fortune of our life, which dependeth of the tranquillity and contentment of a well-born mind and of the resolution and assurance of a well-ordered soul should never be ascribed unto man until he have been seen play the last act of his comedy and without doubt the hardest. In all the rest there may be some mask. Either these sophistical discourses of philosophy are not in us but by countenance, or accidents that never touch us to the quick give us always leisure to keep our countenance settled. But when that last part of death and of ourselves comes to be acted, then no dissembling will avail; then it is high time to speak plain English and put off all vizards[1]; then whatsoever the pot containeth must be shown, be it good or bad, foul or clean, wine or water.

MONTAIGNE, from *Essays*
translation: John Florio, 1603

GOOD HOURS OF THE MIND

There is a kind of culture of the mind that seemeth yet more accurate and elaborate than the rest, and is built upon this ground; that the minds of all men are at some times in a state more perfect, and at other times in a state more depraved. The purpose therefore of this practice is to fix and cherish the good hours of the mind, and to ob-

[1] visors.

literate and take forth the evil. The fixing of the good hath been practised by two means, vows or constant resolutions, and observances or exercises (which are not to be regarded so much in themselves, as because they keep the mind in continual obedience). The obliteration of the evil hath been practised by two means, some kind of redemption or expiation of that which is past, and an inception or account *de novo* for the time to come. But this part seemeth sacred and religious, and justly; for all good moral philosophy is but an handmaid to religion.

Wherefore we will conclude with that last point, which is of all other means the most compendious and summary, and again, the most noble and effectual to the reducing of the mind unto virtue and good estate; which is, the electing and propounding unto a man's self good and virtuous ends of his life, such as may be in a reasonable sort within his compass to attain. For if these two things be supposed, that a man set before him honest and good ends, and again, that he be resolute, constant, and true unto them; it will follow that he shall mould himself into all virtue at once. And this is indeed like the work of nature; whereas the other course is like the work of the hand. For as when a carver makes an image, he shapes only that part whereupon he worketh; as if he be upon the face, that part which shall be the body is but a rude stone still, till such times as he comes to it. But contrariwise when nature makes a flower or living creature, she formeth rudiments of all the parts at one time. So in obtaining virtue by habit, while a man practiseth temperance, he doth not profit much to fortitude, nor the like; but when he dedicateth and applieth himself to good ends, look, what virtue soever the pursuit and passage towards those ends doth commend unto him, he is invested of a precedent disposition to conform himself thereunto. Which state of mind Aristotle doth excellently express himself, that it ought not to be called virtuous, but divine.

FRANCIS BACON, from *The Advancement of Learning*

THE SUPERNATURAL

They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

SHAKESPEARE, from *All's Well that Ends Well*

THE CURE OF MELANCHOLY

Many and sundry are the means by which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, to divert those fixed and intent cares and meditations, which in this malady so much offend; but in my judgement none so present, none so powerful, none so apposite as a cup of strong drink, mirth, music, and merry company.

Music is a roaring-meg against melancholy, to rear and revive the languishing soul; affecting not only the ears, but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits; it erects the mind, and makes it nimble. Labouring men that sing to their work can tell as much, and so can soldiers when they go to fight, whom terror of death cannot so much affright, as the sound of trumpets, drum, fife, and such like music animates. It makes a child quiet, the nurse's song; and many times the sound of a trumpet on a sudden, bells ringing, a carman's whistle, a boy singing some ballad tune early in the street, alters, revives, recreates a restless patient that cannot sleep in the night, etc. In a word, it is so powerful a thing that it ravisheth the soul, the queen of the senses, by sweet pleasure (which is a happy cure), and corporal tunes pacify our incorporeal soul and carry it beyond itself, help, elevate, extend it.

Mirth and merry company cannot be separated from music, both concerning and necessarily required in this business. Gladness prolongs his days; and this is one of the three Salernitan doctors—Dr Merryman, Dr Diet, Dr Quiet, which cure all diseases. For these causes our physicians generally prescribe this as a principal engine to batter the walls of melancholy, a chief antidote, and a sufficient cure of itself. By all means procure mirth to these men in such things as are heard, seen, tasted, or smelled, or any way perceived, and let them have all enticements and fair promises, the sight of excellent beauties, attires, ornaments, delightsome passages to distract their minds from fear and sorrow, and such things on which they are so fixed and intent. Let them use hunting, sports, plays, jests, merry company, which will not let the mind be molested, a cup of good drink now and then, hear music, and have such companions with whom they are especially delighted; merry tales or toys, drinking, singing, dancing, and whatsoever else may profit mirth; and by no means suffer them to be alone. To expel grief, and procure pleasure, sweet smells, good diet, touch, taste, embracing, singing, dancing, sports, plays, and above the rest, exquisite beauties, are most powerful means—to meet or see a fair maid pass by, or to be in company

with her. To play the fool now and then is not amiss; there is a time for all things. Grave Socrates would be merry by fits, sing, dance, and take his liquor too, or else Theodoret belies him; so would old Cato, Tully by his own confession, and the rest. Xenophon, in his *Sympos.* brings in Socrates as a principal actor, no man merrier than himself; and sometimes he would 'ride a cockhorse with his children', and well he might; for now and then the most virtuous, honest, and gravest men will use feasts, jests, and toys, as we do sauce to our meats. Nothing better than mirth and merry company in this malady. It begins with sorrow: it must be expelled with hilarity.

But see the mischief! Many men, knowing that merry company is the only medicine against melancholy, will therefore neglect their business; and in another extreme, spend all their days among good fellows in a tavern or an ale-house, and know not otherwise how to bestow their time but in drinking—malt-worms, men-fishes, or water-snakes, like so many frogs in a puddle. They drown their wits, seethe their brains in ale, consume their fortunes, lose their time, weaken their temperatures, contract filthy diseases, rheums, dropsies, calentures, tremor, get swoln jugulars, pimpled red faces, sore eyes; heat their livers, alter their complexions, spoil their stomachs, overthrow their bodies; for drink drowns more than the sea and all the rivers that fall into it (mere funges[1] and casks), confound their souls, suppress reason, go from Scylla to Charybdis, and use that which is a help to their undoing.

Discontents and grievances are either general or particular. General are wars, plagues, dearths, famine, fires, inundations, unseasonable weather, epidemical diseases which afflict whole kingdoms, territories, cities; or peculiar to private men, as cares, crosses, losses, death of friends, poverty, want, sickness, orbities,[2] abuses. Even in the midst of our mirth and jollity there is some grudging, some complaint; our whole life is a glucupicron, a bitter-sweet passion, honey and gall mixed together. We are all miserable and discontent —who can deny it? 'Ay, but alas! we are more miserable than others. What shall we do? Besides private miseries, we live in perpetual fear and danger of common enemies; we have Bellona's whips and pitiful outcries, for epithalamiums; for pleasant music, that fearful noise of ordnance, drums, and warlike trumpets still sounding in our ears; instead of nuptial torches, we have firing of towns and cities; for triumphs, lamentations; for joy, tears.'

Whatsoever is under the moon is subject to corruption, alteration;

[1] sponges. [2] privations.

and so long as thou livest upon earth, look not for other. Thou shalt not here find peaceable and cheerful days, quiet times, but rather clouds, storms, calumnies. Such is our fate. But thou thinkest thou art more miserable than the rest, other men are happy but in respect of thee, their miseries are but flea-bitings to thine, thou alone art unhappy—none so bad as thyself. Yet, as Socrates said, 'If all men in the world should come and bring their grievances together, of body, mind, fortune, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment, and lay them on a heap to be equally divided, wouldst thou share alike and take thy portion? or be as thou art?' Without question thou wouldst be as thou art. How many thousands want what thou hast? How many myriads of poor slaves, captives, of such as work day and night in coal-pits, tin-mines, with sore toil to maintain a poor living, of such as labour in body and mind, live in extreme anguish and pain—all which thou art free from? Thou art most happy if thou couldst be content, and acknowledge thy happiness. Compare thine estate with others. Be content and rest satisfied for thou art well in respect to others: be thankful for that thou hast, that God hath done for thee. He hath not made thee a monster, a beast, a base creature, as he might, but a man, a Christian, such a man. Consider aright of it—thou art full well as thou art. Go on, then, merrily to heaven.

ROBERT BURTON, from *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621—abridged

THE LABYRINTH OF TRUTH

If any shall query why magnetical Philosophy excludeth decussations,[1] and needles transversely placed do naturally distract their verticities . . . or why the Noble Antoninus in some sense doth call the soul itself a Rhombus, he shall not fall on trite or trivial disquisitions. And these we invent and propose unto acuter enquirers, nauseating crambe[2] verities and questions over-queried. Flat and flexible truths are beat out by every hammer; but Vulcan and his whole forge sweat to work out Achilles his armour. A large field is yet left unto sharper discerners to enlarge upon this order, to search out the quarternios and figured draughts of this nature, and moderating the study of names and mere nomenclature of plants, to erect generalities, disclose unobserved proprieties, not only in the vegetable shop but the whole volume of nature; affording delightful Truths conformable by sense and ocular Observation, which seems

[1] intersections. [2] oft repeated.

to me the surest path to trace the Labyrinth of Truth. For though discursive enquiry and rational conjecture may leave handsome gashes and flesh-wounds, yet without conjunction of this expect no mortal or dispatching blows unto error.

But the Quincunx of Heaven runs low, and 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge. We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep, which often continueth praecogitations, making Cables of Cobwebs and Wildernesses of handsome Groves. Beside, Hippocrates hath spoke so little, and the Oneirocritical Masters have left such frigid Interpretations from plants, that there is little encouragement to dream of Paradise itself. Nor will the sweetest delight of Gardens afford much comfort to sleep, wherein the dullness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a Rose.

Night, which Pagan Theology could make the daughter of Chaos, affords no advantage to the description of order, although no lower than that Mass can we derive its Genealogy. All things began in order, so shall they end; and so shall they begin again according to the ordainer of order and mystical Mathematics of the City of Heaven.

Though Somnus in Homer be sent to rouse up Agamemnon, I find no such effects in these drowsy approaches of sleep. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our Antipodes. The Huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time when sleep itself must end, and as some conjecture all shall awake again?

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, from *The Garden of Cyrus*, 1658

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

We must not think we have then attained to the right knowledge of truth, when we have broken through the outward shell of words and phrases that house it up; or when, by a logical analysis, we have found out the dependencies and coherencies of them one with another; or when, like stout champions of it, having well guarded it with the invincible strength of our demonstration, we dare stand out in the face of the world, and challenge the field of all those that would pretend to be our rivals.

We have many grave and reverend idolaters that worship truth

only in the image of their own wits; that could never adore it so much as they may seem to do, were it anything else but such a form of belief as their own wandering speculations had at last met together in; were it not that they find their own image and superscription upon it.

There is a knowing of 'the truth as it is in Jesus'—as it is in a Christlike nature, as it is in that sweet, mild, humble, and loving spirit of Jesus, which spreads itself, like a morning sun, upon the souls of good men, full of light and life. It profits little to know Christ Himself after the flesh; but He gives His Spirit to good men that searcheth the deep things of God. There is an inward beauty, life, and loveliness in divine truth, which cannot be known but then when it is digested into life and practice...

He that will find truth must seek it with a free judgment and a sanctified mind. He that thus seeks shall find; he shall live in truth, and that shall live in him. It shall be like a stream of living waters issuing out of his own soul; he shall drink of the waters of his own cistern, and be satisfied; he shall every morning find this heavenly manna lying upon the top of his own soul, and be fed with it to eternal life; he will find satisfaction within, feeling himself in conjunction with truth, though all the world should dispute against him.

JOHN SMITH, from *Select Discourses*, 1660

DISTRACTIONS

When I consider the various distractions of men, and the toils and dangers to which they expose themselves, I discover that all our misfortunes arise from one thing only—that men are unable to stay quietly in their own chamber. We fancy that were we to gain such and such an office we should then rest with pleasure, and are quite unaware of the insatiable nature of our desires. We honestly believe that we are seeking repose, but actually we are only seeking agitation. We have a secret instinct prompting us to look for distraction; and we have another which tells us that happiness consists in rest and not in turmoil. And, naturally, these two opposing instincts lead to a confusion of mind, causing us to aim at rest through agitation, and to imagine that we shall thus gain that satisfaction which as yet we have not. Thus all our life rolls away. We attack all the supposed obstacles to our repose; but when these are overcome we do not find that our condition has become tolerable. For we are still beset by the miseries we endure or by those we fear.

Men bustle about, and load themselves with business; they are anxious about their health, their wealth, or their honour. In this way they try to make and keep themselves happy. A strange way, you will say—but what could be done? They could be released from all these cares, and then they would see themselves; they would think on what they are, whence they come, and whither they go. The one thing which consoles us for our miseries is distraction, yet this itself may be the greatest of our miseries. For this it is which hinders us from thinking of ourselves. It is a wretched consolation, since it does not cure the evil but merely conceals it for a time; and this very concealment prevents the discovery of the true cure. Thus by a strange inversion of man's nature he finds that his weariness is in some measure his greatest good, because more than anything else it may help him to find the real remedy for his ills. And it is an admirable proof of the greatness of man's destiny that he continually seeks a multitude of occupations, because he holds the idea of a lost happiness, which must exist somewhere. Not being able to find it in himself, he looks for it in external things. But he remains unsatisfied. In the end he discovers that happiness is not to be found in all creation, but only in God Himself.

BLAISE PASCAL, from *Pensées*
translation: Anon

MEDITATIONS

I. EVERYTHING IS OURS

When things are ours in their proper places, nothing is needful but prizing to enjoy them. God therefore hath made it infinitely easy to enjoy, by making everything ours, and us able so easily to prize them. Everything is ours that serves us in its place. The Sun serves us as much as is possible, and more than we could imagine. The Clouds and Stars minister unto us, the World surrounds us with beauty, the Air refresheth us, the Sea revives the earth and us. The Earth itself is better than gold because it produceth fruits and flowers. And therefore in the beginning was it made manifest to be mine, because Adam alone was made to enjoy it. By making one, and not a multitude, God evidently shewed one alone to be the end of the World and every one its enjoyer. For every one may enjoy it as much as he.

By the very right of your senses you enjoy the World. Is not the beauty of the Hemisphere present to your eye? Doth not the glory

of the Sun pay tribute to your sight? Is not the vision of the World an amiable thing? Do not the stars shed influences to perfect the Air? Is not that a marvellous body to breathe in? To visit the lungs, repair the spirits, revive the senses, cool the blood, fill the empty spaces between the Earth and Heavens; and yet give liberty to all objects? Prize these first, and you shall enjoy the residue: Glory, Dominion, Power, Wisdom, Honour, Angels, Souls, Kingdoms, Ages. *Be faithful in a little, and you shall be master over much.* If you be not faithful in esteeming these, who shall put into your hands the true Treasures? If you be negligent in prizing these, you will be negligent in prizing all. For there is a disease in him who despiseth present mercies, which till it be cured, he can never be happy. He esteemeth nothing that he hath, but is ever gaping after more; which when he hath he despiseth in like manner. Insatiableness is good, but not ingratitude.

It is of the nobility of man's soul that he is insatiable. For he hath a Benefactor so prone to give, that He delighteth in us for asking. Do not your inclinations tell you that the World is yours? Do you not covet all? Do you not long to have it, to enjoy it, to overcome it? To what end do men gather riches, but to multiply more? . . Like Alexander the Great they must have all; and when they have got it, be quiet. And may not they do all this before they begin? Nay, it would be well, if they could be quiet. But if after all, they shall be like the stars, that are seated on high, but have no rest, what gain they more but labour for their trouble? It was wittingly feigned that that young man sat down and cried for more worlds to conquer. So insatiable is man that millions will not please him. They are no more than so many tennis-balls in comparison of the Greatness and Highness of his Soul.

Your enjoyment of the world is never right till every morning you awake in Heaven; see yourself in your Father's Palace; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as Celestial Joys; having such a reverent esteem of all as if you were among the Angels. The bride of a monarch, in her husband's chamber, hath no such causes of delight as you.

You will never enjoy the world aright till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars; and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and Kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.

Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels; till you are as familiar with the ways of God in all Ages as with your table; till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made; till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own; till you delight in God for being good to all—you never enjoy the world. . .

Yet further, you never enjoy the world aright till you so love the beauty of enjoying it, that you are covetous and earnest to persuade others to enjoy it.

2. RIGHT THINKING

As nothing is more easy than to think, so nothing is more difficult than to think well. The easiness of thinking we received from God, the difficulty of thinking well proceeded from ourselves. Yet in truth, it is far more easy to think well than ill, because good thoughts be sweet and delightful. Evil thoughts are full of discontent and trouble. So that an evil habit and custom have made it difficult to think well, not Nature. For by nature nothing is so difficult as to think amiss.

Is it not easy to conceive the World in your Mind? To think the Heavens Fair? The Sun Glorious? The Earth Fruitful? The Air Pleasant? The Sea Profitable? And the Giver Bountiful? Yet these are the things which it is difficult to retain. For could we always be sensible of their use and value, we should be always delighted with their wealth and glory.

3. HOW TO BE HAPPY

'Tis not change of place, but glorious principles well practised that establish Heaven in the life and soul. An angel will be happy anywhere, and a devil miserable; because the principles of the one are always good, of the other, bad. From the centre to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills all is Heaven before God, and full of treasure; and he that walks like God in the midst of them, blessed.

THOMAS TRAHERNE, from *Centuries of Meditations*, c. 1670

RAIN AT SEA

As clouds do usually hover over hills and mountains, so do they also keep near the land. In making land we commonly find it cloudy over

the land, though 'tis clear everywhere beside. High land is the first discerned by us, and that (as I said before) is commonly clouded. But now I shall speak how we find the clouds when we are but a little way from the land, either coasting along the shore or at anchor by it. I hope the reader will not imagine that I am going to prove that it never rains at sea, or but very little there; for the contrary is known to everybody.

There are very frequent tornados in several seas, especially near the equator, and more particularly in the Atlantic Sea. Other seas are not so much troubled with them, neither is the Atlantic so to the north or south of the Line, especially at any considerable distance from the shore; but yet 'tis very probable, however, that the sea has not so great a portion of tornados as the land hath. For when we are near the shore within the Torrid Zone, we often see it rain on the land and perceive it to be very cloudy there, when it is fair at sea and scarce a cloud to be seen that way. And though we have the wind from the shore, and the clouds seeming to be drawing off, yet they often wheel about again to the land, as if they were magnetically drawn that way. Sometimes indeed they do come off a little, but then they usually either return again or else insensibly vanish. And that's the reason that seamen when they are sailing near the shore and see a tornado coming off, they don't much mind it, but cry, 'The land will devour it!' But, however, sometimes they fly off to sea. And 'tis very rare that tornados arise from thence. For they generally rise first over the land, and that in a very strange manner; for even from a very small arising over the top of a hill I have often seen it increase to such a bulk that I have known it rain for two or three days successively. This I have observed both in the East and West Indies and in the South and North Seas. And 'tis impossible for me to forget how oft I have been disturbed by such small clouds that appeared in the night. 'Tis usual with seamen in those parts to sleep on the deck, especially for Privateers, among whom I made these observations. In Privateers, especially when we are at an anchor, the deck is spread with mats to lie on each night. Every man has one, some two; and this, with a pillow for the head and a rug for a covering, is all the bedding that is necessary for men of that employ.

I have many times spread my lodging, when the evening has promised well, yet have been forced to withdraw before day. And yet it was not a little rain that would affright me then; neither at its first coming could I have thought that such a small cloud could afford so much rain. And oftentimes both myself and others have

been so deceived by the appearance of so small a cloud, that thinking the rain would soon be over, we have lain till we were dropping wet, and then have been forced to move at last.

But to proceed. I have constantly observed that in the wet season we had more rain in the night than in the day; for though it was fair in the day, yet we seldom escaped having a tornado or two in the night. If we had one in the day, it rose and came away presently; and it may be we had an hour's rain, more or less; but when it came in the night, though there was little appearance of rain, yet we should have it three or four hours together. But this has commonly been nigh the shore; and we have seen thick clouds over the land and much thunder and lightning, and to our appearance there was more rain there than we had. And probably out farther off at sea there might be still less; for it was commonly pretty clear that way.

WILLIAM DAMPIER, from *A Discourse of Winds, &c.*, 1699

A HINT FOR THE BUDGET

I heard a very warm debate between two professors about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money, without grieving the subject. The first affirmed the justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vice and folly; and the sum fixed on every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours. The second was of an opinion directly contrary—to tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less, according to the degrees of excelling; the decision should be left entirely to their own breasts. The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments, according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom and learning, they shall not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour or value them in himself. The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment.

JONATHAN SWIFT, from *Gulliver's Travels*

THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY

(1755)

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceed the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academick bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe that, if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprized in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni[1]; if the embodied criticks of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave; and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, from Preface to *Dictionary of the English Language*

SMALL FRY

1. CHARLES MONTAGU, LORD HALIFAX

(1661–1715)

Of him, who from a poet became a patron of poets, it will be readily believed that the works would not miss of celebration. Addison began to praise him early, and was followed or accompanied by

[1] Paolo Beni, a native of Padua, who published works on etymology early in the seventeenth century.

other poets; perhaps, by almost all, except Swift and Pope, who forebore to flatter him in his life, and after his death spoke of him, Swift with slight censure, and Pope, in the character of Bufo, with acrimonious contempt.

He was, as Pope says, 'fed with dedications'; for Tickell affirms that no dedicator was unrewarded. . . Many a blandishment was practised upon Halifax, which he would never have known, had he no other attractions than those of his poetry, of which a short time has withered the beauties.

2. MATTHEW PRIOR

(1644–1721)

Solomon is the work to which he entrusted the protection of his name, and which he expected succeeding ages to regard with veneration. His affection was natural; it had undoubtedly been written with great labour; and who is willing to think that he has been labouring in vain? He had infused into it much knowledge and much thought; had often polished it to elegance, often dignified it with splendour, and sometimes heightened it to sublimity: he perceived in it many excellencies, and did not discover that it wanted that without which all others are of small avail, the power of engaging attention and alluring curiosity.

Tediousness is the most fatal of all faults; negligences or errours are single and local, but tediousness pervades the whole; other faults are censured and forgotten, but the power of tediousness propagates itself. He that is weary the first hour, is more weary the second; as bodies forced into motion, contrary to their tendency, pass more and more slowly through every successive interval of space. Unhappily this pernicious failure is that which an author is least able to discover. We are seldom tiresome to ourselves.

3. GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE

(1667–1735)

Writers commonly derive their reputation from their works; but there are works which owe their reputation to the character of the writer. The publick sometimes has its favourites, whom it rewards for one species of excellence with the honours due to another. From him whom we reverence for his beneficence we do not willingly withhold the praise of genius; a man of exalted merit becomes, at

once, an accomplished writer, as a beauty finds no great difficulty in passing for a wit.

Granville was a man illustrious by his birth, and, therefore, attracted notice: since he is by Pope styled 'the polite', he must be supposed elegant in his manners, and generally loved: he was, in times of contest and turbulence, steady to his party, and obtained that esteem which is always conferred upon firmness and consistency. With those advantages, having learned the art of versifying, he declared himself a poet; and his claim to the laurel was allowed.

But by a critick of a later generation, who takes up his book without any favourable prejudices, the praise already received will be thought sufficient; for his works do not show him to have had much comprehension from nature, or illumination from learning... His little pieces are seldom either sprightly or elegant, either keen or weighty. They are trifles written by idleness, and published by vanity.

4. EDMUND SMITH

(1672–1710)

He had gathered two quires of hints for his new tragedy; of which Rowe, when they were put into his hands, could make, as he says, very little use, but which the collector considered as a valuable stock of materials.

When he came to London, his way of life connected him with the licentious and dissolute; and he affected the airs and gaiety of a man of pleasure; but his dress was always deficient; scholastick cloudiness still hung about him; and his merriment was sure to produce the scorn of his companions.

With all his carelessness and all his vices, he was one of the mourners at fortune; and wondered why he was suffered to be poor, when Addison was caressed and preferred; nor would a very little have contented him; for he estimated his wants at six hundred pounds a year.

5. WILLIAM BROOME

(1689–1745)

Of Broome, though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. His

rhymes are sometimes unsuitable; in his *Melancholy*, he makes 'breath' rhyme to 'birth' in one place, and to 'earth' in another. Those faults occur but seldom; and he had such power of words and numbers as fitted him for translation; but, in his original works, recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. His imitations are so apparent, that it is part of the reader's employment to recall the verses of some former poet. Sometimes he copies the most popular writers, for he seems scarcely to endeavour at concealment; and sometimes he picks up fragments in obscure corners. . . To detect his imitations were tedious and useless.

6. RICHARD SAVAGE

(1698–1743)

The great hardships of poverty were to Savage not the want of lodging or of food, but the neglect and contempt which it drew upon him. He complained that, as his affairs grew desperate, he found his reputation for capacity visibly decline; that his opinion in questions of criticism was no longer regarded, when his coat was out of fashion. . .

He excelled in the arts of conversation, and, therefore, willingly practised them. He had seldom any home, or even a lodging, in which he could be private; and, therefore, was driven into publick-houses for the common conveniences of life and supports of nature. He was always ready to comply with every invitation, having no employment to withhold him, and often no money to provide for himself; and, by dining with one company, he never failed of obtaining an introduction into another.

Thus dissipated was his life, and thus casual his subsistence; yet did not the distraction of his views hinder him from reflection, nor the uncertainty of his condition depress his gaiety. When he had wandered about without any fortunate adventure by which he was led into a tavern, he sometimes retired into the fields, and was able to employ his mind in study, or amuse it with pleasing imaginations.

7. JAMES HAMMOND

(1710–1742)

Of the prefacer, whoever he was, it may be reasonably suspected that he never read the poems; for he professes to value them for a very high species of excellence, and recommends them as the

genuine effusions of the mind which expresses a real passion in the language of nature. But the truth is, these elegies have neither passion, nature, nor manners. Where there is a fiction, there is no passion: he that describes himself as a shepherd, and his Neaera or Delia as a shepherdess, and talks of goats and lambs, feels no passion. He that courts his mistress with Roman imagery deserves to lose her; for she may, with good reason, suspect his sincerity. Hammond had few sentiments drawn from nature, and few images from modern life. He produces nothing but frigid pedantry. It would be hard to find in all his productions three stanzas that deserve to be remembered.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, from *Lives of the Poets*

ADVICE FOR BOSWELL

I have received two letters from you, of which the second complains of the neglect shewn to the first. You must not tie your friends to such punctual correspondence. You have all possible assurances of my affection and esteem; and there ought to be no need of reiterated professions. When it may happen that I can give you either counsel or comfort, I hope it will never happen to me that I should neglect you; but you must not think me criminal or cold if I say nothing when I have nothing to say.

You are now happy enough. Mrs Boswell is recovered; and I congratulate you upon the probability of her long life. If general approbation will add anything to your enjoyment, I can tell you that I have heard you mentioned as *a man whom everybody likes*. I think life has little more to give...

I wish you would a little correct or restrain your imagination, and imagine that happiness, such as life admits, may be had at other places as well as London. Without asserting Stoicism, it may be said that it is our business to exempt ourselves as much as we can from the power of external things. There is but one solid basis of happiness, and that is the reasonable hope of a happy futurity. This may be had every where.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, from a Letter

GIBBON TALKS OF HIMSELF

It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the

decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city rather than of the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work.

I had not totally renounced the southern provinces of France, but the letters which I found at Lyons were expressive of some impatience. Rome and Italy had satiated my curious appetite, and I was now ready to return to the peaceful retreat of my family and books. After a happy fortnight I reluctantly left Paris, embarked at Calais, again landed at Dover, after an interval of two years and five months, and hastily drove through the summer dust and solitude of London...

My transmigration from London to Lausanne could not be effected without interrupting the course of my historical labours. The hurry of my departure, the joy of my arrival, the delay of my tools, suspended their progress; and a full twelvemonth was lost before I could resume the thread of regular and daily industry. A number of books most requisite and least common had been previously selected; the academical library of Lausanne, which I could use as my own, contained at least the fathers and councils; and I have derived some occasional succour from the public collections of Berne and Geneva...

I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for a serious revisal.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the

idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my *history*, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

EDWARD GIBBON, from *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*

THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS

The study of the classics is less to be regarded as an exercise of the intellect, than as 'a discipline of humanity'. The peculiar advantage of this mode of education consists not so much in strengthening the understanding, as in softening and refining the taste. It gives men liberal views; it accustoms the mind to take an interest in things foreign to itself; to love virtue for its own sake; to prefer fame to life, and glory to riches; and to fix our thoughts on the remote and permanent, instead of narrow and fleeting objects. It teaches us to believe that there is something really great and excellent in the world, surviving all the shocks of accident and fluctuations of opinion, and raises us above that low and servile fear, which bows only to present power and upstart authority. Rome and Athens filled a place in the history of mankind which can never be occupied again. They were two cities set on a hill, which could not be hid. All eyes have seen them, and their light shines like a mighty sea-mark into the abyss of time.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, from *The Round Table*, 1817

THE BEAUTY OF MOTION

Motion is beautiful as it implies either continuity or gradual change. The motion of a hawk is beautiful, either returning in endless circles with suspended wings, or darting right forward in one level line upon its prey. We have, when boys, often watched the glittering down of the thistle, at first scarcely rising above the ground, and then, mingling with the gale, borne into the upper sky with varying fantastic motion. How delightful, how beautiful! All motion is beautiful that is not contradictory to itself—that is free from sudden jerks and shocks—that is either sustained by the same impulse, or gradually reconciles different impulses together. Swans resting on the calm bosom of a lake, in which their image is reflected, or moved up and down with the heaving of the waves, though by this the double image is disturbed, are equally beautiful. . . . Awkwardness is occasioned by a difficulty in moving, or by disjointed

movements that distract the attention and defeat each other. Grace is the absence of every thing that indicates pain or difficulty, or hesitation or incongruity. The only graceful dancer we ever saw was Deshayes, the Frenchman. He came on bounding like a stag. It was not necessary to have seen good dancing before to know that this was really fine. Whoever has seen the sea in motion, the branches of a tree waving in the air, would instantly perceive the resemblance. Flexibility and grace are to be found in Nature as well as at the Opera.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, from *The Round Table*, 1817

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is a constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labour, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favourable estimate of the past.

In truth we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare: but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where an hour before, they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilisation. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when

to have a clean shirt once a week was a privilege reserved for the higher class of gentry, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our turn be envied.

LORD MACAULAY, from *The History of England*

THE MICROCOSM

We stand neither in our knowing nor in our acting at the motionless centre of the universe, but at the farthest extremities of its structure, loud with the whirl of machinery; and the impatient longing that seeks to escape thence to the centre should beware of thinking lightly of the seriousness and magnitude of conditions under whose sway an irrevocable decree has placed our finite life. If the views of things whence this longing springs are higher, they float like distant clouds, brilliantly lit up with noble anticipations, at a secure height above all the thorny complexities of our situation here below; they point out no path through the thicket, only one which leads to resignation.

But the life of the human race consists not alone in longing for the goal, in enthusiastic dreams of having come within sight of it, but in the labour of travelling towards it. If we would fulfil this task with self-conscious circumspection, we cannot be too zealous in searching into the conditions imposed upon the development of our mental life in the nature of the scene that surrounds us and the course of the history by which we are drawn along. As in the great fabric of the universe the creative spirit imposed on itself unchangeable laws by which it moves the world of phenomena, diffusing the fulness of the Highest Good throughout innumerable forces and events, and distilling it again from them into the bliss of consciousness and enjoyment: so must man, acknowledging the same laws, develop given existence into a knowledge of its value, and the value of his ideals into a series of external forces proceeding from himself. To this labour we are called, and the most admirable feature in the history of our race is the unquenchable perseverance with which the most prominent intellects in all ages have devoted themselves to the perfecting of the outward relations of life, the subjugation of Nature, the advancement of all useful arts, the improvement of social institutions, though they knew that the true bliss of existence lies in

those quiet moments of solitary communion with God when all human daily toil, all culture and civilisation, the gravity and the burden of noisy life, shrink into something like a mere preliminary exercise of powers without any abiding result. In the energy of a freedom that does not aimlessly stray and desire the fruit without the slow growth of the plant, but consciously restraining himself within the firm bounds of a necessity which he holds sacred, and following the tracks prescribed to him, Man will be that which, according to an ancient idea, he is above all creatures—the complete reflection of the great real world, the *Microcosm.*

HERMANN LOTZE, from *Mikrokosmos*
translation: E. Hamilton and G. E. C. Jones

THE BROKEN ARC

Imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change. Nothing that lives is, or can be, rigidly perfect; part of it is decaying, part nascent. The foxglove blossom—a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom—is a type of the life of this world. And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty. No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry. All admit irregularity as they imply change; and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyse vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment Mercy.

JOHN RUSKIN, from *The Stones of Venice*, 1853

TWO PICTURES

1. THE DREAMING PRINCESS

The bed is a broad four-poster, the posts being beautifully wrought golden or gilded rods, variously wreathed and branched, carrying a canopy of warm red. The princess's shield is at the head of it, and the feet are raised entirely above the floor of the room, on a dais which projects at the lower end so as to form a seat, on which the child has laid her crown. Her little blue slippers lie at the side of the bed,—her white dog beside them. The coverlid is scarlet, the white

sheet folded half-way back over it; the young girl lies straight, bending neither at the waist nor knee, the sheet rising and falling over her in a narrow unbroken wave, like the shape of the coverlid of the last sleep, when the turf scarcely rises. She is some seventeen or eighteen years old, her head is turned towards us on the pillow, the cheek resting on her hand, as if she were thinking, yet utterly calm in sleep, and almost colourless. Her hair is tied with a narrow riband, and divided into two wreaths, which encircle her head like a double crown. The white nightgown hides the arm raised on the pillow, down to the wrist.

At the door of the room an angel enters (the little dog, though lying awake, vigilant, takes no notice). He is a very small angel, his head just rises a little above the shelf round the room, and would only reach as high as the princess's chin, if she were standing up. He has soft grey wings, lustreless; and his dress, of subdued hue, has violet sleeves, open above the elbow, and showing white sleeves below. He comes in without haste, his body, like a mortal one, casting shadow from the light through the door behind, his face perfectly quiet; a palm-branch in his right hand—a scroll in his left.

So dreams the princess, with blessed eyes, that need no earthly dawn. It is very pretty of Carpaccio to make her dream out the angel's dress so particularly, and notice the slashed sleeves; and to dream so little an angel—very nearly a doll angel—bringing her the branch of palm and message. But the lovely characteristic of all is the evident delight of her continual life. Royal power over herself, and happiness in her flowers, her books, her sleeping and waking, her prayers, her dreams, her earth, her heaven.

JOHN RUSKIN, from *Fors Clavigera*, 1871

2. LA GIOCONDA

La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that circle of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least.[1] As often

[1] Yet for Vasari there was some further magic of crimson in the lips and cheeks, lost for us. (*Author's note*)

happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder, by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays all over Leonardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had the dream and the person grown up thus apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leonardo's brain, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, in the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labour never really completed, or in four months and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence, that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which 'all the ends of the world are come', and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive, the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritial ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the

delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

WALTER PATER, from *The Renaissance*, 1873

A BOOKMAN IN PARADISE

If study gives that sweet satisfaction which has been so often claimed for it, then it is certainly worth while to recall the favourable surroundings in which my friend Magnin was able to taste and relish it. Lodged within the precincts of the greatest library[1] in the world, he could, in reserved places and at times when the public was not admitted, enjoy to the full the freedom of those spacious cloisters. When I watched him moving so quietly through the great halls and between sombre shelves and grated cases, I almost fancied he was afraid of awaking all those generations of sleeping authors. Indeed, he was like one of them himself; and when he came to consult them he seemed anxious not to disturb their repose. In the deeper quietness of evening I would often surprise him at his peaceful researches. I used to find him sitting alone, reading near a window. The pages rustling beneath his fingers made little noises like the ticking of a clock marking in that temple of silence the inexorable transit of time.

It is now difficult, and in a few years it will be impossible, to picture the Royal Library as it was in its first tranquil beauty; with the haunting gloom of the rectangular court; the enclosed garden, formal and austere, its greenish stone fountain sending up painfully but a slender jet of water—a garden where nobody came; the solemn staircases; the ancient halls and galleries of that old palace of Mazarin, then preserved much as it was in the days when the great Cardinal walked there, or, almost dying, was wheeled in his chair between the double rows of his priceless possessions. You had only to enter the place to be almost overpowered by its grave and studious atmosphere; the air you breathed was no longer that of the outside world.

SAINTE-BEUVE, from *Nouveaux Lundis*
translation: A. S.

[1] *Bibliothèque Nationale*, of which Monsieur Magnin was librarian.

AN UNEXPECTED SWEETNESS

The subjects in which I took pleasure, and upon which I possessed books, I sedulously taught myself; the other subjects, which formed the vast majority, I did not learn at all. . . My Father grudged the time, but he felt it a duty to do something to fill up these deficiencies, and we now started Latin, in a little eighteenth-century reading-book, out of which my Grandfather had been taught. It consisted of strings of words, and of grim arrangements of conjugation and declension, presented in a manner appallingly unattractive. I used to be set down in the study, under my Father's eye, to learn a solid page of this compilation, while he wrote or painted. The window would be open in summer, and my seat was close to it. Outside, a bee was shaking the clematis-blossom, or a red-admiral butterfly was opening and shutting his wings on the hot concrete of the verandah, or a blackbird was racing across the lawn. It was almost more than human nature could bear to have to sit holding up to my face the dreary little Latin book, with its sheep-skin cover that smelt of mildewed paste.

But out of this strength there came an unexpected sudden sweetness. The exercise of hearing me repeat my strings of nouns and verbs had revived in my Father his memories of the classics. In the old solitary years, a long time ago, by the shores of Canadian rapids, on the edge of West Indian swamps, his Virgil had been an inestimable solace to him. . . One evening my Father took down his Virgil from an upper shelf, and his thoughts wandered away from surrounding things; he travelled in the past again. The book was a Delphin edition of 1798, which had followed him in all his wanderings; there was a great scratch on the sheep-skin cover that a thorn had made in a forest of Alabama. And then, in the twilight, as he shut the volume at last, oblivious of my presence, he began to murmur and to chant the adorable verses by memory.

Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,

he warbled; and I stopped my play, and listened as if to a nightingale, till he reached

tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.[1]

'O Papa, what is that?' I could not prevent myself from asking. He translated the verses, he explained their meaning, but his exposi-

[1] See page 51.

tion gave me little interest. What to me was beautiful Amaryllis? She and her love-sick Tityrus awakened no image whatever in my mind.

But a miracle had been revealed to me, the incalculable, the amazing beauty which could exist in the sound of verses. My prosodical instinct was awakened quite suddenly that dim evening, as my Father and I sat alone in the breakfast-room after tea, serenely accepting the hour, for once, with no idea of exhortation or profit. Verse, 'a breeze mid blossoms playing', as Coleridge says, descended from the roses as a moth might have done, and the magic of it took hold of my heart for ever. I persuaded my Father, who was a little astonished at my insistence, to repeat the lines over and over again. At last my brain caught them, and as I walked in Benny's garden, or as I hung over the tidal pools at the edge of the sea, all my inner being used to ring out with the sound of

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE, from *Father and Son*

THE QUEEN OF CARTHAGE

Dido, Queen of Carthage, was the romantic heroine of the Middle Ages. They could not read the lines in Homer where the old men hushed their swallows' chattering as Helen passed by; they knew her only in Dictys, sweet-natured, long-limbed and golden-haired, or in the amazing flashlight vision of Virgil, crouching on the steps of the Temple of Vesta in the light of the fires, 'Erynnis to her father's house and Troy.' She is Absolute Beauty, even as *Venus generosa*. But Dido they took to their hearts, wrote lament after lament for her, cried over her as the young men of the eighteenth century cried over Manon Lescaut. St. Augustine broke his heart for her; and the schoolboy Alcuin, waking at night and watching the devils nip the toes of the other monks in the dormitory, called anxiously to mind that he had scamped the Psalms to read the Aeneid. Nor in this do they show their simplicity. To come back to Dido after much novel reading is to recognise a great heroine in the hands of a great novelist. From the first scene to the last—the gracious welcome, self-possessed and royal, of the sea-tossed wanderers, the empty hall with the lights out and the household asleep, and the queen stealing down in the light of the dying stars to lie huddled on the couch where Aeneas that night had lain, the surrender in the cave in the blackness of the storm, the night when the owl cries with its note of doom, the pitiful sorrowful dreaming

in Virgil's loveliest lines of herself always alone, always abandoned, wandering on long roads companionless, seeking her people far from her own land, the last murmur, her cheek crushed against the couch that had been their bed—'At least I die'—they saw for the first time 'the ambiguous face of woman as she is.'

HELEN WADDELL, from *The Wandering Scholars*

THE SMELL OF BOOKS

Of all the odours in life none surely is so rich both in retrospect and in prospect as the smell of books to him who loves them. The cosy invitation of a library! Not a public library, needless to say, where the intimate appeal is lost in a jumble of smells—dust, paste, ink and clammy overcoats. Such public mixtures the bookworm, that solitary self-centred individual, must, by reason of his shyness, ever consistently shun. But usher him into the private room of a private house where books, many books, have reposed for many years. Then go away and leave him to it.

The smell of a room full of books is slow to form. Like the bouquet of wine, it must ripen. You have to wait. But if you are able to wait, then one fine day you will be welcomed there by the snuggest smell in all the world, which, when once it comes, will for ever remain, like rooks in a clump of elms. I know a few houses where this most seductive of all perfumes has resided for untold years, and whence it will never depart as long as our immemorial England endures. But alas! like most people, I have only been a fleeting visitor to those nooks of enchantment, and have had to wait myself not once, but many times, as often indeed as I have shifted my rooftree, for that ancient fusty atmosphere. There is, I fear, no way of hastening the appearance of this beckoning finger to oblivion. We need not linger over the analysis of this particular odour. Book-lovers know it. Others don't care.

DAN MCKENZIE, from *Aromatics and the Soul*

A MAN'S CULTURE

A man's culture is his knowledge become himself. It is in the seeing of his eyes and the hearing of his ears and the use of his hands. Is there not always the altar of the heavens and the earth? Laying down days and nights of joy before it and of beauty and wonder and peace, the scholar is always a scholar, i.e. he is always at home.

To be cultured is to be so splendidly wrought of body and soul as to get the most joy out of the least and fewest things. Wherever he happens to be—whatever he happens to be without—his culture is his being master. He may be naked before the universe, and it may be a pitiless universe or a gracious one, but he is always master, knowing how to live in it, knowing how to hunger and die in it, or, like Stevenson, smiling out of his poor worn body to it. He is the unconquerable man. Wherever he is in the world, he cannot be old in the presence of the pageant of life. From behind the fading of his face he watches it, child after child, spring after spring as it flies before him; he will not grow old while it still passes by. It carries delight across to him to the end. He watches and sings to it to the end, down to the edge of sleep.

A bird's shadow is enough to be happy with, if a man is educated, or the flicker of light on a leaf, and when really a song is being lived in a man, all nature plays its accompaniment.

GERALD STANLEY LEE, from *The Lost Art of Reading*

FACTS

There are men to whom all facts are agreeable food. They could be happy reading the dates of the births and deaths of all the collateral descendants of Oliver Goldsmith. Their eyes brighten if they discover that a second cousin of Dr Johnson married a greengrocer whose grandson became Mayor of Hendon. They love facts, as a miser loves coins, forgetting that facts, like money, are of no use unless you can make use of them.

ROBERT LYND, from *Questions*

THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

The unique and incommunicable beauty of the English landscape constitutes for most Englishmen the strongest of all the ties which bind them to their country. However far they travel, they carry the English landscape in their hearts. As the scroll of memory unwinds itself, scene after scene returns with its complex association of sight and hearing, the emerald green of an English May, the carpet of primroses in the clearing, the pellucid trout-stream, the fat kine browsing in the park, the cricket matches on the village green, the church spire pointing upwards to the pale blue sky, the fragrant smell of wood fires, the butterflies on chalk hills, the lark rising from

the plough into the March wind, or the morning salutation of blackbird or thrush from the garden laurels. These and many other notes blend in a harmony the elements of which we do not attempt to disentangle, for each part communicates its sweetness to the other.

H. A. L. FISHER, from *Pages from the Past*

THE COUNTRYSIDE

Men today may not usually find in Nature a witness to Divine Providence, but the countryside does encourage them to feel 'philosophical'—that is to say it strengthens their sense of proportion, quieting ignoble anxieties and desires, it encourages resignation to destiny, and inspires them with a sense of grandeur and mystery. Nature, in fact, works upon modern men very much as great music or painting does, not by conveying a lesson but by producing a state of mind.

RAYMOND MORTIMER, from *The New Statesman*

IN THE WOODS

I. BUDS OF MARCH

Loveliest of all, the young alder. Cut down, the alder shoots up again, like the sallow and the ash and the sweet-chestnut, with new long wands of sombre purple. The wood is too young to flower, but the leaf-buds themselves have the shapely loveliness and enchantment of flowers just breaking, unfurling out of the bare stem like petals of smoky mauve, a rich strange colour, unbrilliant but rich, quiet but burning, that resembles the colour of sun-faded violets. There is a kind of bloom over the buds of the young alder, a soft cloudiness, which no other tree-buds ever seem to possess, but which is something peculiar to flowers of purple and mauve and lilac. There is the same mistiness of lovely bloom on the petals of summer irises, on the silky silver cups of pasque flowers, on clematis and campanulas and mauve geraniums and the dark unopened buds of lilac itself. It is the bloom of the plum and the grape and the wild sloe. There is something autumnal about it. So that the buds of the alder, so dark and soft and rich, seem to belong to another world, to be almost out of place among the pale colours and half-colours and gentle light and nakedness of first spring. They burn with the smoky darkness of some autumn fire.

And at the beginning of March, at the height of their beauty, it is

suddenly as though their lilac smoke is spirited through all the wood and copses. The million buds of birch and hazel and chestnut and oak are suddenly on fire. The smoke is dark and still under cloud and rain, and then tawny in the sunlight and then still tawnier and richer and warmer as the days go past, until finally the sunlight starts it into an immense gold and emerald flame that spreads and intensifies until every bud on every tree is a green candle against the April sky.

And as the flame burns more fiercely and wonderfully the buds are consumed. The polished brown husks of the beeches fall down like ashes on the copper lawn of dead husks and leaves. The elm drops warm soft showers of fluffy fire. Ash and oak break into a flowering of mahogany and yellow, the wild cherry stands transfigured in white. The willows are turned to balloons of emerald, the horse-chestnut is glorious with pale brown flower-buds like those of Victorian wool, and Zaccheus could hide again in the sycamore. And the alder, once so splendid with purple fire, stands utterly insignificant, the purple gone, the tawny catkins withered, a little dark widow of a tree along the watersides, and buds everywhere are gone and forgotten as though they had never been.

2. THE HEART OF AUTUMN

We talk of the height of summer, the dead of winter, the fullness of spring. But autumn reaches a heart, a core of fruitfulness and decline, that has in it the sweet dregs of the year. Under the quiet skies the woods stand now with a kind of contradictory magnificence: gaudy and smouldering, flaring and almost arrogant, the stain of yellow and bronze spreading and deepening among the green, the copper flames of beeches firing whole sections of the woods with stationary heatless fires that look perpetual. Even the green now is burning. It has the yellow of flame in it. It bears some relation to the green flames of fires on nights of frost. And when frost comes now, it is paradoxically not to extinguish or lessen these vast flames of leaf, but to sting them into a finer richness and fierceness. The wood in the lane, more birch and oak than anything, smoulders only in a continual cloud of yellow. It is the woods on the hills, with their great structures of beech and larch, that make the vast day fires of copper and orange and even, sometimes, crimson, all flame except for the plaything tufts of wild clematis seed tangled on the outer edges of the wood, little sheep-wool tufts of still smoke that even the rage of winter never quite blows away.

And now there is also a kind of second spring of flowers. In the woods it is honeysuckle mostly, cool and now almost white-fingered and unseen as it hangs among young chestnut and hazel. On the woodsides it is the final flush of willow-herb, the last creaming of meadow-sweet in the ditches, the last petticoat-pink rags of campion. By the water-side willow-herb also goes on, and meadow-sweet, and a few solitary magenta bushes of loose strife. There is no flush of bloom. Wherever it is, it is accidental, modest, an aftermath. It is symbolic in every way of autumn, which is not so much a season of itself as a remembrance and a foretaste of seasons. The year distils itself into October. Rain and sun and frost and wind and death act like balm, so that there is a miraculous clarifying and softening of everything, until the limpid days are like wine.

H. E. BATES, from *Through the Woods*

A BATTLE ROYAL

When winter advances against St. Valentine and its higher sun, a battle royal between two seasons is joined. The duel between winter and spring is usually more capricious in England than in other countries of our latitude. In the true north there comes almost always a great moment when the final victory of spring is proclaimed. The rivers resume their force. The great ice blocks go crashing to the sea. From the relics of the melting snow the wintered insects emerge in clouds, and in clouds the birds assemble to the feast. The grass is gemmed with flowers in the twinkling of an eye. Spring has arrived with the naiveté of a Botticelli painting. Here we have no such decisive actions. Spring may be heralded in January and winter survive into May, fighting a guerilla warfare. We have months of continuous excitement. Winter may set in with its usual mildness, as spring with its usual severity. We are kept on tenter-hooks, and we would not have it otherwise.

We seek with eagerness the signal of spring from December onwards; and when a winter of Siberian quality holds for once in a way undisputed sway we congratulate ourselves with the saving thought that the later the spring the better for everything that grows and even for the early birds. The later the duck nests the more food for the ducklings; the later the blossoms open the less the threat of frost.

SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS, from *The Observer*

THE LADDER OF LIFE

In the far-off beginnings of things the ancestors of the present human race lived far down in the deep blue pools of the ocean, amid the slimy ooze from which they had themselves sprung. There they lived and developed a long time, and in the sounds of the sea, in the rhythm of the waters, and of the rising and falling tides, they learnt that sense of music which is so mysterious a faculty in us, and which is in a much smaller degree shared by so many marine animals. The music in a sea shell pressed to our ear carries us back to the very beginnings of life on this planet. It is a far-off echo of our most ancient experience as living things. As our ancestors thrived and developed they gradually found the pressure of the waters too much for them. They felt stifled and longed for more freedom to breathe. And so they rose slowly on to the beaches, and finally emerged into the air on the seashore. What a blessed relief was there, what an unconscious sense of lightness and exaltation! No longer submerged in the stifling depths, but with full lungs expanding in the invigorating air. The rising from the sea was the most glorious advance in the forward march of terrestrial life. But it was not enough.

The same process of development and advance continued on the seashore. In the course of time the heavy air of the sea levels became too much for the ever-forward movement of the forms of life. The pressure on the lungs was too great, and the forward movement seemed to be arrested in a sort of atmospheric morass, in which a great heaviness hung on the spirit of life. At this stage a great new advance was registered. The rise to higher levels took place. Some animals developed wings with which they could fly upward and for longer or shorter periods remain in the high places and breath a keener air. And in this rise they shook off their ancient sluggishness and lethargy, and developed a spirit of joy which had hitherto been unknown to them. The skylark rising in an ecstasy of song high up in the air is an illustration of the new great advance.

Other forms of life developed other means of locomotion and of ascent from the heavy low levels. As the dull dead weight was removed from the lungs a new sense of lightness, of progress, of joy and gladness dawned on the ever higher-rising forms of life. The great relief was not only of a physical character, but had the most far-reaching and spiritual values. And so it has come about that finally in man all moral and spiritual values are expressed in terms of altitude. The low expresses degradation both physical and moral. If we wish to express great intellectual or moral or spiritual attain-

ments, we use the language of altitudes. We speak of men who have risen, of aims and ideals that are lofty, we place the seat of our highest religious ideals in high Heaven, and we consign all that is morally base to nethermost hell. Thus the metaphors embedded in language reflect but the realities of the progress of terrestrial life. The Mountain is not merely something externally sublime. It has a great historic and spiritual meaning for us. It stands for us as the ladder of life. Nay, more; it is the ladder of the soul, and in a curious way the source of religion...

The Religion of the Mountain is in reality the religion of joy, of the release of the soul from the things that weigh it down and fill it with a sense of weariness, sorrow, and defeat. The religion of joy realises the freedom of the soul, the soul's kinship to the great creative spirit, and its dominance over all the things of sense. As the body has escaped from the over-weight and depression of the sea, so the soul must be released from all sense of weariness, weakness, and depression arising from the fret, worry, and friction of our daily lives. We must feel that we are above it all, that the soul is essentially free, and in freedom realises the joy of living.

J. C. SMUTS, from Speech at the War Memorial on Table Mountain

OUR CHANCE OF HAPPINESS

'Happiness and unhappiness,' says Spinoza, 'depends on the nature of the object which we love. When a thing is not loved, no quarrels will arise concerning it, no sadness will be felt if it perishes, no envy if it is possessed by another; no fear, no hatred, no disturbance of the mind. All these things arise from the love of the perishable. But love for a thing eternal and infinite feeds the mind wholly with joy, and is itself untainted with any sadness; wherefore it is greatly to be desired and sought for with our whole strength.' It is well known that these noble words were not only sincere, but the expression of the working faith of the philosopher; and we may hope that many who are doomed to suffer hardship and spoliation in the evil days that are coming[1] will find the same path to a happiness which cannot be taken from them. Spinoza's words, of course, do not point only to religious exercises and meditation. The spiritual world includes art and science in all their branches, when these are studied with a genuine devotion to the Good, the True, and the Beautiful

[1] This essay was written in 1919.

for their own sakes. We shall need a 'remnant' to save Europe from relapsing into barbarism; for the new forces are almost wholly cut off from the precious traditions which link our civilisation with the great eras of the past. The possibility of another dark age is not remote; but there must be enough who value our best traditions to preserve them till the next spring-time of civilisation. We must take long views, and think of our great-grandchildren...

But, after all, we judge our generation mainly by its surface currents. There may be in progress a storage of beneficent forces which we cannot see. There are ages of sowing and ages of reaping: the brilliant epochs may be those in which spiritual wealth is squandered, the epochs of apparent decline may be those in which the race is recuperating after an exhausting effort. To all appearance, man has still a great part of his long lease before him, and there is no reason to suppose that the future will be less productive of moral and spiritual triumphs than the past. The source of all good is like an inexhaustible river; the Creator pours forth new treasures of goodness, truth, and beauty for all who will love them and take them.

'Nothing that truly *is* can ever perish', as Plotinus says; whatever has value in God's sight is safe for evermore.

WILLIAM RALPH INGE, from *Outspoken Essays*

IV The Armoury

They took him and had him into the Armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which their Lord had provided for pilgrims, as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, and shoes that would not wear out

THE ARMOURY

★

THE WHOLE ARMOUR

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

Ephesians, VI (A.V.)

THE SHIELD OF FAITH

By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Through faith also Sara herself received strength to conceive seed and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised. Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable.

These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country...

And what shall I more say? for time would fail me to tell of

Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection.

And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy), they wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

Hebrews, XI (A. V.)

THE MARCH OUT OF EGYPT

The host was ready. The prince who led them was stalwart and bold. He passed by many a stronghold with his people, leaders and lands of many hostile men, by narrow, lonely paths and unknown ways, until at last they marched in armour against the Ethiopian realm. Their lands were covered with a cloud, their border-homes upon the mountain-slopes. Past these, with many a hindrance, Moses led his people.

With anxious hearts they hastened on their northward way. They knew that southward lay the Ethiop's land, parched hill-slopes and a race burned brown by the heat of the sun. But Holy God shielded that folk against the fiery heat, stretching a covering over the flaming heavens, and over the burning air a holy veil. A cloud wide-stretching severed earth from heaven, and led the host; burning and heavenly bright the fiery flame was quenched. The warriors marvelled, most joyous of hosts. The shelter of the day-shield moved across the heavens. God in his wisdom had covered the course of the sun with a sail, though earth-dwelling men knew not the mast-ropes.

Loud was the tumult of the host. Each evening rose a heavenly beacon, a second wondrous marvel after the setting of the sun,

pillar of flame shining in splendour over the hosts of men. Bright were its shining beams above the warriors; their bucklers gleamed, the shadows vanished away. No secret place could hide the deep night-shadows. Heaven's candle burned. Needs must this new night-warden watch above the host, lest in the stormy weather grey heath and desert-terror should overcome their souls with sudden fear. Streaming locks of fire had their guide, and shining beams, menacing the host with flame and terror, and threatening destruction to that people in the waste, except they swiftly hearkened unto Moses. Armour gleamed, and bucklers glistened as the warriors took their steadfast way. And over the troops and high above the host stood the banner, moving as they moved, even unto the stronghold of the sea at the land's end. And there they pitched a camp and rested, for they were weary.

All that night long the fugitives had respite, though foes beset them upon either hand, on the one side the great host, on the other side the sea. And all waited until the dawn, when a herald rose before the warriors, and lifting up his shield he bade the captains of the host make silence. Then the lord of men spake with a loud voice before the multitude and said:

'Look now, dearest of people, with your eyes and behold a marvel! In my right hand grasping this green rod I smote the ocean depths. The waves rise up; the waters form a rampart-wall. The sea is thrust aside. The ways are dry; grey army-roads, ancient foundations (never have I heard in all the world that men before set foot thereon), shining plains, imprisoned deep sea-bottoms over which of old the great waves foamed. The south wind, breath of the ocean, hath driven them back.'

And after these words the multitude arose, the host of the valiant. The sea lay tranquil. Upon the sand the legions raised their standards and shining linden shields. And over against the Israelites the wall of water stood firm and upright for the space of one whole day. The multitude went forth, the host advanced, one mail-clad band behind another. They rejoiced with a song of battle that they were safe. The army-legions lifted up their voice and praised the Lord for that great work. The mighty host in chorus, man and maiden, sang psalms and battle-anthems, with reverent voices chanting all these wonders.

Then could be seen on the shore of the sea African maidens adorned with gold. They raised their hands in thanks for their deliverance; they were blithe beholding their safety; they took heed of the spoils; their bonds were broken. On the seashore they dealt out

the booty among the standards, ancient treasure and raiment and shields. They divided the gold and the woven cloth, the treasure of Joseph, the riches of men. But their foes, the greatest of armies, lay still in that place of death.

ANONYMOUS, from *The Caedmon Poems*, 7th century
translation: Charles W. Kennedy, abridged

FOR THE FALLEN

(A speech of Pericles)

It was these men and their like who made Athens great. With them, as with few among Greeks, words cannot exaggerate the deeds that they have done. Such an end as we have here seems indeed to show us what a good life is, from its first signs of power to its final consummation. For even where life's previous record showed faults and failures it is just to weigh the last brave hour of devotion against them all. There they wiped out evil with good and did the city more service as soldiers than they did her harm in private life. There no hearts grew faint because they loved riches more than honour; none shirked the issue in the poor man's dream of wealth. All these they put aside to strike a blow for the city. Counting the quest to avenge her honour as the most glorious of all ventures, and leaving Hope, the uncertain goddess, to send them what she would, they faced the foe as they drew near him in the strength of their own manhood; and when the shock of battle came, they chose rather to suffer the uttermost than to win life by weakness. So their memory has escaped the reproaches of men's lips, but they bore instead on their bodies the marks of men's hands, and in a moment of time, at the climax of their lives, were rapt away from a world filled, for their dying eyes, not with terror but with glory.

Such were the men who lie here and such the city that inspired them. We survivors may pray to be spared their bitter hour, but must disdain to meet the foe with a spirit less triumphant. Let us draw strength, not merely from twice-told arguments—how fair and noble a thing it is to show courage in battle—but from the busy spectacle of our great city's life as we have it before us day by day, falling in love with her as we see her, and remembering that all this greatness she owes to men with the fighter's daring, the wise man's understanding of his duty, and the good man's self-discipline in its performance—to men who sacrificed their lives as the best offerings on her behalf. So they gave their bodies to the commonwealth and

received, each for his own memory, praise that will never die, and with it the grandest of all sepulchres, not that in which their mortal bones are laid, but a home in the minds of men, where their glory remains fresh to stir to speech or action as the occasion comes by. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth, but lives on far away, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of the lives of other men.

THUCYDIDES, from *History of the Peloponnesian War*, Bk. II
translation: A. E. Zimmern

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

Sir Mordred drew with a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that Sir Arthur would arrive; and so he thought to beat his own father from his lands. And they came with this word unto king Arthur, and he went into the field. And king Arthur took his horse, and said, 'Alas this unhappy day,' and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in likewise.

And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no christian land. For there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever king Arthur rode throughout the battle[1] of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should; and at all times he fainted never. And Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold ground. And ever they fought still, till it was near night; and by that time there were an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him.

And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death's wound, he thrust himself, with the might that he had, up to the bur of king Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan; and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oft-times. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part; and in the lifting Sir Lucan fell in a swoon, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast.

[1] body of fighting men.

Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother, 'Leave this mourning and weeping,' said the king, 'for all this will not avail me. For wit thou well, an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast. Therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side. And when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water; and come again, and tell me what thou there seest.' 'My lord,' said Bedivere, 'your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.'

So Sir Bedivere departed. And by the way he beheld the noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones; and then he said to himself, if I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water.

'What sawest thou there?' said the king.

'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but waves and winds.'

'That is untruly said of thee,' said the king, 'therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear. Spare not, but throw it in.'

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand. And then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again and told to the king that he had been at the water and done his commandment.

'What saw thou there?' said the king.

'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan.'

'Ah traitor, untrue,' said king Arthur,' now thou hast betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy. And if thou do not now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead.'

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished. And then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw.

'Alas,' said the king, 'help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.'

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them was a queen; and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw king Arthur.

'Now put me into the barge,' said the king. And so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down; and in one of their laps king Arthur laid his head. And so then they rowed from the land. And Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, 'Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?'

'Comfort thyself,' said the king, 'and do as well as thou mayest; for in me is no trust to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul.'

But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest. And so he went all that night.

SIR THOMAS MALORY, from *Le Morte Darthur*, abridged

KING PETER'S CRUSADE

(1362)

About the time of Candlemas king Peter of Cyprus came to Avignon, of whose coming the whole court was greatly rejoiced, and divers cardinals went to meet him and brought him to the palace to the Pope Urban, who right joyously received him; and also so did the French king, who was there present. And when they had been together a certain time, and taken wine and spices, the two kings departed from the Pope and each of them went to their own lodging.

And oftentimes when the king of Cyprus was with the Pope, the French king being present and the cardinals, he declared to them how that for all Christendom it should be a noble and a worthy thing to open the passage over the sea and to go against the enemies of the Christian faith: the which words the French king gladly heard, and purposed in himself, if he might live three year, to go thither for two causes that moved him thereto—the first, because

his father king Philip had avowed so to do; and secondly, to the intent thereby to draw out of his realm all manner of men of war called companions,[1] who pilled and robbed his country without any title, and to save their souls. This purpose and intent the French king reserved to himself, without any word speaking thereof, until Good Friday, that Pope Urban himself preached in his chapel at Avignon, being present both kings and the whole college of cardinals. After that holy predication, the which was right humble and much devout, the French king by great devotion took on him the cross, and sweetly required of the Pope to accord and to confirm his voyage; and the Pope lightly agreed thereto, and the king took it and with him divers other knights there present. Thus, as ye may see and hear, the French king and the said lords took on them to wear above all their garments the red cross; and our holy father the Pope confirmed this voyage and caused it to be preached in divers places. I shall show you how the king of Cyprus, who was come thither to stir and move this voyage, had great desire to go and see the Emperor and all the high barons of the Empire, and so into England to see the king there, and so to all the other great lords of Christendom. And thus as he purposed so he did, as ye shall hear after in this history. And so this king was so well beloved for the reasons that he showed, and for the fair language that he uttered to the lords of this voyage, that they had rather have heard him than any other predication. And so on this point they rested.

Then the king of Cyprus passed the sea and arrived at Dover, and there tarried two days, and refreshed him till all his carriage was unshipped. Then he rode by small journeys at his ease till he came to London; and there he was honourably received and feasted of the lords of France that were there, and also by them of England who were sent to meet with him by the king of England and who accompanied and brought him to his lodging. I cannot recount to you in a whole day the noble dinners and suppers, cheer and feasts, that was made to him by the king of England, and the presents, gifts, and jewels, that was given him. And to say truth, he was well worthy to have it; for he was come thither from far, with great expense, to exhort the king to take on him the red cross and to help to open the passage against God's enemies. But the king of England excused himself graciously, and right sagely.

JEAN FROISSART, from *Chronicle*
translation: Lord Berners, 1523, abridged

[1] The Companies of Adventurers, largely composed of English soldiers disbanded in France after the Treaty of Bretigny (1360).

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

(Margaret Roper visits Sir Thomas More in the Tower, 1534)

I minded to put the haircloth and cord under my farthingale, and one or two of the smaller books in my pouch, as also some sweets and suckets such as he was used to love. Will and Bonvisi were waiting for me; and dear Bess, putting forth her head from her chamber door, cries piteously, 'Tell him, dear Meg, tell him 'twas never so sad to me to be sick'. . . Then falls back swooning into Dancey's arms; whom I leave crying heartily over her, and hasten below to receive the confused medley of messages sent by every other member of the house. For mine own part, I was scarce fit to stand or go.

I think none of us opened our lips before we reached Lambeth, save in the Reach Will cried to the steersman, 'Look you run us not aground'—in a sharper voice than I ever heard from him. After passing the Archbishop's palace, whereon I gazed full ruefully, good Bonvisi began to mention some rhymes he had found writ with a diamond on one of the window-panes at Crosby House, and would know whether they were father's. And was it the chamber father had used to sleep in? I told him it was, but knew nought of the distich, though 'twas like enough to be his.

And then he went on to this and that—how that father's cheerful, funny humour never forsook him, nor his brave heart never quelled.

At length we stayed rowing. Will lifted me out, kissed me and heartened me up; and indeed I was in better heart then, having been quietly in prayer a good while. After some few forms, we were led through sundry turns and passages; and, or ever I was aware, I found myself quit of my companions and in father's arms.

We both cried a little at first. I wonder I wept no more, but strength was given me in that hour. As soon as I could, I looked him in the face, and he looked at me; and I was beginning to note his hollow cheeks, when he said, 'Why, Meg, you are getting freckled!' That made us both laugh.

Then he said, 'You should get some freckle-water of the Lady that sent me here.[1] Depend on it, she hath washes and tinctures in plenty.' . .

Hereon, I minded me to slip off the haircloth and rope and give the same to him, along with the books and suckets, all which he had away privily, making merry at the last.

[1] Anne Boleyn.

' 'Twould tell well before the Council,' quoth he, 'that on searching the cell of Sir Thomas More there was found flagitiously and mysteriously laid up—a piece of barley-sugar!'

Then we talked of sundry home-matters; and anon, having now both of us attained unto an equable and chastened serenity of mind, which needed not any false shows of mirth to hide the natural complexion of, he saith,

'I believe, Meg, they that have put me here ween they have done me a high displeasure; but I assure thee on my faith, mine own good daughter, that if it had not been for my wife and you, my dear good children, I would fain have been closed up long ere this in as strait a room, and straiter too.'

We went on from one theme to another, till methinketh a heavenly light seemed to shine all about us, like as when the Angel entered the prison of Peter. I hung upon every word and thought that issued from his lips, and drank them in as thirsty land sucks up the tender rain. Had the Angel of Death at that hour come in to fetch both of us away, I would not have said him nay, I was so passively, so intensely happy. At length, as time wore on, and I knew I should soon be fetched forth, I could not but wish I had the clue to some secret passage or subterraneal (of which there were doubtless plenty in the thick walls) whereby we might steal off together.

Father made answer, 'Wishes never filled a sack. I make it my business, Meg, to wish as little as I can, except that I were better and wiser. You fancy these four walls lonesome. How oft, dost thou suppose, I here receive Plato and Socrates and this and that holy Saint and Martyr? My gaolers can no more keep them out than they can exclude the sunbeams. In place, therefore, my daughter, of thinking of me in thy night watches as beating my wings against my cage bars, trust that God comes to look in upon me without knocking or bell-ringing. Often in spirit I am with you all—in the chapel, in the hall, in the garden; now in the hayfield with my head on thy lap, now on the river with Will and Rupert at the oar. You don't see me now about your path. You won't see my disembodied spirit beside you hereafter; but it may be close upon you once and again for all that—maybe at times when you have prayed with most passion, or suffered with most patience, or performed my hests with most exactness, or remembered my care of you with most affection. And now, godspeed, good Meg, I hear the key turn in the door.'

ANNE MANNING, from *The Household of Sir Thomas More*

QUEEN ELIZABETH SPEAKS TO HER PARLIAMENT

1. ON DANGER AT HOME

(*September* 14, 1586)

I am supposed to have many studies, but most philosophical. I must yield this to be true, that I suppose few (that be no Professors) have read more. And I need not tell you that I am so simple that I understand not, nor so forgetful that I remember not; and yet amidst my many volumes I hope God's Book hath not been my seldomest lectures, in which we find that by reason (for my part) we ought to believe; that seeing so great wickedness and grieves in the world in which we live but as way-faring pilgrims, we must suppose that God would never have made us but for a better place and of more comfort than we find here. I know no creature that breatheth whose life standeth hourly in more peril for it than mine own, who entered not into my state without sight of manifold dangers of life and crown, as one that had the mightiest and greatest to wrestle with. Then it followeth that I regarded it so much, as I left my life behind my care; and so you see that you wrong me too much (if any such there be) as doubt my coldness in that behalf. For if I were not persuaded that mine were the true way of God's will, God forbid that I should live and prescribe it to you! Take you heed lest Ecclesiastes say not too true, 'They that fear the hoary frost, the snow shall fall upon them.'

2. ON DANGER ABROAD

(*April* 10, 1593)

It may be thought simplicity in me, that all this time of my reign I have not sought to advance my territories and enlarge my dominions; for opportunity hath served me to do it. I acknowledge that my womanhood and weakness in that respect. But it hath not been the hardness to obtain or doubt how to keep the things so obtained that only hath withheld me from these attempts. My mind was never to invade my neighbours or to usurp over any. I am content to reign over mine own, and to rule as a just prince.

Yet the King of Spain doth challenge me to be the quarreller and the beginner of all these wars. He doth me the greatest wrong that can be, for my conscience doth not accuse my thoughts wherein I have done him the least injury; so I am persuaded in my conscience,

if he knew what I know, he would be sorry himself for the wrong he hath done me.

I fear not all his threatenings; his great preparations and his mighty forces do not stir me; for though he come against me with a greater power than ever was his invincible navy, I doubt not but—God assisting me, upon whom I always trust—I shall be able to defeat him and overthrow him. For my cause is just.

SIR SIMMONDS D' EWES, from *Journals of the Parliaments of Queen Elizabeth*

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT GOES HOMEWARD

The wind was large for England at our return, but very high, and the sea rough, insomuch as the frigate wherein the General went was almost swallowed up.

Monday in the afternoon we passed in the sight of Cape Race, having made as much way in little more than two days and nights back again, as before we had done in eight days from Cape Race, unto the place where our ship perished. Which hindrance thitherward, and speed back again, is to be imputed unto the swift current, as well as to the winds, which we had more large in our return. This Monday the General came aboard the *Hind* to have the Surgeon of the *Hind* to dress his foot, which he hurt by treading upon a nail: at what time we comforted each other with hope of hard success to be all past, and of the good to come. So agreeing to carry out lights always by night, that we might keep together, he departed into his frigate, being by no means to be entreated to tarry in the Hind, which had been more for his security. . .

When he was entreated by the Captain, Master, and others his well-willers of the *Hind*, not to venture in the frigate, this was his answer: *I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.* And in very truth, he was urged to be so over-hard by hard reports given of him, that he was afraid of the sea, albeit this was rather rashness than advised resolution, to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life.

Seeing he would not bend to reason, he had provision out of the *Hind* such as was wanting aboard his frigate. And so we committed him to God's protection, and set him aboard his pinnace, we being more than 300 leagues onward of our way home.

By that time we had brought the Islands of Açores South of us,

yet we then keeping much to the North, until we had got into the height and elevation of England. We met with very foul weather and terrible seas breaking short and high, pyramid-wise. The reason whereof seemed to proceed either of hilly grounds high and low within the sea (as we see hills and dales upon the land) upon which the seas do mount and fall; or else the cause proceedeth of diversity of winds, shifting often in sundry points; all of which having power to move the great Ocean, which again is not presently settled, so many seas do encounter together, as there had been diversity of winds. Howsoever it cometh to pass, men which all their lifetime had occupied the sea, never saw more outrageous seas...

Monday the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered; and giving forth signs of joy, the General sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hind* (so oft as we did approach within hearing): *We are as near to heaven by sea as by land*, reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment, we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried: *the General was cast away*, which was too true. For in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night, and ever after until we arrived upon the coast of England.

EDWARD HAY, from *Report of the Voyage attempted in the year* 1583

CHRISTIAN GOES FORWARD

I saw in my dream that on the morrow he got up to go forward; but they desired him to stay till the next day also. 'And then,' said they, 'we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains.' Which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer to the desired haven than the place where at present he was. So he consented and stayed.

When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bade him look south. So he did; and behold, at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country.

They said it was Immanuel's Land. 'And it is as common,' said they, 'as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there from hence,' said they, 'thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City, as the shepherds that live there will make appear.'

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. 'But first,' said they, 'let us go again into the armoury.'

So they did. And when they came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. He being therefore thus accoutred, walketh out with his friends to the gate. . . Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill.

Then said Christian, 'As it was difficult coming up, so, as far as I can see, it is dangerous going down.'

'Yes,' said Prudence, 'so it is. For it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore are we come to accompany thee down the hill.'

So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two. Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when Christian was gone to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins. And then he went on his way.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it. For he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him. His name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back; and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage, with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold. He was clothed with scales, like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke. And his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him:

APOL: 'Whence come you? and whither are you bound?'

CHR: 'I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.'

APOL: 'By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground.' . .

CHR: Apollyon, beware of what you do; for I am in the king's highway—the way of holiness. Therefore take heed to yourself.'

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said:

'I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further. Here will I spill thy soul.'

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that. . .

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall. And with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, 'I am sure of thee now.' And with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of his life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make an end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy. When I fall I shall arise.' And with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again. And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.

JOHN BUNYAN, from *The Pilgrim's Progress*

HARD TIMES FOR SIR WALTER

Edinburgh, December 10, 1825

A stormy and rainy day. Walked from the Court through the rain. I don't dislike this. Egad, I rather like it; for no man that ever stepped on heather has less dread than I of catch-cold; and I seem to regain, in buffeting with the wind, a little of the high spirit with which, in younger days, I used to enjoy a Tam-o'-Shanter ride through the darkness, wind, and rain—the boughs groaning and

cracking over my head, the good horse free to the road and impatient for home, and feeling the weather as little as I did.

December 18

Ballantyne called on me this morning. *Venit illa suprema dies.* My extremity is come. Cadell has received letters from London which all but positively announce the failure of Hurst and Robinson, so that Constable & Co. must follow, and I must go with poor James Ballantyne for company. I suppose it will involve my all. . . This news will make sad hearts at Darnick, and in the cottages at Abbotsford, which I do not nourish the least hope of preserving. It has been my Delilah, and so I have often termed it; and now the recollection of the extensive woods I planted, and the walks I have formed, from which strangers must derive both the pleasure and profit, will excite feelings likely to sober my gayest moments. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? My children are provided; thank God for that. I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may be yet those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or else I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.

January 22, 1826

I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted—sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck; i.e., if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then *Woodstock* and *Bony* may both go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad and lay my bones far from the Tweed. But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd,

when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was, neither low-spirited nor *distrait*. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.

January 24

I went to Court for the first time today, and, like the man with the large nose, thought everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. Many were, undoubtedly, and all rather regrettingly; some obviously affected. It is singular to see the difference of men's manner whilst they strive to be kind or civil in their way of addressing me. Some smile as they wish me good-day, as if to say, 'Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts.' Others greeted me with the affected gravity which one sees and despises at a funeral. The best bred—all, I believe, meaning equally well—just shook hands and went on.

Abbotsford, May 1

My cousin, Barbara Scott of Raeburn, came here to see Lady S. I think she was shocked with the melancholy change.

May 2

I wrote and read for three hours, and then walked, the day being soft and delightful; but alas! all my walks are lonely from the absence of my poor companion. She does not suffer, thank God, but strength must fail at last.

Edinburgh, May 14

A fair good-morrow to you, Mr Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering.

May 15

Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

Abbotsford, May 16

She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night. . . I scarce know how I feel, sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the wave that breaks on it.

I am as alert at thinking and deciding as ever I was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne, an impoverished and embarrassed man, I am deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone.

May 26

I will go to town on Monday and resume my labours. Being of a grave nature, they cannot go against the general temper of my feelings, and in other respects the exertion, as far as I am concerned, will do me good; besides, I must re-establish my fortune for the sake of the children, and of my own character. I have not leisure to indulge the disabling and discouraging thoughts that press on me. Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits, and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by Heaven!

SIR WALTER SCOTT, from *Journal*

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY

The strong wine of genius too often cracks and flaws the containing vessel. The mind revolts against the body, the subconscious against the conscious, and there is an expense of spirit in a waste of fears and frustrations. But just as there was no strife or sedition in Scott's intellectual powers, so there were no fissures in his character. Carlyle spoke truth when he said that a sounder piece of British manhood was not put together in that eighteenth century of Time. He was a man of the centre, like his own Johnny Dodds of Farthing's Acre. There was a clearing-house in his soul where all impulses were ordered and adjusted, and this repose gave him happiness. That was the secret of his geniality, for throughout his crowded life he was at peace with himself, and had the gift of communicating his peace to the world. This balance did not chill, as it does with many, the emotional side of his nature, but it gave it depth and stability; instead of sentiment he had pity and tenderness, and his perfect courage was never marred by bravado. The words which Sir Walter Raleigh has used of Shakespeare apply most fully to him; he was a 'man cast in the antique mould of humanity, equable, alert and gay.' Such a one makes a light and a warmth around him...

He has left us not only the products of his fancy but almost his bodily presence, a personality which to his lovers is as real as if in the flesh he still moved among us. Alone of the great imaginative creators he draws us to an affectionate intimacy. It is the man rather than the writer that still haunts his own Border, like an emanation from its changeless hills and waters, so that on some forgotten drove-road in Ettrick one almost looks to see in an autumn gloaming his ruddy face and silvery hair, and to hear the kindly burr of his speech. It has been given to him to conquer the world, and yet remain the tutelary genius of his native glens.

JOHN BUCHAN, LORD TWEEDSMUIR, from *Sir Walter Scott*

THE HERO

The hero is a mind of such balance that no disturbances can shake his will; but pleasantly and, as it were, merrily, he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness. But that which takes my fancy most, in the heroic class, is the good-humour and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. Here we are; and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it, only, that thyself is here—and art and nature, hope and fate, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas, brave and affectionate, does not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton. A great man makes his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits. That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden, teach us how needlessly mean our life is, that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendour, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days.

Times of heroism are generally times of terror, but the day never shines in which this element may not work. It may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most susceptible heart to see how quick a bound nature has set to the utmost infliction of malice. Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave who are no more to suffer

from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature? And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than turn treacherous has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, from *Heroism*, abridged

A PRISONER AT BERMUDA

(1848–9)

December 3

If I once begin to write down my 'grievances', I will but think the more of them. And I am resolved not to listen to myself on that topic. Moreover, if the night was bad, the morning is glorious, and is flooding the earth with heavenly splendour. The heavy sighing of the wet sea-wind has sunk; and the waves, that dismally tumbled and plashed all night against the ship's side, are now but a gentle ripple, trembling in the warm sunshine. It is a deep calm.

Slowly and painfully I prepared myself to go out; and have now basked in the sun for an hour on the pier. These December days (though the nights be cold) are as bright and warm as July days in Ireland. No wretchedness, on this side despair, could resist the soothing power of such a sky and scene, such Favonian airs and blue gentle seas. Strains of soft music from the band of the flagship in the bay come floating on the still air; and the cedar-tufted Bermooths, with their white cottages and dark groves, are like a dream of Elysian tropic islands where the Hesperian fruitage grows. Surely there is mercy in the heavens: there is hope for mortal men. I am strong; I am well. Soul and body are refreshed; and I can meet again and conquer again the demon that walketh in darkness...

April 20

The spring weather here has become most genial; and sky, sea, and land are altogether lovely to see. This ship is not moored fore-and-aft, but swings by the head; and from my cabin window, by night and by day, I can see the whole amphitheatre of isles circling panoramically round as the wind shifts. Sometimes the rising sun will stream bright into my window, and the same evening, through the same window, the setting sun will blaze redly in; and perhaps by the next morning, as I open my eyes (for I have begun to sleep again), I can see from my pillow once more the dawn blushing and

the eastern side of St George's a perfect amethyst. Here is the advantage of living, not on the dull, tame shore, but in a heliotrope hulk. About two miles off lies the great flagship, and astern of her the *Neptune*, a stately ship enough, with the man-of-war pendant flying from her main top, which, it seems, she is entitled to carry, as having a naval officer on board—the surgeon-superintendent, namely, who is to have command of the prisoners.

The *Neptune* is to sail the day after tomorrow, I am told there is a separate little cabin fitted up for me, opening upon the quarter-deck, so that I shall enjoy *otium cum dignitate* during the voyage, as befits a gentleman. Voyage—voyage to Africa! Sometimes I open my eyes vigorously, and rub my ears, and take my personal identity to task. Can this be the very Ego, late John Mitchel, sometime of Upper Leeson Street, who is going to sail in that tall ship to the land of the Caffirs and Bosjesmans, Dutch Boers and Springboks? Yes, indeed, you John Mitchel, now resident in Bermudian hulks, and numbered 2014, are about to cross the Line and navigate southern oceans in the track of Bartolomeo Diaz...

The less one has to observe, to do, to be, and to suffer, the less present life he has—the more, perhaps, he remembers the past. If not by way of outward eye or ear, then by memory and imagination, will come in grist for the spiritual mill. This is like the ears of a blinded man growing keener, to give his darkened mind what help they can—one faculty of soul or sense sharpening itself as another dulls—the impressions of the past growing vivid as the soul shuts itself from the present. To me, in these long lonely months, with about as high development of present life as a zoophyte, working at less than oyster-power, many scenes of my hot youth—scenes long forgotten—have arisen fresh and clear, almost with the glow of present action and passion; and I now recall, without effort, lines and passages from books read twenty golden years ago, that I could not have repeated *two* years ago, no, not to save my neck from the Barons of the Exchequer. In what limbo did those memories sleep all that while?..

Surely it is in youth man is most thoroughly depraved. Hell lies about us in our infancy. The youthful innocency sung by aged poets (who forget their first childhood) is nothing but ignorance of evil. As the child comes to know evil, he loves it; and by the time he is entering on manhood, in the very pride and flush of life, then his heart is often hard as adamant; and so transcendental is his selfishness, that he has become a god unto himself and owns none other. If he tells the truth and is honest towards his fellows, it is out of

pride and scorn he does it. Your fine ingenuous young man is commonly the wickedest creature on this side Gehenna. I do solemnly believe this. Whatsoever of good is ever found in man's nature is won by sore conflict with the devil—that is, with himself. The foul heart is purified by suffering alone: the hard heart is softened only by passing through the 'flint mill'. And what now if this same hulking has been awarded to me by Almighty God in mercy—as a lesson I stood in need of—seeing that nothing else would *do*?

Of ordinary troubles that befall men, indeed I had a good share before; but this peculiar sort, ignominious personal restraint, was a part of my education heretofore neglected. No human being ever enjoyed, prized, and exercised an unbounded personal freedom of action more recklessly, more haughtily than I; and there, where I had pampered my own pride most, even there it may have been needful for me to be made to feel my own helplessness. . . Perhaps it is good for me to be here.

JOHN MITCHEL, from *Jail Journal*

THE TRIPLE BRASS

Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall—a mere bag's end, as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigour, or are about to mount into a bath-chair, as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralysing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognise our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and

somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armoured for this world.

And not only well armoured for himself, but a good friend and good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcase, has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlours with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing, that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlour with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be otherwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stockstill. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. . .

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forgo all the issues of living in a parlour with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! . . It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and

bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced: is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, from *Aes Triplex*

* * *

SAINT PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE

I bind unto myself today
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The whiteness of the moon at even,
The flashing of the lightning free,
The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
The stable earth, the deep salt sea
Around the old eternal rocks.

I bind unto myself today
The pow'r of God to hold, and lead,
His eye to watch, His might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need;
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, His shield to ward;
The word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard

Against the demon snares of sin,
The vice that gives temptation force,
The natural lusts that war within,
The hostile men that mar my course;
Or few or many, far or nigh,
In every place, and in all hours,
Against their fierce hostility
I bind to me these holy powers.

Against all Satan's spells and wiles,
Against false words of heresy,
Against the knowledge that defiles,
Against the heart's idolatry,
Against the wizard's evil craft,
Against the death-wound and the burning,
The choking wave, the poisoned shaft—
Protect me, Christ, till Thy returning!

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger!

SAINT PATRICK, from *The Deer's Cry*
translation: Cecil Frances Alexander

A HYMN OF TRUST

Alone with none but Thee, my God,
I journey on my way;
What need I fear, when Thou art near,
O King of night and day!
More safe am I within Thy hand
Than if a host did round me stand.

SAINT COLUMBA, from the Irish
translation: Anon.

GARMENT FOR A FAIR LADY

Her gown should be of goodliness
Well ribboned with renown,
Purfilled[1] with pleasure in ilk place,
Furrèd with fine fashon.[2]

Her belt should be of benignity
About her middle met;
Her mantle of humility,
To thole[3] both wind and wet.

Her hat should be of fair having,
And her tippèt of truth,
Her ruffet of good pansing[4]
Her neck-ribbon of ruth.

Her sleeves should be of esperance
To keep her from despair;
Her gloves of the good governance
To guide her fingers fair.

Her shoon should be of sickerness,[5]
For then she would not slide;
Her hose of honesty I guess,
I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
I durst swear by my seel
That she wore never green nor grey
Suited her half so weel.

ROBERT HENRYSON

'EIN' FESTE BURG'

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.

[1] bordered. [2] good manners. [3] endure.
[4] fair thought. [5] security.

The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth at this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can;
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabàoth's Son!
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why?—his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, 'spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all—
The City of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER
translation: Thomas Carlyle

THE CHARACTER OF A TRUE KNIGHT

For knighthood is not in the feats of war
As for to fight in quarrel right or wrong,
But in a cause which truth can not defer.
He ought himself for to make sure and strong
Justice to keep, mixed with mercy among,
And no quarrel a knight ought to take
But for a truth, or for a woman's sake.

For first Good Hope his leg harness should be,
His habergeon, of Perfect Righteousness
Gird fast with the girdle of Chastity.
His rich placard should be Good Business
Broidered with Alms so full of largesse;
The helmet, Meekness, and the shield, Good Faith,
His sword God's Word, as Saint Paul saith.

STEPHEN HAWES, from *The Pastime of Pleasure*

THE PILGRIM'S ARMOUR

Give me my scallop-shell of Quiet,
My staff of Faith to walk upon,
My scrip of Joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of Salvation,
My gown of Glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a white Palmer,
Travels to the land of heaven,
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains;
And there I'll kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But, after, it will thirst no more.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, from *The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage*

AN OLD SOLDIER ADDRESSES QUEEN ELIZABETH

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd;
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees;
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are an Age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
'Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.'
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

GEORGE PEELE

THE DUKE OF BYRON DEFIES THE STARS

Your planets all, being underneath the earth
At my nativity, what can they do? . .
O that mine arms were wings, that I might fly,
And pluck out of their hearts my destiny!
I'll wear those golden spurs upon my heels,
And kick at fate. Be free, all worthy spirits,
And stretch yourselves for greatness and for height:
Untruss your slaveries: you have height enough
'Neath this steep heaven to use all your reaches;
'Tis too far off to let you or respect you.
Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves t'have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.

There is no danger to a man who knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them, and commands them all,
Who to himself is a law rational.

GEORGE CHAPMAN, from *The Conspiracy of Charles, Duke of Byron*

THE RIGHT SORT

KING HENRY THE FIFTH: While thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy. . . A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

SHAKESPEARE, from *King Henry V*

READINESS

1. JULIUS CAESAR

CALPURNIA:
Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. . .
O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
CAESAR: What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods? . .
Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

2. HAMLET

We defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

SHAKESPEARE, 1. from *Julius Caesar*, 2. from *Hamlet*

THE DAUNTLESS MIND

(*Louis XI is addressing Margaret, Queen of Henry VI*)

Be thou still like thyself. . . Yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

SHAKESPEARE, from *King Henry VI, Part III*

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

The man of life upright,
  Whose cheerful mind is free
From weight of impious deeds,
  And yoke of vanity;

The man whose silent days
  In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes can not delude,
  Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers,
  Nor armour for defence,
Nor vaults his gilt to shroud
  From thunder's violence;

He only can behold
  With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep,
  And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
His book the heavens he makes,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his surest friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

THOMAS CAMPION

A DEFIANCE OF DEATH

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so:
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

JOHN DONNE

WEEP NO MORE

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

JOHN FLETCHER

THE LEVELLER

The glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Sceptre and Crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
    Early or late
    They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to Death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
  See where the victor-victim bleeds.
    Your head must come
    To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY

SAMSON

Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroicly hath finished
A life heroic. . .
                to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this

With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble...

All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent.
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

MILTON, from *Samson Agonistes*

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

MILTON

VALIANT'S SONG

Who would true valour see
  Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
  Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
    To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
  With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
  His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
    To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
  Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
  Life shall inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
    To be a pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN

A THING UNTHINKABLE

(1802)

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters unwithstood',
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good

Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WORDSWORTH

UNCONQUERABLE MEN

1. FRANÇOIS DE BONNIVARD

(1493–1570)

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON

2. TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

(1743–1803)

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee; earth, air, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WORDSWORTH

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
'Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

BROWNING

A SUMMING-UP

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce:
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

BROWNING, from *Apparent Failure*

EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly!
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!'

BROWNING

THE GREAT CITY

Muscle and pluck for ever!
What invigorates life invigorates death,
And the dead advance as much as the living advance,
And the future is no more uncertain than the present,
And the roughness of the earth and of man encloses as much as the *délicatesse* of the earth and of man,
And nothing endures but personal qualities.

What do you think endures?
Do you think the great city endures?
Or a teeming manufacturing state? or a prepared constitution? or the best-built steamships?
Or hotels of granite and iron? or any *chefs-d'œuvre* of engineering, forts, armaments?

Away! These are not to be cherished for themselves;
They fill their hour, the dancers dance, the musicians play for them:
The show passes, all does well enough of course,
All does very well till one flash of defiance.

The great city is that which has the greatest man or woman;
If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

WALT WHITMAN, from *Chants Democratic*

THE SIGNAL-TREE

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks—
Are ye too changed, ye hills?
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
Here came I often, often, in old days—
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames?—
This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briers!
And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!—
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour;
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on...

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.
I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,
Yet, happy omen, hail!
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno-vale

(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there!—
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him;
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)
Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old!—
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Lityerses-song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes—
And how a call celestial round him rang,
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,
And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
Sole in these fields! yet will I not despair.
Despair I will not, while I yet descry
Neath the mild canopy of English air
That lonely tree against the western sky.
Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
Woods with anemonies in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?..

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.—
Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear:

Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, from *Thyrsis*

PALLADIUM

Set where the upper streams of Simois flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood;
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought, and saw it not—but there it stood!

It stood, and sun and moonshine rain'd their light
On the pure columns of its glen-built hall.
Backward and forward roll'd the waves of fight
Round Troy—but while this stood, Troy could not fall.

So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare!

We shall renew the battle in the plain
To-morrow;—red with blood will Xanthus be;
Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the wall to see.

Then we shall rust in shade, or shine in strife,
And fluctuate 'twixt blind hopes and blind despairs,
And fancy that we put forth all our life,
And never know how with the soul it fares.

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send.
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die;
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE GRASS

Look at the grass, sucked by the seed from dust,
Whose blood is the spring rain, whose food the sun,
Whose life the scythe takes ere the sorrels rust,
Whose stalk is chaff before the winter's done.
Even the grass its happy moment has
In May, when glistening buttercups make gold;
The exulting millions of the meadow-grass
Give out a green thanksgiving from the mould.
Even the blade that has not even a blossom
Creates a mind, its joy's persistent soul
Is a warm spirit on the old earth's bosom
When April's fire has dwindled to a coal;
The spirit of the grasses' joy makes fair
The winter fields when even the wind goes bare.

JOHN MASEFIELD

NON DOLET

Our friends go with us as we go
Down the long path where Beauty wends,
Where all we love foregathers, so
Why should we fear to join our friends?
Who would survive them to outlast
His children; to outwear his fame—
Left when the Triumph has gone past—
To win from Age not Time a name?

Then do not shudder at the knife
That Death's indifferent hand drives home;
But with the Strivers leave the Strife,
Nor, after Caesar, skulk in Rome.

OLIVER GOGARTY

THE SOLDIER

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

JULIAN GRENFELL, from *Into Battle*

THE WORKS OF THE LORD

O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord,
What destruction he hath brought upon the earth;
He maketh wars to cease in all the world;
He breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder;
And burneth the chariots in the fire.

'Be still then, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the heathen,
And I will be exalted in the earth.'

The Lord of hosts is with us:
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Psalm XLVI (version of Tyndale and Coverdale)

V. The Chamber of Peace

They betook themselves to rest: the pilgrim they laid him in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace

THE CHAMBER OF PEACE

★

'THE SLEEP THAT IS AMONG THE LONELY HILLS'

Asleep are the hills, their summits and valleys, crags and glens; asleep the living creatures whose life is of the dark earth; the beasts that have their dwelling in the mountains; the bees and the denizens of the dark sea-depths; asleep also the birds of slender wing.

ALKMAN, Frag. 60 (Bergk)
translation: T. A. Sinclair

THE ROMAN FARMER

One I know spends wakeful hours by the late blaze of a winter-fire, and with sharp knife points torches; his wife the while solaces with song her long toil, runs the shrill shuttle through the web, or on the fire boils down the sweet juice of must, and skims with leaves the wave of the bubbling cauldron. But Ceres' golden grain is cut down in noonday heat, and in noonday heat the floor threshes the parched ears. Strip to plough, strip to sow; winter is the farmer's lazy time. In cold weather farmers chiefly enjoy their gains, and feast together in merry companies. Winter's cheer calls them, and loosens the weight of care—even as when laden keels have at last reached port, and the merry sailors have crowned the poops with garlands. . .

Spring it is that aids the woods and the forest leafage; in spring the soil swells and calls for life-giving seed. Then Heaven, the Father almighty, comes down in fruitful showers into the lap of his joyous spouse, and his might, with her mighty frame commingling, nurtures all growths. Then pathless copses ring with birds melodious, and in their settled time the herds renew their loves. The bountiful land brings forth, and beneath the West's warm breezes the fields loosen their bosoms; in all things abounds soft moisture, and the grasses safely dare to trust themselves to face the new suns; the vine-tendrils fear not the rising of the South, or a storm driven down the sky by mighty blasts of the North, but thrust forth their buds and unfold all their leaves. Even such days, I could suppose, shone at the first dawn of the infant world; even such was the course they held. Springtime that was; the great world was keeping spring,

and the East-winds spared their wintry blasts, when the first cattle drank in the light and man's iron race reared its head from the hard fields, and wild beasts were let loose into the forests and the stars into heaven. Nor could tender things endure this world's stress, did not such long repose come between the seasons' cold and heat, and did not heaven's gracious welcome await the earth...

O happy husbandmen! too happy, should they come to know their blessings! for whom, far from the clash of arms, most righteous Earth, unbidden, pours forth from her soil an easy sustenance. What though no stately mansion with proud portals disgorges at dawn from all its halls a tide of visitors, though they never gaze at doors inlaid with lovely tortoise-shell or at raiment tricked with gold or at bronzes of Ephyra, though their white wool be not stained with Assyrian dye, or their clear oil's service spoiled by cassia, yet theirs is repose without care, and a life that knows no fraud but is rich in treasures manifold. Yea, the ease of broad domains, caverns, and living lakes, and cool vales, the lowing of the kine and soft slumbers beneath the trees—all are theirs. They have woodland glades and the haunts of game; a youth hardened to toil and inured to scanty fare; worship of gods and reverence for age... Let my delight be in the country, and the running streams amid the dells—may I love the waters and the woods, though fame be lost.

VIRGIL, *Georgics* II
translation: H. Rushton Fairclough—Loeb Classical Library

MACHIAVELLI'S PRIVATE LIFE

(*To Paolo Vettori*)

December 10, 1513

Since my last misfortune I have led a quiet country life, and, all counted, I have not passed twenty days in Florence... I will tell you about the life I am now leading.

I rise with the sun in the morning and go into one of my woods, which is being cleared, and I remain for a couple of hours inspecting yesterday's work and spending some time with the woodcutters who always have some troubles to tell me either of their own or of their neighbours. On leaving the wood I go to a spring and thence to an aviary which is my own. I have a book under my arm, either Dante, Petrarch or one of the minor poets, such as Tibullus, Ovid, etc. I read their amorous transports and the history of their loves, at the same time recalling my own, and time passes pleasantly in

these meditations. Then I betake myself to the inn by the roadside, chat with passers-by, ask news of the places from whence they come, hear various things and note the different tastes and diverse fancies of mankind. This carries me to the dinner hour, when in company with my family, I swallow whatever fare this poor little place of mine and my slender patrimony afford. Dinner over, I go back to the inn. There I generally find the host, a butcher, a miller and a couple of brick-makers. I mix with these boors the whole day, playing cards and dice...

At nightfall I return home and seek my writing room, and, divesting myself on its threshold of my rustic garments, stained with mud and mire, I assume courtly attire, and thus suitably clothed, enter within the antique courts of ancient men, by whom, being cordially welcomed, I am fed with the only food that is mine and for which I was born. I am not ashamed to hold discourse with them and to inquire into the motives of their actions. These men, in their humanity, reply to me, and for the space of four hours I feel no weariness, remember no trouble, no longer fear poverty, no longer dread death.

NICOLÒ MACHIAVELLI
translation: Orestes Ferrara

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT

His chief recreation was Music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine Hymns and Anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to Music was such, that he went usually twice every week on certain appointed days to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; and at his return would say that his time spent in prayer and Cathedral-music elevated his soul and was his heaven upon earth. But before his return thence to Bemerton he would usually play and sing his part at an appointed private Music meeting; and to justify this practice he would often say, 'Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.'..

In one of his walks to Salisbury he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress and needed present help; which Mr Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load, his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave his money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him that if he loved

himself he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury they began to wonder that Mr George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place. . .'And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let's tune our instruments.'

IZAAK WALTON, from *The Life of George Herbert*, 1670

THE URNS IN BRAMPTON FIELD

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism. . . Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methusalah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? . .

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions

induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come and forgetful of evils past is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions...

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth; durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself;—and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being and within reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, from *Hydriotaphia*, 1658

ON BEING ALONE

If the greater part of men chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oares of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature that men

should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. . . The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world is a fit man to be alone, nor he who has his heart set much upon the world, though he has ever so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted and set right but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity. If the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets in the midst of company; but like the robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sewed into a bag with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work, therefore, that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of solitude is the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a god from a wild beast. Now, because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual resource to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

The First Minister of State has not so much business in public as a wise man has in private; if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, 'That a man does not know how to pass his time.' It would have been but ill spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life, so far is it from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work.

But this you will say is work only for the learned, others are not capable either of the employments or the divertisements that arise

from letters. I know they are not, and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions, it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time—either music, or paintings, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things will do it usefully and pleasantly.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, from *Essay on Solitude*

HARVEST FROM THE HEBRIDES[1]

Mr Johnson said I should read my Journal about every three years. Joseph[2] made a very good observation. 'Your journey,' said he, 'will always be more agreeable to you.'

Joseph said this one night as I was going to bed, and was resuming to him with much complacency some of our past scenes on this expedition. He meant what I have often experienced: that scenes through which a man has gone improve by lying in the memory. They grow mellow. It is said, *Acti labores sunt jucundi.* This may be owing to comparing them with present ease. But I also think that even harsh scenes acquire a softness by length of time; and many scenes are like very loud sounds, which do not please till you are at a distance from them, or at least do not please so much; or like strong coarse pictures, which must be viewed at a distance. And I don't know how it is, but even pleasing scenes improve by time, and seem more exquisite in recollection than when they were present, if they have not faded to dimness in the memory. Perhaps there is so much evil in every human enjoyment when present, so much dross mixed with it, that it requires to be refined by time; and yet I do not see why time should not melt away the good and the evil in equal proportions, why the shade should decay and the light remain in preservation. I must hear Mr Johnson upon this subject.

JAMES BOSWELL, from *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*

[1] The text here printed follows Boswell's original MS, which was recently found in an old croquet-box at Malahide Castle, Co. Dublin.

[2] Boswell's servant.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz., that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which the day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as lights and flames; even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius in the daytime appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER, from *Analecta*
translation: Thomas de Quincey

THE MARINER'S BENEDICTION

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected; and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival. By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm—their beauty and their happiness. He blesseth them in his heart.

COLERIDGE, from *The Ancient Mariner*—Prose Argument

SILENCE IN COMPANY

Dost thou love silence as deep as that 'before the winds were made'? go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faith'd self-mistrusting Ulysses. Retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes? Here the goddess reigns and revels. 'Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud,' do not with their interconfounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and

less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By 'imperfect' I mean that which a man enjoyeth himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers' Meeting. Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by his agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. On secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long Winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he or she too (if that be probable) reading another, without interruption or oral communication? Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? Away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-hunting solitariness! Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude...

The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers' Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions,

> sands, ignoble things,
> Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings,

but here is something which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground—SILENCE—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and as we may say, unnatural progression.

> How reverend is the view of these hush'd heads,
> Looking tranquillity!

Frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness. O, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!

CHARLES LAMB, from *A Quakers' Meeting*

SOFT MUSIC

A certain *manner* makes more conquests than either wit or beauty. Suppose a woman to have a graceful ease of deportment, and a mild self-possession pervading every look and tone of voice; this exercises an immediate influence on a person of an opposite and irritable temperament—it calms and enchants him at once. It is like soft music entering the room.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, from *Trifles light as Air*

A HAVEN OF REST

'This is Miss Trotwood's,' said the young woman. 'Now you know; and that's all I have got to say.' With which words she hurried into the house, as if to shake off the responsibility of my appearance; and left me standing at the garden-gate, looking disconsolately over the top of it towards the parlour-window, where a muslin curtain partly undrawn in the middle, a large round green screen or fan fastened on to the window-sill, a small table, and a great chair, suggested to me that my aunt might be at that moment seated in awful state.

My shoes were by this time in a woeful condition. The soles had shed themselves bit by bit, and the upper leathers had broken and burst until the very shape and form of shoes had departed from them. My hat (which had served me for a night-cap, too) was so crushed and bent, that no old battered handleless saucepan on a dunghill need have been ashamed to vie with it. My shirt and trousers, stained with heat, dew, grass, and the Kentish soil on which I had slept—and torn besides—might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden, as I stood at the gate. My hair had known no comb or brush since I left London. My face, neck, and hands, from unaccustomed exposure to the air and sun, were burnt to a berry-brown. From head to foot I was powdered almost as white with chalk and dust, as if I had come out of a lime-kiln. In this plight, and with a strong consciousness of it, I waited to introduce myself to, and make my first impression on, my formidable aunt.

The unbroken stillness of the parlour-window leading me to infer, after a while, that she was not there, I lifted up my eyes to the window above it, where I saw a florid, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a grey head, who shut up one eye in a grotesque manner, nodded his head at me several times, shook it at me as often, laughed, and went away.

I had been discomposed before; but I was so much the more discomposed by this unexpected behaviour, that I was on the point of slinking off, to think how I had best proceed, when there came out of the house a lady with a handkerchief tied over her cap, and a pair of gardening gloves on her hands, wearing a gardening-pocket like a tollman's apron, and carrying a great knife. I knew her immediately to be Miss Betsey, for she came stalking out of the house exactly as my poor mother had so often described her stalking up our garden at Blunderstone Rookery.

'Go away!' said Miss Betsey, shaking her head, and making a distant chop in the air with her knife. 'Go along! No boys here!'

I watched her, with my heart at my lips, as she marched to a corner of the garden, and stooped to dig up some little root there. Then, without a scrap of courage, but with a great deal of desperation, I went softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger.

'If you please, ma'am,' I began.

She started, and looked up.

'If you please, aunt.'

'EH?' exclaimed Miss Betsy, in a tone of amazement I have never heard approached.

'If you please, aunt, I am your nephew.'

'Oh, Lord!' said my aunt. And sat flat down in the garden-path. . .

My aunt, with every sort of expression but wonder discharged from her countenance, sat on the gravel, staring at me, until I began to cry; when she got up in a great hurry, collared me, and took me into the parlour. . . After a time she rang the bell. 'Janet,' said my aunt, when her servant came in. 'Go up stairs, give my compliments to Mr Dick, and say I wish to speak to him.'

Janet looked a little surprised to see me lying stiffly on the sofa (I was afraid to move lest it should be displeasing to my aunt) but went on her errand. My aunt, with her hands behind her, walked up and down the room, until the gentleman who had squinted at me from the upper window came in laughing.

'Mr Dick,' said my aunt, 'don't be a fool, because nobody can be more discreet than you can, when you choose. We all know that. So don't be a fool, whatever you are.'

The gentleman was serious immediately, and looked at me, I thought, as if he would entreat me to say nothing about the window.

'Mr Dick,' said my aunt, 'you have heard me mention David

Copperfield? Now don't pretend not to have a memory, because you and I know better.'

'David Copperfield?' said Mr Dick, who did not appear to me to remember much about it. '*David* Copperfield? Oh yes, to be sure. David, certainly.'

'Well,' said my aunt, 'this is his boy—his son. He would be as like his father as it's possible to be, if he was not so like his mother, too.'

'His son?' said Mr Dick. 'David's son? Indeed!'

'Yes,' pursued my aunt, 'and he has done a pretty piece of business. He has run away. Ah! His sister, Betsey Trotwood, never would have run away.' My aunt shook her head firmly, confident in the character and behaviour of the girl who never was born.

'Oh! you think she wouldn't have run away?' said Mr Dick.

'Bless and save the man,' exclaimed my aunt, sharply, 'how he talks! Don't I know she wouldn't? She would have lived with her godmother, and we should have been devoted to one another. Where, in the name of wonder, should his sister, Betsey Trotwood, have run from, or to?'

'Nowhere,' said Mr Dick.

'Well then,' returned my aunt, softened by the reply, 'how can you pretend to be wool-gathering, Dick, when you are as sharp as a surgeon's lancet? Now, here you see young David Copperfield, and the question I put to you is, what shall I do with him?'

'What shall you do with him?' said Mr Dick, feebly, scratching his head. 'Oh! do with him?'

'Yes,' said my aunt, with a grave look, and her forefinger held up. 'Come! I want some very sound advice.'

'Why, if I was you,' said Mr Dick, considering, and looking vacantly at me, 'I should—' The contemplation of me seemed to inspire him with a sudden idea, and he added, briskly, 'I should wash him!' . .

After tea, we sat at the window—on the look-out, as I imagined, from my aunt's sharp expresssion of face, for more invaders—until dusk, when Janet set candles, and a backgammon-board, on the table, and pulled down the blinds.

'Now, Mr Dick,' said my aunt, with her grave look, and her forefinger up as before, 'I am going to ask you another question. Look at this child.'

'David's son?' said Mr Dick, with an attentive, puzzled face.

'Exactly so,' returned my aunt. 'What would you do with him, now?'

'Do with David's son?' said Mr Dick.

'Ay,' replied my aunt, 'with David's son.'

'Oh?' said Mr Dick. 'Yes. Do with—I should put him to bed.'..

The room was a pleasant one, at the top of the house, overlooking the sea, on which the moon was shining brilliantly. After I had said my prayers, and the candle had burnt out, I remember how I still sat looking at the moonlight on the water, as if I could hope to read my fortune in it, as in a bright book; or to see my mother with her child, coming from heaven, along that shining path, to look upon me as she had looked when I last saw her sweet face. I remember how the solemn feeling with which at length I turned my eyes away, yielded to the sensation of gratitude and rest which the sight of the white-curtained bed—and how much more the lying softly down upon it, nestling in the snow-white sheets!—inspired. I remember how I thought of all the solitary places under the night sky where I had slept, and how I prayed that I never might be houseless any more, and never might forget the houseless. I remember how I seemed to float, then, down the melancholy glory of that track upon the sea, away into the world of dreams.

CHARLES DICKENS, from *David Copperfield*

SOCIETY IN SOLITUDE

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bull-frogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whippoorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled, but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit, now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen,—links which connect the days of animated life...

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is

never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond, but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbour is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hill-tops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun, and moon, and stars, and a little world all to myself. At night there was never a traveller passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man, unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts,[1]—they plainly fished more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their hooks with darkness,—but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left 'the world to darkness and to me', and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighbourhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced.

Yet I experienced sometimes that the most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature, and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm, but it was Aeolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house today is not drear and melancholy, but good for me too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is of far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to cause the seeds to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the low lands, it would still be good for the grass on the uplands, and, being good for the grass, it would be good for me. Sometimes, when I compare myself with other men, it seems as if I were more favoured by the gods than they, beyond any deserts that I am

[1] burbot, large fresh-water cod.

conscious of—as if I had a warrant and surety at their hands which my fellows have not, and were especially guided and guarded. I do not flatter myself, but if it be possible they flatter me. I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighbourhood of man was not essential to a serene and happy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain, while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops and in every sound and sight around my house—an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me—as made the fancied advantages of human neighbourhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU, from *Walden*

A SLEDGE DRIVE AT DAVOS

With an arrowy gliding motion one passes through the snow-world as through a dream. In the sunlight the snow surface sparkles with its myriad stars of crystals. In the shadow it ceases to glitter, and assumes a blueness scarcely less blue than the sky. The journey is like sailing through alternate tracts of light-irradiate heavens, and inter-stellar spaces of the clearest and most flawless ether. The air is like the keen air of the highest glaciers. As we go, the bells keep up a drowsy tinkling at the horse's head. The whole landscape is transfigured—lifted high up out of commonplaceness. The little hills are Monte Rosas and Mont Blancs. Scale is annihilated, and nothing tells but form. There is hardly any colour except the blue of sky and shadow. Everything is traced in vanishing tints, passing from the almost amber of the distant sunlight through glittering white into pale grey and brighter blues and deep etherial azure. The pines stand in black platoons upon the hill-sides, with a tinge of red or orange on their sable. Some carry masses of snow. Others have shaken their plumes free. The chalets are like fairy houses or toys; waist-deep in stores of winter fuel, with their mellow tones of madder and umber relieved against the white, with the fantastic icicles and folds of snow depending from their eaves, or curled like coverlids from roof and window-sill, they are far more picturesque than in the summer. Colour, wherever it is found, whether in these

cottages or in a block of serpentine by the roadside, or in the golden bulrush-blades by the lake shore, takes more than double value. It is shed upon the pallid landscape like a spiritual and transparent veil. Most beautiful of all are the sweeping lines of pure untroubled snow, fold over fold of undulating softness, billowing along the skirts of the peaked hills. There is no conveying the charm of immaterial, aerial, lucid beauty, the feeling of purity and aloofness from sordid things, conveyed by the fine touch on all our senses of light, colour, form, and air, and motion, and rare tinkling sound. The enchantment is like a spirit mood of Shelley's lyric verse. And what is perhaps most wonderful, this delicate delight may be enjoyed without fear in the coldest weather. It does not matter how low the temperature may be, if the sun is shining, the air dry, and the wind asleep.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, from *Our Life in the Swiss Highlands*, 1890

A NOCTURNAL RECONNOITRE

Norcombe Hill—not far from lonely Toller-Down—was one of those spots which suggest to a passer-by that he is in the presence of a shape approaching the indestructible as nearly as any to be found on earth. It was a featureless convexity of chalk and soil—an ordinary specimen of smoothly-outlined protuberances of the globe which may remain undisturbed on some great day of confusion, when far grander heights and dizzy granite precipices topple down.

The hill was covered on its northern side by an ancient and decaying plantation of beeches, whose upper verge formed a line over the crest, fringing its arched curve against the sky, like a mane. To-night these trees sheltered the southern slope from the keenest blasts, which smote the wood and floundered through it with a sound as of grumbling, or gushed over its crowning boughs in a weakened moan. The dry leaves in the ditch simmered and boiled in the same breezes, a tongue of air occasionally ferreting out a few, and sending them spinning across the grass. A group or two of the latest in date amongst this dead multitude had remained till this very mid-winter time on the twigs which bore them, and in falling rattled against the trunks with smart taps.

Between this half-wooded, half-naked hill, and the vague, still horizon that its summit indistinctly commanded, was a mysterious sheet of fathomless shade—the sounds from which suggested that what it concealed bore some humble resemblance to features here.

The thin grasses, more or less coating the hill, were touched by the wind in breezes of differing powers, and almost of differing natures —one rubbing the blades heavily, another raking them piercingly, another brushing them like a soft broom. The instinctive act of humankind was to stand and listen, and learn how the trees on the right and the trees on the left wailed or chaunted to each other in the regular antiphonies of a cathedral choir; how hedges and other shapes to leeward then caught the note, lowering it to the tenderest sob; and how the hurrying gust then plunged into the south, to be heard no more.

The sky was clear—remarkably clear—and the twinkling of all the stars seemed to be but throbs of one body, timed by a common pulse. The North Star was directly in the wind's eye, and since evening the Bear had swung round it outwardly to the east, till he was now at a right angle with the meridian. A difference of colour in the stars—oftener read of than seen in England—was really perceptible here. The kingly brilliancy of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star called Capella was yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgueux shone with a fiery red.

To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that a hill affords, or by the wind, or by the solitude, but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, having first expanded with a sense of difference from the mass of civilised mankind, who are dreamwrapt and disregardful of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre it is hard to get back to earth, and to believe that the consciousness of such majestic speeding is derived from a tiny human frame.

THOMAS HARDY, from *Far from the Madding Crowd*

AN ANGLER'S AFTERTHOUGHTS

Very pleasant the evening is after a successful day in hot, bright weather in June. Let us suppose that the angler has caught some three brace of trout in the day, and a brace and a half in the evening on good water. He will then have had plenty of interest and excite-

ment, moments of anxiety and even of disappointment, but all contributing at the end to give a delightful satisfactory feeling of successful effort. Some great events, some angling crisis there will have been during the day, to which his thoughts will recur often involuntarily. Some incidents will seem to have been photographed upon his mind, so that he can recall clearly not only the particular things done or seen, but his own sensation at the time. What he thinks about in the evening will not be only of angling, but of the scenes in which he has spent the day. I am often ashamed to think how much passes unnoticed in the actual excitement of angling, but the general impression of light and colour and surroundings is not lost; some is noted at the time, and some sinks into one's mind unconsciously and is found there at the end of the day, like a blessing given by great bounty to one who was too careless at the time to deserve it.

May is the month of fresh leaves and bright shrubs, but June is the month in which the water meadows themselves are brightest. The common yellow iris, ragged robin and forget-me-not make rough damp places gay, and the clear water in the little runnels amongst the grass sparkles in the sun. Of wild shrubs which flower in June, there are two so common that they seem to possess the month and meet the eye everywhere. One is the wild rose, and the other is the elder, and great is the contrast between them. The commonest sort of wild rose is surely the most delicate of all shrubs in spite of its thorns. It is exquisitely delicate in the scent, colour, form and character of its flowers, and there is nothing more graceful in nature than the way in which a long spray of wild rose in full blossom offers its beauty to be admired. I am not so fond of the elder; when one is close to it there is a certain stiff thickness about the bush, and a deadness of colour both of leaves and flowers, and the scent is heavy and spiritless. But masses of elder flower at a distance have a fine foamy appearance, and I always feel that they are doing their best to honour the season. Though the sun may be as hot as midsummer, everything in the first half of June seems young and fresh and active. Birds are singing still, and for a week or two it seems as if the best of spring and summer, warmth and songs, luxuriance and freshness, were spread abroad so abundantly that it is almost too much. The cup of happiness is full and runs over. Such may be one's last thoughts in the quiet of approaching night after sounds have ceased, and in the perfect enjoyment of 'that still spirit shed from evening air'.

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, from *Fly Fishing*

THE END OF THE SEARCH

On the edge of the Doon, Mussoorie well behind them and the Plains spread out in golden dust before, rests a worn litter in which —all the Hills know it—lies a sick lama who seeks a River for his healing. Villages have almost come to blows over the honour of bearing it, for not only has the lama given them blessings, but his disciple good money—full one-third Sahibs' prices. Twelve miles a day has the *dooli* travelled, as the greasy, rubbed pole-ends show, and by roads that few Sahibs use. Over the Nilang Pass in storm when the driven snow-dust filled every fold of the impassive lama's drapery; between the black horns of Raieng where they heard the whistle of the wild goats through the clouds; pitching and strained on the shale below; hard-held between shoulder and clenched jaw when they rounded the hideous curves of the Cut Road under Bhagirati; swinging and creaking to the steady jog-trot of the descent into the Valley of the Waters; pressed along the steamy levels of that locked valley; up, up and out again, to meet the roaring gusts off Kedarnath; set down of mid-days in the dun-gloom of kindly oak-forests; passed from village to village in dawn-chill, when even devotees may be forgiven for swearing at impatient holy men; or by torchlight, when the least fearful think of ghosts—the *dooli* has reached her last stage...

The lama held his peace. Except for the click of the rosary and a faint *clop-clop* of Mahbub's retreating feet, the soft, smoky silence of evening in India wrapped them close.

'Hear me! I bring news.'

'But let us—'

Out shot the long yellow hand compelling silence. Kim tucked his feet under his robe-edge obediently.

'Hear me! I bring news! The Search is finished. Comes now the Reward... Thus. When we were among the Hills, I lived on thy strength till the young branch bowed and nigh broke. When we came out of the Hills, I was troubled for thee and for other matters which I held in my heart. The boat of my soul lacked direction; I could not see into the Cause of Things. So I gave thee over to the virtuous woman altogether. I took no food. I drank no water. Still I saw not the Way. They pressed food upon me and cried at my shut door. So I removed myself to a hollow under a tree. I took no food. I took no water. I sat in meditation two days and two nights,

abstracting my mind; inbreathing and outbreathing in the req manner. . . Upon the second night—so great was my reward- wise Soul loosed itself from the silly Body and went free. T have never before attained, though I have stood on the thresh it. Consider, for it is a marvel!'

'A marvel indeed. Two days and two nights without f Where was the Sahiba?' said Kim under his breath.

'Yea, my Soul went free, and, wheeling like an eagle, saw in that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop d to water, so my soul drew near to the Great Soul which is be all things. At that point, exalted in contemplation, I saw all I from Ceylon in the sea to the Hills, and my own Painted Roc Suchzen; I saw every camp and village, to the least, where we ever rested. I saw them at one time and in one place; for they within the Soul. By this I knew the Soul had passed beyonc illusion of Time and Space and Things. By this I knew that I free. I saw thee lying in thy cot, and I saw thee falling dow under the idolater—at one time, in one place, in my Soul, w as I say, had touched the Great Soul. Also I saw the stupid boc Teshoo Lama lying down, and the *hakim* from Dacca kn beside, shouting in its ear. Then my Soul was all alone, and I nothing, for I was all things, having reached the Great Soul. A meditated a thousand thousand years, passionless, well aware o Causes of all Things. Then a voice cried: 'What shall come t boy if thou art dead?' and I was shaken back and forth in myself pity for thee; and I said: 'I will return to my *chela*, lest he mis Way.' Upon this my Soul, which is the soul of Teshoo Lama, v drew itself from the Great Soul with strivings and yearnings retchings and agonies not to be told. As the egg from the fish, a fish from the water, as the water from the cloud, as the cloud f the thick air; so put forth, so leaped out, so drew away, so fu up the soul of Teshoo Lama from the Great Soul. Then a v cried: 'The River! Take heed to the River!' and I looked down t all the world, which was as I had seen it before—one in time, o place—and I saw plainly the River of the Arrow at my feet. At hour my Soul was hampered by some evil or other whereof I not wholly cleansed, and it lay upon my arms and coiled rounc waist; but I put it aside, and I cast forth as an eagle in my fligh the very place of the River. I pushed aside world upon worlc thy sake. I saw the River below me—the River of the Arrow— descending, the waters of it closed over me; and behold I was a in the body of Teshoo Lama, but free from sin, and the *hakim* f

Dacca bore up my head in the waters of the River. It is here! It is behind the mango-tope here—even here!'..

He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled, as a man may who has won Salvation for himself and his beloved.

RUDYARD KIPLING, from *Kim*

THE SHINING HOUR

There is an hour of the Indian night, a little before the first glimmer of dawn, when the stars are unbelievably clear and close above, shining with a radiance beyond our belief in this foggy land. The trees stand silent around one with a friendly presence. As yet there is no sound of awakening birds; but the whole world seems to be intent, alive, listening, eager. At such a moment the veil between the things that are seen and the things that are unseen becomes so thin as to interpose scarcely any barrier at all between the eternal beauty and truth and the soul which would comprehend.

J. S. HOYLAND, from *The Light of Christ*

DAWN IN CHINA

It is night still and the courtyard of the inn is rich with deep patches of darkness. Lanterns throw fitful lights on the coolies busily preparing their loads for the journey. They shout and laugh, angrily argue with one another, and vociferously quarrel. I go out into the street and walk along preceded by a boy with a lantern. Here and there behind closed doors cocks are crowing. But in many of the shops the shutters are down already and the indefatigable people are beginning their long day. Here an apprentice is sweeping the floor, and there a man is washing his hands and face. A wick burning in a cup of oil is all his light. I pass a tavern where half a dozen persons are seated at an early meal. The ward gate is closed, but a watchman lets me through a postern and I walk along a wall by a sluggish stream in which are reflected the bright stars. Then I reach the great gate of the city, and this time one half of it is open; I pass out, and there, awaiting me, all ghostly, is the dawn. The day and the long road and the open country lie before me.

Put out the lantern. Behind me the darkness pales to a mist of purple and I know that soon this will kindle to a rosy flush. I can make out the causeway well enough and the water in the padi fields reflects already a wan and shadowy light. It is no longer night, but it is not yet day. This is the moment of most magical beauty, when

the hills and the valleys, the trees and the water, have a mystery which is not of earth. For when once the sun has risen, for a time the world is very cheerless, the light is cold and grey like the light in a painter's studio, and there are no shadows to diaper the ground with a coloured pattern. Skirting the brow of a wooded hill I look down on the padi fields. But to call them fields is too grandiose. They are for the most part crescent shaped patches built on the slope of a hill, one below the other, so that they can be flooded. Firs and bamboos grow in the hollows as though placed there by a skilful gardener with a sense of ordered beauty to imitate formally the abandon of nature. In this moment of enchantment you do not look upon the scene of humble toil, but on the pleasure gardens of an emperor. Here throwing aside the cares of state, he might come in yellow silk embroidered with dragons, with jewelled bracelets on his wrists, to sport with a concubine so beautiful that men in after ages felt it natural if a dynasty was destroyed for her sake.

And now with the increasing day a mist arises from the padi fields and climbs half way up the gentle hills. You may see a hundred pictures of the sight before you, for it is one that the old masters of China loved exceedingly. The little hills, wooded to their summit, with a line of fir trees along the crest, a firm silhouette against the sky, the little hills rise behind one another, and the varying level of the mist, forming a pattern, gives the composition a completeness which yet allows the imagination ample scope. The bamboos grow right down to the causeway, their thin leaves shivering in the shadow of a breeze, and they grow with a high-bred grace so that they look like groups of ladies of the Great Ming dynasty resting languidly by the way-side. They have been to some temple, and their silken dresses are richly wrought with flowers and in their hair are precious ornaments of jade. They rest there for a while on their small feet, their golden lilies, gossiping elegantly, for they do not know that the best use of culture is to talk nonsense with distinction; and in a moment slipping back into their chairs they will be gone.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, from *On a Chinese Screen*

THE MOON

Outside my window the night is struggling to wake; in the moonlight, the blinded garden dreams so vividly of its lost colours that the black roses are almost crimson, the trees stand expectantly on the verge of living greenness. The white-washed parapet of the terrace is brilliant against the dark-blue sky. (Does the oasis lie

there below, and, beyond the last of the palm trees, is that the desert?) The white walls of the house coldly reverberate the lunar radiance. (Shall I turn to look at the Dolomites rising naked out of the long slopes of snow?) The moon is full. And not only full, but also beautiful. And not only beautiful, but also—

Socrates was accused by his enemies of having affirmed, heretically, that the moon was a stone. He denied the accusation. All men, said he, know that the moon is a god, and he agreed with all men. As an answer to the material philosophy of 'nothing but' his retort was sensible and even scientific. . . There is a soft moonlight that can give us the peace that passes understanding. There is a moonlight that inspires a kind of awe. There is a cold and austere moonlight that tells the soul of its loneliness and desperate isolation, its insignificance or its uncleanness. . .

There floats the stone, the nearest and most familiar symbol of all the astronomical horrors; but the astronomers who discovered those horrors of space and time were men. The universe throws down a challenge to the human spirit; in spite of his insignificance and abjection, man has taken it up. The stone glares down at us out of the black boundlessness, a *memento mori*. But the fact that we know it for a *memento mori* justifies us in feeling a certain human pride. We have a right to our moods of sober exultation.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, from *Music at Night*

THE SIGH

The June evening is almost over. The rosy light fades from the oaks, and from the willows the voices of doves are ceasing; out of the nettles that hide the angler's lair comes one talking to himself. It seems natural in this light, with the bats wheeling capriciously in the air. We follow him and his wicker basket along the footpath separating the wood and weed from plantations of young fruit-trees, newly fenced with tall tarred stakes. His walk, and ours, emerges into a lane, and he goes into a large white house with a quince-tree by its gate—outpost to a few thatched cottages, an alehouse, a workshop and a duckpond with the ducks asleep along the shore. We envy him the wide diamonded window where he will be sitting a little later to enjoy the look and presence of the night.

The time is happy and serene, the darkness not that forbidding shroud which falls so often when there is no moon, but sweetly awake, luminous; the far-stealing dawn seems already to be glancing

on the horizon of rounded hills and rising orchards. At times from the woods by the river, or woods by the rivers of another world, a sigh passes through the element, and dimly answered by our trees for a brief moment is lessening away towards the horizon. We may fancy in such a night that it is the spirit of the wild cherries among the woods by the river, communing with their kindred sheltered here about the hamlet. The small childlike complaint of birds awakened in fear is still again; and to us the hawthorn thickets round cattle-waterings far away at the end of the pastures are made as clear as though seen at noonday by the eclogues of nightingales. Then comes your little unsuspecting owl to alight on the gate, and at last discovers us. The pheasant's clamour, the fox's bark, do not destroy this world of dewy tranquillity. The whistle of the trains on the main line comes transformed into a voice of reverie, the rushing wheels only send us a murmur like the song of the little waterfall below this gloom of fragrant interweaving boughs.

EDMUND BLUNDEN, from *The Face of England*

STORM AND CALM IN THE PYRENEES

I soon became conscious of oppressive heat, and, peering up through the branches of a larch, I saw that the sky was darkened, and then, as though to answer my unspoken question, a faint rumbling sounded from the South, and a few large drops of rain fell. The heat became intense, and a sombre stillness fell on the world. As I watched the sky above a little clearing among the beeches a thin rapier of lightning slit the clouds, and soon after there was a crack, as though a giant had snapped a faggot across his knee, followed by the full music of the thunder, rolling, echoing and re-echoing. The rain-drops splashed and pattered overhead, and I crouched down. Again and again the lightning thrust and stabbed, and again and again, as though bellowing from a mortal wound, the limestone crags reverberated. Eastwards a livid light shone, making the forest like a stage-setting. Then with a loud hissing, the storm of rain swept across the woods, driving straight down through the sultry air. I suppose it lasted for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before the lightning flashes grew rarer, and the thunder passed away into Spain, and the fierce downpour abated...

The sky was clear again by now, and in the evening sunshine I sat down in an elegiac mood. Who could have believed that so short a time ago that violent storm had leaped out of the sky, and

threshed the trees, leaving in its wake this tranquillity? I drank some wine, and listened to the little sounds on every side of me; a voice calling above in the village, a dog barking below by the river, and somewhere in the deep woods a nameless bird singing very sweetly. The thousand shades of green in the leaves darkened to one hue as the sun went down the sky, and the hurrying water of the stream turned to cold grey. Across the valley the higher slopes of the mountains were still sunlit...

As I sat there enjoying the calm after that sudden storm, I began to meditate. I remembered how somebody had written of the stillness at the heart of a whirlpool, and had likened that stillness to the soul of a man who is at peace with himself. And I thought how all the noise and tumult and fun of life are a thousand times more enjoyable when there is this inner stillness to return to; when not only has the intellect got something hard to bite on, but also those questions which the intellect cannot answer have been answered by something above and beyond—but not against—reason: by faith. Everything then has a new savour. Anxieties and sorrows fall into their proper place, and become supportable, while blessings and good fortunes bestow a doubled and a trebled happiness. There is a kind of light on daily acts and humdrum occurrences because always there is that well of tranquillity lying deeper than anything else, and never failing; the well of joy which the poet has sung. For that to which I refer is not a pensive, saddened, negative tranquillity, but something as positive as a song of victory. And indeed it is a perpetual Te Deum or thanksgiving.

J. B. MORTON, from *Pyrenean*

THE INWARD LIFE

Our spiritual life today, such as it is, tends above all to express itself in social activities. Teacher after teacher comes forward to plume himself on the fact that Christianity is now taking a 'social form'; that love of our neighbour is not so much the corollary as the equivalent of the love of God, and so forth. Here I am sure that all can supply themselves with illustrative quotations. Yet is there in this state of things nothing but food for congratulation? Is such a view complete? Is nothing left out? Have we not lost the wonder and poetry of the forest in our diligent cultivation of the economically valuable trees; and shall we ever see life truly until we see it with the poet's eyes? There is so much meritorious working and willing; and so little time left for quiet love...

Here is our little planet, chiefly occupied, to our view, in rushing round the sun; but perhaps found from another angle to fill quite another part in the cosmic scheme. And on this apparently unimportant speck, wandering among systems of suns, the appearance of life and its slow development and ever-increasing sensitization; the emerging of pain and of pleasure; and presently man with his growing capacity for self-affirmation and self-sacrifice, for rapture and for grief. Love with its unearthly happiness, unmeasured devotion, and limitless pain; all the ecstasy, all the anguish that we can extract from the rhythm of life and death. It is much, really, for one little planet to bring to birth. And presently another music, which some—not many perhaps yet, in comparison with its population—are able to hear. The music of a more inward life, a sort of fugue in which the eternal and temporal are mingled; and here and there some, already, who respond to it. Those who hear it would not all agree as to the nature of the melody; but all would agree that it is something different in kind from the rhythm of life and death. And in their surrender to this—to which, as they feel sure, the physical order too is really keeping time—they taste a larger life; more universal, more divine. As Plotinus said, they are looking at the Conductor in the midst; and, keeping time with Him, find the fulfilment both of their striving and of their peace.

EVELYN UNDERHILL, from *The Life of the Spirit*

KING GEORGE V SPEAKS TO HIS PEOPLE

In looking back on my long illness and recovery my heart is full of thankfulness of far deeper origin than any mere sense of relief.

I have been brought back from the danger and weariness of the past months by the wonderful skill and devotion of my Doctors, Surgeons, and Nurses. And help has come from another source of strength; as month after month went by I learned of the widespread and loving solicitude with which the Queen and I were surrounded. I was able to picture to myself the crowds of friends waiting and watching at my gates, and to think of the still greater number of those who, in every part of the Empire, were remembering me with prayers and good wishes. The realization of this has been among the most vivid experiences of my life.

It was an encouragement beyond description to feel that my constant and earnest desire had been granted—the desire to gain the confidence and affection of my People. My thoughts have

arried me even farther than this. I cannot dwell upon the generous ympathy shown to me by unknown friends in many other countries vithout a new and moving hope. I long to believe it possible that xperiences such as mine may soon appear no longer exceptional: vhen the national anxieties of all the Peoples of the World shall be elt as a common source of human sympathy and a common claim n human friendship.

From a Message to the Nation written at Bognor, April 22, 1929

AT THE GATE OF THE YEAR

And I said to the man who stood at the Gate of the Year: 'Give me a ight that I may tread safely into the unknown.' And he replied: Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light, and safer than a known way.'

So I went forth, and finding the Hand of God, trod gladly into he night. And He led me towards the hills and the breaking of the lay in the lone East.

M. LOUISE HASKINS, from *God Knows*

* * *

SACRED SONGS

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God...
O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan,
And of the Hermonites, from the hill of Mizar.
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts;
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime,
And in the night his song shall be with me,
And my prayer unto the God of my life.
I will say unto God my rock, 'Why hast thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?'
As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me,
While they say daily unto me, 'Where is thy God?'
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm XLII (A.V.)

The Lord is my shepherd;
Therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture,
And lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul,
And bring me forth in the paths of righteousness,
For his Name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil,
And my cup shall be full.
But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

The Lord is my light, and my salvation;
Whom then shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
Of whom then shall I be afraid?
When the wicked, even mine enemies, and my foes,
Came upon me to eat up my flesh,
They stumbled and fell.
Though an host of men were laid against me,
Yet shall not my heart be afraid;
And though there rose up war against me,
Yet will I put my trust in him.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require:
Even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,
To behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple.
For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his tabernacle;
Yea, in the secret place of his dwelling shall he hide me,
And set me upon a rock of stone.
And now shall he lift up mine head
Above mine enemies round about me.
Therefore will I offer in his dwelling an oblation with great gladness;
I will sing, and speak praises unto the Lord.

Hearken unto my voice, O Lord, when I cry unto thee;
Have mercy upon me, and hear me.
My heart hath talked of thee:
Seek ye my face:
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

O hide not thou thy face from me;
Nor cast thy servant away in displeasure.
Thou hast been my succour;
Leave me not, neither forsake me,
O God of my salvation.
When my father and my mother forsake me,
The Lord taketh me up.
Teach me thy way, O Lord,
And lead me in the right way, because of mine enemies.
Deliver me not over into the will of mine adversaries;
For there are false witnesses risen up against me,
And such as speak wrong.
I should utterly have fainted,
But that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord
In the land of the living.
O tarry thou the Lord's leisure:
Be strong, and he shall comfort thine heart;
And put thou thy trust in the Lord.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
And he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper,
The Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day,
Neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
Yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth for evermore.

O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me,
Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising,

Thou understandest my thoughts long before.
Thou art about my path, and about my bed,
And spiest out all my ways.
For lo, there is not a word in my tongue,
But thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.
Thou hast fashioned me behind and before,
And laid thine hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me:
I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I go then from thy presence?
If I climb up into heaven, thou art there:
If I go down to hell, thou art there also.
If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there also shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, 'Peradventure the darkness shall cover me,'
Then shall my night be turned to day.
Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee,
But the night is as clear as the day:
The darkness and light to thee are both alike.

Psalms XXIII, XXVII, CXXI, CXXXIX, from the *Book of Common Prayer*

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD

And the Lord said in his heart, 'I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, for that the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.'..

And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying...

'I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the ever-

lasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.'

Genesis, VIII–IX (R.V.)

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

Look unto the heavens, and see;
And behold the skies, which are higher than thou...
By reason of the multitude of oppressions they cry out;
They cry for help by reason of the arm of the mighty.
But none saith, 'Where is God my Maker,
Who giveth songs in the night;
Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth,
And maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven?'

Job, XXXV (A.V.)

PROMISE

'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,
And he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat;
Yea, come, buy wine and milk
Without money and without price.
Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?
And your labour for that which satisfieth not?
Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good,
And let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me;
Hear, and your soul shall live;
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you,
Even the sure mercies of David.
Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people,
A leader and commander to the people.
Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,
And nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee
Because of the Lord thy God,
And for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.'

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,
Call ye upon him while he is near:
Let the wicked forsake his way,
And the unrighteous man his thoughts:

And let him return unto the Lord,
And he will have mercy upon him;
And to our God,
For he will abundantly pardon.
'For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
Neither are your ways my ways,' saith the Lord.
'For as the heavens
Are higher than the earth,
So are my ways higher than your ways,
And my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven,
And returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,
And maketh it bring forth and bud,
That it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:
So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth:
It shall not return unto me void,
But it shall accomplish that which I please,
And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace:
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.'

Isaiah, LV (A.V.)

PROPHECY

Arise, shine, for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the people:
But the Lord shall arise upon thee,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see!
All they gather themselves together, they come to thee:
Thy sons shall come from far,

And thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.
Thou shalt see, and flow together,
And thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged;
Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee,
The forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

The multitude of camels shall cover thee,
The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;
All they from Sheba shall come:
They shall bring gold and incense,
And they shall show forth the praises of the Lord.
All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee,
The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:
They shall come up with acceptance on mine altar,
And I will glorify the house of my glory.

Who are these that fly as a cloud,
And as the doves to their windows?
Surely the isles shall wait for me,
And the ships of Tarshish first,
To bring thy sons from far,
Their silver and their gold with them,
Unto the name of the Lord thy God,
And to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee.

Isaiah, LX (A.V.)

FAMOUS MEN

Let us now praise famous men,
And our fathers that begat us.
The Lord hath wrought great glory by them
Through his great power from the beginning.
Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms,
Men renowned for their power,
Giving counsel by their understanding,
And declaring prophecies:
Leaders of the people by their counsels,
And by their knowledge of learning meet for the people,
Wise and eloquent in their instructions:
Such as found out musical tunes,
And recited verses in writing:

Rich men furnished with ability,
Living peaceably in their habitations:
All these were honoured in their generations,
And were the glory of their times.
There be of them that have left a name behind them,
That their praises might be reported.
And some there be which have no memorial;
Who are perished, as though they had never been;
And are become as though they had never been born;
And their children after them.
But these were merciful men,
Whose righteousness hath not been forgotten...
Their bodies are buried in peace;
But their name liveth for evermore.

Ecclesiasticus, XLIV (A.V.

THE REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS

Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the fac of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and sha be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all tha they looked for. And they, repenting and groaning for anguish o spirit, shall say within themselves,

'This was he whom we had sometimes in derision and a prover of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to b without honour. How is he numbered among the children of Goc and his lot is among the saints! Therefore have we erred from th way of truth, and the light of righteousness hath not shined unto us and the sun of righteousness rose not upon us. We wearied our selves in the way of wickedness and destruction: yea, we have gon through deserts, where there lay no way: but as for the way of th Lord, we have not known it. What hath pride profited us? or wha good hath riches with our vaunting brought us? All those thing are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that hastened by; an as a ship that passeth over the waves of the water, which when it i gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the pathway o the keel in the waves; or as when a bird hath flown through the ai there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air bein beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violer noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwarc no sign where she went is to be found; or like as when an arrow

shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through: even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end, and had no sign of virtue to show; but were consumed in our own wickedness.'

For the hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away with the wind; like a thin froth that is driven away with the storm; like as the smoke which is dispersed here and there with a tempest and passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day.

But the righteous live for evermore; their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the most High. Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand: for with his right hand shall he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them.

Wisdom, v (A.V.)

SAYINGS OF JESUS

I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

. . . . . .

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

. . . . . .

If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever—even the Spirit of truth—whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come unto you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

. . . . . .

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye have heard how I said unto you, 'I go away, and come again unto you.' If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said, 'I go unto the Father': for my Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe.

. . . . . .

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment: that ye love one another, as I have loved you. . . These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

John, VIII, XIV, XV, XVI (A.V.)

A LETTER OF PAUL

TO ALL THAT BE IN ROME, BELOVED OF GOD

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that

the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit. For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. . . Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. . .

What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written,

> For thy sake we are killed all the day long;
> We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans, VIII (A.V.)

THE MESSAGE OF JOHN

God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth; but if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellow-

ship one with another. . . He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes. . .

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and truth. And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him. For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God. And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight. And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment. And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.

Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. . . There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us. If a man say, 'I love God,' and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

I John, I–IV (A.V.)

THE WHITE COMPANY

I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.'

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying,

'Amen! Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen!'

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me,

'What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?'

And I said unto him, 'Sir, thou knowest.'

And he said to me,

'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' *Revelation*, VII (A.V.)

* * *

THE MOMENT OF UNDERSTANDING

We were together, about to dwell together in our devout purpose. We sought where we might serve Thee most usefully, and were together returning to Africa: whitherward being as far as Ostia, my mother departed this life. . . It came to pass, Thyself, as I believe, by Thy sacred ways so ordering it, that she and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay, at Ostia; where removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey, for the voyage. We were discoursing then together, alone, very sweetly; and forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, we were enquiring between

ourselves in the presence of the Truth, which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man. But yet we gasped with the mouth of our heart after those heavenly streams of Thy fountain, the fountain of life, which is with Thee; that, being bedewed thence according to our capacity, we might in some sort meditate upon so high a mystery.

And when our discourse was brought to that point, that the very highest delight of the earthly senses, in the very purest material light, was, in respect of the sweetness of that life, not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention; we raising up ourselves with a more glowing affection towards the 'Self-Same', did by degrees pass through all things bodily, even the very heaven, whence sun and moon and stars shine upon the earth; yea, we were soaring higher yet, by inward musing, and discourse, and admiring of Thy works; and we came to our own minds, and went beyond them, that we might arrive at that region of never-failing plenty, where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of Thy truth...

We were saying then: If to any the tumult of the flesh were hushed, hushed the images of earth, and waters, and air, hushed also the poles of heaven, yea the very soul be hushed to herself, and by not thinking on self surmount self, hushed all dreams and imaginary revelations, every tongue and every sign, and whatsoever exists only in transition, since if any could hear, all these say, 'We made not ourselves, but He made us that abideth for ever'—If then having uttered this, they too should be hushed, having roused only our ears to Him who made them, and He alone speak, not by them but by Himself, that we may hear His Word, not through any tongue of flesh nor Angel's voice, nor sound of thunder, nor in the dark riddle of a similitude, but might hear Whom in these things we love, might hear His Very Self without these (as we two now strained ourselves and in swift thought touched on that Eternal Wisdom which abideth over all)—could this be continued on, and other visions of kind far unlike be withdrawn, and this one ravish and absorb and wrap up its beholder amid these inward joys, so that life might be for ever like that one moment of understanding which now we sighed after—were not this 'Enter into thy Master's joy'?

SAINT AUGUSTINE, from *Confessions*
translation: E. B. Pusey

* * *

LINES FOR AN OLD BED

'The wind's on the wold
And the night is a-cold,
And Thames runs chill
Twixt mead and hill
But kind and dear
Is the old house here,
And my heart is warm
Midst winter's harm.
Rest then and rest,
And think of the best
Twixt summer and spring,
When all birds sing
In the town of the tree,
And ye lie in me
And scarce dare move
Lest earth and its love
Should fade away
Ere the full of the day.

I am old and have seen
Many things that have been,
Both grief and peace,
And wane and increase.
No tale I tell
Of ill or well,
But this I say,
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst and best
Right good is rest.'

WILLIAM MORRIS

VESPERS

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

God bless Mummy. I know that's right.
Wasn't it fun in the bath tonight?
The cold's so cold, and the hot's so hot.
Oh! *God bless Daddy*—I quite forgot.

If I open my fingers a little bit more,
I can see Nanny's dressing-gown on the door.
It's a beautiful blue, but it hasn't a hood.
Oh! *God bless Nanny and make her good.*

Mine has a hood, and I lie in bed,
And pull the hood right over my head,
And I shut my eyes, and I curl up small,
And nobody knows that I'm there at all.

Oh! *Thank you, God, for a lovely day.*
And what was the other I had to say?
I said 'Bless Daddy,' so what can it be?
Oh! Now I remember it. *God bless Me.*

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

A. A. MILNE

GOD'S KINGDOM

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;

God be in mine eyes,
And in my looking;

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;

God be in mine end,
And at my departing.

From *Sarum Primer*, 1558

LOVE WHICH IS HERE

Love, which is here a care,
That wit and will doth mar,
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war;
A shrill tempestuous wind
Which doth disturb the mind,
And, like wild waves, all our designs commove;
Among those sprites above
Which see their Maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,
Eternal joy which nothing can molest.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

EARTHLY BEAUTY

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

ANONYMOUS, from *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599

SLEEP

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding!

JOHN FLETCHER

A GOOD-NIGHT

Close now thine eyes, and rest secure;
Thy soul is safe enough; thy body sure;
He that loves thee, he that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling conscience in a sleeping breast
Has only peace, has only rest:
The music and the mirth of kings
Are all but very discords, when she sings:
Then close thine eyes and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

FRANCIS QUARLES

HARMONY

When whispering strains do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heartstring shake
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
The soul consists of harmony.

When unto heavenly joy we feign
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain
By music of the wingèd host,
Whose lays we think
Make stars to wink,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet:

Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie
And slumbring die,
And change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM STRODE

OLD AGE

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising World of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite! . . .
Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain

To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON, from *Paradise Lost*, Bk. III

COMPANIONSHIP IN EDEN

With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads

His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

MILTON, from *Paradise Lost*, Bk. IV

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:
Little, alas! they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed!

Fair trees! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat:
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a Nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light...

ANDREW MARVELL

PEACE

My Soul, there is a countrie
  Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd Sentrie
  All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
  Sweet Peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
  Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
  And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
  To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
  There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
  Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
  For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
  Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN

A QUIET SOUL

Thy soul within such silent pomp did keep,
  As if humanity were lull'd asleep;
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
  Time's unheard feet scarce make less noise,
  Or the soft journey which a planet goes;
Life seem'd all calm as its last breath.
A still tranquillity so hush'd thy breast,
As if some Halcyon were its guest,
And there had built her nest;
It hardly now enjoys a greater rest.

JOHN OLDHAM

MY SPIRIT LONGS FOR THEE

My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a guest.

Of so divine a guest,
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessèd love;
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

JOHN BYROM

EVENING

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paley circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wild and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

WILLIAM COLLINS, from *Ode to Evening*

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen among us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope.

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given:
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour;
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mists o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies,
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes;
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came:
Depart not—lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing

Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed.
I was not heard: I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me—
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy.

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine. Have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave. They have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night:
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past. There is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been.
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of Nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

SHELLEY

AUTUMN THOUGHTS IN ITALY

Noon descends and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon,

And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingèd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being)
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of Life and Agony:
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulph: even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
Many a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine
We may live so happy there,
That the Spirits of the Air,
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical

The inspirèd soul supplies
With its own deep melodies
And the love, which heals all strife,
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood:
They, not it, would change; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

SHELLEY, from *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*

MEMORIES

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

SHELLEY

A GREEN AND SILENT SPOT

A green and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve
The level sunshine glimmers with green light. . .

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,

Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recalled
From bodings that have well-nigh wearied me
I find myself upon the brow, and pause
Startled! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
Dim-tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful, that by nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is softened and made worthy to indulge
Love and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

COLERIDGE, from *Fears in Soli*

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

The Frost performs its sacred ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness, Sea, hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;

Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, every where
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought. . .

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled at my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersèd vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the night thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

COLERIDGE

THE MUSIC-BEARERS

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of th'everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

JOHN KEBLE, from *The Christian Yea*

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
'Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

'Ah, once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!'

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
'Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

'And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;

For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

'Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.'

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
'Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery!'

MATTHEW ARNOLD

SLEEP AND LOVE

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

TENNYSON, from *The Princess*

LOTOS LAND

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

TENNYSON, from *The Lotos-Eaters*

DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath
On the pavement here—and, there beyond, it is looking
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo! the moon ascending!
Up from the east, the silvery round moon;
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon;
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles;
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring;
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father;
In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell;
Two veterans, son and father, dropped together,
And the double grave awaits them.

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive;
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined,
'Tis some mother's large, transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.

O strong dead-march, you please me!
O moon immense, with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans, passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music;
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

WALT WHITMAN

THE MESSENGER

A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with western winds, with evening's wandering airs,
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars.
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,
When Joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears;
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,
I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunderstorm.

But, first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends;
The struggle of distress, and fierce impatience ends;
Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered harmony,
That I could never dream till Earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen its truth reveals;
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels:
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found,
Measuring the gulf, it stoops and dares the final bound.

EMILY BRONTË, from *The Prisoner*

THE HOLY THING

They were all looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high:
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot
Naught but Thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail!

My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
But come down Thine own secret stair,
That Thou may'st answer all my need—
Yea, every bygone prayer.

GEORGE MACDONALD

A PRAYER

Lord, grant us calm, if calm can set forth Thee;
Or tempest, if a tempest set Thee forth;
Wind from the east or west or south or north,
Or congelation of a silent sea,
With stillness of each tremulous aspen tree.

Still let fruit fall, or hang upon the tree;
Still let the east and west, the south and north,
Curb in their winds, or plough a thundering sea;
Still let the earth abide to set Thee forth,
Or vanish like a smoke to set forth Thee.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE OXEN

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.
'Now they are all on their knees,'
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
'Come; see the oxen kneel

'In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,'
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

THOMAS HARDY

IN TIME OF THE BREAKING OF NATIONS

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk;

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

THOMAS HARDY

THE STARLIGHT NIGHT

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!

The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!—
Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
Look, look: a May-ness, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!
These are indeed the barn; within doors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

GERALD MANLEY HOPKINS

A LETTER FROM A GIRL TO HER OWN OLD AGE

Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,
O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

O mother, for the weight of years that break thee!
O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,
And from the changes of thy heart must take thee!

O fainting traveller, morn is grey in heaven.
Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven?
And are they calm about the fall of even?

Pause near the ending of thy long migration,
For this one sudden hour of desolation
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee
Of the great hills that stormed the sky behind thee,
Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander
Is but a grey and silent world, but ponder
The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

Listen:—the mountain winds with rain were fretting,
And sudden gleams the mountain-tops besetting.
I cannot let thee fade to death, forgetting.

What part of this wild heart of mine I know not
Will follow with thee where the great winds blow not,
And where the young flowers of the mountain grow not.

Yet let my letter with my lost thoughts in it
Tell what the way was when thou didst begin it,
And win with thee the goal when thou shalt win it.

Oh, in some hour of thine thy thoughts shall guide thee.
Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence, hide thee,
The wind from thy lost country flits beside thee,—

Telling thee: all thy memories moved the maiden,
With thy regrets was morning over-shaden,
With sorrow, thou hast left, her life was laden.

But whither shall my thoughts turn to pursue thee?
Life changes, and the years and days renew thee.
Oh, Nature brings my straying heart unto thee.

Her winds will join us, with their constant kisses
Upon the evening as the morning tresses,
Her summers breathe the same unchanging blisses.

And we, so altered in our changing phases,
Track one another 'mid the many mazes
By the eternal child-breath of the daisies.

I have not writ this letter of divining
To make a glory of thy silent pining,
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

O hush, O hush! Thy tears my words are steeping.
O hush, hush, hush! So full, the fount of weeping?
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping?

Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her.
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks thy heart; the one who wrote, forget her:

The one who now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

ALICE MEY

THE OLD WOMAN

As a white candle
In a holy place,
So is the beauty
Of an agèd face.

As the spent radiance
Of the winter sun,
So is a woman
With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her,
And her thoughts as still
As the waters
Under a ruined mill.

JOSEPH CAMP

WAR THOUGHTS IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

(1917)

What love-names write we daily in the long roll of death!
And yet some shall return, and others with them come:
life will renew; tho' now none cometh here all day
but a pensive philosopher from his dark room
pacing the terrace, slow as his earth-burden'd thought,
and the agèd gardener with scythe wheelbarrow and broom
loitering in expert parcimony of skill and time
while on the grassy slope of the old city-rampart
I watch his idleness and hearken to the clocks
in punctual dispute clanging the quarter-hours—
dull preaching calendars ticking upon their wheels
punctilious subdivisions of infinity
and reckoning now as usual all the monstrous hours
these monstrous heartless hours that pass and yet must pass
till this mischief shall pass and England's foe be o'erthrown—

and shall be o'erthrown—'tis for this thing her dear boys die
and this at each full hour the chimes from Magdalen tow'r
proclaim with dominant gay cloze hurl'd to the sky.
Thus hour draggeth on hour, and I feel every thrill
of time's eternal stream that passeth over me
the dream-stream of God's Will that made things as they be
and me as I am, as unreluctant in the stream
I lie, like one who hath wander'd all his summer morn
among the heathery hills and hath come down at noon
in a breathless valley upon a mountain-brook
and for animal recreation of hot fatigue
hath stripp'd his body naked to lie down and taste
the play of the cool water on all his limbs and flesh
and lying in a pebbly shallow beneath the sky
supine and motionless feeleth each ripple pass
until his thought is merged in the flow of the stream
as it cometh upon him and lappeth him there
stark as a white corpse that stranded upon the stones
blocketh and for a moment delayeth the current
ere it can pass to pay its thin tribute of salt
into the choking storage of the quenchless sea.

ROBERT BRIDGES, from *The College Garden*

THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS

(*From the Irish*)

In a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair;
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the sons of Cairbrè sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Keiran's plain of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
And right many a lord of Breagh;
Deep the sod above Clan Creidè and Clan Conaill,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-fighter
In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

T. W. ROLLESTON

THERE

There, in that other world, what waits for me?
What shall I find after that other birth?
No stormy, tossing, foaming, smiling sea,
But a new earth.

No sun to mark the changing of the days,
No slow, soft falling of the alternate night,
No moon, no star, no light upon my ways,
Only the Light.

No gray cathedral, wide and wondrous fair,
That I may tread where all my fathers trod.
Nay, nay, my soul, no house of God is there,
But only God.

MARY E. COLERIDGE

BAGLEY WOOD

The night is full of stars, full of magnificence:
Nightingales hold the wood, and fragrance loads the dark.
Behold, what fires august, what lights eternal! Hark,
What passionate music poured in passionate love's defence!
Breathe but the wafting wind's nocturnal frankincense!
Only to feel this night's great heart, only to mark
The splendours and the glooms, brings back the patriarch,
Who on Chaldaean wastes found God through reverence.

ıuld we but live at will upon this perfect height,
ıuld we but always keep the passion of this peace,
ıuld we but face unshamed the look of this pure light,
ıuld we but win earth's heart, and give desire release:
ıen were we all divine, and then were ours by right
ıese stars, these nightingales, these scents: then shame would cease.

LIONEL JOHNSON

MUSIC COMES

Music comes
Sweetly from the trembling string
When wizard fingers sweep
Dreamily, half asleep;
When through remembering reeds
Ancient airs and murmurs creep
Oboe oboe following,
Flute answering clear high flute,
Voices, voices—falling mute,
And the jarring drums.
At night I heard
First a waking bird
Out of the quiet darkness sing.

Music comes
Strangely to the brain asleep!
And I heard
Soft, wizard fingers sweep
Music from the trembling string,
And through remembering reeds
Ancient airs and murmurs creep;
Oboe oboe following
Flute calling clear high flute,
Voices faint, falling mute,
And low jarring drums;
Then all those airs
Sweetly jangled—newly strange,
Rich with change.

Was it the wind in the reeds?
Did the wind range

Over the trembling string;
Into flute and oboe pouring
Solemn music; sinking, soaring
Low to high,
Up and down the sky?
Was it the wind jarring
Drowsy far-off drums?

Strangely to the brain asleep
Music comes.

JOHN FREEMAN

AUTUMN

Slowly, one by one,
Through the damp-smelling, misty air of autumn the delicate leaves drop down,
Covering the grass like a carpet—
A carpet woven in gold and silver:—
And the sun,
Shining through the bare black trees,
Turns to a glory of gold these dying woods.

Ah! if any poet
Could stay that brief splendid vision,
Gather these autumn glories into a song,
What joy were his!
Let the winds scatter
The broken scarlet web of autumn wide over the world!
Soft with sleep,
Let the delicate air sigh through the naked branches,
That still preserve their beauty,
Though a barer, a more austere beauty than the green beauty of summer.
Now the sap of life runs low:
All that we did in life's springtime and summer seems far away.
Faint as a dream, and quiet, the sports of those days—the shouts and the laughter.
Sad enough they seem
Now that we know well how brief and how fragile they were.
Gone, gone is their merriment. Only an echo remains while the curtain of night is descending;

But how lovely that echo!—
Lovelier far than the shouts and the laughter, the songs and the childish play:—
Lovely as autumn.

FORREST REID

AFTER APPLE-PICKING

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,

Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

ROBERT FROST

LONDON AT NIGHT

See what a mass of gems the city wears
  Upon her broad live bosom! row on row
  Rubies and emeralds and amethysts glow.
See! that huge circle, like a necklace, stares
With thousands of bold eyes to heaven, and dares
  The golden stars to dim the lamps below,
  And in the mirror of the mire I know
The moon has left her image unawares.

That's the great town at night: I see her breasts,
  Prick'd out with lamps they stand like huge black towers,
    I think they move! I hear her panting breath.
And that's her head where the tiara rests.
    And in her brain, through lanes as dark as death,
  Men creep like thoughts . . . The lamps are like pale flowers.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

THE PRINCE OF SLEEP

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
  His was a still and lovely face;
He wandered through a valley steep,
  Lovely in a lonely place.

His garb was grey of lavender,
  About his brows a poppy-wreath
Burned like dim coals, and everywhere
  The air was sweeter for his breath.

His twilight feet no sandals wore,
His eyes shone faint in their own flame,
Fair moths that gloomed his steps before
Seemed letters of his lovely name.

His house is in the mountain ways,
A phantom house of misty walls,
Whose golden flocks at evening graze,
And witch the moon with muffled calls.

Upwelling from his shadowy springs
Sweet waters shake a trembling sound,
There flit the hoot-owl's silent wings,
There hath his web the silkworm wound.

Dark in his pools clear visions lurk,
And rosy, as with morning buds,
Along his dales of broom and birk
Dreams haunt his solitary woods.

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lovely face;
He wandered through a valley steep,
Lovely in a lonely place.

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE SLEEPERS

The Alps grow heavy with sleep: the autumn song
from stream and waterfall,
that murmured summer memories all day long
through shadow-laden pastures, the last call
of glacier torrents prisoned on the height,
grow hour by hour more still.
Each following noon
our feet ring louder on the fettered hill;
each following night
the fir-trees move with fainter harmonies;
till the last echo dies,
and silence meets the moment of the moon.

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG

OUR LITTLE LIGHTS

In our rhythm of earthly life we tire of light. We are glad when the day ends, when the play ends; and ecstasy is too much pain.
We are children quickly tired: children who are up in the night and fall asleep as the rocket is fired; and the day is long for work or play.
We tire of distraction or concentration, we sleep and are glad to sleep,
Controlled by the rhythm of blood and the day and the night and the seasons.
And we must extinguish the candle, put out the light and relight it;
Forever must quench, forever relight the flame.
Therefore we thank Thee for our little light, that is dappled with shadow.
We thank Thee who hast moved us to building, to finding, to forming at the ends of our fingers and beams of our eyes.
And when we have built an altar to the Invisible Light, we may set thereon the little lights for which our bodily vision is made.
And we thank Thee that darkness reminds us of light.
O Light Invisible, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory!

T. S. ELIOT, from *The Rocks*

MOST HOLY NIGHT

Most Holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd Moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face,
Hide day-dawn from my resting-place,
And cheat me with thy false delight,
Most Holy Night.

HILAIRE BELLOC

EASTER SONG

I got me flowers to straw Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sun arising in the east,
Though he bring light and th' other scents,
Can not make up so brave a feast
As Thy discovery presents.

Yet though my flowers be lost, they say
A heart can never come too late;
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date.[1]

GEORGE HERBERT

[1] The second and third stanzas as here printed follow the text of the MS. in Dr. Williams's Library.

EPILOGUE

★

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

After this, I beheld until they were come unto the Land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves awhile to rest; and because the country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep; and yet they received as much refreshing as if they had slept their sleep ever so soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked in the streets was: 'More pilgrims are come to town.' And another would answer saying, 'And so many went over the water and were let in at the golden gates today.' They would cry again, 'There is now a legion of Shining Ones just come to town, by which we know that there are more pilgrims upon the road; for here they come to wait for them and to comfort them after all their sorrow.'

Then the pilgrims got up and walked to and fro. But how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises and their eyes delighted with celestial visions! In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelled nothing, tasted nothing, that was offensive to their stomach or mind; only, when they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go, they thought that tasted a little bitterish to the palate. But it proved sweeter when it was down.

In this place there was a record kept of the names of them that had been pilgrims of old, and a history of all the famous acts that they had done. It was here also much discoursed how the river to some had its flowings, and what ebbings it has had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others.

In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the pilgrims and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew camphire, with spikenard, and saffron, calamus, and cinnamon, with all its trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices. With these the pilgrims'

chambers were perfumed, while they staid here; and with these were their bodies anointed, to prepare them to go over the river when the time appointed was come.

Now, while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter, the contents whereof were: 'Hail, good woman! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldst stand in his presence in clothes of immortality within these ten days.'

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was an arrow with the point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr Great-heart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, 'Thus and thus must it be; and we that survive will accompany you to the river side.'..

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river side.

So her children and friends returned to their place; for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight...

After this it was noised abroad that Mr Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other. When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he, 'I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now do I not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder.'

When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river... So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

JOHN BUNYAN, from *The Pilgrim's Progress*

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★

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